

Chapter 33

If it weren't for the fact that she was afraid of being too forward, she would have called Quentin and let him hear her conversation with Henric.

She gazed deeply at Quentin.

Quentin sighed softly. He was fated to be entangled with Angelina for life.

Angelina looked at him and noticed the fatigue in his eyes. She furrowed her brows slightly and asked, "Hubby, you seem tired. Are you okay?"

Charles, the assistant and driver who had been trying to make himself small, finally cleared his throat.

He said, "Um... Mr. Lewis hasn't slept for days."

Angelina's expression changed drastically. "What?!"

She immediately turned to look at Quentin and questioned, "Even if you're busy with work, you need to sleep! Don't you know that this kind of lifestyle can be detrimental to your health?"

Quentin raised his eyebrows slightly and did not speak, whereas Angelina was genuinely furious and worried. She said again, "What if something happens to you? What am I supposed to do then? Are you asking me to become a widow?"

Quentin's pupils shrank. He hadn't said anything since just then, but Angelina's words made his heart ache.

How could he bear to leave her behind?

Angelina, however, was deeply concerned and sad for him. She frowned and said, "Now, go to bed!"

Quentin felt a bit helpless. Before he could say anything, he saw

Angelina grab him firmly, forcing his head onto her shoulder, and she sternly ordered, "Sleep now!"

Her words were unquestionable.

Charles felt somewhat resigned. Quentin didn't do it on purpose. It wasn't his schedule that left him no time to sleep; the issue was that he struggled with severe sleep disorders.

The hypnotist had tried all sorts of methods but still failed to get him to fall asleep. Everyone was extremely worried as it would be disastrous if it went on for a long time!

"If you don't sleep now, I'll take back what I just said. I won't love you anymore, and I refuse to become a widow!"

Quentin's face darkened. "Say that again. hmm?"

His slightly tempting voice was threatening

Angelina's face showed a hint of panic. She was flustered, and she didn't dare look him in the eye. However, in the next moment, she felt that she was in the right and gritted, "Continue to threaten me like this if you want to lose me then!"

If he could threaten her like that, she could also return the favor!

However, seeing Quentin's fatigued expression, she couldn't help but kiss the corner of his lips in distress and explain, "Alright, Hubby, how about taking a nap? I don't have classes today. Let's go eat after you sleep well. There's still some time before dinner, and I want you to have enough energy to accompany me."

Looking at Angelina, who was trying her best to make him sleep, Quentin's lips curled slightly. He eventually closed his eyes and said, "Okay."

Angelina nodded with satisfaction. "That's right!"

Charles sighed helplessly in his heart but didn't say anything about his health. After all, he knew that Angelina had good intentions.

Quentin did not intend to tell her about it.

Angelina glanced at Charles and whispered, "Drive as usual; let's go home."

Charles drove straight back.

Angelina seemed to be the only person who could convince Quentin to rest then.

It would be great if they had a good and strong relationship.

Quentin had never liked anyone, and she was the only woman he treated differently.

Throughout the whole journey back home, neither of them spoke. Charles parked the car and was about to say something when he saw Angelina gesturing to him, clearly asking him to be quiet.


Charles couldn't help but sigh. He knew Angelina was doing such a thing out of kindness, but... His train of thought trailed off, and he was completely dumbfounded when he saw Quentin had fallen asleep.



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