

## Not One, But Two Chapter 2

### Not One, But Two Chapter 2 The Audacity of That Woman

Greg had never been as humiliated as when his stark-naked self was hoisted off the damp ground of an alleyway and into an idling ambulance that would later transport him to the downtown hospital. As far as he was concerned, his reputation as a man was completely ruined.

His assistant, Troy, was presently standing next to his bed in the hospital room and staring at the hand imprint on his face. Troy couldn't help but shudder when he felt Greg's icy gaze fix upon him.

"Did you find her?" Greg asked, enunciating his words through gritted teeth. The audacity of that woman! I can't believe she screwed me over and then had the nerve to slap me!

No one had dared lay a hand on Greg since the day he was born, but that woman clearly did not get the memo. Much to his chagrin, she had even delivered her slap with full force. The air in the hospital room suddenly grew still and cold, and if Abigail were there at the moment, she could very well be shredded alive.

Troy shivered and quickly answered, "We've retrieved all the camera footage in the area, but it was too dark for us to make out anything other than a blurry figure; we couldn't get a proper glimpse of her face, either."

"Go look into it! I don't care if you have to flip over every pebble in Harrion as long as you track down this wretched woman!" In a fit of rage, Greg threw the mirror onto the floor and habitually touched his pinky, only to pause with a startled look on his face. He glanced down, and upon noticing his bare pinky, he demanded icily, "Where is my ring?"

Troy swallowed convulsively and stammered, "W-We don't know. It wasn't on your pinky when you were in the ambulance."

Perhaps the rage was getting to his head, for Greg let out a loud bark of incredulous laughter, though it only made him look all the more maniacal. "So she screwed me over and stole my stuff! Hah! Well-played! Very much well-played! If you don't track this woman down and bring her to me, all of you can start looking for burial plots!"

Troy jumped, and it was only through sheer willpower did he not collapse on the spot out of fear. "I'll get to it right away!" He bolted from the hospital room as he said that, only to hear a loud crashing sound coming from somewhere behind him. He grimaced as he thought about what else Greg had broken.

Meanwhile, Abigail did not make her way home until after she had found a phone, called 911, and watched Greg get lifted into the ambulance bound for the hospital.

She had a grim look on her face, and the searing pain that rippled through her body seemed to be attacking her every fiber. With each step, she was reminded of the fact that she was no longer chaste, and that there was no hope for her and Jonathan to carry on.

The relationship she had fostered with Jonathan over the course of the last few years was now destroyed, and the unexpected incident of last night had left her no choice but to break up with him. She felt a tight pain in her heart, but her chest filled with such hot rage that she thought she might implode.

“Emma!” As soon as Abigail stormed through the front door of her house, she marched right up to Emma’s bedroom door and kicked it open. She didn’t care that it was only 5.00AM and that the rest of her family was still asleep. Without another word, she lunged toward the bed and pulled Emma upright before slapping the girl hard across her face.

Having been awakened by the slap, Emma registered the hysterical woman in front of her and let out a shriek. “Murder! Abigail’s trying to murder me!”

At once, the lights in the house turned on.

“What the hell is going on? It’s not even daybreak, for heaven’s sake! What’s with the ruckus?” Philip Kain roared as he stood at the bedroom doorway, sounding very much like the disapproving head of the family as well as the father to both Emma and Abigail.

Standing next to him was Abigail’s stepmom, Sasha. The woman immediately rushed across the room when she saw Abigail plummeting Emma senseless. She grabbed Abigail by the arm and screamed, “Are you out of your mind, Abigail? Let go of your sister right now!”

“Sister? I could never have a sister as wicked as her! Why don’t you ask her what she did last night?” Abigail’s gaze was smoldering black as she stared at Emma mutinously. She had to force back her tears, though her body was crying out in protest after the ordeal it had been through last night.

However, Emma struggled and screamed, “I didn’t do anything! What did I do? You told me to go home after you decided I was getting in your way with the men at the bar, and I thought you came home too. I didn’t think you’d stay out all night and then lash out at me for no reason! Do you even think about your boyfriend when fooling around outside? Don’t you feel ashamed for betraying Jonathan like this?”

“Don’t be ridiculous! The only reason I went to the bar was because—”

Emma cut her off before she could explain why she had been at the bar, and she instantly began to make up stories to turn the narrative against Abigail. "So you're just going to deny it? Look at the state of you! Your collar is all ripped, and you're sporting those disgusting lovebites all over your neck. Come on, Abbie, you're crossing so many lines right now! You're despicable! What's Jonathan going to do now?"

Upon hearing this, Abigail thought the rage would consume her whole. "I'll tear that mouth right off your face, you lying skank!" Without another word, she pounced on Emma, but she was held back by a strong pair of arms.

"Let me go!" Abigail swiveled to see who was holding her back, only to be stunned by the man standing behind her. "Jonathan? When did you get back? Weren't you supposed to be in Yulstania on a business trip?"

Jonathan's face was frighteningly grim, and when he saw the lovebites that marred Abigail's neck, the stormy look in his eyes was borderline destructive. "Imagine missing out on this fascinating development had I returned a day later, Abigail! You said you wanted to save yourself for marriage. Was that just something you said to cover up your dirty track record? You scheming, manipulative wh\*re!"

He shrugged her off so aggressively that Abigail staggered and crashed to the floor, and whatever sentiment that he had for her seemed to shatter alongside his heart at that moment.

"You don't believe me," she muttered, feeling so miserable that she could cry. The only thing worse than having her innocence snatched away so cruelly was to have the person she loved most believe in false accusations made against her. As she stared at the man who had walked with her through the better part of her life, her heart twisted agonizingly.

"I believe in what I've seen for myself. I will never want somebody else's toy, Abigail. As of today, we're over!" Jonathan threw the words mercilessly over his shoulder, spun on his heels, and stomped out.

Abigail felt like something in her had collapsed and shattered, leaving nothing but ruins.

Meanwhile, when Emma saw Jonathan walk out the door, she chased after him and cried, "Wait for me, Jonathan!"

"Jonathan, it's not what you think!" Abigail tried to clamber to her feet so she could go after Jonathan, but a harsh slap across her face sent her into a daze.

"You shameless, useless thing! Jonathan doesn't want you anymore, so what's going to happen to the investment his family had poured into our project? What if the entire Fraser Family were to withdraw the investment altogether? I swear that I'll kill you right

now!" Philip was thunderous as he rained fists and kicks upon Abigail, and it seemed as though he'd make good on his threat to beat her to death.

Abigail ducked and wrapped her arms around her head. "Why won't you believe me, Dad?" She was heartbroken, but even as she shrank into herself like an armadillo, Philip went on to punch and kick her like a maniac. He really seemed intent on killing her, and for a brief moment, she thought she might die on the spot.

Just then, Sasha stopped Philip in his relentless attack and said, "Philip, beating her to death won't change the fact that she's fooled around outside. If she was seen by someone else, we'd lose face for real! Why don't we just lock her in the house, and we'll have Emma smooth things over with the Frasers instead?"