

Spare Wife 81

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Manage Yourself Cameron's words served as a warning to everyone in the production team as it urged them not to in underhanded activities. Silence fell upon the group once he left. engage any Abigail still had her cold demeanor as she held up a piece of clothing and asked Joan, "Is this the correct measurements?" Joan gazed at Abigail stoically, her eyes revealing an unknown emotion. "You really aren't affected, huh?" She noticed that Abigail was not frightened of Sean. While everyone else felt like they were walking on eggshells around him, Abigail couldn't be bothered to put on a pleasant expression. Abigail looked at her indifferently. "I didn't lie, so why should it affect me?" - Nina, who felt offended by what Abigail did, huffed and left, but she intentionally walked into Abigail while on her way out. Abigail staggered backward by two steps from the impact, and a sharp pain shot through her injured ankle, causing her to furrow her brows subconsciously. No one, including Abigail, had noticed this brief incident.

Victor's designer, Damian Light, sneered. "You've offended Mr. Graham yourself. Don't even think of pushing me under the bus!" Ignoring the pain in her ankle, Abigail glanced at Victor. At the sight of his worried face, she couldn't help but be concerned. Joan behaved more restrained thereafter, and Abigail successfully completed the measurements. When she was about to leave, Abigail looked at Victor, who seemed lost in thought, again. "You don't need to stand up for a lowly assistant like me." Victor whispered, "It's necessary. We're here to participate in the program, not to endure being mistreated. Besides, you are representing Alana." She was briefly taken aback. If it hadn't been for Sean protecting Joan, she indeed wouldn't have had to endure this kind of treatment. Nevertheless, as she was leaving, she added, "This is just how it is in

any workplace. If Mr. Graham expels you from the production team, you'll regret it" Joan sarcastically waved her fan. "You two are sympathizing with each other now, huh? It's a shame you're not on the same team. Otherwise, it'd have been such a spectacle." Abigail ignored her and left. In Luna's room, Abigail placed the clothing pattern on the table and examined her ankle. Yesterday, Sean had already helped her with it, which was why she had no trouble walking today. However, after Nina walked into her, it caused the pain to increase. A concerned Luna approached Abigail. "What happened to your leg?" "Someone knocked into it forcefully. It hurts a bit, but it's not a big deal. Let's get to work," Abigail replied nonchalantly. Luna held her shoulder. "Who did it? Do they think that we're easy targets? I'll give them a piece of my mind!" "There's no need to do so. I need to start the work on the clothing. You'll have to stay by my side so that you can explain when the production team asks for details," Abigail said, entirely focused. Luna was frustrated. "But you are Alana..." "Why does that matter?" Abigail replied calmly. Even though she was Alana, she wasn't considered a significant person in Sean's eyes. If Joan wanted to cause trouble, she would still do it. Luna leaned closer. "Tell me, who was it?" Abigail pretended not to hear the question and changed the topic. "Speaking of which, I'm going to observe the roses in the moonlight tonight." "The embroidery on your dress? Joan doesn't deserve your dedication." Luna rolled her eyes and didn't press further on who bumped into Abigail. Abigail placed the clothing pattern on the cutting table and said calmly, "I've always been dedicated to the design, not the people wearing them." Later that night, after she took a shower, she went downstairs to the garden to take photos. "What are you doing?" As she was taking pictures of the roses with her camera, Sean's voice suddenly sounded from

behind her. Abigail was startled and turned to see Sean under the dim lights. "I'm collecting material for Miss Smith." She was surprised to run into him here. He raised an eyebrow. "You seem quite invested in her designs." She kept her camera away as she asked, "Are you still inspecting work so late?" Abigail had finished taking photos and planned to leave, but she couldn't just walk away with Sean here. She wasn't sure if she understood Sean's implication in his words. "Other than you, who else would be working at this hour?" Sean approached Abigail. "It seems like you're quite protective of Victor." Abigail's gaze turned cold. "Victor only made one comment, and you were so eager to protect Joan that you wanted him kicked out from the production team. That's unreasonable." "Are you defending him?" Sean's lips curled with a hint of coldness.

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Being Helpless Abigail touched the camera bag that she carried with her and lowered her gaze. "What if I am? Since you were inspecting from the shadows, you should've seen that it all started with Joan." Sean silently observed Abigail. She didn't want to talk about this matter. Many crazy things had occurred within the production team, and she found it very surreal. "Even if it's because of Joan, she's not someone that Victor would offend," he said calmly. Her lips curled upward as she sneered. "If you had said from the beginning that this was Joan's own show, I believe everyone would've praised her, and I wouldn't have participated with Miss Smith either." Sean stood in front of Abigail, raising his hand to pinch her chin. "Do you understand that you're opposing me for Victor's sake?" Abigail stared into his eyes. "How could I dare to oppose you? After all, the production team was established for the purpose of launching Joan's career. My argument with her today was indeed my mistake, dragging someone else into it."

"Abigail, are you insinuating that I'm suppressing all of you for Joan's sake?" He tightened his grip a bit. She couldn't be bothered to respond to those words. It was a clear fact, but he feigned righteousness. However, now that she thought about how Victor helped her twice, Abigail softened her attitude. "I didn't mean that. I just wanted to ask, what do I have to do for you to let Victor off the hook?" Sean's displeasure flicked in his eyes. "If you hadn't brought this up tonight, I wouldn't have gone after him, but I've decided to let him leave tomorrow." He stood up to refute Nina for our sake, and the incident about four in the morning is the truth. Is that reasonable if you don't appreciate his efforts and want to kick him out of the production team? Is this production team solely under your control?" Abigail became somewhat angry.

Sean's voice turned cold. "Do you think I can't resolve the issue without him speaking up? Moreover, you've shifted all the blame onto me and pretended not to know anything. Isn't that what you've done?" Abigail nodded slightly. "True. Others can't make mistakes, but you can have the production team edit it out when you do." At this, his eyes darkened. "Is a male model worth your anger, Abigail? The root cause of this situation is clearly that you got too close to him, yet you're bringing up all sorts of irrelevant things." She was momentarily stunned. He stared at her coldly. "Even though we have a secret marriage, does that give you the right to openly be with another man in the production team to boost L.Moon's popularity?" "He helped me because he saw my injured leg," Abigail replied coldly. "How is that being openly with another man? Don't be so absurd." She couldn't help but point out that he had his own unclear entanglements with Joan, so why didn't he control himself? He seemed so agitated, only because someone had shown her a little kindness. "Do you really think it's not about this? Do you know what he's thinking? Anyone who can make it in this industry isn't that innocent. Do you truly believe he

offended Joan for you?" Sean's words were cold and mocking. "It's better to be misunderstood than you not explaining anything. Did I ask you to stay in my room? You caused me a lot of trouble and made me an outcast, and now you're blaming me?" Abigail found Sean's behavior inexplicable. In reality, when it came to right or wrong, Sean's insistence on having a relationship with her within the production team was the root cause of the entire issue. "Is there a problem for me to be in my wife's room?" Sean retorted. Abigail forced herself to remain calm. "There's no problem. I don't want to argue with you. I still have to return and report for duty. As for Victor, I'll handle it with discretion and also hope that you can give him a chance." Sean pursed his lips in silence.

She looked into his eyes and continued, "This damn situation arose because of our relationship within the production team. Since he helped me, I don't want to drag him into this. Sean Graham, we're still considered a couple. Can't you even compromise that bit?" He reached out and grasped her waist. "Just this once. Pay attention to your words and actions. You shouldn't allow it even if he tries to get close to you." "I understand." Abigail retreated and avoided his hand as her attitude turned cold. "I'll leave now. Miss Smith might become angry if I'm late." An oppressive feeling lingered in Sean's heart. Even though Abigail had compromised in this matter, he wasn't uplifted either. Her indifference made him believe that her apology wasn't genuine, but she only did it out of her obligation to Victor, not wanting him to be kicked out of the production team. Enduring the pain in her leg, Abigail entered the elevator and looked at her reflection in the mirrored walls for a while. Then, she couldn't help but give a bitter, cold smile.

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Abigail Quits Abigail felt like she was the only positive one in this marriage. Sean was glued to Joan, so a single phone call from her could make him leave, yet it was because of him that Abigail had to be cautious with her actions on the show. Many frustrations were pent up inside her, and she clenched the hand at her side tightly. After returning to Luna's room, Abigail sat at her workstation and silently attended to her tasks. Luna was dealing with the matters related to L.Moon and sensed that something was off with Abigail's mood. She looked up and asked, "What's wrong? You seem frustrated." Abigail, who was about to transfer some photos to her tablet, relaxed her tense expression upon hearing Luna's question. "It's nothing. Are you still dealing with L.Moon's orders here?" "Due to the recent popularity of you and Sean being a couple on the show, we've been receiving many studio orders. I'm currently delegating them to the designers," Luna replied with a smile when she mentioned those orders. All of Abigail's resentment toward Sean was rendered useless by Luna's words. She lowered her gaze and nodded lightly, saying, "That's great. I'll start the embroidering. Otherwise, the time given by the production team won't be enough." L.Moon still depended on Sean, so even if she harbored lots of resentment toward him, this show

had benefitted her and Luna's studio. Her interactions with Sean had also brought in quite a few orders for the studio. Luna sensed that Abigail was in a rather bad mood, so she set aside and poured a glass of hot water for her. "What's really bothering you? You seem upset. I'm your sister, right? Can't you confide in me?" Abigail inserted a memory card into her tablet and smiled at Luna. "Where did you get the idea that I'm in a bad mood? I'm just a bit tired. It's fine; we've received quite a few orders thanks to this show. That's already good." Luna looked concerned. "If you're really upset, we can withdraw from the show so that we don't have to see that lovey-dovey couple and feel bad."

"No. I'll wait until my grandmother's health improves, and then I'll sever ties with him," Abigail replied gently. Luna patted her shoulder. "Alright, focus on your work. Don't overexert yourself." Meanwhile, Joan stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window in her room, her eyes cold as she spoke on the phone. "Is this really going to work? I'm afraid if it gets discovered, Sean will be angry." "Just make sure he doesn't find out. Find someone to assist you," the person on the other end of the line advised. "Okay, I understand," Joan replied before she hung up. Shortly after that, Nina knocked on the door. Joan opened the door and immediately had a friendly smile. "You're here. I wanted to talk to you and confirm what you saw last night." Nina entered her room, and after closing the door, Joan wore a harmless smile as she asked, "You really saw Sean, right?" "As long as you're sure that the room next to Abigail is his, then it's him," Nina replied cautiously. She couldn't afford to offend anyone, especially not the major investor in the show. Joan smiled and sat down nearby. "Do you want Abigail to leave the show?" Nina looked at Joan with a forced smile. "Abigail leaving the show doesn't really benefit me as a designer." "Sean hired Alana, especially for me. If you want to compete with her, you can dream about it. If you step back and receive an outstanding award, that's still achievable." Joan refused to beat around the bush. Nina pursed her lips, contemplating for a moment before asking, "How do you want me to help you get rid of Abigail?" "Abigail has injured her leg, and Victor is rather fond of her. You have plenty of room to work with there. Why do you need me to teach you a method? After all, the award from the show comes with a prize of over a million, and the clothes you design will bear the logo of the luxury brand that Sean owns. Isn't that enough incentive for you to use your brain?" Joan had a sweet smile, but there

was a piercing glare. There was tension on Nina's face. "I'm not sure if your relationship with Sean is genuine or fake." Joan raised an eyebrow and, right in Nina's face, dialed Sean's number on her phone. On the other end of the call, Sean's voice was unusually gentle. "What's up?" "Sean, I want the new Mila bag. Can you buy it for me?" Joan asked coquettishly. "Sure," Sean replied without hesitation. Joan replied, her eyes narrowing. She triumphantly tilted her chin and looked at Nina, who was surprised. "Thank you, Sean. Get some rest soon."

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No Need to Be Overly Cautious Nina's gaze toward her was no longer the same. She approached Joan, her tone carrying a hint of flattery. "Abigail has put in quite the effort to seduce Mr. Graham. She's really shameless!" "I'm sure what you saw last night was intentional on her part," Joan replied as she fixed her gaze on Nina. Nina smiled and responded, "Don't worry. I'll help you. I detest those who become people's mistresses." A forced smile momentarily appeared on Joan's face, but Joan quickly regained her composure. After seeing Nina off, her expression turned cold as she genuinely hated the word "third party". Nina returned to her room and wandered around for a while before deciding to look for Damian. The production team had been as busy as bees since the start of the task. Abigail was skilled and could complete a woman's dress in half a day. After they finished their lunch, when Abigail and Luna were about to return to their rooms, Victor stopped them and asked, "Do you have some free time around seven tonight?" Abigail was puzzled. "Is there something you need?" Luna approached with a playful smile to tease Victor. "Of course, she's free. Are you planning to go on a date with her?"

Abigail knew exactly what Luna was up to. Blushing, Victor waved his hands in embarrassment and explained, "No... You've misunderstood. I have something to give to her!" Without waiting for Abigail's

response, he hurriedly walked off while Luna had a mischievous smile. While in the elevator, she placed an arm around Abigail's shoulder and asked, "What do he wants to give you?" you think

Abigail calmly replied, "Why did you have to tease him like that and say those kinds of things? It's just causing unnecessary trouble." "Well," came Luna's explanation. "We have to let him know that it's okay to pursue you, especially when you are planning to get a divorce. This young man is quite a catch, not to mention his looks and physique." "Don't cause any trouble for him, and I don't want to be involved in such things within the production team. Designing clothes is my primary task." Abigail insisted in a subdued tone. Luna clicked her tongue twice, whispering, "But it's clear he is interested in you. He's just... not very skilled at acting, considering he's been in the industry for a while. Why pretend to be an innocent guy?" Abigail didn't think she was so easily swayed by Victor's good looks, but it seemed she saw through it quite clearly. "I'm not even divorced yet, and I'm not fooling around," she replied, her voice laced with a touch of sarcasm. "I'm not Sean." During dinner at 5.30PM, Victor attentively provided utensils and drinks to Abigail and Luna. Luna leaned back in her chair and enjoyed Victor's personal service. After he was done and sat at the dining table, she asked, "What's up with you inviting my assistant? Is there anything important?" "Oh, it's not something worth discussing right now. Let's eat first," he replied mysteriously. Luna did not press for further details, and the others at the table remained silent, quietly listening to the conversation. After dinner, when Abigail and Luna left, Nina, Joan, and Damian exchanged glances before they broke into meaningful smiles. At 7.00PM, Abigail could no longer tolerate Victor's continuous messages urging her to come. She had no choice but to head over to the garden for their appointment. Luna noticed that Abigail's cheeks were a bit flushed, and she appeared somewhat fatigued. She stood up and said, "Let me go on your behalf. He probably helped you to buy medicine for you." Abigail glanced at her and asked, "You already knew?"

"Of course. Your leg seems more serious today, and anyone can see that too, right? I thought Sean, who likes to observe from the shadows, would bring you the medicine. It turns out I was wrong," Luna replied with a huff. "Why didn't you bring the medicine for me then?" Abigail asked playfully. Luna stood by the door with a somewhat mischievous smile. "If I had done so, how could I have allowed someone else to be attentive to you?" Abigail wrinkled her nose but remained silent. She had underestimated Sean, so if he discovered that Victor had brought her medication, he would probably kick Victor out of the production team. without any hesitation. He wouldn't even get a glimpse of the supposed scene of jealousy. However, now that Luna went to get the medicine, it could be seen as helping Victor, saving him from unnecessary trouble. After Luna left, Abigail began to feel that her mouth was dry, and her body temperature was rising. She reached up to adjust her clothes. When Luna arrived at the designated location, a hand suddenly reached out from behind and grabbed her tightly.

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Being Tricked Again Luna was startled and turned around to slap the person several times until they retreated. When she saw that it was Victor, she quickly surveyed her surroundings and then approached him to grab him by his collar with a fierce look. "You are resorting to such despicable means? Are you trying to get yourself killed?" Victor's face reddened, and he was breathing heavily. In his eyes, there was nothing but primitive desire. Luna was disgusted and forcefully kicked his leg. She was wearing high heels, and her kick made Victor groan as he fell to the ground. "Who do you think you are by trying this on me? When I'm tearing people apart in the business world, you're still clueless about where you are!" She stepped on his chest, her face filled with anger. He struggled to breathe, so the pain in his leg

temporarily restored some of his sanity. He weakly croaked, "Today... the water we drank... There's an issue... Don't worry about me..." She lowered her gaze to him as her anger diminished. "Miss Quinn... Check on Miss Quinn..." he continued saying. After realizing something was wrong, Abigail returned to her room and took a cold shower, but it did not help. Instead, when the effects of the aphrodisiac kicked in, she collapsed in the bathroom, completely powerless. She reached the sink with great difficulty and picked up her phone.

She struggled to unlock her device several times before succeeding. Her consciousness was fading due to her body's overwhelming desire, and she did not even know if her call was really made to Luna. "Is there something wrong?" Sean's voice in the phone call remained calm as he asked Abigail. Abigail heard someone speaking but couldn't tell if it was Luna. She bit her lip as she sat on the floor and replied while struggling to breathe, "I-Is this Luna?" Sean sensed that there was something wrong, and his expression turned cold. "What's wrong you?"

with Her head was buzzing, and she answered his question. "I think... I am down with something. Please come back... I'm scared... I have no strength..." His expression darkened even more. "I'll be right there. Don't hang up." After hanging up, he quickly returned to his place, worried about Abigail's condition. She had no strength whatsoever, and her body felt like it was being torn apart. Sean hung up the phone, and, in less than two minutes, he entered Abigail's room. Soon, he opened the bathroom door and saw her completely soaked on the floor. Her clothes were in disarray as they clung to her body. "What did you eat?" Sean walked up to her and carried her. Abigail smelled the fragrance on him and reached out to grab his tie. Her eyes were filled with tears as she whined, "I feel terrible... Luna." He held her pale, delicate hand as his gaze turned stern. "I'm not Luna. I'm Sean." Struggling to see Sean's face clearly, Abigail became anxious because she couldn't focus. Her voice trembled as she replied, "Sean, I feel uncomfortable... Please help me." Being a normal man, Sean was well aware of Abigail's current condition, so he kissed her to ease her discomfort. The knocking on the door outside continued incessantly, but he pretended not to hear it while she was unaware. Luna was on the verge of banging the door down when Cameron stopped her. "You..." She was about to scold someone when she noticed it was Cameron and instantly swallowed back the foul words she had in mind. "Miss Smith, Mr. Graham is inside," Cameron informed Luna politely. Luna felt relieved and turned toward the direction of the elevator. As she walked, she called Kevin. "The drinks that she and Victor had were spiked. I hope you can thoroughly investigate and discover who the f*ck is behind this dirty trick!" Meanwhile, inside the room, Abigail was held by Sean under the rain. She felt weak all over and

clung tightly to him. He noticed that the drugs in her system were potent since she was never as proactive and passionate as she was tonight. The two of them moved from the bathroom to the bed, with Sean carefully holding Abigail, whose legs had turned into jelly. Then, time passed slowly. Abigail was awakened by the sound of Sean making a phone call. She woke in a daze, feeling her body ache with each movement. "You can't investigate this matter thoroughly. The program can also be stopped indefinitely." Sean's voice was filled with anger. She raised her head and saw that he was seated next to her. Then, she realized that this was indeed her room, and he was sleeping on her bed. Moreover, he had numerous scratch marks, with clear kissing marks on his neck. Abigail closed her eyes again, and vague fragments of yesterday's memories flashed through her mind. Right now, she just wanted to disappear from the face of the Earth.

Discussing Insights

Sean tossed his phone aside and felt that Abigail had regained consciousness. Then, he turned his head to look at her.

Abigail, feeling like an ostrich, couldn't maintain her pretense under Sean's penetrating gaze. Opening her eyes, she tried to appear as if everything was normal after their intimacy and looked at him and said, "I'll call Luna. I'm worried about her."

He turned and grabbed the phone on the bedside table.

She noticed the scratches on his back. While they had been intimate as a married couple, this kind of intensity was indeed a first.

A faint blush crept onto her cheeks when he handed her the phone.

After taking the phone, she dialed Luna's number. However, she realized that when she was in a daze earlier, she had called Sean's phone instead. And that's why he ended up sleeping in my room.

Sean's gaze remained seemingly normal, but if Abigail were to observe closely, she could notice that he was different from his usual self.

At this moment, there was a depth in his eyes and a rare hint of emotion in how he looked at Abigail, making him rather alluring.

Abigail lowered her eyes and dialed Luna's number.

Luna immediately answered the call with concern. "How are you feeling? Do you feel any discomfort? I'm not in the room right now as I'm still handling some matters. If you're not feeling well, just continue to lie down. I'll settle everything!"

Abigail was touched by Luna's kindness and replied gently, "I'm okay. Nothing's wrong. Did something happen to you?"

Luna gritted her teeth before she chuckled bitterly. "I'm fine. That little punk, Victor, got what he deserved. I just don't know whether he's innocent or not."

Since they all mingled in the same social circles, even Abigail had no idea whether Victor was truly innocent.

did you take earlier?"

She thought carefully and replied, "The same as usual. Nothing special."

"If Victor's involved in this, what would you say, Abigail?" Sean leaned against the bed, his gaze deep as he looked at Abigail.

She bit her lower lip lightly in her hesitation to answer immediately.

Sean's voice became even colder as he said, "I've told you before: no one in this production team is honest. Victor is a model, and models depend heavily on the favor of good designers. Do you he approached you because he likes you?"

think

With a cold expression, Abigail looked at him. "I never thought that Victor likes me. I helped him to speak up not because I thought he liked me but because I wanted to."

"You'd better pray that Victor wasn't involved, or I won't cut him some slack at all," Sean said as he pulled the covers to rest.

She asked with a hint of confusion, "Aren't you returning to your room?"

"Do

you want to make use of me and kick me out after that?" he retorted.

"I didn't mean that, but it's inappropriate for you to stay here." Abigail tried to reason with him. If he remained in her room in such a conspicuous manner in the middle of the night, it would be difficult to clear her reputation.

Sean pulled the covers over himself and responded, "There's nothing inappropriate about it. When you asked for my help, you said nothing about it being inappropriate."

His words silenced Abigail, and she leaned closer to him, speaking softly, "This happened suddenly, and it wasn't intentional. If you return to your room at four in the morning and someone sees you, they might start rumors about Miss Smith."

"I can't do four in the morning. I can have a change of time. Do you think I'm not tired after sleeping and taking care of you for the past two to three hours?" he replied, reaching out to pull her into his arms.

She couldn't help but mutter, "You never complain about being tired during other times."

Sean opened his eyes, his gaze like that of a wild beast as it fixed firmly on Abigail. "You're different from normal today."

Abigail blushed in the shade of a ripe apple.

He had a different idea in mind as he pinched her chin and asked in a low voice, "You are usually quite docile, but today? You... Damn."

His final word held infinite implications. Abigail bit her lip, refusing to utter a word.

Sean leaned close to her ear, his voice low as he asked. "Do you want to know how you made me exhausted today?"

A deep blush crept over Abigail's face, and she pressed her hand against Sean's mouth. "Aren't you supposed to be asleep?"

He removed her hand with a calm gaze. "Discussing feedback after the experience isn't a bad idea."

"No need..." Abigail withdrew her hand and curled her body, unwilling to look at Sean's face.

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We Are A Couple

Sean noticed that she was curled up like an ostrich, and he continued, "We are still a married couple, even on the show."

Abigail pursed her lips and didn't want to respond. Being a couple was something that only the two of them knew, and no one else did. When Joan slandered her, he never stepped forward to clarify that they were a married couple. He only mentioned this fact when they were in bed.

He looked at her and asked, "No response?"

"It's still early. So, if you leave now, it won't be a big deal even if someone sees you," she whispered as she closed her eyes.

He

gave her a cold look. "Are you in such a hurry to get rid of me?"

Abigail struggled out of his embrace, pulled up the blanket, and sat up. She looked at him with a gentle expression. "That's because I don't want to cause Miss Smith any problem, and I don't want anyone to question the show either."

Sean snorted but didn't say much because he could tell that Abigail was trying to please Luna wholeheartedly.

As he covered himself with the blanket, he didn't bother paying attention to Abigail. When she saw how determined he was to stay, she was at a loss for words. So, she had no choice but to remain silent and lie there with him.

As time passed, she didn't know when she had fallen asleep. By the time she woke up again, it was because her phone was ringing.

Abigail opened her eyes and found that Sean was no longer beside her. She presumed that he had returned to his room, so she reached for her phone and saw that it was Luna calling. She immediately answered, "What's going on?"

Luna panted. "Are you in your room? I brought Victor back to my room, but he's on a drip. Do you want to come over and wait for him to wake up?"

Abigail was about to respond when the bathroom door opened. Sean walked out naturally toward her with a casual tone. "If you feel any discomfort, feel free to call me anytime. I have some other matters to attend to, so I won't bother you any longer."

Her cheeks reddened, whereas Luna, who was on the phone, had a sharp intake of breath before she chuckled.

When he saw Abigail's blushing face, Sean calmly approached her and knelt beside the bed, reaching out to pinch her chin. "Your face is so red. Could there still be traces of the drug in your system? It shouldn't be; it's been three hours."

"N-No... You can leave now since you have work to do!" Abigail nervously pushed Sean's hand away and buried herself under the covers.

When he saw her like this, he tugged at the corner of his lips, said nothing more, and turned to leave.

Her heart raced as she felt like she was being suffocated.

Luna spoke up softly. "Is he gone?"

"He's

gone... I'll be right there." Abigail had never been so embarrassed in her life.

"I'll wait for you," Luna said without teasing Abigail.

After she hung up the phone, Abigail freshened up in the bathroom, changed into different clothes, and then went over to Luna's room.

She never expected Kevin would also be there. He was on a phone call when Abigail entered, and he raised an eyebrow with a mischievous smile while intentionally raising his voice. "Mr. Graham, I won't keep you on the line any longer. Miss Quinn is here, and we need to discuss official matters."

Abigail felt that his behavior was slightly inappropriate.

After Kevin hung up, he looked serious. "Don't worry. We're currently investigating this matter."

She glanced at the unconscious Victor on the couch, still maintaining his cold appearance. "How's he?"

"We don't know whether he's okay yet, but there's no need for you to be concerned about what he might do!" Luna answered with a cold look at Victor.

Kevin walked to the side, still with a smile. "If Victor did this alone, it'd have been obvious."

Kevin walked to the side, still with a smile. "If Victor did this alone, it'd have been obvious."

He had received preliminary results from his investigation indicating Victor's innocence.

Just then, Victor, on the couch, made a sound, and all three pairs of eyes turned toward him. He opened his eyes and was startled, especially when he saw Kevin's teasing eyes, which caused his legs to weaken.

In reality, the effects of the aphrodisiac had taken a toll on him, and he didn't have much strength left in his legs.

"Miss Smith, I had no idea. I just wanted to give Miss Quinn some medicine, and I had no idea I'd take it myself. I don't even know when I took it!" Victor struggled to get up as he kept speaking.

Abigail also recalled what they had consumed earlier, and everything seemed perfectly normal,

without any suspicious elements.

"I discovered that the medicine you gave to Abigail was purchased from outside. I'm quite curious.

Why would our production team need you to ask someone to purchase medication from outside?"

Kevin's eyes had a trace of coldness.

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Useless Ex-Husband

Victor was seated on the couch, looking aggrieved. "I asked the production team, but they didn't have the meds I wanted for her. I used the meds for minor wounds before, and it's really good, so I asked someone to get it for me."

Luna picked up the meds they brought back, and she Googled it. The price was expensive, and it was only available at the biggest drug stores in this city. "I'll try it on you, then," Luna told Abigail, tucking her phone away.

Abigail looked at Victor and sat down. "You have to tell the truth if you want to stay. Or else they'll kick you out of the production team."

Luna crouched before Abigail and placed her leg on her lap. She then squeezed some of the meds out and massaged Abigail's ankle.

Victor looked at them innocently, the rims of his eyes red. "I wouldn't hurt you even if I was mad."

Abigail pursed her lips and stared at Victor. She suddenly realized that Sean had an eye for people.

Victor was a smart man. Back when they were in the elevator, he probably knew she shared some mysterious relationship with Sean, and that was why he helped her after that.

Abigail wasn't averse to this kind of trick. He only did it for a better future. Being smart was a good thing in this industry. At least he wasn't malicious.

Kevin narrowed his eyes and harrumphed. "You can say you're innocent after we get the investigation's results. Won't work before that." He could see that Abigail was convinced, but Kevin was a more practical man. He would only trust the evidence that was presented.

Luna looked at Kevin and put Abigail's leg down. "After the IV infusion is finished, let him go back and get some rest. Can we get any results by tomorrow?"

Abigail moved her ankle around. It felt cool and didn't hurt that much anymore. It felt like she just got injected with anesthetic. All the places that stung earlier were getting numb. Kevin asked his men to take Victor back.

Once he was gone, Kevin smirked at Abigail. "I know what you're thinking. You think he's fine. You

want to keep him, but to be honest, you can't."

Abigail looked at him calmly. "Sean's idea? Why?"

"You know how petty he can be. Why the question? Mr. Graham won't let anyone get in his way. Even if Victor isn't the one who did it, the other person would still be kicked out as well," said Kevin matter-of-factly.

"And if I want him to stay? Does being petty mean that he won't forgive anyone who tries to use just a little bit of trickery to get ahead in life?" Abigail asked coldly.

Kevin quickly said, "Oh, calm down, Abigail. This case still hasn't been settled yet. We'll talk once we have the results."

"When you have the results, you're telling Sean first and having Victor kicked out, aren't you?" Abigail demanded.

Kevin quickly said, "No, of course not. I'll tell you first when the results are out, alright?"

Abigail looked into Kevin's eyes. Earnestly, she said, "I don't think Victor's wrong for helping me. It's for a better future, after all. If he's innocent, I want him to stay. I'm saying this as Sean's wife."

Kevin nodded. "Of course. I get it."

Luna was already getting bored, and she asked, "Done?"

"Yes. Get some rest. I'm going back." Kevin was nice to Luna, too.

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Once they sent Kevin off, Luna looked at Abigail solemnly. "You slept with Sean?"

Abigail's mask of solemnity fell off, and she looked sheepish. "I was going to call wrong number. The drug was too strong.

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Luna huddled closer and said quietly, "I can't believe he'd actually come to help you. And he went at it for three hours, too. That's powerful."

"Let's not talk about that." Abigail blushed, and her lips were dry.

"Then, let's talk about Victor. You know he's not as innocent as he looks, so why are you keeping him?" Luna asked. She knew Abigail wasn't that kind of a person.

Abigail said calmly, "When you couldn't come out, Joan and some other designers tripped me up, but he helped me out. When my leg got hurt, he was the only one who cared about me and got me some meds. Even if he isn't that innocent, so what?"

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Slandered

Luna nodded. "He should be bailed. He's better than Sean anyway. Aside from sleeping with you, that guy's useless."

Abigail's cheeks burned. "Stop talking about that. I'm not sleepy anyway, so let's deal with the clothes."

Luna said, "Whatever you want."

Kevin didn't go back. Instead, he went into Sean's room.

Sean was seated before his desk. Coolly, he said, "All settled?"

Kevin approached him and put his hands on the table. The usually flippant guy changed his attitude for a while. "I talked to Abigail just now. She thinks Victor didn't mean any harm."

Sean was going through his files, but he stopped for a moment. "Just spit it out."

Kevin looked at him and stammered, "I—I won't hold back, then."

"You talk too much." Sean was getting impatient.

Kevin quickly said, "Abigail said that if Victor wasn't the one who did it, we should just let it slide."

Sean said nothing. He was going to go against Abigail and kick Victor out of the production team.

Kevin scratched his head. "I think you should reflect on yourself. Don't try to kick everyone out. You can't guarantee she won't have suitors forever."

Sean tossed his file away and looked at Kevin coolly. "What should I reflect on?"

Kevin said, concerned, "You asked that so matter-of-factly. You have no idea at all, huh? Victor helped Abigail do everything when her leg was hurt. Of course, she's touched."

Sean fell silent. He helped Abigail with the draft too, but she wasn't touched at all. "I call the shots in the production team, not her," said Sean, and he picked his file up to continue reading it.

Kevin was miffed. "I think Victor's innocent too."

"None of your business now. Leave. I want evidence, not conjecture," said Sean coldly.

The next day, Kevin came to Luna's room and saw Abigail there. Victor came in at the same time. A staff member came and tossed Victor onto the ground. Victor explained, "You don't trust me either, Ms. Quinn? Yes, I approached you to gain something, but I swear I didn't mean to harm you."

Luna was seated before the sewing machine, pretending to work. She fiddled with the shirt and asked Kevin, "Found anything?"

"Yes. The chat history is still on his phone." Kevin handed Victor's phone to Abigail.

Abigail took a look and saw the chat history between Victor and Damian. Aside from telling him to buy the meds Abigail needed for her leg, there was also the request to purchase a kind of medicine she'd never seen before.

"I have no idea about that med, I swear. There's no way the production team would keep that kind fishy, Mr. Stewart?" Victor explained with reddened eyes.

The med he wanted was available on any online shopping platform. It was a kind of aphrodisiac.

"I'll see if the production team has any of this lying around. The fact is that this chat history is real. Don't tell me someone stole your phone and used it to create this chat." Kevin sneered. He wouldn't listen to Victor's explanation.

He was having a headache over Abigail and Sean having differences over this matter, but the trash took itself out.

Abigail checked the chat history and noticed that Victor wasn't that close to Damian. They barely chatted, and there was no way he would ask someone who was barely a stranger to buy something that dangerous.

Abigail handed the phone back to Kevin. "I'd like to hear his explanation in detail, Mr. Stewart."

Kevin was happy a moment ago, but after what Abigail said, that happiness was gone. "You trust him?"

Abigail didn't answer. Instead, she looked at the tearful Victor. She asked, "Why'd you ask him to buy that for you?"

"I was going to give you the meds, but the team said they don't have it, so I asked if they could get it for me. I offered tips, but no one took my offer," said Victor slowly.

"And?" Abigail asked.

Kevin was listening, and he was upset.

Victor choked. "Mr. Light got mad because he couldn't find me and take my size. I explained things to him, and he said he'd help me out once things were done. I was worried he might get the wrong pill, so I told him the name of the med. I promise I didn't ask him to get the second kind of medicine."

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Scapegoat

Kevin was about to say something, but Abigail asked, "Between you asking for his help and you giving me the meds, has your phone ever left your sight?"

Victor mused over it. A moment later, he said, "Damian gave me a glass of water when he was taking my size. He chatted with me for a bit after I drank the water, and then I took a nap."

Kevin licked his lips. "Who knows what you did in that room? He wouldn't admit to creating this chat history to scapegoat you." A pause later, Kevin grinned. "And what good does that bring to him?"

Luna raised her hand. "Of course there is. If he ruins my assistant's reputation, then my reputation gets ruined as well. He wasn't going after Victor. Victor's just the cannon fodder in this war. His target was and is still me. And my assistant."

"There's no proof of that. You believe his conjecture?" Kevin licked his lips. He had a smile on his face, but the look in his eyes was icy.

Abigail said, "There is proof. Your production team doesn't have the meds he wanted. Must've been bought online and delivered here. You can find that out, can't you?"

Kevin looked at Abigail and smiled. "Fine, I'll look into it for you, but I'll have to tell Mr. Graham."

He took his phone out and called Sean.

Victor was kneeling on the ground. His face was drenched in sweat, and he was shaking uncontrollably. Abigail looked at him silently.

Kevin's call made it through. He said loudly, "Mr. Graham, we'll have to investigate the evidence we have. Ms. Quinn wants the suspect to remain in the production team."

Abigail pursed her lips. That's our goal, but you could've made it subtler.

Kevin held his phone away from his ear. Sean said coolly, "What investigation? Just kick everyone involved out of the production team. Is that so hard?"

"Then we'll have to kick the designer, the model, and the kitchen staff." Kevin grinned at Abigail, his eyes twinkling flirtatiously.

Abigail took the phone and said hello. Sean said nothing. However, his silence made the air around them tense. Luna approached Abigail and tugged on her sleeve. She hoped Abigail would deal with ratio ally.

"We can fire all of them, but if someone can prove Victor's innocence, can he stay?" Abigail asked softly.

Impatiently, Sean asked, "And the reason for your insistence on his extended existence is?"

"I only want justice, Sean. That's why we made this show, isn't it?" said Abigail coolly, but she was serious about the matter.

Luna and Kevin looked at her. Victor clenched his fists as well. Silence fell upon them again, and the confrontation was making the tension strain further.

Kevin stared at Abigail for a moment, then he took his phone back. He said, "I think she has a point. If we don't investigate this well, the culprit will have scapegoated an innocent man successfully. They can and will keep on pulling the same trick. I don't want my show to be called evil and morally bankrupt."

Sean hung up.

Luna held Abigail's wrist. Gently, she said, "It's alright."

As a designer, Abigail climbed through the ranks of fame with nothing but pure skill. Her alias, Alana, was known by everyone thanks to that. She despised unfair competitions and contests with strings attached to them. It was supposed to be something that was determined by skill, not trickery and conspiracy. Her insistence on getting justice for Victor was her act of holding her creed up.

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While Kevin taking Victor away, Abigail blurted, "If this is going to be an unfair show, then I'm pulling out."

Kevin turned around and smiled at her. "At this rate, this guy is going to fall for you."

Abigail looked at Victor. Victor quickly said, "I won't. I swear."

Not long after Kevin was gone, Luna wanted to say something, but her phone rang. She clicked her tongue and checked it. The call was made by the maid she hired for Abigail, and she looked solemn. She looked at Abigail and gently asked, "What's wrong, Julie?"

Abigail was reminded of her grandmother, and she frowned.