

Chapter 11

Inside the car, Charles uncontrollably adjusted the air conditioning up two degrees.

Indeed, he felt quite cold.

Sitting in the backseat, Quentin exuded an icy chill. Ever since receiving that text message, his face had been clouded with darkness. Now, witnessing the tussle between Angelina and Henric, Charles couldn't help but worry for Angelina.

However, it seemed Angelina was unaware of Quentin's arrival.

Both Charles and Quentin saw clearly how Angelina briskly shook off Henric's hold, her expression icy. Charles exhaled in relief.

Things were still looking tolerable.

Angelina was not behaving as she used to, constantly following Henric around.

Angelina took a deep breath, trying to control her emotions.

"Henric, I'm now married. Didn't you tell me you hate interacting too much with married women? And that you don't like being the third party?"

In her past life, Angelina had been devoted to Henric, but he always kept her at arm's length, neither committing to nor ending their relationship. While stringing her along, he told her not to be 'the other woman,' pretending to have high moral standards.

Back then, she was blind to think he was a great man with a kind heart.

Now, reflecting on what she did, Angelina... really wanted to jump off a building!

What in the world was she thinking!

Henric's expression turned cold instantly. "What do you mean,

Angelina?"

He knew her personality well – a slight show of anger from him was usually enough to intimidate her. He had always carefully controlled his temper, not getting angry too often; otherwise, it would lose its effect and might even drive her away.

He stood still, not touching Angelina again, waiting for her to apologize. But instead, Angelina simply walked past him, not looking back.

However, as she stepped away, Angelina suddenly halted her pace.

Henric was initially surprised and worried, but when he realized Angelina was testing him, he sneered inwardly, clearly waiting for her to come back and apologize.

Quentin, observing from a distance, saw through Henric's thoughts, his eyes growing colder.

Angelina inhaled sharply, cursing herself. She remembered that in her past life, Quentin hadn't come to pick her up.

Had he witnessed her tussle with Henric?

She hastened her steps without looking back.

Henric grew anxious, quickly catching up and grabbing Angelina's wrist again. He demanded in a deep voice, "Angelina, how long are you going to keep this up with me?"

Angelina, already intent on distancing herself from Henric, struggled to free herself. Biting her teeth in frustration, she pointed towards the black Rolls-Royce in the distance with her free hand.

Her lips curled into a scornful smile, "See that? My husband is there. Henric, do you really want to be the third party?"

"You...!"

Henric was taken aback, and, feeling the piercing gazes from the car, he instinctively let go of her.

Angelina didn't look back as she ran toward the Rolls-Royce.

Dressed in her school uniform, she somehow exuded a unique charm that Henric always noticed. But now, his expression darkened, and he clenched his fists. What was going on with Angelina?

Was her sudden change because she saw Quentin's arrival? Was she intimidated by him, afraid to openly interact with Henric due to Quentin's brutal nature?

What exactly was happening?

As he pondered, Angelina seemed eager to get into Quentin's car.



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Chapter 12

As soon as Angelina opened the car door, she felt a wave of cold air from inside.

Unfazed, she saw Quentin sitting in the backseat and immediately threw herself into his arms.

"Hubby, did you come specially to pick me up?"

She asked with a hint of surprise in her voice. Quentin frowned slightly but remained silent.

Charles, sitting in the front, tactfully lowered the partition.

Angelina wrapped her arms around Quentin's waist, resting her head on his chest.

Quentin's body stiffened with her sudden closeness, but his icy expression remained unchanged, even as he looked down at her coldly.

Angelina sighed, resigned.

"Hubby, I didn't plan to meet him today. He came to wait for me on his own, and I clearly showed my aversion to him. I promised you, and I would never lie to you. Would you believe me, please?"

She looked up pitifully at Quentin above her.

Seeing his stern face, Angelina shifted her position, sitting on his lap and wrapping her arms around his neck.

Quentin, fearing she might fall, instinctively held her waist.

Angelina's eyes brightened. She knew her husband was just upset, not about to abandon her.

She leaned closer to Quentin, her lips brushing against his ear, teasing him occasionally. She could feel him tensing even more.

"Don't move," he said in a slightly hoarse voice.

Angelina couldn't help but smile slightly, but then she looked at him again with a pitiful expression, hugging his neck tightly. "So, are you not angry with me anymore?"

Quentin sighed softly, his eyes revealing a hint of danger.

"You're not going to run away again?"

Angelina quickly shook her head, her expression as resolute as ever. "No, I'll never run away again!"

Quentin's eyes deepened, but he remained silent.

Angelina looked earnestly at Quentin before her. "I've indeed made many mistakes in the past, even acted out continuously. But hubby, you must believe me. I've realized my mistakes. I promise not to do anything to betray you again. Can you give me another chance, hmm?"

Quentin gazed at the woman before him, noticing her seriousness, which was unprecedented.

No, to be precise, she had been very serious these past few days when making promises to him. Had Angel truly changed?

She pecked lightly on his lips before continuing, "I know you might not believe me right now or want to give me a chance. But hubby, we have a long life ahead of us, really long. I will spend a lifetime showing you who I truly love and to whom I am faithful!"

Quentin's heart trembled fiercely. A lifetime to prove her love meant she would never leave him.

That one sentence was actually enough.

But Quentin didn't say anything.

He couldn't be sure whether her change was permanent.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have done so many things in the past to anger him.

Before Quentin could ponder further, Angelina spoke again, her eyes twinkling, "Besides, my husband is so outstanding. There's no man

better than you out there. If I leave such a great husband to find someone else, I must be out of my mind!"

Her assurances were filled with earnestness and determination.

Charles, listening from the front seat, almost believed her himself. The madam seemed to have realized that her husband was the best option.



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