

# Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband ( Cornelia Stewart )

## Chapter 201

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### Chapter 201

*“Your husband? You’re so affectionate with him, anyone who didn’t know better would think you guys were close” Abigail said sarcastically. “You’ve been married for so long and he’s just now giving you a gift? I’m dying to see what he got you I hope it’s not some cheap crap from the market, that would be hilarious”*

*‘Do you really need to be so sarcastic? Just wait and see what the gift is Cornelia opened the gift box in front of Abigail*

*Inside the gift box was an even more delicate box, and inside that, there was a beautiful necklace*

*The necklace had a star-shaped pendant, which appeared to be made of diamond*

*Cornelia picked it up and felt it. “Abby, do you think this is glass or diamond?”*

*Abigail examined it carefully. The craftsmanship is very nice, but there’s no brand mark. It’s not from a well known brand, so it probably didn’t cost much.”*

*Even though it wasn’t a designer piece, Cornelia was still very pleased, “Whether or not it’s a designer piece, it’s the thought from Jeremy Artis that counts.”*

*Abigail held the necklace up to the light, and the diamonds refracted a beautiful sparkle. It was as if they had stepped into a dream world.*

*They were both stunned, especially Abigail, “Oh my god, this necklace is absolutely gorgeous. I take back what I said earlier. Even without a brand, just based on the material and craftsmanship. I’d say this necklace is at least worth a hundred grand. If it was a designer piece, it could be worth even more. Jeremy must really care about you to give you such an extravagant gift”*

*“A hundred grand? Really?” Cornelia immediately put the necklace back in its box, she couldn’t bring herself to accept something so expensive.*

*She messaged Jeremy. “I got the necklace, is it really that expensive?”*

*For many people, the necklace was indeed very pricey. But for Marcus Hartley, it was just a drop in the bucket.*

*He replied from Cornelia’s perspective. “Yes”*

*Cornelia, “Even a hundred grand?”*

*A hundred grand?*

*The smallest diamond on the necklace was worth more than that.*

*Marcus chuckled at the number on the screen, ‘A hundred grand”*

*If he told her that he bought the necklace on a whim before he came back, at a cost of thirty million dollars, would she think he was lying?*

*Marcus replied with a single word, “Yes”*

*Seeing Jeremy’s reply, Cornelia felt a pang of guilt, “Spending a hundred grand on a necklace, isn’t that a bit much? We’re not rich. Money should be spent where it’s needed, not wasted on things that aren’t necessary”*

*Jeremy, Well, I guess I could be considered rich”*

*Cornelia was speechless.*

*Granny Luisa once said that Jeremy had his own business. It seemed like it was doing quite well.*

*A hundred grand might be a lot for her, but it probably wasn’t for Jeremy*

*She shouldn’t think that just because she wouldn’t buy something so expensive, that other people would only buy it to show off*

*Cornelia was about to apologize, but before she could send the message, Jeremy sent her another one, "You're my wife, what's mine is also yours. You can use the bank card I gave you any way you want."*

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*Jeremy stashed his bank card in his marriage certificate but then lost it, so now he had no clue where his card was*

*Even though they were married, he and Cornelia weren't living together and Cornelia didn't want any favors from him*

*She told him, "Keep your money to yourself, don't even think about spending it on me. I can earn my own money. In my opinion, a healthy marriage isn't about one person being the breadwinner, but the two of us working together to better our lives. If one of us loses their job, the other should be able to hold the fort."*

*Jeremy replied. "Yeah, I'm with you on that"*

*Cornelia said, "I'll hold onto this necklace for now, and give it back when we meet."*

*Jeremy asked, "Why?"*

*Cornelia said, "We're not back together, so don't think you can buy your way out of the doghouse with gifts. Anyway, I'm off to grab a bite with friends"*

*After reading Cornelia's final message, Marcus called Leonardo and said, "Who said you can smooth things over with gifts?"*

*Leonardo innocently replied. "My method always worked before I didn't expect it to flop with you"*

*After the holiday, Cornelia and Marcus headed to Marshland Haven for a field trip on their first day back at work.*

*They were joined by the CEO of Silver Edge Co, Mr. King, who's in his fifties and always hand in hand with his wife, Mrs. King.*

*They originally planned to walk around Marshland Haven, but Mr. King suggested they take the sightseeing car considering his wife is in heels.*

*Cornelia, also in heels and with her feet blistering after half an hour of walking, was happy to take the car*

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*The sightseeing car could hold seven people, excluding the driver. The person in charge of the area sat next to the driver. Mr. King's secretary was in the second row, Mr. and Mrs. King in the third row, Marcus was alone in the fourth row, and Cornelia and Ben were in the last row.*

*As they tour, the person in charge gave them a detailed introduction to Marshland Haven, and Cornelia and Ben took diligent notes.*

*By the time they finished their tour, it was lunchtime*

*Cornelia had arranged for lunch at a nice restaurant in the area, but they had to walk about a hundred meters along a cobblestone path to get there.*

*Mr. King, fearing his wife would twist her ankle, carried her on his back to avoid the cobblestones.*

*Even Marcus, usually indifferent to others' marriages, couldn't help but notice, "Mr. King, you love your wife so much."*

*Mr. King, carrying his wife effortlessly as though he did it all the time, said, "When I was younger, I was all about work and often overlooked her feelings. We had a lot of fights and were close to divorcing. Luckily, we communicated, understood each other's thoughts, and resolved our issues."*

*Excited, Marcus asked, "Can you teach me how to communicate effectively with your wife?"*

*Mr. King glanced at his wife on his back, his eyes softening, and said, "If there's a problem, don't hide it, put it out there. Also, solve today's problems today, don't put them off till tomorrow. No matter how heated the argument, never say things that hurt each other, never attack each other's weaknesses"*

*Thanks for the advice, Marcus said, nodding his head in agreement.*

*Mr. King then asked, "You announced your marriage status a while ago, and everyone's been guessing who your wife is. Can you tell us about her?"*

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*When the topic of his wife came up. Marcus subconsciously glanced back at Cornelia. He couldn't help but notice that something was off about her walk. Looking closer, he spotted a fair trace of blood on the back of her heels.*

*Cornelia had no one to lean on, she had to walk on her own. Every step she took probably felt like a stab to her heel, but she kept a poker face*

*This girl was stubborn and tough!*

*Marcus wished he could just pick her up and spare her some of the pain.*

*But his identity wouldn't allow that. All he could do was slow down, giving her a chance to keep up.*

*Mr. King, not waiting for Marcus's response and oblivious to his thoughts, continued. "President Hartley, is it inconvenient to talk about your wife?"*

*"Not at all" Marcus kept an eye on Cornelia as they finished walking down the cobblestone path. "My wife isn't from a noble family, but she's a good girl. Stubborn, resilient, and full of pride. She's deserving of all the praise in the world."*

*Mr. King chuckled. The rumor has it that you're a cold-hearted man, but I don't buy it. A man who can see and appreciate his wife's virtues can't be heartless. If you're up for it, bring your wife along for a meal sometime"*

*Marcus replied, "Sure thing"*

*After they entered the crowded restaurant, Cornelia booked a private room to isolate from the public.*

*Before the food arrived, a staff member stopped Cornelia, "Ms. Stewart, could you step outside for a moment?"*

*Cornelia walked out of the room, asking. "What's up?"*

*"Our doctor is here and she would like to treat the wound on your heel. The staff member led Cornelia to the medical room, where a female doctor was waiting.*

*The doctor started by disinfecting the wound, "Ms. Stewart, this might sting a bit. Bear with it."*

*Cornelia nodded, "No worries, do your thing. I'm not afraid of pain."*

*The doctor chuckled, "I've never seen a young girl who wasn't afraid of pain. Pain is a normal reaction. If it hurts, just say so. There's no shame in that."*

*This stranger, with one comment, seemed to touch the secret in Cornelia's heart.*

*Yeah, Cornelia admitted, no girl likes pain.*

*She said she wasn't hurt because as an orphan, she didn't want to be a burden on her elderly grandmother. From a young age, no matter what injuries she suffered, she told herself to suck it up, to never show pain, to grit her teeth and bear it.*

*After the doctor disinfected the wound, applied some ointment, and bandaged it, she handed Cornelia a pair of flat shoes, "Wear these this afternoon. You can't wear heels any more." "Thanks, doctor!" Cornelia smiled in gratitude, but didn't take the shoes. The dress code for an executive assistant was strict, and she couldn't wear cloth shoes during work hours. Wearing comfy flats might cost her the job*

*The doctor asked. "You're not going to wear them?"*

*Cornelia replied. "You've bandaged it up, it won't rub against my heel anymore."*

*The doctor just smiled, not saying anything else, but she texted Marcus, President Hartley, I've treated Cornelia's wound. As long as she doesn't irritate it, it should be fine. You need to find a way to get her in these flats"*

*Marcus texted back, "Get a pair of flats for Mrs King, too. Well send them over after dinner."*

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*Cornelia returned to the private dining room, where everyone else had already found their seats The only spot left was the one on Marcus's right, so she took it*

*As soon as she sat down, the water started serving the dishes*

*Everything on the menu was ordered by Cornelia, who had done her homework about Mr. and Mrs King's food preferences beforehand.*

*When Mrs. King saw some dishes from her hometown at this specialty restaurant, she couldn't help but take a second look at Cornelia. She complimented, "Mr. Hartley, Ms. Stewart is a thoughtful young lady"*

*Marcus nodded. "Yes, she's doing a great job"*

*Cornelia politely replied. "Mrs King, you're flattering me."*

*Then, out of the blue, Mrs King asked, "Mr. Hartley, who do you think is better, your wife or your assistant?"*

*Cornelia was both amused and puzzled Why was she being compared to Marcus's wife ? How could they even be compared?*

*Just when Cornelia was sure Marcus would say his wife was better than Ms. Stewart, Marcus's deep and pleasant voice rose slowly, "They each have their own strengths Both are excellent women I don't think we should be discussing this over dinner"*

*Cornelia was touched Her boss, Marcus, was a good man who never made her feel awkward in front of others.*

*“You’re right, I didn’t think about that,” Mrs King, moved by Marcus’s words, didn’t feel embarrassed Instead, she seemed even happier.*

*She had attended many social gatherings with Mr. King, where many men had said offensive things, especially when talking about women. Their words were as disgusting as shit. Men who respected women like Marcus were rare.*

*It would be great if all successful businessmen could be like Marcus.*

*Then she added, “Mr. Hartley, even though we have just met, I’m confident that you and your wife will grow old together.”*

*Marcus was pleased by her words and his face lit up with joy. “Thank you for your blessings”*

*Everyone enjoyed the meal, and Cornelia’s thoughtful arrangements were appreciated by all.*

*At the end of the meal, the waiter brought over two pairs of cloth shoes, “Ladies, considering you might be tired from walking around the scenic area in heels, we’ve prepared these for you. Would you like them?”*

*Mrs. King replied, “How can we refuse your kindness?”*

*Since Mrs King had accepted, it would be impolite if Cornelia didn’t. She turned to Marcus for assistance, who said, “This isn’t a formal occasion, it’s okay to dress casually”*

*“Thank you, Mr. Hartley!” Cornelia put on the comfortable shoes, instantly feeling relief.*

*Seeing the bandage on her heel, Marcus felt a pang of sympathy, “Wearing heels must be painful, right?”*

*Cornelia said, “I’m used to it, it’s not too bad”*

*Marcus asked. “I’m considering changing the company’s dress code. Do you have any suggestions?”*

*Upon hearing Marcus’s question, Cornelia didn’t hesitate to propose her idea, “Could we perhaps cancel the rule that female employees must wear high heels in less formal settings? Actually, some lady’s shoes with a slight heel are also very nice.”*

*Before Cornelia could finish her sentence, Marcus agreed, “Sounds good. You can start by selecting some suitable and comfortable styles. Once you’ve found some, let the administration department know so they can update the dress code.”*

## Chapter 205

*Hearing this, Cornelia laughed heartily. President Hartley, on behalf of all the long term high heel wearing ladies in the company, thank you!"*

*Marcus could easily change the company's dress code, but he didn't really need to sweat at the small stuff*

*But when he saw her heels chafed from her high heels, he instantly decided to change the rules Cornelia had to give props again, she really did have a boss who cared for his employees*

*Marcus couldn't understand why such a small thing could make her so happy*

*But seeing her happy, he also felt cheerful "No need to thank me, thank my wife if you must"*

*Cornelia was a reasonable person. Then thank your wife!"*

*Mrs. King was particularly fond of these young people, the more she saw Marcus, the more she liked him. She said to her husband, The young ones these days are way more reliable than you were at their age Look at President Hartley, not only does he spoil his wife, but he also goes above and beyond for his company employees."*

*Marcus politely responded. You're too kind, Mrs King I'm still a far cry compared to Mr. King I have a lot to learn from him."*

*Mr King laughed President Hartley, no need to be modest Wave been around you today , we can tell what kind of person you are."*

*Both Mr. King and Marcus knew each other's reputation, but neither could figure the other out. He had always heard about how ruthless Marcus was, but meeting him in person , he realized that was just hearsay*

*This young man was calm and reserved in his actions and his personal life was devoid of any mess. If it weren't for the fact that he was already married, Mr. King would've wanted his daughter to marry Marcus.*

*After finishing their meal, they continued their afternoon inspection work.*

*At the end of the inspection, Mr. King formally invited "President Hartley, our wedding anniversary is on May 10th. I sincerely invite you and your wife to join us."*

*There were still four months until May 10th. If Marcus remembered correctly, he and Cornelia also got married in May, and in the blink of an eye, they were approaching their two-year*



*anniversary*

*Marcus did not expect Cornelia to accept him in such a short time, but he would do his best, "Sure, my wife and I will be there."*

*Upon receiving a positive reply. Mr and Mrs. King were very happy and they chatted for a while before saying goodbye.*

*Marcus was in a great mood today, and both Cornelia and Ben could tell*

*On the way back Ben quietly sent a message to Cornelia, "Cornelia, have you noticed that ever since President Hartley announced his marriage, he's been a lot softer?"*

*Ben was in the passenger seat, Cornelia in the back, and Marcus was right next to her.*

*When Ben's message came, Cornelia's phone in her bag buzzed. Marcus glanced over as she took out her phone.*

*Cornelia saw Ben's message*

*Ben also noticed that Marcus had become gentler lately, so it wasn't only her that President Hartley was being nice to*

*Marcus was nice to all his subordinates, and she had naively thought that Marcus was trying to woo her.*

*Cornelia reminded herself internally not to let her imagination run wild.*

*She replied, "A happy marriage gives a man a certain charm."*

*Ben said, "Looks like we'll be meeting President Hartley's wife soon."*

*Cornelia replied with a laugh, "It seems so"*

*Chapter 206*

*There were four of them in the car. The driver was focused on the road, Cornelia and Ben were giggling over something on their phones, and Marcus seemed like he was in a different*

*universe.*

*His two assistants were in the same car, but they were chatting away on their phones especially Cornelia who was laughing so much, it made Marcus frown, "Rent"*

*There was a chill in his voice that startled Ben, who was deeply engrossed in his chat, "President Hartley?"*

*Marcus glanced at his watch and looked at him icily through his silver tinted glasses. "I want today's inspection report in half an hour"*

*He was only giving him half an hour, which meant Ben had to prepare the report before they reached the office.*

*"Alright "Half an hour was a tight deadline but Ben didn't dare to protest*

*"Cornelia, President Hartley was in a good mood just now, but something's off now. Be careful" After replying to Cornelia's message. Ben immediately whipped out his laptop to start on*

*the report.*

*Cornelia was closer to Marcus and could feel his icy aura. She put away her phone and subtly moved away to put some distance between them*

*Suddenly, Cornelia's personal phone started buzzing*

*She glanced at Marcus before picking up the call "Abby, ask your friends and colleagues about it. I'll ask around here too, to see if anyone knows a good interior designer"*

*It was still office hours and the boss was right beside her, so Cornelia quickly ended the call.*

*Marcus didn't know what the call was about, but he could tell from Cornelia's short response that she was looking for an interior designer.*

*He took out his phone, found a number he hadn't contacted in a while and sent a message, it's me, Jeremy. My wife wants to renovate our house. Can you help?"*

*The reply came quickly. I'm busy and my rates are high."*

*Marcus responded, "Name your price"*

*The other party replied, "I like your style"*

*On the latter part of the journey back, Ben was busy with work, and Cornelia started dealing with her own stuff.*

*So, the car was eerily quiet, save for the sounds of typing.*

*Luckily, both Ben and Cornelia managed to submit their reports before they reached the office.*

*As soon as Cornelia got back to her office, the call from the supplies department came in, "Ms. Stewart, your company car is ready. Please come and sign for it."*

*“Okay, I’ll be right there “The Hartley Group provided cars for senior management and both Cornelia and Ben were eligible.*

*Cornelia was surprised to find that the company car assigned to her was a Porsche Cayenne.*

*Cornelia walked around the car, feeling like she was dreaming. “Mr. Evans, are you sure this is the car assigned to me?”*

*Mr. Evans responded, “Don’t be surprised All the executives eligible for a company car will get a Porsche”*

*After confirming. Cornelia patted the car. “I’ve always known that the Hartley Group is generous, but I didn’t expect this.”*

*Mr. Evans chuckled,  
“Ever since President Hartley took over the Hartley Group, the company’s earnings have been increasing Our employee benefits have also been improving. That’s why so many people are eager to join the Hartley Group.”*

*Cornelia could relate. When she interviewed, there were over 200 candidates but only two got in. It just goes to show that even the most hardworking individuals might not make it into the Hartley Group*

## *Chapter 207*

*“Check out your car first. If there’s no problem, we’ll get the paperwork done and the ride’s all yours,” Mr. Evans proposed again.*

*“Well, I only have the right to use it. I can’t really say it’s mine,” Cornelia knew that the whip the Hartley Group provided for its executives was more of a company loaner, the minute you walked out the door, the company snatched back the keys*

*Whatever rights, as long as you’re the one behind the wheel that’s all that matters,” Mr. Evans replied.*

*Fair enough.” Cornelia responded*

*After giving the car the once—over, they sorted out the paperwork. Only then did Cornelia realize that the car was registered under her own name, not the Hartley Group’s.*

*“Hold on a sec. Mr. Evans Why is the ride registered under my name?” This wasn’t supposed to be the case*

*"Well, it's the company's new way to keep top talent on board. Work hard for us, and we'll not only throw in a set of wheels, but maybe even a new crib. This kinda stuff happens all the time, no biggie, Mr Evans explained*

*Hearing it was pretty much par for the course, Cornelia didn't push it.*

*With the car keys in her hand, Cornelia made a beeline for the boss's office. "President Hartley, thank you so much!"*

*Marcus, buried in paperwork, didn't even look up. "What're you thanking me for?"*

*"The car"*

*Finally lifting his eyes from the pile of documents, Marcus looked at her. "I don't need to bother with such trifles. If anyone deserves thanks, it's yourself for being a good worker"*

*His tone was as aloof as when she'd first started working for him. This made Cornelia very happy. It felt like a normal boss employee relationship.*

*"Right, Cornelia responded, then left the office with a smile*

*Watching her retreating figure, Marcus wondered if she realized he was the one who gave her the car?*

*Pulling out his personal phone, he sent a text to Cornelia as Jeremy, "I sent you a little gift. It's already at your company. Let me know what you think."*

*Another gift!*

*Getting presents always made her feel indebted*

*She was willing to give Jeremy a second chance because he seemed like a good guy, not because she wanted his money.*

*"C'mon, Jeremy. Are you trying to buy me off with your money?" Cornelia texted back*

*"Could I even buy you off with money?" Jeremy replied.*

*"No"*

*"Well, we're legally married. We didn't sign any prenup, so half of my property is technically yours. What's wrong with giving you a few small gifts?"*

*"Our relationship isn't exactly like a normal married couple's."*

*"But we could be if you wanted us to."*

*Cornelia didn't know how to respond to that.*

*Back at her desk, there was a fancy gift box waiting for her.*

*That's a gift from your hubby," Ben said.*

*Cornelia looked at the card. Sure enough, it was from Jeremy*

*Before she could even open the box, Jeremy texted her again. "Heard that your heel gets injured easily. I've sent you a pair of shoes and some ointment. Hope you like it."*

*Inside the box were two tubes of ointment and a pair of black chunky heel leather shoes*

*Like the necklace she'd received the day before, the shoes were brandless, but the leather felt soft and delicate.*

*Since it was just a couple of tubes of ointment and a pair of shoes, it probably didn't cost too much. So, Cornelia decided to accept this gift.*

*She tried on the shoes. They were just the right size and super comfortable.*

*But how did Jeremy know her shoe size? And how did he know about her heel injury?*

## *Chapter 208*

*Marcus isn't the chatty type. He surely wouldn't spill the beans about such a small thing to Jeremy, would he?*

*She replied swiftly, "Jeremy. thanks a lot! The shoes are a perfect fit and super comfy But how on earth did you know my shoe size?"*

*Jeremy answered, "Overheard Granny saying you often wear heels to work and that they usually give you blisters at the back of your feet. So, I thought of getting you a pair. As for the size, Granny must've tipped me off"*

*His explanation was pretty solid and also addressed Cornelia's unasked question*

*Cornelia said, "You're very considerate"*

*Jeremy responded. "I also heard from Granny that you bought a house. I have a friend who's a whiz at interior design. Do you want to give him a shot?"*

*She was on the lookout for a designer, and Jeremy just happened to recommend one. Talk about perfect timing!*

*Cornelia responded, "Okay But, whether he's your friend or not, if his designs aren't up to scratch, I won't accept them"*

*Jeremy shot back a sure thing.” then sent over Trent Brown’s contact details.*

*Cornelia said, “You’ve suddenly turned all caring and it’s kinda freaking me out Just so you know, I’m not some naive girl you can easily fool.”*

*Jeremy replied. Thave no intention of fooling you I genuinely want to build a home with you.”*

*Though not exactly sweet nothings, his words touched Cornelia.*

*Cornelia was suddenly flustered and didn’t know how to respond*

*She pretended not to see his message and sent Trent a friend request.*

*He accepted almost immediately and sent over a greeting. “Ms. Stewart, hello, this is Trent Brown.”*

*Cornelia responded, “Hello, Mr. Brown!”*

*Trent said, “If you have time, you can send your floor plan to me and tell me your preferred style. I can prepare a couple of drafts for you”*

*Cornelia asked. “What’s the price?”*

*Trent replied, “Mr. Artis will cover the costs. All you need to do is state your preferences and requirements.”*

*Cornelia responded, “Ill pay for the bill myself. If you won’t take my money, I find someone else.”*

*It took a while for Trent to reply, After I’ve checked out your house in person and prepared the drafts, I’ll give you a quote.”*

*Cornelia replied, “Okay”*

*After wrapping up the chat with Trent Brown, Cornelia stared at Jeremy’s last message for a while before responding. “Let’s have a good chat when we meet.”*

*Jeremy responded, “Sure thing”*

*Cornelia asked, “Where are you now? When can we meet?”*

*He was actually just next door in the CEO’s office. All she had to do was turn right out of her door to see him.*

*But Marcus couldn’t respond that way He pondered for a moment with his phone in hand, “I’m not in Riverton right now. Wait for me to come back.”*

Cornelia teased, "Hmmm, if you don't show up soon, I might fall for another man. My co-worker Ben is great. He's handsome, earns a fat paycheck, and doesn't have a girlfriend."

Jeremy replied, "Don't you dare!"

Cornelia taunted. "If you don't come back to see me soon, I dare!"

Jeremy asked, "Why have you picked Ben over Marcus?"

Cornelia replied, "Firstly, Marcus is already married. Secondly, I don't think I'm in his league."

Marcus, in the office next door, felt pretty bummed out upon reading this message

Chapter 209

Ben is so ugly, and yet he's in the running to be Cornelia's boyfriend. Why not Marcus?

Ben, completely clueless, was called to the president's office, "President Hartley, you wanted to see me?"

Marcus just stared at him, not saying a word, which gave Ben the heebie jeebies, "President Hartley, is there something wrong with the report?"

Just after saying he was in a good mood, Ben got into trouble twice in a row, seems like he needs to watch his mouth in the future

Ben couldn't figure out what on earth had upset President Hartley.

After a while, Marcus finally spoke, "Why don't you have a girlfriend?"

The boss, who never meddles with his employees private affairs, suddenly showed interest in Ben's. Ben smelled a rat, "President Hartley. I'm a bachelor 1 like being single "

Marcus stared at Ben, as if he was ready to rip him apart if he said the wrong thing, "Why do you want to stay single?"

Afraid to touch a nerve. Ben didn't dare to tell the truth, "President Hartley, I'm okay at work, but my personal life is a hot mess, I don't want to drag a good girl into it."

Marcus gave a cold snort. "You better not have any other ideas."

Ben thought Other ideas? Could he possibly think I'm gay? Or that I have some sort of crush on him?

Ben quickly clarified, terrified, "President Hartley, I have no other ideas, I wouldn't dare"

*“You better not” Marcus suddenly changed the subject. ‘Cornelia is married.’*

*I know “Of course Ben knew Cornelia was married, but what did that have to do with him?”*

*Marcus’s sharp gaze swept over him again, and Ben felt like the end was near*

*Luckily, a light bulb went off in Ben’s head, and he realized this might have something to do with Cornelia.*

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*President Hartley*

*may be worried that he would make a move on a married woman, which would tarnish the Hartley Group’s reputation, so he wanted to warn him.*

*Once he figured out what was going on, Ben wasn’t scared anymore, “President Hartley, Cornelia and I are just colleagues, I have absolutely no other feelings for her. Don’t worry, Cornelia*

*is a good girl, she would never do anything to betray her husband. We definitely won’t do anything that would harm the company’s image”*

*For the first half of Ben’s explanation, Marcus thought he finally got it, but the more he listened to the rest, the more it didn’t sit right with him. However, he got the answer he wanted. “You can leave now Tell Cornelia to come to my office.”*

*“Yes” Ben left the president’s office, taking a deep breath of relief.*

*President Hartley is always fair and impartial, not only warning him, but Cornelia couldn’t escape either.*

*“Cornelia, President Hartley wants to see you” Ben knew Cornelia was capable, but she was still a girl, and he worried she might be intimidated by the president’s aura, so he warned her, “President Hartley might be a bit stern with us, don’t let his attitude scare you”*

*Cornelia asked, “What happened?”*

*Ben replied, “You’ll understand when you get there”*

*Chapter 210*

*Cornelia walked into the CEO’s office, respectfully asking “Mr. Hartley, you needed something?”*



Marcus snuffed out the barely lit cigarette in his hands, "At future formal events, the ladies of the company need to wear shoes Ever thought about what kind of shoes you'd be wearing?" Comelia was touched that he remembered such a seemingly trivial matter, "Boss, thanks for caring about us girls!"

It's tough for women in the workplace A lot of companies have some pretty stringent rules for female employees. Rarely does a big shot boss like him consider the difficulties faced by female employees

The longer she worked with Marcus, the more she believed that the rumors about him were pure hogwash. He's such a nice guy, there's no way he'd do anything to hurt his family

She quickly pulled up a photo on her phone and showed him, "Boss, I think this style is great It's simple and elegant, and comfortable to wear"

The shoes in the photo were the ones he just gave her. Seeing her high praise, Marcus was delighted, "You picked them that quickly?"

"Jeremy just gifted me a pair of leather shoes. They're both good looking and comfy, I thought our female employees could wear something like this Cornelia didn't realize how proud she sounded mentioning Jeremy, but Marcus noticed

His mood improved even more, and when he's in a good mood, he's ready to make big moves, "Let's go with this style then. Also, the company will custom make two pairs of these shoes for each female employee Get the relevant department to collect their shoe sizes

Considering the size of the company, ordering two pairs for each woman, even at whole sale prices, would be a huge expense. This wasn't just showing his generosity, but also his understanding and respect for women.

Alright, I'll shoot them an email right away" As Cornelia was about to leave, Marcus stopped her, "Write the email here, let me see it before you send it

"Sure" Cornelia focused on her email, completely oblivious to Marcus's gentle yet firm gaze on her.

He silently repeated her name in his heart, as if trying to etch "Cornelia" deep within him, never to be forgotten.

Cornelia finished her email, and when she looked up, she was startled by Marcus's intense yet gentle gaze, "Mr. Hartley?"

"What's up?" Marcus's gaze quickly returned to its usual calm, making Cornelia wonder if she had imagined it all.

*She just reminded herself not to overthink, and here she was, overthinking again!*

*Cornelia quickly snapped out of her own thoughts*

*Marcus calmly said, "Great job, send it to the admin department. Let them handle it, you don't need to worry anymore"*

*Cornelia immediately hit the send button. The admin department quickly replied. "This is great news for our female employees. We'll let everyone know right away."*

*Soon after, the Hartley Group's admin department released a new dress code, cancelling the requirement for female employees to wear high heels.*

*At events where high heels were previously required, female employees could now choose to wear high heels or flat leather shoes.*

*News of this made the female employees very happy*

*Even in the soundproof CEO's office, they could hear some cheering*

*Cornelia said with a smile, "Mr. Hartley, can you hear that? Those cheers are all because of you."*

*Marcus stared into her bright eyes, softly asking, "Are you happy?"*

*Chapter*