

## Chapter 8

Quentin's eyes flickered, but Angelina's kiss was far from a light touch.

Due to inexperience and awkwardness, she could only blush and close her eyes.

Her kissing technique, if it could be called that...

Quentin found it amusing, gently taking hold of the back of her head, quickly turning the tables. Angelina let out a soft moan but did not pull away until she was out of breath.

Only then did he release her.

Angelina, gasping for air, leaned on his shoulder. She didn't dare to look at him, instead whispering near his ear in a broken voice, "Yesterday... you were too rough. I'm still swollen, and my whole body feels like it's falling apart."

Quentin's expression stiffened. He looked at her red ears, feeling a twinge of guilt. "I'll have someone buy you some medicine."

Angelina was speechless.

That's not what she meant!

She was just flirting with him!

But this man was so utterly unromantic!

Hmph!

Frustrated, she decided not to push things further. For now, this would do. She'd take it slow.

Taking a deep breath, her face still flushed, she avoided looking at him.

"I... I have class at three. I should go now."

She said, quickly grabbing her bag and hurrying out.

Quentin, lips curling into a rare smile, soon heard a knock on the door.

"Come in."

Charles entered with a stack of documents. "Mr. Lewis, I've found the information you requested. Please, take a look."

Quentin took the documents, but his attention wasn't immediate. His expression had already reverted to its usual coldness.

"Look into what Angelina has been doing lately," he instructed.

Angelina, returning to her usual routine at school, was the only one who knew the excitement bubbling within her.

She could hardly believe she had the chance to return to campus.

Heaven had given her an opportunity to redeem herself, to start over, and she was nearly moved to tears by the realization.

Angelina inhaled sharply as she entered the gate, only to hear a coquettish call from behind, "Angelina."

Her body tensed slightly, a surge of intense hatred flashing through her eyes.

The caller was her roommate, who was also Henric's half-sister.

Pushing back her thoughts, Angelina turned to see Olivia Weils, who had jogged up to her side.

Dressed in the school uniform, a white short-sleeved top and a light blue skirt, Olivia carried her textbooks in her left hand and affectionately latched onto Angelina's arm as she approached.

"Angel, it really is you! Why are you so early today? You're usually the one who just makes it in time for our class."

Angelina clenched her teeth. She had thought the car accident in her previous life was a blur, a mistake in her perception, but now she was certain—the woman who had hit her was none other than Olivia!

Very well. She vowed to get back at each of her foes one by one.

Henric, Olivia, and her so-called loving sister, Lilian.

Just wait and see. She wouldn't let any of them off.

Hiding her turmoil, Angelina continued walking, replying nonchalantly, "Nothing special today."

Olivia couldn't notice anything off about Angelina, and she nodded. She asked with feigned concern, "Oh, by the way, you and Henric... After that guy took you away yesterday, did he do anything to you, Angel? Are you alright?"

"That guy" was, of course, referring to Quentin.

In her previous life, Angelina had thought Olivia was genuinely worried about her. But this time, she didn't miss the probing look in Olivia's eyes, mixed with a hint of jealousy.



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