

Chapter 7

Quentin found himself unable to leave. His heart was melting.

However, he was reminded of Angelina secretly meeting Henric the previous day. Her unexpected visit to his office this day might possibly be for Henric. Quentin chilled his eyes instantly. "Let me go," he commanded coldly.

Angelina, sensing the iciness in his tone, immediately sat up and wrapped her arms around his waist. "I don't want to. We just got out of the same bed this morning, and now you're acting like you don't know me?"

Quentin was speechless.

Since when had she started speaking like this?

Angelina didn't care what he was thinking. She clung to him like chewing gum, her face pressed against his side, and her arms tightly wrapped around his waist.

But then she realized where exactly she was holding and immediately blushed, letting go.

Quentin observed her reaction and scoffed before walking away.

Angelina quickly got off the bed and ran ahead of him to the office.

Watching her hastening figure, the coldness in Quentin's eyes unconsciously receded.

Angelina reached the coffee table in a few quick steps, pointing at the lunch box. "Honey, you haven't eaten yet, have you? I brought lunch from home, prepared by Ingrid. It's probably cold now. Let's wash our hands, and then I'll warm it up for you."

As she spoke, she took his hand to lead him to wash up.

Quentin didn't resist and went along with her until she cheerfully

uncovered the meal for him to eat. That's when he spoke coldly, "Unwarranted kindness is often a sign of ulterior motives."

Angelina paused, looking into his cold eyes, feeling a sudden sense of loss. But she quickly gathered herself and playfully clung to his arm.

"You're so smart, hubby. I do want to ask you for something."

A mix of tension and bitterness flashed through Quentin.

He knew she must want something...

"I've taken a fancy to a necklace. Can you buy it for me?" Angelina asked.

Quentin's thoughts halted, and he looked at her in disbelief.

Had she done all this just for a necklace?

Angelina, who actually desired nothing, simply wished for Quentin to let go of his misunderstandings about her, but she knew it wasn't something that could be achieved overnight; it would take time.

Currently a sophomore in college and without a job, Quentin provided her with a monthly allowance of a hundred thousand, which she had carelessly given away to Henric, leaving her penniless. Asking her husband for help to buy a necklace seemed reasonable under these circumstances.

She spoke sincerely and with good demeanor. Quentin watched her for a while before withdrawing his icy gaze, not probing or ridiculing any further, seemingly believing her.

Angelina breathed a sigh of relief, handing him cutlery and watching him eat.

Quentin chewed slowly, feeling both uncomfortable and surprisingly flattered under her unwavering gaze, yet suspecting an ulterior motive.

He refrained from commenting, focusing on his meal.

Angelina didn't speak either, just watching him, feeling increasingly fortunate. How did she deserve such a husband? She wanted to be with him forever.

In her previous life, she had wanted to divorce him for Henric!

Quentin, who truly loved her, had ultimately let her go, sending her to Henric's side.

She had thought escaping Quentin was the start of happiness, not realizing that losing his protection was the beginning of her misfortune.

Understanding Quentin's distrust, she knew she had been too cruel in the past.

"Hubby."

Angelina called out, her mind filled with these thoughts.

Quentin stopped eating and looked at her, silent.

She continued, "I know it's hard for you to believe that I love you right now, but I will work hard to make you trust me. All I ask is that no matter what happens in the future, never divorce me, never leave me, okay?"

Quentin appeared stunned.

Her words were soft, not loud, but each one reached deep into his heart.

After a moment, he found himself responding, "Mm."

He was affirming her request.

Angelina's eyes lit up like crescent moons. "Then eat your meal, Hubby. Don't starve."

Quentin didn't move, feeling as if he were in a dream.

He had thought Angelina came to the company for Henric, but she hadn't mentioned him at all. Even Charles had said she openly admitted being his wife at the front desk. How long had he yearned for this?

Pleasure filled his heart, and his voice became softer and sweeter, "After eating, tell Charles which necklace you like, and he'll buy it for you."

"Sure. Thank you, Hubby."

Angelina's sweet voice sounded, and Quentin thought the matter was settled.

But unexpectedly, her soft hand cupped his face, and before he could react, her lips pressed gently against his...



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