

## Chapter 34

"Mr. Lewis has fallen asleep?!"

Charles burst out in disbelief.

Since their journey home had been quiet along the way, Quentin was awakened by his sudden voice.

Angelina looked at him, annoyed. "I told you not to make a sound!"

Charles instantly covered his mouth. His eyes filled with apology, which was quickly replaced by horror.

Angelina looked at Charles strangely. Charles was usually a very sensible person, but he had just woken Quentin up so rashly. Moreover, when she shouted at him, his apology was quickly replaced by shock.

Could it be that there was a reason behind peculiar behaviour?

Quentin sat up straight, his expression returning to its previous coldness.

Charles coughed lightly, and there was guilt in his eyes. "Well... I'm really sorry for waking you up, Mr. Lewis. I was just too surprised."

Quentin did not say anything in response, whereas Angelina was scanning the two of them suspiciously.

What was going on?

"Let's get out of the car."

Hearing Quentin's nonchalant voice, Angelina quickly nodded. It was already past ten, and she wondered if Ingrid had prepared something to eat.

They walked in and saw Ingrid's figure. "I'm starving. Ingrid, is dinner ready?" asked Angelina hurriedly.

Ingrid nodded with a smile.

"Yeap, but there's one last dish left. I heard some noise and came out to check if it was you two. Dinner will be ready in just a moment."

Angelina nodded with a smile. After changing her shoes, she led Quentin inside the toilet to wash their hands.

"You came back so early. Have you finished all your work?"

Quentin nodded and replied, "Yes."

They both sat at the dining table. Angelina stared at him and noticed the weariness in his eyes. Pity flashed in her eyes. Even someone as strong as him needed to take a break.

Soon, Ingrid brought the dishes to the table, and they ate together. Quentin would give Angelina food from time to time, and she would do the same. The atmosphere was pleasant, with minimal conversation. Angelina pushed Quentin towards the bathroom after the meal and said, "Now, take a shower."

Quentin raised his eyebrows, thinking that she disliked the smell from him. After all, there were people smoking around him when he was outside.

When he came out of the shower, he saw that Angelina was already holding a hairdryer. She glanced and secretly admired his body wrapped in a towel as he walked out. She offered hesitantly, "Have a seat."

It seemed that she wanted to blow-dry his hair. Quentin stepped forward and said, "I'll do it myself."

Angelina dodged when Quentin reached out for the hairdryer and repeated instead, "Have a seat."

Quentin's heart felt warm. Without saying anything, he sat in the chair, and Angelina quickly blow-dried his hair since it was short. Once they were finished, she pushed Quentin onto the bed and said, "You should rest now."

Quentin couldn't help but find it somewhat amusing. Was she doing such things for him just so that he could go to bed?

Angelina glanced at him and said, "I'm a bit tired too. I'll take a shower first; you go ahead and sleep. You're in big trouble if I come out and find that you're not in bed!"

Quentin sighed in resignation but still spoke softly, "I still have some things to look through and deal with. Plus, I had a nap in the car just now."

Angelina furrowed her brows, looking at him with a touch of displeasure.

"Are you kidding? Have you forgotten that you've been up for several nights? How was the nap in the car even enough?"



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