

## Chapter 6

After dealing with Anna, Angelina followed Charles into Quentin's private elevator.

"Miss Jones..."

Now that they were alone, Charles respectfully reverted to the formal address.

However, Angelina promptly corrected him. "From now on, just call me madam."

Charles paused momentarily but quickly regained his composure. Accustomed to high-stakes situations from his time with Quentin, he calmly began to explain, "The meeting today is of great importance, and the president couldn't interrupt it to come down. That's why he didn't meet you himself."

Although Charles was unsure about Angelina's intentions that day, based on past experiences, he anticipated that she might criticize Quentin for his absence.

Not knowing if his explanation would resonate with her, he still felt it was worth a try to speak on Quentin's behalf.

Bracing himself for potential criticism, Charles was surprised to hear Angelina respond understandingly, "I understand. I'll wait for him in his office."

Charles was taken aback.

Had the madam genuinely changed, or was this a facade, perhaps to ask a favor of the president?

Charles couldn't help but feel the latter was more likely.

Upon reaching the designated floor, Charles led her towards the office but cautioned her, "Madam, the president has been under a lot of stress

lately due to company matters and personal issues between you two. If you need to ask him for something, it might be best to avoid this period."

After reaching the office door, Charles opened it for her. "I must get back to work. Please make yourself comfortable, madam."

Without waiting for a response, he quickly closed the door and left.

Angelina sighed at the situation.

She knew Charles had misunderstood her. Given her previous temperament, it was expected that she wouldn't visit without a significant reason.

Regretfully acknowledging her past arrogance, she realized that her path to redemption would be long.

For now, she had to take it one step at a time.

Angelina settled herself on the sofa, waiting for Quentin to finish his meeting. However, as the minutes ticked by, turning into an hour, no one came.

She started to feel sleepy, but the thought of seeing Quentin the moment he walked in spurred her to fight against the drowsiness. Yet, the more she resisted, the weaker her efforts became.

When Quentin finally entered the office, he was greeted by the sight of a petite figure curled up on the sofa, sleeping soundly.

On the coffee table opposite her lay a neatly packed lunch box.

Quentin's eyes deepened with surprise.

Had she come to bring him lunch?

As he watched her, deep in sleep and seemingly about to slide off the couch, Quentin didn't hesitate. He walked over and gently lifted her into his arms.

His movements were so tender that Angelina didn't even realize she was being moved, continuing to sleep undisturbed. Observing her

peaceful face, Quentin's eyes softened.

He carried Angelina to the inner room of his office and carefully laid her on the bed.

As soon as she was placed down, she awoke. Instinctively, her hand reached out and lightly clutched the edge of Quentin's suit jacket.

He had just come from a meeting, dressed impeccably in a suit and tie. His tall, slender figure was accentuated by the choice of a deep blue tie, which matched the light blue dress she wore, giving them the appearance of a couple.

Puzzled by her grasp, Quentin furrowed his brows, a slight crease forming between his handsome brows. His cool, amorous eyes held a unique charm, and his thin lips were pressed into a line. Every angle of his face was sculpted to perfection.

Angelina tugged hard at his jacket. Her voice carried a hint of coquettishness as she asked, "Honey, are you leaving?"



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