

Chapter 21

Angelina's body suddenly trembled. Ugh!

She couldn't do it anymore. How embarrassing!

She quickly pulled down her skirt and grabbed the ointment from his hand. She did not dare to look at Quentin anymore and immediately got out of the bed.

"Um... I can do it myself!"

After that, she rushed into the bathroom and closed the door without any regard for his reaction.

Angelina leaned against the bathroom door alone, with her left hand behind her waist. She grabbed the ointment tightly.

She closed her eyes and placed her right hand on her heart. As she felt the thumping of her heart, the redness on her face did not fade away.

Back then, whenever she messed with him, she would be excited rather than shy. When she saw his dark eyes, she would even feel a little proud.

Right then, however...

The real deal hadn't even happened yet, and she was already so affected.

Angelina couldn't help but take a deep breath.

She slowly picked up the tube of ointment.

Half an hour passed. Quentin's hair was almost dry, yet she still hadn't come out.

He frowned and stood up.

"Are you still not done?"

Angelina suddenly came to her senses and found herself standing in front of the mirror in a daze. She quickly replied, "I'm done."

She quickly tidied up her nightdress and walked out.

However, when she saw something... eye-catching on the bed, her dainty face, which had just calmed down, turned red again.

Although Quentin didn't look at the bed, he knew what she was embarrassed over. He immediately smirked, yet he merely stepped forward and rubbed her head thoughtfully. "I'm going to make a phone call. You should rest first."

Angelina instantly breathed a sigh of relief. She quickly smiled sweetly at him and said, "Okay. Go ahead."

The night continued.

The two of them lay on the bed together, and Angelina was curled up in Quentin's arms.

Even so, Angelina didn't feel sleepy at all. The night before... she had passed out after getting toyed with by him, so in a real sense, it was the first time they were sleeping in the same bed.

"Can't sleep?"

His magnetic voice floated into her ears. Angelina was slightly stunned, but the next moment, she hummed in agreement.

"Well... there's something on my mind. I hope you don't mind me talking about it."

Quentin opened her eyes and looked at her. Under the moonlight, he could see the obvious conflict in her expression. His eyes darkened slightly as he said, "Go ahead."

"I like acting. Do you... think that I could become an actress? I mean-"

Before she could finish her words, she was interrupted by Quentin. "Do whatever you like. Don't think too much about it."

Angelina's eyes lit up, and she looked at him in surprise.

"Really?"

"Yes."

Smooch!

Angelina kissed him excitedly.

"I knew it! You're the best, Hubby."

She was extremely excited, while Quentin was slightly stunned.

In the past few days, Angelina had been getting closer and closer to him. Every time she made the first move, it shocked him, but she was quite shy at the same time. She was not the same person who used to constantly be at odds with him.

However, the way she was acting right then made it seem like they had returned to the past.

Quentin's eyes flashed before returning to normal.

Angelina was overjoyed. She inexplicably felt at ease in his arms, and even her previous impulsiveness had been swept away.

She had never thought that he would be so important to her.

She also regretted being led astray by those people in her previous life.

She had harboured a bad impression of him from the beginning.

Despite that... Why was he so kind to her when she used to be so pretentious?

Angelina thought for a moment and couldn't help looking at him and asking, "Hubby, why were you so kind to me even though I acted like that back then?"

Chapter 22

Quentin's eyes darkened slightly.

Just when Angelina thought that he wasn't going to answer, he spoke into her ears, "Because you're all I have."

Angelina's eyes flashed with some surprise. "Huh?"

What did he mean by that?

The next moment, her eyes sparkled. Jokingly, she teased, "Are you saying you can't live without me, Hubby?"

Angelina was just messing with him. She didn't expect a genuine reply from him.

However, Quentin was serious.

He replied, "Yes."

Angelina was taken by surprise. She looked at him in disbelief.

"Hubby..."

She was going to say something, but Quentin hugged her and patted her on the back gently. "Go to sleep, okay?"

Angelina immediately grew quiet.

However, she was still quite confused. What exactly did he mean by saying that she was all he had?

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Quentin had been on a business trip for three days.

Angelina wasn't used to his absence. Although the two of them were only together for two days, Angelina felt incredibly reluctant when she

had to leave him.

When Angelina was about to have breakfast, she couldn't help calling Quentin.

Ingrid was serving Angelina breakfast.

"Breakfast is ready, Madam."

Angelina put her phone to her ear and glanced at the porridge that Ingrid was holding. "Okay."

Quentin quickly answered her call. "You're awake."

"Do you not miss me, Hubby? You haven't contacted me at all for the past few days."

Angelina pouted and looked a little unhappy. At the same time, she walked step by step towards the dining table.

Meanwhile, Quentin was in a meeting room. The dozens of other people inside were a little dumbfounded. They looked at the man in a suit and leather shoes sitting in the main seat, who had suddenly interrupted the meeting to answer the phone.

Why did Quentin pick up the phone in the middle of a meeting?

They were a little dumbfounded, thinking that their eyes were playing tricks on them. Some people rubbed their eyes, thinking that they were hallucinating.

Was Quentin smiling as well?

It wasn't an illusion!

Oh my god!

Who could be the subject of Quentin's undivided attention?

Everyone looked at Quentin with curious eyes, but they didn't dare to ask any questions.

All they heard was Quentin speaking in a soft voice.

"Yes."

On the other hand, the curious Angelina was incredibly dissatisfied. She held her phone tightly.

"What do you mean? It looks like you don't miss me at all!"

Her voice was a little loud, and everyone who was seated closer to Quentin could hear it. They were all stunned.

Oh my god. It really was a woman.

Quentin had a woman by his side?!

Who was she, though? How could she be so bold?

Wait, no. How could Quentin dote on a woman so much?

Who was that woman?! They wanted to bribe her in advance.

Angelina pouted at Quentin's lack of response, but she knew that he was not good at talking about such things, so she changed the subject.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm in a meeting."

Angelina's eyes widened slightly, and she held the phone as if she hadn't realized what was going on.

Then, she took a deep breath. Did that mean he had put everyone on hold to pick up the phone?

"You answered my call during a meeting?"

"Yes."

D*mn it!

Angelina's face flushed red. Did that mean that the entire meeting room was listening in on Quentin's conversation with her?

Or had he kicked everyone out before picking up?

Tsk...

"Go ahead and finish up your work first. Remember to call me! Otherwise, I'm going to ignore you forever."

After that, Angelina ended the call in a panic. Her voice was incredibly quiet, for fear of being heard by those who were nearby Quentin.

As for Quentin...



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