

Chapter 35

There was so much concern reflected in Angelina's eyes at that moment. The only thing she cared about was making Quentin rest. Although he did have some documents to look through, he was touched by her sincerity. He finally acquiesced and said, "Alright."

Only then did Angelina nod with satisfaction. "Go ahead and sleep. I'll come out once I'm done showering."

Angelina brought the hairdryer along with her to the bathroom, and it wasn't until one hour later that she finally came out of the shower.

However, Quentin was seen using his phone, clearly working on something.

Angelina immediately glared at him and reprimanded, "Why aren't you sleeping yet?"

Although the bathroom was attached to the master bedroom, the soundproofing was excellent. Besides, their room was over a hundred square meters, so he couldn't hear anything at all at such a distance.

Quentin's handsome face carried a hint of a smile. His sharp eyes seemed much gentler. In the past, he appeared aloof and distant in front of others, but at the moment, he resembled a husband eagerly awaiting his beloved wife.

His slightly magnetic voice sounded, "I was waiting for you."

Angelina instantly fell for it. No longer in her frowning demeanor from before, she took a few steps forward and said, "Hubby, I'll sleep with you tonight!"

With that, she climbed onto the bed, and the two of them laid down together. Angelina felt utterly content.

Nevertheless, Quentin wasn't in a hurry to go to sleep immediately. Instead, he took a moment to glance at Angelina.

"Have you thought of which manager to work with?"

Angelina smirked, her eyes shining. "Yeap. I've always wanted to work with one of your top managers."

Quentin raised his eyebrows, and there was obvious satisfaction in his eyes.

Well, at least she wasn't considering working for another company.

"Who caught your eye? I'll let them contact you."

Angelina had become intelligent and quick-witted, making Quentin feel at times that she had fully recovered.

Therefore, he need not worry too much about her as he did before.

However, if one looked closely, they would find that she hadn't fully recovered yet.

Angelina shook her head as she nestled into his embrace, one hand wrapped around his waist. With her eyes closed, she said happily, "No, I'll do some acting first. Although it's good to have someone reliable to rely on, I also want to make a name for myself. If things don't work out, I'll let my dear husband take care of things for me."

Quentin raised his eyebrows and asked, "Well, at least tell me who you've set your sights on."

"Clement Simpson."

Clement Simpson was a single guy in his twenties.

He was handsome and flirtatious, but he was, in fact, not attracted to women.

However, his keen sight was an impressive trait of his. All the celebrities he had worked with were performing outstandingly in the industry.

However, they were all quite restless. Some felt that they had risen in prominence and got poached by others for higher pay, while others, according to Clement, didn't behave, so he had terminated their contracts.

Therefore, there was only one female artist he was working with at the moment.

He only worked with female artists, not male ones. That was to avoid creating rumors of him having improper relationships with male celebrities.

After all... he wasn't straight. Anyone who paid attention to the industry would know that.

Quentin smirked, looking quite satisfied. "You have quite good taste."

Angelina couldn't help but burst into laughter. Quentin raised an eyebrow, looking puzzled.

She opened her eyes and explained with a smile, "You're so honey-tongued and biased toward me. Besides, you're capable of many things. If others were to hear that I want Clement to be my manager, they'd probably mock me for being foolish."

Quentin frowned slightly. It seemed that he didn't like Angelina mocking herself like that.


His deep, profound eyes gazed at Angelina with seriousness and determination. "You only deserve the best."



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