

Chapter 3

Cornelia just found out that her boss was already married. Every time he mentioned his wife, he'd have a gentle smile on his face. Cornelia guessed that the couple must be deeply in love.

Rich, fit, good-looking, and madly in love with his wife, Cornelia's admiration for her new boss grew by the day.-

From the perspective of an ordinary girl, she thought carefully before answering, "President Hartley, I think most girls like jewelry, but what's really important is the thought behind the gift. Like giving her a bouquet of flowers, taking her out for dinner, or watching a movie together."

Marcus had no experience in dating. All he knew was to treat the girl well after marrying her. So he instructed Cornelia, "Alright, you go prepare."

Upon receiving the order, Cornelia immediately contacted the flower shop that the Hartley Group often worked with and personally chose red roses that represented love.

As for suitable dating restaurants and movie theaters, it wasn't difficult for Cornelia, even if she had no dating experience.

She was able to climb step by step to work alongside the president, with unimaginable effort behind her.

She remembered the specialties of all high-end restaurants in Riverton, knew which was suitable for dating, which was suitable for treating clients to dinner, and even remembered

the preferences of all past clients.

After delivering the roses and the dating address to the president's office, Cornelia's work for the day was over.

Today's work seemed easy and went smoothly, but only Cornelia knew how tense her nerves had been throughout the day.

Returning home, she could finally relax and lazily collapsed on the couch, dozing off.

Marcus arrived outside Cornelia's neighborhood and was about to make a call when he realized that his wife was not in his contact list.

He felt deeply guilty for neglecting his wife after they got married, not caring for her for a year, and not even saving her phone number.

Marcus secretly decided to treat her better in the future.

He found a phone number from his grandmother's chat history and dialed it. A soft and somewhat drowsy voice came through, as if just waking up, "Hello, who is this?"

His wife didn't even save his number?

Marcus smiled slightly, "This is Jeremy."

"Mr. Jeremy, hello. What can I do for you?" Her voice was polite but unfamiliar, as if she didn't know him at all.

Just as Marcus was about to say something, a man's voice came from the other end of the call, "Honey, wake up and come eat..."

Marcus suddenly realized something, and his eyes behind the glasses sank as he hung up the phone.

He looked at the gift box and bright red roses beside him, and suddenly felt a sharp pain in his eyes.

He looked away, lit a cigarette, and took a few puffs before instructing the driver, "Start the car, head to Southern Summer Garden."

Cornelia was half-asleep and, coupled with her non-stop busy work schedule, she had long pushed the marriage registration to the back of her mind. She truly had no recollection of the name "Jeremy."

Cornelia didn't pay attention to the phone call, as it was probably not a client calling her.

She put down the phone, walked into the kitchen, squeezed between Abigail Young and Zack Ruck, and said softly, "Why didn't you wake me up when you two got back?"

Abigail gently tapped her nose, "You looked so tired, like a worn-out puppy. I didn't want to wake you up."

Zack, while serving food, said, "Hurry up and wash your hands, it's dinner time."

The three of them grew up together, went to college in Riverton, and originally planned to start a business together after college.

But during their sophomore year summer, Cornelia had an accident and almost couldn't continue her studies.

After that incident, they decided to stay in Riverton and

develop their careers together.

After graduation, the three of them opened a comic studio, rented a three-bedroom apartment, and worked and lived together, having a close relationship.

Cornelia looked at the table full of dishes, "Is this feast because our studio made a lot of money?"

Zack poured each of them a glass of red wine, "We heard you got promoted to the president's assistant, so we prepared this celebration feast for you."

Abigail squeezed next to Cornelia, full of gossip, "The president of the Hartley Group never shows his face in the media, and there are so many noble ladies lining up to marry him. Is he really handsome?"

Zack thought women were superficial and said unhappily, "Just richness doesn't mean he's good-looking. Maybe he never shows his face in public because he's ugly?"

Cornelia laughed and joked, "He is indeed handsome, but whether he's handsome enough to make people swoon, you'll have to ask his wife."

Abigail exclaimed, "Wait, he's married?"

Cornelia nodded, "Yes, he is. And he seems to love his wife very much. But I always feel like he looks familiar, and I can't remember where I've seen him before."

Abigail said, "You always feel familiar when you see handsome guys. You have the potential to become a heartbreaker."

Cornelia laughed, "It's not bad to be a heartbreaker, no need to take responsibility."

Zack rolled his eyes, "Miss, you're already married!"

Abigail immediately retorted, "Can't married people have crushes? Do you want Cornelia to stick with that man who disappeared after marriage for the rest of her life?"

Cornelia shrugged, looking calm, "I don't need a man with you two by my side."

When they first registered their marriage, Cornelia did entertain the thought of building a good life together with that man. However, as time went on and he disappeared without a trace, and even his granny, whom she had met a few times before the registration, didn't contact her again, she lost any remaining thoughts she had.

But her grandmother would often mention her husband and planned to visit the couple in Riverton this Christmas.

Abigail and Zack chimed in, "Right, lousy men are nothing compared to us."

The meal was finished amidst their laughter, and after they cleaned up the table, they worked on their comics together.

Life was both beautiful and fulfilling.

The next day, Cornelia went to her company early.

The new boss was very busy, and working with him meant a doubled salary, but it also required more time and effort.

Cornelia had just gotten out of a taxi when she saw a

luxurious black Bentley slowly stopping in front of the company's entrance.

She hurried over to open the door for her boss, "President Hartley, good morning!"

Marcus nodded, looking a bit under the weather.

Cornelia didn't dare to think too much, and followed him into the CEO's private elevator, dutifully reporting today's schedule to him.

In the morning, they had a golf appointment with the CEO of Digital Sports Technology.

Marcus's complexion had returned to normal, and he was all chummy and elegant with the CEO of Digital Sports Technology.

However, Ben and Cornelia, who were waiting nearby, still felt some pressure.

Ben had been with Marcus for many years and rarely saw the CEO show his emotions. Today was an exception. "Cornelia, what do you think is going on with our CEO?"

Cornelia shook her head. "If you don't know, how would I know?"

Ben thought for a long time. There were no issues with their work recently, so the CEO's worries must be about his personal life.

He suddenly had an idea. "Could it be... last night President Hartley didn't get what he wanted from his wife?"