

Spare Wife 61

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Stop Shipping Random Couples

At 3.00PM, the production team announced that there would be three hours of recreation time- which would be live-streamed.

Abigail had been racking her brains for a way to get closer to Sean, and her eyes lit up the moment she heard the announcement. Under Luna's eager anticipation, she changed into a loose white T- shirt and a run-of-the-mill pair of bleached skinny jeans that framed her long and slender legs. Still, such an outfit was very unattractive in the eyes of a fashion designer. "Is that it? I thought you were going to pull out all the stops to sweep Kevin off his feet." Luna's eyes popped out in incredulity at her aesthetic sense today.

Who cares about Kevin? I'm here to court Sean! thought Abigail inwardly.

Upon arriving at the banquet hall, she immediately spotted Sean sitting next to Kevin, his eyes impassive. He seemed uninterested in the tea party.

On the other hand, Kevin's eyes lit up at the sight of Abigail. He whispered to Sean, "You were gone for an hour after lunch. Did you go looking for her after finally realizing that you've got something to say to her?"

"Shut up." Sean pushed his face away in disgust, his eyes quietly scanning Abigail's attire.

Kevin let out a stifled laugh. Then, he stood up, beckoning to Abigail and Luna in a friendly manner like a big boss. He said, "Miss Smith, come over and have a seat here."

Luna dragged Abigail along, fearing that Joan would get the jump on them and take up the seat before they could.

Kevin gave up

his seat to Luna, showing none of the steadiness befitting the head of the production team. He said animatedly, "You two sit on the right; I'll sit to the left of Mr. Graham. Don't be shy, both of you. Today's afternoon tea party is all about relaxation and fun, so please make yourselves at home."

Even though not everyone had arrived in the banquet hall, all eyes of those present were fixed on Luna. They envied her for the preferential treatment she received from Kevin.

Luna and Abigail exchanged a brief look before they made a dramatic show of pushing and nudging to offer the seat to each other. Then, seeing that it was enough, Luna forcefully seated Abigail—who pretended to be shy and reserved—next to Sean, saying, "Don't be afraid. Mr.

Abigail nodded, appearing extremely meek and obedient.

Kevin struggled to contain his laughter, feeling like he might burst out laughing at any moment. He raised his hand and pinched his chin with all his might, trying to keep himself from breaking into laughter. His shoulders trembled slightly, as if he were having an epileptic seizure.

Sean kicked him in the leg, upon which he immediately drew a quiet breath before sitting up with a straight face. "This is Mr. Graham, whom I'm sure all of you have long heard of. He

look stern,

but he's an amiable person, actually. Miss Smith, who has worked with him, understands this best."

Luna eagerly chimed in, "Yeah, that's right."

All the designers present called out in unison, "Good afternoon, Mr. Graham."

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Abigail felt that Kevin's words were an indirect way of justifying the seating arrangements. Naturally, a major investor like Sean wouldn't want to be seated with people he didn't know well. Since Luna had worked with him before, her sitting next to him would be the most appropriate.

She surmised that Kevin's seat was probably intended for Joan, who had yet to arrive.

Sean nodded, acknowledging everyone.

Luna cleared her throat and said to Abigail, "Mr. Graham is attending such an event for the first time. Abigail, you're quick-witted and good with your hands. Make sure not to slight him."

Abigail replied dutifully at once, "I got it, Miss Smith." Given Sean's prominent status, Luna instructing her to focus on serving him was indeed a wise move.

She poured a glass of soda for Sean while everyone

watched.

Joan arrived late to find Abigail sitting next to Sean, separating Luna from him. Enraged, she quickly walked over to the large round table in the banquet hall. She stood in front of Kevin and- suppressing the boiling anger within her-asked with a sweet and gentle smile, "Mr. Stewart, why didn't you save a seat for me? You know about my relationship with Sean, don't you?"

Kevin replied with a look of astonishment, "Oh, dear! Miss Palmer, it's already 3.30PM. I thought you weren't going to attend the party."

Joan's cheeks reddened with suppressed anger. "How could I not attend the party..." she said, looking expectantly at Sean.

Much to her dismay, Sean paid no attention to her, being completely absorbed in eating the orange Abigail had peeled for him.

Joan knew full well that the man wouldn't give her special treatment at this moment, especially since he was an investor. Since she failed to arrive on time, she had no reason to make a fuss just because her seat had been taken. Moreover, she had to maintain her public image in front of the

camera.

Abigail paid no attention to her. She was now making every effort to please Sean, hoping he would give her another chance to explain herself. This time, she was determined to talk nicely and not make him angry—all in the hope that he would help her retrieve the design draft.

Kevin persuaded Joan earnestly, “Miss Palmer, it’s recreation time now. Come on, don’t be so serious. The seat over there is pretty nice, too; just look up, and you’ll be able to see Mr. Graham.

That’s not bad, isn’t it?”

Joan was inwardly seething with anger, but outwardly, she gave in, saying. “Okay.” Reluctantly, she took the seat furthest from Sean at the round table, her heart filled with an even stronger loathing

for Luna and Abigail.

On the other hand, Abigail was delighted to see that Sean had eaten the fruit she had offered, which he usually liked. She suggested in a more relaxed tone, “Mr. Graham, would you like another bottle of soda?”

Sean raised his eyelids and glanced at her before nodding slightly.

This ambiguous look in his eyes was captured on the live broadcast.

The netizens who had initially found the tea party boring were now captivated by the way he looked at Abigail.

One of them commented, ‘Is it just my imagination, or is Sean Graham really looking at Alana’s assistant in a way that suggests some sort of romance?’

Another replied, ‘I agree with you.... I’m twisting like a pretzel in my bed now. What a look in the eyes of an ultimate charmer!’

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Two-Faced B*tch

Abigail fetched a bottle of soda for Sean and uncapped it, placing it next to her own drink.

Sitting on her other side, Luna gently tickled her hand.

Abigail didn’t look at her, but she opened her palm, allowing Luna to write on it.

Luna wrote, ‘Don’t just get him sodas when there are so many drinks available! This brand of soda is the cheapest on the show; they’re only here as a sort of filler.

Only then did Abigail realize that the products that appeared on the live stream were all a subtle form of product placement. The rumors surrounding Sean and Joan were already generating a great deal of attention in the first place, so the production team would certainly give more camera time to these two

to create more topics for the show. Therefore, her holding a drink of make–do soda was simply wasting a great advertising opportunity.

That being said, she remembered Sean’s preferences. He liked soda water and nothing else.

After pondering for a moment, she moved her own bottle of mineral water, which she had taken a sip from, further away. Then, she grabbed a bottle of energy drink and uncapped it, taking a sip from it before placing it next to the bottle of soda.

Seeing her actions, Sean tapped his fingers on the table.

The lazy Susan was turning slowly.

Seeing the cheese–stuffed biscuits, which Sean disliked, end up in front of him, Abigail hurriedly reached out and moved them further away. She had no idea why he disliked cheese–stuffed biscuits. Just the smell of them would make him frown, but he had no issues with the cheese itself.

Sean took another look at her. She remembers all of my preferences. Casually, he picked up the energy drink nearby and took a few drinks of it.

Many people were silently watching him, and now, seeing his behavior, those watching him couldn’t help but gasp in surprise. If their memory served them well, he was drinking the same drink Abigail had just sipped from!

Joan was already eyeing Abigail with hostility because the latter knew everything about Sean’s preferences. And now, seeing him drinking the same drink Abigail had sipped from almost caused Joan to explode then and there.

Abigail also never expected the man to drink from her bottle suddenly. She watched his Akats apple bob up and down, which reminded her of how her lips had touched the mouth of the bonde In an instant, her heart fluttered with unease. How dare he do this in front of the cement in the eyes of others, it’d look like we’re kissing indirectly!

At this point, viewers of the livestream had already gone wild with excitement.

One of them commented, ‘Look, didn’t I just say that Sean Graham was looking at this aintain a way that suggested some sort of romance? And now he’s drinking from the same bottle the jun drank from. If this isn’t a kiss, what else could it be?! I bet that he must’ve taken a fancy to this pretty assistant! F*ck! Damn it, I can’t help shipping them!

A viewer retorted, ‘Stop with the crazy theories, will you?! It’s obvious that the assistant doesn’t know any better. This energy drink is clearly a product placement. Who does she think she is, daring to advertise to an investor? It’s clear that Sean had no choice but to drink it for the sake of the show. This assistant is really disgusting!

A viewer replied, ‘Who is disgusting here? Don’t you even know who Sean Graham is? is an investor even worth sacrificing himself for that little amount of investment? Joan Palmer has been staging everything on her own. Has Sean ever come forward to respond to the rumors?’

Another viewer replied, 'I just did some research on Sean Graham and found that he had always drunk soda on the few occasions he had shown up. His profile also mentioned that he loathes cheese-stuffed biscuits. Obviously, this assistant has always known his preferences. They love each

other!'

A viewer chimed in, 'His eyes being glued to the assistant is one thing, but now he's even drinking from the bottle she just drank! Isn't that obvious enough? The assistant is simply dressed, but she looks much more graceful than Joan Palmer. She is such a perfect match for Sean

Both sides entered into a fierce argument.

Sean put down the energy drink and casually asked Abigail, "What are you looking at?"

Abigail withdrew her gaze. "Nothing" She wondered if he had noticed her taking a sip from the energy drink... The way he conducted himself was so natural.

Watching the pair's interactions, Joan struggled to suppress her anger. She said to those around her with a sweet smile, "Let's play a game, shall we? Designers and models are mysterious professions Why don't we take advantage of this leisurely recreation time to let the audience get to know us?"

As soon as she said that, the live stream's live chat was flooded with comments.

Kevin was wearing a Bluetooth earpiece, through which his subordinates in the control room reported the situation about the live chat to him. Immediately, he stood up and agreed with Joan, saying, "That's a good idea. As it happens, the production team has prepared a game of Truth or Dare, so why don't we start now?"

The production team quickly brought in the props for the game of Truth or Dare—a booklet and a big wheel.

Joan raised her hand eagerly, shouting. "I'll go first! I'll go first!"

At once, the fun atmosphere was livened up.

Truth or Dare was a great way to pass the time and make the show more entertaining. The game started with Joan, but Abigail's turn also came a few times. When faced with difficult questions, she drank red wine right away. After drinking nearly a whole glass of red wine, she started to feel a little dizzy.

Joan soon got a second chance to spin the wheel.

Abigail and others watched as Joan spun the wheel. The pointer spun a few rounds rapidly, and unfortunately, it eventually pointed at Abigail.

Luna looked at Joan.

"Truth or dare?" Joan's face was glowing with delight, and her eyes, which were adorned with colored contact lenses, sparkled with the glint of a predator catching its prey.

“Truth,” answered Abigail after a moment of consideration.

Joan blushed slightly, biting her lip. After looking serious and thoughtful for a moment, she asked in a loud voice, “Are you still a virgin? How many boyfriends have you had?”

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Staying Together in the Same Room

Kevin couldn’t help but let out a chuckle. “You certainly know how to ask questions.” Enjoying the spectacle, he even darted a look at Sean after finishing his sentence, his eyes apparently filled with amusement.

Sean leaned back in his chair and turned his head slightly, fixing his gaze upon Abigail’s face. His expression seemed casual, but his jaw was tense, making it hard to tell whether he was curious or indifferent about it.

Abigail’s ears and neck turned pink; she hadn’t expected Joan to actually ask such questions in front of the camera during a live stream. After hesitating for a moment, she whispered, “Can you ask a different question?”

Everyone had been nervously watching her at first. Hearing her say so, they breathed a sigh of relief while exchanging glances with one another, as if intentionally conveying a different message to the camera.

The look in Joan’s eyes was meaningful, but she sounded affectionate. “If you don’t want to answer my question, you can always choose to drink instead. It’s not like it’s mandatory to answer.”

As soon as she finished her sentence, a male designer who considered himself suave and handsome quipped, “This question is really nothing; it’s just an appetizer for Truth or Dare, actually. In this day and age, it’s no big deal if a girl is no longer a virgin, right? Who hasn’t dated several people?”

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Luna gently placed the walnut in her hand on the table and flashed a pointed smile. “We’re not playing Truth or Dare with close friends here. Shouldn’t the questions raised show a sense of decorum, especially when there are at least tens of thousands of viewers on the livestream? What’s the point of asking if a girl is still a virgin?”

“Come on, it’s just a game.” Joan instantly pretended to be innocent and hurt.

Seeing Joan deliberately play the victim to make her fans attack Luna, Abigail immediately stepped forward and replied, “It’s true that it’s just a game. I’ll answer it, then. I’ve only had one boyfriend.

He’s got good looks and is gorgeous, so I never let him go.”

Kevin’s eyes widened with feigned curiosity. “What level of handsomeness are we talking about

here?”

Abigail looked at him and managed to produce a smile. “Among the men present, one is quite close to that standard.”

Kevin burst out laughing uncontrollably. “Then you must be talking about Mr. Graham. He’s the only one here who fits the bill.”

Sean wrapped his arms around his chest, not realizing his grip had tightened somewhat.

“Alright, let’s start the second round. Miss Quinn, it’s your turn.” Joan immediately spoke after Kevin without giving Abigail a chance to respond. Although she didn’t let it show, Abigail’s reply ignited her anger.

This time, Abigail spun the wheel herself.

The pointer made a full spin and then slowly stopped in front of Sean.

The viewers burst into laughter. One of them commented, ‘What kind of attraction this is! This is, just magnetic, isn’t it? Aww, their chemistry is making me crazy with excitement! I declare them a match made in heaven!’

Another viewer commented, ‘I’ve taken a screenshot of it! Sean was so nervous when the assistant answered the question that he pinched his arms! When he goes back to his room to undress, he’ll notice the bruises on his arms.’

A viewer chimed in, ‘I’ll be the first to protest if they don’t end up getting married!’

Abigail looked at Sean and asked with deliberation, “Truth or dare?”

Sean looked up and stared deeply at her. Then, he finally replied, “Dare.”

Kevin eagerly stood up and called out to Joan, “Give me the Dare booklet.”

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A Scene Too Dramatic

“Okay,” replied Abigail.

One of the live-stream cameras followed Sean and Abigail as they walked away. After the pair entered the separate guest room, the camera stopped at the door instead of following them inside.

These five minutes were considered private time for the two of them.

Sean closed the door and gently locked it before turning his head to look at Abigail.

Abigail’s cheeks were flushed; thanks to the red wine’s strong aftereffects, she was now heavily drunk. As Sean looked at her, she suddenly stepped forward and tugged at his hand, saying, “How could you be so cruel?”

Fearing that they might be overheard by those outside the room, Sean dragged her to the couch by

the window in the room and sat her down. "What do you mean by that?" His voice lacked warmth as always, but it softened a lot without him realizing it.

Emboldened by drink, Abigail stared at the face of the man before her with bright, watery eyes. She said aggrievedly, "Can't you tell that I really need your help? I know this is a show, and you're being fair, but I really lost the draft because I was startled by Joan's sudden arrival." She argued with good reason, "Had it not been for your connection with her, that kind of thing wouldn't have happened, and I wouldn't have lost the draft. How could I make a mistake if the draft wasn't lost?"

Sean leaned back on the couch, watching her red lips move as she rattled on and on. Then, his slowly fell on her clothes. "Did you change your clothes just because I asked you to?"

"That's because I wanted to please you to make you help me," replied Abigail, sounding rather frustrated. "You're so hard-hearted. It's like no matter what I do, you'll never be satisfied, and won't be happy. It's so easy to make you angry."

Aren't you the one who is angry... and asking for a divorce? thought Sean inwardly. "Is there anything else you want to say?" he asked.

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Abigail complained in a mumble, "Why did you drink from my bottle all of a sudden? Joan is the person you care about. Don't you fear that she'll get jealous and that the netizens will call you a sc*mbag? You never clarified the rumors between you and her... You drank from my bottle regardless of how it might affect me. I'll certainly get criticized for this."

Instead of explaining himself, Sean merely listened to her muttering to herself.

Sean had no choice but to give up. He stood up and straightened his clothes, saying to Abigail, "Get up. You're drunk, so you should go back and rest." It had previously been agreed that if someone got drunk, they could quit the game early. After all, they were being streamed live. If someone got drunk and threw tantrums or did something outrageous, it might affect the show's reputation.

Abigail lay down on the couch right away. She felt very sleepy.

"Tsk." Sean clicked his tongue before grabbing her wrist to pull her up.

Abigail slumped into his arms as though she were boneless. "I'm so sleepy..."

Sean held her firmly, wrapping his arms around her while she was in a drunken state.

He pushed the door open while holding the drunken Abigail, who had passed out and was leaning on his shoulder.

The crew member backed away with the camera.

Sean said in an impassive voice, “She’s drunk. Get her boss here to take her to rest.”

The crew member following the cameraman rushed to inform Luna of what was happening.

Before Luna hurried over, viewers of the livestream were in an uproar.

A viewer commented, ‘If this isn’t love, then what is?! She’s just an assistant, you know? Look at Sean’s hand—it’s placed on her waist the whole time to prevent her from falling.’

Another viewer chimed in, ‘Sean is shifting his body weight backward. Obviously, he’s letting her press herself on top of him! Oh, my God! It’s so sweet for her to lean on his shoulder! I’m dying!’

Are they really not a couple?!’

Another viewer commented, ‘Even couples don’t seem this compatible, right? Sean’s expression is obviously much softer than when he went in, and his gaze has been focused on her the whole time. It’s clear that he’s head over heels in love with her! This has to be a dating reality show! Why isn’t it labeled as such? I want to see them getting all lovey–dovey!’

When Luna arrived to see Abigail slumped in Sean’s arms, she was utterly shocked. This scene... was incredibly dramatic in the context of the entire sho

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Bold and Audacious

Sean handed over Abigail to Luna with instinctive gentleness. It was unintentional. Luna only realized Abigail was truly drunk when Abigail pressed on her.

She prayed in her heart that Abigail didn’t offend Sean because of her drunkenness, but she still politely said, “Thank you, Mr. Graham, for taking care of my assistant.”

Sean nodded, and his gaze lingered on Luna’s face for a moment before suddenly asking, “Can you manage?”

“Yes,” Luna replied with a smile, but there was a hint of surprise in her heart.

Without thinking much, she quickly helped Abigail up and left.

The live stream chat was still buzzing with excitement.

‘Sean clearly doesn’t want to let go. Five minutes is too short for a man! It should be at least fifty minutes!’

‘I’m going crazy! Why didn’t the production team install cameras in the room? I wanna see what’s happening!’

'Will Alana stop at nothing for publicity? She can't get Sean, so she lets her assistant go instead. Doesn't she know he has a girlfriend? Poor Joan. She's really unlucky for appearing on the show with such a jinx.'

'How much did she drink to get this drunk? I guess she's pretending to be drunk. What a scheming woman. Can't they just kick them out of the show already?'

Luna brought Abigail back to their room. After helping her lie down, Luna gently pushed her, asking, "Are you really drunk?"

The person on the bed was unconscious.

Luna sighed and remained silent.

Abigail slept until the following day. She was startled when she woke up and saw Luna sitting next to her. "Why are you

here?"

"It's almost lunchtime, and I was waiting for you to wake up so we could have lunch," Luna replied with a smile.

Abigail sat up, massaged her throbbing temples, and felt regretful. "I shouldn't have drunk..."

Luna stood up and walked to the side. "It's not your fault. Now, get up quickly; the production team has something important to inform us about after lunch."

In the dining hall, Abigail noticed that many people were looking at her with envy.

Her usual cool demeanor remained unchanged. After Luna had taken her seat and passed Abigail the utensils, Abigail did the same.

Joan sat across from them. She was surprisingly quiet compared to her usual lively self.

Soon, everyone began to eat.

Luna whispered to Abigail, "Joan is unusually quiet today."

She had expected that Joan would cause trouble today after seeing the intimacy between Abigail and Sean yesterday.

However, Joan remained surprisingly composed.

Abigail whispered back, "Let's eat."

After the meal, everyone gathered in the hotel's lobby.

The host stood on the stage with a microphone while looking delighted as he said, "Now that everyone is here, here's today's important announcement."

Abigail noticed the words “Sweet Whispers” flashing on the screen behind the host and immediately turned nervous. She reached out and grabbed Luna’s hand.

Luna was even more nervous than she was. The preliminary online voting results are out already?

Joan glanced at the two of them with a clearly evident sense of satisfaction in her eyes.

Abigail silently took a deep breath.

“That’s right. Today is the day for designers to face the audience with their drafts! This is a test of popularity, and it has no connection to the final professional judging results. The rewards are separate.”

This had been mentioned at the beginning of the show.

As soon as the host finished speaking, all the designers’ draft sketches appeared on the screen.

Abigail’s heart tightened to the extreme as she held Luna’s hand. She immediately searched for her own initial design draft.

“Hmm?” Luna immediately spotted Abigail’s draft.

Seeing Luna’s astonishment, Abigail also saw her own clean and untouched draft.

She felt like a fish that had just been given water, and her back was drenched in sweat. At this moment, she was taking deep breaths and couldn’t even speak.

Luna let out a sigh of relief. Goodness knew her heart was about to explode.

Joan couldn’t believe her eyes. She almost stood up but managed to restrain herself.

Abigail quickly composed herself, and Luna remained calm as well.

Joan’s chest rose and fell as she tightly squeezed her own palm before turning her head to look at Abigail and Luna with a subtle chill in her eyes.

The other designers who wanted to tarnish Alana’s reputation were disappointed when they realized that there were no traces of wrongdoing on her draft.

Everyone listened to the host explaining the rules of the online competition, but they soon forgot about it as they weren’t paying attention at all.

After Abigail felt relieved, she suddenly remembered her interaction with Sean while she was drunk last night. Thoughts of that kiss made her cheeks flush.

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Unaware of Being the Homewrecker

How could Abigail have done such a thing? It seemed like Sean didn’t ask her to kiss him but rather to confess whether she had feelings for him. How could this have happened...

She lowered her head and ran her fingers through her hair. From now on, she decided that whenever she saw him, she would hide in a corner and keep her distance until he forgot about what she did yesterday.

After the host finished the announcement, Abigail excused herself for fresh air. Then, she left the hotel and left Luna behind. She needed the cool breeze to calm her racing heart and relieve her body temperature. She also slapped her face to regain her usual aloof demeanor before returning to the hotel.

She convinced herself that what happened yesterday meant nothing. Perhaps she could just admit that she was just drunk. After all, she would divorce Sean and wouldn't entertain any foolish thoughts.

When she exited the elevator, she unexpectedly saw him waiting for her outside her room. He stood by her room door, appearing to be waiting specifically for her.

Abigail quickly took a few steps back, and her breathing quickened. She wondered why he was looking for her right now. She didn't understand, but she didn't feel like meeting Sean. So, she turned and headed for the elevator.

At that moment, Sean sensed someone watching him from the hallway's corner. When he turned his head, all he saw was a fluttering coat.

Meanwhile, Abigail entered the elevator. Just as the elevator doors were about to close completely, she saw his reflection on the shiny floor tiles. She didn't have time to panic before the doors closed.

Then, she pressed a random floor button. After exiting the elevator, she walked quickly, biting her lip as her cheeks turned red.

At that moment, she heard Joan's voice from up ahead. "Miss Quinn, what a coincidence to meet you here.

Abigail's chaotic thoughts instantly stopped when she heard Joan's voice. She raised her gaze to look at Joan while maintaining her usual professional demeanor. She said calmly, "Miss Palmer, what a surprise."

Joan approached Abigail. Before Abigail could react, Joan raised her hand and slapped her.

Abigail grabbed Joan's wrist, her expression turning icy. "Miss Palmer, why resort to violence when we can talk it out?"

There were no cameras around, so Joan dropped the pretense. She struggled to break free from Abigail's grip and scolded angrily, "What's there to say to a homewrecker like you?"

Abigail laughed and asked, "Who are you referring to?"

Provoked by Abigail's attitude, Joan reached out with her other hand to grab Abigail's hair.

Abigail quickly dodged the attack before pushing Joan away.

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Joan hit the wall and winced in pain. Then, she became even more furious. "Don't think bully me just because you've hooked up with Sean! Let me tell you... if I report you to him, you and

Alana will be out of here!"

"I've already said that if there's no evidence on the design drafts, you should publicly apologize to Alana. Do you have your apology ready?" Abigail looked at Joan with a calm expression.

Joan hesitated momentarily. She was taken aback by the condescending look in Abigail's eyes. She thought, She's just a mere assistant... How dare she give me this look?!

"Little homewrecker, you're shameless! You knew about my relationship with Sean. Yet, you pretended to be drunk and bought internet trolls to promote your relationship with him. You're disgusting!" Joan had no intention of apologizing. She just wanted to tear Abigail apart.

Abigail approached her while looking at her with a contemptuous gaze. "Who's the real homewrecker here? Do you think I don't know? You can deceive the public, but don't deceive yourself."

Joan stared at Abigail. Her throat bobbed up and down as she struggled to respond. "What are you talking about?"

"Miss Palmer, it's not wise to provoke Alana. Consider it an honor to wear the clothes designed by her. If you keep provoking and spreading negative rumors about her, you should consider how you'll apologize down the road. Watch your words and actions, as Alana might even pursue legal action if upset!"

"I'm asking you, what did you mean by your words just now?" Joan demanded angrily. She had never regarded Abigail highly.

However, it just so happened that this overlooked nobody walked right in and spent five minutes alone with Sean yesterday.

Abigail stepped forward, her gaze filled with contempt as she looked at Joan. "Sean is married. You should know that. Aren't you worried the public will view you as a homewrecker if you continue publicizing your relationship with him on the Internet?"

Joan pushed Abigail away and shouted, "What nonsense are you talking about?"

"I'm just giving you a friendly heads-up. You're now in the entertainment industry. Soon, you'll be dealing with more than just ordinary people. If you start rumors with a married man, it can lead to your downfall. Just think about it." Abigail walked away after finishing her sentence.

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Comments Go Crazy

Abigail had found a quiet spot in the garden to focus on her design sketches. As the sun began to set, she slipped back to her room.

During this time, she had many suspicions. Still, she wasn't sure if Sean had helped her replace the design sketches.

Her next step was to turn those designs into finished drafts before moving on to making the clothes.

The bi-weekly tea gathering had resumed, but today's theme had unexpectedly changed from the previous one.

A group of people gathered in the sunroom on the hotel's rooftop for a meal featuring tea art and desserts.

Abigail and Luna had arrived early. After sitting down, Abigail whispered to Luna, "Sean doesn't like desserts, so he probably won't come today."

As soon as she said that, Sean and Kevin walked in together.

Kevin entered with a smile and greeted everyone. "Let's keep it casual today. There's no need to be too formal."

On the other hand, Sean strolled over to Abigail's side and took a seat. As he settled in, he stretched his long legs, slightly opening them. She couldn't help but feel his legs brushing against hers, especially today when she was wearing a short dress. Through the suit fabric, she could clearly sense his body temperature.

She couldn't help but notice his well-defined leg muscles and her cheeks reddened. She contemplated adjusting her position but worried he might misinterpret her intentions.

Noticing that few people were around, Sean leaned closer to Abigail and asked, "Is it so hard to find you for something?"

She was puzzled and turned to look at him. "What do you mean?"

He

got to the point, asking, "Are you burning bridges? I helped you out of a tight spot, and you can't even say thank you?"

Abigail was now confident that Sean had helped her replace the design sketches. However, he didn't mention the incident in their last encounter, which put her at ease. "Of course, I'm grateful, but it's inconvenient to say it in the production team." As she spoke, she bent down to brew tea for him.

He reclined on the couch, and his eyes narrowed as he looked at her slender neck.

Abigail had casually pinned her long hair with a wooden hairpin, letting it hang loosely, with a round wooden bead that swayed as she moved. This was the first time she wore a dress, and Sean's gaze shifted to her waistline, which was relatively slender. His open appraisal of her without restraint made the livestream audience frenzy.

'Wow! What kind of look is that? It's like he wants to devour the assistant alive! Someone needs to start writing fanfiction about this. I want to read it now. It must be thrilling!'

'He claims he has no feelings for her, but the moment he walked in, he zeroed in on the assistant without any pretense!'

'And those discreet glances! Oh, my goodness! I can't stop laughing. Am I watching a fashion design competition or a romance show? I don't care. I want to see more! Please, don't stop this, or I'll get angry!'

Kevin turned his head and noticed Sean's intense stare at Abigail. It was as if Sean wanted to devour her. Kevin couldn't help but burst into laughter.

Abigail prepared some tea and handed it to Sean with both hands. "Thank you."

Although Sean preferred carbonated water over tea, he couldn't resist seeing her holding a green-glazed tea cup and looking at him expectantly. After taking a sip, he frowned at the bitterness.

After setting the teacup down, he looked at the bewildered Abigail. "It's quite bitter, and I don't like it."

She quickly apologized. "I'll make you another one."

"Abigail, I don't like tea. If you genuinely want to thank me, put in more effort," Sean said, frowning his brow.

His words made her pause, and he added, "Remember, you have something I can use against you."

She thought about the draft design and stood up to tell Luna, "I'll be right back."

smiled.

Abigail had no intention of returning so soon. She headed downstairs to the hotel's refrigerator to fetch several bottles of carbonated water for Sean. The camera followed her the whole way, and the audience went wild.

'So... Sean only drinks carbonated water in real life! But he drank the energy drink that the assistant had yesterday. Is he promoting it for her? What kind of secret affection is this?'

'Is this a secret admirer plot? Does Sean, with his status, need to secretly admire an assistant?'

'Anyway, I'm satisfied. I can't believe they're so sweet!'

Abigail returned to her seat with the water bottles, unscrewed one, and handed it to Sean. Only then did he take a sip.

Seeing that the camera was far away and not everyone had arrived, she leaned closer to Sean. She whispered, "Can you destroy the draft design?" She knew Joan occasionally visited him. She wondered what if Joan found the draft design someday and that everything she had worked hard on would be ruined.

However, Sean reclined further into the couch. He sipped his water and looked at Abigail with an indifferent expression.

She felt uneasy under his gaze and quickly kept a distance between them before returning to her tea preparation.

Meanwhile, Joan arrived late, having spent extra time doing her makeup. She was fuming when she realized she had missed a crucial step. She sat on the lone couch nearest to Sean, tightly clutching her bag, her frustration evident as she left finger marks on it.

At that moment, it was clear that her anger was boiling over. She vowed to herself that she wouldn't bother with such an elaborate makeup routine next time.

[Chapter 68](#)

Exceptionally Seductive

Kevin introduced tea culture and casually mentioned the name of the investor. He was effectively giving them some advertising.

When it was time to make desserts, he stood beside Abigail and spoke to the live camera. "In ancient times, these pastries were known as 'puff. Doesn't that sound interesting?"

His presence was captivating, especially when he flashed a seductive smile with his fox-like and the comments section immediately filled with praise.

eyes,

Then, he shifted his gaze away from the camera and turned to her, saying, "Miss Quinn, make these puffs well and show them to everyone."

Abigail guessed that this was a task set by the investor, so she nodded and agreed, "Okay."

Kevin had initially intended to help her, but to his surprise, Sean had silently approached them at some point.

Sean stared at Kevin for a brief moment, and Kevin nodded before stepping aside, saying, "Alright, you can help her."

Meanwhile, Luna, on the other side, couldn't help but wonder what had gotten into Sean. She suspected he couldn't stand being away from Abigail, as if he felt uncomfortable.

Joan, with flour on her hands, saw him helping Abigail. Then, she immediately raised her voice in frustration. "Sean, can you help me too?"

Sean was watching Abigail kneading the dough. When he heard Joan's calling for him, he turned to her and asked, "Help you with what?" He hadn't intervened in Abigail's affairs at all, and he didn't plan to. He was just standing beside her and observing how she did things.

Joan was left speechless by his response. She shook her head and turned around to continue making desserts.

Upon seeing this situation, the audience couldn't help but speculate.

'Sean doesn't seem too keen on getting his hands dirty, and yet Joan is trying to get him to help her?'

'Seems like Sean doesn't like Joan. Could it be that her rumors were self-staged?'

'Didn't Joan suspect that Alana got the design theme information from Sean in advance? Joan's lie was exposed the moment the preliminary draft was revealed. Shouldn't she apologize?'

This question sparked a heated debate between the two fan groups.

Joan's fans firmly believed that she had no reason to apologize. They saw her actions as a courageous stand for fairness on the show. In their eyes, if Joan's behavior was considered wrong, who would dare to participate in similar programs later? This disagreement led to a fierce argument between the opposing sides.

Meanwhile, Abigail skillfully prepared a plate of rabbit-shaped puffs with a soft outer layer and a delectable flowing egg yolk inside. She arranged them beautifully on a plate, making them look incredibly enticing.

Kevin had just intended to try one when she handed a puff to Sean. "I'm not sure how they taste, but I made them with less sugar, so they should suit your taste buds."

Everyone heard her words and couldn't help but turn their attention to Sean. Her casual tone hinted at a close familiarity with him.

Sean took the puff and looked at her. His expression became complex as he asked, "You made this for me?"

With a nonchalant expression, she raised an eyebrow in confusion. "If you don't want to eat, what are you doing standing here watching?"

Kevin couldn't help but cough and chuckle at Abigail's words.

Sean glanced at her with mixed emotions, then turned and walked away with the puff.

The audience, who had initially been arguing, quickly shifted their focus to something sweeter.

'So, does Miss Quinn treat Sean like an adorable little pet begging for treats? Just thinking about it makes my heart melt. What kind of soul connection is this!'

These two clearly aren't strangers. Their interaction is so natural! And the fact that Miss Quinn knows Sean's preference for low-sugar treats? If they're not secretly involved, I'll livestream myself eating a shoe!

'Eating a shoe won't do you any favors!'

On the other hand, Joan wasn't pleased, but her expertise lay in making pastries. Unfortunately, Sean strongly disliked all the pastries she baked.

When Sean sat back on the couch and fixated on Abigail's rabbit-shaped puff, Luna leaned in close to Abigail. She whispered, "Aren't you being too obvious? Viewers might start to suspect your relationship with Sean."

Abigail's expression remained unchanged. She turned to Luna, gently pushed a strand of hair away from her face, and responded, "It's not like I invited him over. Besides, Joan owes us an apology."

She wasn't entirely sure if she was trying to get back at Joan. Joan's baseless accusation of Abigail relying on backstage deals for her designs had truly irked her. It was Joan's unfounded allegation that had forced Abigail to apologize to Sean. Abigail believed she wasn't one to be easily pushed around, either.

[Chapter 69](#)

You're Trying to Please Me

Abigail thought, Joan's just a homewrecker, yet so shamelessly arrogant. Does she think she can just bully me?

Luna couldn't help but smile faintly. There was a mocking tone in her voice as she replied, "Don't worry, I have my own plans." Before this, they were losing their edge, so she didn't find it appropriate to say anything to the media. This time, if Joan refused to apologize publicly, Luna

wouldn't let her off the hook either!

After the three hours of tea-brewing and snack-making had passed, Abigail gathered her belongings and returned to her room. As she settled down, a knock on her door disrupted her moment of rest. She assumed it was Luna who wanted to discuss the draft. So, she quickly got up and opened the door.

Before Abigail could say anything, Sean barged into her room.

Startled, she glanced outside. She ensured no cameras were following him and closed the door.

"Why are you acting like we're having an affair?" Sean's voice sounded from behind Abigail. Before she could react, he wrapped his arms around her waist from behind.

She tried to break free, saying, "It's not the right time..."

Sean wrapped his arm around Abigail as he closed the door with his free hand. After securely locking it, he took her hand and pressed her against the door, their bodies intimately close.

She could feel his warmth radiating through his thin shirt. It sent shivers across her skin and raised goosebumps.

“You’re trying to please me today, right?” He rested his chin on her shoulder, his voice deep and suggestive.

Her voice trembled as she replied, “You did say I should pay you back.”

Sean’s embrace always made Abigail feel vulnerable. Perhaps that was the unique attraction between a married couple. Even if he didn’t express affection openly, they were remarkably compatible in bed,

His lips brushed against her fair neck. After a while, he whispered, “I noticed many male models checking you out today.”

It was her first time wearing a dress like that, so she couldn’t be bothered about other things. She bit her lip, remembering the last time they’d been intimate.

Just as Sean was about to take the next step, a dull knocking echoed outside. Someone was knocking on his room door. Abigail suspected it was Joan coming to speak with him. Abigail held his eager hands and said softly, “She’s looking for you. Aren’t you going out?”

“Now?” His voice sounded a little higher than usual.

Abigail angled her head to look at him. Pursing her lips, she whispered, “I didn’t mean it that way.” She knew Sean was reminding her of their hidden marriage. If he left now, it might suggest their relationship was deeper than it seemed.

He gazed into her eyes. Just as he was about to kiss her, his phone suddenly vibrated. She watched as he retrieved his phone and silenced it. She knew Sean was still concerned that Joan would discover their relationship.

Suddenly, his strong, passionate grip on her waist relaxed. He took his phone and walked over to the window. He answered the call. “Hello, what’s the matter?”

Looking at Sean’s back, Abigail felt the warmth at her waist fade. A moment later, the bitterness and disappointment in her heart was replaced by calmness. She walked over to a nearby couch and sat down, feeling bored. She grabbed her notebook and started doodling absentmindedly.

“I’m not in my room right now. If you need something, we can talk about it tomorrow,” he answered Joan’s question calmly.

Joan said something, and Sean turned around to look at Abigail. Moments later, he hung up and frowned.

“Did you know Luna posted online, demanding Joan apologize publicly?” He leaned against the window and calmly shared the news with Abigail.

She regarded him with curiosity. “No, what happened?”

Sean put his phone away and approached her. Standing before Abigail, he gently pinched her chin and spoke softly, “Tell Luna to tone it down a bit. If she keeps causing a scene, it won’t benefit the production team or herself.”

She met his gaze and asked, “Are you suggesting that Miss Smith should just accept the loss? Even if Joan slandered-”

He interrupted her, saying, “Abigail, you know very well whether or not it was slander. The draft was indeed lost. You can’t deny that, can you?”

Abigail maintained a calm demeanor as she locked eyes with Sean. Feeling slightly uneasy under her gaze, Sean furrowed his brow and said, “I helped you resolve the issue. This incident is in the past now.”

Gripping the couch tightly, she felt injustice in her heart. “Got it.”

[Chapter 70](#)

Force Her to Apologize Publicly

Sean let go of Abigail’s chin and stepped aside. Lowering his gaze, he looked at her and said, “We’ll meet again at night. Send me a message, and I’ll bring your drafts.” With that, he walked up to the door. He opened it and left the room, leaving behind a lingering coldness that Joan’s call had brought.

Abigail sat alone for a while before deciding to take a shower. Afterward, she confided in Luna about his request.

Luna was so pissed that she threw her phone on the couch. “He treated you well in the production team, so I thought your relationship with him had improved. Alas... He’s getting greedy, isn’t he?” “Joan still holds a special place in his eyes,” Abigail said in a low voice.

Luna approached the coffee table and crouched to pour a glass of water. She downed it and said, “I thought I could teach Joan a lesson this time, but who knew... It must be nice to have Sean protecting her, huh? My blood pressure is ramping up.”

Abigail asked, “What were you planning to do?”

“I was going to make Joan publicly apologize to us. If she refused, I was considering suing her for defamation. But it looks like I’ll have to endure it again. I thought our studio could ride the waves if she apologized to us this time.” Luna sounded disheartened.

Abigail hummed thoughtfully for a moment before turning to Luna. "Sean wants me to send him a message later, and he'll return the drafts to me. I don't want to have any more contact with him, so I'm considering just letting it go..." When he mentioned those words earlier, the small glimmer of hope in her heart faded away.

"Why not? You two were getting along well in the production team, right? Just keep it up. I'm telling you, you seriously have to try a little." Patting Abigail on the shoulder, Luna persuaded her.

Abigail grumbled in dissatisfaction, "I even thought about burning his drafts."

Luna quickly responded, "Please don't do that. It's a great opportunity, so just meet up with him. Also, since he's taking the initiative to ask you out, he must have something else to talk about. What if he decides to give the drafts to Joan if you don't show up?"

Abigail looked at her with concern. "But do you think he's being sincere in the show?"

"It doesn't matter. The netizens are buying it anyway. I don't know about anything else. It's only a good pairing if it feels real, right? Moreover, why would you offend him for no reason? You can benefit from being around him in the production team. It's a win-win situation!" Luna was quite good at strategizing.

Abigail sighed in resignation. "All right."

"I'm telling you, you just have to interact with him. You can gain popularity and maybe even annoy Joan. You're getting a lot of benefits from it!" Luna continued analyzing the situation.

Abigail pushed Luna's hand away. "All right, I get it. I'll send him the message." She was also worried that Sean might actually give the drafts to Joan.

It was 9.00PM, and the night air had a refreshing coolness. Hidden in a nook within the garden's rockery, Abigail sent a message to Sean: "Why aren't you here yet? There are too many mosquitoes here. My legs are covered in bites.

When he received the message, he picked up his pace.

She cautiously peered out from her hiding spot, only to find her head enveloped in Sean's embrace as he joined her in the rockery.

Sean looked down at Abigail in the darkness and remarked, "What kind of place have you found? Couldn't we have met somewhere else? Did it have to be such a secretive location?" His lips curled into a faint smile unseen in the dark.

She scratched her arm nervously. "I don't want anyone to discover us."

He lifted her chin with his hand. "What secret mission are we on that requires such secrecy?" The man had even dressed up for the occasion, but now they were meeting in this dimly lit place. He hadn't anticipated her choice of location.

Abigail didn't want to argue with Sean. So, she said in a low voice, "Where are the drafts? Did you bring them?"

He tightened his grip. "I have a few questions to ask you about those drafts. Answer me honestly, and I'll give them to you."

Abigail looked away, saying in an indifferent tone, "What is it?"

"Who wrote these drafts?" His eyes bore into her in the darkness, making it seem as if he could see right through her.

Her heart skipped a beat, but she quickly responded. "I'm not sure what you mean. I don't understand."

"Stop pretending, Abigail. I recognize your handwriting." Sean leaned in closer. Their breaths mingled, and Abigail's heart raced even faster.

Abigail struggled, but then she accidentally stepped on a stone. With a few steps back, she stumbled into the rockery wall. She was about to collide with it when Sean swiftly stepped forward, reaching out to hold her back and pulling her into his arms. "What's got you so worked up?" he asked, concerned in his voice.

She took a deep breath and said softly, "My foot hurts... I think I might have sprained it."

Frowning with concern, he let go of her.