

Spare Wife 51

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You're Not an Embarrassment

Abigail pursed her lips and gazed at Sean as well. She smirked. "Don't say that about yourself. The whole team's praising you to the high heavens, and tons of women are waiting to be You're not an embarrassment; you're the prize everyone wants."

your bride.

He invested in the show and helped my grandma. There's no need to cross him. Still, she was annoyed by Joan's smug attitude, and she thought a sarcastic remark was more than warranted, given that she was still his wife.

Sean took off his pants right in front of her. "Are you one of those women, then?"

Hell no. I am not that kind of woman. Abigail thought he would at least have some shame, but he didn't. He was being as brazen as he could. Coolly, she said, "Whatever you say."

Sean was prejudiced against her. If she made any mistake talking to him, he would use it to label her as a whore who would sleep with him for money. It was just like how she was called a gold digger when she only wanted to happily marry him.

Abigail turned around and ignored him. She held up the file and put her ear against the door to listen to what was going on outside. There were a couple of designers still chatting since she could hear snippets of their conversation. That was annoying. It's late. Why haven't they gone back to their rooms? Even if they want to chat, they can do it in their rooms, can't they?

While she was focused on the sounds outside, Sean suddenly hugged her.

Shocked, Abigail almost shouted, but she quickly covered her mouth. Her design drafts fell to the ground, and her heart was racing.

Sean huddled closer and whispered almost coldly, "Don't you get tired of playing hard to get?"

Playing hard to get? Abigail felt fury flare right up to her head. She pushed against the door and tried to shove Sean away. "Once I am done with Grandma's case--"

Her sentence was cut off by a kiss. Just then, Joan asked from outside the room, "Are you asleep, Sean?"

Abigail's heart squeezed, but Sean gave her a cryptic look and let her go. He was sure that she wouldn't make a sound.

Abigail's mind was in turmoil, but she was bothered by that look he gave her. She crouched down and quickly picked up the drafts, then she shoved Sean away and tiptoed into the bathroom.

Once the door to the bathroom was closed, Sean wore his robe.

The phone on the bed rang, and Sean picked it up after he saw that it was from Joan. Without knowing it, he gently said, "What is it?"

"I heard you've come to the set. Are you in your room?" Joan purred.

Sean went to the door and opened it, still holding his phone. Joan put on a beautiful smile for him. "It's late. I hope I'm not interrupting. It's been a while since I saw you."

Abigail leaned on the wall, listening to Joan speak, and a smirk curled her lips. I'm the wife, and yet I'm looking like the mistress here. This is ironic. That Sean is a b*stard.

Joan looked at Sean affectionately. "You came all the way here even though it's already this late? You could've come tomorrow. I wouldn't have found out about it if I hadn't called Cameron."

Joan thought he didn't know anyone else on the set and was only here to back her up. He prepared Ocean's Heart and this manor, and now he came here himself. Of course, Joan was thinking he did it for her.

All Sean could think about was Abigail so he didn't listen to what Joan was saying, but he grunted.

Delighted, Joan went red with embarrassment and love, but she held herself back. "You're so nice to me. You're the best, Sean. I know you did a lot for me on this show, and I'll do my best."

Hearing Sean give Joan an answer made Abigail grab her drafts tightly, her nails almost digging into her skin. Now she knew what that look meant. He suspected that she and Luna were working together, so he wanted Joan to find out she was in the same room with him and have Joan assert dominance.

Abigail felt something welling up within her, and she opened her mouth to exhale. A long sigh came out, and she calmed down.

"It's late, so get some rest. The flight took a lot out of me," said Sean, his voice tired.

Abigail harrumphed. He has enough money to boost his honeycakes to fame. Even if Joan doesn't put in an ounce of effort, she can still make it to stardom.

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Someone Got There First

Sean walked Joan out of the room, but Joan noticed the corner of a paper sticking out of the cabinet beside the door. She adjusted her steps and took a glance from an angle and realized it was a draft. She was then reminded of the rumor she heard. They said the investor would be hiding among them, and if they wanted more screen time, they could find a chance to get closer to the investor.

Worried that the designers would go for Sean after they found out who he was, she hurried over once Cameron told her that Sean had arrived. Did someone get here before I did?

She looked at the draft, a hint of darkness flashing in her eyes. She then stopped in her tracks and turned to smile at Sean. "Your room's decor looks different from ours."

Sean gave her a sidelong glance, but Joan ignored him and quickly scanned the room. It might be different, but the room was still made up of a bed chamber and a bathroom. It was simple enough that Joan could see everything at once glance. The bed was connected to the ground, so there was no way anyone could hide underneath.

She then noticed that the bathroom door was closed. Sheepishly, she said, "My bathroom isn't working. Can I use yours, Sean?"

Most of the time, Sean wouldn't refuse her requests, especially for trivial things like using the bathroom.

Sean's gaze darkened, and he coolly said, "No. You can ask the other models or designers. I need to take a shower and sleep. Just go back to your room."

"But everyone's asleep." Joan put on a look of distress. That was how she always got Sean to relent, and it always worked.

Abigail was nervous and speechless. She wants to use the bathroom all of a sudden? Why? Did she notice me? Abigail held her drafts tighter, her heart racing. She was wondering how she should explain things if Joan found her.

Then she thought, Hey, wait a minute. We're not even divorced yet. We're still married on paper. So, what if I'm in my husband's room? Joan should be the one panicking.

Sean said, "I'll tell the crew members to fix your bathroom."

He was about to make the call, but Joan stopped him. After all, it was just an excuse she made up to check his bathroom, so she quickly said, "It's alright. I'll use my assistant's bathroom." She gazed at the paper peeking out of the cabinet and stepped on it as she reluctantly left.

Standing outside, she stared at the door, her face deadpan. Her gaze almost bored a hole through the door. He's a rich man. I know those b*tches would try to hook up with him, but I never thought they'd make a move that quickly.

She turned around but didn't go too far. "Let's see which of these b*tches are trying to steal my man from me." She knocked on her assistant's door and summoned a few of her sycophants, then they stood near Sean's room, waiting for the woman to come out.

If she won't come out, fine. But once she shows up, my team will ruin her reputation.

Abigail came out of the bathroom, heaving a sigh of relief. Refusing to spend a moment longer in this room,

room, she got ready to leave.

Sean suddenly said, "Are you sure you want to leave now?"

Abigail stopped turning the knob as realization struck her. Joan had noticed the existence of another woman in this room, and she wouldn't stop until she found out who that woman was. It was possible she was waiting right outside for her now.

It was either that, or someone else was doing her dirty work. If they made a scene and created a story out of it for everyone, Sean might not help her get out of the mess. Abigail frowned. "I can't stay here forever. It's late, and I have a shoot tomorrow."

Sean sat on his bed and gazed at Abigail, his eyes deep as the sea. "It's late, you got the wrong room, Joan came to see me, and she's now staking out, waiting for you. What a coincidence, huh?"

Abigail held her draft tighter and smirked. "You're saying I came up with this plan?"

"Is that not it?" Kevin's words still rang in Sean's mind. Abigail's nonchalance meant one of two things: either she wasn't bothered with Sean, or she was up to something big. Sean thought it was the latter.

Abigail smiled. "Fine, whatever you say." Everything is so stupid. It's a joke. She thought it was funny that she was hiding in the bathroom while Sean tried his best to chase Joan away.

Sean held her wrist. "If you want me to start a scandal with you, just say it." I'll do it.

He thought he was backing down, but Abigail thought it was further humiliation. What does he think I am? A useless foil? A useless woman who needs sex to sell her appeal?

She flung his hand away and gave him an icy look. "It's alright, Mr. Graham, I don't need that. Nothing of the sort will happen again. If it does, you can have Kevin kick me off the set, alright?"

Reminded of her grandmother's condition, she warmed up a little. "But what happened tonight was an accident. I was not trying to set you up. You can investigate all you want. Ask Joan if that's what's needed."

[Chapter 53](#)

For the Sake of Dignity

Sean was wondering how much of that was true, but Abigail was already standing beside the door. "Why don't you check if the coast is clear? I would have to leave sooner or later." She moved away from the door.

Since she insisted, Sean said nothing more. He went to the entrance and opened the door, then he checked around and saw a few people standing nearby. They were Joan's sycophants. Terrified of angering Sean, they scrambled back to their rooms.

Joan came out from behind them and tried to gloss things over. "You're still awake? Um, I used their bathroom, that's all."

Sean said nothing, so Joan went back to her room as well. Once the coast was really clear, Sean motioned to Abigail, telling her that she could leave.

When Abigail went past him, she said coolly, "We'll be divorced sooner or later, Mr. Graham, and then you'll have nothing to worry about anymore."

Sean was about to say something, but Abigail had already left and closed the door, blocking her from his sight.

Sean stared at the door, and he noticed that the air was filled with her scent. It was a faint scent. Not the smell of shampoo or hair wash, but the natural scent of her body. Like its master, the scent was ethereal and hard to capture. Frustrated, Sean went to the bathroom.

Once back in her room, Abigail closed the door and leaned on it, heaving a sigh. Once I get back, I'm coming clean to Grandma. This marriage is over. There's no trust between me and him.

Keeping us bonded by force only creates hatred and resentment.

On the next morning, Abigail was about to give Luna the drafts after washing herself up, but during the counting, she realized she was one draft short, and no matter where she looked, she couldn't

find it. Is it in Sean's room?

Just then, someone knocked on the door, and Abigail quickly opened it. Luna was standing outside, dressed for the occasion. She looked gorgeous and charming, and she arched her eyebrow. "Let's go and get breakfast. We're checking out what the theme of the day is after that."

"I'm missing one draft. Check if it's in your room," said Abigail.

Luna quickly answered, "No way. I don't have anything in my room. You came up with seven drafts last night, and that's going to be the seven themes for the competition. You took them away after triple checking them last night."

Abigail scratched her head, and then she was reminded that she was shocked by Sean yesterday. It had caused her drafts to fall out of her hand. Her mind was in turmoil back then, so she hastily picked everything up and went into the bathroom. Did I leave one of them in his room?

Abigail glanced at Sean's room subconsciously. What kind of excuse should I use to search his room? We might have ended on cordial terms last night, but who am I kidding? Our relationship is probably as hot as a block of ice.

She frowned, frustrated.

Luna bent over and huddled closer. "You seem troubled. Where did you lose it? Don't tell me it's somewhere you shouldn't. It'd be a hit to our reputation."

Abigail took Luna into her room. Only in privacy did she have the courage to tell her what happened the night before.

Luna inhaled sharply. "God damn. If you search for it now, he's going to say you did it on purpose. Maybe."

Maybe? Yeah, right. He's absolutely going to think I did it on purpose.

Without thinking, Luna paced around. "We should tell the hotel's PIC and get a key to sneak into his room and search for it."

Abigail was speechless. "You know what's worse than no ideas? Your idea."

I can just tell him I want my stuff back. I am not going to 'steal' what's already mine.

Luna sat on the couch and stared at the ceiling. "I don't know if you've noticed this, but you run into him, an unfortunate event always follows."

[Chapter 54](#)

If I Didn't Know

Abigail couldn't argue with that. It almost felt like this man was a curse on her life.

Luna gave Abigail a glance and comforted her, "Once we finish this job, we're going to stay a million miles away from him. That'll keep his bad luck away

Abigail looked down, her gaze calm. "We don't have to. We'll be apart once we get the divorce anyway"

Every time the divorce was mentioned, Luna would get a little agitated. "Honestly, what the hell was he trying to do? He'd work with you to create a scandal?" She chortled. "What an idiot. You guys are a couple. I've never seen a couple that needs a scandal for everyone to know they're together. He's a b*stard!"

She had a habit of cursing Sean every day, but every time she did, it only made her angrier.

When they came to the dining hall, Joan was chatting with someone beside her. Noticing Luna, something dark flashed in her eyes, but she quickly put on a smile. "You're late, Luna. Slept in?"

The ignored Abigail sat down and glanced at Joan. I wonder if that was just a casual question or something more sinister.

Luna sat beside Abigail and half-mocked, "You even know about that? Boy, it's almost like you've been keeping an eye on us through the night."

There's no way Joan can win in an argument against Luna. Abigail said nothing and filled Luna's plate with breakfast like an assistant should.

Feeling awkward, Joan quickly said, "No. Just asking, since I'm curious about what designers do at night

Luna adjusted her sunglasses and smiled. She enunciated, "We have a ton of designers here. Shall I gather them around and have them tell you their answers?"

And have them hate me? No thanks, Joan forced a smile. "It's alright. We're a team, so I just want to know your answer.

Luna looked at her. “I see. I almost thought you were trying to pry information out of me. I heard a commotion outside yesterday, and I thought some gal who tried to hook up with the investor got kicked out?”

Yeah, that’s a conversation—ender right there. I was the one who got kicked out last night.

Everyone around the table looked at Luna. After all, Sean hired Alana to help Joan with the design. When Sean came to the hotel the night before, rumors had it that Joan asked her sycophants to keep an eye on his room, and now she was getting into an argument with Luna.

Wait. Did Alana use her advantage to get into Sean’s room? But Joan was the one who got kicked out. Ooh, a love triangle, hehe.

Everyone started whispering among themselves excitedly. The camera was pointed at them as well, recording the scene that would make good content.

Joan wasn’t sure if Alana was the one who went into Sean’s room, but she had been observing everyone that morning, and everyone had heard about the news regarding Sean. The only exceptions were Luna and Abigail. Moreover, Sean’s room was near Luna’s, but Abigail’s room was in between theirs.

She then looked at Abigail. She’s dressed in simple clothes. She then looked away

and sheepishly said, “Let’s dig in. There’s no way Sean would even spare this lowly assistant a look.

Once breakfast was over, the host started hyping up the next segment, and the competition was underway. The rules had been explained the day before, and now, they would be announcing the theme of the day.

After a short video, the screen behind the host read ‘Sweet Whispers.

That was the theme of the draft Abigail dropped the night before, and she tightened her grip on her pen. Damn it. Murphy’s Law is at work again.

[Chapter 55](#)

There’s a Camera

This segment was a competition between the designers’ different styles. There was no size restriction for the canvas, and every designer could come up with a draft of their own imagination. according to their understanding of their model’s style.

Since it was a live show about professionals, there was barely any fluff. The screen time was almost all for the contestants. They would have to hand in their first draft before four in the afternoon, and then they would start a discussion and merge things together,

In other words, the designers needed a lot of alone time to gain their inspiration. As the assistant, Abigail had to talk to the models and ask for their measurements to make things easier during the discussion. She and Luna weren’t in the same venue, so she didn’t have time to come up with another sketch.

Once the host was gone, things in the hall got livelier. The designers were talking about the concept. Abigail was worried, but all she could do was follow Joan to her room. She then took out her notebook and tape measure. "Miss Palmer, I'll need to take your measurements."

Joan was in no hurry. Before the cameraman could come in, she leaned on the door and looked at Abigail. "Did Luna meet up with Sean last night? Tell me the truth, and I'll give you fifteen grand."

That's probably her annual salary.

Abigail paused for a moment, then she looked at Joan calmly. "No. Mr. Graham is not her tea." Man, she thinks everyone likes Sean.

cup

of

Joan didn't believe it at all, and her gaze turned icy. No one here, so I don't have to hide myself. She put on a scornful look. "So, you want more? Fine. How about seventy-five grand?" She paused and added, "If you refuse to talk, I have my own ways to find the answer I want, but it might or might not affect you."

With Sean backing her up, she could bully anyone she wanted, especially a lowly assistant like Abigail.

Frustration and irritation welled up in Abigail's heart. "It's not about the money, Miss Palmer. I can't just come up with a story about something that never happened."

"Something that never happened? Do as I say, and I'll have Sean assign you to a designer from a better studio even if Luna fires you. You don't want to just be her assistant all your life, do you?"

Joan scoffed.

Abigail cocked her eyebrow. "What's wrong with that? I mean, someone's willing to pay me seventy-five grand." She'd rather refuse the money than collude with this woman. In fact, Joan was willing to give her that much money just to get close to Luna.

Joan felt humiliated, and she shoved Abigail away. "Trying to annoy me, are you?"

Abigail staggered backward for a moment before she found her bearing. Furious, she looked at Joan, but she held her tongue. I need that diamond.

Just when she was about to take Joan's measurements, that woman took two steps back, contempt flaring in her eyes. "Did you even wash your hands? And is that tape clean? Buy a new one. I don't want to catch any diseases from your tape."

Abigail really wanted to slap this woman and stomp on her face. You're just an influencer, not a real model. If they weren't unlucky enough to be assigned as her teammates, Abigail wouldn't even spare her a look, much less design her clothes. She's not even an actual lady, but she acts like she's

one.

“Where am I supposed to get a new tape? We’re at a resort. I’ll just tell the production team that you won’t be taking part in today’s segment. You can join once I get a new tape. Deal?” she snapped, no longer polite.

Joan threw her arms up as well. “I’m telling Luna about this. You have a bad attitude, and you’re unprofessional. I can get rid of you if I want, you understand that?”

Of course, she knew. Sean could give her that power. She heaved a silent sigh and put on a smile. “I understand, but can you work with me before that? The camera

for the live show aside, there’s also

a camera here that records the behind-the-scenes footage.” She pointed at the camera behind Joan.

Joan shivered.

Abigail said, “I turned it off when I came in.” She didn’t want Joan to flip out at this moment. If Sean decided to take Joan’s side, then the staff members would be the ones taking the brunt of the heat.

Abigail ignored Joan’s contorting face and went into the bathroom. She then came back out with a washed tape. Once again, she asked, “May we begin work now, Miss Palmer?”

Joan snapped, “Make a cup of coffee for me. I can’t work before I have my coffee.”

Abigail forced a smile and did it without complaining, and she was smooth, almost like she did it a lot of times before.

Joan froze for a moment, then a contemptuous smile curled her lips. “You seem used to this. Bet you’ve been doing menial jobs for years.”

Abigail did learn a lot of things back in the Graham Residence just to please Sean.

[Chapter 56](#)

Did Something Alright

And now that’s the very reason this woman is mocking me. Abigail smirked. She quietly served the coffee to Joan. Only then did she stop whining. Despite her awkwardness, Abigail managed to get some of her measurements. Joan then languidly walked to the bathroom for a shower.

While she was doing that, Abigail went to a corner and texted Luna. ‘How’s it going on your end?’

Luna texted a reply with three dots before adding, ‘Take a guess.’ She could bluff her way out of any situation and praise Abigail’s designs to high heavens, but it had been years since she made a drawing, and her skills had deteriorated to nil. Even if she could make something, it wouldn’t be

outstanding, and that would be a hit to Alana’s reputation.

Even through the phone, Abigail could imagine the look on Luna's face. She stood up and tucked the tape away, then she knocked on the door. "Miss Smith needs my help. Once you're done, knock on my door. I'll take the remainder of your measurements."

Taking her measurements is not a top priority; the draft is. I need to get back and deal with the draft first.

Joan said nothing but didn't stop her. She's giving me attitude? When they get stumped on the design, she'll be begging for my help.

Taking her silence as agreement, Abigail left the room and took a deep breath when she was outside. She had decided to seek Sean out and ask for the draft she left behind. First, she had no time to come up with another draft, and two, she was too annoyed to come up with a new design for someone like Joan. That woman was not worth it.

Abigail hung her head low in hesitation, then she texted Sean and asked if he was in his room.

Sean didn't answer.

Abigail couldn't stay in the corridor for too long, or the camera might catch her. She went back to her room and leaned on the cabinet beside her to change her shoes, and then she felt herself touching something that wasn't wood.

She turned her head and saw the draft she left behind in Sean's room sitting on the cabinet, and she froze. I couldn't even find it last night no matter how much I tried. Did he put it back? Abigail had no idea what to feel, though she said in her mind, At least he did one good thing in his life.

The draft was a little dirty so she patted it, yet she couldn't clean off the mark. She couldn't be bothered with it and quickly went to seek Luna out.

Luna was in her room, calling Kevin. Anger was festering within her, but she held it back. "Mr. Stewart. We just want to take her measurements, and my has been gone for half an hour. If

she's not working with us, how should I carry out my job?" th

assist

Kevin might sound relaxed and nonchalant, but he had a headache as well. He knew that Luna and Abigail were friends, so he put on a smile. "Oh, calm down. We have time. If she won't do it today, there's always tomorrow."

Lots of celebrities would start to get arrogant once they had a rich backer, and now that Joan had Sean backing her, she was probably as haughty as hell. She would not work with them unless they satisfied her ego.

Frustrated, Luna spun her pen,

her temples throbbing. "What did you promise me when you invited me, Mr. Stewart?" Just the thought of Abigail getting tripped up by a homewrecker filled her with rage.

What the f*ck is Sean doing letting that b*tch give his wife the bird?

"Calm down." Kevin wanted to scream. On one hand, he had to deal with Sean's wife, and on the other, he had to deal with Sean's lover. He was stuck between a rock and a hard place. If he tried to lecture Joan, Sean would demand an explanation from him.

Luna hissed, "You think we're pushovers? You rigged the team composition and forced us to team up, and now she's slowing the whole process down. If I'd known this was what you'd do, I would never have joined!"

She hung up right after that.

That was not what Kevin did, but still, he had no defense for himself.

Abigail had returned to the room and was standing at the doorway. She looked icy, but there was warmth in her eyes.

Luna hid her fury away and put on a smile. "You were quiet. Why didn't you tell me you were back?"

"You don't have to get mad at him for me. He's the client, and this is how jobs go. Not everything will go smoothly." Abigail approached her, waving the draft.

Noticing the draft, Luna smiled. "How did you get it back?" She wasn't really happy at all. If it were someone else who bullied Abigail, she wouldn't even get that mad, but that woman just had to be Sean's mistress of all people.

She almost felt like they were tricked to join the show just so Sean's mistress could insult them.

What does he think she is?

"Sean put this in my room. Doesn't matter that Joan's not working with us now." Abigail shrugged, looking calm.

[Chapter 57](#)

Way of the Crooked

The draft was important for Abigail. She was surprised Sean would give it back to her, and it helped her with her predicament.

She tried to wipe the mark off, but she failed, so she quickly recreated it, muttering, "I'll make sure nothing like this happens again."

Luna felt a weight being lifted off her shoulders, and she sighed. "This is my fault. If I'd kept up my design work, I wouldn't have dragged you down."

Just then, someone knocked on the door. Abigail thought that the production team wanted to watch how Luna worked so she stood up, telling Luna to get ready.

with

Luna quickly sat up straight on the couch and spun her pen, then she picked up a draft. It was the dirtied one Abigail had set aside. Eh, it's the same thing anyway. She quickly made some finishing touches to the draft.

Abigail tucked the other drafts in her folder, composed herself, and opened the door, but when she was met with that woman's eyes, her smile faded. "Miss Palmer? My boss is still busy at work. Do you need anything?"

Joan took on a warm attitude like she was a different person. "Oh, Abigail. I just wanted you to take my measurements, and I want to see what Luna's doing."

Noticing the cameraman behind Joan, Abigail swallowed her words and moved away. "Fine."

Like a fangirl, Joan leaned on the door and waved at Luna like a lucky cat. "Just here to see you, Luna. So, how's the... Oh, I see you're done with your draft." She was staring at the draft Luna worked on. The mark on it wasn't that visible, but she knew that it was the mark left by her shoe.

I stepped on that paper on purpose before I left, so this means that Luna was the one in Sean's room. That explains a lot of things. No wonder that lowly assistant took that attitude with me. So,

this b*tch has hooked up with Sean!

Joan held her hem tightly, her nails almost digging into her skin. If it was anyone else hooking up with Sean, it was a different story, but Luna was different. She was famous, and the production team invited her as a special guest.

I praised her designs more than once, and in front of Sean too. Did he start taking notice of her because of that? If that's the case, then I made a bad move.

Dec

Joan was reminded of the fashion gala back at East Joy, where Sean did take an interest in Luna. She managed to attract his attention back then by pretending to sprain her ankle. But she still hooked up with him? And to think I praised her work to high heavens!

There was fury in her eyes, and when she spoke again, her voice was laced with iciness. "That's fast. It hasn't even been two hours since we began. It's almost like you finished it beforehand."

Luna held her pen and looked at her. "Hey, practice makes perfect." If she finds out that Abigail can make about eight drafts of this level in an hour when inspiration strikes, she's going to get a stroke.

The cameraman came over to film Luna at work. Joan looked away and blocked the camera, refusing to let Luna show off her skills. Then she looked at Abigail, still smiling, but she was distant compared to before. "Let's go. Gotta keep up with our work while the designer is busy."

It was Luna's session with the crew so Abigail couldn't stay. She glanced at the draft that Luna was holding.

With the cameraman around, Joan was much more cooperative. Abigail measured her shoulders, thereafter Joan looked at the cameraman and plopped down on the couch. "That's all for today. I feel unwell."

The cameraman put their props down and turned the camera off, then they left. For once, Joan didn't trip Abigail up. Instead, she played with her phone and left Abigail alone.

Abigail sat in the corner and drew on her sketchpad.

Lunchtime came, and everyone gathered at the dining hall. Abigail followed Joan inside and saw a familiar figure while she was looking for Luna.

It was Sean.

Kevin was standing in front of him. They were in a private dining room, talking about work.

"What are you looking at?" Luna blurted and wrapped her arm around Abigail's shoulder.

Abigail looked away. "Nothing. Did the shoot go well?"

Luna sat beside her and said, "Not bad."

Abigail was wearing a short-sleeved top and a pair of wide-leg pants. She was taking some cutlery for Luna, and when she leaned ahead, a part of her midriff was revealed, and its lines swam down into her belly.

Even though it was just some skin, she looked alluring enough. Sean noticed that when he looked at her, and he spaced out for a moment.

When Kevin realized no one was responding to him, he waved his hand before Sean. "Oh, so that's what you were staring at. They just came, so do you want to sit with them? The production team's saying you're flirting with Joan. If you sit with them, that rumor's going to be gone like the wind."

Sean smacked Kevin's hand away. "If they want to win, they have to do it with their own skills, not creating scandals to win. I was in a meeting so I didn't know what Joan did, but I can't believe you didn't suppress fan engagement for this scandal. I'm starting to question your professionalism."

Sean put his cutlery down. "If this show loses money because of this little episode, you can say goodbye to all of my future investments."

Kevin clicked his tongue. "Don't blame me for your own scandals."

"There is no scandal," said Sean coldly. He would not give Luna or Joan any advantage.

Kevin licked his lips and gave Sean a cryptic smile. "What if it's Abigail who's trying to create scandals to wi

Sean gave him a look. "You have too much time on your hands to be thinking about that. Time to

go.”

“But I haven’t eaten my fill!” Kevin quickly followed Sean out and asked, “So is it a yes or a no?”

“It’s something between us. None of your business,” Sean snapped.

Kevin chuckled. So that means he’ll do it if Abigail wants to create scandals with him to win.

[Chapter 58](#)

A Stain

Things were just as hectic on the other end. Abigail seized the opportunity to pass another piece of paper to Luna while no one else was looking. Luna’s expression remained blank, but it was as if they had an unspoken agreement—she slipped the piece of paper into her pocket and covered her shirt over it. They both edged closer to one another and were about to exchange a conversation

when they heard Joan’s high-pitched voice.

“I noticed that you finished all of your design drafts when I visited you earlier today, Luna. That’s impressive. I heard that the theme left a lot of the other designers stumped—they couldn’t come up with anything, even after working on it for up to one week.” Joan’s statement carried an implicit message that everyone else could understand. Yet, when Abigail glanced at Joan’s expression, she noticed that there wasn’t a hint of malice on her face. In fact, she seemed to have genuine admiration for the other woman.

The rest of the crowd no longer said much. The designers simply stared at Luna, who had a smile on her face. Everyone couldn’t help but recall what Joan had asked Luna the night before. Did she really contact Sean to ask him about the theme last night? Was she trying to come up with the drafts before us? Abigail could sense the suspicion and hostility in the rest of the designers’ gaze, and she froze for a moment. Joan is obviously trying to tell everyone that this competition is rigged. She’s telling them that the winner has been pre-determined and that they wouldn’t be able to win the grand prize regardless of how hard they try.

Since Luna identified herself as Alana, she hadn’t visited Sean’s room, nor did she see a point in explaining herself to Joan. So, Luna simply lowered her cutlery before looking Joan in the eye. “You should provide some evidence for your statements, Miss Palmer. Otherwise, you’re just defaming me.”

The theme, ‘Sweet Whispers, was clear enough that any designer who had some experience in the industry would know how to get started with their work. If they hadn’t exchanged identities, Abigail would have still been able to produce an initial draft within one hour. All she would’ve had to do

was to discard her other issues and focus hard for a while.

Joan's eyes were bright with joy and awe. "You sure are one of my favorite designers! I went to visit Sean last night, and I accidentally stepped on a piece of paper that had been left on the floor beside his shoe rack. I saw a mark on your draft earlier today, and I thought that it was the same piece of paper I had stepped on... I felt really disappointed then." Joan twisted her face into one of dejection as she continued speaking. "I was worried that the designer I admired wasn't actually all that talented. I only became a model because of your designs. I may not have any talent in your field, but I sure do look up to you, Miss Smith! Not only that, but I would be so shocked if you turned out to be a fake!"

Luna stared at Abigail without saying much. Abigail, on the other hand, seemed unfazed even after all that Joan had said. "When you met her today, the production crew for the designers had arrived as well. Logically speaking, she wouldn't have had the chance to switch to a new draft, right?" Abigail asked.

Joan recalled the events of the morning before she nodded. "That's right." Abigail let out a slight chuckle. "That's great, then. Since there wasn't any time for her to change her draft, the draft that gets aired would certainly have the mark that you were talking about, right, Miss Palmer? Wouldn't the truth be out once we look at the recordings?"

Joan blinked a few times without much change in her expression. She carefully recalled the sequence of events earlier that morning and made sure that she hadn't missed out on anything before she spoke once more. "Fine. However, since you claim that this isn't the truth, then there's nothing I have to worry about. I don't have any ill intentions. I simply want this to be a fair competition, and I want to believe that my idol has genuine talent." Joan's tone was sincere and genuine—the crowd seemed to be fonder of her after hearing her words.

Abigail simply smirked at the other woman. "You're a blessing to the design industry, Miss Palmer. You voiced out your concerns in order to ensure that everyone else's efforts don't go to waste, and you tried to make sure that this show proceeds in a rightful manner. I think that's a fantastic move from your end."

Meanwhile, the cameraman was beyond excited to capture the argument. These were the sort of scenes that would generate a lot of conversation. Joan turned around to look at Luna, who had been silent for a while. "I'm not overthinking the situation. I'm simply very fond of you, Miss Smith. I only got concerned after noticing the issue with the draft."

"Miss Palmer" Luna got to her feet and came face-to-face with Joan while beaming at her. "I'm sorry. I'm not an idiot, and I'm able to distinguish women who are simply pretending to be innocent and well-intentioned. I'm fine if you're targeting me as an individual, but your words are also impacting my reputation. I hope that I'll be able to receive an apology from you once the

program is aired and the truth is out.” Luna didn’t care about how other people perceived her, and she wasn’t afraid to offend Joan or the wealthy figure who was supporting Joan. So, Luna didn’t hesitate to expose the pretentious front that Joan was putting on. After that, she let out a scoff before she led Abigail out of the restaurant with a nonchalant look on her face.

The tension in the room was at its peak at that point. Everyone began to whisper among themselves as they all attempted to guess what Luna would do. Joan was fuming on the inside! Luna is the one who doesn’t know where she stands. How dare she act all righteous when she was the one who tried to seduce Sean? However, Joan knew that she couldn’t reveal her anger in front of the camera. Sabrina had already given her a warning earlier that day—that she had to contain her emotions and not lose her temper. If Joan lost her temper, she would be fulfilling Luna’s wishes! She would reveal the front that she had been putting on!

However, Joan also knew that her smile would only seem forced if she attempted to put one on then. Instead, she got to her feet before gazing at the camera with a look of hurt and sorrow on her face. “I can apologize right now if that’s what Miss Smith wants. I just really didn’t want my impression of my idol to be ruined. Furthermore, we’re all on the same team—I wouldn’t want to harm her in any way. I shouldn’t have addressed this in public, and I apologize for that. After all, I’m sure every design ever produced feels like a precious gem to the designers themselves.” Joan bowed to the camera, but there was a grim look in her eyes when she turned away from it.

I can’t believe how things turned south after Abigail’s statements. I hadn’t expected Luna to be so careless with her reputation, too. She didn’t hesitate to criticize me at all. Wouldn’t that just bring me more haters?

In the meantime, Luna’s expression darkened after both she and Abigail returned to Luna’s room. “What should we do? I think there was really a mark on the draft that I submitted.” Luna had been worried that she would accidentally expose something if the filming crew took too much footage of her, so she had been quick to submit her draft earlier. Her ears were ringing then. We spoke so confidently earlier, but it just feels like we might have dug our own graves, she thought.

“What about the copy that I gave you after that?” Abigail tried her best to comfort Luna. Luna hurried off to look for the copy in the drawer, but she then looked up with a grimace on her face. “We’re dead. That copy’s gone.”

Abigail was speechless for a while. “Don’t worry. I’ll come up with something. You shouldn’t panic. If everything else fails, I’ll just have to admit that I’m Alana.” Abigail turned and left after that. She didn’t know if Sean was still in the private restaurant in the dining hall—all she knew then was that she had to find a way to contact him. The rest of the designers would probably develop a bad impression of Alana once the news spread, and this would come as a blow to L.Moon Studio.

Joan didn't reach out to Sean. Instead, she allowed the suspicion and confusion to continue brewing among the designers. At the same time, Kevin curled his lips into a victorious smirk after he saw the clips that were aired that afternoon. "Aren't you going to talk to Mr. Sean about what happened this morning?" Damon asked after some hesitation.

Kevin

gave the other person a playful smirk. "There's no need to talk about anything. Our job is just to produce the show, and these debatable issues are meant to fall into the hands of the netizens. That's how our program is going to get popular." This show is getting more and more interesting, Kevin thought to himself.

[Chapter 59](#)

Break Me

Abigail slung her bag over her shoulder before returning to her own room. If the draft that I handed to Luna is gone, it probably means that we accidentally submitted them together. Abigail had made it a point to double-check the rules, and she knew that the investors would get the opportunity to get a look at the drafts first. They were the ones that would do the preliminary selections. In other words, Sean would know if the draft with the shoeprint was there.

Abigail gritted her teeth before she gave Sean a call. He picked up the call just a few seconds after she dialed her number. "What is it?" His voice was deep and devoid of much emotion. "Can we meet up for a while? There's something I'd like to talk to you about." Abigail tried her best to sound as gentle as possible since she was the one who had a favor to ask.

"Now?" Sean sounded slightly louder the second time he spoke. There seemed to be a hidden meaning behind his tone of speech. Abigail felt her cheeks turning warm. After all, she had been all stubborn with him just a day ago, and she was already going back on her word one day after.

"Well, if you're not free now, then I can talk to you on the phone. I left a draft at your place yesterday—" she started. "I've been looking everywhere for you, Sean. How did you end up all the way in this part of the garden?" Joan's voice came from the other end of the line, interrupting what Abigail had to say. "I have matters to handle. Goodbye." Sean ended the call before Abigail had a

chance to finish her words.

After that, Abigail was left alone in the washroom. Her knuckles were white as she clutched her phone. She let out a sigh before turning to walk out of the washroom. Pursing her lips, she paced back and forth in her room for about 30 seconds. Then, a new look of determination surfaced in her gaze as she grabbed her phone and headed out. In the deeper end of the garden... I think I

know where Sean is.

The fresh scent of plants greeted Abigail as she made her way through the thick flower bushes. The path was windy, and she made multiple turns to get further into the gardens. She was just starting to feel

anxious when she made the next turn to find Sean standing close to a rose bush. Even though he was dressed in a full black suit, his strong aura still made him more attractive than the bright-colored flowers surrounding him.

Sean was on a call when he turned around to see Abigail standing before him. He curled his lips into a mysterious smile before speaking into his phone. "I have to go now. We'll talk soon."

Abigail walked over without any hesitation. "Are you looking at flowers?" She wasn't necessarily trying to engage in small talk with him. Sean raised an eyebrow as he turned to glance at Abigail. "I'm surprised that you managed to find me here."

Abigail felt awkwardly exposed for a moment, but she was quick to return to her usual self. "Well, I do have something that I'd like to talk to you about."

Sean edged closer to her before leaning his body forward. "Did you get agitated after hearing Joan's voice?" Abigail took a closer look at him to figure that he was in a good mood—his expression seemed laid-back and relaxed today. Is it because Joan was having a secret meetup with him here? An inexplicable sense of frustration rose in Abigail's chest as she lowered her gaze and softened her tone. "No. It's about something else. I wouldn't come here just to bother you and Joan," she uttered.

"Joan didn't ask to meet me here. You're the one who asked to meet," Sean reminded her. She looked up with a hint of puzzlement in her gaze. "So, you were waiting for me here?"

"I was just standing around and looking at the flowers." Sean was obviously just using Abigail's own words to annoy her.

Abigail licked her lips as she subconsciously fidgeted. "There's something I need your help with, Sean..." Abigail paused before she could say anything else. Right then, Sean knitted his brows. Before he got a chance to speak, Abigail clamped her hand over his lips before pushing him toward the rose bushes. Sean noticed a look of fear and terror in Abigail's eyes as he felt their bodies sinking into the rose bushes. Abigail was worried that he would get scratched by the thorns, so she attempted to push his back against the wall. This way, she would be the one exposed to the thorns.

All of a sudden, Sean resisted her actions and forced herself to switch spots with him. Some

rustling noises came from the bushes, and Abigail was in too much of a panic to wonder why Sean had switched spots with her. Sean could feel the twigs of the rose bushes pressing against his back, forcing him to edge closer toward Abigail. He still seemed rather relaxed as he focused his gaze on the woman's lips. She was biting her bottom lips. He could feel her soft figure pressed against him, and he could even feel her curves as their bodies got closer to each other.

A pair of footsteps got closer to them then. Abigail wasn't even breathing at that point, and she was visibly anxious. The man eyed her in amusement. The footsteps outside sounded closer to them for a while before they grew further away. Only then did Abigail let out a long sigh. She met Sean's gaze and soon realized that she was still pressing her hands against his lips. Her hand jerked away from his face as if she had just touched something hot, but she then realized that their faces were only inches away. She immediately pushed him away from her.

Sean felt his body being pushed backward for a while, but the thick bushes nudged him back into his original spot. He bumped against her figure before letting out a grunt. "Don't move," he whispered.

[Chapter 60](#)

Increased Suspicion

His words were meant as a joke, but Abigail got triggered after hearing his mention of getting a child. She had always hated discussing matters of childbirth, and she felt rather sorry for herself when she heard Sean bringing it up. He never wanted a child, yet he says these things to hurt me.

She knitted her brows together for a moment before she smoothed them out and addressed him in a friendly tone. "You know Luna never went to you. I was the one who left the draft behind, and you sent it back to me. You should remember if there was a mark on it."

Sean nodded a little before speaking. "Are you sure you want us to talk in such secrecy?"

The conversation seemed rather serious, yet they were caught in a rather intimate position. They had been in several types of positions while having a conversation, but they had never been stuck in a spot like that before.

Abigail seemed to snap out of a daze then and tried to wriggle her way out. "I'll go out to take a look" She barely moved before the man held onto her slim waist.

"Let's just talk here." His voice sounded rather raspy, but he had a serious look on his face.

Abigail lowered her gaze as she felt her cheeks turning red. "Can you help me retrieve the copy of the draft that has a mark on it? I believe two copies were submitted, so it shouldn't cause any issues to the show if you just take the dirtied piece back." Sean clearly remembered the two copies of the draft. There were a few designers who had submitted their drafts earlier that day, and one of them was Alana,

As one of the investors in the show, he had to pick out and purchase the best design before selling it as a luxury item under his brand. Naturally, he had the privilege of screening through all the drafts first. However, his gaze darkened at the thought of the annotation that had been left on Alana's draft

Sean took a glance at Abigail's face before he spoke in a casual tone. "You didn't hesitate to come over to me just for the sake of a draft. It seems like you really care about Alana."

Abigail froze for a moment before she realized what was going on. He thinks that I staged that whole incident earlier. A surge of anger rushed through her chest, but she eventually suppressed the urge to kick the man. I have to control myself for the sake of L.Moon and the diamond!

Sean scoffed at her words. "You know me. I don't care about Alana's innocence, and I don't need you to worry about my reputation."

Abigail pursed her lips and remained silent for a while after that. She knew that it wouldn't take much for Sean to reclaim his innocence with the role he had on the show. Furthermore, she knew that he couldn't care less about the reputation of anyone else other than himself.

Sean then pinched her chin before adding in a deep voice, "You made a mistake this time, Abigail. You should be the one bearing the consequences. If I help you this time, what's going to happen next time? You deserve to learn a lesson."

She thought that he was going to leave after finishing his words, so she reached out and clutched onto his arm. She tried her best to remain gentle as she spoke in a rather anxious tone. "I'll lose my job if this gets out, Sean. Miss Smith is really nice, and she allowed me to realize my own worth. I'm begging you to help me just this once." She swung the man's arm back and forth as she spoke in a rather coquettish tone.

However, Sean didn't seem too impressed by her actions. Ever since Abigail asked for a divorce, she had acted all distant and peculiar around him. It was rare for her to be so submissive, and she always had some ulterior motive every time she acted in that manner.

"Do you really want to get a divorce?" Sean changed the topic all of a sudden.

Abigail couldn't figure out what the man was trying to convey, so she took a while to contemplate his words before responding in a cautious but sincere tone.

"Don't worry. I put in a lot of thought and contemplation before deciding to ask for a divorce. I didn't do it out of resentment and anger, and I'm not going to try to get revenge on you after our divorce. I'm not angry at Joan at all," she explained.

Sean scoffed at her words. She sounds so sincere now, but her actions don't match her words at all. Sean wasn't interested in playing hard to get, so he simply pushed Abigail away before stepping out of the bushes.

"You're a married woman, so you should dress in clothes that cover your stomach. I don't want to see you wearing this in the future," he warned her. After taking two steps away from the bush, he stopped and turned to look at the woman, who had a look of shock on her face. "If you feel like all that you deserve is

deserve is a job that involves serving others, then you should be able to feel that same sense of worth with me."

Abigail didn't understand why the man seemed so annoyed at her all of a sudden. She furrowed her brows as she tried to recall what she had said that made the man angry. She wanted to make sure not to repeat the same mistakes. Meanwhile, Sean loosened his tie after walking away from her. Then, he pulled his phone out to send a text to Cameron. 'I want to see all of Luna's personal details. Get me as much information as possible.'

Abigail returned to her room as she continued to worry about how she could approach Sean once more. I have to convince him to help me reclaim that draft.