

Chapter 6

Abigail helped Quinn take off her helmet; both of them were drenched, but the coffee in Quinn's arms was still safe.

Abigail quipped, "These people are nuts. Big company, no coffee machine, so they have to order delivery."

Taking the coffee from Quinn, Abigail smiled, "Stay here, I'll be right back."

Quinn nodded and silently walked to the front gate to wait.

Staring at the curtain of rain ahead, Quinn's expression seemed distant.

The day Ulysses brought her to Alexander's place, it was also pouring rain. She timidly hid behind Ulysses, while nine-year-old Alexander scrutinized her.

Alexander asked who she was.

Ulysses jokingly said, "Your future wife, interested?"

Nine-year-old Alexander scoffed, "I don't want a monkey as my wife."

Indeed, she was skinny and pale back then, with dry, yellowish hair, perhaps even less appealing than a zoo monkey.

But then he added, "If you don't eat more, how can you be my wife when you're so thin?"

Knowing Alexander was joking, Quinn always took it seriously.

Lost in thought, Quinn was snapped back by a voice.

"In this heavy rain, I don't feel like working. I'm leaving first!"

It was Getty, stepping out of the company gates in high heels, who then spotted the drenched Quinn.

"Quinn?" Getty was on the phone with Alexander, who heard the word 'Quinn' from his end.

Turning back to the company building and then to Quinn, Getty hung up the call. "Here to see Alexander?"

Quinn shook her head.

Raising an eyebrow, Getty walked towards Quinn, sneering, "Alexander says you're naive, but you don't seem that innocent. Coming here drenched, trying to get his sympathy?" She pinched a wet strand of Quinn's hair, mocking, "You look so pitiful!"

A smug expression covered Getty's face. "Don't play these tricks. Alexander doesn't like you. To him, you're just a pet cat or dog!"

Quinn tightly pressed her lips together, perhaps due to the cold rain, her lips turning pale.

Getty didn't need to say it; Quinn was well aware of it herself.

Many times, the way Alexander looked at her was no different from how he looked at the pets at home.

Alexander also loved the cat they had; if he forgot to feed it before work, he would come back just to feed it.

At that moment, Abigail emerged with the coffee. She swiftly stood in front of Quinn, shielding her, and looked Getty up and down, saying, "You slut, don't bully Quinn!"

Getty's face changed, glaring at Abigail. "How dare you insult me!"

Arms crossed, Abigail playfully looked at her, "What's wrong with calling you out? Did I lie? You're just a filthy slut!slut!"

"You..." Getty was left speechless, her face was livid.

She detested being called a slut. If it weren't for Quinn, she should have been the one married to Alexander! Why was she being insulted?

Taking advantage of Alexander's favor, Getty was used to being arrogant. No one had ever dared to insult her like this to her face. She raised her hand to strike Abigail.

But Abigail wouldn't stand for it. Before Getty's slap could land, Abigail struck first.

With a scream, Getty fell to the ground.

Her face was swollen from the blow, and her foot was twisted due to the high heels she wore.

Clutching her foot in pain, tears streamed down Getty's face.

Abigail looked down at Getty with disdain. "You think you can hit me? You filthy slut, you deserve this!"

Despite the pain, Getty glared at Abigail, seething with hatred.

Abigail pulled the startled Quinn to her side. "Let's go!"

Quinn kept looking back. She saw Alexander rushing out of the company, lifting Getty from the ground. Even through the rain, his tender expression was visible.

However, Alexander didn't notice Quinn in the rain.

Abigail started the motorcycle engine and disappeared into the downpour.

The heavy rain blurred Quinn's vision, and the towering building in front lost its shape in the rain.