

Chapter 5

"No, it can't be true. The president isn't married, is he? How could she possibly be the president's wife? Even if she is, the fact that the president never acknowledged it means he doesn't really like her!"

Anna was beside herself with anger, speaking without thinking.

It was laughable, considering who Quentin was – a man of cold, proud, and distinguished demeanor. Just one extra glance at him felt like a desecration of his presence.

At just 24 years old, he had fully taken over the Lewis family enterprise, wielding immense power and invoking fear in the industry with his decisive actions. How could such a man fall for a woman like Angelina?

Anna's mind rebelled against the idea.

Before Angelina could even react, Charles was already seething with anger.

"The president's thoughts are not something a mere receptionist like you could understand. Forget that the Madam is here to bring lunch. Even if the Madam came here to take over the company, the president would hand it over without batting an eye," Charles said sternly.

Having served Quentin for many years, Charles knew well the depth of the president's true feelings for his wife.

The president protected her when she wished to keep their marriage private, and respected her wishes in all matters.

That included not being called madam at home.

The president's affection for his wife was evident to all who worked closely with him, leaving no room for someone like Anna to distort the truth.

Anna was so intimidated by Charles's demeanor and tone that she

dared not breathe too loudly.

Angelina was somewhat surprised, not because of Charles, but at hearing about Quentin from someone else.

Knowing how much Quentin loved her was one thing, but hearing it from others warmed her heart.

"A person like you, let alone the headquarters, wouldn't be employed by any company under the Lewis Group. Be careful in the future. If you offend Madam again, I cannot guarantee how Mr. Lewis will deal with you."

Charles warned before he stopped paying attention to Anna and turned to escort Angelina to the office.

Anna, scolded into a daze, seemed to lose her spirit.

It wasn't until Angelina walked past her that she suddenly grasped at Angelina's hand like a lifeline.

"Madam, I was blind and spoke out of turn, offending you. Please, I beg you to forgive my ignorance and spare me this time," Anna pleaded, grabbing Angelina's hand.

Angelina shook off her hand and said, "Begging for mercy now is too late! Since you looked down on me so much, why strain yourself with these insincere words?"

Anna realized from her tone that Angelina had no intention of letting her off the hook.

Working at the Lewis Group was a matter of pride and envy among Anna's friends. Being thrown out would be a disgrace she couldn't face.

Her voice became even more pitiful, and in a desperate move, she slapped herself hard, reddening half her face. "Madam, I truly realize my mistake now. It was all unintentional. Please forgive me this once!"

After saying this, she slapped her other cheek as well.

She trampled on her own dignity, hoping only to keep her position as

the receptionist.

Angelina frowned, clearly disgusted by Anna's display.

She had been bold in her slander, and now, faced with consequences, she resorted to such groveling. Did she think Angelina was so easily swayed?

Without another word, Angelina signaled Charles with a look.

Understanding, Charles commanded the security guards, "Take her out."

As the guards began to move, Anna panicked, resorting to hurling insults.

.....

"Don't think just because the president likes you today, you'll forever enjoy his favor! Men are fickle, and your affection for him is just for his money! Once the president meets a prettier woman, or you find someone richer, you two will part ways!"

Angelina turned to her, her gaze intense and words deliberate.

"Other men might be fickle, but my husband will never be. I trust him, and I trust myself. Even if someone richer than him appears, what does it matter? I love him for who he is, not his money."

"Your measure of love with money is truly vain."

With that, she turned away, leaving Anna behind, who was being dragged out amid her complaints.

Charles, following closely, was astounded.

Those words from the madam, were they an indirect confession to the president?

Had the sun risen from the west? It seemed like the madam was genuinely turning over a new leaf.