

Chapter 9

In her second life, Angelina had seen through their schemes and fully realized that Olivia had always been in love with Quentin.

Angelina laughed lightly. "What else could he do? Of course, he had to punish me."

A flash of triumph crossed Olivia's eyes, but her face showed deep concern. "Ah! How did he punish you, Angel? Do you have any injuries?"

Angelina nodded seriously. "I'm injured. I feel like my whole body is falling apart."

The 'injuries' were all love bites.

Olivia blinked, not quite catching on. Angelina's body was falling apart? No wonder she was walking so slowly.

Her face then showed even deeper concern. "What exactly did he do to you? That's too much! He's not like Henric. Angel, it's almost time, you should divorce him then. Otherwise, who knows how much more you'll have to suffer? That's domestic ab*se! What... what exactly did he do to you?"

Observing Olivia's angry and sympathetic demeanor, Angelina responded with a half-smile, "How else do men punish women, if not in bed?"

Olivia was instantly stunned, even unconsciously releasing her grip on Angelina's arm.

The next moment, her face darkened immensely. Quentin had touched Angelina?

No! Impossible!

"Angel..."

She clearly wanted to ask more, but Angelina had already stepped into

the classroom, leaving Olivia to clench her teeth and contain her growing resentment.

No, she couldn't let their relationship improve! Regardless of whether Angelina was deceiving her, Olivia knew she had to take preventive measures.

With this thought, she immediately pulled out her phone.

Quentin, reviewing a contract, was interrupted by a sudden ding from his phone. He glanced at it, and the content instantly clouded his recently calmed mood.

The message read...

Olivia put down her phone with a hint of triumph in her eyes. She was curious to see if Quentin would still touch Angelina after seeing her getting cozy with Henric.

Meanwhile, Angelina, the subject of Olivia's scheming, was unaware of what was happening. She was engrossed in her textbook, listening attentively to the teacher.

Her major was in film and television. In her previous life, she had given up on her dreams and stopped attending classes regularly due to Henric's disapproval of her being an actress.

But in this life, she refused to be swayed by their manipulation. She was determined to pursue her dreams and build her career.

Her sudden change in behavior surprised her peers, most of whom thought she was just putting on an act.

Unconcerned with their opinions, Angelina packed her books as soon as the class ended.

In her past life, she had skipped class to wait for a man at the dormitory.

This time, though, she was heading to the dormitory for a different reason – she needed to pick up some items.

It was only 4:30 PM, and she figured she could avoid running into

certain people if she hurried.

Olivia, noticing that Angelina had no intention of waiting for her, quickly followed her. "Angel, wait for me! Why are you walking so fast?"



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Chapter 10

Angelina replied indifferently, "I need to pick up some things. I'm going home."

Olivia's expression changed. "Going home? Weren't you supposed to meet my brother at five?"

She wondered if Angelina was teasing her. Olivia knew very well how much Angelina cared for Henric.

If Henric wanted the stars from the sky, Angelina would have tried to fetch them, let alone a longing encounter.

Angelina glanced at Olivia. "Did your brother tell you that?"

Seeing Angelina's seemingly oblivious reaction, Olivia was taken aback. But after scrutinizing her, she couldn't find anything amiss.

She hesitantly nodded. "Yes, he even texted you. I saw it myself."

Angelina raised an eyebrow, responding nonchalantly, "Is that so?"

Her ambiguous words hung in the air as she walked towards the dormitory. Olivia, fearful of losing track of her, followed closely as they descended the stairs.

But Olivia was puzzled. Angelina seemed off this day. Was she in a bad mood?

"Angel, you're walking too fast. Wait for me!"

Angelina didn't slow down or even glance at Olivia. "I'm going home today. I won't be joining you."

However...

As they just stepped out of the building, Angelina saw Henric pacing alone under their dormitory. From her angle, Henric's profile was perfectly visible. He was dressed in a simple white T-shirt and black casual pants, hands nonchalantly in his pockets, exuding a carefree yet

slightly melancholic air.

Especially his face – stunningly handsome, capable of captivating countless female gazes. From the side, his high nose bridge was even more pronounced.

Angelina's grip on her books tightened, her hatred growing by the second!

In her previous life, it was this man's composed and melancholic demeanor that had deeply attracted her to Henric. Now, having seen through it all, Angelina realized how blind she had been.

Taking a deep breath, she prepared to leave. However, Olivia excitedly called out, "Henric!"

Angelina sighed inwardly.

Henric turned around upon hearing the voice, and frowned when he saw Angelina turning to walk away. Previously, she would have clung to him eagerly, but this day she seemed indifferent.

Without hesitation, Henric quickly approached and grabbed Angelina's arm.

"Angel."

He said in a voice made deliberately gentle, which evoked envy from the female students watching nearby.

Olivia was thrilled, even feeling a sense of schadenfreude. As long as Angelina didn't break up with Henric, Quentin was bound to see them.

She was sure that Quentin would definitely come. When he saw Angelina continue meeting Henric...

Hah.

Olivia's eyes gleamed with an ominous smile.

Then, she cheerfully said, "Then I won't disturb your time together. I'll get going."

Angelina's expression darkened slightly. Seeing Henric's feigned

tenderness, she felt a deep repulsion and pulled her hand away.

"I have stuff to do. Henric, please don't look for me anymore after this."

Henric's eyes flashed darkly at her coldness, but he quickly softened his expression. "Angel, are you in some kind of trouble? I'm sorry I couldn't protect you yesterday. I'll become stronger, but... please don't ignore me, okay?"

His words were so tender that even Olivia, who hadn't walked far, found them touching. But as she looked up, she saw a black Rolls-Royce parked nearby. Her eyes lit up—Quentin had arrived! Just as she expected!



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