

## Chapter 5

Quinn turned to look at the speaker.

It was Abigail Vanderbilt, lazily leaning back in her chair, surrounded by a pleasant scent of perfume.

She was the boss of this coffee shop and also Quinn's friend.

Abigail was tall, standing at about 1.78 meters, with short hair, dressed in a black t-shirt and casual pants. When she didn't speak, many mistook her for a guy.

During Quinn's interview, Abigail playfully pinched her cheeks, startling Quinn. It wasn't until Abigail spoke that Quinn realized she was a woman.

Setting down the tablecloth, Quinn smiled and signed to her, "I'm used to it."

Abigail watched Quinn's fingers and noticed her reddened eyes, feeling a pang of sympathy.

Abigail was Quinn's friend; she knew the hardships and injustices Quinn had endured in this marriage.

Handing Quinn the coffee she made, Abigail said, "This is your favorite coffee, freshly brewed. See how it tastes."

Quinn thanked her and took a sip of the milk tea.

It tasted wonderful!

A smile spread across Quinn's face.

With her fair complexion, when she stared at someone, Quinn resembled a helpless little puppy, tugging at heartstrings.

That's why Abigail liked pinching her. Initially, Quinn wasn't used to it, but gradually, she grew accustomed.

Habit was a terrifying thing!

Abigail was kind-hearted. To understand what Quinn was saying, she even watched videos to learn sign language. Now, she could understand most of Quinn's signs.

Suddenly, Abigail grabbed Quinn and led her upstairs. "Come help me with something."

Quinn quickly put down her coffee and followed Abigail upstairs to a room at the corner of the second floor, where colorful paintings were displayed.

Apart from being the boss of the coffee shop, Abigail was also a "painter."

However, she self-proclaimed this title because she hadn't sold a single painting yet.

Abigail's parents didn't allow her to study art, so she opened this coffee shop as a cover to secretly paint here.

Upon entering, Abigail pressed Quinn onto a stool. "Don't move. Your job today is to be my model."

Quinn obediently sat still on the stool.

Abigail enjoyed using Quinn as a model and had painted many portraits of her.

As time passed, nearing noon, a heavy rainstorm began outside. The rain pattered against the windows, creating a serene atmosphere inside the room.

Due to the rain, more customers came in, making the downstairs busy. Abigail and Quinn had to stop painting and help out.

Short-staffed, Abigail, as the boss, had to assist with deliveries.

She called on Quinn to accompany her on the deliveries.

Abigail hopped on her motorcycle, with Quinn sitting on the back.

Despite the rain, Quinn wanted to take an umbrella, but Abigail refused.

According to Abigail, riding a motorcycle was cool, but riding one with an umbrella was uncool.

So, Quinn held the coffee close, shivering on the back of Abigail's motorcycle.

The rain poured heavily, accompanied by thunder and lightning, darkening the sky even though it was only noon.

When Abigail's motorcycle stopped outside a certain building, Quinn's expression changed.

Because this was Alexander's company!