

I Want a Divorce [On-Going] 881-890

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Won't Give Up

Abigail had just finished organizing the clothes when she promptly listed them on the shopping app and claimed they were discounted costumes from a particular historical era.

As soon as word got out, screenshots began circulating on Instagram.

'Is Alana really this cutthroat? Selling off all those leftover costumes from the set at rock-bottom prices! I'm definitely snagging one to see if they're really as shoddy as the production team says.'

'Weren't L.Moon's designs always top-notch? Remember those costumes they did for that chaotic era drama a few years back? They were borrowed by tons of other productions and still looked fresh. This production team is clearly trying to tarnish L.Moon's reputation, aren't they?'

'Let's see if there's any truth to it once we get our hands on them.'

Within an hour, a local fashion influencer had purchased some of the clothes and started a live stream.

Abigail also tuned in. She recognized the influencer as a loyal supporter of Fairy Meadow, who was known for recommending affordable outfits from the brand that were popular among the working class.

"Even though these aren't historical costumes since Fairy Meadow has always had my back, I grabbed a piece from the same delivery today to see if L.Moon is up to something shady or

if the 'Red Beauty' production team is just being clueless," the influencer announced to her audience.

The incident quickly gained momentum, and she was the first to provide a review. Thus, attracting a flood of viewers.

Word spread like wildfire, and in less than ten minutes, the livestream had already attracted hundreds of thousands of viewers.

This live streamer was quite talented. She had a background in the fashion industry, having worked as a fashion assistant, operated sewing machines, conducted quality inspections, managed warehouses, and more. Later, with the rise of online influence, she seized the opportunity to transition from running an online store to becoming a fashion influencer. Her journey was truly astounding.

"This costume is a common maidservant's attire. The outer layer is made of silk cotton, which you might not be familiar with, but it's different from regular cotton. It's soft and smooth, has good moisture absorption, and feels exceptionally comfortable. As for the price per unit, you can look it up," she explained slowly.

She even brought the clothes closer to the camera to give everyone a better look.

'Even maidservant costumes are made with such high-quality fabric. The protagonist probably doesn't even know what good fabric feels like. This is considered subpar? Are other production crews scavenging clothes from dumpsters?'

'I always felt like "Red Beauty" was overhyped. Sure, L.Moon went off the rails a bit without Alana, but apart from some delays, I haven't heard about clothing quality issues, have you?'

'The drama crew of 'Red Beauty' is just disgusting. I'm done with their shows. If they dare to release anything else, I'll boycott it. I don't care how good it is, I'll give it a one-star rating. That team is just too vile.'

The next day, more live streamers arrived to evaluate.

After all, the quality issue with L.Moon's costumes was the hottest topic online right now. These live streamers, who relied on online traffic, naturally wanted to capitalize on the trend while it was hot.

Then it was rumored that the protagonist's clothes were made of silk to match the historical setting.

Silk clothes weren't cheap.

Just as the "Red Beauty" drama crew was heavily criticized, news of L.Moon suing them for breach of contract also hit the headlines.

At this moment, Abigail took to Instagram.

'I didn't intend to escalate matters, but the breach of contract compensation barely covers the investment, with all the manpower and effort wasted. However, when the 'Red Beauty' drama crew publicly defamed L.Moon's clothing quality, we couldn't remain silent. Selling off the costumes allows the public to judge the quality for themselves. Now we have the results which prove that the public's eyes are still sharp.'

Netizens flocked to comment.

'It's unbelievable how shameless this drama crew is, concocting excuses to breach the contract without offering proper compensation. They're practically asking for lawsuits. I've never seen such audacity. What historical drama are they even working on? They should just document their own shameless antics.'

'The "Red Beauty" drama crew is trying to shift blame online. Do they dare call these clothes low quality? Isn't funeral attire usually of high quality? And what about the silk costumes in historical dramas? These costumes are meticulously crafted. Instead of focusing on filming, they're wasting time bickering on Instagram.'

'No wonder historical dramas nowadays look so dreadful. It's clear the drama crew's standards are abysmal. They're tarnishing their integrity and reputation. Who would want to watch their productions?'

In the afternoon, Abigail received a call from the crew's head.

"Miss Quinn, we sincerely apologize. The Instagram post today was made by an intern who was not sensible. Please forgive us, and we're open to negotiating any compensation you see fit." The crew head sounded genuinely apologetic, a stark contrast to his arrogance displayed on Instagram.

Abigail couldn't help but wryly chuckle. It's just a classic intern move... What has the intern done wrong? Just shouldering blame day after day for the job.

"No, we don't need your measly compensation. Since you've practically begged us to sue you, we'll see it through to the end," Abigail replied calmly. There was no chance of withdrawing the lawsuit.

Filing a lawsuit was making a statement and netizens were eagerly waiting to see what would happen.

"Well, Miss Quinn, you leave us with no other choice. It would have been wonderful if we could have just worked together peacefully. But you had to go and cause trouble, and now we're the ones suffering the consequences... Ultimately, it's your fault for dragging us into this mess," the crew head lamented and tried to play the victim card.

"We've partnered with many production teams, but none have handled things as poorly as yours. And it was your company that refused to show any respect to L.Moon. Thus, insisting on being sued. Well, you got what you wanted," Abigail stated before hanging up the phone.

So, now they want to make amends? Why didn't they consider the consequences when they were slandering L.Moon's clothing quality?

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The Helplessness Of Adults

They really think L.Moon is easy to bully, huh? she mused.

When it came to dealing with the drama crew, she had plenty of tricks up her sleeve to make them regret it!

Even if Sean couldn't lend a hand, could she really not handle those jokers in the business world?

With "Red Beauty" facing widespread fan boycotts, Kevin's company pulled out its investment too. Abigail's moves inadvertently gave him the perfect excuse to make a smooth exit.

As soon as she set down her phone, Kevin barged in without knocking.

“You really should start knocking.” Abigail frowned.

“Where’s Irene?” Kevin asked as he loosened his tie with a sheen of sweat on his forehead.

Abigail shot him an incredulous look. “She’s obviously at her own desk. Do you think she works in my office?”

Kevin turned to leave.

“I’m talking to you,” Abigail couldn’t help but interject. “Are you seriously considering getting involved with her? Irene is my employee. If anything happens because of your relationship, it won’t end well for you.”

“Abigail, love is something you shouldn’t meddle with,” he chuckled before quickly making his exit.

Abigail sighed helplessly.

He was right. They were all grown-ups now, each responsible for their own lives and decisions.

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Irene sat quietly with a pen in her hand as she poured her thoughts into her diary when Kevin’s unexpected presence caused her to jump.

She immediately concealed her diary and blinked up at him. “What brings you here?”

“Just checking in on you. Are you still writing diaries at this age?” He teased with a grin.

Irene’s discomfort prickled beneath her skin, and her brows furrowed involuntarily.

It was no secret that she wasn’t the most popular person in the design department.

Kevin’s comment elicited subtle exchanges of glances among a few nearby girls.

“Is there something you need?” Irene’s voice remained composed, masking any hint of unease.

“Care to step outside for a chat?” He proposed.

Irene carefully stowed her diary in her bag and turned her attention to the drawing software on her computer. “I’m still busy with work. How about during lunchtime?”

Kevin glanced at his wristwatch and realized that lunchtime was fast approaching. With a nod, he uttered, “Alright,” before making his way out of the room.

A few girls from the design department shared a knowing chuckle as soon as he left.

Meanwhile, Irene sat at her desk, feeling uneasy. Her hand trembled slightly as she gripped the mouse.

Danielle, known for her designs for Fairy Meadow, was the first to break the silence with a sneer. “With all the orders flooding in from the entertainment industry, why is it that only your designs seem

to encounter issues? Just because Miss Quinn is embroiled in online feuds with other production crews doesn’t excuse your shortcomings,” she remarked, her tone laced with mockery.

Floyd, who specialized in designs for young entertainers, chimed in with a sarcastic jab as he leaned back in his chair, “It’s true. Sneaking in through the back door only serves to highlight your lack of genuine talent. If I were in your shoes, I wouldn’t even have the nerve to remain at L.Moon, let alone consider what kind of company it is.”

Another voice joined the chorus of criticism. “It’s always convenient to have someone covering for you. No matter how incompetent you may be, you somehow manage to find a place among us.”

Irene’s face drained of color as she slowly released her grip on the mouse, her gaze fixed blankly on the computer screen. In the presence of these design geniuses, she felt as insignificant as a speck of dust.

Deep down, she grappled with the harsh reality that she couldn’t measure up to those blessed with natural talent. It was a daunting realization which left her feeling utterly powerless and trapped.

Talent, she mused, it just divides people into different classes.

Finally, at noon, Irene emerged from the office.

Upon stepping out of the office, she breathed a sigh of relief and felt a fleeting sense of calm washed over her.

Once upon a time, she prided herself on her strength.

But since joining L.Moon, she discovered that her resilience wasn't as unyielding as she had imagined. No matter how diligently she worked, she couldn't measure up to the talent of the company's designers.

Even when Abigail extended opportunities her way, they always seemed to slip through her grasp. No matter how many books she flipped through and how much history she studied day and night, she couldn't change her current situation.

The relentless pressure weighed on her like a burden too heavy to bear, squeezing the air from her lungs day in and day out.

She had pinned her hopes on the success of "Red Beauty" drama to garner recognition from everyone, but unforeseen obstacles kept arising.

Caught in the crossfire of corporate clashes, she felt like a pawn on a chessboard, unable to make her move.

"Why did you come out first, Irene?" Kevin's voice shattered the silence behind her.

Her muscles tensed for a fleeting moment before she turned slowly and locked eyes with his cheerful gaze. An inexplicable anger brewed within her for no apparent reason.

He looked so carefree, as though he had no burdens of his own.

"Mr. Stewart, how many times do I have to ask you to refrain from dropping by my office?" Irene suppressed her discomfort and asked politely.

She was well aware of her position and resisted the urge to lash out at him because she knew it would be unwise.

"I'm genuinely worried about you." Kevin's sincerity was evident in his voice.

Irene made an effort to quell the emotions bubbling within her and responded with poise, “Mr. Stewart, there’s truly no need to concern yourself with such trivial matters. This is simply part of our

job; we encounter unforeseen challenges every day. If something as minor as this has you fretting, then what purpose does my presence serve here?”

Kevin sensed a shift in her demeanor and was on the verge of probing further when she continued, “I sincerely wish you would refrain from visiting the office to see me. Regardless of the circumstances, I’ll manage just fine.”

“Irene, I genuinely care about you.” His brow furrowed. Even if she didn’t want him around the office, there was no need for her to brush off his genuine concern, was there?

“I didn’t ask for your concern. Why do you expect me to express gratitude simply because you’re worried about me?” Her tone inadvertently grew colder.

Kevin found himself speechless in the face of her retort.

“I’m off to lunch now,” she said quietly and turned to leave.

Normally, she would dine in the cafeteria, but today, she wanted to avoid the scrutiny of her colleagues.

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Heart-To-Heart Talk

The burden of expectations from her colleagues and Kevin pressed down heavily on her shoulders.

Kevin was oblivious to her true desires and never paused to consider if his offerings truly resonated with her. Perhaps his actions were shaped by past encounters with other women, leading him to believe that his gestures should automatically be embraced and cherished by any woman.

But she was unlike those women. She longed to unearth her own sense of value.

In the vastness of Capitalis, luxury cars, and glamorous, wealthy women fill the streets, leaving her feeling adrift in this bustling metropolis.

She struggled to find her path and to uncover the purpose of her existence here.

Initially, her goal was simply to earn enough money to repay her student loans. But once that was accomplished, her aspirations grew. She longed to carve out a name for herself in this city, to rise above her class...

But reality proved harsh, and it ruthlessly exposed the folly of her dreams.

Now, she felt adrift, like a ship lost at sea.

She sat in the modest confines of a pasta shop and gazed pensively at the bowl of spaghetti before her. Tears silently traced down her cheeks.

The pressure of life is just overwhelming... Even a simple bowl of vegetarian noodles, without a single piece of meat, costs over fifty bucks in Capitalis.

And here she was, stuck in L.Moon for so long, feeling like she was going nowhere that she felt worthless.

Abigail was in the middle of her dinner when she received a message from Josh.

It was a picture of Irene sitting alone in a pasta shop with tears streaming down her face as she tried to eat her noodles. She looked utterly heartbroken.

Abigail felt a pang of sympathy. She gently placed her fork and knife down and quickly replied to his message.

'Give me the address.'

She drove to the pasta shop. Upon arriving, she stepped inside and scanned the table numbers, searching for Irene.

Finally, she spotted her from behind.

Irene sat with her back to her, her slender shoulders shaking with silent sobs.

Abigail approached quietly and stood behind her for a moment before softly calling out, "Irene."

Startled, Irene turned around with tears still staining her cheeks as she looked up at Abigail.

"What's the matter?" Abigail asked as she took a seat beside her.

Irene's eyes glistened with tears as she felt a mix of embarrassment and remorse. "Miss Quinn, what brings you here?"

"Just popped in for some spaghetti. My boyfriend's got a craving," Abigail replied casually as she reached for the menu nearby.

Irene managed a faint smile but remained silent.

"Are you feeling the work stress, Irene?" Abigail asked gently while holding the menu in one hand.

"Not really, I just miss my grandparents," Irene replied as she lowered her gaze and clasped her hands tightly.

"Why not head back for Thanksgiving? Your salary is decent, and the flight home won't take long. Don't always pinch pennies unless you're saving up for something big," Abigail suggested empathetically.

She understood the emotional fragility of recent graduates, especially with the heavy workload at L.Moon and the normalcy of negative feelings. Plus, Irene took the 'Red Beauty' drama crew role so seriously that the setback hit her hard.

"Irene, opportunities at L.Moon will always arise. If this role doesn't pan out, give your all in the next one. Even if you nail the next one, you'll still need to keep pushing yourself for the one after that, giving it your all every day," Abigail spoke slowly to offer reassurance.

"I understand." Irene sniffled.

"If you want to take it easy, there are ways to lead a more relaxed life. But first, you need to find your comfort zone," Abigail added. She did not want to pressure her into overexerting herself.

Life could get pretty overwhelming, so opting for a more relaxed approach might not be such a bad idea.

“Do you know the live streamer who broadcasted our clothing line on the first day?” Abigail asked, her expression unusually serious as she set down the menu.

Irene nodded earnestly. “Yeah, Lily Kendler. She’s really something.”

“She’s been at it for over ten years, jumped into the workforce as a teen with little education, toiled away on the factory line for years, rode the popularity wave, shut down her own little shop, and now

she’s a powerful fashion live streamer. But was her success all about riding the popularity train? Nope,” Abigail’s voice was gentle yet firm.

Irene listened intently.

“Her decade-long stint in the fashion world laid a solid foundation. While many influencers see their popularity dwindle, she’s still standing strong, all thanks to her past experiences. Popularity is like a castle in the sky, alluring but fragile. It’s the strength beneath it that keeps it standing and making it last in the long run. That’s her comfort zone.” Abigail also liked Lily, just like those fans who liked her.

“I get it.” Irene choked out.

“You’re always eyeing those talented designers in the company, and naturally, you feel worn out and inferior. Talent is a rare breed; most of us are just regular folks. But does the design industry belong exclusively to the gifted few? Can’t regular people make it, too? Of course, they can,” Abigail reassured.

Irene’s lips trembled, and tears welled up in her eyes.

“Talent just smooths out the journey. Sure, it’s tougher without it, but there’s no need to feel disheartened. Your talent lies elsewhere; you just need to discover it. Like your attention to detail in clothing, it’s something those naturally gifted often overlook.” Abigail’s mouth went dry as she spoke, and she ordered a drink.

“I’ll think about it.” Irene wiped her tears away.

“Big city pressure can be crushing. It’s not always about the paycheck; it’s the environment’s weight that wears you down. But falling behind a bit? So what? Living authentically and happily is what truly matters.” Abigail smiled warmly.

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Forging Her Path

Irene found comfort in her words and flashed a grateful smile. “Thank you, Miss Quinn.”

“Find your comfort zone. There’s a historical drama project on the company’s list, and I’ll assign it to you. I trust you with it,” Abigail said, taking a sip of her drink after it was handed to her by the waiter.

“There’s no need for thanks. Taking care of employees’ emotions is part of being a good leader. L.Moon isn’t a heartless company,” she said warmly before narrowing her eyes and casually mentioning, “There are some gossipers in the design department. Try not to take it to heart.”

“How did you know?” Irene was taken aback. She did not want Abigail to get involved with the designers because of her, and it would only add to her guilt.

With her abilities and status not quite matching up, she was sure to face ostracism from her colleagues.

“I’ve been there too. How could I not know? Talented people can sometimes come off as arrogant, while ordinary people are easily overlooked. But you need to learn to adjust yourself. As long as they don’t overstep, I won’t rush to dismiss them.” Abigail thought of helping Irene.

But what about the future?

When Irene had to navigate these situations on her own without Abigail’s support, how would she handle it?

“No. Even if they do something outrageous, as long as it doesn’t violate company rules, you don’t have to intervene. I’ll handle it myself,” Irene said, determined not to rely too heavily on Abigail’s assistance.

She was determined to forge her path independently.

“Sure, if you need any help, just let me know,” Abigail said gently. “Did you take care of lunch? If not, let’s split the bill.”

“I already paid. You’re not here to buy spaghetti, are you? How about I treat you to this drink?” Irene didn’t feel the need to inquire about who had tipped off Abigail about her location. It wasn’t important.

Abigail arched an eyebrow and grinned. “Sounds like a plan.”

After sorting out the bill, Irene asked softly, “Mind if I catch a ride back to the office with you?”

“Are you full?” Abigail intended to grab some afternoon tea to take back. After all, she had rushed over so quickly that she barely had time to eat a few bites herself.

“Yeah, I’m good,” Irene replied nervously.

She was starting to long for home, especially her grandma’s tasty spaghetti. She hadn’t anticipated the steep prices at this pasta shop!

While eating, she felt a wave of pressure wash over her, compounded by the realization that a simple plate of spaghetti could command such exorbitant prices. The more she dwelled on it, the more she couldn’t help but feel inferior, as if she didn’t measure up even to a humble plate of spaghetti.

“I’m going to grab some afternoon tea to keep myself fueled up. You can tag along. Spaghetti digests quickly, and even though designing is mostly mental work, it can really drain your energy.” Abigail headed toward the parking lot, with Irene silently trailing behind her.

Abigail took her to a dessert shop and selected some cakes that caught her eye. Then, she turned to Irene and asked, “What about you?”

“No, thanks. I won’t be eating this afternoon since I have plans.” Irene declined politely.

Abigail then chose a box of colorful donuts for her. “These are great for snacking on the go, especially for someone like you.”

Once they were in the car, she also handed her a small carton of milk.

Irene felt obliged to accept, so she reluctantly took it.

When they arrived at the company entrance, Abigail stopped the car and allowed Irene to exit first.

Back at the office, many of the designers who had gone out for lunch hadn't returned yet. Irene tidied up her desk and intended to leave promptly.

Despite having little to do, she still needed to head to the library to organize some materials she hadn't finished sorting.

Upon stepping into the elevator, she encountered Danielle and Floyd.

"Going out again? Spending all that time at the library won't make a difference. Design is all about talent, not just studying," Danielle remarked with a sneer.

Danielle's knack for design was truly impressive and acknowledged by everyone at the company. The fact that she was entrusted with Fairy Meadow's products on his own spoke volumes about his capabilities.

"Miss Quinn will always have her back, unlike us," Floyd quipped sarcastically.

Irene didn't bother to argue and simply pressed the elevator button in silence.

Both of them felt a bit bored and grumbled as they exited the elevator.

Once they were out of earshot, Irene let out a quiet sigh of relief.

During the bus ride, she gazed out at the passing scenery and sighed silently to herself.

Upon reaching the library, she made her way to her usual section of books. While browsing, a young girl nearby greeted her, "You're back again today! It's been a while since I last saw you."

They first met about a month ago when Irene, immersed in her research, frequented the library daily. It was during this time that she got to know the young girl.

Later, she couldn't find the information she needed, so she ventured to the university in Capitalis. There, at the university library, she encountered the same girl, and they exchanged a few words.

“Yeah, I’ve been pretty busy lately, but I managed to squeeze in some free time today,” Irene replied with a smile.

The girl reached into her bag and took out an apple. She offered it to Irene and said, “You don’t seem like a student to me. I’m actually studying history and will be gearing up for the graduate entrance exam next year. So, unfortunately, I won’t be hanging around here as much.”

Irene couldn’t help but feel a pang of envy. It was impressive that the girl was pursuing such advanced studies.

“I work in historical costume design,” she confessed quietly.

“Wow, that’s fascinating! Are you working on a film set?” the girl guessed.

Irene nodded, though she didn’t consider her work on film sets to be particularly noteworthy.

“Given the lack of attention to detail in modern cinema, individuals like you, working behind the scenes, truly deserve recognition. May I ask which design company you’re working with?” the girl

pressed on.

Irene felt a blush creeping up her cheeks. “L.Moon,” she admitted reluctantly.

“Wow!” the girl exclaimed, her eyes sparkling with admiration. “You’re incredibly fortunate to be part of that company! I know many friends who are designers, and they’ve applied countless times without success. Your talent must be undeniable.”

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A Stranger’s Act Of Kindness

Irene felt a twinge of discomfort as praise was heaped upon her.

In truth, she didn’t quite see herself as capable. If it weren’t for pulling strings, she would never have landed a job at L.Moon.

“You seem troubled. Is the pressure at L.Moon getting to you?” the girl asked in a gentle tone.

Irene shook her head. “There are a bunch of talented designers there. I feel like I’m just a drop in the ocean compared to them. Honestly, I consider myself lucky to have gotten in. Otherwise, I’d be feeling pretty low.”

The girl regarded her earnestly for a moment before speaking again. “Simply making it through the door is a stroke of luck. Why do you sell yourself short?”

Irene was taken aback by the girl’s words.

“All my friends say that getting into L.Moon is a springboard for growth. Those on the inside often fail to appreciate their luck, while outsiders envy them endlessly. You should seize this chance and soak up as much knowledge as you can in such a prestigious place. There’s a wealth of experience there that other companies can’t offer,” she said soothingly.

Her words ignited something within Irene.

Indeed, Abigail was presenting her with a golden opportunity, and Irene had been drowning in self- doubt that she neglected considering the value of this chance.

“Thank you.” At that moment, she discovered her purpose.

The girl flashed a gentle smile. “You don’t have to thank me. Just keep pushing forward, alright?”

“You too, and good luck with your exams too!” Irene suddenly felt a surge of motivation.

As the afternoon drew to a close and the library prepared to shut its doors, she bid a reluctant farewell to the girl.

She felt thankful to Abigail for treating her to donuts. When they were both working hard and feeling hungry, she shared half of the donuts with her.

Even though they only met briefly, the mutual encouragement was enough

When she was about to board the bus back, a message from Abigail popped up on her phone.

‘Want to join us? It’s my friend’s birthday today, and everyone’s gathering.’

Irene remembered Abigail mentioning her friend's struggles with severe depression. After replying affirmatively, she set out to find a suitable gift upon getting off the bus.

After browsing for a while, she bought a beautifully woven Emperor's Coin Bracelet. With the gift in hand, she made her way to the club address provided by Abigail.

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Before Abigail could even begin singing, Kevin approached. "Where's everyone?"

"Almost here. Why don't you head downstairs and wait?" she replied, feeling a twinge of irritation.

Can't he give me a moment to relax?

Kevin flashed an "OK" sign. "Thanks, Abigail."

"Just go." Abigail nudged him away.

The private room buzzed with activity. Shaunee was either dragging someone into a duet or another. Even Luna got roped into singing a song.

After about ten minutes of goofing around, Kevin entered with Irene.

Irene was dressed in plain sportswear. Hence, she looked extremely modest. Amidst a group of glamorous girls, she seemed excessively plain.

She was a little nervous, and after walking in, she clutched the gift bag tighter.

"Miss Quinn," she greeted Abigail politely as she approached.

Everyone stared at her, making her feel even more self-conscious.

"Just call me Abigail. You don't have to be so nervous. Weren't we friends before? Why the sudden shyness after not seeing each other for a while?" Abigail offered her a warm smile.

"Okay," Irene replied and glanced over at Luna seated on the nearby sofa.

She handed the gift to Luna and stumbled over her words. "Um, it was a bit last minute, so I didn't have time to prepare something proper. Happy birthday."

“Thank you,” Luna replied warmly, and she reached out to take it.

Shaunee, who was dressed in a steampunk-style attire, approached Irene and wrapped an arm around her shoulder.

Irene startled at the sudden embrace.

“Do you sing?” Shaunee grinned mischievously.

“A birthday song?” Irene felt a bead of sweat forming on her forehead.

“No, just sing whatever you like! Why limit yourself? When you’re out having fun, just go with your instincts!” Shaunee led her toward the karaoke stage.

Irene felt a mix of excitement and apprehension from Shaunee’s enthusiasm.

Abigail noticed her nervousness and glanced at Luna beside her. “She’s still getting used to life in Capitalis. It’s amazing how much a new environment can affect someone’s confidence.”

“She’ll find her own way to adjust,” Luna remarked as she opened the gift box to reveal an Emperor’s Coin Bracelet. She was pleasantly surprised by the thoughtful gesture.

Her eyes sparkled with admiration as she held the bracelet and examined it. “As expected of a design student, you really have an eye for gifts.”

Irene caught fragments of what she said and felt a weight lift off her shoulders.

Well, if she likes it, then that’s a relief.

“What’s ”Goldenkey?” I’ve never heard of that song.” Shaunee’s question snapped her back to reality.

Before anyone could answer, Kevin chimed in, “She’s your responsibility now. I’m off to play cards with the guys.”

The men moved to another corner of the room.

This private room was unlike any she’d been in before. It was spacious, with enough room for both men and women to have fun, and the sound system was top-notch.

“Alright, alright, got it.” Shaunee waved it off.

Once Kevin settled in, Shaunee escorted Irene back to the women's section.

Irene was handed a microphone, and Abigail queued up her song to play after Eilane finished singing.

Eilane belted out an old tune.

As for Isla, well, she simply couldn't carry a tune. After one song, she called it quits, and nobody pushed her to continue.

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Unveiling Your Hidden Talent

It was Irene's turn next.

She took a deep breath, her eyes fixed on the screen with determination before she started to sing.

As soon as her voice filled the room, everyone fell silent.

Her high notes were mesmerizing, and it touched the hearts of everyone present.

Abigail was surprised by how beautifully she sang. Her voice was like magic, sending chills down his spine. And as she switched to the softer parts of the song, her voice took on a gentle, otherworldly quality.

The song's lyrics were exceptional which added to the enchantment of her performance.

Irene effortlessly shifted between different tones. Thus, showcasing her versatility.

Irene is truly wasting her talent as a designer. Her true gift is clearly in her singing! thought Abigail.

Even Sean, who had never paid much attention to Irene before, now recognized her brilliance.

Kevin was entranced and silently captivated by her performance. A newfound emotion filled his heart as if he were floating on air, filled with joy and longing.

After the song came to an end, Shaunee suddenly clapped her hands. "Holy crap! With talent like yours, why do you want to be a designer?"

"Seriously, you're amazing! Was your Aktani super good when you were in school?" Eilane asked. She had the highest education level among them, and Aktani was her best subject. She now did translation work at home.

As a graduate student, Isla also had a strong command of Aktani and could tell that Irene's Aktani skills were solid.

"I fell in love with Aktani songs the first time I heard them in a mall, so Aktani became my best subject," Irene said. She always got top marks in Aktani from the moment she started learning it.

"Wow, that's impressive! Can you sing the song you just sang again? I really want to hear it!" Shaunee pleaded.

Irene felt a bit embarrassed. "Let's take a break. Everyone can take turns singing."

"Okay!" Shaunee agreed, not wanting to pressure her.

Just then, Kevin walked over. "How about we play a singing game?"

"How does it work?" Abigail asked with interest.

Since Irene was such a great singer, it would be nice for her to sing a few more songs to boost her confidence.

"We'll use a spinner. Even numbers team up for duets, and odd numbers sing solo. There's no prize, just pure fun!" he suggested. He also hoped Irene would sing a couple more songs as she was enchanting when she sang.

"Okay, I'm cool with that." Abigail nodded.

Isla's eyes widened in dismay. "Oh no, I'm absolutely dreadful at singing!"

"Well, go find your husband then," he teased, not allowing her any room to protest.

With that, everyone shuffled around to find their seats.

Once everyone was settled, Kevin grabbed the spinner.

Abigail sat beside Sean, whom she was supporting for his trial the next day. Tonight was a chance for them both to unwind and forget their troubles.

With the spinner ready, Kevin and Irene took their seats together.

Pairs were formed, leaving him and Irene as the only singles.

Kevin's voice cut through the room. "Alright, let's roll the dice. Whoever rolls the lowest score gets to kick things off."

With props distributed to each pair, including himself and Irene, the game was ready to begin.

There was a collective understanding that the worse you were at singing, the lower your score would be.

Isla let out a resigned sigh as she spun the spinner. "What rotten luck. I can't sing to save my life, and yet, here I am."

"Seems like we're nitpicking with a fine-tooth comb," quipped Shaunee, the undertone of her words carrying a hint of unfortunate truth.

"Odd number!" Abigail quickly chimed in, steering the conversation away from the previous comment.

Cameron was pushed into the spotlight to sing. He opted for a rendition of "Looking Back Again," a choice inspired by a recent drama that evoked memories of the song.

Isla had always had a soft spot for this particular melody. As she watched him sing, her eyes shimmered with admiration.

She ended up marrying that man who seemed capable of doing anything after they met by chance on the street.

Cameron poured his heart into the song, and his genuine emotion captivated the audience.

Once the song came to an end, the room erupted in applause.

When Kevin was rolling the dice, he couldn't help but comment, "You guys sing so beautifully. It's making me a bit nervous. I'm not exactly a pro in singing."

"You haven't even sung yet, so who knows? Don't sell yourself short!" Eilane teased playfully.

"With all this charisma, it wouldn't be fair if you didn't become a prince of love songs, right?" Alfie joked with a grin.

Josh cleared his throat and turned to Luna, asking, "Do you have a favorite song?"

Kevin felt a surge of irritation at Alfie for bringing up such a sensitive topic in the midst of a good time. Why spoil the mood? He had been single all this time, and it was his responsibility!

This time, Eilane had the lowest score and chose the birthday song.

"I'll go!" Alfie exclaimed, then turned to Isla and said, "You should have chosen that one, then your husband wouldn't have to do it for you."

"Are you implying my husband can't sing well?" Isla asked, sounding slightly offended.

Alfie quickly begged for mercy. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I didn't mean it. Please don't mind my ramblings."

"Hmph!" Isla's playful demeanor softened as she hugged Cameron's arm and teasingly remarked, "He sang it just for me, didn't you, darling?"

Cameron affectionately pinched her cheek, his tone lazy yet fond, "Yes, I recall how much you adored this song while watching TV dramas, so I thought I'd give it a try."

When it came to Alfie's turn, he held up the microphone, cleared his throat twice, and began to sing.

The song he chose was "King of Party," a lively tune that set the perfect mood for summer festivities.

"Isn't this song just ideal for summer parties?" Abigail whispered to Sean. She noted how the tune exuded cheerfulness, and the lively vibe of the song matched Alfie's flirtatious personality.

Shaunee couldn't help but grumble with a touch of annoyance, "This is a tune from a video game that he stumbled upon while scrolling through short videos, and now he sings it every single day. My ears are practically worn out from hearing it every day! But I suppose it does match his playful nature."

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

6-7 minutes 10/27/2024

Melodies Of Love

Abigail couldn't help but chuckle.

After several turns, it was finally her chance.

"Well, it seems luck's on my side tonight. Only now it's my turn," she said with a smile and tossed an even number. Luck, as they say, could be a mixed bag.

"What's your choice of song?" Sean wrapped his arm around her waist.

"Mary Grows Old," she replied.

Sean paused, a moment of contemplation passing over him.

It happened to be his favorite track from their cherished collection of records.

Despite three years of marriage, he had never revealed to her his fondness for this particular song.

"Why do you choose this one?" he asked, his smile curious.

"The day you brought that record home, I noticed you listening to it once and then carefully stashing it away. I figured it had to be your favorite since you never played any of the other tracks," she explained.

Sean looked at her in silence for a moment, then gently kissed her cheek. "You've known all along what I liked and never said a word. That's something special."

It wasn't that she could endure it. At that moment, she felt like he didn't fancy her, so she kept quiet.

"Can you sing?" She threw the question at him, a teasing glint in her eyes.

Sean took the microphone and smiled gently. "Of course I can."

Their intimacy was the envy of any couple. It was so tight knit, with a knack for understanding each other's preferences.

They were like aged wine, emitting a subtle yet rich aroma.

The song kicked off, and Sean gripped the microphone and sang with sincerity. His voice was soft, and his gaze was filled with affection as he looked at Abigail.

When it came time for harmony, she seamlessly chimed in.

Once they wrapped up the song, Alfie couldn't resist commenting, "On such a joyous occasion, singing songs about time passing is just too harsh!"

"We're supposed to sing what we like, right? It's not like you're unhappy after our performance," Abigail replied playfully, feigning displeasure.

"You two sang so beautifully that it's making me jealous! I want to swap partners and sing with my girlfriend!" Alfie's envy was clear. Why were they so sweet even when singing a song?

It left him feeling incredibly envious.

Sean really stands out among his friends, doesn't he? Alfie mused.

Then, it was Josh's turn. He sang a love song dedicated to Luna.

As the night progressed, Abigail had a bit to drink and climbed into the car with Sean.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and gently asked, "When you were younger, why did you like this song? I meant to ask you back then, but somehow I forgot."

"It was my parents' love song. I don't know all the details, but I've always been fond of it," Sean said, a touch of nostalgia evident in his voice.

His parents passed away too soon, and this song became a precious connection to his memory.

Abigail hugged him tighter and said apologetically, "I'm sorry. I didn't realize that's why you liked this song."

"It's alright. Singing it with you feels like keeping their love alive," he replied.

Little did she know that whenever he sang this song, his heart raced with emotion.

An overwhelming wave of sentiment softened his usually stoic demeanor.

It turned out she already knew she liked it and had even secretly learned it.

Abigail gazed at him, her silence conveying volumes of unspoken emotion.

Their connection was undeniable.

...

Back at the hospital, Abigail carefully tucked the blanket around Sean, and a hint of concern creased her brow. "Was there something that happened that shouldn't have led you to the club?"

Sean chuckled softly, mischief twinkling in his eyes. "I'm not that fragile," he reassured her. His vulnerability was merely a facade to outsmart his adversaries.

Abigail caught on to his charade and paused for a moment before shaking her head with a helpless smile. "You even fooled me."

"Well, but haven't I come clean with you now?" Sean couldn't resist a smirk.

"Rest up. I've got a mountain of work piling up at the company lately. I can't always be here at the hospital. If you need anything, just give me a call. Don't hesitate just because I'm busy," she advised

as she took a seat by his bedside.

"Are you heading back to work?" Sean glanced at the time. It was already eight o'clock.

She really needed to kick her habit of burning the midnight oil.

“Yeah, there are some urgent orders that need my attention,” she replied. The entertainment industry was experiencing some turbulence, with several production teams considering pulling the plug on their contracts. She had to do her best to maintain the morale of her team.

“Then you go back and keep yourself busy. Remember to take care of yourself,” Sean said warmly.

Abigail stayed for a while before taking her leave.

Half an hour later, Callen and Kadrack entered the ward together.

Sean was listening to a song sung by him and Abigail. As soon as he saw them, he furrowed his brows for a moment, then took off his headphones.

“Mr. Graham, I heard you’re going to be interrogated again tomorrow. I asked around, and they said it could be delayed for two days. Don’t you want to think of a plan?” Kadrack looked genuinely concerned.

“What kind of plan can I devise against the authorities?” Sean responded, his face reflecting helplessness.

“Mr. Graham, my family still has some influence. I was thinking, if you establish a relationship with my family, they might show leniency toward you,” Callen said nervously as she bit her lip.

“What kind of relationship?” Sean inquired.

His gaze seemed ordinary, but in Callen’s heart, it felt deep and enchanting.

Her pulse quickened, and her cheeks flushed as she stuttered, “You could pretend to be engaged to me. I came up with a script with Abigail, saying you two had a fight because of Simond, broke up with her, and then pretended to be engaged to me to make her jealous.”

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

6-7 minutes 10/27/2024

The Art Of Being Dominant

Sean felt a surge of disdain rising within him.

“Sorry, I don’t want this. Thanks for your kind intentions,” he said coldly.

Callen hesitated and spoke urgently, “Why won’t you listen? I finally convinced my mom! If Abigail loves you, she should understand you!”

“Yeah, Mr. Graham, avoiding trial is what matters most. As for the details, we can help you investigate slowly,” Kadrack also chimed in, trying to persuade.

Sean remained silent and did not say a word.

“Mr. Graham, I really admire you and want to help you. You shouldn’t have to endure this kind of suffering!” Callen added, urging him on.

“I’ll think about it,” Sean said calmly.

“I’ll try to talk to the higher-ups, at least to buy you a few days,” Kadrack immediately offered.

Sean nodded and then yawned. “Thank you both, but I’m tired. Let’s call it a day.”

Callen motioned for Kadrack to leave first.

“Do you have anything else?” Sean asked coldly.

“Mr. Graham, I really want to help you. I’m truly sorry for jumping the gun and posting on social media earlier. I thought I was sparing you some pain, but now I see it was a mistake. I wanted to apologize to you face-to-face, but Abigail was worried about disturbing you, so she didn’t let me in. I’m genuinely sorry,” Callen spoke slowly, her sincerity evident.

Sean remained silent as he fixed his gaze on her.

He understood her implication. She was suggesting that Abigail was being overly cautious by preventing her from apologizing in person.

“It was my decision for her to do so,” Sean responded with indifference.

Callen paused for a moment. Her hand trembled slightly at her side before she quickly regained her composure and smiled. "It's okay. I realize this situation has caused you harm, and I acted hastily."

Sean simply observed her quietly.

Here is someone with years of experience in the entertainment industry, yet still attempts to portray herself as innocent and naive.

"I'm tired," he added, his tone weary.

Callen knew that breaking through to him would be challenging, but she wasn't deterred. She had time on her side and influential supporters backing her.

There would come a day when Sean would compromise.

As she exited the hospital room, Sean smirked to himself.

Shortly after, Xavien entered the room.

"They had a private meeting with Ms. Quinn yesterday. It was probably to put pressure on her," he reported.

Sean adjusted his earphones and listened to his music quietly before speaking up. "Seems like this is tied to the Hinton Family. Go find out if Max is in the loop about their schemes."

"Got it."

Once Xavien left, Sean messaged Abigail.

...

'Honey, have you returned to the office?'

Abigail raised an eyebrow as she read the message, then typed a reply.

'Yes, I'm back at work. I've got a social event later.'

'Going out for a social event this late?'

Abigail smiled as she typed her response.

'Yes, but it's nice to know my husband cares for me even at this hour. I'll be with Shaunee, so don't worry.'

Shaunee's family still held some influence in Capitalis, so the drama crew should show them a bit of respect.

'You're getting sweeter by the minute.'

Abigail glanced at the message, and a subtle grin spread across her face.

'You're feeling sweet too?' she typed back.

'Yeah, sweet as pie. I'll sleep like a log tonight.'

After exchanging a few more messages with him, Shaunee came to pick her up.

She drove a sleek sports car, which looked quite impressive.

...

Upon arriving at the hotel, Shaunee confidently took the lead. "No need to fret. With me around, you're in safe hands."

Abigail jokingly pushed her assertive friend aside. "You strut like a peacock, all puffed up."

Shaunee was rendered speechless.

How's that like a peacock? It's about owning the room and asserting dominance!

The pair stepped into the hotel's private room.

Abigail took the lead and walked over to greet Oliver. "Mr. Kingsley, I'm truly sorry about what happened this time. I got here late, so let me take the penalty and have a drink."

"No need for penalties, Miss Quinn. I'm not one for formalities. Please, take a seat." He gestured and pulled out a chair.

The room felt empty, with only Oliver being present.

He was in his fifties, and his hair was turning gray.

“I understand the immense pressure from the Hinton Family this time, but this situation caught us off guard. Is there really no way out?” Abigail’s voice carried a sense of self-blame as she sat beside him.

“I tried negotiating for you today, but unfortunately, several investors backed out without a second thought. Losing millions in an instant makes it hard to keep the production going.” He sighed heavily.

Losing millions wasn’t something Abigail couldn’t handle, but... her livelihood depended on the drama crew, and she couldn’t simply make up the shortfall.

“But if you breach the contract, won’t you have to pay millions in penalties? Plus, the show must go on, right?” Abigail raised a valid point.

Mr. Kingsley couldn’t suppress a sigh. “We’re in a tough spot now. We need money, but we don’t have it, and we can’t afford to lose your support. That’s the most agonizing part.”

“How much funding are you lacking? If you can ensure the show’s profitability, my boyfriend and I are willing to invest!” Shaunee chimed in boldly, her tone exuding confidence and ease.

Abigail felt like she couldn’t catch her breath.

Whether this show turns a profit or not, it all comes down to luck, she thought.

Even with top-notch quality, some shows just tanked in the ratings, and there was nothing one could do about it.

Oliver glanced at Shaunee and studied her carefully. “Are you serious?”

Abigail didn’t dare to speak up. Instead, she just smiled and gently tugged at Shaunee’s sleeve.

With Abigail’s subtle cue, Shaunee mustered up the courage to say, “I... I need you to promise it’ll be a hit.”

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

7-9 minutes 10/27/2024

Kicking The Iron Plate

Oliver slammed the table and declared, "This is going to be a smash hit! I've had plenty of blockbusters under my belt. I've already gone through the script for this one, and trust me, it's gold."

Abigail inwardly sighed.

Every director thinks their own project is destined for success before shooting even begins. Some of them even have the nerve to blame the audience's taste when things don't go as planned. But the reality is, without the audience, they wouldn't achieve anything.

"If you're so confident, maybe we should make a little bet," Shaunee suggested, her voice slightly nervous.

Oliver hesitated at the idea of a bet. "Miss, it wouldn't be fair to bet on it. What if luck isn't on our side when it airs? You know how unpredictable luck can be, right?"

Shaunee licked her lips and furrowed her brow as she pondered.

Abigail poured a glass of wine for Oliver. "Is it really impossible to secure investment? Isn't there anyone in the Hinton Family who could lend a hand?"

Oliver chuckled bitterly. "We do have someone, but why would they help someone unrelated like me?"

Shaunee scratched her head. "You know, it's probably because the Hinton Family does have some clout in Capitalis. That's why they're bold enough to pick on you guys like this."

"What about Mr. Graham? Can he think of any way out of this?" Oliver turned to Abigail for guidance.

"He's really in a tough spot and will probably face some serious questioning tomorrow." Abigail sighed, and her expression darkened.

With things going south like this, Oliver found himself at a loss.

If even Sean couldn't fix things, they were surely in a bind.

Shaunee propped her chin up with her hand and stayed quiet.

“Maybe we should just pause the project for now?” Oliver finally relented as he felt trapped.

Given the circumstances, halting the project seemed like the only sensible choice, and investors were being threatened, overtly or covertly.

Abigail wanted to invest alongside him, but she had a bunch of other film projects lined up. If she poured money into his project and then couldn’t fund the next ones, it would be a mess.

After dinner, Shaunee felt uneasy.

As soon as she was in the bathroom with Abigail, she whispered, “Can’t you pitch in with the investment?”

“This is going to be a long struggle. Even if you chip in now, can you do it for the next project, too? And what if it doesn’t turn a profit? You and Trekell could end up in bankruptcy. Putting a hold on the project isn’t a bad idea. Let’s just wait and see how things play out,” Abigail replied calmly.

Taking a step back sometimes wasn’t such a bad idea.

After Oliver left, he took to Instagram to announce that due to investment issues, the production of the film would be put on hold until further notice.

He had indeed directed several impressive films in the past, and the film he was currently working on had garnered massive attention and was actually based on a popular online novel. Now, both the fans of the book and the fans of the drama were feeling disgruntled.

As soon as Abigail arrived home, she was greeted by a pop-up notification of his latest Instagram post on her phone.

She sat down on the sofa, tapped on the notification, and dove straight into the comments section.

‘Why the sudden pullback in investment? Is there something wrong with the film?’

‘This announcement is so vague. What’s really going on? We were all eagerly anticipating this film!’

‘If “Red Beauty” is facing issues and now Oliver’s film as well, is the entertainment industry on the brink of change? But why can’t they continue filming the costume drama? There shouldn’t be anything controversial about it, right?’

Oliver’s Instagram post ignited a flurry of discussion.

The following day, other drama crews collaborating with L.Moon also reached out to her and decided to temporarily pause their projects one after another.

Since L.Moon’s design team was handling many of the costume dramas, the sudden issues encountered by five or six dramas made netizens begin to piece together the puzzle.

‘ “Red Beauty” convinced everyone that there were quality issues with the costumes, leading to the termination of their cooperation with L.Moon. And it turns out, all the dramas directed by Oliver are somehow linked to L.Moon. With funds being pulled out, he had no other option but to part ways. What’s really going on? Did L.Moon run into some trouble?’

‘Well, word on the inside says that rumor has it that it’s because L.Moon rubbed a big shot with serious connections the wrong way, and now this big shot is pulling strings behind the scenes. Just think about it: who could have clashed with L.Moon before the whole debacle with “Red Beauty?”’

‘Now it all starts to make sense. It’s like, out of the blue, this major issue crops up, and it turns out it’s all because some industry princess is making moves.’

‘Oh, shush now. We can’t spill all the beans, but let’s just say she’s a young genius writer, worshipped by fans as a true god, so she throws punches at veteran creators and kicks aside other up-and-coming writers in the industry.’

Everyone knew it was Callen throwing shade.

Abigail just waited to see how this would play out.

Callen probably thought she could swoop in and save the day for these struggling drama crews. But even if every single crew breached their contract and had to fork over millions in compensation, she would still be fine with it.

When something this big happened on such a grand scale, people would start to connect the dots.

No matter how hard Callen tried to keep things under wraps, the fact remained that she and L.Moon had some beef online before.

She even tried to manipulate public opinion and hoped to incite netizens to attack L.Moon.

But nowadays, netizens weren't as gullible as they used to be. They had brains when they surfed online.

When something started buzzing, it didn't take long for it to become a trending topic.

Abigail knew she couldn't just sit idly by, so she wasted no time in setting the record straight.

'I've gathered evidence, and I'll sue anyone who spreads false information online. Let's all be rational and refrain from attacking innocent folks just because we're emotional,' she urged.

She even shared a lawyer's letter, calling out those leaking internal info and those making snide remarks about her.

Within hours, one netizen had already backtracked, deleting their comments and offering up an apology.

Abigail sat back and quietly took in Callen's strategic moves.

Come afternoon, the netizen who leaked internal info made a bold move.

'@SlowMelody, you're feeling pretty bold, huh? If you don't slap me with a lawsuit, you're just a wimp! Just because your uncle is a director and your uncle-in-law is a prosecutor, you think you're untouchable! I checked with them. They had no clue you were stirring up trouble. Using your family's power to bully ordinary folks? I won't stand for it. If you don't take legal action, I'll lose even more respect for you.'

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

6-7 minutes 10/27/2024

Embraced By An Idol

This netizen went by the user ID of "Cindy's Boring Day."

Abigail switched to another account and checked out her profile, only to find out she's a huge fan of L.Moon.

After skimming through her bio, she quickly exited.

It turned out she had some serious backup!

Callen didn't reply to her comment.

But within just thirty minutes, Cindy tagged Callen again on Instagram.

"Hey @SlowMelody, quit f*cking bombarding me with messages and calls. Who do you think you are? Want to grab tea? You were so confident about suing me, so go ahead, I'm waiting for you."

Netizens were all watching the drama unfold.

Abigail couldn't help but sigh. Having some serious backup definitely gives you an edge.

She closed Instagram and got back to work.

At noon, Garrett rushed in and whispered, "Cin wants to make an appointment with you for lunch."

Abigail was taken aback but agreed, "Sure, I'll head downstairs first. Let Selena know to tidy up the table."

Downstairs, she spotted a well-dressed girl in the reception area. She approached her and asked, "Cin?"

"Oh, don't use that online nickname. My real name is Cindy York. Just call me Cin," Cindy replied warmly.

"Thank you, Cin," Abigail said gratefully.

"Yeah, Callen is really pushing it, but let's save the talk for later. Come on, let's head to the restaurant," Cindy suggested and linked her arm with Abigail's.

As they walked, Abigail noticed Cindy's arm trembling slightly. She turned to her and asked, "Are you alright? Feeling unwell?"

“Oh... no... I’m fine!” Cindy assured her quickly.

Abigail cleared her throat and asked concernedly, “You seem to be shaking.”

Cindy abruptly let go of her arm and nervously glanced around. “It’s just that it’s my first time meeting my idol, so I’m feeling a bit nervous!”

Abigail couldn’t help but chuckle. “You’re keeping it together pretty well.”

“Oh, really... Let’s just go!” Cindy’s legs were on the verge of giving out beneath her.

She had summoned all her courage to confront her idol today, so she couldn’t afford to make a fool of herself in front of him now.

“Alright.” Abigail trailed behind her.

Upon approaching the steps, Cindy’s legs finally betrayed her, causing her to stumble forward uncontrollably.

“Ah!” A cry escaped her lips as she teetered on the brink of falling, only to be caught around the waist at the last moment.

Abigail pulled her back just in time.

Cindy found herself leaning into Abigail’s embrace, her gaze fixed on her face and her cheeks ablaze with embarrassment as if she were about to faint.

Her mind felt starved of oxygen, and her legs were utterly devoid of strength.

It was like her idol, Abigail, had dealt her a knockout blow with her charm!

“Hey, are you alright?” Abigail’s concern was palpable as she noticed Cindy leaning heavily against her, her breath coming in short gasps.

Cindy squeezed her eyes shut and her voice trembled as she replied, “I’m... I’m okay. I just feel a bit lightheaded from low blood sugar. I just need a moment.”

At that moment, she felt happier than 99% of the population!

Abigail effortlessly scooped her up and carried her like she was a princess.

Cindy's eyes widened in surprise. "Wow, you're really strong!"

"Well, I've just been hitting the gym a bit. Where's the car? You lead the way, and I'll carry you there," Abigail said as she handled the situation with ease.

"It's over there. Not too far," Cindy responded, her cheeks flushed as she covered them with her hand.

She couldn't believe she, a mere fan, was being carried like a princess by her idol!

Feeling a mix of embarrassment at her own weakness and overwhelming happiness, Cindy's joy skyrocketed from 99% to 200%! She was the happiest fan in the world!

Abigail carried her to the car while the nearby bodyguard respectfully held the door open.

After Cindy settled into the car seat, she couldn't shake the feeling of pure bliss that still enveloped her.

The driver couldn't help but crack a smile as he watched Cindy.

Abigail was once again called upon by Mary to visit their restaurant. She figured it was the go-to spot for anyone with a bit of clout in Capitalis. It had decent prices and yet still carried that air of sophistication.

Upon stepping into the private room, Abigail's eyes landed not just on an unfamiliar middle-aged man but also on Max.

As she approached the table, Max swiftly stood and pulled out a chair for her. "Ms. Quinn, I genuinely had no clue about the mess Callen stirred up in the entertainment scene. She was influenced by her friends. No malice intended."

Cindy, looking a tad displeased, chimed in, "Where is she?!"

"Mind your manners with Mr. Hinton," the middle-aged man reminded Cindy.

Cindy pouted. She settled beside him and playfully stated, "She oughta say sorry in person. It's not cool to bully people like that!"

"Ms. Quinn, I'm Cindy's dad, Harold York. If you ever need anything, don't hesitate to reach out." He pulled out his phone and wanted to exchange contact numbers with Abigail.

Cindy could barely contain her excitement and eagerly awaited Abigail's response.

Without skipping a beat, Abigail retrieved her phone and shared her number. "Thank you, Mr. York."

"Don't mention it. Whatever comes your way here, the Hinton Family's got your back. Take a seat, grab a bite," Harold said before tucking away his phone in his pocket.

Cindy slid into a seat next to Abigail while being engrossed in her phone.

Her bodyguard flooded her with snapshots of Abigail holding her tight.

Cindy struggled to contain her excitement as she covered her mouth with her hand. She was bursting with joy.

Truly, their family's bodyguard was top-notch!

It was time for a well-deserved raise!

Once Abigail settled in, she politely turned to Harold. "Mr. York, there's something I can't quite wrap my head around. Mind if I ask?"

"Of course, Ms. Quinn. Do ask," Harold responded warmly.