

Chapter 15

When Quentin saw that she was willing to take the initiative to approach him, he had an illusion that she really cared about him then.

The place they chose was quite famous. Quentin knew that Angelina did not like being cooped up in a private room, so he deliberately chose a table outside.

As they were attractive, they caught the eyes of the people around them.

At that moment, everyone around was looking at them.

Many people even felt that Angelina was acting like a spoiled child.

She had her hands stretched out, waiting for Quentin to hold her.

The women in the crowd were jealous.

Not only was her boyfriend handsome, but he was willing to spoil her.

But... everyone looked at the cold and handsome man. They wondered if he would really hold her in his arms.

However, they probably thought that Angeline and Quentin were merely a fresh couple. They wouldn't think that they were already married!

The two of them had already registered for their marriage!

Under everyone's gaze, Quentin stood up without hesitation and walked up to her slowly.

He placed one hand on her back and the other on her legs, lifting her up.

"Carrying her in his arms... Ah, I'm so envious!"

Angelina wasn't sure who said such words, but she heard it clearly and immediately looked at Quentin happily.

She moved closer to him and whispered in his ear, "Honey, did you hear that? Those women are envious of me."

The corners of Quentin's lips curled into a smile as he replied in a low

voice, "Yes, I did."

Angelina's eyes were shining as she wrapped her arms around his neck. She said with a smile on her face. "Then... you have to promise that they will always be this envious of me in the future!"

After that, she pretended to glare at Quentin. "Otherwise, I'll punish you!"

When Angelina said that, she could not help thinking, "Punish him? He has a high social status. To an outsider, he's an aloof and noble man. What would it be like if he was punished?"

She suddenly wanted to witness such a scene...

Quentin could not help laughing. No longer as icy as he used to be, he smiled slightly and said, "Okay."

Angelina's eyes lit up again!

Her heart was filled with excitement.

That was great. She knew that her husband was the best!

Smooch!

Angelina did not respond to him. She ignored everyone's gaze and kissed him.

Quentin was slightly stunned, but he subconsciously held Angelina tightly in his arms.

Staying quiet, he just continued walking.

Quentin put Angelina in the passenger seat, making her a little confused. "Hmm? Are you driving?"

"Yes."

Quentin closed the door on her side and started the car. Then he fastened the seat belt for her. The series of movements looked so natural.

Quentin was sitting close to her. Angelina watched as he carefully fastened the seatbelt for her. She subconsciously reached her hand out

and put it on his cheek, her eyes were full of relentless infatuation.

Quentin looked up and saw the affection in her gaze.

His heart skipped a beat.

He couldn't shake the suspicion that Angel was merely putting on a show. Had she genuinely turned over a new leaf?

"Darling..."

"I'm sorry... Please give me an opportunity to make it up to you in this life," Angelina said, more so to herself.

However, her eyes were sparkling, with an intense fixation on him.

Subconsciously, she raised her hand, tracing a line down his collar.

The touch seemed to ignite sparks under his skin, following the path of her finger...



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