

## Chapter 7

Getty huffed in frustration, turning her head away from him.

A security guard approached with surveillance footage and handed it to Alexander. "Sir, here's the surveillance footage."

Watching the footage, Alexander's face darkened instantly. He had been to Quinn's workplace before and knew Abigail, along with her other hidden identity. But he didn't see Quinn in the footage.

Throwing the tablet on the table, Alexander said to Getty, "I'll take you to the hospital."

Getty, even more upset by his lack of reaction, retorted, "I'm not going! Let my leg break; at least then I won't have to hear people calling me a slut every time I step out."

Alexander insisted, "Stop being stubborn; we're going to the hospital."

"I'm not going!"

Alexander picked her up and walked out.

Quinn sat behind Abigail, rain washing over her face. She cautiously held onto Abigail's waist.

Despite the cold rain, Abigail's back felt warm.

She wanted to thank Abigail but couldn't speak.

For twenty-three years, apart from Ulysses and Alexander, Abigail was the first to stand up for her.

Abigail paused, looking down at the hand on her waist, sighing silently. In this icy rain, falling on Abigail's back felt warm. It wasn't rain; it was Quinn's tears! She was crying, finally letting herself go in the downpour.

Abigail didn't return to the coffee shop but drove Quinn to her place.

After arriving, Abigail got out of the car, escorted Quinn to the door, removed Quinn's helmet, and smoothed her wet hair.

"Change your clothes; don't catch a cold. He won't care if you get sick!!"

Quinn nodded and signed, "Wait a moment."

After saying that, Quinn rushed inside and came back out with an umbrella.

She handed the umbrella to Abigail.

Initially reluctant to take it, Abigail eventually accepted the umbrella, not wanting to disappoint Quinn's kind gesture.

Abigail smiled and said, "Alright, I'll take the umbrella. Go inside quickly!"

Quinn hesitated, seemingly wanting to watch her leave.

"Can't do anything with you." Abigail opened the umbrella, held it over her shoulder, mounted her motorcycle, and departed gracefully.

Her voice echoed from the rain, "I'm leaving!"

Quinn watched her disappear into the distance, a smile playing on her lips. If Alexander were there, he would notice that her smile at that moment was different, more genuine.

Quinn sneezed. She took a hot shower, had some cold medicine, but still felt dizzy.

Taking her temperature, it read 103 degrees Fahrenheit. She had a fever.

After taking some fever-reducing medicine, she lay down and fell asleep.

When Quinn woke up, she found someone sitting by her bed. In the dim room, she thought she was hallucinating.

Rubbing her eyes, she turned on the light.

To her surprise, it was Alexander sitting there, legs crossed, wearing a black shirt with the collar open, sleeves rolled up, revealing his strong forearms, a discreet and expensive watch on his wrist, showcasing his prestigious status.

His stern gaze met Quinn's, his face devoid of emotion. "You slept soundly."

Quinn knelt on the bed, signing apologetically, "I overslept. Have you eaten?"

Ignoring her question, Alexander said, "Don't work at the coffee shop anymore!"

Quinn was taken aback and signed, "Why?"

"Abigail has a bad influence. You'll be led astray. You're not going back. I'll find you a new job."

Quinn usually complied with whatever he said, but this time, she didn't.

Quinn signed, "I like it there. I want to keep working there."

"I said you're not allowed!" His tone turned cold, his gaze piercing.

Quinn bit her lip, staring back at him directly.

For the first time, she dared to meet his gaze like this.

Quinn signed, "Is it because of what happened at the company?"

"How dare you mention the company? Who took Abigail there?" Alexander's eyes narrowed. Quinn lowered her gaze, not offering any explanation, just stubbornly signing, "I want to work there!"

"Do you dare to go and try?" Alexander's voice lled with anger.

Quinn remained still, and Alexander stood up, walking out of the bedroom.

As he reached the door, he turned back to Quinn. "Don't let me catch you meeting that Abigail again!"

With that, he left without looking back.

Feeling extremely dizzy, Quinn touched her forehead, still burning up, her breath even feeling hot.

Shaking her head, she quickly got out of bed, barefoot, and followed him downstairs. At the staircase, she grabbed the hem of Alexander's shirt.

Alexander paused, turning to look at her. "What are you doing now?"

Quinn pursed her lips, staring at him for a long moment before seemingly making up her mind and letting go of his shirt.

She crossed him and went to the sofa in the living room, bending down to open a drawer.

Following her, Alexander saw a divorce agreement lying quietly in the drawer!

This divorce agreement had been there for a while, unnoticed by Alexander.

He hadn't even opened this drawer before.

He looked at Quinn in shock and confusion.

Quinn gazed back at him earnestly. Though she didn't speak, everything she wanted to say was in her eyes:

Let's get divorced!

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Next episode preview: Someone has gone crazy! Who is it?