

Chapter 18

Quentin looked up and saw Angelina standing at the door with a glass of milk in her hand. She seemed to be at a loss because she accidentally pushed the door open. He said to the person on the other end of the phone, "That's it for now. Let's talk about it tomorrow."

After that, he hung up without giving the other person a chance to speak

"Come here."

His expression did not change much. Angelina walked up to him with the glass of milk in her hand and handed it to him.

"You... Are you going on a business trip tomorrow? How long will you be gone?"

Quentin's handsome face, which was originally calm, suddenly darkened. His sharp eyes instantly swept over her.

Angelina's heart trembled, but she could not help but sigh. She was not afraid of being alone, but she just wanted to know when she could make him trust her completely.

He must have thought that the reason why she asked him how long he would be gone was because she wanted to meet up with Henric.

"Seven days."

Quentin glanced at her coldly, answering her question.

He casually put the glass of milk on the table. He was not in the mood to drink it at all.

Angelina frowned. She picked up the glass and put it on his lips. "You should drink the milk. It'll improve your sleep."

Her stubbornness made Quentin's eyes flash slightly. He looked up at Angelina, who was staring at him seriously. Feeling warmth in his heart, he drank all the milk in the end.

Angelina sat beside him and subconsciously hugged his arm.

Perhaps it was because she had suffered too much in her previous life that she finally recognised who the right people for her were.

Many of Angelina's actions were not deliberate, but utterly sincere.

She suggested thoughtfully, "Why don't I become your secretary after I graduate? I'll be able to take care of you at work. I'll arrange your schedules for you and I'll be able to follow you when you go on a business trip. That way, we can spend more time together. My husband will also pay me..."

At that moment, it seemed that she really wanted to be with him all the time.

Quentin was amused by Angelina's expectations and fantasies. He put down the cup in his hand and looked at her. "You want to give up your degree in acting?"

Angelina's heart skipped a beat.

At the thought that Lilian was living a good life in the entertainment circle, she smiled sardonically. Her eyes gradually froze with endless mockery. "I will continue my career, but I can't control the future, can I?"

Then, Angelina sat on Quentin's lap and wrapped her hands around his neck as she looked into Quentin's eyes. Then, she lowered her head and kissed his lips.

"I don't know who I am. Except for you, no one is really good to me. I'm aware of what they've done to me. If I don't fight back, doesn't that mean that I'm being too generous?"

As soon as she said that, Angelina looked at Quentin with grievance.

"Honey, they are all torturing me."

In fact, Quentin had already known their true personalities, but she had been willing to believe them and had been so stubborn. It was useless for him to say anything. Since she had already discerned their true intentions, then he no longer needed to trouble himself.

The most important thing was that his beloved wife's heart would gradually return to him, right?

Quentin was incredibly satisfied. He held her slender waist with one hand and said, "Well, you can torture them back."

Angelina's eyes were shining. "Then, you have to back me up!"

She had to hold him to his words.

There was a hint of a smile in Quentin's cold eyes. He raised one hand to touch the tip of her nose and said, "Okay."

There was some hesitance in Angelina's eyes, but before she could linger on that thought, Quentin suddenly picked her up.



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Chapter 19

Angelina quickly hooked her hand around Quentin's neck. "Well? Are you going to rest?"

"Yes."

Then, he took her to his bedroom.

Angelina's eyes flashed. It was her second time staying the night in his bedroom. She used to stay in the guest room, far away from him.

Right then, however, she was lying on his bed. The smell in the room was the same as that on his body, which made her feel at ease.

Quentin put Angelina on the bed, but she had no intention of letting go of his neck.

He had no choice but to lean on the bed with both hands. He looked down at the scene in front of him and blinked as if she were an innocent kitten who had done something bad.

He smiled slightly and looked at her. "Do you want to stay in this position?"

Quentin's sudden forwardness and his magnetic voice made Angelina blush. She turned her head away, not daring to look at him.

Quentin could see that Angelina's ears were red. The shy act she was putting on made Quentin's gaze turn a little darker.

"Let go, okay?" he muttered.

Angelina's face turned redder upon hearing the way his tone rose magnetically at the end of his sentence. She quickly let go of him and climbed onto the bed. Sigh... She could feel that she was being sucked into the whirlpool that was Quentin.

She had been such an idiot in her past life.

Low laughter rumbled above her head. When Angelina looked up subconsciously, she found that he had turned away and walked to the bathroom.

It was not until she saw him go in and heard the sound of water splashing that Angelina came back to her senses.

She stopped fantasizing and began swiping through her phone.

However, as soon as she opened WhatsApp, she saw that her class group chat was extremely active.

Everyone was chatting back and forth. Angelina's gaze paused for a moment. Director Gail had indeed gone scouting for people to act in his show in her previous life, and it was Lilian who played one of the side characters. Although that character only appeared in around twenty episodes, it was a very special character. Instead of some kind of evil villain, the role was the female lead's friend who ended up being a popular pairing with another character. Angelina recalled that it was because of the play that Lilian shot to stardom, and then ended up getting casted repeatedly.

Tsk!

Angelina turned off the screen of her phone casually with a deeply contemplative gaze.

In her previous life, Lilian had asked Angelina which role was better. After reading the script, Angelina didn't hesitate to tell her that it was the side character.

That was because back then, whenever Angelina and Lilian would watch shows or read scripts together, Angelina would tell Lilian a lot of her opinions.

Of course, Lilian was the one who always asked her those questions.

She realized that Angelina's analysis was incredibly accurate every time. Whenever Angelina said that a show was going to flop, it wouldn't become popular. On the flip side, whenever Angelina said that a show was promising, it would blow up.

Although Lilian was jealous of her, she believed in Angelina's taste. With her help, Lilian's reputation kept getting better and better.

Angelina couldn't help but sneer. In her current life, she would keep giving Lilian advice, brainwashing her.


Quentin had just taken a shower. When he came out, he saw Angelina lying on the bed, sneering at the dark screen of her mobile phone.



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Chapter 20

Quentin's gaze was darkened, yet he stayed quiet. He walked forward step-by-step. When Angelina heard him, she turned her head to look at him.

She was greeted by the sight of Quentin wrapped in only a white bath towel around his waist. He had tan skin as well as strong arms and abs...

Angelina's eyes were wide open. He was so handsome!

Why did she fall in love with someone else when her husband was so handsome?

At that moment, there was a tinge of desire in her eyes.

Quentin raised his eyebrows, and the corners of his mouth curled into a nearly undetectable smile.

It was not until he approached that Angelina realized how infatuated she was acting. She quickly looked away, some awkwardness in her eyes.

"Um... I see you're done showering."

Angelina coughed softly. Her throat felt a little dry and itchy, and she had said something completely unnecessary.

"Yes."

Quentin looked calm. At the same time, he picked up the ointment on the bedside table.

Looking at Angelina, who was in a pink nightdress, he sat beside her.

"Lie down."

"Uh... What?"

Angelina was still a little dizzy. The moment she responded, she realized that something was amiss. She looked at his face.

However, despite questioning him, her body was already lying flat on the bed before she could control it.

Her face was getting redder and redder.

The day before...

She had been reborn while he was forcing himself onto her.

Right then, however...

The two of them...

Angelina's face was heating up. She didn't even notice that he was holding a small tube of ointment in his hand.

Quentin's eyes darkened, but his hand still tugged at Angelina's nightdress, causing her to blush even harder.

"Honey..."

Her voice was incredibly soft, obviously because she was embarrassed.

Her voice had always been pleasant to listen to, but right then, it carried a hint of shyness, which was enough to steal one's soul away.

Quentin's eyes were a little dark. He looked at her white underwear. She wasn't wearing sexy lace, nor was there anything that could make his imagination run wild, but...

He was attracted by her submission.

Angelina was completely unprepared right then. She had the feeling that what was about to happen next was going to be incredibly embarrassing.

Thinking of how fierce he had been the day before, she shivered

subconsciously. Angelina took a deep breath and dared not look at him anymore. She even covered her face with her hands. "I... I'm still sore."

Angelina's body was extremely red, possibly because of how shy she was.

She was like a fragrant dish, giving one the urge to swallow her whole and savor the taste.

"Okay," Quentin responded in a low, slightly hoarse voice.

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However, he still personally took her underwear off.

Angelina took a deep breath subconsciously. "You..."

That was all she could say. She couldn't get any more words out of her mouth.

However... wasn't it normal for things to escalate?

They were husband and wife. Right then, she was close to him and was even flirting with him. In that case...

Angelina took a deep breath and dared not think about it anymore.

"I'm going to use the ointment."

As he spoke, Quentin opened up the tube of ointment, and Angelina's face became even more flushed.

So... She had just been overthinking things, wasn't she?

Quentin was clearly doing something perfectly innocuous. However, in her eyes...

Upon hearing his words, Angelina did not lower her hands that were covering her face. Instead, she hid her face even more. Quentin's smile deepened as he looked at her with amusement in his eyes. "What did you think I was going to do?"


As he said that, he had already placed one hand on Angelina's thigh.



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