

## Spare Wife 41

### [Chapter 41](#)

Their Relationship's Out in the Open As more and more people left comments, Joan's followers increased as well. They were all convinced that Joan was Sean's future wife. Even a few lesser-known models from East Joy Talent commented on the tweet. Although they carefully selected their words, they were basically wishing Joan well in her relationship. The shirt that Sean wore in the photos was the one whose button Abigail ripped off last night. Noticing Abigail's gradually darkening expression, Luna took the phone from Abigail. After scrolling through the comments, her eyes blazed with fury. "Did Kevin team up with Sean to toy with us as if we're fools? Did they make this program just to disgust us? It shouldn't be called Top Designer. It should be just called Kissing Up to the Mistress!" As Luna fumed in anger, Abigail hastily took the phone back. She was afraid that Luna would throw the phone. It was Abigail's phone. "Why are you so upset? I'm not," Abigail said with a faint smile. "Since it's already been decided, we should just accept it with an open mind. It doesn't matter. Either way, this will benefit L.Moon. We can't give up on this opportunity just because we don't want to see Joan. It's not worth it." Abigail sat at her desk and took up her pen as she got ready to rework the

designs that she wasn't pleased with. "You're right. There's no guarantee that we'll be assigned to the same team

as her anyway." Since Abigail wasn't mad, there was no reason for Luna to get riled up on her behalf. She pursed her lips and begrudgingly set this issue aside for now. Soon after the production team's official announcement, the phone at the studio began ringing off the hook. The sudden spotlight brought the studio a large number of new orders. Many clients wanted to have an outfit designed by Alana before the program became even more popular. Luna and the sales team were extremely busy. Soon, they experienced what it was like for the brand's popularity to rise, just as Abigail had said. The power of the internet couldn't be underestimated. This was something the two women came to understand today. In just a single day, the studio maxed out on their orders. Some of the customers who were worried about not being able to get their hands on an outfit asked to order all the available designs. Even last season's designs had been ordered too. The two women and their staff stayed late at work. It was only after 8.00PM when everyone else had left that Abigail and Luna finally stopped working and slumped onto the couch. "Is Sean still staying at your place?" Luna broke the brief silence. "I don't know if he went back." The mention of his name filled Abigail's heart with mixed emotions. He was a company president. It didn't seem right to ask him to stay at that tiny place of hers. Furthermore... The photos that Joan had shared online flashed through Abigail's mind. She closed her eyes and forced herself not to think of it. When she picked her phone up, she noticed a new text. Amid her exhaustion, she checked the text. It was from Kevin who was informing her that she needed to get ready to start filming for the show.

"Kevin says the filming will start soon. I'm not particularly worried about anything, except that there won't be anyone to stay with Grandma once I join the show." Abigail started worrying. She didn't want to trouble Sean and have him continue pretending that they were a loving couple anymore. "I got the text too. What do you plan on doing?" Luna waved her phone and frowned as she read the text. "Luna, do you know any reliable housekeepers? I want to hire someone who can stay with Grandma. She's getting old now and her health is getting frail. I don't want to leave her alone at home." After thinking about it, Abigail figured it was best for her to get Luna's help. "I knew that would be the case," Luna

replied at once. "Don't worry. I'll tell the housekeeper at my house to come over today. You can take her back with you. She used to work for my family too and she's been taking care of me for years, so you can definitely trust her." Abigail didn't expect Luna to be this considerate. She couldn't resist giving her friend a hug. "Don't get married. We can just spend the rest of our lives together." Luna declined the arrangement. "I object. You'll soar to new heights without a man dragging you down, but I will die without one." Abigail was speechless. Once the housekeeper came over, Abigail didn't want to let the woman wait around too long, so she brought her home first. She didn't get in touch with Sean. He wouldn't want me to try and get in touch with him anyway, Abigail thought. Previously, his relationship with Joan was still a secret, but it's somewhat out in the open now.

It wouldn't be appropriate for him to come to her place anymore. Meanwhile, on the other side. Once Sean arrived in Lakevale, he passed his phone to Cameron before entering the meeting room. "Give Abigail a call later. Tell her I won't be heading home tonight." Graham International's director of sales was supposed to meet with one of the company's business partners, but he had been in a car accident. As a result, Sean and Cameron had to rush over to Lakevale at a moment's notice. While Sean was busy meeting with the other company's representatives, Cameron was busy with all kinds of logistics matters too. It was already past 1.00AM when he recalled what Sean had told him to do. Sean's phone ran out of battery, and Sean was still in a business meeting. Mrs. Graham is probably asleep by now. Cameron was too afraid to disturb Abigail. He began charging Sean's phone as he decided to let Abigail know tomorrow instead...

## [Chapter 42](#)

After a shower, Abigail came out of the bathroom and dried her hair with a towel. She was about to blow dry her hair when Ana lise called out from the living room, "Abigail, it's getting so late. Why isn't Sean back yet? Did he drink too much at a business meeting and is too drunk to get home?" Abigail was startled by her grandma's voice. She quickly set the hairdryer down and stuck her head out to glance at the clock on the wall in the living room. It was 10.40PM. She didn't think her grandma would still be waiting for Sean. "Why aren't you asleep, Grandma? Didn't I tell you? He's quite busy these days. He must've decided to sleep elsewhere tonight." Abigail rubbed her forehead. She was beginning to get a headache. Usually, Ana lise went to bed quite early, so much so that Abigail assumed her grandma would've gone to sleep by the time she came out of her longer-than-usual shower. "Hurry up and give Sean a call to ask him where he is. See if he needs someone to pick him up." AH. Ana lise trembled as she took Abigail's phone from the table and held it out. Her voice was stern, leaving no room for discussion. Abigail sighed. She couldn't argue with her grandma, so she dried her hands and took the phone. Under Ana lise's solemn gaze, Abigail shiftily hid her screen as she scrolled to

the number listed under the name B\*stard. Her finger hovered mid-air as she hesitated for a while before she finally made the call.

"Hello. The number you've dialed cannot be reached at the moment..." When the crisp voice of the automated message rang out, Abigail exhaled in relief. She purposely put her phone on speakers and waved it in front of Ana lise. "His phone is switched off. It's not like I'm trying to avoid calling him on purpose." "The point is that you didn't even call him sooner," Ana lise huffed as she glared at Abigail. "You're married now. Don't just focus on your career. You should be paying more attention to your husband. A man needs to feel the gentle love and care of his wife. Why wouldn't he come home if you expressed more care and concern for him?" "You'd never be able to find another man like Sean who's so

filial and capable. A married woman needs to learn to work on her marriage too, understand?" The look of indifference in Abigail's eyes made Ana lise fret. Her voice became more and more agitated. For a woman from Ana lise's generation, it was bad news when a married man didn't come home at night. "I got it, Grandma. Sean's company has been extremely busy lately. It's worried about her grandma's high blood pressure. She quickly patted Ana lise's hand and brought her back to her room. After sending Ana lise back to her room, Abigail exhaled in relief and set her phone down. She picked up the hairdryer again. In the wee hours of the morning, the alarm rang. A group of people with weary, disgruntled faces shuffled out of the meeting. The last man to walk out was still dressed in an unruffled suit. Even though he just finished a four-and-a-half-hour meeting, there was no trace of exhaustion on his

handsome face. "Your phone is fully charged now, Mr. Graham. I just turned it on for you." Sean's assistant had been waiting by the door for him, and now that he came out, his assistant swiftly handed his phone over to him. Sean glanced at the screen before heading back to the hotel. It was a quiet night. He couldn't fall asleep. After tossing and turning for some time, he took his phone and checked Twitter. When he saw that the program, Top Designer, had topped the trending list, he suddenly recalled that Sabrina had called him today about this program. Sean clicked on the official announcement and glanced at the list of special guests. Alas, as soon as he saw the familiar name, the fleeting sense of drowsiness that was slowly creeping up on him instantly vanished. He took a screenshot of the announcement and sent it to Kevin's WhatsApp. When he didn't get a reply, he called Kevin. "Hey, man. Did you not take a look at the time?" thing out of the latter's mouth was a complaint. Sean heard the deafening music that was ringing on Kevin's side. "What's the matter? Did I disrupt you on your blind date?" he fired back sarcastically. Kevin nearly spat out his drink. He signaled for his friend to lower the music before asking, "Aren't you on a business trip? Why are you calling me in the middle of the night?" "You'd better give me a good explanation about what's happening with that list of special guests who've been invited for that program East Joy Talent is running." Sean's voice was icy. Kevin knew he was in the wrong. After a pause, he said, "You know how good

Alana's designs are. Our talents expressed the most interest in her. It was a collective decision." "What does that have to do with Abigail?" Sean's voice became even more chilly at the recollection of that secretive call Kevin had this morning. He spat the words out through gritted teeth. An image of Sean's icy expression flashed across Kevin's mind and he hastily explained, "Oh, Abigail. She's Alana's personal assistant, so she's joining the show, of course." In the face of Sean's harsh questioning, Kevin didn't dare to tell him that Abigail was Alana. Sean stopped talking.

## [Chapter 43](#)

Just as Kevin thought that Sean was going to hang up, Sean's voice came through the speakers again. "I'll invest 30 million into the show. Find a reliable and prominent leader in the industry to boost the show's credibility." The sudden change in Sean's attitude almost made Kevin assume he had fallen into a drunken stupor and was hearing things. The moment he heard about the investment of 30 million, his eyes began to gleam. "You got it, man. I'll make all the arrangements." After hanging up, Kevin's friends kept him occupied with more drinks. It was after 3.00AM when he finally stumbled out of the room. The next morning, Kevin was woken up by his alarm. He groggily stuck his hand out from under the covers and looked around for his phone. Once he found it, he made a call to his assistant, Zoe Cox. "Yes, Mr. Stewart?" A crisp, professional voice rang out. "Did the finance department receive a sum to be invested into Top Designer?" Kevin massaged his aching temple as he asked without even opening his eyes.

Zoe sounded excited as she swiftly replied, “We received 30 million from Graham International this morning.” “Good. Inform the public relations department to carry out the investor’s request. Tell them that they must convince Nolan Jefferson to join Top Designer by 3.00PM today. Offer him three times his usual asking price to get him to be the chief mentor for the show.” After giving a list of instructions to Zoe, Kevin yawned, tossed his phone aside, and went back to sleep.

Zoe stared at her phone in a daze. Nolan Jefferson was a key figure in the fashion industry. He graduated from one of the top three most illustrious universities and became a professor at a young age. It was hard for anyone to invite him. The amount that Kevin offered was more than what an ordinary person could earn in their entire lifetime. She stared at her phone screen as she recalled the news she read on Twitter about the future wife of Graham International’s president. Sean was generously investing 30 million into the show. That only made Zoe even more convinced that her assumption was true. Zoe was only interning as an assistant at East Joy Talent. Meanwhile, Sabrina was a highly-rated manager in the company. If I’m able to get her help, I’ll get promoted really soon... With this thought in mind, Zoe no longer hesitated. She quickly used her work resources to find Sabrina’s number and made the call. “Hello.” Sabrina’s professional voice rang out. Zoe clutched her phone excitedly as she introduced herself. “Why are you calling?” Sabrina wasn’t interested in Zoe’s introduction. Zoe wasn’t flustered. She swiftly informed Sabrina about the amount that Graham International had invested in Top Designer. Upon hearing about the 30 million, Sabrina’s eyes lit up. Although she had been in charge of many celebrities before, it was her first time being in charge of one who could bring in so much capital with her when she joined such projects. “Who’s in charge of arranging the teams for the program?” Sabrina was in an excellent mood now, but her voice remained as calm as ever as if this was a regular occurrence for her. “Another assistant and I are in charge,” Zoe answered truthfully.

“Please try your best to arrange for Alana to team up with Joan. Do you think that’s possible?” Luna nudged Abigail somewhat anxiously as she murmured, “Are you sure you want me to act like I’m Alana? What if they ask me to come up with a design right on the spot?” Abigail patted Luna’s hand gently. “It’s too late to change anything now. We’ll cross that bridge when we come to it.” Abigail was completely calm. Luna took a deep breath and forgot about her childish notion of wanting to get out of the car and running off. The cameraman who was sitting in the front passenger seat pointed his lens at the back seat and started filming the two women. Unused to it, Luna tried to stop him. “We haven’t even reached the filming location yet. Why have you started filming?” “Haven’t you seen shows like these before? I’m just taking some B-roll footage.” The cameraman’s eyes flashed with displeasure. Throughout the ride thus far, the two women hadn’t even bothered to smile into the camera.

## [Chapter 44](#)

“Oh, sure. Take a nice pic of the dress.” Luna took out her makeup product to reapply some makeup, grabbing every chance to show off her dress. The photographer thought she was being extra, but he said nothing. After all, the producers said these two were VIPs. Half an hour later, the SUV stopped before a manor on the outskirts of the city. Abigail noticed that a few cars were parked before theirs, and she realized they weren’t the first to arrive. The production team had set up the stage, the props and cameras standing around the venue. Staff members went around doing their work, everyone looking as busy as a bee. Aside from the models, the artists from East Joy Talent had shown up as well, and things were getting lively. “Hey, that’s Alana’s car, isn’t it?” “I think so. Their cars are different from ours.” A discussion broke out.

Since they were special guests, Abigail and Luna were in a different car from everyone else. It was a champagne-colored Alphard, so the moment it showed up, the crowd stared at it. Luna got out of the car wearing a pair of oversized sunglasses. Abigail composed herself, then she followed Luna out of the car. They swiped their IDs and went into the venue, and then a couple of models huddled around Abigail. "My gosh, you must be Alana. I love your designs. They're awesome. I can't believe you're so young." "Did you design this dress yourself? Oh, I love your work. Everything I bought

from your store, I kept it in my closet. The dresses fit me well, and they're comfy." The ladies were gushing away, worshipping Abigail like she was an idol. Just when they were about to take their phones out and follow each other on social media, someone mocked, "Seriously, that's the one you butter up to? She's just my assistant who helps me change into my clothes." Joan noticed Abigail the moment she got out of the car. Seeing everyone praising her was annoying, so she sneered and went ahead to rain on Abigail's parade. "Sorry, ladies, but I'm indeed just an assistant." Abigail hated shallow socializing, and she was more than happy to let someone deal with it for her. The ladies exchanged a look of awkwardness. Just when they were about to snap back, they realized it was Joan, and they swallowed their words and left sheepishly. "It has been a while, but you're still as foul-mouthed as ever, Miss Palmer." This b\*tch spews sh\*t from the wrong mouth. Luna adjusted her sunglasses and sneered. Just when she was about to say something more, Abigail stopped her. "We should put our luggage down somewhere." Abigail nudged Luna and dragged her away. This was their first day on the set, and she didn't want to raise hell over something so trivial. Luna heaved a heavy sigh, but she let her friend drag her away. The sunset shone upon the landing strip, and a plane quickly landed. Cameron was outside the airport, welcoming the disembarked Sean. "Are we going to the company, Mr. Graham?" Cameron took the suitcase and put it in the trunk.

Sean put out his cigarette and tossed it in the ashtray. Calmly, he said, "We're going to L.Moon." "Of course, sir." Cameron wondered why. Every time Sean came back from a business trip, he would go straight to the company. This was not what he had in mind, but Cameron shut up and drove to L.Moon. "Sorry, sir. Ala-The boss and Abigail have gone to film a show. They're not here." The assistant smiled sheepishly, hoping she didn't let anything slip. Sean cocked his eyebrow. They went to film a show?

## [Chapter 45](#)

The manor was brightly lit at night. After dinner, the guests were led to their abode situated behind the manor. Legend had it that this was a castle that was passed down for generations, but the lackluster management and declining state of the family eventually forced the family to sell off this estate. The castle was then refurbished and expanded into a hotel. The entrance was held up by a few gigantic pillars with immaculate patterns engraved on them. The first thing the guests saw was a row of wooden fences and the clocktower standing atop the brownish-red roof. There was a grass field outside the entrance, surrounded by roses and vines. It looked exotic, romantic, and solemn at the same time. Luna stopped and looked around. She then turned back and whispered to Abigail, "The renovation must've cost at least a few dozen million." "I heard the Grahams bought this place. The Stewarts partnered up with them to run the show, but this place wasn't open to the public previously." "No wonder I haven't seen this beauty before. Did they acquire it just for this

show?" Abigail and Luna heard sounds of discussion coming from behind before they even opened the door. The models were whispering to one another, praising the spectacle of a place. Luna and Abigail entered the room the production team had arranged for them. Everyone else shared regular rooms, but

since they were special guests, the production team had prepared a suite for them. The suite was located on the top floor of the castle, and there were only three of them in the whole corridor. The other two were locked. "We can't be the only ones on this floor, can we?" Luna stared at the dim

corridor, her jaw dropping. She was starting to imagine ghosts grabbing her. Spooky castles. Yeah, this is 100% a horror movie set. "Maybe everyone else is out?" Abigail shrugged. It had been a long day, and she just wanted to rest. She had no time to care about anything else. There were two bedrooms in the suite, and the bedding products all came from Simmons Bedding Company. They were all made of silk. There was a tearoom and a bathroom in the middle of the suite, and the fridge was filled with all kinds of drinks. Luna happily locked the door and tossed her luggage to the side, then she sank into the plump couch. "Hey, I heard the girls. This place belongs to that filthy rich husband of yours?" Luna looked around the resplendent room and touched the oil painting above the couch. "No idea. He never tells me about his business." Abigail unpacked the luggage. They had to stay here for a while, after all. She dismissively answered, "We're getting divorced soon anyway. Not like this place has anything to do with me." Luna sank deeper into the couch, sighing in enjoyment. She muttered, "Yeah, I know, but this is shared property if its lease is renewed during your marriage. I can't believe you can turn a blind eye when he's using your money to spend on Joan." "So? What's not mine can never be mine. Come on, get ready to sleep. Shooting starts tomorrow." Abigail gave her friend a resigned look, but she helped lay out the bed for her. The ladies washed themselves up and went to the living room, sorting out the things they might need for the shooting the next day. Just then, they heard the ding of the elevator coming from the far end of the corridor. The sound of heels clacking against the wooden floorboard was grating,

especially at night. Before Luna could even check out who the person was, they had gone into their room and closed the door. "They're late. Maybe they're up to some hanky panky." Luna crouched in front of the peephole to check who it was, but she heard nothing. "It's probably a crew member. Stop messing around. There are cameras everywhere, and if they catch you doing something you shouldn't, you're getting canceled." Abigail didn't bother to find out who the guest was and sorted out the final file, then she dragged Luna back to their bedroom.

## [Chapter 46](#)

The next morning, ladies were woken up by the incessant ringing of someone's phone. A groggy Abigail picked the phone up, but when she saw the time, she jumped up. "Hey, you didn't set the alarm!" 1/5 It was an unknown number so Abigail paused for a moment, but she picked it up in the end. "Good morning, Ms. Quinn. We're the crew members who'll be attending to your needs during filming. Work is about to start soon, but you and Ms. Smith haven't had breakfast yet," a woman said gently. Abigail heard a lot of noises in the background. "Oh, um, sorry. We'll skip breakfast and go straight to the set." Abigail pursed her lips awkwardly. Great. First day on the set, and we're late. She hung up after that. She did wake up just now thanks to her circadian clock, but when she noticed it was still dark outside, she went back to sleep all too happily. When she got up, she realized that the curtains were drawn shut. The thick curtains blocked out the sunlight, and if she hadn't checked the time, she would have thought it was still in the wee hours.

The Official Start "What? I did." Luna got up reluctantly, rubbing her eyes. She yawned and picked up her phone. She fiddled with it for a moment before realizing that her phone was dead. "Oh, crud. Phone's dead and I didn't charge it." "Get up. Production team just called. Say goodbye to your breakfast." Abigail



sighed and got out of bed. She took out a comfy white dress from her suitcase and quickly changed into it. They had no time to put on any makeup, so the ladies washed themselves up and only lathered a layer of sunscreen on before they went out.

It was fortunate they weren't far away from the set, and the ladies managed to arrive on time after a lot of chasing. There were two dining halls in the place, and a few ushers were waiting at the doorstep. "Staff ID, please." Luna quickly took out her staff ID and handed it to the crew. When they noticed the names, the usher's stern look was replaced by a look of worship. They pointed at the dining hall on the left and led the way.

The Official Start "Ms. Alana! The hall for designers is right here. Please follow me."

What was the perk of being late? Undivided attention by everyone in the hall once they went inside. The people were already seated, and even though Abigail was prepared, she still felt a bit awkward when everyone was staring at her. "Ms. Alana and her assistant, Ms. Quinn, correct? We were just waiting for you. Here's your seat." The host quickly led the ladies to their seats in the first row, seeing they were still dazed. The mention of Alana started a discussion among the crowd. Most people had only heard of Alana's name, but they had never seen what she was like. If the rule of 'no moving around' didn't exist, they would probably be surrounding the ladies by now. Oh, things are getting rowdy. "Please, everyone, stay quiet." The host cleared her throat and made a simple introduction. "Good morning, guests. I'm Twylla Summers, the host of the show. And now it's time to get to know the rules of the show."

to quiet everyone down. The moment Abigail took her seat, she noticed a long cabinet standing on the left side of the stage. It was covered by a red velvet cloth, keeping what was underneath out of everyone's sight. Since the rules were about to be announced, Abigail moved her sight away and took out a beautiful notebook from her bag, pretending like she was an actual assistant. "First, we'll be splitting you up into teams of designers and models. To ensure fair we'll be drawing lots." The host held a remote control pen, going to the screen. She then picked up a prop to direct the crowd where they would be drawing lots from. "That's a fair arrangement." Luna nodded, apparently happy with the lot drawing arrangement. She whispered, "We won't get on the same team as Joan unless we're unlucky enough."

The Official Start "Don't jinx it." The mention of Joan almost gave Abigail a headache. After that, a crew member took a transparent plastic box onto the stage. There were a few colored balls in that box. "To make things interesting, we'll be drawing another lot to decide how we'll be doing this competition." The host extended her hand into the box, pulled a ball out, and opened it before everyone. "The model of the team will be drawing the lots, and there's

a slip of paper in every ball here. The slip tells you the number of the scene. What the designer must do is design the makeup and decor of the scene drawn by their model. The results will be graded by a professional panel and the audience. The team with the highest points after these rounds will be the winner." She then showed the audience the other slides, though those were just talking about the process of the competition and things to look out for.

## [Chapter 47](#)

Ocean's Heart

“What’s with all the rules? My butt’s getting sore.” Luna couldn’t sit still anymore. If there was anything she hated in her life, it would be lectures and classes,

“And now, the answer to the burning question you’re having: the prize for the winner

Luna was about to take a restroom break, but that captured her attention.

“The winner will gain a spot on Parovine Fashion Week’s top designer team, and the expenses for the trip will be sponsored by East Joy Talent and its partner, Graham International.”

The host kept everyone in suspense for a minute before she announced the prize. It plunged everyone into another discussion, and there was anticipation in their eyes.

Attending Parovine Fashion Week would give these designers a great boost in the industry, especially when they were attending as a member of the top designer team.

Just when they thought that was all the reward, the host held up her microphone again. “Other than that, the winner will also win Ocean’s Heart.” She went to the cabinet covered by the red cloth and pulled it off, revealing what was underneath.

Everyone stared at it in curiosity. There was a lacquered tray with a heart-shaped diamond the size of a pigeon egg sitting in it. Under the light of the stage, the beautiful diamond glimmered, spreading its light in every direction.

For a moment, that diamond was not just a precious stone; it was something filled with spirit and radiance.

The crowd went wild.

Luna stopped all complaining, her eyes as wide as saucers. She stared at the cabinet in disbelief as she held Abigail’s arm tightly. “I—I’m not dreaming, am I? Is that really Ocean’s Dream?”

Owww, too tight. Abigail had to smack her friend lightly so that she would let her go. “Yes.” Even though there was some distance between her and the stage, judging from her experience, the diamond was a valuable one because of the light that was shimmering off it alone.

The diamond’s origin story had something to do with the castle. Legend had it that this diamond was the accessory of the castle’s first master, and it was turned into a family heirloom that was passed down from one generation to the next. However, due to the family’s bankruptcy, the diamond was a valuable one because of the light that was shimmering off it alone.

The diamond’s origin story had something to do with the castle. Legend had it that this diamond was the accessory of the castle’s first master, and it was turned into a family heirloom that was passed down from one generation to the next. However, due to the family’s bankruptcy, the diamond had to be auctioned off as well.

The diamond was auctioned off at a high price, and now it was used as this competition’s prize. Abigail only wanted to join this competition to boost L.Moon’s fame, but now she and Luna had a



new target.

“Do your best to get that diamond, Abigail. You can get a whole villa if you sell that off, let alone a regular house.” Luna stopped gaping out of disbelief and gave her friend a pat on the shoulder.

Abigail pursed her lips, and her fighting spirit was finally evoked. This diamond might be nothing but a collectible for the rich, but it was valuable enough to set her up for life. If she could get that

diamond, she would have enough money for her grandmother’s treatment abroad.

When she talked to her grandmother’s attending physician, she was told that Johnson Hospital had treated someone with her grandmother’s condition before, but the treatment alone would cost 15 million.

The doctor only brought it up as a reference, but Abigail never forgot about that. As long as her grandmother could be healed, she was willing to leave this place and settle down somewhere she could live with her grandmother in peace, even if life was dull.

The diamond was only on display for a few minutes before the guards took it back to the safe.

Tension was brewing in the air, and the contestants looked motivated. No longer were they friendly to one another.

With the rules explained in full, the host told everyone that they could leave now for a break, then they would gather in the other hall.

Abigail took a deep breath. “This is no ordinary show we’re in; it’s a battlefield.”

## [Chapter 48](#)

### Make Her Happy

The contestants were feeling motivated after seeing what kind of prizes awaited the winner.

When they were gathering in the other hall, Joan shook the people around her off and sat beside Luna, smiling. For once in her life, she politely said, “These designers can’t win. I bet you’re taking that diamond home with you, Ms. Alana.”

Luna felt everyone looking at her—there were hostile gazes, looks of scorn, or even looks of challenge. She suspected that Joan was trying to turn everyone against them.

Top Designer was a show designed for new designers. Aside from the big shots in the panel of mentors, everyone else was just regular designers. Still, this was a show made by East Joy. A big shot might have been hidden amongst them.

Luna was about to say something, but Joan’s sycophants cut in quickly.

“You know, we should be envying you instead. That’s an expensive diamond, but Mr. Graham still used it as a prize just for you.”

“Yeah. Even if Alana does win it, the diamond still remains a thing that Mr. Graham used to make you happy.”

Luna and Abigail froze, and Luna gave Abigail a look that said, ‘Sean sponsored that diamond?’

Abigail shook her head. She had no idea about this, but it was possible that Sean would do this just to boost Joan into fabledom.

Since Abigail wasn’t saying anything, Luna blurted, “Oh, so the ba—I mean, Mr. Graham sponsored that?”

Joan didn’t like that the diamond was being put up as a prize, but she still felt happy, and she put on a sheepish smile. “I’m surprised he would do that. He didn’t tell me about it.”

Everyone played along. “Hey, he invested in this show. He bought the whole hotel and resort the shoot is happening in, and all just for Joan! She’s going to win this show easily. I envy whoever gets to be on her team.”

Luna snapped, “What the he—”

Abigail covered her mouth and smiled at everyone politely. “Sorry, but my boss is feeling peckish.

Once they were away from the crowd, Luna grumbled, “Why did you stop me? That b\*tch was looking so smug, I can’t believe she’s showing off her affair!”

One of the better parts of this show was that everyone was treated fairly, Designers, assistants, and celebrities? They were all the same. Even their seats were joined,

Abigail held Luna’s hand and pulled her to their seats, “I wouldn’t have stopped you, but the cameras were pointed at you and you looked like a witch”

That distracted Luna. Realizing that this was a live show, she quickly massaged her cheeks, “Really? Then I must look really ugly, Good thing you stopped me, because I would have said something that would make even a sailor blush.” That, and Twitter’s going to cancel me.

She hunched over a little. “First day on the job, and I already want to quit. You’re a lot more patient than I am.”

Abigail said calmly, “Even if the public knows I’m Sean’s wife, they’re just going to say I’m not worthy of that spot. The only way to prove them wrong is to show them what we got. Arguing with them never works. Besides, I’m going to get a divorce anyway. I wasn’t going to get anything, but

now I have a chance at the diamond. It’s a stroke of luck.”

Luna’s eyes glinted. “True. Once you make a name for yourself, you can expose Joan’s true colors. Once we have fame and justice on our side, she’s going to be canceled too. And that jack’s called Sean can cat sh\*t.”

That’s not what I meant. Abigail didn’t explain, though. She asked Sean to help her out so she wouldn’t sabotage him, because if he were to pull his support out, she would be done for. Still, it

was really mortifying to hear Joan boasting so much. I have to win. Even if it's not for Grandma, I have to do it for my dignity. I'll smack Sean's face with the diamond.

The behind-the-scenes footage was given to Kevin for evaluation. After Kevin watched it, he sent it to Sean and embellished the story a little. This woman is more than meets the eye. I can see how she managed to hook up with you.'

She had been hyping up her relationship with Sean even when the show was in its early days of promotion, which he had noticed. Still, he didn't stop it, given that it would help the show's ratings. If Joan stayed in her line, he would boost her to fame for Sean's sake.

Sean texted back, 'Think before you speak next time, or else!

Kevin leaned in his chair and crossed his legs on his desk. With one hand, he texted back, 'So what's your deal with her? An old flame rekindled?'

Sean texted curtly, 'Shut it.'

Kevin texted quickly, 'Okay, so that's not the case. Your wife, I mean your ex, is going to join the show, and you're letting Joan start a whole scandal? No wonder Abigail wanted a divorce.'

Kevin sent him a snapshot and added, 'Don't say I didn't warn you, but any woman who can stay calm when her husband's involved in an affair either can't be bothered with him, or they're up to something big. You'd better be careful.

When Damon was summoned to sort out the footage, the screen was showing the scene where everyone was buttering up to Joan. Happily, he said, "Mr. Stewart, I put Ms. Palmer and Alana on the same team to boost her fame even further. The lots were rigged. Once the show starts and Mr. Graham finds out we made sure Ms. Palmer would win this competition, he's going to be so delighted."

## [Chapter 49](#)

### Change the Rules

With his phone in his hand, Kevin stiffly turned around and stared at Damon. "What did you just say? You put who and who on the same team?"

"Alana and Joan." Damon scratched his head sheepishly. "That's going to boost the show's popularity, isn't it?"

Kevin almost fell from his chair, and he felt his brain exploding. Popularity? First, we have to figure out how to survive Sean's wrath! "Who told you to do that? You can get fired for that, you know that?" Kevin felt his hair stand on end. "Tell the director we're changing the rules right now."

Abigail got news about the rule change. The investor would also be a part of the audience judge, and they would take part in the whole competition. The rooms would be reassigned as well.

“We were supposed to share a room. Now that we have to do things in our own room, it makes with things complicated for us.” Luna realized this meant trouble for them. If they had to come up a design separately, they would be exposed easily.

“What’s Kevin doing? We signed the contract and now he comes up with some bullsh\*t new rule.”

Abigail frowned. Calmly, she said, “Let’s see what the production team is coming up with. We can come up with a few designs if the rules don’t work in our favor. I’ll get the designs to you beforehand so once the show starts, you can just use them.”

Luna heaved a long sigh. “Guess that’s our best bet for now.”

The rooms were reassigned before the night even fell. The corridor was L-shaped, and Abigail was assigned a room at the corner. It was right beside Luna’s. Abigail checked the time and said, “Nothing to worry about now. It’s time to draw the lots, so let go.”

The ladies came out of their rooms and ran into Joan coming out of the room beside Abigail’s.

Once they locked gazes, Joan quickly huddled closer to Luna. “What a coincidence, Luna. This is your room? We’ll be seeing each other a lot, then.”

A camera was following Joan. Abigail kept her silence while she tugged on Luna’s hem, telling her to stay calm. Luna faced the camera and held back her urge to roll her eyes. She nodded with a smile, but she said nothing.

Everyone else was coming out of their rooms and heading to the hall as well. Now that everyone was present, it was time to split them into groups. The host faced the camera and had the teams draw lots separately. It was to make sure things were fair.

Each designer would be having a celebrity on their team, and the designer could have an assistant with them. The three would make a team.

Luna put her hands in a prayer. “Please don’t put Joan on my team.”

Abigail smiled in amusement seeing her friend pray so hard.

Soon, it was Luna’s turn. She took a deep breath and went ahead to draw the lot, but she took her own sweet time before drawing it out. The staff member took a look and announced,

“Congratulations. Miss Joan Palmer, you’re a team with Luna.”

Luna almost cursed, but she put on a formal smile for the camera. “I’ll be in your care now, Miss Palmer.”

Before the host could say anything, Joan stood up and put a hand over her chest while smiling sweetly. “Alana’s been my idol for a long time. It’s an honor to be on her team.” She looked at Luna.

Luna played along and nodded, then she got down from the stage.

Abigail was a little miffed, and so was Luna. They sat together and listened to everyone chatting and laughing away, their minds buzzing. How did we even get her on our team?

Reminded of Joan's overly friendly behavior, they realized something. This team is rigged.

## [Chapter 50](#)

### Wrong Place

After the lot drawing was over, everyone went back to their rooms. Abigail looked at the room next door and realized it was empty. Is someone else going to show up? She didn't have time to think about that. She went into Luna's room and quickly came up with a draft with Joan's proportions in mind. These would be for Luna's use, and she had to be fast, lest things changed again.

She worked until it was nearly one in the morning. "I'll sleep after the finishing touches," Abigail said to her friend. She then kept her things and got ready to leave.

Sean hurried over to the set, and Cameron led him to the room Kevin had prepared for him. He stopped at the entrance and looked at the room next door for a while, then he looked away and went inside. Cameron silently closed the door and backed off without making a sound.

Dizzy from all the work, all the negative emotions Abigail felt were washed away, leaving nothing but exhaustion behind. Even though she had come out of Luna's room, she was still reading through the file in her hands as she walked ahead, unbeknownst that she had deviated from her original path.

She held the doorknob and twisted it, then she went into the room. She then closed the door and placed the file on the cabinet beside the door, then she noticed a familiar scent wafting in the air. Her heart skipped a beat, and she realized something was wrong. When she raised her head and met Sean's eyes, she froze.

Sean was taking off his shirt, and his lean body was revealed. When he turned around, Abigail saw the V-lines on his abs that swam deep into his crotch. He looked seductive.

Abigail blinked and looked away. She snapped, "Why are you in my room?"

Sean slowly put his shirt down. "Who said this is your room?"

Abigail looked around and realized the room's decor differed from her own, and she inhaled sharply. She spent the whole day calming Luna down whenever she got mad at Sean. Now that she was face to face with him, she couldn't hold her annoyance back anymore. "You didn't even lock your room when you're changing?"

Sean unbuckled his belt and said, "Why do I have to lock my room? Don't tell me you got the wrong room. That's the oldest trick in the book."

1:02 Tue, 10 Oc

Abigail did get the wrong room, but she couldn't say that. She couldn't believe this last room belonged to Sean. Why did he reserve a room here? To see Joan? It's only been a few days, and the first thing he does is to meet up with her.

Abigail was disgusted, but she couldn't have a falling out with him just yet. Still, this feeling. annoyed her. Just imagining the guy she slept with for years sleeping with Joan now almost made her puke.

"Please, I won't even try anything with you. I don't give second chances to cheaters." She grabbed her file and was about to go out.

Just then, the doors of the elevator at the end of the corridor opened, and sounds of discussion filled the air.

"I heard the investor's staying somewhere on this floor. If they somehow want us, we might be able to get a lot of screen time."

"Not just screen time. They're also the judges. If we get friendly with them, Alana might not be the one who wins."

"Yeah. The fact that Joan's a team with her proves that this game is rigged."

The sounds were getting closer, and Abigail quickly went back into the room and closed the door.

Every time I run into him, trouble shows up. If they see me coming out of his room, Alana's reputation will be ruined. Everyone's going to think that the game is rigged no matter if I win based on my skills alone.

It would be disastrous for Abigail and L.Moon. After she made up her mind to leave Sean, she started making money so she and her grandmother could live a better life. She would not let

scandal ruin her career.

any

Sean noticed her coming back in, and he smirked. "Got the wrong room again?"

Abigail turned around and locked the door behind her. She couldn't have Joan barging in all of a sudden. She had made up her mind to stay out of her and Sean's relationship. Abigail leaned on the door, looking calm. "Just get on with whatever you were doing. I'll leave once the guys out there are gone. I don't want the production team coming up with any stupid rumors."

Sean was reminded of the news Kevin told him, where Joan was spreading the news about her relationship with him. He gazed at Abigail intently. "Why? Am I that much of an embarrassment to

