

Chapter 4

The person on the other end of the phone, after hearing Angelina's words, paused for a moment, his voice apologetic, "Miss Jones, the president is currently in a meeting, and his phone is in the office. How about I come down to receive you? Would that be alright?"

The speaker was Charles Quartley, Quentin's special assistant. Angelina had previously instructed him to call her Miss Jones.

Charles coming down was almost as significant as Quentin himself doing so.

Angelina nodded in agreement, adopting a more serious and indifferent tone, "Alright."

After she hung up, mocking laughter immediately filled her ears.

"Wow, the speed at which you changed your tone could rival flipping through a book."

Anna, initially startled by Angelina, now thought Angelina had blundered when she noticed the stark difference in her tone from one sentence to the next.

Her tone became an incessant mix of cold sarcasm and ridicule. "Are you done playing? We're sick of watching. Get out now, don't pollute our company's air!"

Unperturbed, Angelina remained firm. "Charles will be coming down to receive me. I will wait here."

Anna almost died laughing. "Are you still dreaming? Charles is Mr. Lewis' right-hand man. Do you really think someone like you, a liar from who knows where, could see him? Get out now! Or I'm calling security!"

Angelina stood her ground as if she hadn't heard, unmoving.

Completely infuriated by her brazenness, Anna yelled for security.

The security guards, one on each side, tried to escort Angelina out. Knowing they were just doing their job, Angelina politely smiled, repeating, "I'm waiting for Charles."

They were at a loss, reluctant to physically remove a woman.

Anna was beside herself with anger. "Enough! Are you insane? This is not the place for someone like you to spout nonsense! What are you waiting for? Get her out!"

"If you offend an important guest, who among you can bear the responsibility?"

Her words frightened the security guards. They exchanged glances, and, gritting their teeth, prepared to act.

Just as they were about to move, they saw Charles hurriedly walking out from the president's private elevator.

The guards immediately retracted their hands.

Anna also saw Charles approaching and her expression changed instantly, her face lighting up with a smile. "Charles, you're here. This woman was disrupting our company's operations, I was just about to have her removed."

Charles had been with Quentin for several years and had developed an aura similar to Quentin's. Although not as formidable as Quentin, his brisk, stern approach was enough to unsettle Anna and her colleagues.

Without a word, he walked up to Anna, who had been eagerly trying to claim credit. But, under his icy gaze, she suddenly found herself unable to speak.

"The one disrupting the company's operations is you," Charles stated.

Anna, taken aback, scrambled for words. "Charles, what do you mean? This woman, from the moment she entered, claimed she was the president's wife. She even said the president would personally come down to get her. I was just trying to manage her nonsense, which was affecting our company's..."

"She's not wrong."

Charles cut her off coldly. "She is the president's wife."

At these words, Anna's legs trembled, and she nearly fell to the ground.

Charles didn't waste more words with her, merely instructing, "Go and pack your things and leave."

Turning to Angelina with respect, he bowed, "I apologize for being late, Madam. Let me escort you upstairs."

He knew Angelina didn't like being referred to as madam. However, at that moment, the title not only upheld Quentin's dignity, but also hers.

He braced himself for her usual response, expecting her to ask him to change his address. To his surprise, Angelina simply smiled faintly and replied, "Thank you."

Charles breathed a sigh of relief.

Anna stood in shock, her face a palette of changing colors.

Her mouth quivered, unable to utter a word.

Was Angelina truly the president's wife?



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