

Chapter 3

Ingrid paused for a long while before finally regaining her composure. "It's already prepared. I'll pack it up for you right away! Madam, I'm so glad that you finally understand Mr. Lewis' feelings. He's really done so much for you!"

Ingrid spoke as she headed to the kitchen.

While she was standing behind her, Angelina's eyes hid a tinge of guilt.

Ingrid quickly prepared the meal, and Angelina had the driver take her to Quentin's company.

This was her first visit; in her previous life, she had never even wanted to pass by this place.

Feeling somewhat unfamiliar, she approached the company's main entrance. As soon as she entered the lobby, she overheard two receptionists talking about Quentin.

"Mr. Lewis is so handsome!"

"Yeah! If I could marry him, I would have no regrets in life!"

It was lunchtime, and the lobby was empty, so the two women were somewhat relaxed.

One of them leaned on the desk, speaking enviously, "Anna, if you try a bit, you definitely have a chance. Didn't your dad's company go public? Maybe there will be a chance to cooperate with Mr. Lewis in the future."

Anna Tobler, one of the receptionists, came from new money, spoiled due to her family's wealth. Knowing her fondness for Quentin, her father had gone to great lengths to secure her a position as a receptionist in the company.

Before joining the company, Anna thought her family was wealthy, but she soon realized that wealth had its levels. In the eyes of the common people, her family was impressive, but in front of the powerful Lewis family, they were insignificant.

Anna was well aware of this, but still wanted to maintain her dignity in front of her colleagues. She proudly said, "Definitely. My dad has already arranged a dinner with Mr. Lewis for me."

Her colleague was even more envious. "Oh my God! Your dad is so amazing! Anna, you're so lucky!"

Anna felt even more pleased with herself.

Angelina, overhearing this conversation, was speechless.

Ah, so it went when her husband was so perfect. Quentin was being coveted wherever he was.

Not wanting to engage, she carried the boxed lunch and headed straight upstairs.

Anna and her colleague immediately noticed Angelina.

"Who are you looking for?" Anna glanced at Angelina, who looked stunning even without makeup, and jealousy tinged her voice with unpleasantness.

Angelina gave her a look, her already unfavorable mood towards her now mixed with an added dose of indifference. "Quentin, I am his wife."

Upon hearing this, Anna and her colleague burst into mocking laughter.

Anna's reaction was more pronounced, laughing flamboyantly, "Lying without even making an effort, who in the entire company doesn't know that Mr. Lewis isn't married? You're his wife? Why don't you take a good look at yourself in the mirror and see if you're worthy?"

Angelina's eyes darkened.

In her previous life, she hadn't acknowledged her marriage herself, rarely visiting the company, and Quentin wasn't the type to broadcast his marital status. As a result, apart from Quentin's special assistant, nobody in the company recognized her.

This time around, she was determined to let everyone know that the perfect Quentin was her husband.

It was something to be proud of!

"Whether I'm worthy or not, you'll see soon enough," Angelina said, taking out her phone and dialing Quentin's number. It didn't ring for long before he answered.

Angelina's voice immediately turned sweet. "Honey, I've come to your company to bring you lunch, but the receptionist won't let me in. Can you come down and get me, please?"

Anna and her colleague, hearing her speak this way, suddenly froze.

Could this woman, who seemed so bold and pretentious, actually be the president's wife?