

Spare Wife 31

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It turned out to be a call from Ana lise. Instinctively, Abigail looked carefully at Sean. When their gazes met, her troubled yet expectant look was visible to the man. Abigail wanted to urge him, but after parting her lips, she didn't say anything in the end. "Grandma..." Turning around and leaving, Abigail answered the call and closed the door to the office. "Abby, have you picked Sean up?" Ana lise inquired. The sky was getting dark. When the lights in the house turned on, Ana lise's eyesight would get even worse. She didn't want Abigail to know about her eyes in case Abigail got worried as well. Now, her only wish was to see Abigail getting along well with Sean, but she didn't know if she could have a chance to meet Abigail's and Sean's child in person. Her thoughts were wandering, and Ana lise finally came to her senses after Abigail called her a few times. "Huh? What did you say?" "I said, Sean is in a meeting, so I'll have to wait a little. Grandma, if you're hungry, go ahead and eat first. You don't have to wait for us." Abigail glanced at the time. She didn't know when Sean would be done with work, or to be exact when he would be done with giving her trouble. No matter what, even if she had to knock Sean unconscious, she would drag him home to meet Ana lise. "It's okay. I'm not hungry. I'll wait for you two so that we can eat together. Take

care on your way back," Ana lise reminded Abigail. "Got it, Grandma." Abigail nodded. She thought of something, then hastily said, "Grandma, if the food gets cold, don't heat it up in the kitchen by

yourself. I'll do it when I come back, okay?" She feared that Ana lise wouldn't know how to use the gas stove. "All right, got it. Don't worry. I won't touch those things." It was only then that Abigail sighed in relief. After ending the call, she stood in front of the entrance and waited patiently. Cameron came over to report some work. He dared not say too much as he greeted Abigail with a quick, 'Hello, Mrs. Graham,' and then walked into the office. He let Sean sign the documents he brought, then said, "Mr. Graham, about the meeting in 10 minutes-" "Cancel it and change it to an online video conference at night." Sean signed the documents with firm strokes. In all his years working with Sean, Sean had always finished work on the day itself since he was, after all, a very strict person. This meeting was important because it was their first official meeting with the partners, and they even scheduled a drinking session after the meeting where Sean would be serving the guests personally. Its importance was as clear as day. However, Cameron didn't dare inquire too much into it. He simply asked, "When will you be free tonight?" Sean's pen paused slightly. "I'm not sure." ∴ Troubled, Cameron could only reply, "I see." After signing the documents, Sean grabbed his coat and strode away. He

had just opened the door when Abigail, who was eavesdropping at the door, fell forward. Sean didn't dodge, so Abigail fell right into his arms. It looked like she was doing it on purpose. Sean lowered his head. A panicked yet pretty face was reflected in his dark pupils. "Um... You're done with work already?" Abigail recovered her balance and looked numbly at the man. "Yes," he responded, but he didn't seem like he was up for conversation. "Let us go home, then!" She was overjoyed, and she smiled brilliantly. Sean felt something odd rising within his heart. Us? Home... She seemed like a little child in kindergarten who waited for hours and finally saw her parents, who were here to take her home. Worried that Ana lise was getting impatient, Abigail stopped caring about

physical touch as she dragged Sean with her and hastily led the way. Cameron looked at his boss rushing to leave, then suddenly realized why Sean would cancel even the important meeting tonight. They were

a lovey-dovey couple, so Cameron knew that he shouldn't get in the way. He sniffled and steeled himself to endure the insults and reprimands that would ensue when he talked to the partners later. Abigail sped all the way home. Sean sat on the passenger seat, dealing with work documents in his inbox on his iPad as he asked nonchalantly, "What happened to Grandma?" She whipped her head around to glance at him with a shocked expression. She didn't expect him to be concerned about this. "Her diabetes got so

serious that she might lose her sight. She already has difficulty seeing things." Sean didn't respond. Abigail took a glance and saw that he was focused on his iPad screen. She didn't know if he was listening or not. He was probably just asking. "Grandma hid it from me because she didn't want me to worry, so don't spill the beans," Abigail reminded Sean, worried. This time, Sean responded. "Okay." After that, the two never said another word. The car was awkwardly silent. Standing in front of the entrance to her home, Abigail took a deep breath to calm her nervous heart as she feared that Sean wasn't good enough at acting. Making mental preparations for five minutes, yet never having the intention to enter. He frowned a little. Without waiting for Abigail any longer, he took her hand and placed her thumb on the fingerprint lock, unlocking the door. "Wait, I—" Before Abigail could shout in surprise, she heard the man's low voice ringing in her ears. "Grandma, we're home." Sean's voice was warm and gentle, unlike in the past. "Sean! Hurry, you must be so hungry! Come and eat!" Ana lise was waiting for them. When she saw the two coming home, she hastily got up and welcomed them. Perhaps because the couch was a little too low, Ana lise couldn't get up right away. Sean hastened his steps and held onto Ana lise's arm to offer support. "If you want to visit us next time, just give us a call. Abby and I will pick you up. We'll get worried if you come here alone."

Every single word from him was filled with concern. When Abigail saw that, she felt the corners of her eyes tearing up. That was the extent of Sean's capabilities. With a face like that, no one could escape his coaxing. She had been with him for so long, but she had never heard such a long utterance from him.

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"You're both busy, so I don't want to trouble you. I know my way even when I'm alone." Ana lise patted Sean's hand, looking content. "It's no trouble at all. If you say that, Grandma, are you treating your grandson-in-law as an outsider?" Sean's voice turned a little sterner as he said seriously. Ana lise hastily waved her hands. "No, no, of course not! I'm just scared that you're busy, so—" Sean interrupted her and said word-by-word, "No matter how busy we may be, you take priority. You'll never be in our way." Ana lise nodded, her smile so wide that she couldn't close her mouth. During dinner, Sean took great care of Ana lise, so much so that Abigail didn't have the chance to help out. When Abigail looked at Sean, there was gratefulness in her eyes and also admiration. He was too good at acting. If she hadn't reminded him about it before, she wouldn't know that this was all an act. After dinner, Abigail cleaned up the table, then got up and went to the kitchen to wash the dishes.

Sean, who never did house chores in his life, broke the record when he asked her for a tablecloth to wipe the table with. "No, it's okay, I'll deal with that. Go and chat with Grandma." Abigail gripped the tablecloth in her hands tightly, a look of terror on her face. "If I'm just chilling while her granddaughter busies around, she'll feel

uncomfortable about it," Sean explained, then reached out his hand. When Abigail thought about it, she felt that it made sense. After some hesitation, she passed the tablecloth to him. Then, she asked

carefully, “Do... Do you know how to wipe the table?” Sean was speechless. Her words were more or less insulting. Sean ignored her and went out with the tablecloth. As Ana lise watched Sean wipe the table, then sweep and mop the floor in an orderly manner, the smile on her face grew in satisfaction. By the looks of it, her darling granddaughter was pampered by her grandson-in-law. If not, why would a noble young master from a rich family do household chores like this? After mopping the floor, Sean finally chatted with Ana lise. Just a few words from him were enough to make Ana lise smile happily. From the kitchen, Abigail glanced at them from time to time. When she made sure that Ana lise was truly happy, she secretly let out a sigh of relief. When she had cleaned up and walked out with a plate of fruit, Sean had already coaxed Ana lise to go to bed. Right at that moment, Sean’s phone rang. He hastily set it to silent mode, then pointed outside. Abigail’s house was small and not soundproofed, so she nodded when she understood what he meant: he wanted to go outside to answer the call. Sean carefully got up and walked toward the balcony. Seeing the tall man walking gingerly, Abigail pursed her lips and completely suppressed the emotions raging in her eyes. It’s all an act.

Happy If she thought it was real, she would be the fool here. Abigail sat on the couch, waiting quietly for Sean to come back from his call. As soon as the balcony door opened, she shot up instinctively. “Um, are you going to hold a video conference now? Shall I send you back?” Sean lowered his gaze and glanced intently at her, then turned and looked at the clock on the wall. “It’s starting in 10 minutes, so I won’t make it if I head back now. Do you have a computer?” Abigail hastily said, “Yes.” However, the study was close to the room Ana lise was staying in; therefore, fearing that the noise would disturb Ana lise, Abigail suggested after a moment of hesitation, “Do you mind holding the meeting in my bedroom?” Sean walked toward her bedroom. “No problem.” Abigail then hastily went to her bedroom and cleaned out a space on the desk for him. Sean noticed Abigail yawning a few times in a row. “If you’re tired, just go to sleep. The meeting may take a long time.” This meant that he would be staying over for the night. Abigail didn’t protest that. Instead, it was even good news to her. If not, she would have to tell Ana lise more lies tomorrow. After Sean’s meeting started, Abigail quietly hid herself. She washed up, then grabbed her blankets and set up a mattress on the floor. The next morning, Abigail felt her body hurting all over as she returned to the studio in Sean’s car. Then, she slumped onto the chair. “Why do you look like you’re dying? Weren’t you going to get divorced? Why don’t you look happy?” Luna asked. Abigail sighed. “Sean and I were about to sign the divorce agreement in the

morning, but now, we didn’t get to sign it, and I have to beg Sean not to leave.” I fear Grandma wouldn’t be able to take it.

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“Grandma came?” When Luna understood what was going on, she was surprised at first, but then she quickly pouted. “Are you thinking of faking it forever? Grandma is quite smart, you know.” Of course, Abigail knew that. She said in exasperation, “We’ll keep that up for now. She’s been in ill health lately, and she lost quite a lot of weight. She came over just to see if Sean and I are getting along, so if I told her that Sean and I filed a divorce, she wouldn’t be able to take it. I want to spend a few more years with her, after all.” Luna rubbed her chin, then pointed out, “Hm, then you have to remind Sean to stay away from Homewrecker Palmer. If not, if he was found cheating on you, everyone will be hospitalized.” Ana lise might seem gentle, but if anyone dared to bully Abigail, she would fight tooth and nail for her granddaughter. When Abigail was around five years old, she was almost kidnapped. Ana lise was the one who held a scythe in her hand and ran after the kidnappers relentlessly. The kidnappers ran out of

energy in the chase, so they had no choice but to abandon Abigail. In the end, they were beaten up by Ana lise. If the police hadn't held the older woman back, those people might already be dead. Ever since then, everyone in the area knew that Ana lise wasn't one to be messed with, so Abigail was also affected by the reputation. Not many would

dare to pick on Abigail in all those years. Abigail chuckled. "The house I'm living in is on a higher floor. Can you keep a lookout for a small house with nice surroundings that is on a lower floor in the

community? Now that she's here, I don't intend on letting her go home, so I want to let her live in a more comfortable place. I'll transfer the money to you later." Luna agreed decisively. "Your grandma is as good as mine. Don't worry about the house. I promise I'll get it done." Abigail felt her heart warming up. "If Grandma meets you, she'll be so happy." Luna said in glee, "Of course! Who would hate a capable and cool go ddaughter? I haven't met Grandma in a while, so I miss her too." Abigail smiled. "You're so arrogant." It was time to clock out. Sean's phone call came right on the dot. Abigail frowned as she rubbed her sore neck, then answered it hesitantly. "What's the matter?" "I'm waiting for you at the entrance of your studio." Sean's voice was calm. Abigail was stunned for a moment before she remembered Sean promising Ana lise in the morning that they would go home together at night. Sean was cooperating with her, but she forgot all about it. She didn't even gather her stuff before she grabbed her laptop and ran outside. "Coming." Sean was sitting in the car when he saw Abigail walking out on her high heels, her laptop in hand. Her long hair was tied up in a low bun, and a strand of hair near her temple hung messily over her ear. She looked completely different from the always-exquisite Mrs. Graham she used to be. Seeing that Abigail was getting into the car, Sean subconsciously picked up the folder he had placed at the side. "Thank you," Abigail said politely, "Have you been here for long?" An awkward look flashed across Sean's eyes as he quickly looked away. "I just arrived." It was only then that Abigail felt less anxious. She rarely spent time alone with

Sean like this, so she felt somewhat awkward. She decisively placed her laptop on her lap and continued working on her drafts. Sean glanced at it to find that it was a clothing design. A clothing design, huh? "Why the sudden interest in fashion design?" Abigail's heart skipped a beat. She almost forgot she had asked Luna to hide her identity under the alias Alana. She didn't know if Sean could understand the drafts, either. She closed her laptop quietly. "I studied fashion design in the past, and now that I'm in the field, I picked it up again." Sean looked at her intently. "Are you close to Alana?" Abigail feared that she would slip up if she said too much, so she replied with one word, "Yes." She didn't have the intention to continue the conversation, and Sean didn't know what to say for a moment. He wasn't very familiar with fashion design. In the past, they would either meet on the bed or on the way to bed. When Abigail didn't continue the conversation, the vibe turned a little awkward. Fortunately, Cameron, who was in the front seat, turned around in time to ease the awkwardness. "Mr. Graham, we have the weekly company assembly at 8.00AM tomorrow. Then, you'll patrol the company from 9.30AM to 12.00PM, and at noon... At noon..." "Speak." When Sean saw Cameron suddenly hesitating, he frowned and urged the latter to continue. "M-Miss Palmer invited you to lunch." With that, Cameron couldn't help but observe Abigail's reaction through the rearview mirror. Cameron shouldn't have said anything. "Decline all the meal appointments for the next few days," Sean answered nonchalantly, but his gaze drifted over to Abigail. He also wanted to see her

reaction. Abigail was expressionless, as if Sean had an appointment with a random stranger. Sean's relatively gentle expression instantly turned cold. Cameron knew that Sean was upset, and for a

moment, he wanted to cry. I seem to have said something wrong. However, the two were too awkward around each other. One of them stayed mum about going to the studio entrance early on, whereas the other said nothing when she heard that Sean had a meal appointment with another woman. He felt like an unnecessary mouthpiece. Ah! I'm so done!

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When the two arrived home, Ana lise was already bustling about in the kitchen. Abigail washed her hands and entered the kitchen. "Let me do it, Grandma." Ana lise wanted to decline, but when she saw Sean taking off his coat and entering as well, she instantly smiled. "Sure, of course! You two probably like more seasoned food, so go ahead." Abigail had just taken a seat next to Ana lise when a piece of fish appeared on her plate. She looked up and saw that it was from none other than Sean. She returned the favor with a sweet smile, but she was complaining in her heart. I don't like fish! Is this man getting revenge on me for getting in the way between his lunch appointment with Joan? Furious, Abigail grabbed a large spi cy chicken wing and placed them on Sean's plate. Then, she said innocently and caringly, "Darling, you like chicken wings, don't you? Eat as much as you like!" Abigail was a proper Chilgalesian, so she was adept at eating spi cy food. The spi cy chicken wings weren't just spi cy, but they were also filled with numbing spices. It didn't matter if one could pick all the spices out; they were hidden under the skin, so they were impossible to detect. Sean couldn't handle spi cy food. He took a bite, then his expression instantly froze. He looked up at Abigail. Abigail blinked. "Is it not delicious?"

Sean didn't make a sound. He silently finished the food she placed on his plate, then put more fish on hers. He gave her a slightly challenging look as he said, "Eat as much as you like." Abigail fell silent. "Don't you like it?" Sean mimicked her tone. "Darling?" Abigail gritted her teeth so strongly that her teeth almost smashed into pieces. She put on a fake smile and said, "Hah, no, I do like it." She lowered her head and ate the fish. For a moment, she didn't know if the fish was worse, or the fact that he called her 'darling'. She felt something heavy in her throat. After dinner, Abigail hastily ran off. The meal was giving her goosebumps. There weren't any video conferences scheduled for that day, but after dinner, tell him funny stories about Abigail's childhood. When it was over, it was almost 11.00PM. Abigail coaxed Ana lise to go to bed. When she emerged from Ana lise's room, she noticed that Sean hadn't left. He was standing in the small living room, holding the toy drum with red linings that Ana lise had brought from the countryside. With a slight movement of his fingers, dull sounds came from the toy drum. Thump! Thump! Perhaps fearing it would wake Ana lise, he put it down after the two thumps. Then, he picked up the small shoes next to it. To be honest, they were about to be divorced, so Abigail was more or less a single woman right now. However, now that there were so many children's things in the house, it would create certain misunderstandings. Would Sean think that Abigail was getting a divorce while pregnant? One was too busy while the other was too sleepy yesterday, so none of them

had time for that. On that night, the two were extremely sober, so Abigail feared that Sean might get the wrong idea. She cleared her throat and stepped forward. "Um... Don't get the wrong idea. Grandma brought these from the countryside. I'm not pregnant." Sean looked up at her, then put down the shoes in his hands. "Okay." He didn't respond much, so she didn't want to force the conversation along. It might look too suspicious. Hence, she stiffly changed the subject. "Are you going home tonight?" With that, she felt a little guilty; she felt as if she were a horrible ingrate. It was as if she were chasing him out after taking advantage of him. So, she hastily added, "I'm not chasing you away; I just worry that you'd think that this place is too small, so it's not-" Nice enough... Before she could continue her sentence, she

heard Sean say calmly, "I don't mind." "Huh?" She whipped her head up, looking at Sean in a daze. Sean gave her a meaningful glance, then walked toward the bedroom. "I don't mind it at all. You should rest early. You still have work tomorrow." Abigail was speechless. So, he's staying for the night? Abigail didn't know how she got back to her bedroom. Either way, when she got back, Sean had already washed up and put on the new loungewear she placed in the wardrobe. He lay comfortably on the bed, leaning against the headboard as he handled documents on his iPad. The bedroom was dimly lit, and only the bedside lamp illuminated his profile. It also shone some light on the half-open collar of his clothes, teasing a length of cold, pale skin.

The casually gelled hair during the day now hung in fluffy and tame locks. His forehead was concealed, but his deep and cold eyes were in full view. Abigail felt like she was just critically hit with amazing beauty. She subconsciously gulped. She had to admit that Sean truly was good-looking, and he had a decent build too. Even though she made fun of him sometimes, she had experienced it herself. Regarding a certain matter, he wasn't just capable, but he was also extremely good at it. Even though it was just once a month, it was enough for her to reminisce. Sean was a handsome man who had both riches and a splendid figure, so it was no wonder that Joan would want to snag him no matter the cost. Abigail tried to keep her calm as she took out a change of clothes from the wardrobe and went to shower. She left too quickly, so she didn't notice that the moment she left, the man in the room glanced discreetly at his own chest, frowning a little before he reached up and undid another button.

Critically Beautiful When Abigail came back from her shower, she had already calmed down, so she went to grab the extra blanket from the wardrobe. However... "Huh?" She looked at the empty slot. "Where's my blanket? I just put it back this morning."

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Sean looked in the direction of Abigail's voice, pursing his thin lips for a few seconds before saying, "I saw two blankets on the bed in Grandma's room just now. She probably feels cold. Why don't you go get it?" Abigail thought for a moment. "Never mind." If Ana lise truly felt cold, Abigail absolutely wouldn't take it. If Ana lise realized something, then Abigail would be making it too obvious. She was wondering how she should sleep at night when Sean moved to the side, clearing a space on Abigail's side. He seemed to have understood the situation. "Come sleep." Abigail was speechless. She only struggled for a second before walking expressionlessly to the bed. She pulled back a corner of the blanket, then lay down stiffly. She even turned off the bedside lamp. She comforted herself, telling herself that they wouldn't be doing anything. After all, they had shared a bed before. If he wasn't afraid, what should she be afraid of? But as she closed her eyes, she couldn't fall asleep no matter what.

She got cold easily, so as soon as summer was over, her hands and feet would feel cold. She could never feel warm under the blanket, and she didn't like turning on the air-conditioner, so as soon as she lay down, she felt unaccustomed to the warmth around her. The man's familiar smell of hormones filled her nostrils as it mingled with the smell of the body wash and shampoo she always used. Toasted by the man's warmth, she felt quite hot, so even if they didn't do anything, the

atmosphere felt suggestive as long as the two shared a bed. Abigail turned around and almost flopped on the bed. She had her back to Sean, and her features bunched up in a frown. When she realized that the man behind her remained quiet and motionless, she slowly relaxed. In the end, she couldn't win against fatigue, so she fell asleep. That night, her slumber wasn't peaceful at all. Her dreams were cold

and numerous. The relationship between the Quinn Family and the Graham Family started when Colby brought young Sean to the holiday villa near the village where the Quinns lived. According to Theodore, Sean was ill. Every child in the village knew that the young master from a rich family was staying in the yard of the holiday villa. The boy had a weird personality and some screws loose in his head, for he regarded everyone as if they were his enemy. The adults in the village feared that their mischievous children would offend some prominent figure, so they scared the kids by telling them that Sean had contracted an illness that could spread to them, so they shouldn't play with him. But, of course, Sean didn't fancy playing with them either. Only Abigail, because of her grandmother's fierce personality, was brave enough to go anywhere in the world. She brought her classmates to play at the beach in front of the holiday villa, and someone started getting into the sea. In the end, when they were swimming back, they encountered a rip current. In her attempt to push her friends back to shore, Abigail was plunged into the bottom of the ocean.

Later on, she didn't know where she floated off to. She only knew that her lungs were about to burst, and she couldn't swim no matter how much she struggled. She would get a mouthful of seawater every time she shouted for help. Her eyes and throat hurt like hell. Just when she felt like she was about to die, an arm reached out and dragged her forward. In her dreams, she could still see the blurry surface of the ocean, the surging white waves, and the deep eyes of the boy when he turned around and looked at her. Back then, Sean was only around 14 years old. The scene changed to when they were getting married. He still gazed at her, with the same deep look, but his eyes were colored with impatience. He didn't even remember her. On the night of the wedding, he feverishly desired her, but at the same time, he was extremely cold. "Isn't this what you want? Are you satisfied now?" Abigail was struggling in her sleep. "No..." This wasn't what she wanted. It wasn't her that night, either... As she phased between consciousness and slumber, she suddenly felt someone grabbing her waist. As if getting an electric shock, she struggled to get away. Her movements were too broad, and then, a slap sounded in the air. She didn't know which part of Sean she hit. Sean grabbed her wrist and flipped around, pinning her under him as he demanded through gritted teeth, "What are you doing?"

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"I should be the one asking you that!" Abigail instantly came to her senses. She felt both embarrassment and disdain as she tried to wrestle the man's hand away. "Why are you touching me in your sleep?" She was more concerned about whether Sean had developed the habit of holding another person in his sleep. And that person was, of course, not her. Sean was silent as he looked down at her. "Isn't this what you wanted?" Abigail was stunned for a moment, thinking that she hadn't woken up from her dream. She asked with a confused expression, "What do you mean, what I wanted?" Enunciating clearly, Sean said, "There are so many children's things in the house, and you even hung a picture in the bedroom. There are also clothes for me in the wardrobe and men's slippers at the entrance. Don't tell me that they're prepared for Kevin." She didn't want the divorce at all. She was just trying to be with him in another way. Sean hated her little tricks in the past, but now, he felt as if he could tolerate them. If she wanted it, he would just satisfy her. Abigail was stunned for a whole minute. She stared right into Sean's eyes with the darkness weaved between them, looking like he had heard the most shocking news of the century. To Sean, however, her silence meant consent. Hence, he lowered himself to complete the task he set out to do. Bam!

When Sean registered what was going on, he was already lying on the floor. He hit his back against the floor, and the pain seared through his body as he

seethed through gritted teeth, "Abigail!" Abigail scooted back into the bed, wrapping herself up tightly with the blanket."Grandma was the one who laid those things out. She wants me to have a child, not you! We're getting divorced soon, so how can I possibly have a child with you? Just give up." She pursed her lips and added, "You either go home yourself or be good and sleep. If we wake Grandma up, I'll get Grandpa here to be the judge." Colby favored Abigail and respected her grandmother, so if Sean provoked An alise, he would have it coming for him. What was the worst that could happen? They could die together if need be. With that, she didn't care where Sean went as she wrapped herself in the blanket and went to sleep. In the end, early the next morning, Abigail opened her eyes dreadingly and raised her head to see Sean's tense jawline. She had just witnessed for herself what it meant to eat her words. When had she rolled into Sean's arms?! "I didn't invite you into my arms." Sean's slightly mocking voice sounded above her head. Abigail hastily rolled to the side. When she saw the man's expression that said, 'Didn't you say that you don't want children?', she wanted to just die. "Who told you to sleep on the bed?!" Even she herself knew that the reasoning was a bit of a stretch. I kicked him off the bed last night, right? Sean turned around and got off the bed. He didn't care that he was right in

front of Abigail as he took off his clothes, revealing the clearly defined muscles on his back. He opened the wardrobe and found a shirt to change into, then took off his pants. Abigail covered her eyes and retorted, "Are you out of your mind?!" Sean glanced at her, then said in a calm voice, "Buy a better-quality shirt next time. I've never worn such an ugly one in my life." FAL Abigail was furious. She removed her hands from her eyes to see that he had changed into the clothes she hung in the wardrobe. He instantly looked like an elite. She blurted out, "That wasn't bought for you." Sean scoffed. "Do you want to go out and tell Grandma what you just said to me?" Abigail instantly fell silent. Fine, she had asked a favor of someone she should never mess with. She would endure it for An alise's sake. In the morning, as soon as Abigail arrived at the studio, Luna scooted over with a gossipy look on her face. "Looks like quite the battle." Abigail looked in the direction Luna was staring when she noticed a red mark on the spot by her collar. A fingernail must have scratched that spot when COVEAL she pushed Sean off the bed last night. Abigail didn't cover it up as she graciously allowed Luna to look at it. "Don't tug at it or you'll ruin my clothes. Nothing happened between us last night, so stop making up scenarios in your brain!" Luna's jaw dropped. "So, you're seriously living together and sharing the same bed? Abigail, don't tell me you're falling for him again! Even though Sean

looked nice and all, he had an affair! You absolutely mustn't tolerate that!" "We're just putting on a show for Grandma. I'm not that desperate." Abigail adjusted her collar. "Go and start drawing. I will bring you out for some salad later and even pray for you." Seeing that Abigail still had her wits about her, Luna was reassured. Abigail put down the documents. "By the way..." She told Luna about the Top Designer program Kevin mentioned. Luna's eyes lit up. "Why didn't you agree on the spot when you have such a wonderful opportunity on your doorstep? It's the same as declining free food! Are you stupid?" Abigail thought for a moment. "I keep feeling like there's something off about this. Why would he tell me about it when he intends to invite you to the show?" Did he realize that she was Alana? Luna arranged the documents as she said, "The show started getting promoted three months ago, and there's only one spot left. The netizens even created a poll online, and you have the greatest number of supporters. It's only natural that Kevin asks us for a partnership. As for why he talked to you, hm, maybe it's because he's more familiar with you. We caused a ruckus in his office last time, after all, proving that

if you wanted to talk to Alana, you'd have to go through her assistant first. Moreover, we're fighting with East Joy Talent, so there's no point in lying!" Luna had a point. Abigail perked up a little. "Then I'll organize the materials tonight, and when I'm done, I'll send them straight to Kevin." In the afternoon, she dialed Kevin's number. It was extremely noisy on Kevin's end, so after finally getting to a quiet place, he asked, "Have you made up your mind?" Abigail answered, "I've discussed it with Alana. We're joining."

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"Alright. That's settled, then. I'll get someone to sort out the contract with you." Kevin was pleased. "Welcome! I won't let you... guys down." "I do have a small request to make, though." Having recalled something, Abigail quickly spoke up before Kevin ended the call. "Go ahead." With all the noise around him, Kevin had to max out the volume to make sure he could hear what Abigail's request was. "For this matter..." Abigail paused. "I don't want Sean to find out about this." It wasn't worth it if her situation with Sean affected the studio and the production. Kevin was quiet for a short while before he replied, "Sure... I guess." If I don't tell Sean anything, it won't count as him finding out, right? After hanging up, he walked over to Sean who had just come in. "Oh, Sean. What brings you here?" "What's the matter? Are you involved in something shady?" Sean leaned against the couch and crossed his long legs. His bony fingers tapped against the glass table with loud clacks. He had entered at an unfortunate moment. Even though he couldn't catch

their conversation, he wasn't so much of a fool that he didn't recognize the familiar voice. "I wish I was. Everyone knows that shady deals bring in the most profits." Kevin walked over to Sean and winked. "It's just a few of the company's latest projects." Seeing as Kevin didn't intend to carry on with this line of conversation, Sean's eyes darkened. Sean didn't press any further, but he didn't notice the flash of displeasure that flickered within him.

He knew that Kevin was a man of his word and wouldn't get involved with

Developing Muscle Memory in Two Days 3/7 Abigail, but for some reason, the thought that the two of them got along well enough to share a secret made him uncomfortable. "Come. I just closed a major deal. I'll buy you a meal. You can choose the place today. We can talk at the table." Kevin gave Sean a pat on the shoulder. He was clearly in a good mood. "No, thanks. I've got work to do back at the office." Sean flicked Kevin's hand away. He came over because he had something to discuss with Kevin, but all of a sudden, he lost all patience and left without hesitation. Kevin sighed. How frustrating. I gave my word so I can't say anything. Sean doesn't even take the initiative to ask. I didn't even get to enjoy a good show. On the way back to the office, Cameron noticed that Sean wasn't in a good mood. His boss had a long face the whole time. "Mr. Graham, we'll be passing by L.Moon Studio on the way to the office. Why don't we drop the desserts off..." After hesitating for quite some time, Cameron couldn't resist making the suggestion. Early this morning, Sean instructed Cameron to head over to a luxury bakery in the city's west district to buy its famous red velvet cake as well as a few other desserts with the intention of bringing them over to Abigail during lunchtime. The sudden change of plans caught Cameron off-guard. He didn't know what to do. "Toss everything." Sean leaned against his seat and closed his eyes. The icy tone of his voice stopped Cameron from asking any questions as he drove back to the office. Later that afternoon, once Sean was done with all of his work, he instinctively checked the time. It was almost time

to get off work. He wondered if he should give Abigail a call. However, as soon as that thought crossed his mind, his brows furrowed tightly. In all honesty, the two of them had only been getting along peacefully the last two days. Had it already become muscle memory for him? She's the one who doesn't want a divorce. All of a sudden, Sean's phone buzzed, cutting off his train of thought. He picked up the phone. Once he saw the screen, his eyes flashed with annoyance, but he answered the call anyway. "Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Graham. I'm Sabrina Murphy." A crisp and professional voice rang out. Sean had to take a moment before he recalled who that person was. Sabrina knew that Sean didn't like wasting time, so she cut straight to the chase.

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"You can handle these things yourself. From now on, you don't need to report these things to me either. If you need money, just get in touch with Cameron." Sean kept his response brief. "Just make sure she's never in any danger." Sabrina acknowledged Sean's instructions before ending the call. Her gaze was complicated as she eyed Joan who was sitting on the side toying with her bracelet. A smile danced across Joan's lips as she said with an expectant look in her eyes, "What did he say?" "He said yes. I'll just need to make the arrangements with East Joy Talent." Kevin and Sean were good friends, so naturally, the former would agree to it for the latter's sake. Nevertheless, Sabrina got the feeling that Sean's tone had been a little indifferent earlier. She didn't know if she had been mistaken. Since Sean instructed Sabrina to handle Joan's career decisions herself, she would do as she saw fit. "I told you! I knew he would definitely say yes!" Joan smirked proudly as she

nestled back into her seat and passed Sabrina a fresh cup of tea. "I'll be in your care, Ms. Sabrina." "You seem to have a pretty good relationship with Mr. Graham." Sabrina set her phone aside and drank a sip of tea as she made the casual remark in an attempt to glean more information. She had done her research before agreeing to become Joan's manager. Everyone said that Joan was Sean's first love. She wouldn't have left her original company to work with a newcomer if it hadn't been for that. After all, Graham International was one of the top businesses in the state. The

company was known all over the country, so it felt like a no-lose situation for her if she became the manager of the future wife of Graham International's president. "Yeah. We have a pretty good relationship," Joan agreed with a bashful smile, though her fingers, which were hidden under the table, were gripping her phone so tightly that her knuckles went white. "But, as you know, it's not easy to marry someone from a family like that." Oh. That means his family doesn't approve of their relationship, but the two of them are committed to each other anyway. Well, as long as Sean loves Joan, sooner or later, they'll end up getting married. Sabrina felt a lot more assured now. She calmly eyed Joan and said, "You've been in the industry for some time now. I'm sure you know what things are like. Fame and the best filming projects mostly end up in the hands of celebrities who come from a prominent background or have someone supporting them." She paused for a moment. Afraid that Joan did not get her point, she added, "Graham International dabbles in many different markets. It wields a lot of influence even in the entertainment industry. If you're able to make the most out of the advantages you have... It'll only be a matter of time before you become a top celebrity." Joan would be a fool if she didn't make use of Sean, the best possible ☒

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Joan seemed calm as she watched Sabrina tuck the box with the watch inside the latter's purse, but deep down inside, her heart was squeezing tightly. She had just bought the watch, and it had been a hard decision for her too, due to its price. However, a little sacrifice was necessary in exchange for fame. "Oh, by the way, I have a few photos. See if you can make use of them." Joan chose a few pictures from her phone. Sabrina glanced through them. They were all pictures of Joan and Sean together, though only his side profile could be seen. "Send them to me," Sabrina said with a look of satisfaction. She could tell that Joan got the message. After taking her phone out in preparation to receive them, she instructed, "You can leave the rest to me. Give me your social media accounts. I'll get a team of professionals to run them for you." "Okay." 800 When it was nearly time to get off work, Abigail set aside her design drafts and, as if under a spell, opened up her chat with Sean. Yesterday's conversation filled her screen. There was no new message. Abigail tapped one out. "Are you coming home tonight?"

She hesitated for quite some time, but in the end, she hit send. Though she waited for a while, she didn't get a reply. Abigail only realized that it was dark out when Luna came over and patted her on the shoulder. "Isn't that fellow coming to pick you up tonight?" It was time to get off work and almost everyone at the studio was gone. Luna

only noticed that Abigail was still at work when she came upstairs, "It's just as well that he's not, right? Saves you the trouble of calling me a fool in love." Abigail exhaled and tidied up her desk as she got ready to head off. "The production team will be officially announcing our partnership on Twitter tonight. Remember to retweet the announcement later." Noting the anxiousness in Abigail's eyes, Luna simply gave her a reminder without asking any other questions. "I got it." Abigail didn't spare the time to say much else. She grabbed her purse with one hand while making a call to Ana lise with the other. Even as she started her engine, Ana lise still wasn't picking up her calls. Abigail got a bad feeling. All sorts of scenarios flooded her mind. Her grandma didn't know how to use the gas stove. No one would realize anything if she slipped and fell unconscious. She ended up taking fifteen minutes to complete the half-hour journey back. As soon as she got back, she rushed into the empty living room without even taking her shoes off and heard sounds coming from the kitchen. "Grandma! Are you alright?" Abigail rushed into the kitchen, only to find that Sean was sitting in the kitchen picking through the vegetables while Ana lise cooked. "What's the matter with you? Why are you as clumsy as you were as a child? You should learn a thing or two from Sean. Even though he's the company president, he's still sitting here in my kitchen helping an old lady like me cook. You should be nicer to him." Upon hearing the commotion, Ana lise slowly turned around. The kindly smile on her face allowed Abigail's heart to settle back in place. Abigail eyed the vegetables in Sean's hands with a look of surprise. His hands were dirtied by the soil from the vegetables. For a moment, Abigail was

dazed. Was this still the same proud and haughty Sean that she usually saw... Meanwhile, Sean ignored her and calmly sorted out the vegetables. "I kept calling you but you didn't pick up, so I thought..." Abigail didn't finish her sentence. She thought something had happened to her grandma. "Oh. The hood's too loud and my phone's in the bedroom so I couldn't hear it ringing." Ana lise got back to her cooking. "Hurry up. Go change your shoes and help Sean with the vegetables." Abigail nodded and quietly went back to the hallway. During dinner, Sean took excellent care of Ana lise as usual. However, he paid a lot less attention to Abigail. Even when Abigail tried to strike up a conversation with him, he gave short, curt answers. Ana lise sensed that something was going on between the two of them, but she didn't make any comments. Once dinner was over, Ana lise went back to her room to rest, leaving the two of them to clear the table. "Thank you for taking care of my grandma the last two days," Sabrina

hesitated as she watched Sean wiping the table, but she took the initiative to break the awkward tension. “No need to thank me.” Sean’s gaze was hidden by his luscious lashes. His thin lips were pressed tightly together as he efficiently finished his task. “If you’re not used to staying here, I’ll tell Grandma that you left on a business trip. That way, you won’t have to suffer so much.” Abigail took the rag from him and set it aside.

Sean didn’t respond. He eyed her for a moment before smiling, but the smile didn’t reach his eyes. Abigail felt a little nervous. Afraid that their voices would disturb Ana lise, Sean walked off to the bedroom before Abigail could say anything else...

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The next day. When Abigail woke up, she found that the person who was sleeping beside her had left already. “Oh, Abigail. You’re awake.” After hearing the sound of the bedroom door opening, Ana lise got up from the couch and headed into the kitchen to warm up her granddaughter’s breakfast. “Where’s Sean?” Abigail combed through her disheveled hair with her fingers. The pair of leather shoes by the door was missing. “Sean went out to buy breakfast and left right after. Before he left, he said to remind you to have your breakfast when you wake up.” Ana lise brought out a hearty sandwich and a glass of warm milk from the kitchen. Then, she looked at Abigail expectantly. “How are things going with you two?” Well, the sun must’ve risen from the west this morning today. The cold-blooded businessman has learned how to take care of someone else. Ana lise had to repeat her question before Abigail snapped out of her thoughts. She bit down on the sandwich and muttered, “Well... same old same old.” “Look at how well Sean takes care of you. You’ve been married for three years now. When are you two going to have a baby...” Upon seeing that Ana lise was about to start urging her to have a baby again, Abigail downed the glass of milk and ran to the door with the sandwich in hand. “I’m going to be late for work, Grandma. I’ll get going now. Take good care of yourself. I’ll come home at noon to make you lunch.”

Abigail grabbed her purse from the hallway and opened the door. “Abigail! Why, this girl.” Ana lise quickly called out to Abigail, but as Abigail closed the door, her voice was cut off. Abigail took a deep breath before driving to her office. As soon as she opened the door to the studio, Luna came up to her. “Just in time, Abigail. I was just about to call you and ask you why you weren’t responding to my texts.” “What’s the matter?” Abigail put her bag away and eyed an excited Luna curiously. “Take a look at Twitter yourself.” Luna waved her phone. She couldn’t hide her excitement. Puzzled, Abigail checked Twitter, only to find that the official announcement from the production team of Top Designer had topped the trending list. It was even labeled as the hottest news. She glanced through the announcement. It was a brief statement announcing the fact that Alana would be joining the panel as a special guest, as well as a summary of the program. “Did you see it, Abigail? Our studio is on the trending list too!” Luna shook Abigail by the shoulders in exhilaration. The two of them had slaved away night after night so that the studio could achieve such success. Abigail patted Luna on the shoulder before checking the comments. The commenters left mixed feedback regarding the special guest. ‘This studio isn’t an international brand, right? I don’t think I’ve heard of them before.’ ‘I bought an evening gown from L.Moon before! They have exquisite designs and my gown flowed beautifully. Looking forward to the program!’ ‘I heard that Alana’s designs are all one of a kind. She never repeats any of her designs. Let me see just how great of a designer she is.’ The comments were divided. L.Moon was a high-end brand with a niche following, but they were now able to get their name out there to the masses with the help of the program. If they could seize this chance to promote the brand well, their

reputation would surely soar to even greater heights. Once Abigail was done reading through Twitter, Luna piped up with sparkling eyes, "If we can successfully raise L.Moon's profile this time, we'll be buried in new orders..." Looks like you're imagining yourself being buried in money already, Abigail thought to herself. "By the way, don't forget to log into Alana's Twitter account and respond to the announcement." Amid her glee, Luna didn't forget about work. "Oh. That's right." Abigail switched to the Twitter account that belonged to Alana. As she got ready to respond to the announcement, she started reading it more seriously. Immediately, she noticed something. A familiar name was listed second in the official list of selected models. "Did Kevin tell you that Joan is one of the main models?" After a moment of silence, Abigail showed her screen to Luna. When discussing the collaboration, Kevin only mentioned that three of the main models would be listed at the top of the list. Abigail didn't think that Joan would be one of them. "Nope! He didn't even mention it." Luna stared at the screen in confusion. The moment she saw the list, her expression darkened. "What do they mean by this? Are they trying to disgust us on purpose?"

Abigail didn't respond. She flipped through the comments again, and soon, she spotted Joan's Twitter account. She clicked on Joan's profile. Joan's pinned tweet included two photos of her with someone else, as well as a photo of an exquisite meal. From the angle of her photos, one could tell that she was leaning against a man's shoulders with a look of absolute bliss. The person in the photos with her was even more eye-catching. He had a tall nose and an indifferent gaze. Even though only his side profile could be seen, it was easy enough for people to identify him as Sean Graham, the president of Graham International. In the photos, Joan's fair neck was a little pink, fueling everyone's imagination. Although it wasn't extremely obvious, the keen eyes of the commenters on Twitter spotted it. Abigail's face hardened. She looked at the comments. The commenters were all stirred up. Her tweet had almost as many comments as the production team's official announcement, and the number was steadily rising. Everyone was praising her for her good looks, gorgeous figure, and great talent. Two comments received the most likes. 'Miss Gorgeous is already the future wife of the company president, but she's still working so hard on her career. Best of luck!' 'I heard a rumor saying that Sean Graham invested a ton of money in the program just so she can get on it. I'm guessing that this program was made to promote her. Isn't it wonderful to be so loved by someone?'