

Chapter 13

Quentin's expression, though calm, was not as icy as before. In fact, Angelina noticed the corners of his mouth turning up slightly.

Angelina felt delighted inside. Although she hadn't yet regained Quentin's trust, seeing his anger dissipate after witnessing her interaction with Henric was more than enough for her.

Then, she cuddled Quentin, looking up at the coldly handsome man with expectant eyes. "Hubby, I'm hungry. Can we go have a buffet, please?"

"Charles."

Quentin said, not directly responding to Angelina but addressing his assistant instead.

Charles, having been with Quentin for so long, understood immediately.

His boss's anger was not only appeased, but he was also in a surprisingly good mood. Those two words from Quentin clearly meant for him to head to a buffet restaurant right away.

Charles's lips twitched as he quickly acknowledged, "Yes."

Seeing the couple get along was genuinely pleasing for Charles.

Quentin was so fond of his wife, yet she had always been preoccupied with other men. As Angelina herself had said, which man could rival Quentin in handsomeness or wealth?

He was the dream lover for many women, yet only Angelina had the privilege of being his wife.

She should be overjoyed about this, but in the past...

Charles decided not to dwell on it. At least for now, they seemed to be on the path to reconciliation.

Reaching an intersection and waiting for a red light, Charles turned left.

Angelina remained snuggled up against Quentin, who showed no intention of pushing her away.

Initially, she had intended to talk with him while lying on his chest.

However... exhaustion from the previous day's activities with him had taken its toll. Barely managing to appease him, she soon fell asleep in his arms.

Listening to the steady breathing of the person in his arms, Quentin looked down in surprise. His gaze softened, but there was also a trace of complexity in his eyes.

Was she being so compliant because she was planning to leave?

"Drive carefully," he instructed.

Charles promptly responded, ensuring a smooth and steady drive.

Until they reached the parking lot near the hot pot restaurant, Charles didn't dare make a sound. Quentin was clearly waiting for Angelina to wake up on her own.

As for Angelina, she was very comfortable in his embrace, or perhaps she was simply too exhausted from the previous day. She slept so soundly that she didn't even realize her hand was hooked around his neck, showing no intention of letting go.

Such vulnerability indicated a deep trust in him.

Once, Angelina would have recoiled even from Quentin touching her hand, let alone resting in his embrace.

But now...

Quentin's gaze grew more complex as he observed the change in her.

This Angelina was like a different person, yet he knew she was still the same Angelina, increasingly resembling the person she used to be.

"Uh..."

Angelina seemed to be woken by the growling of her own stomach. She looked a bit dazed, her eyes still clouded with sleep.

Quentin couldn't help but smile, gently patting her cheek, "You're awake. Let's get out of the car."

"Ah?"

Angelina blinked, then quickly realized what had happened. "Hubby, did I fall asleep on you?"

Her repeated sweet calls of "hubby" almost melted Quentin's heart.

Growl...

Her stomach growled again, and Angelina immediately felt embarrassed.

Her eyes were reflecting her awkwardness. "Um..."



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Chapter 14

Quentin's lips curled into a faint smile. "Let's go," he said.

Feeling awkward and unable to face the man beside her, Angelina hastily moved off him, only for her stomach to betray her with a series of loud growls.

Clutching her stomach, she exclaimed, "Ah! It must be because you mistreated me, not letting me eat my fill."

Embarrassed, she couldn't bear to stay in the car any longer, feeling as if the sound of her stomach was as loud as flatulence.

Quentin, unable to contain his amusement, followed her out of the car, taking her hand as they walked together.

Angelina felt a sense of contentment as his hand enveloped hers. She instinctively clung to his arm, not wanting any space between them.

Her subconscious gesture clearly pleased Quentin, but Angelina, unaware of its effect, looked around curiously. "Hmm? Where's Charles?"

"He had something to attend to," Quentin replied.

Angelina nodded. "I see."

She pondered for a moment, realizing this might be the first time they had gone out to eat together.

It wasn't that he hadn't wanted to take her out before, but rather she had been too unreasonable in the past. Remembering her various antics, Angelina felt increasingly agitated and guilty.

At the buffet restaurant, Angelina ate with great relish, but Quentin didn't eat much. She blinked, "You... don't like buffet?"

Quentin casually served her food, his demeanor relaxed. "I'm not picky."

Angelina's eyes dimmed slightly. His lack of pickiness was due to his

upbringing, which had taught him not to develop too many special habits and to try everything.

But she knew he still didn't like buffet.

Angelina's eyes held a tinge of guilt. "Sorry, hubby. Give me some time to understand you better."

Quentin's gaze deepened, the shadows in his eyes dark and indecipherable.

At this moment, he was moved.

The old Angelina had never spoken words like these, leaving Quentin feeling both cherished and unbelieving.

He couldn't be sure if Angelina genuinely planned to be with him...

Or...

Was she playing a trick to be with Henric?

"Okay."

Quentin finally responded. He was willing to pamper his woman and give her a chance.

He only hoped that she would truly value it.

Angelina lowered her head, eating the meat he had picked for her, and sighed inwardly.

She could sense the reservations in Quentin's heart. Given her past behavior, it was only natural. She wouldn't believe it herself if she easily earned his forgiveness and trust without any effort.

They didn't continue discussing the topic. Angelina quickly adjusted her mindset. By the end of the meal, she was so full she could barely move.

Partly because she was very hungry, it had been a long time since she had buffet, and partly because she was overjoyed at the second chance life had given her...

She had overindulged.

Leaning back in her seat, her beautiful face showed a hint of discomfort,

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"I've embarrassingly overeaten, hubby," she admitted.

Quentin, unable to help but feel indulgent, his lips curved slightly, "Rest a bit before we go."

For Angelina, his patience seemed boundless.

She shook her head, cooing like a spoiled child, "No, I can't walk. Can you carry me out?"

She stretched out her arms, waiting to be picked up like a child by a parent.



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