

## Chapter 8

Late at night, Cornelia's sweet dreams were shattered by a phone call.

Groggily, she found her phone and saw "Marcus" displayed on the screen, instantly waking her up.

Cornelia sat up and answered, "President Hartley, hello!"

It was a strange man's voice, "Your President Hartley is drunk, come to Shimmer Club and pick him up."

"Who are you?" At this time, Marcus should be with his wife.

How could he get drunk at Shimmer Club?

And who was this stranger calling from his phone?

"I'm Leonardo Wilson, hurry up and get over here." The other party hung up after speaking.

Cornelia knew Leonardo was Marcus's friend, and his family was one of Riverton's four major families.

It was part of Cornelia's job to pick up Marcus if he was drunk.

Cornelia quickly changed into her work clothes and rushed to Shimmer Club by taxi.

Shimmer Club was Riverton's most exclusive membership club, not open to ordinary people.

Leonardo had already informed the staff, and someone greeted Cornelia as soon as she got out of the car, leading

her to the private room, "Miss, they're inside."

Cornelia thanked the staff and knocked on the door, immediately seeing two couples drinking on the couch, with only Marcus sitting alone in the corner, holding a nearly finished cigarette in his hand.

All four pairs of eyes turned to Cornelia, unabashedly sizing her up.

"So you're Marc's new assistant? You're too pretty to be wasted working for someone like him," said Leonardo, whom Cornelia recognized from pictures online.

Leonardo came from a wealthy home and was good-looking; he always made headlines and had dated countless female celebrities, earning him the reputation of being a notorious playboy in Riverton.

Despite his frivolous words, Cornelia politely greeted him, "Mr. Wilson, hello! I'm here to pick up President Hartley."

While hugging the woman next to him and swirling his wine glass, Leonardo asked, "Do you have a boyfriend?"

He eyed her up and down like an item for sale, which Cornelia found repulsive, "Whether or not I have a boyfriend is my private business."

Leonardo chuckled, "Well, if you don't have a boyfriend, I can be your boyfriend."

"Sorry! I'm not interested in you." Cornelia didn't like these spoiled rich kids who tried to pursue every girl they met. If he weren't Marcus's friend, she wouldn't even bother with

him.

Being rejected so directly, Leonardo didn't seem to mind, instead laughing, "So you're not interested in me, are you interested in Marc then?"

Hearing this, Cornelia worried that Marcus would misunderstand and affect her job.

She subconsciously glanced at Marcus, but thankfully he was just focused on smoking and didn't seem to notice her arrival.

Leonardo laughed, "you are not saying no, so I guessed right?"

"Mr. Wilson, do you not know how to respect people?" People like him were too narcissistic, thinking all women would be attracted to rich kids like them. If it weren't for his family background, his life might be worse than hers.

"Marc, your new assistant is quite bold. Who gave her the courage?" Another man chimed in, his eyes on Cornelia not friendly.

Cornelia didn't know him, but she guessed he was the son of the Reese family, one of the four major families, Cameron Reese.

Riverton had four major families: the Hartley family, the Reese family, the Wilson family, and the Petersen family.

Marcus, Leonardo, and Cameron were all around the same age and were said to have been friends since childhood.

"I did. Is there a problem?" Marcus's deep voice cut through

the chatter, and everyone looked at him as he slowly extinguished his cigarette.

Leonardo quickly played peacemaker, "No problem, no problem..."

Cameron gave Cornelia a cold stare, full of hostility.

Cornelia was puzzled; it was their first meeting, and they didn't know each other. Why was he treating her this way?

Cornelia ignored them and went straight to Marcus, who smelled of alcohol but had clear eyes, not looking drunk.

In a low voice, she asked, "President Hartley, shall we go?"

Marcus looked up at her, "Who asked you to come?"

Cornelia honestly replied, "Mr. Wilson told me to pick you up."

Marcus looked at Leonardo, who laughed and said, "Marc, life is short. You should enjoy it while you can, or it's a waste."

Marcus gave him an unhappy glance, and Leonardo immediately turned serious, "You asked me to call the driver earlier, but I got it wrong."

Marcus didn't believe him but didn't bother arguing, got up to leave with Cornelia following closely behind.

As they were about to leave, Leonardo called out loudly, "Miss Cornelia, you should find a handsome man like me. Your President Hartley is just a pretty trophy."

Cornelia was speechless.

She couldn't help but feel that Leonardo was trying to make Hartley angry.

Outside the club, Cornelia saw a black Bentley parked at the entrance.

She opened the car door for Marcus, and once he was seated, she got into the driver's seat, "President Hartley, where to?"

Cornelia knew that Marcus had several high-value mansions in Riverton.

Marcus, "Blueshell Mansion."

Blueshell Mansion is a famous seaside residential area in Riverton, with sky-high prices per square meter that makes many people green with envy. And Marcus owns several of them.

"Alright." Cornelia immediately started the car and drove out of the nightclub.

The night was quiet, and there were few vehicles on the streets, making it a smooth ride to Blueshell Mansion.

Cornelia parked the car in the parking space and opened the door for Marcus, "President Hartley, we're here."

Marcus got out of the car, and almost stumbled and fell...

Cornelia quickly held him up. When she touched his hot body, she was startled, "President Hartley, what's wrong?"

Upon closer inspection, Cornelia discovered that Marcus's face was abnormally flushed, not the redness from being

drunk, but more like an allergic reaction.

"Help me get back, I have medicine at home." Marcus had no strength to stand straight, and all his weight fell on Cornelia.

Cornelia, who was much smaller than him, used all her strength to help him walk to the elevator.

Luckily, the elevator went directly to the front door, so they arrived quickly.

Cornelia helped Marcus into the house and let him sit on the sofa, "President Hartley, where's the medicine?"

Marcus pointed, "Over there, the second drawer, red pills."

Following his direction, Cornelia quickly found the red pills he mentioned and poured him a glass of water, "Take it quickly, you'll feel better soon."

Seeing her anxious appearance, Marcus suddenly smiled, "Cornelia?"

He rarely called her by her name, and his voice was already pleasant. Now, with a hint of drunkenness, it sounded even more intoxicating.

Cornelia nodded, "Mr. Marcus, what can I do for you?"

Marcus, "Why does your name sound so unlucky?"

Cornelia rolled her eyes.

Her name was given by her grandmother, and she always thought it was beautiful. She didn't understand why Marcus suddenly thought her name was unlucky.

She thought he might be drunk and was talking nonsense,  
"Mr. Marcus, you should take the medicine first..."

Marcus took the medicine and asked again, "Do you know  
how to make a hangover soup?"