

Ex Wife 1355

Chapter 1355

"I..." Renee looked down guiltily.

"I was unsure what Joanne would face if I told you." "And are you sure now?" Quinton asked her quietly.

Renee pursed her lips and answered, "At least I know that you won't hurt her, and that you'll protect her forever." "Who knows," he replied cryptically, clenching his fists.

Renee's eyes widened in surprise.

"What do you mean? You said hating is harder than loving, and that you want to move on.

Why are you saying this now?" "I did want that, but it's not something I can decide on my own..." Quinton looked into the distance, sounding sorrowful.

"Resentment isn't easy to resolve; she may not want to fix things even if I do." "Oh, that's what you're worried about." Renee sighed in relief when she realized that Quinton didn't hate Joanne.

"Don't worry, though Joanne may hate you, she still cares about you.

If not, she wouldn't have whispered your name when she almost died.

I know her too, so I can talk to her and help you both meet." Renee wanted them to reconcile with each other.

"Thank you.

I really do want to fix things between us." Quinton looked at Renee gratefully.

After a peaceful night, Quinton woke up early the next morning.

He looked just like a fresh graduate in a simple shirt and long, slim -fit pants.

Renee emerged from her room in her pajamas, yawning and running a hand through her long hair.

When she bumped into Quinton in the corridor, she was rather ashamed to admit that she couldn't look away.

"Wow, Quinton, you're so handsome.

If we weren't siblings, I would have tried to pursue you!" Renee was obsessed with handsome men.

The reason she was infatuated with Stefan in the past was because of how handsome he was.

How nice it was that she could see this handsome brother of hers every day at home now! Renee rested a hand on his face, and said cheekily, "Now I know why Stefan hurt your face.

He couldn't be the most handsome man in Beach City with you around." There was still a faint scar on Quinton's face that ran from the corner of his left eye to the corner of his lips, but it was a perfect surgery otherwise.

The mark could easily be covered with concealer.

Rubbing the faint scar, she asked, "Does it still hurt?" Quinton covered her hand with his and smiled, shaking his head.

" No, not anymore." Renee narrowed her eyes and growled, "Ugh, we should've never let that petty Stefan off the hook!" "My feud with him has long been resolved.

He hurt my face, and I nearly killed him.

What's more, I wouldn't have woken up this time if not for him, so don't hate him because of me," Quinton quickly reassured her, not wanting her to hate Stefan even more.

"Ah, there are a lot of things you don't know," Renee murmured, and sighed softly.