

Chapter 48

As soon as the butler saw Quentin and Angelina arriving, he quickly greeted them respectfully and took the presents from Quentin's hands.

"Greetings, Mr. Lewis."

His voice was extremely respectful.

But... he only addressed one person.

Angelina's eyes flickered, and she said nothing as she looked at the plump middle-aged man in front of her, who appeared to be in his forties. It seemed he knew that Quentin's mother didn't like her, which was why he refused to acknowledge her.

To put it bluntly, it meant that he did not approve of her.

The butler's attitude made Quentin's gaze sharper.

"Am I the only one you can see?"

The smile on the butler's face stiffened. He quickly looked at Angelina and said, "Hi, Miss Jones."

Angelina was speechless.

Sigh.

Sure enough, she didn't get it wrong; he really didn't approve of her.

She lowered her eyes in disappointment and pursed her lips without saying a word.

Quentin's expression became even colder and gloomier at this moment. His sharp gaze was like a knife, stiffening the butler's smile. Despite being only 24 years old, Quentin's aura and capabilities surpassed those of his age.

Just when the butler was flustered and lost, an ice-cold voice echoed in his ears again. "I'll give you one last chance."

Angelina, who was standing beside him, felt his chilling aura. She quickly grabbed his arm and said, "Hubby, forget it."

Upon hearing this, the butler instantly breathed a sigh of relief. However, before he could wipe away the cold sweat from his forehead, he found that Quentin's sharp gaze was fixed on him again. Instinctively, he straightened his posture. Unable to take the pressure from Quentin, his eyes flickered as he looked towards Angelina eventually.

"Gree... Greetings, Madam."

Angelina felt a bit awkward. She half smiled at the butler in response, whereas Quentin didn't linger any longer. He took Angelina's hand and walked towards the inside.

The butler trailed behind them alone and didn't dare to look at them.

However... Angelina's heart was quite content.

She knew that what Quentin did just now wasn't just about earning respect from the butler but rather a clear demonstration to the others. After all, there were quite a few people watching over there.

This scene must have been engraved in everyone's hearts.

Well, at least... through Quentin's actions just now, no one dared disrespect Angelina now.

As they entered the room, they heard the excited voice of Madam Bianca.

"Has my good grandson and his wife arrived yet?"

Quentin's expression gradually softened as he saw the two figures slowly walking down the stairs. He spoke softly, "Grandma, Mom."

Angelina quickly followed and called out as well.

The old lady, who was supported by Mrs. Lewis, was so happy that her eyes squinted into narrow slits. "Ah, good girl. Come over here."

Angelina's eyes were full of warmth. Just like in her past life, Quentin's grandmother still liked herself a lot at first.

In this life, she was determined to make Quentin's grandmother always like her and not let her down in the end...

She nodded obediently and stepped forward. Looking at the old lady in a colorful floral dress, she smiled sweetly at her and said, "Grandma, let me help you."

"Very well. Let's go sit over there."

Quentin's grandmother pulled out her right hand, which was supported by Quentin's mother, and pointed to the beige sofa in front of her.

She took Angelina's hand with her left hand and walked slowly in that direction.

Seeing how harmonious they were, the smile in Quentin's eyes grew bigger and bigger.

It was just that... his mother's expression never looked good.

Chapter Comments



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