



Chapter 1

Riverton.

The scorching sun of summer feels like it could roast a person to a crisp.

Cornelia Stewart took half a day off from her boss, left the office, and went straight to the city hall in Waterside District to get her marriage certificate.

She knew that her grandma was still upset about what had happened three years ago, thinking she didn't protect Cornelia well, which led to her bad reputation and inability to go home.

With Granny Rebecca getting older, Rebecca worried about not being able to take care of Cornelia anymore. So, she found Granny Luisa from Riverton, hoping she could introduce a suitable man to Cornelia. As it happened, Granny Luisa's grandson was an eligible bachelor.

The older generation always felt that a girl's ultimate goal should be to get married, no matter who the husband was, as long as she got married, it was like completing her mission.

Having experienced what happened three years ago and witnessing so many broken marriages around her, Cornelia didn't have high hopes for marriage.

She believed that if she met the right person, she could get married, but if not, being single for the rest of her life wasn't bad either.

But to put her grandma at ease, Cornelia agreed to marry Granny Luisa's grandson.

She quickly arrived at her destination and, as she got out of the car, she saw a tall man standing at the entrance of the city hall.

He wore a plain white shirt and black slacks, but his appearance was striking, and women couldn't help but stare at him.

He was on the phone, not looking sideways.

Cornelia checked her phone and found the photo her grandma sent her. The man was the one in the photo, but he was even more handsome in person.

She approached him, and when she was close, he hung up the phone and asked, "Cornelia?"

Not only was he good-looking, but he also had a deep and sexy voice.

She nodded, "Are you Jeremy Artis?"

Jeremy nodded and turned to walk into the city hall.

He took big strides, walking fast, and Cornelia had to jog to keep up with him. "Um, are you sure you want to get married?"

Jeremy stopped and checked his watch, "Do you have any concerns?"

Cornelia wanted to ask if he knew her, if he knew her past.

But she thought that he might be like her, forced to get

married by the pressure of the older generation, not because of true love, so knowing each other wasn't essential.

Just like her, she only knew he was Granny Luisa's grandson, not even knowing his occupation.

Cornelia shook her head, "Let's go then."

They finished it quickly.

When she saw the newly issued marriage certificate, she could hardly believe it. At that moment, Jeremy handed her a bank card.

"I've been busy with work lately and won't have time to take care of you. Take this card, the password is six 6s, and use the money inside as you wish."

Cornelia was stunned, and by the time she recovered, Jeremy had already left in a business car.

She looked at the bank card in her hand, feeling like it was burning her.

She worked in the branch of the Hartley Group, and had opened a comic book studio with her friend. With a lot of income every month, she could live a good life without spending men's money.

Her ideal loveless marriage was to get a certificate to deal with the elders at home, not to interfere with each other after marriage, and to live as usual.

However, if Jeremy Artis is willing to live a peaceful life with her, she would also manage this marriage with her heart.

By thinking that, Cornelia sent a photo of the marriage certificate to her grandma, "Grandma, we've got our marriage certificate."

Her grandma replied, " Good thing. You'd better have some children with him as soon as possible."

"Okay." Replying with one word, Cornelia put away her phone, feeling somewhat heavy-hearted.

That's how it was in Cornelia's hometown. If a woman was still single, she would be urged to get married, and once married, she would be pushed to have children. It was as if women couldn't have their own lives.

Cornelia's marriage seemed to have no influence on her life.

After getting married, that man never reached out to Cornelia again. Cornelia's life didn't undergo any changes whatsoever and she continued tirelessly working day and night.

A year passed quickly, and Riverton welcomed its hottest season again.

During that year, Cornelia, due to her outstanding job performance, had been transferred to the secretary's office at the Hartley Group headquarters.

The president of the Hartley Group returned from a year abroad today, and everyone in the company was very nervous, especially Cornelia, who may be transferred to the president's side to continue her work.

As everyone was expecting the president to appear, the

president's exclusive elevator door opened, and two men and a woman exited.

The man in the lead wore silver-framed glasses and was at least 6 feet tall, with an impeccable physique and face.

Cornelia thought he looked familiar and couldn't help but observe him for a few more moments...

"Cornelia, that's our president, President Hartley," her colleague Yolanda whispered in her ear. "A girl in our office once had some thoughts about President Hartley and was fired."

Cornelia hadn't seen the president in her less than a year working at the headquarters. She knew he was only 28 years old but didn't expect him to be so attractive and well-built.

Just as she was feeling a bit flustered and about to explain, a scoff came from behind, "Do you think you're worthy of him?"

The speaker was Eden Petersen, who had asked Cornelia out and often made things difficult for her after being rejected.

Cornelia never harbored unrealistic fantasies, and she didn't care about such petty people.

However, Eden thought he had guessed Cornelia's thoughts and continued sarcastically, "Women these days are always aiming too high. Just because they're a little attractive, they want to marry a rich man."

"What are you talking about?" the president's assistant, Helena, came over and looked at them coldly. "Cornelia, Yolanda, Eden, come with me to the president's office."

Helena was a senior employee of the company. She had worked for the previous president and then for Marcus Hartley for many years. She was about to be transferred to the West Region, so someone needed to replace her position.

Cornelia, Yolanda, and Eden were among the outstanding talents selected from the president's office staff of over twenty people. It was up to the president to choose who would replace Helena.

They entered the president's office, which was elegantly decorated with floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking half of Riverton.

The man known as President Hartley wore a white shirt and black trousers, standing tall and graceful by the large window.

Helena respectfully said, "President Hartley, everyone is here."

The guy turned his head to look at them, and his aura was so strong that everyone was too scared to breathe.

Eden gathered up the courage to take a step forward, "President Hartley, my name is Eden, and I've been working in the CEO's office for five years. My uncle Matt Petersen also asked me to say hi to you on his behalf..."

The man glanced at Eden, his expression unchanged, but

those who knew him were aware that he had no respect for this kind of ass-kissing behavior.

He turned to Yolanda, who immediately straightened up, "President Hartley, my name is Yolanda, and I've been working in the CEO's office for three years."

She tried to appear more confident, but her trembling voice betrayed her nervousness.

Finally, the man looked at Cornelia, who was also looking at him...

This time it was even closer, Cornelia could see the man's face, which was like a work of art carefully sculpted by an artist, even more clearly.

She still thought he looked kind of familiar...

How could Cornelia possibly know that Marcus was actually Jeremy, the husband she had only met once on the day they picked up their marriage certificate?

The year Jeremy was born, the Hartley Group was unstable internally, and to protect their only heir, his family arranged for him to have two identities.

The name announced to the public was Marcus Hartley, and the name used in life was Jeremy, and only his family knew about it.