

## Chapter 47

Quentin was in an exceptionally good mood.

Because he was now certain that Lilian was just trying to ruin their relationship.

In fact, he was aware of Angelina's and Olivia's presumptuous little schemes, but he just couldn't be bothered to deal with them.

In addition, with the reports from before, he could better know about Angelina's situation.

But now...

Quentin's eyes slowly turned cold, but the next moment, he looked at Angelina softly and smiled gently, "Okay."

Angelina's eyes became brighter.

She snuggled in the man's arms, her left arm embracing his right arm.

"How about we go home, have something to eat, and then head to the manor before dinner?" Angelina suggested.

Quentin's gaze remained tender. "Anything."

As long as she behaved well and didn't dwell on those messy things, he would let her do whatever she wanted.

They went back and took some rest, and, in the blink of an eye, it was almost time for dinner.

Quentin drove this time, and Angelina was sitting in the passenger seat, looking a little nervous. She rubbed her fingers on her lap back and forth, seeming unsure of what to do.

In her past life, Quentin's grandmother was kind and endearing to her. But later, due to her reckless behavior and acts, things changed; even his grandmother did not like her anymore.

As for Quentin's mother, there was never a time when she liked her.

Sometimes, she even showed displeasure towards her.

But in her past life, Angelina didn't care about his family's impression of her and didn't want to be liked by them either. Of course, Lilian and Olivia played a crucial role in insinuating that she had to make his family detest her if she wanted a divorce.

Indeed, their scheme succeeded. Quentin's mother was annoyed with her and constantly urged Quentin to divorce her, which Quentin adamantly refused.

On the other hand, she had never met Quentin's grandfather throughout her whole previous life, and she had only met his father a few times.

But this time was different...

Angelina licked her lips and felt that her mouth was a little dry.

When Quentin turned around and saw this scene, his gaze deepened slightly.

Angelina lowered her head, completely unaware of what she had just done and the reaction Quentin had.

Quentin's lips curled slightly, and the stern expression on his face softened. Though he was still not as gentle and soft, at least at this moment, he seemed more approachable than ever.

"Are you anxious?"

Angelina took a slight breath and responded, "Yeah..."

Her voice remained soft and tender, but Quentin could sense some stiffness in it.

Quentin chuckled. "They don't bite. Besides, Grandpa and Dad aren't at home."

"I know..."

She knew his mother didn't like her.

His mother had disliked her since the very beginning.

In addition, his mother undoubtedly had calls with the servants at Quentin's villa, so she must have known about her reckless acts.

Well, that made things worse. She'd obviously dislike Angelina even more.

Quentin, seeing that his words didn't help and she was still nervous, held one of her hands. The warmth slowly transferred to her as he softly said , "I'm here."

Angelina could sense the firmness and assurance in these two words, which somehow gave her a sense of comfort and security.

A moment ago, she was still a little nervous and anxious. But as she looked at the man's handsome side profile at this moment, her nervousness slowly faded away little by little.

"I know."


Angelina smiled and didn't say anything else, but she was clearly feeling much better than just a moment ago.

Soon, they arrived at Lewis Manor.

Quentin's car came to a slow stop, and with the presents in hand, he walked inside with Angelina together.

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