

Spare Wife 71

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Wait for the Day You Succeed

Abigail leaned against the wall, lifting her injured leg as she breathed lightly. It was dark inside, so Sean could not see it. He took out his phone and turned on the torchlight. Then, he crouched down before her. "How's your leg?"

She almost lost her balance and subconsciously reached out to hold onto his shoulder. Gently, she moved her left ankle. "It hurts a little, but I'm unsure if it's sprained."

Feeling her strength, Sean reached out and held her left ankle. Abigail shivered a little, reflexively tightening her grip on his shoulder, and said in a trembling voice, "I'm fine... Don't..."

He looked up at her, a smirk on his face. "Are you getting weak just because I held your ankle?"

Her face flushed as she bit her lip, her eyes moist. "I'm scared of the pain." With that, she looked away. Under the glow of the torchlight, her ears were translucent, and the red tint on them was more visible than ever.

It was only then that Sean realized that Abigail might be embarrassed. He gazed at the woman's slightly raised leg, her foot pale and pretty as the silver high heels wrapped around it. Faint veins were visible on the arch of her foot, and the bump on her ankle was slightly protruding. Beyond that was her slender leg. It was alluring... and seductive.

His hand lightly pressed against it as he applied light force on her ankle.

Abigail grunted, feeling the sensation of his warm palm on her ankle. She was about to lose her balance, so she could only lean against the wall. With no choice, she tried to divert her attention by

chatting, "Sean, I'm learning design from Miss Smith. She was the one who asked me to write the annotations. I wasn't the one who drew the designs."

Meanwhile, Sean's mind was not focused on that. He had only made a reasonable guess, but he decided not to probe further since it had been debunked. His gaze turned dark as he gazed at the pale leg that kept retracting. He asked in a low voice, "Does it hurt?"

Though she did not feel much pain, she felt uneasy when he held her like that. However, she was about to answer when his phone rang. Lowering her head, she saw that it was a call from Joan. Within a second, the unease she felt instantly disappeared.

Sean pressed the answer button. Then, he gripped her hand and stood up. Wrapping his arm around her waist, he gazed at her before asking Joan over the phone, "What's the matter?"

"Sean..." Joan's sobbing voice sounded from the phone, trembling in fear.

Abigail pursed her lips and lowered her gaze, tentatively putting her foot on the ground.

“What’s the matter?” His voice was instantly filled with concern and worry.

“I’m scared... There’s something in the room... I don’t know what it is... Sean, come over and take a look for me.” With that, Joan screamed again.

He mumbled a reply. Ending the call, he turned to look at Abigail, who placed a hand against the wall as she spoke in a distant and polite tone, “Give me the drafts, and you can go. I just tried to land my foot, and it doesn’t seem injured. I was probably in a rush, and I somehow dislocated a bone. It hurt for a moment, but it’s okay now.”

“The doctor gets to decide if it’s okay. Let’s go.” With his arm around her waist, Sean tried to get her to leave with him.

In that instant, she shoved him away. Looking coldly at him, she stated in an even colder tone, “I only came for the drafts. I’m already happy enough that you came here in person and gave them to me. I don’t want to cause you any more trouble.”

“So, you’re only here for the drafts?” His voice turned cold. “You came to meet me tonight just because of work?”

Abigail bit her lip. Then, she nodded and expressed, “Yes. I know you’re very busy. I’m so sorry for causing you trouble. Give me the drafts, and we won’t have to do this again.”

Reaching up, Sean tugged at his collar and said coldly, “Sure, but you have to perform well for Luna. I’ll wait for the day you succeed in life.”

He even changed his shirt and tie specifically for their meeting. His efforts had gone to waste!

He retrieved the drafts from his pocket and tossed them to her. She lowered her gaze, looking at the documents, and said emotionlessly, “Thank you.” When she looked up, the man had left without even looking back. Leaning against the wall of the rockery, she breathed lightly. Then, she crouched and sat on a rock, slowly pinching her ankle.

He never understood that she had said it out of anger. She was mad simply because he was still getting involved with Joan.

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What Are You Two Doing Late at Night?

He actually left her, who was potentially injured, here. Abigail found it laughable that she could not help but hold on to a faint hope when she saw Joan’s name flashing on his phone carrier. She wondered if, just this once, Sean might stay by her side and look after her because she was hurt.

Just as usual, he disappointed her.

She unfolded the design sketch and looked at it briefly before folding it back up. She leaned against the wall, slowly making her way toward the artificial hill. She had considered asking Luna to pick her up, but it was so late that she did not want to bother her friend.

Walking into the rose garden, she came to a halt when the man who had just finished his call noticed her presence. Standing in the dim garden, he had long, slender legs and a lean figure. His shoulder-length hair was tied into a small braid at the back of his head.

“Miss Quinn?” The man immediately recognized her.

Seeing that it was Victor Mendez, one of the models for this shoot, Abigail nodded and said, “Yes.

Are you out for a walk?”

“Yeah... I was making a call to my family. Did you hurt your leg?” He noticed she had been favoring her right foot and immediately approached her.

Her usually calm face showed a hint of embarrassment as she replied, “I was taking a walk and accidentally tripped over a stone. It’s a sprain, but it doesn’t seem too serious. I’m just worried about delaying work tomorrow, so I’m being cautious.”

With his angular and handsome face, Victor looked solemn. “You can’t just rely on assumption. You have no experience, and making random guesses won’t do you any good.”

Abigail could not argue with that. As such, he helped her and guided her to a garden bench, where he squatted before her and reached out for her ankle. Immediately, she flinched, puzzling the man. Slightly uncomfortable, she quickly explained, “I’m not used to people touching me.”

“I’m a model. I’ve gained some experience judging minor injuries and sprains from walking on the runway. Will you trust me this once?” He gazed into her eyes, showing sincerity,

She hesitated. “Maybe I should just ask a doctor tomorrow-

“If it’s injured, it might be too late by tomorrow. Don’t forget; tomorrow is the day for fitting. You’ll be running around distributing fabrics. If your boss finds out your injury hinders his work progress, he won’t be pleased,” he earnestly advised her.

Abigail had no choice but to concede. “Alright, please help me take a look.”

Victor held her ankle and applied some pressure, to which she could not help but inhale sharply.

“It’s a minor strain in the muscle tissues. It’ll hurt tomorrow, but it won’t stop you from walking around. If you can, remember to apply ice when you get back. And keep yourself warm, too. It’s best to limit movement.” He provided his diagnosis.

She nodded appreciatively. “You seem very professional.”

“As a model, there are times when the runway isn’t in great condition. That’s how I learned the hard way. Shall I send you to your room? Your left leg shouldn’t be overexerted.” He rose and extended his hand to Abigail, who did not refuse his kindness and got up.

Finally, they arrived at the hotel elevator. She stood on one leg, leaning on Victor. Just as the elevator was about to reach her floor, it suddenly stopped. Sean entered the elevator, his face impassive. When he saw Abigail leaning against Victor, he did not frown. His gaze swept over their contact, and when he turned away, a shadow crossed his eyes.

As the elevator slowly ascended, Sean suddenly turned to Abigail and Victor. “What are you two doing so late at night?”

She felt that he was doing it on purpose. Why would he ask such a question when he knows I injured my leg? Just after comforting Joan, can’t this jerk of a man have a little self-awareness and just mind his own business?

Victor, oblivious to Sean’s displeasure, immediately replied, “Her leg is injured. I’m helping her back to her room to rest.” As the elevator was about to arrive, he added, “Remember to apply ice when you get back. If you have some massage oil, use it for a gentle massage. Tap lightly. Remember to keep warm at night and avoid putting too much pressure.”

Abigail affirmed, “Got it. Thank you.”

Sean’s eyes grew frosty, his mind filled with images of Victor and Abigail entangled together. He radiated displeasure, and the entire elevator seemed to drop several degrees in temperature.

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Independence and Self-Reliance Ding. The elevator stopped on the floor where Abigail and Sean were staying. Victor was about to help her out of the elevator when Sean piped up, “I live in the room next to hers. I can help her, and you can take the elevator down.” She glanced at Sean. Seeing his cold expression, Victor quickly realized what was going on after recalling his previous interactions with Abigail that had caused a stir online. He promptly released her wrist. “Well, then, I’ll be going,” he politely said to Sean. Sean stepped forward, helping Abigail, and gave a nonchalant grunt before leading her out of the elevator with an icy expression. As soon as they exited the elevator, she planned to push him away

but was then grabbed by the wrist. His eyes were chilling as he questioned, “What’s wrong? Upset that I interrupted your little rendezvous with the young man? You seem pretty angry, huh?” Abigail’s face remained cold, and she did not argue. “Whatever.” Sean’s molar shifted slightly. He held her waist with one hand, his gaze icy. “So, once you’ve got the draft, you’re ready to turn your back on me. Without any leverage, you couldn’t care less. Is that it?” Hearing that, she felt wronged. She looked at Sean, took a silent deep breath, and suddenly smiled. “Mr. Graham, what are you saying? I’m just afraid Joan might think we’re getting too close and get jealous, giving her a reason to slander you and Alana again.” Without giving him a chance to speak, she continued, “I’m aware of my limitations. I don’t expect anything from you, especially not after you left me, injured, to check on Joan. I only believe in independence and self-reliance.” Sean finally caught the drift. She’s bothered about my departure. “I

won't argue with you. Let's go back and check on your injury first," he said, reaching an arm toward her. Abigail pushed his hand away. "No need. I can walk by myself." As she took a step with one foot, Sean suddenly wrapped his arm around her waist, lifting her

effortlessly onto his shoulder. Her head spun, a feeling of nausea rising from her stomach. She grabbed onto his clothes, kicking her legs in a struggle. "Put me down..." Somehow, Sean's hand landed on her hip. His voice was calm, neither cold nor warm. "You can shout louder, wake everyone on this floor, and let them witness us. It would help solidify the fact that Alana and I have a close relationship." Abigail immediately covered her mouth, clutching his clothes and attempting to free herself. "Don't move!" His hand tapped her butt, and her face turned red. She was already flushed from being tossed onto his shoulder, and that action made her even dizzy. "Abigail, if others think I'm giving Alana special treatment, then I won't help you, nor will I explain myself," Sean continued, threatening her. With her head feeling heavy, Abigail grabbed his shirt, struggling to make the blood pooled in her head flow back. His new suit, which he had just changed into, was all crumpled. She was uncomfortable, swinging her legs, tilting her body, hugging Sean's neck with both hands, and breathing heavily. "My head hurts..." The man allowed her to hold onto him like this, her long hair swaying in the midst of it. Finally, he carried her back to the room. He gently placed her on the bed, and she collapsed onto it, silently feeling the sensation of blood returning to her body. Sean stood by the bed, removing his suit jacket and loosening the tie on his shirt. He then threw them aside. Meanwhile, Abigail's hair fell loose, spreading across the bed like seaweed. As she gradually came to her senses, she saw the man standing in front of her, rolling up his sleeves. She could not help but swallow nervously. "What are you doing?" He looked at her with deep, mysterious eyes but did not answer. His arms were exposed, and the muscles on them gave him a powerful and sexy look. As she watched him unbuttoning his shirt, she sat up on the bed, placing one hand on his waist. "Sean, what are you doing?" "What do you think?" He slowly unbuttoned another button, his eyes as if he wanted to devour her. Abigail felt flustered and clutched the black silk sheets. "I didn't do anything with Victor. There's no need for this. I haven't held anything against you, so you shouldn't hold anything against me, right?"

Listening to her words, Sean undid another button. His collarbone was revealed, and a hint of his chest was visible through the open collar. His fair skin glowed under the light, looking glossy. The woman sat up straight, one hand placed on his waist. "It was you who left me in the garden. I found someone to help me. What's wrong with that?"

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A Standoff Sean undid the third button, then abruptly seized Abigail's hand on his waist and pulled it downward. She winced as if she had been scalded and yanked her hand away, her cheeks flushing crimson. He held her hand in place, a cruel glint in his eyes, and leaned down, asking in a tone dripping with insolence, "Do you prefer the waist or here?" "Let me go!" Her face was hot as she stared at him, astonished by his audacity. He released her hand, then crouched down, taking hold of her ankle and lifting her leg Abigail winced from the pain, her breath catching. She watched as Sean delicately removed her high-heeled shoe, both his hands cupping her foot. The warm touch against her skin sent shivers up her spine, making her quiver uncontrollably. She felt goosebumps rise all over her body, and her skin stretched taut as if she had been scalded by boiling water. He squeezed a little harder, causing her to inhale sharply. She tightened her grip on the bedsheet, after which he asked, "Should I call a

doctor?" She replied, "N-No need." She believed it was not a bone injury but more like a muscle and tissue issue.

Pinching her, he stood up and turned to the fridge to get an ice pack and his handkerchief, in which he wrapped the ice pack. Then, he pressed her ankle against his hankie, and she was slightly surprised. The silk-like touch of the cloth, with the ice pack inside, sent a chilly sensation into her body. She could not help but shrink from the cold. "Too much?" Sean looked up at Abigail. "No, just caught me off guard." She shook her head. He held her foot on his thigh, one hand applying the ice pack and the other gently pressing her ankle. Her feet were pretty, each toe slightly shorter than the last, looking rather cute and chubby. Being a full-time housewife, she hardly wore high heels at home, so her feet had not deformed and looked healthy. As Sean kneaded, his hand gradually moved upward. Abigail's back stiffened, her body tingling. She stared at him and warned, "Massage the ankle and just the ankle. Don't do anything else. We're on a

TV show." He pinched her calf and leaned closer. "Even if I did, what can the crew do to me?" "Sean..." Before Abigail could say anything else, he kissed her body, causing her words to reverse into her throat. He moved his hand upward, his voice husky. "You're my wife. I can be affectionate with you anywhere. It's not against the law." Her body went limp; her legs were trapped by Sean and unable to move, so she could only let him have his way. When his hand slipped under her clothes, she could not help but hold his hand. "Be gentle." He chuckled and pulled her into the bedding. After they were done, she lay on the bed, too fatigued to move, while he cleaned up for her and started dressing, preparing to leave. Even if he talked tough, he was still worried about getting caught on camera. It would be hard to explain later. She lay with her eyes closed, pondering in her heart, but there was less resentment than before and calmer after the disappointment. That man left her injured self in the garden, which was enough for her to savor the bitterness and disappointment of that moment. Sean got dressed neatly and checked the time. It was already 4.00AM. "I'll go back to my room. If your leg hurts during the day, call the doctor," he told her. "Mm." Abigail's attitude was indifferent. He stood by the bed, staring at her back for a moment before asking, "Are you mad?" "Isn't this how we've always been?" she answered quickly this time, not wanting to talk to him about her feelings and thoughts after what happened. There was no need to either. Her desire for divorce had accumulated over time, not just for a day or two. So, she did not want to think about the unreachable just because of their physical intimacy. Sean sat down by the bed. He looked at her round shoulders and wondered if she was still upset about the child. "You always keep things to yourself. You know I'm not a mind reader," he said. lightly, reaching out to pull the blanket up for her. "I don't have anything bottled up. I'm just tired." Her voice carried drowsiness. Indeed, she was no

longer eager to tell him how she felt, nor did she expect their marriage to lead to happiness. She had no fantasies about the future; that was all.

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Sarcastic Sean stopped talking and helped massage her ankle for a long time before standing up to leave. Meanwhile, Abigail did not feel anything amiss after he left because the room had always been this quiet and cold every time they shared a bed. He gently closed the door before walking to his room. As he entered, another door opened, and a female designer stood there with a bag of trash in her hands. She narrowed her eyes and stared at his room door with a glint in her eyes. Abigail did not sleep for long but was in deep slumber after being together with Sean. So, she was in good spirits when she

woke up. Although her ankle still hurt, it did not hinder her from walking as long as she was slow and steady. When Luna entered her room, she asked about the design draft, "Did you get it back? Did Sean blame you?" The design draft was a priority for them both, and Luna could not relax if it were left unsettled. "Yeah, I did. I tore it to pieces and flushed it in the toilet," Abigail answered as she moved her ankle. Luna let out a breath of relief with a hand on her chest. "Now, we're safe. But it's annoying that we can't use this against Joan." Abigail patted her shoulder and advised, "Our aim is the diamond ring. Don't mind her."

When they arrived at the banquet hall, Abigail instinctively noticed Joan's peculiar gaze on her. When Luna was seated, Abigail passed her cutlery as usual. Suddenly, a designer named Nina Lowery asked with a smile, "Miss Smith, I've been curious since I entered. Why doesn't your assistant stay on the same floor as you do? Instead, she's staying beside Mr. Graham." At that, Luna answered with a smile, "Why don't you ask Mr. Stewart or Mr. Graham?" At that point, Joan started to echo her sarcastically. "You can answer that, too. Sean invited you, and you're close to Mr. Stewart. Both of you are treated better than us in this show." The spoon in Luna's hand fell into the bowl as she looked up at Joan with a friendly smile. "Mr. Graham

has asked me to let you off the hook about apologizing to me when you slandered me the last time. It seems you don't feel guilty at all. Trying the same thing again now?" Tears started to well up in Joan's eyes when she heard that. "Luna, you've misunderstood me. I just wanted to alert you to be careful of your assistant. If she has any misconduct, your reputation is on the line." Then, Abigail glanced at Joan with cold eyes. "Why don't you just tell me what it is? You're just saying things without proof." As the tension grew, the netizens watching the live stream also speculated if Joan was jealous because Sean treated Abigail well, explaining why Joan was making insinuations. Joan didn't even apologize for slandering Alana. How dare she bully her assistant now! Besides, Sean took the initiative to approach the little assistant. Joan's just using her status to bully the assistant. How shameless! 'Sean's interaction with this flirty assistant is quite normal in the show. The fans just couldn't bear to watch it and wanted to guard their favorite couple. They probably don't know Sean helped Joan catch a bug last night in her room.' 'I think they know. They're just afraid of shipping the wrong people and acting crazy. Besides, check out Nina's Twitter, and you'll know why Joan is targeting the assistant. 'I saw her post too. She posted it around 4.00AM. I don't know what she was hinting at, but that assistant isn't as simple as she seems. No one knows if Alana is innocent, too!' The netizens were berating them while the show went on. Joan pouted her lips like she was wrongly accused of something. "Oh, I don't have the courage to talk bad about you. You're Luna's favorite assistant. I'd have to step back for you even if my man is about to be snatched away by you just for Luna." Luna was so angry that she laughed. Exactly who is taking whose man here?! Is Homewrecker Palmer playing dumb here? However, Abigail did not want to argue with her since Sean would step in and stand on Joan's side if she asked her to apologize.

On the side, Victor watched Joan's snide remarks and recalled Nina's tweet at 4.00AM, and on top of that, Sean's special treatment toward Abigail. He furrowed his brows lightly and asked, "Are you guys misunderstanding something here?"

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Decided Winner Everyone's gazes landed on Victor, who glanced at Abigail and Joan before speaking with a puzzled expression, "If it's about how Mr. Graham helped Abigail into her room last night, I was there too." "At what time did you see Mr. Graham help her into her room?" asked Nina immediately. He

looked at her with a shrug. "Isn't it weirder for you to tweet at 4.00AM? Are you asking me the time on purpose?" She let out a snort. "Are you saying I tweeted at 4.00AM just to defame her?" Victor put on a nonchalant expression. "I wouldn't know. People usually sleep at that time. Even Mr. Graham would be sleeping, too. Besides, she sprained her ankle when she went to the garden yesterday and bumped into Mr. Graham in the elevator on the way back. Mr. Graham was kind enough to help her, but you guys are insinuating they did something fishy." Nina was speechless by his retort and wanted so badly to let the cat out of the bag. She could not tell them that she saw Sean coming out from Abigail's room at 4.00AM as she might be removed from the show if he wanted to pursue the incident. Besides, she did not take a picture last night. So, she had no proof. What happens if he doesn't admit it? Even if he did, the fact was that Sean entered Abigail's room. Hence, it would seem like he was the

one who initiated this, which would only make the netizens think that there was something between them. Victor's words tilted the scale as the netizens started to despise Nina. 'And they were saying we were afraid of shipping the wrong people. If Sean liked Joan, he would've avoided causing any misunderstanding. Since Victor was helping Abigail to her room already, why did he interfere? He must have something for her!' 'Exactly. Nina is incompetent, and it didn't stop her from tweeting at 4.00AM. What a b*tch. This is the same tactic with Joan seeing the marks. She sure likes to smear people with that mouth of hers. 'The drama in this show revolving around Sean is too much. If I didn't know, I thought this design

show was a dating show. I hope the crew doesn't put the cart before the horse." After breakfast, Abigail secretly thanked Victor. "Don't mention it. If I didn't bump into you, I wouldn't have known the truth and spoken up." He was gracious. Then, she nodded as she watched him enter the elevator. After everyone left, Luna wrapped an arm around her shoulder and whispered, "Why didn't you call me when you sprained your ankle last night?" "It was late. I didn't want to cause trouble," Abigail answered calmly. Luna looked at her side profile and suddenly went near her. "So, did Sean stay in your room until morning?" "I don't know. I didn't see the time." Abigail was irritated. Something bad would happen whenever she was faced with Sean. She could not believe that people still saw him at 4.00AM! "If other designers witnessed it, they would inherently question the fairness of the competition. Prepare for us to be targeted." Luna patted her shoulder. Everyone was going to make their pattern in the afternoon, so Abigail went to the store to select some tools but saw Nina and Joan chatting inside. "Here for some stuff?" Joan suddenly asked. Abigail was picking out scissors and cardboard when she heard Joan's question. She hummed in acknowledgment as an answer. "I saw it with my own eyes. Sean came out from your room at 4.00AM. Nobody would believe there wasn't any crafty thing going on. If you told us you were the decided winner, we wouldn't need to put on this show," Nina taunted her directly when she saw that other designers were present. However, Abigail simply glanced up coldly at her. "Alana never needed to be the decided winner. She's joined many huge design competitions and created them in the studio. Are you saying she bribed her way through those competitions to be the winner?" "Those competitions can't compare to this. I'll admit that Alana's competent. However, what's the connection to her greed for the prize this time?" Nina sneered aggressively.

"Either you provide evidence or don't talk nonsense. Alana can withdraw from the competition but will not tolerate your slander!" Abigail stated seriously. Nina's acting all haughty because we're being streamed live! 'I underestimated you, Abigail. I can't believe you're the one who seduced Sean!' Joan pipped up while glaring at her as if she wanted to burn her alive.

Chapter 77

What's Wrong With Creating a Fauxmance

Abigail looked at Joan calmly. "Seduce? Do you even have the right to use that word?"

Facing Abigail's overwhelming aura, Joan could not help but feel a bit intimidated. She knows Sean is married, and if she's pushed into a corner, she will throw me under the bus.

Suddenly, she had a lightbulb moment and quickly put on a look of being misunderstood. "Miss Quinn, I'm just trying to protect Luna's reputation. I didn't witness whether Sean came out of your room in the morning, but since someone claimed to have seen it, it can't be a lie, can it?"

"Miss Lowery, why don't you find an opportunity to ask Mr. Graham? I can't answer when you're questioning me like that because I don't know if he came to my room at 4.00AM." Abigail definitely would not admit it. This whole situation is Sean's problem from the start. Why should I bear the pressure in this whirlwind?

Before Nina could respond, she continued, "Who stays awake at 4.00AM? Besides, if I could seduce him, why would I be working as an assistant?" With that, she picked up a pair of scissors and a piece of cardboard that were within reach and then turned to leave.

Suddenly, Nina raised her voice and emphasized. "I did see it! Your lies won't work!"

At her words, Abigail stopped at the elevator and turned to look at her. "Telling me all this won't help. Mr. Graham has to admit it because he's the one who entered my room. If you have doubts, you can present evidence. It's that simple."

Back in Luna's room, she began working on her design board but could not shake off the irritation. So, she complained to Luna, "Nina now firmly believes that we're the decided winners."

At that moment, Luna was sitting on the couch, handling L.Moon's orders on her tablet. When she heard Abigail's words, she said, "This is not easy to resolve. The key issue is that Sean won't stand on your side no matter what happens in the program."

Abigail looked at her.

As Luna put her tablet down, she looked into Abigail's eyes and continued, "If we win, Nina will spread rumors online after the program ends, claiming that the program was rigged. Other envious designers won't miss the chance to attack us, especially Joan."

Suddenly, Abigail found herself lacking the enthusiasm to design the clothing for the competition. She loved design, but she never imagined that she would one day feel disgusted by a piece of clothing she was about to create.

“Unless we don’t win. But what’s the point of coming here if we don’t? Are we here to play political maneuvers with them? That’s not fun at all.” After speaking, Luna picked up her tablet again to continue processing orders.

Meanwhile, Abigail fell into silence, feeling restless.

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your

“Getting involved with Sean is never a good thing. It’s easy for him. He can just pull up his pants.

fault. and leave, leaving you amid this whirlwind. If you ever try to confront him, he’ll say After all, no matter what trouble Joan stirs up, it will always be your fault. Men will be men.” Luna sighed, clearly having no expectations from men, especially given Abigail’s current marital

situation.

“Sorry for dragging you into this,” Abigail said with a bitter smile, seeking sympathy from Luna.

“It’s not a big deal. Besides, staying in a luxury hotel for a while is quite nice.” Luna had a positive outlook.

The moment Abigail approached her with scissors, she immediately pulled her legs back. “Be careful with those.”

“Don’t you have any good ideas to help me?” Abigail retreated and continued cutting the cardboard.

As Luna looked at her, she shook her head. “If Sean doesn’t come out to clarify, nothing we say will make a difference. You’ve already decided not to admit he came to your room anyway. Besides, we don’t have keys to enter someone else’s room, but as the host here, he might. We have to shift the blame.”

Abigail’s words to Nina were also aimed at shifting blame. After all, she had no intention of being held accountable for it. Besides, Sean had benefited from their encounter last night.

“Right now, the netizens are totally shipping you two. If he implies that he secretly visited your room at night and you didn’t know, the netizens will be thrilled. Plus, considering your leg injury, with their vivid imagination, they’ll swoon over it themselves.” A mischievous smile played on Luna’s lips.

“I’m just worried that Sean will get angry when he finds out,” Abigail whispered. After all, Joan will get jealous, and he might be willing to take the blame just to make her feel better.

Suddenly, Luna motioned for her to come closer.

She immediately leaned in and heard Luna whisper, “The worst–case scenario right now is that even if we win an award, we’ll end up with a bad reputation. If we don’t win, it’s like coming here for

nothing. We might even have to consider dropping out of the program halfway. There’s no easy way out. So, don’t worry about whether he’s angry or not.”

Seeing Abigail looking at her, she continued, "Pretend you didn't know he came to your room.

When he clarifies, do you think he'll dare to say he did something with you that night?"

"For the sake of that Homewrecker Palmer, he won't," Abigail said with confidence.

At her answer, Luna squeezed her shoulder. "Exactly. Let the fans ship you two. L.Moon has been gaining a lot of popularity lately. Since we can't win, at least we can gain some fame, right? It's his fault for getting caught sneaking into your room late at night. Let him deal with the consequences. As for you, just play dumb."

Chapter 78

The Perfect Sweet Man Abigail was instantly convinced by Luna's words and stopped overthinking. After finishing the pattern in the morning, she needed to bring it to Joan. Since Joan was the designated model, it was essential to confirm the measurements of the pattern with her. After lunch, she carried the pattern and went to find her. When Abigail arrived at Joan's room, she realized she was not there. Upon inquiring, she found out that Joan and several other designers and models were in the garden downstairs. Hence, she went to the garden, still carrying the pattern. When Joan saw her, she greeted her with a smile. "Why did you bring that, Miss Quinn?" "You're the model, so I need your help to check if the pattern fits," Abigail calmly replied. At that moment, Joan was sitting in a garden chair, holding a beautiful fan and gently swaying it. "I'm sorry, but I'm in the middle of a photoshoot right now. Can you wait for a while?" Other designers and models were nearby, some watching the scene and others mocking. Abigail walked up to her, exuding an imposing aura as she looked at Joan. "Miss Smith needs you to confirm the measurements for the pattern before she starts making the sample. Give me ten minutes, and I can confirm everything." With furrowed brows, Joan spoke with a slightly impatient tone, "Listen. My schedule is all

arranged. If you wanted to confirm measurements, you should've notified me in advance. Luna's matter is not the only important thing here." "Then, how long will it take you?" Abigail asked indifferently, for she did not want to argue with her. "I'm a bit thirsty. Can you fetch me a can of soda?" Joan said, picking up her phone to take a selfie. Nina chimed in, "Oh, by the way, Miss Quinn, while you're at it, could you also get me a box of Felo brand ice cream?" "Once I get it, will you cooperate?" Abigail asked Joan dispassionately. Joan was truly disgusted with Abigail's attitude. Even when she had the upper hand, she did not feel the satisfaction of winning over Abigail. Instead, she felt that this little assistant did not pay any

attention to her actions and had an air of aloofness. After a while, Abigail brought the soda and handed it to Joan. "Drink this, then come for your measurements." "Where's my ice cream?" asked Nina. As Abigail looked at her coldly, she asked, "Who are you to me? Do I have to serve you?" Instantly, Nina's face turned blue. After taking a sip of her soda, Joan stood up. Despite her displeasure, she waved to Abigail with a smile as sweet as honey. "Come on. Let's do it." With a cold expression, Abigail brought the pattern before Joan and began taking measurements. However, as soon as she finished measuring the sleeves, Joan shook her fan and said, "How about we go to the pavilion over there? It's really hot here, and I don't want my makeup to melt." Without waiting for Abigail to express her opinion, she tore off the pattern and handed it back to Abigail before walking away confidently. Meanwhile, Nina looked at Abigail with a triumphant expression and followed Joan. After walking a distance, Joan stopped and

told Abigail, "By the way, move the chairs from over there, will you? After that, get me some fruit and ice cream. Let's continue when it cools down. I don't want to break a sweat and smudge the lines on your pattern." Now that they were not in the middle of a live stream, Abigail dared not let her guard down. What if these people were up to something? Designers were not allowed to use their phones, but models could freely access the internet. As she contemplated, Victor's voice sounded beside her. "Let me help you. If you don't comply today, Joan will not cooperate." Abigail looked at him, her expression cold. "Aren't you afraid your designer will be mad at you for helping me?" "If she does, I won't cooperate with her work. Don't worry," he replied. As they were chatting, he had already taken the chairs with a bright smile. "Your leg is injured, but she still asked you to move chairs. It's an attempt to worsen your injury."

Suddenly, she thought about how he had helped her twice before and nodded in gratitude. "Thank you for your help." Without saying much, he carried the chairs away. After she tidied up the pattern, she quickly followed him. Meanwhile, before the hotel's floor-to-ceiling windows, Sean watched the scene below-Abigail and Victor chatting and laughing-with icy eyes. Cameron sneakily glanced at him and saw his cold and intimidating demeanor. At once, he averted his gaze. I wonder whom he's angry at. After watching for a while, Sean turned and walked away. When he arrived in the banquet hall on the first floor, he saw Victor and Abigail washing fruits by the open kitchen sink. She was in a good mood, chatting animatedly with him. Though Sean stood in the private kitchen, she did not notice him at all. After she finished washing the fruits, she intended to leave. "Be careful. The floor is slippery." Victor approached, steadying her.

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Complaining Abigail instinctively glanced at Victor, feeling that he might be making a big deal out of nothing. So, she withdrew her arm calmly and said politely, "Thank you, but the floor isn't slippery." With a resigned expression, Victor could only take the fruit basket from her hand. "This basket is dripping water, and the floor is marble. Considering your leg injury, these factors combined could lead to problems. Go get the pattern, and I'll carry it for you." She agreed with a simple hum and did not push further. Unbeknownst to her, Sean narrowed his eyes as he watched them leave one after the other. His face was dark and brooding, as if a storm were brewing beneath the surface. Victor placed the fruits on an iron chair in the pavilion and moved aside. Seeing Abigail slowly approaching, Joan stood up with a smile and handed her an orange. "Peel this for me, and then we can get to work." Abigail had no intention of helping her, but Victor took the initiative, grabbed the orange, and started peeling it. At that moment, Joan looked at him meaningfully, and halfway through the peeling process, she suddenly spoke, "Victor, are you helping Miss Quinn because you want to gain some clout from her?" He handed her the half-peeled orange and replied, "I just can't stand seeing you bully her. She's just an assistant, and everything is under her boss' orders. Is it really fun to bully her this way?"

"Does it concern you whether it's fun or not? If you want to create a fauxmance with her, you gotta consider whether she's interested in you. She's been eyeing Sean from the very beginning. You think you can compare to him?" Joan sneered, her eyes filled with sarcasm. Abigail had already prepared herself for things not going smoothly, but she did not anticipate Victor getting involved. At her provocations, he blushed slightly but did not back down. "I want to create a fauxmance? I wonder who used Mr. Graham's reputation as the hotel owner for publicity. Unfortunately, he only has eyes for Miss Quinn and hasn't even appeared in the same frame as you."

This remark struck a nerve with Joan, who was so angry that she wanted to throw the orange he held right into Abigail's face. Instantly, Abigail felt that Victor had caused trouble, so she stepped forward and whispered to him, "You don't need to argue with her, and besides, she's Miss Smith's model. How she treats me has nothing to do with you." She said this in a way that made it clear that he was an outsider. When she looked at him, there was a hint of hurt in his eyes, yet she avoided his gaze, pretending not to understand his expression. Of course, Joan was not going to let Victor off easily, for she knew why Abigail had suddenly stopped him. At once, she took out her phone and called Sean. With a raised chin, she looked at the two, threatening, "I'll have Sean come and settle this." Her words were barely out when the call was connected. With a delighted expression, she coquettishly called his name on the phone. "Hey, Sean. Miss Quinn and a male model are ganging up on me, acting like a couple, and targeting me everywhere. Can you come over for a moment?" Whatever Sean said on the other end seemed to please her even more. The other designers and models were eagerly waiting to see what would happen next. Meanwhile, Victor watched as Abigail pressed her lips together, not saying anything. Then, he asked her anxiously, "Did I cause you trouble?" She glanced at him but did not say much. Theoretically speaking, Victor, being familiar with this industry, should not have been so naive. Yet, he had openly offended Joan just to stand up for her. I'm just an assistant. What's in it for him? Before long, Sean arrived with Cameron. In reality, he had been nearby all along. Upon seeing him, Joan walked over with red eyes, pouting as she said, "Sean, he said our relationship is a publicity stunt. Miss Quinn also sided with him to bully me because she wanted to create a fauxmance with him. I'm Luna's model. How can her assistant defend other models?" At her words, Sean glared at Victor, who felt like he was freezing all over, unable to move or even

maintain eye contact. As Abigail looked at Sean, she calmly said, "Miss Palmer, I asked you to confirm the measurements for the pattern, but you wanted me to fetch water, wash fruits, and move chairs. Who's the real bully here?" Sean then questioned her, "And what about him? What did he say?"

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Jealous? Nina quickly spoke after Sean, "Miss Palmer didn't lie. Everyone present heard it. Victor said Miss Palmer used your reputation for publicity and claimed that you only had eyes for Miss Quinn, completely ignoring Miss Palmer." Without looking at her, Sean turned to Abigail, saying, "You answer." Looking into his eyes, she spoke politely, "Victor's words were unintentional. You're an important figure in the program, Mr. Graham. Why bother arguing with a model?" "A model who sows discord shouldn't stay in the program," he said indifferently. Just when Cameron wanted to step forward and ask Victor to leave, Abigail looked at Sean and maintained her calm tone as she replied, "In fact, this whole incident started because Miss Lowery claimed to have seen you leaving my room last night around 4.00AM, but I knew nothing about it." At her words, Sean narrowed his eyes, surprised that she tried to outmaneuver him. Nina, realizing she was implicated, immediately waved her hands and clarified, "I didn't say that. You're babbling!" Abigail's eyes showed a hint of confusion. "Did I hear you wrong? Miss Palmer has been jealous and hasn't been cooperating with my work because of that accusation. I'm in a difficult position, too." Sean's gaze bore deeply into her.

Though she felt her scalp tingling under his intense stare, she stayed calm and continued, "Victor explained that he did meet you in the elevator last night, and since we stayed close by, you accompanied me for a while. Who would've thought that Miss Palmer would accuse him of chasing clout from me?" At her words, he wondered, If it weren't for seeing how attentive Victor was to her, I

might've actually believed her words. Did she shift all the blame onto me just to protect him? "Is that all?" he asked Abigail. As she pressed her lips together, she nodded. "That's all. This matter has nothing to do with Victor." "But it's true that he said Miss Palmer used me for publicity, right? If I don't take action today, everyone will think they can drag me into a mess like this," Sean answered indifferently.

From his words, she detected a hint of warning. Does he want to make Victor pay at all costs today? Nina, thinking that Sean might punish her too, immediately spoke up. "I didn't say that, I swear. I only mentioned seeing a man leaving her room around 4.00AM." "You clearly mentioned Mr. Graham, or else Miss Palmer wouldn't have been jealous and refused to cooperate with my work." Abigail insisted, not letting Nina off the hook. Just then, Joan chimed in, "I must've misheard, and I'm not refusing to cooperate. I just wanted some fruit to eat. You've misunderstood me. I have great respect for Luna and, by extension, for you too." Abigail turned to Sean and earnestly suggested, "Mr. Graham, why don't you check the surveillance footage? Even though I'm just an assistant, being accused of having a man enter and leave my room at 4.00AM is quite frightening." Instantly, he gave her a cold stare. Wow, her performance today has truly surprised me. "You can decide what to do with Victor after finding the truth. He was only helping you and me clear our names, which led to a dispute with Miss Palmer, and he said some unintentional things," she added. With just a few words, she had turned Victor into the savior who helped clear up his rumored relationships. However, he did not seem pleased with her words. Instead, he gave her a cold glance. "You guys talk nonsense and expect me to investigate the truth for you?" She was momentarily speechless. Suddenly, Joan piped up, "As long as we check the surveillance footage on your floor-" She did not finish her sentence as the cold, disapproving look from Sean silenced her. "Miss Quinn, are you determined to defend this model?" He kept his eyes fixed on Abigail. As she lowered her gaze, she maintained a calm expression. "I don't have the authority to defend anyone. I'm just an assistant. However, this program is ultimately for entertainment purposes, and changing participants midway due to disputes might create a negative impression on viewers." He gave a cold laugh and nodded. "You're usually so quiet, but you surprised me today, Miss Quinn." With that, he turned and left.

Only after some time did it dawn on Abigail that it seemed like he was insinuating that she had become more talkative because of Victor. Unable to fathom how he would handle the situation, she furrowed her brows.