

Chapter 32

Henric couldn't stand it anymore and immediately interrupted her angrily.

Angelina pushed him away, a hint of mockery on her lips. "You still lack the skills to handle things properly."

She turned around and left after that.

Quentin could see Henric's gloomy gaze behind Angelina.

Angelina was initially quite upset, but upon seeing Quentin's car, her face lit up with euphoria. She quickly ran over and got into the car.

She didn't care about the chilly atmosphere inside the car, nor did she mind the somewhat somber expression on Quentin's face. Instead, she reached her hands out and quickly threw herself into his arms.

"Honey, I miss you so much."

Her slightly coquettish voice made Quentin lower her head little by little to look at her.

He didn't hug her back, nor did he push her away.

Based on his schedule, he originally still had to stay for another three days in City C. However, he delegated the remaining work to others and rushed back after finishing the meeting just because she said she missed him over a phone call.

Yet, the first thing he saw when he arrived at the school gate was the compromising position Angelina and Henric were in.

The man she used to love the most was Henric.

It'd be strange if Quentin wasn't jealous of him.

Angelina looked up and noticed that Quentin was unhappy. Her eyes filled with guilt, and she apologized, "I'm sorry. I really didn't expect to bump into him here, and I don't intend on keeping in touch with him

anymore. He was the one who kept pestering me. Hubby, do you trust me?"

Quentin's stare darkened slightly as he locked eyes with Angelina.

He remained silent, but the cold atmosphere and aura around him showed no sign of fading.

Angelina sighed in her heart and continued, "I know that you're still wary of me. And I don't know how to convince you otherwise, but I can assure you that my heart belongs only to you now. Besides, you can have Henric shift to another city with just one call, hubby!"

Her small little face looked exceptionally determined.

At last, Henric was just an illegitimate child of the Weils family. She knew from her past life that Mr. Weils placed a great emphasis on benefits. Henric had to rely on himself and his own efforts to gradually gain control of the Weils family.

Quentin was the Weils family's most desired collaborator. If Quentin were to suggest that the condition for such a collaboration was for Henric to leave, Mr. Weils would agree to do it without a second thought.

"Angelina."

Quentin lowered his head and stared at Angelina's little face.

"Are you sure it's not just to spite him?"

Quentin enunciated each other, his tone extremely dark.

Angelina's eyes trembled. What did he mean by that?

Did he think she was being this nice to him just to spite Henric? Did he think that nothing was real, and she would get back to Henric once he changed his mind?

Angelina looked at Quentin in disbelief and asked instead, "Hubby, are you this insecure?"

Quentin pursed his lips and said nothing.

Back in the day, he would never think about such things, but after that incident...

His gaze slowly turned nonchalant, and he quickly came back to his senses.


Seeing him in such a state, Angelina sighed in her heart. She then quickly grabbed Quentin's hand, looking into his eyes with sincerity and seriousness. "I'm not trying to make Henric jealous or spite him. I don't have any feelings for him. I'm loyal to my marriage, loyal to you, and you're the only one I love!" Angelina promised.



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