

Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband (Cornelia Stewart)

Chapter 111

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“Alright Cornelia took off her coat, rolled up her sleeves, and prepared to grill the meat.

But Marcus beat her to it and took over the grilling He picked up the tongs and placed the sliced beef on the grill, one piece at a time. “You always take care of me, so today, you just sit

back and enjoy

Cornelia quickly said, President Hartley, I can't let you do that”

“You're my wife, why not?” Marcus interrupted in time Cornelia thought he was worried about her letting something slip, so she didn't think much of it

Old Mr. Abner laughed, “You two have an interesting way of addressing each other. If I didn't know better, I'd think she was your subordinate”

Cornelia was speechless

She was just Marcus's assistant, after all

Marcus smiled, “Old Mr. Abner, she's shy, don't tease her.”

“You are protecting your wife?” Old Mr. Abner picked up the wine jug and poured three glasses. Let's have a toast to your everlasting happiness”

Marcus raised his glass, “Thank you for your blessings”

Cornelia had no choice but to follow suit

After the toast, Marcus cut the grilled meat into small pieces and placed them on Cornelia's and Old Mr. Abner's plates.

Since Marcus said her only job today was to eat, Cornelia didn't hold back and started eating heartily

Old Mr. Abner, being older, couldn't eat much usually. But seeing Cornelia enjoying her meal, his appetite improved.

The three of them gathered around the grill, eating and drinking, chatting as they ate. Through their conversation, Cornelia learned that Marcus had gotten lost as a child and was found by Old Mr. Abner, who happened to be on a business trip in Riverton

The two of them, who were sixty-four years apart in age, had become close friends ever since. From then on, Old Mr. Abner played an important role in Marcus's life.

Cornelia also found out that Old Mr. Abner's only child had passed away due to illness the year before, and his granddaughter was busy with work and could only come to see him during holidays.

Old Mr. Abner said with a smile that he understood his granddaughter's busy work schedule and couldn't come home often, but Cornelia didn't miss the hint of sadness in his eyes when he

said this.

Her grandmother always had the same attitude, telling her to take care of herself and not to be too tired from work, rarely mentioning that she missed her and wanted her to come home.

As children grow up and have families and children of their own, there's less time to think about the elders who still need their care.

"What's wrong?" Marcus's deep voice brought Cornelia back to reality. She smiled and said, 'Nothing, I'm just listening to you guys chat.'"

Marcus could tell she was feeling down, but he didn't pry further. He took her wine glass and downed the half-filled glass himself. You can't drink anymore."

Cornelia was speechless

This was just

an act, and Marcus didn't need to be so convincing, even drinking from her glass

Old Mr. Abner chuckled, "I never thought I'd have the honor of seeing you drink for someone else."

Marcus casually replied, "She's my wife, of course I have to protect her. What if someone else steals her away?"

Old Mr. Abner, "it's great that you have this awareness, young man. Cornelia married you at a young age and formed a new family with you. You should indeed be her strongest support, always stand by her side and protect her."

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"You're totally right.

I didn't take good care of her before and let her suffer a lot I swear won't make that mistake again Marcus said, then turned to Cornelia and apologized

His eyes were deep and hazy, and Cornelia guessed he might be drunk. The apology was probably meant for his wife

Cornelia wanted to tell him not to blame himself too much. They just needed to live a good life together in the future

But she wasn't his wife, and she hadn't experienced what his wife had gone through She didn't know what had happened between the couple and wasn't qualified to give advice

She remained silent, and Marcus chuckled and raised his glass for another drink.

Old Mr. Abner said 'Marc, you two seem a bit awkward. Did you guys have a fight before coming to see me?'

Cornelia shuddered when she heard this, but Marcus responded quickly, "Yeah, we had a fight. If it weren't for your sake, she probably wouldn't even want to talk to me today"

Old Mr. Abner nodded knowingly. T could tell by the way you held hands that you had a fight. But there's no couple who doesn't fight. When my wife and I first got married, we often fought because of our different personalities. Once, I even made her cry. Seeing her tears, I felt so bad that I swore never to make her sad again and to make her happy for the rest of her life. I also promised never to leave her, but sadly, she left me first.

Thinking of his late wife, tears welled up in Old Mr. Abner's eyes. Don't think that you're young and have a lifetime ahead. Life is short, and before you know it, decades have passed. Cherish every day you have together."

Marcus nodded, "I will"

Cornelia also nodded, suddenly thinking of her nominal husband, Jeremy.

Their marriage seemed like it never happened. She hadn't thought much about him before he appeared, and getting the marriage certificate felt like it just happened yesterday.

However, upon calculation, it had been a year and seven months since she and Jeremy got their marriage certificate. How many years and seven months can one have in a lifetime?

When she returned to Riverton, she must talk to Jeremy about their marriage and not divorce impulsively or refuse to divorce out of spite.

With that thought, Cornelia took out her private phone and sent a text to Jeremy," "Let's meet and have a good talk"

As her message was sent, Marcus' phone beeped.

Old Mr. Abner laughed. "You two are sitting together, and you're still texting each other. Is there anything I, an old man, can't hear?"

Cornelia hurriedly said, "No, I'm not texting him, I'm texting my friend."

Marcus slowly took out his private phone, and indeed, it was a message from Cornelia. She wanted to talk, but about what?

His slender fingers tapped quickly, typing a few words: "What do you want to talk about?"

Cornelia replied "About our marriage. Whether we divorce or not, we need to meet and talk it through, and we shouldn't waste each other's youth,"

Marcus read the message, typed a few words, and then deleted them one by one. It wasn't time to reveal his identity yet.

He put some food on her plate. "Eat your meal and don't play with your phone."

Since the boss had spoken, Cornelia, who hadn't received a reply from Jeremy, had no choice but to put away her phone. But she still couldn't help but wonder if Jeremy's lack of response meant he was avoiding something.

By the time they finished eating and the driver took them back to Sunset Bay Resort, it was already dinner time.

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Cornelia wasn't too drunk and still pretty sober. She planned to take a shower and go to bed early so she could have enough energy to handle tomorrow's meeting

As she was undressing, she realized that the bracelet Old Mr. Abner gave to her boss's wife was still on her wrist

Cornelia immediately took off the bracelet, wiped it clean, put it back in the box, and went upstairs to find Marcus.

She knocked on the door, President Hartley, "Want to give you the gift that Old Mr. Abner gave to your wife, is it convenient for you to come out and get it?"

No one in the house answered

Cornelia guessed that he must be drunk. He drank a lot during dinner and leaned back in the car with his eyes closed on the way back, not saying a word.

She hurried downstairs to make him some soup, and then carried it back upstairs.

She knocked on Marcus's door again, but there was still no answer. Could it be another alcohol allergy?

Worried, Cornelia pushed the door open. It was ajar, and opened easily.

The room was dark, with the curtains drawn and no lights on it was so dark that Cornelia couldn't see what was going on inside.

"President Hartley, can I come in?" Cornelia turned on the light and looked up to see Marcus half-lying on the sofa.

He was pale, with cold sweat on his forehead, and seemed to be unconscious

Cornelia was startled, "President Hartley, what's wrong?"

Marcus didn't respond, and Cornelia thought about calling for help, but she didn't have her phone with her. She was about to go downstairs to get it when Marcus suddenly grabbed her, "I'm fine."

Cornelia worriedly said. "Look at your face, how can you be fine? Get your phone, let's call for help, or have Dr. Dawson come over right away"

Marcus said. "There's medicine Dr. Dawson prepared for me in my suitcase, a white bottle with yellow pills. Can you please get it for me?"

Cornelia did as she was told, quickly got the medicine, and poured him a glass of water, "Do you know what's wrong with you?"

He took the medicine and smiled faintly. "It's not a big deal. I'll be fine after I take the medicine and rest for a while"

But he didn't look fine at all, and Cornelia was still worried, "Are you sure you don't need to go to the hospital?"

"No need. You go do your thing, don't worry about me" He closed his eyes and didn't want to deal with her anymore.

Cornelia had no choice but to leave

Marcus said he was fine, but Cornelia wouldn't believe him. She called Dr. Dawson when she went downstairs, "Dr. Dawson, President Hartley is feeling unwell. Can you come and take a look?"

Dr. Dawson said on the phone, "It's his stomach acting up. I prepared medicine for him this morning. Just remind him to take it on time. Please keep an eye on his diet these days, absolutely no greasy food or alcohol"

Cornelia's face turned pale, "Dr. Dawson, he drank alcohol at noon."

"What?" Dr. Dawson raised his voice in alarm, "He had a stomachache this morning because he ate something bad last night, and he still drank at noon? Is he trying to kill himself?"

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"Is there something wrong with his stomach?" Cornelia asked worriedly.

This wasn't mentioned in the training course for the president's special assistant, otherwise, she wouldn't have let

him have barbecue last night

Dr. Dawson said, "You probably don't know how busy he was when he took over the Hartley Group. He was working day and night for a few years, with irregular sleep and diet, and his stomach issues were quite serious. Just around this time last year he was busy with the branch office stuff, his stomach started bleeding, but he insisted on working"

What people saw of Marcus was the shining overlord in the business world, with vigorous actions and decisive means. However, very few people knew how much effort he put in to get

where he is today

During the campaign for the president's special assistant. Cornelia locked up a lot of information about Marcus and even naively thought she knew everything about him

However, the longer she followed him, the more she felt that she didn't really know him, just like everyone else, and had no idea what he had gone through over the years

It was all my fault last night. I took him to eat barbecue" Cornelia felt extremely guilty. Dr. Dawson, since he doesn't want to see a doctor. I have to bother you to come and take a look"

"He didn't let me and Ayden go to the Capital with him this time Dr. Dawson paused and continued, "He's an adult, and what he eats is his own decision. It's not your fault. If possible, please give him some porridge and let him eat that for the next couple of days."

"Alright." Cornelia agreed and wanted to hang up, but Dr. Dawson stopped her. "Cornelia, Marcus has a strong personality and never lets others see his vulnerable side. His actual condition may be worse than what we see. You need to take good care of him these days, his stomach can't take any more stress"

Dawson, rest assured. I'll take care of him" Cornelia went to the kitchen, checked the fridge, and found the ingredients she needed.

She quickly prepared the ingredients, as making porridge takes some time. She couldn't help but go upstairs to check on Marcus again

He was still lying on the living room sofa, with one hand on his stomach. He already fell asleep, but his eyebrows furrowed.

Cornelia didn't want to wake him up, so she went to his room and grabbed a thin blanket to cover him. Just as she was about to leave, he grabbed her hand tightly again.

He used so much force that it hurt Cornelia's wrist. "President Hartley, you're hurting me."

She thought he was awake, but when she looked down, his eyes were still closed, and the action of grabbing her seemed to be a subconscious one

“I’m sorry!” He muttered softly, his voice sounding like gently plucked strings, pleasant, but also heart-wrenching.

Cornelia thought to herself, “What’s the point of apologizing to me? You should say that to your wife.” She assumed he mistook her for his wife and tried to pull her hand away, but couldn’t,

so she let him hold it

His stomach must have been really uncomfortable, as he frowned and showed a painful expression she had never seen before in his sleep.

But she had to admit, even being sick, this man was still handsome, with a kind of morbid beauty that made people want to get close

Cornelia was frightened by this terrible thought in her heart, quickly looked away and stopped looking at him. But with her hand held by him, she couldn’t ignore his presence.

His hands were also good-looking, slender, with distinct joints, much better-looking than those of hand models.

She didn’t know how long it had been, but the night was approaching and the light from outside illuminated the room. Her wrist had gone numb from his grip, and she was almost leaning against the sofa, falling asleep when she heard Marcus’s deep and pleasant voice, “Cornelia?”

Half-asleep Cornelia suddenly raised her head, and saw his usually pretty and charming eyes full of doubt.

Cornelia quickly explained, “President Hartley, you’ve been holding my hand and I couldn’t pull away, so I had to sit here with you.”

So that’s what happened!

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He originally thought she had discovered something so she took the initiative to go upstairs to accompany him, but he didn’t expect that he was thinking too much

Cornelia moved slightly reminding him that he was still holding her wrist. President Hartley, you should let go of me first”

Marcus let go of her hand with a hint of disappointment. “Sorry!”

“I know, you must have thought I was your wife when you grabbed my hand.” She could see the vulnerability in his eyes, probably because of the troubles between him and his

wife Cornelia thought for a moment and decided to say something President Hartley, if you care so much about your wife, just talk to her. Don't keep everything to yourself"

"Can it really be resolved just by talking? Marcus had thought about having a heart to heart chat, but he didn't dare to take that risk

Cornelia said, "You have to try everything. If you don't try how will you know if it will work?"

"True you make a lot of sense" He smiled, "When we get back to Riverton, you can pick a restaurant you like, and I'll invite her to have a good talk"

"Alright

prepare when I get back. "Cornelia genuinely hoped that he and his wife could make up soon, so her job would be easier.

She remembered the porridge still cooking in the pot, 'President Hartley, I've got porridge simmering in the pot. I'll go get you some, and then you should rest early."

Marcus, Thank you!"

"You don't have to thank me" Cornelia lowered her head, feeling a bit down, "If it wasn't for me, you wouldn't have eaten such greasy food last night, and your stomach wouldn't be upset. President Hartley. I'm sorry!"

Don't blame yourself, it's not your fault Marcus reached out and gently rubbed the bun on top of her head.

This was the first time he had touched her bun, her hair was smooth and black, and it felt nice.

He pulled back his hand and sniffed it. The fragrance was light but refreshing

Cornelia was startled by his sudden overstep, but when she met his calm and composed gaze, she felt like she was overthinking it again, President Hartley, I'll go get the porridge"

Marcus, "Alright"

Cornelia quickly left his room. Marcus sniffed his fingers again, the scent of his little wife still lingering, not only fragrant but also sweet

Cornelia scooped up the porridge and turned around, only to find Marcus, who should have been resting in his room, standing at the door, President Hartley, why did you come down?"

Marcus asked without answering. "Are you good at cooking?"

Cornelia thought she had quite a few signature dishes, and those who had tasted them said they were good. However, the only people fortunate enough to eat her dishes were her grandmother, Zack, and Abigail.

No matter what she cooks, the three of them think it is the best food in the world, so her true level of cooking has yet to be verified.

She humbly said, President Hartley, I can only make a few dishes, nothing fancy, and definitely not comparable to your chef."

"Dishes should have a taste of home. Chefs can make all kinds of delicacies, but they'll never have that feeling of home." Marcus looked at her earnestly, "Could you teach me how to cook?"

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Cornelia was taken aback by Marcus's request, widening her eyes and saying, "President Hartley, you really want to learn how to cook?"

For someone as high-ranking as him, all he had to do was snap his fingers and an international top chef would make him whatever dish he wanted. There was no need for him to cook himself.

But then she heard Marcus say calmly, "I want to learn a few dishes so I can cook them for my wife one day."

So, that's why he wanted to learn how to cook!

Cornelia guessed that Marcus might want to express his love for his wife through this ordinary gesture.

Even if he was rich and had a high status, he was first and foremost an ordinary man who wanted to live a happy life with his loved one.

Cornelia sincerely hoped that Marcus could live a sweet life with his wife. "President Hartley, you'll have to tell me what kind of taste your wife likes?"

She smiled with her eyes curved, and Marcus could tell that she was genuinely happy for his wife she didn't even know.

She was over the moon if he and his wife would make up. This meant that she had no ulterior motives towards him.

Marcus felt a bit stifled in his heart, "Just do it according to your taste."

Cornelia shook her head, "No, I can't do it according to my taste. I like s***y food, which may not be suitable for most people."

So she liked s***y food. He had just found out after nearly two years of marriage.

Marcus felt ashamed and said in a somewhat low tone, "My wife is also from Rosenberg, so her taste should be similar to yours."

"Oh, I see." "Cornelia hadn't expected his wife to be her fellow townsman, and now she was even more confident in her ability to cook Rosenberg's home-cooked dishes.

"Alright. I write down a couple of recipes my grandma passed down to me tonight, and I make sure you can learn them to satisfy your wife."

Marcus said, "I want to learn now."

Cornelia replied, "President Hartley, you should have some soup first, get some rest, and take care of your stomach." "She looked him up and down, wondering if he was

delirious from being Sick?

He was still sick, so why was he thinking about cooking?

Marcus said, "I'm fine now."

His face was so pale, how could he be fine? He was clearly just putting on a brave face. Cornelia couldn't stand people who didn't take their health seriously. President Hartley, even if you don't think about yourself, you should consider your wife. She must be worried and upset if you're sick. Can you bear to make her worry every day?"

If she and her husband Jeremy had a normal marital relationship, and he ignored his health and continued to work even with a bleeding stomach, she would definitely have scolded him.

He needed to understand that after getting married, his body belonged not only to himself but also to her.

Fortunately, she didn't have to worry about that.

Marcus asked, "Would you worry about me?"

Cornelia nodded, very affirmative. "Of course I would."

He was her boss, and her salary depended on him. If he was bedridden, she would be out of a job, and where would she get the money to pay her mortgage?

Marcus was satisfied with her answer, and to not make her worry, he decided to follow her advice, "I'll learn another day."

Cornelia smiled happily. Then, President Hartley, please enjoy your meal."

Marcus responded, "Alright."

Cornelia also served herself some food, then sat down at the dining table to eat with him.

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Haven't had a few bites, Ben led five or six people from the chip project team and came over. Everyone at the door said in unison, "President Hartley. Cornelia, good evening!"

Cornelia, "Good evening!"

Marcus raised his eyebrows, and his eyes under the silver-rimmed glasses clearly showed displeasure, "What's up?"

Ben immediately handed over the documents. We reviewed the project plan again this afternoon and found a loophole. We need President Hartley to take a look.

Marcus glanced through the documents and quickly found the loophole Ben mentioned without his guidance. "The Hartley Group's self-developed chip has already been approved and is about to go on the market. The purpose of this meeting is to let everyone know that we the Hartley Group, no longer rely on other people's mobile phone and computer businesses."

Ben probably understood Marcus's meaning.

"So you mean we don't need to hide our strength this time, and we just want to show our cards to our opponents?"

Marcus nodded, his sexy thin lips slightly raised, revealing his confidence and ambition, "Many times, showing your cards can actually achieve a different effect

Hearing Marcus say this, everyone breathed a sigh of relief. They were all shocked when they found out that the "card data" appeared on the project plan, thinking that there was a mole in the team. Fortunately, it was not, otherwise all their efforts would have been wasted

Ben said again, "Everyone, go back and rest early. In the next few days, everyone needs to stay energized so that everyone can see the strength of the Hartley Group"

"Okay" The others came quickly and left even faster.

Soon, there were only the three of them left. Cornelia asked Ben, "Ben, have you had dinner? Do you want to have some food?"

Ben saw that Cornelia and Marcus were eating quite well, "did you make the food?"

Cornelia nodded. "Yeah, there's still some in the pot "

"Your homemade soup! I have to eat it even if I'm not hungry" As soon as he finished speaking, Ben felt a chill coming from his side, making his spine cold.

He turned his head and met Marcus's gaze

Ben felt that Marcus's gaze was like a poisoned arrow, and if he didn't run away, he could be killed by it.

He nervously swallowed his saliva. "Cornelia, I've already had dinner, I won't have the soup. President Hartley, you take your time eating. I'm going to go upstairs and rest"

With that, he ran away, even faster than a rabbit

Cornelia was a little confused, "What's wrong with Ben?"

"Don't worry about him "Marcus added the remaining soup from the pot to his bowl If he doesn't eat it, I will"

Did Ben deserve to eat the soup his wife made?

Marcus didn't have a big appetite, especially for dinner. Plus, his stomach was uncomfortable, so Cornelia was worried he would eat too much, President Hartley, don't eat any more. It's not good to eat too much at night"

Marcus was full, but he couldn't bear to waste the soup she made, "Am I a three-year-old child?"

Cornelia,"

She thought to herself, Marcus always bullied her just because he was her boss, completely unreasonable.

After finishing the food, Cornelia naturally wanted to clean up the dishes, but Marcus grabbed her hand, "I'll do the dishes."

Cornelia couldn't believe her ears, "President Hartley, you said you will do the dishes?"

Marcus replied, "You cooked the meal, I do the dishes. That's how it should be divided, right?"

Marcus's parents didn't have a good relationship, and he had never had the chance to live with them or see how other couples got along. So, he felt that he couldn't let Cornelia take on

everything.

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Asking the CEO of the Hartley Group, Marcus, to do the dishes? Even if Cornelia had the guts of a lion, she wouldn't dare let him wash them. She said, "Mr. President Hartley, I can do it, don't worry about it"

Marcus insisted, "I do the dishes, and you go take a break"

Cornelia didn't dare to argue. "But President Hartley

Marcus had to show his bossy side to suppress her, "Just do as I say and don't argue with me"

"Alright" Since he insisted on washing the dishes, she'd let him do it, and he couldn't blame her later.

Marcus grabbed the dishes and pans and went to the kitchen, and Cornelia followed him. She couldn't just leave him alone and go rest.

Maybe people as capable as him were good at everything, even things they'd never done before. He looked like a pro washing the dishes.

Marcus looked back at her with a frown. "What are you still doing here? It's late go get some rest"

“Okay” Cornelia couldn’t help but feel like crying. This was just another form of torture for her.

Cornelia went upstairs and had to pass Ben’s room to get to hers

Ben had been watching through the crack of his door and saw Cornelia coming up. He quickly opened the door, “Cornelia, come here for a second, I need to talk to you”

Cornelia approached him, “Ben, what’s up?”

Ben asked, “Don’t you think President Hartley has been acting really weird today?”

Cornelia nodded vigorously, “Yeah, he’s been super nice to me, so nice. It’s actually scary.”

Ben “He’s nice to you but not to me. Did I accidentally do something to piss him off?”

Cornelia disagreed, “Don’t you think his sudden change is even scarier?”

Ben thought about what if Marcus suddenly became super nice to him. The thought of it made Ben shiver, “Did we do something wrong, and that’s why he’s torturing us like this?”

Cornelia didn’t think she had done anything wrong. On the contrary, she had been treating Marcus like a boss, making sure he was never cold or hungry. “Let’s both go to our rooms and

think about it’

Ben: “Why don’t you ask him what we did wrong?”

Cornelia: “Are you trying to push me into the fire?”

“Who’s pushing you into the fire?”

They were so absorbed in their conversation that they didn’t notice Marcus had come upstairs until his deep voice sounded behind them.

Ben, startled, quickly retreated to his room, pretending not to see Marcus

Cornelia wanted to pretend she hadn’t seen him either, but it was too late. Marcus had already walked up to her, “What were you two talking about just now?”

“What were we talking about?” Cornelia scratched her head, trying to come up with a lie, “We were talking about..

Marcus: “Are you planning to lie to me?”

Cornelia:

Could he read minds? How did he always know when she was trying to lie to him?

Marcus gave her the answer. "You're terrible at lying. When you lie, you panic and don't know what to do with your hands and feet"

Cornelia:"

Didn't he understand that some things are better left unsaid?

Marcus smiled, "It's late, go get some rest."

President Hartley, wait a moment." Cornelia quickly ran back to her room and grabbed the bracelet box, This is the bracelet Old Mr. Abner gave to your wife, I'm returning it to you now"

Marcus looked at the box she handed him it had originally belonged to her, but now she wanted to give it back to him.

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She was supposed to be his wife, but he couldn't tell her, and that made him feel really uncomfortable He gave this to you, so just take it

Cornelia corrected him. It's not for me it's for your wife"

Before she could finish, Marcus took the box, pulled out the bracelet inside, and quickly put it on her wrist No one is more suitable to accept this gift than you"

He was so fast that Cornelia didnt even have time to react before the bracelet was already on her wrist

She hurriedly tried to take it off, but Marcus said. "She went wear something someone else has worn."

Cornelia knew who she was. So he didn't accept it because she had worn the bracelet

She felt her heart was stabbed by something very painful, but the pain came and went quickly

Marcus and her were just in an employer-employee relationship It was normal for the boss not to like things worn by subordinates . How he treated her didn't really matter She showed a bright smile. Then I thank President Hartley for the generous gift"

As she smiled and used words like “generous gift,” Marcus couldn’t tell if she was serious or joking

It’s late, get some rest After saying that, he turned and went upstairs.

Cornelia started to walk back, then remembered something, “President Hartley, don’t forget to take your medicine”

Marcus paused, then gently replied, “Okay”

No matter how she cared for him, she couldn’t deny that she did care for him.

Back in her room, Cornelia looked at the bracelet on her wrist, being unsure of what to do with it

As she was struggling with how to handle the gift that didn’t belong to her, Ben sent her a message, ‘Cornelia, what did President Hartley give you?’”

Annoyed. Cornelia replied, “He wants to send me to meet God”

Ben, “Rest in peace!”

The next day was the opening ceremony of the 3033 Technology Conference, and Marcus was one of the speakers.

All the other guests had brought their manuscripts, but he didn’t.

Cornelia sat in the audience, and it was hard for anyone to notice an assistant like her.

But Marcus, standing on stage, was like a shining star, attracting everyone’s attention.

With his every move he showed off the charm of a mature man.

Cornelia had to admit, Marcus indeed had the ability to drive women crazy

But being the woman of such an outstanding man must be tiring

His woman would be the common enemy of all those women who wanted to marry him, and others might even compare their looks and backgrounds.

If their looks and status were a good match, people would praise them as a perfect couple.

If there were some differences in their looks and status, others might say some unpleasant things.

But if he loved his wife enough, what did it matter what others said?

“What are you thinking about?”

Cornelia was so lost in thought that she didn't notice when Marcus finished speaking and returned to her side.

She shook her head and said, “I wasn't thinking about anything.”

Marcus said, “If there's something bothering you, just tell me. No need to keep it inside.”

Cornelia replied, “I just hope that you and your wife can be together forever, and not let other people's gossip affect your relationship.”

Marcus smiled and asked, “Do you think I'm the kind of man who would easily change because of other people's gossip?”

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Cornelia didn't think too much and blurted out, “You might not, but what about your wife? Have you ever considered the pressure she has to bear to be with you? Your brothers used to talk about her cheating on you right in front of me. Do you know what that means for a woman if such rumors spread? It would stain her reputation for life and people would never stop attacking her with it”

“I'm sorry” Faced with Cornelia's angry questioning. Marcus couldn't defend himself and was filled with guilt

But he still wanted her to know. “Cornelia, first of all, you're not an outsider to me. Secondly, don't worry, I'll handle these matters, and no one will dare to gossip about this in the future. He had said she was his assistant, knowing many things about him that others didn't, so she was indeed not an outsider”

But why did he want her to feel at ease?

What's the point of her feeling at ease?

Shouldn't he be reassuring his wife?

Shouldn't he be apologizing to his wife?

Having calmed down, Cornelia realized that her emotions had been a bit excessive, President Hartley, “I'm sorry! It's none of my business.”

Marcus loved his wife so much, so there was no need for her to worry

You're not meddling, and feel free to tell me anything you think in the future “Marcus not only had never dated, but he also had scarce contact with women outside of work. He didn't understand girls' thoughts at all.”

At this moment, he realized how much his unintentional mistake had hurt her.

Fortunately, Cornelia was willing to tell him everything directly, so he could address the problem accordingly, “Why did you suddenly bring this up?”

Cornelia wanted to brush it off casually, but under his gaze, her mouth didn’t cooperate with her brain, and she spoke her mind, “When you were speaking on stage just now, those women were looking at you like hungry wolves, as if they wanted to gobble you up. I don’t know why, but I just felt worried for your wife

Especially that young woman sitting to Marcus’s right, who was still staring at him

The woman was beautiful and dressed in high-end clothes. She didn’t seem to be a staff member but probably a rich girl who came to find her ideal man.

Cornelia felt that if Marcus got any closer to that woman, she would pounce on him and devour him.

That was what she was worried about!

Marcus smiled and gently said, “What does it matter how others look at me? My eyes are only for my wife.”

Cornelia,

See? She told herself she was worrying too much.

As Cornelia had expected, after the opening ceremony, as their group was about to leave, Mr. Lacy from DigitalX Technologies approached them with that woman, “President Hartley. hello!”

Marcus politely said, “Mr. Lacy, what can I do for you?”

Mr Lacy smiled and led the woman next to him to Marcus, “This is my daughter Alvina Lacy.”

“President Hartley, it’s a pleasure to meet you” Alvina Lacy said without hesitation, “May I have your contact information?”

Marcus turned to Cornelia, “Cornelia”