

Ex-Wife 2061

Chapter 2061

"If you live well, you won't let him down. He always put his interests first. If you live well, he'll think it's a profitable bargain for him. Given that he's a businessman, it concerns his reputation and abilities. You can't make him lose face. Don't you think so?" Renee went on.

"You're right! I got it."

After listening to Renee's persuasive long speech, Joanne nodded thoughtfully. At the same time, she became more determined to live well.

"I don't feel like surviving, but I'm willing to do that for Mr. Hunt's sake. I'll try my best to live well!

Renee walked around Joanne's room, and found new s'mores pops and other kinds of desserts and fruits. There were even some plush toys.

It was undeniably Quinton's doing. It was lousy, as if he was trying to coax a child, but it suited the kind of person he was.

Renee felt that Quinton merely had a vicious tongue. If he spoke less and did more, it would be beneficial for his relationship with Joanne. For example, he could do basic things such as cooking and buying presents for Joanne.

They probably couldn't make peace with each other, but at least they wouldn't try to kill each other or themselves every time they met.

"This chestnut cake looks nice..." Renee picked up a chestnut cake on the tea table and took a bite of it with a spoon. It tasted mildly sweet, better than the ones sold at many professional dessert shops.

"I heard from Margaret that your brother made this." She didn't resist Quinton so much that day, and even complained, "Now I know he can make dessert. I think he should stop selling antiques at Carmine Pawnshop and change it to Carmine Dessert Shop instead. Business would be very good."

"So you think he makes good desserts too?" Renee joked, glancing at Joanne. There was some cream on her lips. "I... I don't think so." Joanne noticed the change in her attitude toward Quinton, and felt embarrassed and vexed about it. She thought she had betrayed herself.

She gnashed her teeth.

"On the contrary, he's awful at it. He should open up a dessert shop to train instead."

"Mm, he's bad at it. But you almost ate it all. You left only a small piece. I don't have enough," Renee said teasingly.

She pursed her lips and kept on teasing Joanne.

"If you don't like it, I'll make him stop. Since he makes such bad desserts, it'll affect his image in your heart." "Stop teasing me!"

Joanne's face was icy. She looked out the window, filled with worry.

"I know you're trying to bring us together, but please stop. I'm already very forgiving to not bring him down with me. I'm staying here because you and Margaret are nice. This place feels like home."

"That's great! I hope you can put your grudges away and take this place as your home," Renee said eagerly. "This is your home. My brother cares about you. We care about you, too."

"Please stop trying to bring us together." Joanne turned around, looking serious. "If you keep doing this, I'll leave."

"Okay, I'll stop. I won't bring that up again!" Renee said timidly. She knew Joanne's temper well.

After a while, however, she failed to hold herself back.

"Can I ask you a question?"

Chapter 2062

"Sure, go on and ask," Joanne said.

She looked at Renee calmly. It seemed like she knew what Renee was about to ask.

"I can tell you and Quinton can't make peace. I want to know if it's because of the bad experiences, or some other reason..." Renee said, trying to sound Joanne out. "For example, was it because of Stefan?"

"No!" Joanne immediately shook her head. "It had nothing to do with Mr. Hunt. Stop overthinking. We're just friends. Maybe we're not even friends. At most, I owe him a big favor. I can't make peace with your brother because of my problems."

"Uhm, can I ask about the reason?" Renee pressed.

Although Renee was long aware of Joanne's answer, she was full of regrets. She shamelessly got to the bottom

of it.

"Is it because....of the child...?"

Hearing that, Joanne couldn't stop tears from filling her eyes.

"I can't make peace with the man who killed my child. It'd be betraying my child."

Her watery eyes were full of endless restraint and bitterness. Then, she raised a profound question.

"You're a mother too. If someone harms your child, can you forgive him? Plus, the child is his too... I'm too timid to pretend that nothing has happened since he could even kill his child. I can't keep the fake relationship, either."

"..." Renee was rendered speechless. She couldn't persuade another pitiful woman who had lost her child since she was a mother herself.

"Well, what's your plan?" Renee asked.

She watched Joanne's melancholic figure, feeling very sorry for the latter. She was sincerely worried about Joanne's future, and wondered how Joanne could gain happiness.

"Stop blaming yourself or pitying me," Joanne said, now composed. She even laughed at herself. "I didn't feel like living, but I'm very grateful to Mr. Hunt for showing me the way. He made me understand the joy of being a teacher. If the good schools in big cities don't need me, I can go to remote places that lack educational resources, like the mountains I can teach there. I think the parents there won't look down on me because of my poor skills. I'm sure there won't be so many schemes between colleagues, either."

"Is that what you want?" Renee was surprised, but she found it reasonable.

Joanne was hurt. She would be ostracized if she lived among the complicated big crowd. People would hold prejudices against her. The remote and quiet mountains with simple and kind villagers could accept her readily. "I guess," Joanne said.

She looked eager, but she also doubted herself.

"I crawled out of hell. I'm not very refined either, and I have no impressive teaching experience. I stepped into the education industry because of my enthusiasm. If the kids there love me, it's a blessing. They'll take me in and let me stay there. Or... Well, they might look down on me too. They'll think my experiences are bad. My scars might scare them, too."

Chapter 2063

"No, they won't!" Renee cried.

Renee hurriedly interrupted Joanne's self-denial. She held Joanne's shoulders and began to encourage the latter.

"You have no idea how great you were! You were the most popular Cienna teacher in Lone Pine Elementary. You even helped your student to win an essay competition. You had talent in teaching. But you've had a bumpy life, and you didn't get the chance to refine your resume.

"But don't worry! There are many ways to improve yourself. For example, you can take up college self-study classes and sign up for a foreign language course. You can try getting some technical qualifications. I'm sure it won't be hard for you, given your talent."

Previously, Quinton had occasionally mentioned that Joanne was good at her studies. She was always at the top of her class in elementary school, middle school, and high school. She was the candidate that could go to a good college.

Unfortunately, her fate was full of thorns. She had a terrible family; a violent father, a timid mother, and a

scumbag of a brother. They stopped Joanne from going to school, wanting her to marry the son of a small shop owner in the neighboring village instead.

The day before the college entrance examination, something happened. Quinton escaped that house with Joanne because he could no longer tolerate it.

Hence, Joanne lost the chance to sit for the exam. She led a wandering life with Quinton and tried to earn their living in Water Dock. She never returned to school.

In Quinton's words, Joanne was a lily blooming in the mud. She was pure but fallen. The fact she couldn't go to college was probably her biggest regret.

Joanne's eyes brightened; though in disbelief, she asked Renee warily, "Really? I'm not young anymore. Can I still sign up for college?"

"Of course! You're only in your twenties! Even if you're in your seventies or eighties, you can still sit for the college entrance examination if you want to, Renee reassured Joanne firmly.

"Then, what should I do?"

Joanne's biggest regret was not going to college. She had yet to experience a college student's life, and couldn't learn what she wanted.

If she had the chance to take the path she had imagined so often, she would find her life to be less rotten. She could probably grow better and find something beautiful in her rotten soul.

"Do you want to take the college entrance examination?" Renee asked casually. She didn't expect such interest from Joanne, whose hope and eagerness moved her deeply.

Joanne was akin to a drowning victim who had lost all hope, but finally opened her eyes to grab the rope. She wanted to climb, survive, and lead a proper life.

"Mm, yes! I want to!" Joanne nodded firmly. "I want to go to college and sit in the lecture hall. I want to take in the vast knowledge and be deserving of being a teacher."

"Then get moving! Buy textbooks, self-study, register, and take the exam!" Renee said.

She told Joanne the standard procedures and patted her chest.

She added confidently, "If you're okay with it, I can be your tutor. Honestly, I was one of the very best students from BC University. I think there won't be any problem for me to help you get an undergraduate degree."

Chapter 2064

Renee's words moved Joanne.

At first, Joanne hesitated to stay at Everheart Manor. Although Margaret was nice and made nutritious herbal soup for her every day, she couldn't stay there in peace. She wanted to grab a chance to leave.

Now, she decided to shamelessly stay there for a long time so she could get into college.

At least, she would stay there until she successfully got into college. Then, it would be more convenient for Renee to teach her.

"Are you...willing to teach me?" Joanne tried to confirm with Renee, uncertain.

"Of course!" Renee nodded. "I have no reason to not teach you. Try and think about it this way. My brother has done you wrong and ruined your career. As his sister, I should try and make it up to you on his behalf. Plus... sincerely take you as my best friend, whether you believe me or are willing about it. I'm always sincere with my best friends."

"I know."

Joanne was moved to tears, and couldn't hide how touched she was.

"I once felt I was very unlucky to run into a guy like your brother. But now, I feel I'm lucky too. At the very least, I got to know you because of him... I finally got to know that there's such a nice

person in this world. You and Mr. Hunt are wonderful. No wonder you two are such a perfect match and love each other so much.

Renee cleared her throat, her enthusiasm dampened.

She said awkwardly, "I'm fine with it if you say I'm a nice person, but please don't mention that guy or feel that we're a perfect match. You're belittling me."

"Uh, I didn't mean that. I just felt that..." Realizing she had said the wrong thing, Joanne hurriedly tried to explain herself.

"Okay, I was just joking with you!" Renee casually laughed and added gently, "You're recovering just fine. Keep resting here. I'll order the textbooks for you later. When they're here, we'll start our lessons systematically. Is that okay with you?"

"Oh, that's great!"

Joanne covered her lips and burst into tears, moved. She couldn't believe she could still look forward to the future after so many years. She could even fulfill her longstanding dream of going to college...

If Stefan had given her a second chance, then Renee had given her a third chance.

Yes, she was unlucky. But currently, she found herself very lucky.

After comforting Joanne, Renee exited the room.

As expected, Quinton was standing at the door and frowning. "What did you guys talk about in there? You guys talked for such a long time."

"Come and take a walk with me in the garden. I'll tell you everything."

Then, Renee walked straight toward the garden.

It was the season of osmanthus in October. When Quinton rebuilt Everheart Manor, he purposely planted many osmanthus trees in the manor. He loved its fragrance, and the osmanthus could calm the nerves and relax the minds.

Chapter 2065

Renee took a deep breath and could smell the osmanthus; it was calming and refreshing. It also eased the headache from her hangover.

"If I'm guessing correctly, Joanne tried to sneak away more than once during this period. But you forcefully brought her back. Am I right?" Renee said.

She stopped in front of an osmanthus tree and tried to pick the flowers like a child as she spoke casually to Quinton.

Quinton frowned and pursed his lips in reluctance. He replied coldly, "I was doing that for her sake."

Renee didn't go home last night, but Quinton didn't rush to Hunt Manor immediately. He couldn't be certain that she was there, and he couldn't leave because of what happened with Joanne.

When Joanne woke up, she kept looking for chances to leave the manor. Margaret was able to dissuade her, albeit temporarily.

That fearless woman bypassed the door before dawn and tried to escape by climbing over the windows to avoid attracting Quinton's attention.

Although the second floor wasn't far from the first floor with a platform in between, Joanne had just run into a wall and almost got herself killed. She tried to jump off the building, and it drove Quinton into a rage.

Hence, he got his subordinates to keep an eye on her on the first floor. When she landed, they carried her back to

her room.

This affair deepened the chasm between Joanne and Quinton. However, she said nothing about it for fear of disturbing Margaret. She pretended nothing had happened.

Margaret felt that everything was fine, but in truth, only Quinton and Joanne knew about their discord. At some point, another fight might happen.

"For her sake?" Renee shook her head. She hit the nail on its head as she said, "No, you're wrong. To put it bluntly, you're locking her up illegally."

As expected, things wouldn't be that peaceful.

Quinton was a worrisome person, while Joanne was tough despite her delicate appearance. It was hard to fool her.

Previously, Renee was at home and could mediate the situation. When she left, everything went out of hand.

"Humph! She doesn't know what's good for her. Does she think she's tough and strong? Her body couldn't stand such torture."

When Quinton recalled that incident, he was still furious. He clenched his fists tightly.

"If it weren't for me, she would've long fallen and ruined herself!"

"She didn't have to do that, but you were too overbearing and forced her down a dead-end. You were to be blamed if she fell from the second floor," Renee said righteously, spreading her hands to make a point.

"What do you want me to do, then?" Quinton tensed, looking like he was in pain. "Do you want me to let her go? She's too weak! If I let her go, where will she end up? I'll be held responsible too, no doubt about it!"

"Okay, calm down. I understand your difficulties." Renee tried to comfort Quinton. "I just want to tell you that it isn't easy to resolve the conflict between you guys. Maybe you can't even do that for the rest of your life. But I hope you can calm down and stop being a dictator like you used to. Don't force her to do things she hates."

"I don't want to force her, either." A helpless sigh escaped Quinton. "So, you want me to set her free and let her fend for herself?"

Chapter 2066

"Of course you can't do that." Rebee smiled. Despite the latter's anxiety, she looked mischievously at Quinton. "So, I came up with a win-win solution. She's made up her mind to stay."

"What do you mean?" Quinton found it incredulous. "She's stubborn, even more than you sometimes. What method did you use to persuade her?"

"Do you know her biggest regret?" Renee asked Quinton calmly.

Quinton hung his head low and looked at his feet. After a long silence, he replied somberly, "I guess it's the fact that she can never be a mother."

He couldn't forget about that incident, let alone Joanne.

In the past, he and Joanne sought warmth from each other. They regarded each other as their most important person, and were willing to fight the entire world to keep each other from getting hurt.

But at the moment, they were the ones who had harmed each other the most. They cherished and valued each other so much that they knew each other's sore spots. Naturally, they could inflict the greatest harm on each other.

Even so, Quinton didn't regret the decision he made back then. He would never let Joanne give birth to that bastard. If he allowed the child to come into this world, both his and Joanne's life would be ruined. The child would live in endless shame and darkness.

"Uh, that's one of them. Feeling awkward, Renee immediately avoided that serious topic. 'Make another guess. There's something else.'"

She knew the biggest obstacle between Quinton and Joanne was the aborted child, so she tried her best to avoid talking about that.

When she brought that topic up, Quinton would become agitated. She would also easily lose control of herself. In the end, she would become a judge who criticized him and they would part in bad terms.

As a woman, she found him a cruel and crazy beast and wished she could beat him up.

But as his sister, she knew of his pathetic and cruel childhood. When she thought of his pathological mindset, she felt sorry for him.

Thus, she regarded his past self as a crazy patient. All she wanted to do was slowly cure him and try to pull him out of his extremity.

"Something else?" Quinton frowned. After a long pause, he sneered, "Does she want to marry Stefan? Too bad it's not written in the stars for them. There's even an eyesore like me between them."

"You're very imaginative," Renee said, helpless. "Well, she doesn't like Stefan. She's only very grateful toward him. Maybe she's closer to me than to him. Do you believe that?"

"No, I don't," Quinton rudely denied Renee's statement. "You don't know her. She said those things just to fool you, so you wouldn't see her as an enemy. She's not as simple as you think. If not, she wouldn't be able to fool me back then..."

"No woman would risk their life for a man they don't love. She betrayed me to make herself look good and successfully helped Stefan put me down. Do you honestly think she doesn't like him?"

When he brought up that affair, he gnashed his teeth and clenched his fists.

The scar on Quinton's face had been recovering so well that it was almost negligible. Yet, it didn't mean that his inner woes had gone away.

His hatred was still there, but he kept suppressing for Renee's sake. He wanted to be a decent man.

"It's no longer important whether she likes him or not. Stop fixating on it," Renee snapped.

She had no idea how to comfort Quinton, because she couldn't comfort herself either.

The only thing they could do was to stop dwelling on it. They had to force themselves to get out of that dilemma.

Renee had a full understanding of human nature. It would be hard to make things clear if they dwelled on it.

As a woman, she couldn't believe that Joanne felt nothing for Stefan. However, after some consideration, Joanne knew Stefan only regarded her as someone he happened to help. It didn't mean that she was conniving and scheming.

If one took a fancy to a flower, they could stand afar and enjoy its charms quietly. There was no need to pluck it

out.

Renee felt that Joanne might be that kind of woman. Joanne might have felt something for Stefan, but never wanted to get into a relationship with him. She merely admired him because he had rescued her from a desperate and dangerous situation. It had nothing to do with love.

"Quinton, you must trust me and yourself. Joanne has deeper and more complicated feelings for you. I think she just admires Stefan, like an idol. If you want to fuss over that, it'll be tiring and meaningless," Renee said.

She wanted Quinton to stop taking things too hard. If he could do that, his relationship with Joanne could be eased.

Otherwise, they would always remember the harm the other inflicted on them. Then, it would cause more harm. Quinton made no reply, opting to stay silent.

"I'll take that as a yes," Renee said.

She knew Quinton well. He was arrogant; even if he agreed with her, he would appear quite headstrong about it.

"I know you want to make peace with Joanne, no matter how fierce or resentful you are. If not, you wouldn't want her to stay or force her to stay when she tried to leave. You wouldn't try all means to make s'mores pops and desserts to make her happy. You pretended to be indifferent because you didn't know how to make peace with her. Am I right?"

"What do you know?" Quinton glanced at Renee arrogantly, but didn't reject her opinion.

True, he wanted to ease his relationship with Joanne though he was still full of hatred and anger.

"Well, listen to me then. Come to my class from tomorrow onward," Renee said.

Quinton was flabbergasted.

Renee smiled. "You know it. Her other regret is she didn't get to go to college. You'll be her study buddy from now on. She'll stay here just to get into a college.

Chapter 2068

Renee suggested Joanne apply for a college because she wanted to stall for time. She hoped to see Joanne focus on something else, so Joanne wouldn't dwell on her sad past. Doing so would only lead to a dead end.

Renee also hoped Joanne could stay in Everheart Manor with peace of mind. Then, they could take good care of her and help her recuperate to full health.

Unexpectedly, Joanne accepted Renee's suggestion. She studied very seriously every day and completed the test questions. She took the college entrance exam seriously as if it were her sole ambition and the pivot of her life.

She would start reading and reciting before seven o'clock in the morning. She read aloud the vocabulary and was as enthusiastic as high school students.

Renee kept her promise. She left her company in the charge of a manager and Leia. Then, she set up an exclusive timetable to tutor Joanne every day.

Quinton kept his promise too. He sat in a corner of the room, turning into a weak and helpless study buddy. The three of them spent their time talking about their studies instead of other things. It was rather harmonious.

Joanne had some foundation and was once the top student. She caught up fast even with just a little guidance from Renee, and made rapid improvements.

However, such a curriculum was torture for the indifferent Quinton. He couldn't understand Early Modern English, the Pythagorean theorem, and the trigonometric functions.

His contemporary language was better. At the very least, he started reciting vocabulary early in the morning every day.

"Abandon, abandon, abandon.." he muttered.

At that time, both Renee and Joanne would smile at each other. "That's right, Quinton. You should give up. Studying is difficult for you. Why don't you quit?"

Quinton closed the book and said arrogantly, "Bah! I just don't want to study. When I do, nothing's too difficult for me,"

"Fine, you're the best. Keep dozing off, but don't snore loudly. You'll disturb Joanne from doing the questions, Renee teased him, suppressing her laughter.

She could see what Quinton wanted-he just wanted to spend more time with Joanne. The fact that he could hold on for such a long time since despite finding it difficult to solve Mathematical questions or memorize texts must be true love.

However, there was something strange. It seemed Joanne and Quinton could get along well right now. They acted like true classmates as they discussed the content of the lesson, studying methods, and the ways to resolve some difficult questions. They were no longer at daggers drawn.

After a careful analysis, Renee felt they might have regarded each other as high school students and sincerely thought they were back to the time when they were still students.

During that period, they were both pure and innocent. They held no grudges against each other.

It was another day of learning. Renee purposely designed a comprehensive test for the two of them.

"We're having a test today to see your level after studying for half a month. Do the test quietly. You can't whisper to each other.

Renee distributed the test papers and exited the class, leaving Joanne and Quinton in the class.

Chapter 2069

The questions were relatively basic, and Joanne found them easy. However, she couldn't figure out the resolution for the final advanced application question.

On the other hand, Quinton was stuck at the first basic fill-in-the-blanks question. He bit his pen, seemingly casual when in fact, he was looking around suspiciously.

Joanne covered her test paper, frowned, and glared at Quinton. "What are you doing?"

"Let me have a look. What should be the answer to this blank?" Quinton pointed at a fill-in-the-blanks question. "The hills we climb...and what follows after that?"

"Figure it out on your own!" Joanne covered her test paper well and added expressionlessly, "Didn't you recite it every day? Don't you know the answer? You're so stupid!"

Angry, Quinton slammed his pen on the table. "I quit! What the hell is this? Why am I doing this?"

He tried to earn his living on the dock at a young age and managed a spacious Carmine Pawnshop. He was the Midnight Demon, feared by everyone. Yet here he was, racking his brain and trying to recall the difficult poem in Early Modern English.

If people heard about that, they would laugh at him.

"I feel the same. Why are you doing this?" Joanne sneered and criticized expressionlessly, "People like you care about nothing but killing and hatred. You don't have to waste time on things like these."

For her, Quinton was at first a very good person. He was neat, charming, and was good at studying. All he could see was the wonderful things in the world. Although the world had harmed him, he wouldn't be pessimistic.

At that time, he had not a chance to go to school because he was an adopted son. He had to do all the dirty and tiring chores, too.

As his nominal sister, Joanne felt sorry for this charming but gloomy brother of hers. At night, she would secretly get out of bed and take him to a place hidden from adults. Then, she would teach him what she had learned in the morning or what had happened in school by relying on the light of a lamp and the moon.

When Quinton was young, he was already very tough and smart. Although he had just learned things from Joanne, he learned well-even better than her.

Hence, he wasn't illiterate though he had never studied at school. He knew basic Mathematics and loved how Joanne taught him to recite poems.

When Joanne taught him how to recite a poem, he would watch her cheek thoughtfully when he heard about the wonderful youth.

When she recited about the past feelings and memories that evoked sadness, he would feel very sad too. Even his eyes would turn red.

The ignorant Quinton began to understand his special feelings for Joanne. It was more than the affection a brother would have for his sister.

He also anticipated that their relationship wouldn't be smooth. If not, he wouldn't be heartbroken when he heard about the sadness being written about in the poem.

Unexpectedly, the poem seemed to have anticipated their future. They did end up in sadness.

"You're no longer the man I used to know. You don't have to force yourself to do things you're not interested in. Just go!" Joanne suggested coldly.

Chapter 2070

For a moment, the atmosphere in the class became tense.

"Fine! I'll go!" Quinton snarled, flying into a rage.

He couldn't understand the meaning of wasting his time there. Besides, he didn't want to recall his past self from Joanne's words. It was heartbreaking.

In the past, he was weak as he endured all the grievance and unfairness. He was too timid to resist the Garcia family from oppressing him. Joanne probably saw him as bright, wonderful, and pure, but it was humiliating for him.

Now that he had experienced power and superiority, he would never recall the past fondly. All he wanted was to erase his past.

"Study on your own. I must've gone crazy these days to stay here like a clown. I won't come again!" Then, Quinton got up to leave the class.

Renee leaned on the railing, playing a mobile game to kill time. A bad premonition rose in her when she saw Quinton walk out of the class in a fit of anger.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing!" Quinton looked grumpy. "I'm such a fool. I want to stop doing stupid things!"

"Are the questions I designed too difficult?"

Renee couldn't understand his sudden wrath. She wondered if he felt defeated since the questions she created were too hard.

"I designed that question for Joanne to practice. You don't have to be so serious about it. I didn't ask you to get full marks, either. Why did you take it seriously?"

"That's not the reason," Quinton said.

He turned and looked at the class, feeling he was being ridiculous lately.

"Does it make sense? I abandoned my business and did something so childish thing with her. Are we enjoying a good life now? Don't we have to work hard? Don't we need to revive our family? We have yet to punish the people who got our parents killed. Do I have nothing better to do? I have a lot of things to do!"

"Just quit if you don't want to keep studying. Why must you bring up so many things?" Renee frowned, her tone serious.

"Yes, we can't ignore our business and family. We need to revive our family and avenge our parents. But it doesn't stand against your study. I didn't ask you to attend lessons twenty-four hours a day. We only have two lessons in the morning and four lessons in the afternoon. I just want you to connect with Joanne. You-'

"I don't need that!" Quinton clenched his fists angrily. "Stop being a busybody! I don't need to connect with anyone.

No one could control his emotions as long as he didn't connect with them. He would be free.

The moment he was born, his life was destined to be different from others. People went to college, fell in love, got married, and had children. It was a smooth process.

But all his life, Quinton had only one goal in mind-making a name for himself. He had to work very hard to achieve his goal and retrieve everything he had lost.

"I need to go to South City for a business trip. You guys can do whatever you want. Count me out.... A sigh escaped Quinton. He sounded disappointed but arrogant. "After all, you guys find me an eyesore. Maybe it's better for you if I leave."

Renee, worried, quickly asked, "What are you going to do there?"

Quinton had been rather emotional lately. Renee feared he might get too obsessed about things, especially when she had just managed to prevent Joanne from doing the same.