

Chapter 50

Lydia was really pissed off, but Quentin's expression remained unchanged.

"You see, she wasn't impolite or rude just now, and she's currently very loyal to our marriage."

"You... you're going to piss me off!"

Lydia knew her son's character too well. If he had said he wouldn't get a divorce, then he definitely wouldn't.

But that woman!

Lydia gritted her teeth. No, she had to tell her husband about this!

Quentin, however, no longer wanted to continue this conversation with Lydia. He turned around and walked out. When he reached the door, his steps paused slightly.

"Mom, I hope this matter ends here. I'm never getting a divorce; I'm only widowed in the worst case."

He went out as he said that.

Nevertheless, the reason Quentin dared to say those words was solely because his mother was more self-centered and had no malicious intent, let alone the intention to harm.

By saying this, it actually emphasized his determination even more.

As soon as he went downstairs, he saw the butler coming in step by step.

"Miss Jones is here, Madam Bianca."

Madam Bianca was a little surprised. "Miss Jones? Which Miss Jones are you referring to?"

Angelina's eyes flickered slightly. Tsk, she knew Lilian would definitely come.

"It's... Madam Angelina's sister."

The butler actually hesitated when addressing Angelina as such because he was afraid that Lydia might hear from behind. But... Quentin was right here, and he didn't dare to disobey him.

Being a butler was so hard.

Lydia frowned upon hearing the butler's words as she came down from the stairs. "Why is Miss Jones here? Is she looking for you?"

As she spoke, Mrs. Lewis's gaze was fixed on Angelina.

She was still dumbfounded by her son's words.

No divorcing, only widowing.

What was so good about this woman!

Angelina quickly shook her head. "I don't think so. She never said anything to me beforehand."

Lydia's expression turned dark. She immediately knew that Lillian was definitely here for her son. She said in a cold tone, "Make her leave. I don't want to see her!"

Seeing Lydia being so rude, Bianca furrowed and reprimanded, "Lydia, when will you change your bad temper?"

Lydia looked at Bianca and noticed that she was a little unhappy. She instantly understood that Bianca must have thought she wasn't welcoming Angelina and her family.

But this time... Lydia really didn't do it for that reason.

In fact, it was because she could tell Lillian had impure intentions since the past. Besides, with her son being so outstanding and perfect, it was an everyday thing to have caught several women's eyes.

"Mom—"

However, before Lydia could finish her words, Bianca waved her hand and interrupted her with a smile. "Alright, alright. Let the young lady in quick."

Bianca had always been kind-hearted, and Lydia was also very filial. The

butler knew what to do as Bianca finished speaking. He bowed respectfully and walked out.

Angelina just sat obediently beside Bianca without making any deliberate efforts to please Lydia.

As the saying goes, Rome wasn't built in a day. It takes time to change her impressions and feelings toward her.

Lydia was unhappy. She glared at Angelina, who had been pretending to be obedient, and sat down opposite Bianca.

As for Quentin... he should be sitting next to Lydia, making all four of them face each other.


But he went and sat beside Angelina instead.

Lydia was so angry that she almost spat out blood.

Lilian, on the other hand, walked in step by step.

Chapter Comments



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