

Spare Wife 101

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Threat

She took a deep breath and explained to Kevin, “She might be an assistant, but if I stay when she has to leave, it’d look bad on me.”

Kevin told Luna sternly, “I don’t need you to pay me for the breach of contract, but Mr. Graham has invested in this show. Cross him, and you will find the design industry a treacherous place for you.”

Luna glared at him. “Is that a threat? I’m telling you, if she leaves, I’m leaving too.”

“What’s your reason?” Kevin looked at her quizzically.

“No reason. We’re a package. I won’t stay just because of money.” Luna shoved him away.

Kevin looked at her knowingly. He stared at the leaving Luna and chuckled. “You have to think this through. Mr. Graham hired you to be Joan’s designer. If you break your word and Joan fails her debut, he might come after L.Moon.”

That lit the flames of fury within Luna. She glared at the smirking Kevin. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

Kevin stopped smiling. He said seriously, “You’re smart. Do you think it’s smart to drag L.Moon down for an assistant?”

It was obvious what he was trying to say. She had to stay and keep designing for Joan, but if she stayed, then Abigail had to stay as well, and she had to take the unfair treatment. The rims of Luna’s eyes went red. It was more annoying to have Abigail take the unfair treatment than if she had to do it herself.

Sean and Abigail shared no love between them, and he was spoiling the homewrecker a lot. Luna couldn’t bet L.Moon’s future on the sparse love Sean had for Abigail. L.Moon and Abigail were important to her.

Kevin watched as the dark look on her face disappeared, and Luna went white. He went ahead and smiled. “You can stay back alone if you want. I’ll get you an assistant. Abigail’s leg is hurt, and she has some family affairs to settle. She can get some rest now.”

Luna went back to the couch and sat down, refusing to talk to Kevin. Kevin couldn't push her further, so he left. Abigail packed up and sat on the couch, keeping quiet. She looked down at her phone, but even after a while, she didn't make any calls.

Luna hadn't come to see Abigail, but Sean had already called Abigail. Abigail took the call, but she didn't say anything.

"Why aren't you saying anything?" Sean asked coolly.

Abigail asked coldly, "You called me. You should be the one starting the conversation."

Sean could hear the dissatisfaction in her voice, and he sounded slightly less cold. "Luna called me. She told me you guys are trying to find a new place to move to, and you're backing out of the production, are you?"

Abigail paused for a moment. She didn't think Luna would seek Sean out and talk about that. She didn't answer that question. Instead, she asked, "I have a question for you. Did you invest in this show just to have Joan debut? Does fairness and equity don't matter?"

That was the point of Sean's investing in this show. He grunted.

The rims of Abigail's eyes went red. She said, "If I was the one who took the meds that day, I would've been the one embroiled in a sex scandal. Even so, you're going to keep the person who almost hurt me just because Joan asked you to?"

"Abigail, you can't do anything without evidence. What's the fairness you want? For me to kick the designer out of the team because they bit another designer?" asked Sean coldly.

Abigail pursed her lips, her eyes glistening with tears.

Sean said, "Victor texted Damian. That we have evidence. He went to the medical team and got the meds. That we have video evidence too. Damian asked someone to get the meds for Victor, and there's evidence of his traveling. Why is kicking them out not fair?"

Abigail rasped, "What if I believe that Victor's scapegoated? Can't you find out the truth?"

Sean asked sharply, "You're leaving the team because you think I got the wrong person?"

Abigail refused to back down. "Yes. There are so many holes in this case, but you think it's fair. You think the evidence is enough. If you can't find out the truth, then keep everyone. You're keeping Nina around because Joan told you to, didn't she?"

Abigail seldom got mad. From what Sean knew, Abigail might look submissive, but she was actually cool and distant. Even when they were having sex, she could hold back her moans well. But now

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Cajoling

The first time she gets mad at me, and it's for another man. Sean hung up and slammed his phone.

Cameron was shocked, and he stayed quiet for a long time. Furtively, he told his underling to get a new phone. Kevin told Luna that Sean got mad, and she quickly came to Abigail's room to cheer her up.

"You don't have to fight him over Victor's case. I heard he got mad and smashed his phone." Luna patted Abigail's shoulder.

Abigail leaned in Luna's embrace, holding her sadness back. "He pushed me around just for Joan. There's a reason Damian bit Nina instead of everyone else." She was mad because Sean humiliated her in front of Joan. Joan protecting the woman who sabotaged her was her way of showing off.

Luna held Abigail's arm and said softly, "I told Sean you're leaving the show so you won't have to suffer this indignity. I'm worried Sean might attack L.Moon if I break the contract and fail his plan of having Joan debut."

Abigail teared up even more. She had never felt so aggrieved before. Someone in the team sabotaged her, but as her husband, Sean protected the culprit just to spoil his mistress. As Abigail hugged Luna, Luna teared up as well.

Kevin was agonizing over the mess of this show. When he tried to talk with Luna, Luna ignored him. He could see that her eyes were red. When he tried to talk to Abigail, she locked her door. He didn't understand any of this. You and Sean are neighbors. Why are you guys fighting over a call?

wife. Someone on a

Kevin went into Sean's room and put on a look of dejection. He persuaded, "Why are you mad at her, Sean? She's your set sabotaged her, and we couldn't even find anything about that. Of course she's aggrieved."

"Don't give me that. I know you're enjoying the drama." Sean saw through his lie right away.

Kevin snickered and huddled closer. "Are you jealous? Of course you are. Your wife is defending a male model. I'd be jealous too."

Sean got madder. "If you have nothing to say, scram."

Kevin quickly said, "I do have something to say. I trust Victor too. I trust Abigail's instinct. There's no reason a model would help an assistant like her. Nothing to gain from it, don't you think?"

Sean sneered. "Abigail's a naive woman. She's never gotten into the cesspool that is the entertainment industry, but you have. Victor is just using her as a stepping stone. His goal is Alana."

"That's conflicting. If his goal is Alana, then he should treat Abigail better instead of forcing himself on her. Not to mention, there's the transaction record right in his phone. Luna would've made a eunuch out of him if that record was true," argued Kevin.

Sean pursed his lips, but he said nothing. Kevin huddled closer to his desk. Earnestly, he said, "Why don't you and Abigail take a step back each and let this slide? I mean, someone's sabotaging her because you gave her too much attention during the show. The internet's shipping you two."

That cheered Sean up a little. "She doesn't think I'm giving her too much attention."

"I also have something to say about that. When her leg got hurt, Victor got her the meds she needed and helped her move things around, while you didn't even show up."

"Shut it." The mention of Victor upset Sean.

"Sure thing." Kevin grinned. "Just let this slide, Sean. For her sake. It'll be better for her and the woman around you."

Sean looked at him coolly. Kevin was telling him to keep Victor and Damian. "You think this will that easily? Abigail argued with me for a male model. Why do you think I'm mad?" asked Sean coldly. He was annoyed by Victor before this, but now he wanted Victor to get out of the show.

pass

Kevin made an OK gesture. "I'll talk to Abigail. She'll cajole you later."

"I don't need any cajoling. Phrase that better." Sean glared at Kevin.

Kevin quickly left his room and heaved a sigh of relief. He went to Abigail's room and knocked on the door.

Abigail was on the couch, a little dejected. When she heard the knocking, she looked at the door, but she ignored it.

Kevin said softly, "Ms. Quinn, I wanna talk about Victor. Please open up."

Abigail felt a little resigned, but she got up and opened the door anyway. She stood at the doorway and looked at Kevin coolly, "What do you want to talk about?"

"Why don't we take this inside?" Kevin simpered. His eyes were alluring.

Abigail made way for him.

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Nothing To Feel Aggrieved

Kevin went into Abigail's room and closed the door. He looked at Abigail, and for once, there was solemnity in his eyes. "Abigail," he said softly. "Are you still mad?"

Abigail didn't look too good. She looked listless, and there was something heavy behind her eyes.

"No." Abigail was never angry. She was just disappointed.

Kevin helped her make her way to the couch, and he sat her down. Gently, he said, "I've talked to Sean. He's going to let Damian and Victor off the hook, but he's mad because you argued with him for Victor."

"I didn't even get mad after everything he did for Joan. What makes him think he has the right to get mad at me?" Abigail thought that was hilarious.

Kevin picked up a bottle of water under the table and handed it to Abigail. "He's angry because he's jealous. He thinks you've gone too far fighting him just for the model."

Abigail didn't take the bottle of water. Awkward, Kevin placed the bottle of water on the coffee table. He said, "You're still married on the surface. If someone finds out in the future, they're going to write a ton of stories about it. He's probably mad that you argued with him for a model because of that reason."

Abigail looked at him. "Just tell me what you want me to do, Mr. Stewart." She didn't want anyone else to talk about her marriage. The fact that Sean was using the production team so blatantly to

push Joan to fame meant that their marriage was over. Bringing that up was just mockery. For

Joan's future, Sean had pushed Abigail into a corner. Abigail had lost all hope for this marriage.

Kevin wasn't in a hurry to say anything. He gently said, "If you won't tell him anything, how is he supposed to know? Take this time, for example. He's really jealous--"

Abigail wasn't interested in his nagging. She cut him off coldly, "Just tell me what you want me to do."

Kevin nodded. "It's a day off again tomorrow. Just show some love to him, and everything will be fine. He's a guy. He won't be so petty. Just show some love to him, and he'll let things slide."

Abigail mused over the matter and nodded.

"Get some rest, Abigail. Don't take this to heart. It's really hard to find the truth, and Victor did a lot

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"Thank you, Mr. Stewart," interrupted Abigail calmly.

Kevin thought Abigail was calmly telling him to shut up because she didn't want to listen to him.

any more, so he went back to report to Sean.

Sean looked icy. He grunted and didn't object to the arrangement.

Abigail sat in her room for a while. She got up and was about to talk to Luna about it, but the moment she left her room, she saw Sean coming out as well. Their eyes met, but Abigail looked away immediately and went to Luna's place.

Sean looked at Abigail. He pursed his lips and went back into his room, and then he closed the door. Abigail heard the closing door, and she turned around before she heaved a sigh.

Luna opened her door, and Abigail went inside. "Kevin talked to me. The case with Victor is water under the bridge. We'll keep going on."

"Water under the bridge? You made Sean relent?" Luna looked shocked.

Abigail shook her head. "Kevin's the mediator. He wants me to show some love to Sean in front of the camera tomorrow."

Luna looked at her absurdly calm friend, and she held her hand. Quietly, she said, "If you think this is unfair, we'll leave. Not like we can win even if Victor stays."

"That's not it," said Abigail calmly. She wanted this show to be fair. She didn't want Joan to have free rein and bully anyone without a backer.

"This is humiliating," said Luna softly.

Abigail went to the workstation. "We'll have to be careful later. We can't let something like this happen again. I just want to hang on until the results are announced."

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Just a Friend

The result surprised everyone, but Nina and her friends were warned as well. Joan didn't get to find out why Victor and Damian could stay, and that annoyed her. She guessed that Abigail was involved in this, but she told herself that Alana probably asked a favor from Sean for her assistant's sake.

The next afternoon, the production team held a picnic in the hotel's courtyard. The hotel had a big courtyard, and its lush fields cheered the mood of anyone who saw it. Joan learned her lesson and came early to take a spot. Sean, however, didn't show up that early.

While there weren't a lot of people around, Nina took a seat beside Joan and whispered, "Say, do think Victor's staying because of Quinn?"

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Joan was in a bad mood, and hearing that made her frown. "Quinn is just an assistant. Sean doesn't care about her. She's not worth his time. Must've been Alana who helped them."

Damian and Victor came. Damian saw Nina and Joan whispering among themselves, and he nodded at them with a smile. The moment he turned around, however, his face fell.

Kevin talked to him. He said Victor could stay and keep competing for the prize, which was all thanks to Alana's team. They argued with Sean and almost quit the show for this. He was told to treasure the chance they got. He thought if he worked together with Nina and kicked Alana's team out, he would have the biggest chance at victory, but that plan backfired, and he was saved by the most powerful competitor he had in this competition.

Abigail told Luna to go to the courtyard alone. She waited at the doorway for a moment and saw Sean coming out of his room. A team came to film them, and Abigail approached Sean without hesitation. For some reason, Sean's heart skipped a beat when Abigail approached him. The closer Abigail was to him, the heavier he breathed.

Abigail stood in front of him, looking friendly. "Let's go, Mr. Graham."

Sean nodded and took a step ahead. A moment later, he stopped. "How do you feel?"

"Fine," said Abigail quietly.

The filming team caught their scene quickly enough, and they went after them. Abigail thought Sean would hold back in case Joan saw this, but he seemed to ignore the camera. "How's your leg? I told someone to get you some meds. Throw out the one Victor bought for you."

The netizens had arrived. When they heard what Sean said, they got excited.

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'Holy sh*t. I can't believe what I'm hearing. I am so jelly.'

'Hah, and they say this ship has sunk. LMFAO, b*tches. Suck my dick! I knew Sean would surprise me every time.'

'So, the regular girl and bossy rich guy story is real? Fairy tale is real?'

'You'd believe this obvious scam when a real foreign prince is right here in front of you? Gimme a hundred bucks, and I'll do a face reveal.'

Everyone in the chat was teasing. Abigail was a little dazed. A moment later, she said, "Victor's meds are fine. My leg's all healed. It doesn't hurt now."

Sean couldn't get mad in front of the camera, so he said nothing. Abigail remembered what Kevin told her. She kept convincing herself to cajole Sean, then she said, "I'll send it to my family."

"I bought a lot for you. You don't need his meds," said Sean.

"Yeah, sure." Abigail obliged, since she couldn't fight him. After all, he did deign to get her the meds. They each took a step back.

When Joan saw them onscreen together, her smile froze, but then she kept smiling. "Sean is here."

The last time Luna was onscreen with her, she didn't even bother faking friendship. Luna held Kevin. "Tell the production team to have my assistant and Mr. Graham show up on the screen together. The audience loves this."

Kevin nodded with a smile. He then noticed Joan and the look on her face, and he grinned. "Victor's nice too, but Mr. Graham likes your assistant."

Victor was suddenly summoned. He quickly stood up and waved his hands. "Ms. Quinn and I are just friends. I won't get any ideas about her."

Nina said sarcastically, "Oh, you bought meds for her and dealt with all her daily hassles. You call that just friends'?"

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The Wound's Gonna Heal

Damian quickly said, "Hey, Victor just wanted to help because someone ordered her around like a servant, even when she was injured. That was just being kind. Why do you think it's a sordid affair? Projection much?"

The heated argument hyped up the show.

'This is interesting. Sean and the assistant's story was the star of the show. Until now. I think a bit more drama spices up everything.'

'Damian and Nina were on good terms a while ago. What happened? It's like they're enemies now!

'Am I the only one who heard that the production team ordered Quinn around in private? Was it Joan? She's the only one who'd lord everyone around since she's on great terms with Mr. Graham. No wonder Nina's stuck to her like ants to honey.'

'Oy, that's conjecture, hater. You're accusing two of them at once? The Quinn and Graham ship hasn't sailed yet. Stop being delusional.

The chat room was getting heated as well. Nina looked upset from the scathing remark she got, but Joan chuckled. "Someone apparently hasn't learned their lesson."

Damian said nothing. He asked Victor to come to the grill with him. The tea time that day would be done ala picnic. The team had to learn how to grill and juice the fruits. They had to prepare everything on the set.

Abigail was assigned to grill duty, and she had to make the sauce listed on her list. While she was doing her job, Sean came over. He took his suit off and tossed it to Kevin.

Kevin took the suit and grinned like a sly old fox. "Need my help, Mr. Graham?"

Sean rolled his sleeves up and grunted coolly. The audience was still wondering what was going on, but when Sean stood with Abigail and took the skewer away from her, the chatroom exploded.

'Holy sh*t, holy sh*t, holy sh*t. Ship is real. Where's my ventilator?'

'Lord, is the ship real?'

'Someone smack me. Sean is so sexy when he rolls his sleeves up. Can't believe a guy like him would do chores just for the assistant.'

'Hey, Kevin's hot too. Look at his eyes. So sexy.

Sean's little movement hyped everyone up, and Joan was staring at Abigail as well. Abigail was a little surprised that Sean would push her away from her workstation. A moment later, she quickly said, "I'll mince the garlic, then."

"Yeah. Do it right beside me," said Sean quietly.

Only Abigail heard that. She had no idea why he wanted to do that. Just a day ago, he made her so mad she wanted to break up with him on the spot, and yet he was being so flirty at that moment. She peeled a garlic and squeezed its head as she rinsed it in the basin. The garlic was white as snow, and her fingers were as glistening as pearls.

Sean was skewering some meat, and he stared at Abigail's fingers for a while. No one saw it, but the camera filmed everything, and the chat exploded again. Abigail finished rinsing the garlic, then she took a food processor and minced them.

Joan wouldn't take this lying down. She was peeling some fruits, and she cut her own finger on purpose. She gasped, her knife and fruit falling into the basin. Nina quickly approached her and shouted, "Get the medic. She cut her finger!"

Joan held her finger and teared up. Sean turned around. When he saw what was going on, he was going to put the skewer down and check on her, but Luna huddled closer. "I'll do it. You gotta grill the food fast, Mr. Graham. Everyone's starving."

Kevin was still wondering if he should stop Sean from going over to Joan, but Luna did it before he could even make a decision. Kevin couldn't stand by when Luna was already taking action. He quickly said, "The food processor's blades are sharp too. Keep an eye on Quinn. Don't let her get hurt. She needs to help Alana with the design. Can't have anything happen to her hand."

Sean looked at Abigail. She took out the rotor blade from the food processor. He approached her and said, "Put it on the table."

Abigail put it on the table. Sean picked it up, frowned, and took the basin. He then washed the blade with a brush. On closer inspection, he could see that the blades were sharp and thin. The fur on the brush was cut through by the blade easily.

A group of people was huddled around Joan. Damian and Victor were there for a saboteur, while Luna and Kevin were just faking concern.

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Without caring about anything else, Victor grabbed Joan's hand and took a closer look. The wound wasn't deep. He shouted, "It's nothing. Just scraped a bit of her skin off. It'll close up after she washes it and gets some rest."

"What do you mean wash it? She needs a medic to disinfect her," Nina said. She had a feeling Victor was getting back at them.

Damian took a look. Coolly, he said, "Yeah. Pick up the pace, medic, or the wound's going to close
1. up.

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Vengeful

Joan watched Sean and Kevin from a distance, her eyes revealing a glint of suspicion. She thought, While two instances could be considered coincidental, what about the third?

It was painfully clear to her that Sean cared deeply for Abigail, far more than he did for her. Joan had always believed she was the sole recipient of Sean's affections, but now, it appeared that a mere assistant had stolen his heart. She pursed her lips and glanced at the small wound on her finger, her eyes filled with cold resentment.

Nina said quietly, "Don't you think Mr. Graham cares about Miss Quinn a bit too much? Every time there's afternoon tea, he wants to bring her along. Even their rooms are next to each other."

These words struck Joan where it hurt the most. She claimed to share a deep bond with Sean, but it was evident to everyone that the man arranged to have his room next to Abigail's. Even during teatime, he would stay with Abigail.

Abigail had managed to steal the spotlight, rendering all of Joan's attempts to capture his attention, including her dramatic announcement of their relationship and her previous self-harm, futile and laughable.

Suppressing her fury, Joan smiled at Nina. "So, will you get back at her for me?"

Nina hesitated for a moment, then pledged her loyalty. "I'll do whatever you say."

Joan mused over her options for a moment. She said, "The bag I asked Sean to get for me just came. It's still sealed. Do you want it?"

Nina's eyes greedily lit up, and she clenched her teeth before whispering, "I won't disappoint you."

Satisfied, Joan smiled sweetly. "I await your return, but remember, Miss Quinn is just an assistant.

We targeted the wrong person last time."

Nina instantly grasped the implied message. Since Abigail was difficult to handle, they should shift

their focus to Luna.

After teatime was over, Luna escorted Abigail to her room. "We're meeting Victor and Damian in the west garden tonight."

Abigail understood her friend's intentions. "You want to fight back, don't you?"

"Even if I'm not, I should be prepared for anything. We can't always be on the defensive side," Luna replied.

Abigail nodded. "I can't make it tonight. I have something to attend to. Please tell them."

"What are you planning to do?" Luna asked.

"I'm revising the design. Relay the message to Damian and have him spread the word. Then, the competition is going to get really stiff. My aim is to have Nina ousted in the first round. She's Joan's right-hand person in this show. Remove her, and Joan becomes powerless." Abigail smiled.

Luna mirrored her smile. "You're vengeful."

Abigail approached her workstation and added, "It's a shame our industry has people like them.

Also, find out the background of the person who pricked me. I want to know if he's related to Joan."

Luna nodded with concern in her eyes. Abigail understood Luna's worry—that Sean might side

with Joan if the person was linked to her. Still, Abigail didn't want to jump to conclusions just yet.

Sweet Whispers would start its first show in three days, with half the designers facing elimination in the first round. Out of eight groups, only four would advance. Abigail had already reviewed the designers' previous work. Damian was undoubtedly a talented designer, while Nina didn't seem to shine. Her elimination was a possibility.

As night fell, Abigail continued her redesign work. She transformed the embroidered roses into a more eye-catching design, changing the dress into a shorter skirt. She planned to wrap it in a thin layer of gauze and sew the roses onto it to make them appear lifelike. She diligently recorded all the details on the draft..

It was approaching 11,00PM, and Sean had finished his work for the day. He knocked on Abigail's room door repeatedly but received no response. Just as he was leaving, Cameron approached and

handed him a card. "Maybe she's too busy to hear you."

Sean cocked an eyebrow. "When did you prepare this?"

Worried that Sean might misunderstand, Cameron explained, "Mr. Stewart gave it to me today and told me to give it to you when the time was right."

Sean took the card from Cameron, swiped it to unlock the door, and entered Abigail's room. He heard water running in the bathroom, but his attention was immediately drawn to the half-finished clothing and drafts scattered on the table. The drafts were covered in Abigail's familiar handwriting

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Nice Straw You Have There

Excited, the audience started donating in droves. The chatroom was exploding with all kinds of messages and donations. Sean ate slowly, and he would frown from time to time. He had never eaten octopus tentacles before, nor had he ever cooked any, but he was a good cook. He thought the food was good, but it was not as good as his usual seafood. Maybe they put too much seasoning.

Abigail noticed the frown, and she explained, "That's how it is with barbecue. Seasoning is king. It's not as good as authentic seafood, but a lot of people like it. It's stress relieving eating this."

Sean flipped the skewers around. He asked calmly, "Do you like barbecue, then?"

Abigail paused for a moment, then she said, "It's alright."

Sean looked down. Naturally, he said, "What kind of food do you prefer? I'll make them for you."

A strange feeling welled in Abigail's heart, but then she was reminded of everything Sean did for Joan, and that feeling died. Coolly, she said, "Anything's fine. Just keep doing what you're doing."

Sean looked at her, but he said nothing more. Abigail was silent, and so was Sean. She stood beside Sean, sprinkling seasoning onto the barbecued food before placing them on the table. It looked sweet from the outside, but Abigail knew that everything she and Sean were doing was just an act for them to de-escalate the situation.

He stepped back for Joan, while she did it for the prize money and Victor. They were acting like they were in love for the camera all to assuage the guilt they had for each other. They wanted to act like their relationship was still healthy. However, Abigail gave it a bit of thought and realized that there was no love between them. Not ever. If it weren't for Joan's debut, he wouldn't have deigned to join the show and put on this act with her.

Abigail didn't check on Joan earlier. She thought things were getting a bit awkward between her and Sean, so she asked, "How's Miss Palmer's wound?"

"It's nothing. It'll heal up tomorrow," said Sean.

Abigail grunted and said nothing more. Sean frowned. He wondered why Abigail brought Joan up. Have I not done enough? Is she still mad? Sean felt parched, and he got annoyed. "Get me a bottle of soda."

Abigail turned around and grabbed a bottle of soda. A moment later, she put a straw into the bottle. Seeing that, Sean looked at her. He put the kebabs onto the plate beside him and grabbed Abigail's hand. He sucked on the straw and took the soda.

Abigail wasn't holding anything anymore. She picked up the plates and served the food. Every table had a bit of food at the moment. Sean approached the longest table on the set, holding his soda. Abigail placed a kebab before him.

Sean took a seat and sipped on his soda. Abigail took a look, and she thought it looked awkward. She took a seat beside Luna. Luna huddled closer to her. "Feeling hot? I'll crack open a cold one for you."

"I'm parched, really." Abigail's lips were dry. While Sean was grilling, she had to move around to serve the food. There wasn't any time to drink at all.

Luna grabbed a glass of juice for her and gave her some ice. Abigail took it and gulped it all down. She picked up a kebab and munched on it. That eased her up. "Nice afternoon tea. Must be the most relaxed session so far."

Luna leaned on her chair and narrowed her eyes happily. "You're relaxed, but someone isn't. Cut her own hand but didn't get anything from it."

Abigail looked at Joan. Coolly, she said, "Let's not talk about it. It's a killjoy."

Luna huddled closer to Abigail once more, and she whispered, "Are you still mad at Mr. Graham? He's been nice the whole afternoon."

"He can do anything for Joan," said Abigail coolly.

Luna choked on her words. She picked up a kebab and chomped down on it. "So annoying."

Abigail smiled "Don't mind it. Just go on with life." She didn't care anymore. Sean was only nice to her because of Joan.

Sean had his exclusive seat. He looked at Abigail from afar and rested his chin on his hand. He sipped on his soda, glancing at Abigail. She was whispering with Luna, and Sean realized that Abigail and Luna were far too close to only be a boss and her assistant.

Kevin approached him and chuckled from time to time. Eventually, an impatient Sean looked up at him. Kevin chuckled. "Nice straw you have there."

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Joan pulled her hand back. Since she was surrounded, she had no idea what Sean and Abigail were doing, and she teared up.

Luna said, "Miss Palmer, since you can't even prepare the fruits, let me do it. You get some rest."

Kevin said, "The medic's arriving soon. Calm down. At least get disinfected. For safety's sake."

Damian dragged Victor away and went back to their stations. Luna took over Joan's job, while Kevin sat Joan down and blew on her wound. To his credit, that was caring.

Sean finished cleaning the processor's blades and approached Joan. He asked calmly, "Let me see your hand."

Joan raised her hand. The wound wasn't bleeding anymore, and it didn't look deep at all. Without the impact of blood, the wound didn't look scary at all. It was just a white line on a finger.

"Not a big deal. Just rub something on it and slap some Band-Aid over the wound. You can get back to work right away," said Sean. He was going to go back and grill. Abigail's cooking skills were dubious. He was worried she might flip the whole grill and burn herself.

Joan looked aggrieved, but she nodded anyway. The audience mocked her aggressively.

'She calls that a wound? It's almost microscopic. Damian was right. If the medic's one second slower, the wound would've closed up. Man, that guy's good. He shoots straight.'

Victor and Damian are so dramatic. First thing Victor did was tell everyone about the wound. It's like he did it on purpose, that drama queen.'

'Am I the only one who thinks Sean is kind of dense? Obviously, Joan wants him to look at her more, and then the guy be like, "Oh just slap some Band-Aid on it and get back to work." LMFAO.

Nina watched as Abigail and Sean worked together, her eyes glinting. After the medic showed up, Kevin left. The medic slapped some Band-Aid on Joan's hand, and they left.

Nina came back to Joan holding a plate of fruits. She whispered, "Damian and Victor are obviously coming after us. Mr. Graham's taking Abigail's side too."

Of course Joan knew that. She wasn't stupid. She stared at the ground, the look in her eyes dark. "It's a shame they didn't get kicked out. We have to chase them off." Abigail couldn't get kicked out that easily because Luna was around. Even if she did anything wrong, Luna could still ask Sean to keep her around.

Sean asked Luna to design everything for Joan. Of course he would give her some privilege. However, he wouldn't let Victor and Damian off the hook if they did anything stupid again.

Nina was more cautious, however. "Damian and Victor dislike us now. If we kick them away now, we might fall into their trap."

Joan thought she had a point. She said, "It doesn't matter. I'll ask around tonight."

While they were concocting their evil plan, Luna snuck over to Victor and Damian. She whispered, "Can we talk later?"

Damian grunted. "We'll meet at the garden in the west later. Tell Quinn to come over too."

The men were grilling, while Sean kept Abigail around to sprinkle pepper and chili powder over the meat. She kept coughing, and her face was red.

Sean gave her a kebab. "For you. Eat it."

Abigail put it on a plate and munched on the kebab slowly. A moment later, a few fell onto her plate as well.

"You're not even eating. Why don't I grill and you eat?" Abigail asked.

octopus tentacles

Kevin had Luna feeding him, while the other designers had their models helping them out. Sean could've skipped all the work and gone straight to eating, so he didn't have anyone feeding him.

Sean looked at Abigail knowingly. For some reason, Abigail got what he was implying. Feed me.

She held her plate tightly, her knuckles white. "I mean, we're on the set..."

"Then why did you even ask?" Sean looked away, obviously upset.

Abigail looked at Luna. She was holding a kebab in one hand and feeding Kevin with the other.

Abigail took a deep breath. "What would you like to eat?"

"Octopus tentacles," said Sean right away.

Abigail handed him the food. The look in Joan's eyes turned icy

[Chapter 109](#)

It's Your Handwriting

Abigail emerged from the bathroom and found Sean fixated on the draft on the coffee table. A sense of unease gripped her, and she blurted out, "How'd you get in?"

His focus was abruptly shattered. He turned to her and then walked over to pick up the draft. "Kevin gave me a key card, so I let myself in. Why is there a problem with that?"

She took a deep breath, trying to calm herself. A moment later, she calmly asked, "Why did Kevin give you the key card? What made him think I wouldn't let you in?"

Ignoring her question, Sean studied the draft. Abigail tightened her towel and approached him, her nerves under control. "So, what do you think of the changes?"

"Why is the paper filled with your handwriting?" He held the draft and looked at her. Her hair was still wet, and water droplets trailed down her collarbone. He found himself captivated by that, momentarily lost in thought. She spoke, but her voice seemed distant.

"Ms. Smith wants me to pick up the design. She'll let me write all the elements of the design she comes up with to nurture my creativity."

What Abigail said wasn't registering with Sean. He put the draft down and examined the altered dress. It was beautiful, but it didn't quite capture his attention like that single droplet of water sliding down her body. She walked closer to him. The scent of her shampoo was intoxicating. Everything she did seemed to leave an impression on him, and he didn't mind.

In a whimsical gesture, he picked her up in a princess carry and looked at her. "Are you doing this on purpose?"

She was shocked upon hearing that. She then processed his words and retorted, "You barged into my room, and now you're accusing me of doing this on purpose?"

He ignored her response and playfully tossed her onto the bed.

She smacked him. "I haven't dried my hair."

"If it makes your bed wet, you can sleep in my room," Sean rasped.

The doubts that arose after seeing the draft were washed away by the tenderness she showed that night.

Morning arrived, and a weary Abigail went to the dining hall with Luna. Luna looked at her and smiled. "Did the draft keep you up all night? Is it that hard?"

Abigail rubbed her temples. "The draft is finished, but Sean entered my room last night with a key card. He saw the draft and the altered dress on the table. I thought we were exposed."

Luna gasped. "So, he..."

"It's alright," Abigail reassured her, then leaned closer and confided how she'd been compelled to seduce Sean.

Luna breathed a sigh of relief. They reached the dining hall, and Damian discreetly led the ladies away from the camera's view. Carefully, he began, "I ran into Nina in the garden at five in the morning. She was acting suspicious and became quite nervous when she saw me."

Abigail asked, "You were up at five?"

"I couldn't sleep. You mentioned wanting competition, so I panicked and spent the entire night working on designs. I decided to take a stroll in the garden to unwind, but that's when I encountered Nina," Damian explained, looking drained.

Luna noticed Nina and Joan entering. She guided Abigail to a seat. After everyone settled in, Victor grumbled, "You're still modifying your design, Damian? The show's in two days. Don't give me something embarrassing, understand?"

The other designers grew tense upon hearing that. Damian exchanged a glance with Luna and sarcastically remarked, "I sacrificed sleep last night, taking a stroll in the garden. Surprisingly, a certain designer's lights were on all night. She's working diligently in secret."

Luna remained composed under the scrutiny. “What do you mean working hard in secret? I made a few adjustments because I felt my design didn’t align well with the theme.”

This revelation dampened the enthusiasm of the other designers. If Alana’s team was putting in much effort, the other designers couldn’t afford to relax. Soon, a wave of nervousness washed over them as they began to fret about the results of the first round.

Damian left the dining area without eating much. The other designers quickly returned to work, making all the changes they could.

Nina remained unruffled and leisurely finished her breakfast. As Abigail and Luna prepared to leave, she looked at them knowingly

Abigail and Luna didn’t head back immediately. Instead, they met privately where the cameras couldn’t capture their conversation. “Everyone’s in a frenzy. I thought Nina would be too, but she seems oddly confident,” Luna remarked, rubbing her chin thoughtfully.

Abigail frowned. “What did she do in the garden? And why is she so confident?”

[Chapter 110](#)

The Show’s Arranged

Abigail had an unsettling feeling about the situation. She suspected that whatever Nina had done earlier that morning could affect the outcome of the competition.

Abigail and Luna returned to their room, and Luna paced around, scratching her head. “I’m panicking. What should I do?” The fear of uncertainty was weighing on Luna.

“Only two more days until the competition starts. We don’t have time to figure out what Nina did,” Abigail said calmly. “We’ll deal with it as it comes. There’s nothing to be afraid of. So far, everything’s going according to plan, right?”

Luna looked at Abigail with concern. “Except for whatever Nina did this morning.”

“We have no way of finding out what she did. Speculating won’t help us. What we need to focus on is making enough changes just in case something affects the results,” Abigail replied, worried that someone might interfere with her design process. If she couldn’t complete her clothing designs, she wouldn’t have any results to show.

A knock on the door interrupted their conversation. Luna looked at it, and Abigail quickly cleared the coffee table before answering the door.

Joan stood outside, wearing a friendly smile. “Luna mentioned that the shirt’s been altered, so I’ve come to take a look.”

Luna gave

her a frosty look and declared loudly, “There’s nothing to see. It’s not even finished yet.”

Abigail turned around and blinked at Luna.

Joan had come with the livestreaming team, so Luna took a deep breath and smiled at Joan. "Come in, then."

The production team would avoid capturing anything inappropriate and skip over crucial design details. Joan and the livestreaming team entered. They asked Luna about her ideas regarding the clothing changes.

"It's beautiful. I can't wait to wear it on the runway," Joan exclaimed, looking at the dress on the workstation and putting on a delighted expression for the camera, adding suspense to the show, as needed.

The audience was curious about the dress, but the camera focused on Luna. Only a corner of the dress was shown. The livestream should've ended at this point, but Joan sat on the couch and smiled at Luna. "I'm curious about how you interpret Sweet Whispers, Luna. This change is marvelous. I might not know much about fashion design, but this altered dress impresses me."

The live streaming team thought it was a good question, so they continued with the live stream.

Luna turned to the camera and calmly explained, "Sweet Whispers may sound like a theme about romance, but I see it as a whisper between flowers. That's why I came up with these changes."

Joan nodded and then addressed the camera, saying, "I'm sure you're eager to see the progress the changes, but it will only be revealed during the runway show. Please stay tuned, everyone."

of

She was professional, and no one could criticize that. The livestreaming team and Joan left. Abigail looked at Luna and tried to say something. Still, Abigail assured Luna, "It's probably the production team's arrangement. Don't overthink it."

"I'm a bit too nervous," Luna admitted.

Abigail smiled and got back to work. The sewing machine hummed, and silence settled in, though Luna would occasionally break it.

At ten o'clock in the evening, Abigail held the dress and told Luna, "There are still a lot of unfinished details. I'll take this back to my room and work on it. You get some rest."

"It's late. We have two days to finish this. What's the hurry?" Luna empathized, knowing Abigail had been sitting in front of the sewing machine all day.

"I can't afford to waste time. We have no idea what Nina did. Can you take over if something stops me from finishing my design?" Abigail stood up, holding the half-finished dress in her hands.

"I should've paid more attention in class. Now, I can't help, and you have to deal with this alone. You have to come up with the design and modifications," Luna said, a little miffed.

Abigail held the dress with one hand and gently patted Luna's face with the other. "Don't worry. Get some sleep. We'll live comfortably once we finish this and win the prize."

Luna felt reassured and relaxed.

Abigail came out of Luna's room holding the dress. She made sure no one was around, then hurried to her room.

Abigail came out of Luna's room holding the dress. She made sure no one was around, then hurried to her room.

Unbeknownst to her, Nina had cracked her door open slightly and witnessed Abigail's secretive return to her room. There was a glint of intrigue in Nina's eyes. Taking this risk had led her to uncover a hidden secret

She closed the door and texted Joan, The drama will happen during the runway show. It's going to be spectacular!