

Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband (Cornelia Stewart)

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“Then let him chase you!” Abigail poked her forehead in frustration, “Why are you so clueless? The guy is so handsome. It’s not a loss to be pursued by him! Cornelia wished she could slap her, “He’s a married man, if I let him chase me, I’m the third wheel I refuse to be the other woman”

Abigail was very good at focusing. From the sound of it, if he was unmarried, you’d let him chase you?”

It was not impossible if both of them were unmarried Cornelia was startled by the thought that popped into her head and quickly waved her hands, “impossible

Abigail If I could spend a night with such a handsome man, even if it’s just one night, I could die in peace.”

Zack kicked her, “Get some ambition, missy”

Cornelia knocked on both of them, “Quit fooling around, I’m serious, help me think of a way out”

Zack, “He just announced his marriage not long ago, and now he wants to pursue you, he’s obviously a scumbag The further you stay from this kind of man the better, just quit your job.”

“With the high mortgage I have to pay every month, I can’t afford to quit now “On the way back, Cornelia thought, if Marcus really wanted to chase her, she could only quit. She would never submit to his authority. But thinking of the mortgage, she had to give up this idea.

Abigail, “Are you sure he wants to chase you?”

Cornelia, "Am I sure? I'm not so sure!"

Abigail, Tell me, what did he do to make you think this? Did he kiss you forcibly or suggest he wants to sleep with you?"

Cornelia shook her head, "No such overstepping behaviors. It's just that I feel he's being too good to me. Especially the things he said to me today, those should be said to his wife, not me"

Abigail had a bright idea, "Could it be that hes being nice to you to show off to his wife?"

Cornelia, "What do you mean?"

Abigail, "He's using you to make his wife jealous. If his wife loves him and sees him spending time with a young and beautiful assistant, she'll definitely be jealous. If she's jealous, it means she still loves him. Then it's easier for him to make up with her"

Abigails words made Cornelia understand all at once, "You're so smart, why didn't I think of it?"

How could she be so naive to believe that Marcus wanted to pursue her! She was just a tool to him.

If Marcus had told her this earlier, she would have put on the best performance to make his wife jealous.

Abigail, "This is all from experience. It has nothing to do with intelligence."

Zack thought Abigail's analysis was unreliable, Your only romance ended before it even began, where did you get your experience?"

Abigail, "That's how it's written in novels."

Zack, "Oh boy, don't listen to her ramblings."

After confirming that Marcus had no inappropriate intentions towards her, Cornelia felt much more relaxed, "Alright, as long as Marcus doesn't really want to pursue me, I'm not worried. Let me eat something. I have to go back to the Blueshell Mansion after."

Zack asked. "You're going back?"

Cornelia replied. "Skyler Blue lives there alone, I'm worried about her"

After dinner, Cornelia packed two sets of clothes and returned to the Blueshell Mansion

The mansion was huge but no lights were on. She thought Skyler had rested, so she didn't think much of it.

When Cornelia returned to her room and was ready to go to bed after a shower, she noticed an envelope on her pillow.

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The words "Letter to Cornelia" were written on the envelope Cornelia opened it to find a letter from Skyler

[Dear Cornelia,

Glad to meet you as a friend!

Thanks for giving me the strength to keep on living when I needed it the most

From now on, I won't be doing anything stupid. But Xavier Rivera, he's a control freak He won't let me go that easily. If I want to get rid of him, I can only go to a place he doesn't know. I know what you're going to say, that President Hartley could protect me But depending on others is not a long term solution.

Growing up. I depended on my family and then barely survived by relying on Xavier. It was rough.

I don't want to rely on others anymore I want to follow my heart, live my life my way.

Life might be tough from here, but it's what I want. Don't worry about me.

Also. Xavier installed a tracker on my phone. He can check my location anytime. So, I can't take it with me. Please remember to keep my phone charged. Try to delay others from finding out

I've left, to buy me some extra time.

Don't worry about me running away. I had it planned a year ago. As long as I get out of Riverton tonight, Xavier won't find me easily.

When I settle down, when Xavier forgets about me, I'll find a way to contact you.

Cornelia. I hope the next time we meet, we will be living our lives the way we want!

Skyler Blue]

Skyler had been planning her escape a year ago?

She had just married Xavier a year ago. What kind of life had she been living?

Cornelia rushed into Skyler's room and found the phone she'd left behind.

Skyler told her not to worry, but how could she not?

Skyler had just miscarried and was physically weak. She couldn't use her bank cards to avoid Xavier. How was she supposed to escape with nothing?

Cornelia suddenly realized that finding a safe place in this world wasn't easy for Skyler.

Meanwhile, on the 25th floor, an uninvited guest showed up in Marcus home.

Marcus let him in "You're in Riverton, and now in my house. Are you worried Skyler doesn't know you're here, or did she not run far enough?"

Xavier lit a cigarette, took a few puffs, "Tell your wife to mind her own business. Skyler has no one to rely on, she'll naturally come back to me."

Marcus sneered, if it wasn't for my wife, yours would be dead by now. You messed up, don't blame it on my Cornelia"

"Your Cornelia?" Xavier looked at Marcus like he was a stranger, "She hasn't even accepted you as her husband and you're defending her? That's not how you Marcus treat women."

"First of all, Cornelia is not just any other woman, she's my wife. Of course, I'll protect my wife. Do I need to wait until she'd rather die than be with me to regret, like you?" Marcus shut Xavier up with one sentence

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After a long pause, Xavier finally said slowly. Despite all the opposition from the Rivers family, taking a huge risk and pressure. I spared no expense and effort to help the Blue family get back on their feet took care of all of Skyler Blue's worries, why does she still hate me so much?"

Marcus replied casually. You're asking me? How should I know?"

Marcus answer made Xavier feel stuck "Can't you help me analyze this? Why would she rather die than stay by my side?"

Marcus said "What you did to her you know better than anyone"

Xavier's tall figure slightly swayed at these words, yes, no one knew better than him what he did to Skyler

He stubbed out his cigarette, and then lit another one. I've known Skyler for ten years, a whole decade. We first met when she was fourteen, she moved in with me when she was eighteen, lawways thought she couldn't leave me Until the day she had an accident. I realized it wasn't her who couldn't leave me, but me who couldn't leave her"

Marcus just listened quietly, as for matters of love and relationships, he who was inexperienced had no good advice to give

And other than Marcus. Xavier didn't know who else to turn to for answers, "Marc, tell me, what should I do to get her back?"

This question really stumped Marcus

Ask him how to make money, he could give you hundreds of ways.

But how to win back your wife, that was a problem he was facing himself

He also lit a cigarette. "Cornelis would rather take out a loan to buy a house, paying most of her salary every month for the mortgage, than accept the house I gave her Today, despite all my efforts, I still couldn't get her to agree to have dinner with me"

Mentioning Cornelia, Xavier seemed to see a glimmer of hope.

"How about you call Cornelia over, I'll ask her to find out what Skyler is thinking?"

Marcus gave him a look, Dont think about using Cornelia

Bang bang bang-

The urgent knocking on the door broke the silence in the room.

Ignoring the doorbell and knocking like this, Marcus frowned in displeasure

But when he saw from the monitor that it was Cornelia standing at the door, his displeasure vanished instantly.

He immediately got up to open the door

As the door opened, Cornelia uttered "President Hartley", seeing another man in the room, she swallowed the rest of her words.

Why is Xavier here?

How did he get here?

Does he know that Skyler ran away?

Was Skyler, who had barely escaped, going to be caught again?

"What's wrong?" Marcus didn't miss Cornelia's trembling hands at her side.

"Nothing" Cornelia turned to leave, but Marcus grabbed her, "Cornelia, tell me, what happened?"

Cornelia bit her lip tightly, unconsciously glanced at Xavier in the room, and Marcus immediately understood her concern.

He stepped outside, closing the door behind him, "do you want to tell me about Skyler Blue?"

Cornelia was still a little worried, worrying that Xavier would eavesdrop from inside the room, "President Hartley, can you come with me to the 26th floor?"

"Sure" Marcus followed Cornelia to the 26th floor, as soon as they entered the room, she closed the door and even remembered to bolt it

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"Mr. Harley can trust you?" Cornelia didn't know what Skyler Blue had been through only that if Xavier got his hands on her they probably not survive

Marcus raised his hand and gently ruffled her hair answering with certainty. "Absolutely

Since he said so she decided to trust him "Skyler Blue took off without her phone. I'm worried sick about her Can you arrange for someone to talk her and discreetly escort her to the place she wants to go, without Xavier finding out?"

Cornelia knew this was requiring too much and would waste a ton of time and resources

But Marcus was the only one with enough clout to go head to head with Xavier and help Skyler escape his clutches

"Don't worry whatever it costs. I pay for it" Before Cornelia could finish her sentence, Marcus dialed a number. Have someone follow Skyler Blue and help her get to where she wants to go Make sure Xavier's people don't find out

With Marcus word Cornelia instanth felt relieved. "Mr Hartley, thank you!"

He gently patted her shoulder, saying softly. "Cornelia, no need to thank me Whatever you need, just let me know if it's within my power. I do my best to make it happen

His words brought back all the worries she thought shed brushed off. Not wanting to dwell on it, she decided to lay it out straight. Mr. Hartley it's just us here Your wife can't hear un You

can stop the act"

Marcus raised an eyebrow. "Oh?"

Cornelia

went on. "I'm sorry, I misunderstood your intentions today. I thought you were hitting on me. It was only after a friend helped me analyze that I realized you were using me to get a rise out of your wife. Mr. Hartley, my marriage is a mess too, but I want to give you some advice Are you willing to hear it?"

Marcus was all ears, "Go ahead"

Cornelia said "believe sincerity and communication are crucial in a marriage if you love your wife, you should communicate properly with her. Using another woman to provoke her in my opinion, is not a smart move"

Marcus replied. "I didn't use you to provoke anyone. Every word I said to you was genuine"

Cornelia asked. "So you really want to."

wasn't trying to hit on you "He wasn't trying to hit on her, he was trying to pursue her. As a husband, he should help his wife carry her burdens.

That's a relief Cornelia patted her chest, repeating that's a relief" a few times. Then she said, "Since you don't have any other intentions towards me, please refrain from saying things that could be misunderstood. It's not fair to your wife."

She was such an innocent girl in her personal life, always speaking her mind, not beating around the bush. It was a stark contrast to her serious and meticulous work persona Marcus was glad to see her good qualities, glad

that his wife was her. "My wife is the best girl in the world. Marrying her is my good fortune. I'll never let her down in this lifetime. Same goes for you. Focus on your work and stop overthinking"

"Okay"

"Don't worry about Skyler Blue I'll keep you updated."

“Thank you Mr Hartley!”

“Go get some rest. I’m heading downstairs.” With that, he turned and left.

As he stepped outside, Ayden was standing at the door. “Mr. Hartley, we’ve got people in place for the Skyler Blue situation.”

Marcus nodded, “Make sure she’s safe. Xavier can’t find out where she is.”

“Yes” Ayden took the order but didn’t leave right away.

Marcus Anything else?

Ayden knew better than to overstep, but he couldn’t help but ask, “President Hartley, is there something wrong with Cornelia? Why do you take a fancy to your friend’s wife?”

Marcus gave him a look, “What are you thinking?”

Ayden was speechless.

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Marcus returned to the 25th floor, Xavier stubbed out his cigarette and looked up at him. “Huh, you have to tell your wife something shameful, and you have to hide it from me”

Marcus asked, “What do you think?”

Zavier asked. “How’s Skyler Blue doing now?”

Marcus replied. “You go back to the Capital, she’s no longer in Riverton”

Zavier jumped up, his voice trembling. What do you say?”

Marcus calmly said. ‘Forcing her to stay could kill her. Letting her go, she could live. Her life and death are in your mind, you choose your self”

His words struck a chord with Xavier, who understood the consequences of keeping Skyler Blue

Suddenly, he felt like all his strength was drained Xavier heavily sat on the couch, then slowly stood up and said, ‘I’m leaving”

Through all these years, it was the first time Marcus had seen Xavier looking so lost. He comforted, “Don’t worry, I’ll arrange for someone to keep her safe

Zavier didn’t say anything, he stumbled out of Marcus house.

After Xavier left, Marcus' private phone chimed, a message from Cornelia Jeremy Artis, are you in Riverton? If so, let's meet tomorrow and talk about us"

Without asking, Marcus knew that Cornelia wanted to talk about divorce. How could he possibly agree? Marcus replied, "I'm not in Riverton lately, tell me what's up on WhatsApp"

Cornelia replied, "It's hard to explain over WhatsApp, let's talk when you return to Riverton."

Marcus asked. "What are you up to? Had dinner yet?"

After sending the message. Marcus gaze never left the phone screen, waiting for Cornelia's response

However, after waiting for several minutes, there was no reply from Cornelia

He thought for a moment, took his work phone and called her directly. Cornelia quickly answered. "President Hartley, anything else?"

Marcus said, "Come downstairs."

"Alright "With Skyler Blue gone, Cornelia felt there was no need for her to stay at the Blueshell Mansion. She was packing up to leave when Marcus called, so she had to attend to his matter first.

When Cornelia arrived at the 25th floor, Marcus was waiting for her at the door. He beckoned her over.

Cornelia was puzzled, but obediently moved to where he pointed. As soon as she stood there, the AI voice said, "Your face has been recognized, from now on, just look at the camera to open the door."

Cornelia looked at Marcus in confusion.

Marcus explained, "From now on, let yourself in when you come to my house, I don't want to wait at the door every time"

Cornelia was speechless.

He added, "I haven't had dinner yet, I'm hungry. You promised me in the Capital that you'll teach me to cook, how about today?"

He had just done her a big favor, Cornelia had no reason to refuse "Alright, I go to the supermarket downstairs to buy some groceries."

Marcus said, "No need to buy anything. I've already had someone prepare the ingredients and put them in the fridge, see if anything is missing?"

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Cornelia waltzed into the kitchen and popped open the fridge to find it stocked to the brim with food

It looked like he was gearing up for his wife's return

She pulled out a prime cut of ribeye steak from the fridge, President Hartley, how about ribeye pasta for tonight?"

"Sure. You guide me. I'll do the cooking" Marcus turned around to tie on a fresh apron. He was originally clad in a grey and white homely outfit, but even with the apron on, it didn't affect his beauty at all. Cornelia was skeptical that this man, who probably couldn't even boil water, could pull off this dish, "President Hartley, why don't you just stick to boiling the pasta?" "The quickest and most effective way to learn a new skill is to do it yourself" Marcus grabbed the chopping board and knife, "Should I cut the meat first?"

Insistent on doing it himself, Cornelia didn't want to stand in his way. "You should start by marinating the steak."

"Alright." Marcus obediently complied.

"What's next?"

"Pour some olive oil into the pan, wait till it starts smoking a bit, and then add the steak"

She said he did Marcus looked focused and committed, his movements still elegant as if he were not learning to cook but handling business deals worth billions.

Cornelia was slightly dazed watching him.

After completing the steps as per Cornelia's instructions, Marcus looked up to find her gaze on him. Suddenly, he felt a wave of satisfaction. "What's wrong? What am I doing wrong?"

His deep, soothing voice jotted Cornelia back to reality. She blushed, "After frying one side for five minutes, it's time to flip the steak."

"Alright." As he replied, he effortlessly flipped the steak with a spatula.

Cornelia was taken aback by his proficiency.

"President Hartley, do you know how to cook?"

Marcus responded while keeping an eye on the pan, "Though I seldom have the time to cook, I wouldn't let myself be totally clueless about these basic life skills"

The man who helms the Hartley Group, worth billions and topping the list of global billionaires, knows that cooking is an essential life skill.

Meanwhile, some not-so-good-looking men never cook at home, claiming that it's a woman's job and men are meant for bigger things.

Cornelia suddenly found herself envying Mrs. Hartley.

Observing that the steak was almost done, Cornelia added. "Take the steak out and let it rest before you slice it." She handed Marcus the tomatoes, olives, and capers she had prepared. "Now add these to the pan. After about two minutes, add the pasta and water."

As Marcus added the ingredients to the pan, the unexpected heat wave fogged up his glasses, blurring his vision to the point he couldn't see anything, "Cornelia, "help me take off my glasses"

Marcus was so tall that he had to stoop a little to get close to her

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His glasses were all fogged up, and from Cornelia's angle. It looked like he had two white eyeballs on top of his head it was hilariously funny

Cornelia, trying not to laugh reached out to take off his glasses Because she was holding back a laugh, her fingers trembled slightly and accidentally touched his face

Up close like this, Cornelia could see his features more clearly His face was sharply defined, each part like a finely crafted work of art Just right, no matter which part you looked at

Especially the long eyelashes, which are thick and curled, are very beautiful. A ridiculous idea suddenly popped into Cornelia's head she wished if she had a kid one day, it would be as good looking as Marcus

This thought scared the bejeezus out of her

If Jeremy insisted on not divorcing, she could only have children with him in this lifetime. If she and Jeremy had a child that looked like Marcus, that would be a real pickle.

But Marcus focus was completely different, "Why are your hands so cold?"

Cornelia hadn't expected him to notice, as she wiped his glasses clean and put them back on him, "Girls' hands are always like this in winter."

"Are all girls like this? Marcus wasn't sure if all girls were like this, but he couldn't let her be cold. "You go rest, leave the rest to me."

As if she could leave him alone in the kitchen, "President Hartley, I'm fine."

Marcus "That's an order"

He pulled rank on her, and Cornelia had to comply "Can you handle it alone? Dr..."

He cut her off, remember everything you just said. If there's anything I don't understand, I'll ask you."

"Alright "As Cornelia left the kitchen, she turned back to remind him, "You decide how much salt and pepper to put in, whatever you like

Hearing her nitpick, Marcus wasn't annoyed at all, instead, he chuckled, "Alright, I got it. You go rest in the living room, don't worry."

Cornelia felt if she didn't leave now, Marcus might literally throw her out of the kitchen

When she stepped out of the kitchen and the door closed behind her, it was suddenly quiet.

Alone and bored, Cornelia picked up her phone and texted in their group chat, "Babes, are you asleep?"

Zack, "Who among us ever goes to bed this early?"

Abby, "Nelly, I just finished another novel. The male lead really uses his female secretary to provoke the female lead, and the secretary stupidly thinks he's really into her, so she brags in front of the female lead. Guess what happens?"

Cornelia, "What happened?"

Abby. *"The female lead slaps the secretary in front of the male lead, the secretary looks to the male lead pitifully, but he only cares if the female lead's hand hurts. After confirming her hand is okay, the male lead has the secretary raped by someone else."*

Cornelia shivered after reading the message. *Thank God President Hartley is normal. He said he hasn't been using me to provoke anyone, and that I should stop worrying and work peacefully."*

Abby said. *"You silly! Can you ask such things directly? Even if he did have such intentions, would he tell you the truth?"*

Cornelia quickly replied, *I believe whatever he says."*

Abby replied, *"You're such a fool, but you won't admit it. But speaking of which, his only fault is that he's married"*

Zack, *"Why do you two guess a man's thoughts without asking for a man's opinion?"*

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Cornelia said, *"No one's stopping you from talking"*

Zack said, *"To be honest, from the first time I saw Marcus, I felt something that he had goals on your mind. Be careful not to be used"*

Abby said, *"Zack, you're just jealous that he's richer and better looking than you"*

Zack said, *"You can criticize me, but don't attack me personally"*

Cornelia said. *"In my heart, our Zack is the most handsome"*

Zack said, *"Nelly is the best"*

Abby said. *"Nelly, aren't you afraid your nose will grow from lying? In my heart, Zack may not be the most handsome, but aside from my dad, he's the most important man to me"*

Zack said, *"Hmph, at least you have some conscience"*

Cornelia then changed the subject, *"Let's go to FurniMart tomorrow. I want to decorate my new home as soon as possible, so grandma can move in."*

Abby said, *"Sure"*

Zack said, "I have a date tomorrow. I can't make it."

Cornelia and Abby almost simultaneously typed. "You have a girlfriend? How old is she? Where's she from? What does she do?"

Zack replied, "I met her at Comic-Con a few days ago. She's a big fan of our studio's comics, especially Nelly's. She's a great girl, I want to pursue her, but whether I can snag her is still up in the air"

Cornelia said cheerfully, "Go for it, Zack!"

Abby said, "Honestly, Zack has been with us for so long, I thought he turned into a girl himself. I didn't expect him to have a crush this fast."

Zack said, "Neither did I. You know, the moment I saw her, my heart started racing, like it was going to leap out of my throat. I even dreamt about her that night, and I keep thinking about her, looking forward to seeing her again."

Cornelia said, "Zack is growing up."

Abby said, "Want us to help you chase the girl?"

Zack said. "Nah, forget it. One of you ended it before it even started, the other one's been married for almost two years but it's as if she isn't. I'm afraid you'll just mess it up."

As they were in the heat of the conversation, Marcus's deep voice came from the kitchen, "Cornelia, come here for a moment."

Cornelia thought Marcus needed her help, she dropped her phone and rushed to the kitchen, only to find that Marcus had not only made ribeye pasta but also a seafood salad.

It looked appetizing just at the sight of it.

Marcus said, "Try it."

Cornelia took a bite of the pasta, the ribeye was cooked just right and the seasoning was spot on.

Little did she know, Marcus's request for her to teach him cooking was just an excuse to spend some alone time with her.

He had spent two days learning in advance, and today was the day to test the results.

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Thanks for doing me a solid today. If you think the food is alright, my wife should dig it too” Marcus said sincerely, with Cornelia not sensing any ulterior motives from him

Thankfully, she didn’t stuff herself at dinner, so she had room to sample his cooking

Once they were seated, Cornelia expected Marcus to eat first, but he nudged the salad bowl towards her, “Give this a try”

Since she was his taste tester, Cornelia didn’t hold back

She picked up her fork. Being allergic to shrimp, she left it on the side of the plate and only ate the veggies

“You dont like shrimp?”

“No, it’s not that,” Cornelia explained, Tve been allergic to it since childhood”

Marcus immediately pulled the salad back to his side, not letting her eat any more, “Are there any other foods you’re allergic to?”

Cornelia shook her head, “No”

Without asking any more questions, Marcus made a mental note of this

He pushed some pasta towards her, “Try this.”

“Sure” The tender rib–eye steak with the richly flavored tomato pasta was delectable.

Watching her enjoy her meal, Marcus raised his eyebrows slightly, his eyes twinkling behind his silver–rimmed glasses, “If you fancy it, just let me know next time, and I’ll cook it for you.”

Cornelia was so engrossed in her food that she didn’t quite catch what he said and nodded subconsciously.

It seemed like his wife was subconsciously willing to get closer to him.

This thought cheered Marcus up quite a bit.

Before long, all the pasta had found its way into Cornelia’s stomach.

Marcus looked up at her, noticing a bit of sauce on the corner of her mouth, and naturally reached out to wipe it off.

The move seemed suggestive, and Cornelia almost jumped off her chair in surprise.

Marcus casually extended his finger, "Sorry! I'm a bit OCD. I saw some sauce on your lip and couldn't resist wiping it off."

Cornelia was speechless.

What's gotten into her recently?

Why is she always love to think about things?

He's a married man and he's made it clear that he harbors no feelings towards her. Why's she still overthinking it?

If she keeps this up, it's bound to affect her work.

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To ease her own embarrassment, Cornelia quickly shifted the topic onto Marcus's wife, President Hartley, your cooking is really delicious, and with your wholehearted effort, I think your wife must love your dishes"

"Well, as long as you like it "Marcus chuckled, "How about you teach me another dish to morrow?"

President Hartley, if I hadn't seen you cooking myself tonight, I would've thought this was made by a professional chef Your cooking skills are way better than mine, there's no need for me to teach you "Cornelia thought Marcus's culinary skills were already pretty top-notch, no need for further teaching

Marcus paused for a moment, realizing he might have outdone himself.

Shouldn't a beamner in cooking make a mess in the kitchen?

He figured he could give it a shot next time.

After dinner, as Cornelia began to clean up, Marcus stopped her again, "You've already done me a huge favor, take a break, I do the cleaning up."

Did she do him a great favor? Cornelia felt like she was more like mooching a free meal.

But since he was willing to clean up, she let him, "President Hartley. I leave first then."

"Wait for me in the living room, I have something to talk to you about." After saying that, Marcus started cleaning up and went into the kitchen, leaving Cornelia to wait in the living room.

Just as Cornelia sat down, the doorbell rang

She opened the door to find Dr. Dawson standing outside. Seeing her there, Dr. Dawson wasn't surprised at all

Cornelia let Dr. Dawson in. She looked around but didn't see Marcus, "Cornelia, where's Marc?"

Cornelia pointed at the kitchen, "We just finished dinner, he's cleaning up."

Dr. Dawson seemed shocked, her face twisted in disbelief, "He let you cook here? And he's cleaning up after dinner?"

Cornelia corrected her, "I didn't do the cooking, it was all President Hartley. He initially asked me to teach him a couple of home-cooked dishes so he could make them for his wife later, but turns out President Hartley is a natural, his cooking is even better than mine."

Dr. Dawson couldn't believe the person Cornelia was talking about was Marcus. He hated the smell of cooking oil and never let anyone cook in his house.

And she'd watched Marcus grow up, never heard of him cooking before

She guessed he must've secretly learned to cook, mastering it in no time.

But did he really need to go to such lengths to impress Cornelia?

With his looks, wealth, and status, what woman couldn't he have?

Surely, he wasn't so desperate just because Cornelia was his wife.

Knowing the truth, Dr. Dawson felt obligated to help Marcus, "I've watched Marc grow up. Never seen him cook before, didn't think the first time would be for his wife. I hope his wife appreciates his effort and treats him with the same sincerity."

Cornelia nodded, "Regardless of President Hartley's character or personal love life, he's beyond reproach. Mrs. Hartley will definitely cherish him."

When a clueless man meets an even more clueless woman, even Dr. Dawson felt anxious for them, "Marc is slow to warm up in terms of feelings, it's hard for him to fall for a woman, but once he does, he'll treat her well for the rest of his life. Cornelia, do you understand?"

Hearing her name suddenly, Cornelia thought Dr. Dawson was reminding her of her own status, so she smiled, "Dr. Dawson, don't worry I have no interest in President Hartley now, and I absolutely won't in the future?"

Dr. Dawson became anxious, "Cornelia, that's not what I meant. I'm saying you can have feelings for Marc, any feelings at all."