

Chapter 6

The next day morning, they went back.

Traveling with the big boss, they were all seated in business class. Marcus was by the window, Cornelia was by the aisle, and Ben was right behind them.

As soon as they took the seats, the flight attendant came over, "Sir, ma'am, would you like something to drink?"

Cornelia replied, "Two bottles of mineral water, please."

Her boss was super picky about his drinks, only having hand-ground coffee and specially supplied mineral water. With limited options on the plane, mineral water was the one.

The flight attendant said okay, but didn't leave. She was practically glued to Marcus, asking, "Sir, we have coffee on the plane, do you want any?"

Marcus didn't even look at her and said to Cornelia, "I'm taking my wife out for dinner tonight. Make a reservation."

Cornelia nodded, "Okay."

The flight attendant's smile wavered a bit as Cornelia looked at her. Feeling awkward, Cornelia smiled and said, "Could I have a newspaper, please?"

As the boss's secretary, staying updated was a must. With no internet on the plane, a newspaper would have to do.

After reading a few articles, she came across a piece about

Digital Sports Technology.

"Digital Sports Technology CEO investigated for corruption, he had an accident on the way to the airport and suffered a severe fracture of his right hand.

Cornelia glanced at Marcus, who was resting with his eyes closed. She could see his long eyelashes under his silver-framed glasses, looking like pretty little fans.

Feeling her gaze, Marcus lifted an eyebrow, "What's up?"

Carefully, she asked, "President Hartley, did you hear about Mr. Ducler's accident?"

Marcus scoffed, "He should be glad it was only his hand that got injured."

He sounded so casual, like they were just chatting. But Cornelia felt a chill down her spine and swallowed nervously.

Rumors about the young leader of the Hartley Group were everywhere - ruthless, indifferent, immune to women's charm.

Twelve years ago, when he was still underage, many thought he was just a naive kid. But he managed to take control of the Hartley Group with a tough hand, saving it from the brink and making it a world leader once again.

Since then, many in the business world shuddered at the name "Marcus of the Hartley family." He had become synonymous with "terror."

Marcus slowly opened his eyes, coldly staring at Cornelia.

"Are you scared?"

Feeling a bit flustered, she nodded and shook her head, "No."
"Really?" He clearly didn't believe her but didn't press the issue, closing his eyes again.

Cornelia, "..."

No matter what others said about him, she couldn't deny that the Marcus she knew would gently smile when talking about his wife, make time for her no matter how busy, and protect his employees.

She was his assistant, not his enemy. Why should she be scared?

Realizing this, she breathed a sigh of relief and closed her eyes to rest.

The plane soon reached cruising altitude. As she dozed off, she vaguely heard a deep voice, "Do you think I'm frivolous, or that I'm a man you can have?"

The icy tone made Cornelia shiver, and she opened her eyes to see the flight attendant who had tried to flirt with Marcus awkwardly taking her phone back...

Handsome and rich, yet he could resist all temptation and stay pure. Quite rare.

Suddenly, Cornelia became curious about Marcus's wife, wondering what kind of woman could make a man like him never give other women a second glance.

After a two-and-a-half-hour flight, they arrived in Riverton

and went straight to work.

Besides company matters, Cornelia also had to handle Marcus's personal affairs, like buying flowers, making dinner reservations, and arranging after-dinner entertainment.

She put even more effort into it this time, knowing that the boss's wife's satisfaction with the date would directly affect his mood, and in turn, her job.

After work, she handed Marcus the bouquet of flowers and watched him get into the car and leave. Her job for the day was done.

She let out a sigh of relief and was about to call a cab when her chat group lit up. Abigail sent a message, "Cornelia, we're having cod tonight. Could you grab a bottle of white wine for cooking from the supermarket downstairs?"

She replied, "Sure."

As Marcus's car drove towards Cornelia's place, Granny Luisa called again.

"Marc, ever since you got married and went abroad for work, you've neglected your wife. I've been too ashamed to face Cornelia this past year. If you don't go and bring her home, I'm going to drop dead."

Granny Luisa rambled on, but Marcus only caught one key point, "Granny, what did you say her name was?"

Granny Luisa yelled, "Cornelia! Her name is Cornelia! You bastard, you don't even remember your own wife's name!"

"Are you trying to kill me?!"

"Cornelia?" Marcus repeated the name, and Cornelia's face appeared in his mind.

No wonder he thought that name sounded familiar when he was picking a new assistant. It was the same as his wife's.

He smiled, "Granny, I'm on my way to pick her up. Once I do, I'll bring her to see you first."

Granny Luisa's heart leaped, "You better keep your word this time. If you can't bring her, don't bother coming to see me. Let me tell you, Cornelia is a wonderful girl. You're lucky to have her, and you better cherish her."

Marcus had only met his wife once and they barely exchanged a few words. He didn't know her personality, but he trusted his grandma's judgment. Plus, since they were married, he was determined to cherish her.

He nodded, "Alright."

After ending the call, the car driven by the driver stopped outside the residential complex where Cornelia lived. "Sir, we've arrived. Do you want me to pick up your wife, or..."

"I'll pick up my wife myself." Marcus got out of the car, holding a bouquet of roses in his hand, and walked towards the residential complex.

The complex had a high proportion of tenants, so the security wasn't very strict. Maybe it was because Marcus's aura was too strong, but the security guard didn't ask any questions and let him in directly.

Marcus found building number 10, unit 1, took the elevator straight to the 15th floor, and came to the door of apartment 1501. He knocked on the door.

After a while, the door opened, and a man wearing floral shorts and a bare upper body appeared at the door. "Who are you looking for?"

The man was holding the doorknob with one hand and a T-shirt with the other. His hair was a bit wet, like he'd just taken a shower.

Marcus frowned slightly, but there was no change in his expression. He asked, "Does Cornelia live here?"

The man nodded blankly, "Yes."

Marcus's tone suddenly became cold, "What's your relationship with her?"

Before the man had a chance to answer, a female voice came from behind him, "Zack, who's at the door?"

Then, a decent-looking woman appeared in Marcus's line of sight.

The woman was wearing comfortable home clothes, and her hair was also wet. Clearly, she had just come out of the bathroom. A man and a woman showering together was definitely not just a simple shower.

She stretched her neck to see what was going on at the door, and when she saw him, her eyes lit up. "Who are you? Who are you looking for?"

Marcus coldly looked at the woman in front of him. It was a

completely unfamiliar face, but this woman was his wife.

Not only was she involved with another man, but she didn't even recognize him...