

## THE SPARE WIFE

### Chapter 5

Sean glanced at Abigail as he furrowed his attractive brows tightly, wondering about her purpose here. Why is she doing such a servile job? Moreover, having to face fussy customers. It is a stark contrast to her life with us, the Grahams!

Still, he couldn't help but sneer. "Stop following others and dive into the service industry if you can't stay humble."

His words pricked Abigail like a thorn. These two simply are capable of turning things upside down in perfect harmony, aren't they?

She curled the corner of her lower lip as she said in a somewhat impolite tone, "Very well, then. I shall let another person serve you. Hopefully, you can successfully ask for Alana's contact and subsequently introduce more clients to us.

Abigail left the fitting room area immediately after she finished saying that.

Then, she called over an assistant to replace her. Before the assistant

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entered, she specifically made it clear saying, "Don't mention my identity

when you go in later.” After a momentary pause, she added spitefully, “And if they ask why, tell them that Alana’s husband has just passed away, so she currently isn’t in the mood to design any dresses.” Asking for a chance to meet Alana? Dream on!

The assistant swiftly took the order and walked to the fitting room area. Right then, she heard Joan complaining to Sean. “What’s with her attitude?! I asked her for Alana’s number because I genuinely love this wedding dress. Yet, she responded in such a manner! I can’t believe store attendants nowadays are all so ill-mannered.”

Sean felt his head aching from Joan’s whining. “Why do you want to argue with a store employee? I will ask someone to get Alana’s number and then ask her to come and meet you. Okay?”

The assistant involuntarily pursed her lips and secretly criticized, How hilarious! Ms. Alana was right in front of you moments ago, but you just had to offend her. And now, you still want her to design your dresses?!

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So, she conveyed Abigail’s message. “I’m sorry, but Ms. Alana’s husband has just passed away. So, she doesn’t feel like meeting guests at the moment.”

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Suddenly, Sean felt his right eyelid twitch. “We shall wait until she’s ready, then.” Alana has just become a widow? That’s quite unfortunate, indeed,

Thanks to the distress caused by Sean, Abigail no longer felt sleepy. Hence,

she called Luna, “Hey, I have made 1.3 million worth of profit today! So, hurry over and throw me a celebratory party!”

As soon as Luna heard what Abigail said, she knew Abigail had successfully sold the wedding dress. Well, she’s in the midst of a divorce with him. It’s good

that she sold it to someone else.

Even so, curiosity got the best of her. Therefore, she asked, “Which unfortunate—Bah! Which magnificent customer has generously bought it?”

“Sean.” Abigail smiled wryly. “He bought it for Joan.”

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Luna couldn’t help but screech into the phone, “Why did you still sell it?!”

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Abigail couldn’t suppress the tears from welling up in her eyes. Still, she raised her head and struggled to hold them back. “Who cares? We have made a huge profit, haven’t we? That money alone can sustain our expenses for a year!” It was just that Abigail never expected that the thing that she had worked hard for three years would end up in another woman’s possession.

Well, I can’t say I didn’t gain anything out of it, can I? At least I sold the dress for 1.3 million. 1.3... January 3rd, the day Sean and I applied for our marriage license at the City Hall. Then again, Sean probably has long forgotten about

the date.

In the evening, Abigail did her level best to get wasted. Luna also drank the alcohol like a champ for the sake of keeping Abigail company. As a result, she passed out on the ground.

So, after sending Luna home in a cab, Abigail hailed another one and returned to the studio. However, halfway through the journey, she suddenly remembered that Sean hadn't seen the divorce settlement. Thus, she figured

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that she had to go back, take it, and send it over. Hence, she immediately asked the driver to change their destination to the 'home' where she had stayed for three years.

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After the driver pulled over at the apartment's front gate, Abigail paid the driver and staggered her way into the building. As soon as she entered the house, a strong force pressed her against the door, followed by her lips getting domineeringly kissed by a man.

Although she was definitely wasted, the familiar scent and burning body heat that assailed her nostrils made her have the urge to burst into tears. His initiative and enthusiasm would have sent her on cloud nine if it was a few days ago.

Yet, all her passion instantly disappeared as soon as she remembered him showing up in the studio with Joan and accompanying her to try on the wedding dress before her eyes in the afternoon.

So, she raised her hand and shoved the man in front of her away with all her

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strength. Then, she wiped her mouth in disgust. “How desperate are you?! Did Joan not satisfy you enough?”

Sean had obviously just returned home as he was still wearing the suit from this afternoon. He stared at the woman in front of him with sullen eyes as he asked, “What about you? You said you were going to divorce me, right? So, why are you still here in the middle of the night? What’s the matter? You can’t stand the hardship of your current job?”

When she sensed the disdain in his words, she balled her hand into fists, which hung by her side, tightly. “The pay isn’t as great, but the suffering is really far from when I was working for you,” she said snappishly.

Then, she bypassed Sean, headed inside, and turned on the lights in the living room. After she grabbed the divorce settlement and the cards that were on the coffee table, she stuffed them into his arms and snarled, “I came back here to get these. I’m glad that you’re here. That way, I won’t have to

make an extra trip tomorrow.”

Update Chapter 5 of *The Spare Wife* by Abigail Quinn