

Chapter 2

When Marcus noticed the girl staring at him without any hesitation, he frowned slightly.

Even ignoring his position as the president of the Hartley Group, his good looks attracted many women to approach him, which made him feel annoyed.

Helena noticed this and nudged Cornelia, "What are you daydreaming about?"

Cornelia snapped back to reality, adjusting her mood quickly, "President Hartley, nice to meet you, I'm Cornelia. I've been working at the Hartley Group headquarters for less than a year."

Her self-introduction was full of power, making her stand out more than the previous two people.

"Cornelia?" Marcus silently repeated the name, feeling somewhat familiar.

He looked at Cornelia again, and she didn't stare back this time, making him feel much more comfortable, "Let her stay."

Helena agreed and then led the three out of the office, "Cornelia, go move your stuff to the special assistant's office."

"Alright." Cornelia returned to her desk, starting to pack her personal belongings.

Working alongside the president meant their salaries would

at least double. All three of them were the winners of a series of selection rounds, all wanting this promotion.

But the good promotion ultimately fell on Cornelia, the one with the least experience, which made the other two somewhat dissatisfied.

However, Yolanda soon realized this wasn't right. Cornelia's abilities were well known, and they couldn't deny her skills just because she was young and inexperienced.

She smiled and gave Cornelia a hug, "Cornelia, congratulations!"

Cornelia replied, "Thank you!"

But Eden wasn't so generous. He sarcastically commented, "Yolanda, you should learn more. It's not just strong work abilities that get you promotions, you also need to learn how to seduce people."

He didn't name names, so whoever jumped out to refute would seem guilty. He thought Cornelia couldn't do anything about his slander.

Cornelia glanced at him, her eyes cold, "Eden, do you think you're qualified to slander President Hartley?"

This made Eden realize the implications and his face turned pale.

Yolanda also chimed in, "Eden, seeing a woman more outstanding than you and then maliciously slandering her really is shady."

"Yolanda, I'll head over there now." Cornelia gave Yolanda a

grateful look, then left with her box.

Cornelia arrived at the special assistant's office, and Helena watched her for a moment, "President Hartley chose you today, but whether you can work by his side for a long time will depend on your abilities."

She continued, her voice somewhat serious, "Remember, President Hartley really dislikes subordinates with ulterior motives. Don't ruin your own future."

Marcus never showed his face in the media, and the public didn't know what he looked like. But for many years in a row, he topped the list of Riverton's most eligible bachelors.

Cornelia had no inappropriate thoughts about Marcus, but saying so wouldn't necessarily be believed. She thought it would be more convincing to excel at work than any explanation.

She said, "Thank you for the reminder, I'll be careful."

Helena saw her sincere attitude and softened her gaze, "I'll hand over the work to you now."

The staff of the Hartley Group president's secretariat was numerous, but only two special assistants were with him - Helena and Ben, both with different responsibilities.

Helena was more like his private assistant, caring about all details in his life.

Knowing the president's personal preferences, habits, taboos, etc. were essential for the president's secretary, and Cornelia had already memorized them.

Helena and Cornelia spent the morning handing over work, so Cornelia had to face the president alone in the afternoon. After lunch, Cornelia made a cup of iced Americano and knocked on the president's office door. A deep and pleasant male voice came from inside, "Come in."

Cornelia entered and saw Marcus sitting at his desk, reading a document.

She placed the coffee thirty centimeters to his left, "President Hartley, the meeting with Digital Sports Technology is at 2:10, in ten minutes."

Marcus didn't even lift his head, accurately picking up the coffee and taking a sip, "Mm."

Ten minutes later, the other special assistant Ben and Cornelia followed Marcus to the meeting.

During the meeting, Ben was responsible for recording the content, and Cornelia prepared the materials the president needed.

Marcus rarely spoke, mostly just listening to his subordinates and the other party. Occasionally he'd interject, always hitting the nail on the head.

With just a raise of his hand or a change in his gaze, Cornelia knew what he wanted and promptly handed him the necessary materials.

The two were so in sync at the meeting that even Ben couldn't believe it.

If he didn't know Cornelia had just been promoted, he'd think she'd been working with President Hartley for many years.

More than three hours later, the meeting ended successfully, and Cornelia and Ben followed Marcus back to his office.

They were about to report on their upcoming work when Marcus's private phone rang.

Upon answering the call, Marcus heard Granny Luisa's weak voice, "Marc, now that you're back in the country, hurry up and bring your wife home. You can't let her live outside alone anymore. If you don't bring her back, I'm going to stay at Southern Summer Garden until I die, never coming home." Marcus adjusted his silver-framed glasses on his nose, "Even if you didn't say anything, I was planning on picking her up today."

Granny Luisa got so excited when she heard the news that she totally forgot she was pretending to be sick. Her voice instantly raised a few notches, "I'll send you her address, and you go pick her up in person after work!"

Marcus agreed and hung up the phone, then listened to the reports from his two assistants.

No one expected that after hearing the reports, Marcus would ask, "What do you think I should prepare to meet a girl?"

Ben, who had been with Marcus for many years, usually spoke casually, "Well, that depends on what kind of girl you're meeting."

Marcus smiled, "My wife."

When they registered their marriage last year, the French branch of the Hartley Group encountered some problems. After finishing the paperwork and receiving their marriage certificate, he rushed to the airport to fly to another country, and it had been a busy year ever since.

During this time, she never contacted him, and he was so busy that he didn't have time to get in touch with her either. If it weren't for his granny constantly nagging, he would have forgotten that he was married.

Now he's back to live a good life with her and to make it up to her.

Ben knew that their boss had registered his marriage with a woman a year ago, but he hadn't been in contact with her for the entire year. He assumed that the boss was just trying to appease his granny.

But it didn't seem to be the case now.

Ben suddenly had an idea, "Sir, before you came back to the country, you specifically spent 30 million dollars in Paris to buy a necklace called 'Constellation'. Is this a gift for your wife?"

Marcus responded with a "What else could it be?" kind of look and said, "I'm asking you guys a question."

How could Ben, someone with no dating experience, give good advice? He said, "With a necklace worth 200 million, do you need to prepare anything else?"

Marcus looked at Ben coldly, and Ben shivered in fear, pushing Cornelia forward, "To find out what young girls like, Mr. Marcus, you should ask a young girl, of course."