

## Chapter 4

Cornelia was speechless.

Was this really something they should be discussing?-

But she then thought about her boss' upset appearance,

It was possible though.

Cornelia sneaked a glance at Marcus, who elegantly swung his golf club and got a hole-in-one.

However, the president of Digital Sports wasn't as smooth, swinging several times without getting any balls in.

After a few rounds, the president of Digital Sports waved for someone to bring water.

Seeing this, Cornelia immediately handed Marcus a bottle of water and a towel.

The president of Digital Sports looked at Cornelia, his eyes blatantly scanning her body...

Cornelia was dressed in a white shirt and knee-length skirt, her long hair tied up in a bun, revealing her slender neck. Her makeup was light and elegant, and she looked clean and professional - a typical office attire.

However, the president of Digital Sports kept staring at her chest, his gaze so lewd it was as if Cornelia wasn't wearing anything. "President Hartley, your new assistant is not only young and beautiful, but her figure is top-notch as well."

Marcus responded indifferently, "Mr. Ducler, you flatter her."

The president of Digital Sports chuckled and asked Cornelia, "Miss, do you know how to play golf?"

As the president's assistant, Cornelia did know a little, but she wasn't an expert, and it wasn't her place to play in this situation.

"Mr. Ducler, I don't." She hated the way he looked at her, but to avoid making everyone uncomfortable, she didn't react. She took the empty water bottle from Marcus and prepared to step aside.

However, Mr. Ducler reached out and directly touched her butt, then wrapped his arm around her waist. "Miss, if you don't know, let me teach you."

Cornelia instinctively stomped hard on Mr. Ducler's foot, causing him to let go of her due to the pain and glare at her angrily.

Once free, Cornelia immediately stepped aside, anxiously looking at Marcus...

In such a business negotiation, she had offended a partner and might be fired.

What Cornelia didn't expect was Marcus suddenly speaking up, "Mr. Ducler, she's mine."

He looked at Mr. Ducler, his face expressionless, but his eyes revealed his displeasure.

Mr. Ducler appeared to have an epiphany and quickly apologized, "President Hartley, I'm sorry, I apologize to you."

Mr. Ducler continued speaking to Marcus but never took his

eyes off Cornelia, "I really thought President Hartley was like the rumors said, not interested in women. Since you haven't gotten tired of this one, I'll wait a little longer."

"Mr. Ducler, apologize to her immediately!" Marcus played with his golf club, his face sporting a faint smile, making it hard to read his true emotions.

Mr. Ducler paused, then laughed, "President Hartley, we're partners, she's just your plaything..."

The word "plaything" was like a poisonous needle stabbing into Cornelia's heart, bringing up some unpleasant memories.

She had obtained her job through her own abilities and earned money through her own skills. Why was she being humiliated just because she was a woman and happened to be pretty?

This time, Cornelia didn't wait for Marcus to speak. She stood up for herself, "Mr. Ducler, don't you have any women in your family? Weren't you also born from a woman after ten months of pregnancy? Or do you think you need to humiliate a woman to prove your strength?"

She stood tall, neither humble nor arrogant, and spoke eloquently.

Ben also came over, "Mr. Ducler, the Hartley Group doesn't lack partners like you, but our company respects and cares for every employee."

Hearing both assistants speak up, Mr. Ducler finally realized the seriousness of the situation. "President Hartley, I'm truly

sorry, I shouldn't have treated your employee like that..." He paused, "Miss Cornelia, I'm very sorry!"

Marcus swung the golf club forcefully, and the white ball flew out, hitting a nearby tree trunk before flying back towards them, nearly hitting Mr. Ducler's head.

Mr. Ducler's legs went weak, almost dropping to his knees. "President Hartley, it was my bad, please forgive me..."

Marcus didn't respond, his cold gaze sweeping over Mr. Ducler's right hand before turning away.

Cornelia grabbed her laptop bag and hurried to catch up. "President Hartley, thank you for helping me out!"

Marcus walked ahead of her, his 6'2" height towering over her 5'6" frame. Cornelia couldn't see his expression but heard his deep and powerful voice.

"The ones who are wrong are those who sexually harass you, not you. Stand up against bullying in the workplace, no matter the situation. You don't have to suffer in silence. The entire Hartley Group is behind you."

It was the first time Cornelia had heard him talk so much. His deep, powerful voice telling her that the harasser was wrong, not her, giving her a sense of security. She said, "Thank you, President Hartley. I know what to do now."

Marcus looked back and saw her reddened eyes. She hadn't shown any fear when she was being bullied just now, but now she finally felt wronged.

He couldn't help but soften his tone, "You're working by my

side and you represent me. You don't need to be afraid of anyone."

"Yes." Cornelia nodded, her voice nasal, not from fear, but gratitude.

Back then when she was bullied, if there had been someone like him to stand up and say the abuser was wrong, not her, the victim, she wouldn't have ended up homeless and with a bad reputation.

Marcus added, "You did a great job just now."

Cornelia felt a warmth in her heart, "Thank you!"

At that moment, Ben caught up and said, "President Hartley, I've informed the relevant departments to cancel the collaboration with Digital Sports."

The Hartley Group had been working on developing chips for several years and had achieved great results. However, because the patents were not yet approved, the company still had to collaborate with mature chip manufacturers like Digital Sports for some of its products.

Now that the collaboration was suddenly terminated, it would cause some losses for the group.

Although Cornelia knew Marcus did this not only to protect her, his employee, but also to uphold the company's dignity, her respect for him grew even more.

In this cold and indifferent era, being able to work for such a company with a boss who protects his subordinates, she felt very lucky.

Because of the interruption of the partnership with Digital Sports, the Hartley Group had to find a new chip supplier.

In the afternoon, Cornelia and others flew to the Capital with Marcus for a business trip, to negotiate with the new chip company.

After two weeks of intense negotiations, they finally reached a cooperation agreement with the new supplier.

They would take a flight back to Riverton the next morning. After dinner, Cornelia found she still had some time and decided to buy some local specialties for Zack and Abigail.

When Ben heard she planned to go shopping alone, he asked, "Cornelia, do you need me to accompany you?"

A beautiful girl, alone in an unfamiliar city at night, might be a bit dangerous.

He turned to his boss, "President Hartley, do you want to get some gifts for your wife?"

Marcus thought of the man's voice on the phone that night and frowned slightly.

But after thinking about it carefully, just hearing a man's voice on the phone couldn't prove anything, maybe it was just a misunderstanding...

He nodded, "You guys decide."

Cornelia also offered a suggestion, "President Hartley, choosing a gift for your wife personally would be more sincere."

However, Cornelia soon regretted it because shopping alone with her boss made her feel very uncomfortable.

Originally, the three of them came together, but because the parking lot at the mall was full, Ben had to drive around looking for a parking spot, leaving Cornelia and Marcus by themselves.