

# Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband ( Cornelia Stewart )

## Chapter 221

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### Chapter 221

*Even knowing the photos were fabricated, Trent Brown was still shaking like a leaf. “Babe, those photos are fake; someone’s trying to frame me. I swear I didn’t do anything to hurt you.”*

*His wife’s sharp voice came through the phone: “Trent Brown, do you think I’m an idiot? You’re just an interior decorator, not big shot; who would bother framing you?”*

*Trent Brown felt like words were useless: “Honey, you have to believe me. Someone is trying to pin this on me. I swear, if I did anything to betray you, I’ll get what’s coming.”*

*His wife snapped back, “Trent Brown, not only do you not admit your mistake, but you’re arguing with me. I’m telling you now, I’m not living with you anymore!”*

*“Darling, I swear, Trent Brown started, but was cut off. “If you won’t admit it, then don’t bother coming home.”*

*No matter what Trent Brown said, he couldn’t convince her that he was being framed.*

*He didn’t have any enemies; who would want to frame him?*

*Without much thought, he figured it must be Jeremy Artis, whom he had just called.*

*He dialed a number and said, “Jeremy, I was just joking with you; no need to take it so seriously.”*

*Marcus Hartley responded coolly, “What?”*

*Trent Brown, “Don’t play dumb. Those photos my wife received must have been sent by you. I’m sorry. I apologize. Can you explain this to my wife? If you don’t, she’s going to divorce me.”*

Marcus chuckled. "What did you do wrong?"

Trent Brown, "I shouldn't have said I liked you, and I certainly shouldn't have teased your wife. I screwed up, and I won't do it again. As long as you explain to my wife, I'll decorate your house beautifully at an unbeatable price."

Marcus didn't really want Trent to divorce; he just wanted to teach him a lesson: "I'll let it slide this time, but if there's a next time, you and your wife will likely split."

Trent Brown, "This time is already serious enough; I'm not an idiot; how could there be a next time?"

"Hmm, good that you realize your mistake." Satisfied with the answer, Marcus hung up and had his people handle the situation.

The house inspection took longer than Cornelia Stewart expected, checking not only the plumbing and electricity but also every single

tile in the house.

It took more than two hours, but thankfully the developer was decent, and only two tiles were found to be hollow.

It was already seven o'clock.

Cornelia prepared a thank-you fee according to market rates, but the professional refused.

Out of options, Cornelia went down with him to a small shop and bought him a Coke, which he happily accepted.

After he left, Cornelia bought three bottles of mineral water. As she was paying, Marcus suddenly appeared behind her and said, "Cornelia, get me a bottle too."

"Sure." Cornelia knew that Marcus only drank a specific brand of water, but the shop didn't carry it. So she bought him the most expensive water in the shop and asked, "President Hartley, is this water okay for you?"

*Marcus took the bottle, twisted the cap off, and took a sip. "I'm probably not as picky as you think."*

*Not picky, you sure?*

*Chapter 222*

*In this world, it's hard to find another person as fussy about food as he is.*

*Cornelia always remembered how picky Marcus was about his food when she first began working with him.*

*He wouldn't touch food that was slightly too cold or too hot.. He also wouldn't eat food that was a bit greasy or too bland. In general, the food had to be prepared exactly to his liking, almost driving the chef in charge nuts.*

*But then again, Marcus seemed to have become less picky lately.*

*Perhaps it's because he's been hanging out a lot with his wife, who loved spicy food, that his eating habits had changed.*

*"What are you thinking about?" Marcus's voice gently rang in her ear.*

*"Nothing." Cornelia wanted to drink some water to cover up her embarrassment, but she twisted the bottle cap twice without opening it.*

*Marcus took the bottle from her hands, effortlessly opened it for her, and handed it back*

*"Thanks, President Hartley!" After drinking a few sips of water, Cornelia felt much better. "Why haven't you gone home yet? It's late."*

*"I've been checking the house, spent some time, and discussed some renovation matters with the designer, so I've been busy till now. All these trivial matters could be delegated; he just needed to give orders. He stayed because of her.*

*"I see." Not knowing what else to say, Cornelia turned her head and said, "President Hartley, I have friends waiting for me to bring water back; I'll go first."*

*"Sure." Marcus didn't try to keep her. He watched her leave, then continued to deal with the related paperwork.*

*So, when Cornelia and her friends went to deal with the house transfer procedures, they unexpectedly ran into Marcus again.*

*Zack Ruck was the first to notice him and grumbled, "How come we bump into this guy everywhere?"*

*Cornelia lightly punched Zack, saying, "Zack, how could you say that? Can't he be here? He also bought a house here; we might run into him often."*

*Zack said, "He's a billionaire; he bought such a house all of a sudden; I can't believe he doesn't have any other motives."*

*Cornelia said, "So, you get uncomfortable when you see a man who's more handsome and richer than you?"*

*Zack said, "Are you kidding? How is that possible?"*

*Abigail Young said, "I think Zack might be onto something. Do you guys think Marcus bought a house here because of me?"*

*Cornelia and Zack said at the same time, "What kind of dream are you having?"*

*"I'm just joking; why are you guys taking it so seriously?" Abigail checked her face to make sure her makeup wasn't messed up, then she approached Marcus and said, "President Hartley, what a coincidence, we meet again."*

*Marcus wasn't fond of women hitting on him. He didn't even bother to look up at her; he just wished she would leave soon.*

*Luckily, he glanced up just in time and saw that she was a friend of Cornelia's. He politely said, "Hello!"*

*Abigail said with a smile, "President Hartley, are you also dealing with house procedures? We are too; we've been busy till now and haven't had dinner yet. Would you like to join us later?"*

*Marcus instinctively looked towards Cornelia, who was standing behind Abigail.*

## *Chapter 223*

*Seeing that Cornelia didn't want to have dinner with him bummed him out.*

*In Marcus's view, he hadn't done anything to upset Cornelia.*

*Why was she so against hanging out with him alone?*

*Marcus thought he'd better get to the bottom of this; otherwise, she'd continue to avoid him like the plague.*

*Before he could open his mouth, Cornelia walked up and said, "Abigail, President Hartley is swamped every day. He has no time to eat*

*with us.”*

*She didn't want to have dinner with him, but she made it sound like such a big deal. Marcus, who originally planned to turn down Abigail's invitation, immediately changed his mind: "Actually, I'm not particularly busy today. If Cornelia doesn't mind, let's have dinner together.”*

*How could she refuse him after he said that?*

*Unless she didn't want her job anymore, "I'd be delighted. How could I mind having dinner with President Hartley?"*

*Zack snorted, "Cornelia isn't willing to have dinner with you. She's just forced by her job.”*

*Cornelia gently pushed Zack, telling him to cut the bull. Zack reluctantly closed his mouth.*

*Marcus was well aware of Zack's hostility toward him. If it were someone else, he would have dealt with them differently, but since Zack was someone Cornelia cared about, he wouldn't do anything to him.*

*Despite Zack's repeated offenses, Marcus pretended not to hear, "Where do you guys want to go? I'll pick up the tab.”*

*Upon hearing this, Abigail got excited and said, "Cornelia, since President Hartley is so generous, we should eat something fancy. How about Culinary Crest?"*

*Marcus's gaze never left Cornelia. When she heard Culinary Crest, her clear eyes lit up, proving she indeed wanted to go.*

*He remembered that the last time he asked her to book a restaurant, she chose that one. In the end, he asked her to dine with him*

*because his wife couldn't make it, but she still declined.*

*Just when Marcus thought she would accept the invitation, she refused again, saying, "Let's forget about it.”*

*Zack was very much in agreement with Cornelia's decision: "Yes, let's forget about it.”*

*Abigail pulled Cornelia aside and said, "You silly goose, what's wrong with you? Your boss invites you to dinner, and you turn him down. Are you spoiled or what?"*

*Hearing the word 'spoiled', Cornelia began to stutter, "Spoiled? How could you think that? How can you say he spoils me?"*

Abigail rolled her eyes at her. "Do you think Marcus agreed to treat us because I invited him?"

Cornelia, "Isn't it?"

Abigail poked her forehead and said, "You dummy, he accepted my invitation entirely because of you. Think about it; I'm your friend. If I invite him to dinner and he flat-out refuses, wouldn't that be disrespectful to you?"

Cornelia asked, "If you understand, why do you bother him?"

Abigail replied, "Do you think I don't know what I'm doing? I just want to get a few more glances at him; after all, he's so handsome."

In Abigail's eyes, Marcus was like an untouchable piece of art.

She would always talk about wanting to do something with him, but it was all talk. She knew better than anyone the distance between her and Marcus.

If it weren't for Cornelia, Marcus probably wouldn't even want to exchange a word with her.

## Chapter 224

"Cornelia, are you suggesting I say yes and let him treat us to dinner tonight?" asked Cornelia.

"Hey, if we get to dine at that fancy place we've always wanted to go to without coughing up a penny, why the heck not?" Abigail replied. Cornelia felt persuaded by Abigail and decided to accept Marcus' dinner invitation.

The prices at Culinary Crest are sky-high, and it's always packed, so you have to book ahead of time. Cornelia had to pull some strings, using President Hartley's VIP status to score a private room.

After booking the restaurant, she still had to deal with the move-in procedures for the new house. Being clueless about these things, she just went along with the property management's instructions.

Out of nowhere, Marcus showed up and took over, checking the list and the items provided by the property management. "You're missing an access card. You should check with the person in charge. They'll charge you next time you need one."

He was dealing with these petty things with the same focus he'd give a billion-dollar contract.

Cornelia watched him with a pang, wondering why it was Marcus beside her instead of Jeremy at such a moment.

*I'm talking to you. What are you thinking about?" Marcus seemed a bit stern, clearly unhappy with her constant distraction.*

*When Marcus was angry, Cornelia felt terrified. "Um, I wasn't thinking about anything."*

*Seeing her scared look, Marcus softened his tone. "Details matter. One misstep could lead to big trouble. Make sure the property management fixes whatever issue we found today."*

*Cornelia obediently nodded. "Yes."*

*Seeing Cornelia looking so well-behaved and understanding, yet somewhat wronged, Marcus not only didn't have the heart to reprimand her, he didn't even want to speak harshly. "Silly girl, I'm just reminding you. Why are you feeling wrong?"*

*He not only called her a silly girl, but his tone was also full of indulgence. This was not how a boss should speak to an employee.*

*Cornelia felt a little uncomfortable. She couldn't get along with this version of Marcus. "President Hartley, I, I..."*

*"Alright, I can only help you so much. You have to handle the rest. Nobody can help you forever." Just when Cornelia felt that Marcus' tone was somewhat ambiguous, he coldly said this and then walked out. "I'll wait for you outside."*

*Cornelia, "..."*

*Why can't she stop overthinking things, no matter how many times she told herself not to?*

*The more she overthought, the more awkward she felt around Marcus privately.*

*This can't go on anymore.*

*Abigail and Zack were on the other side, oblivious to the little incident between Cornelia and Marcus.*

*Cornelia, blushing, continued with the procedures.*

*Marcus stepped out of the property management office, lit a cigarette, and took a couple of deep drags.*

*The awkwardness between him and Cornelia was all because he didn't handle their relationship well.*

*All he had to do is tell her that he's Jeremy, and then he can do anything for her openly.*

*But he didn't dare take that risk.*

*He can't be sure whether  
Cornelia will accept the fact that he's gone from her direct boss to her husband.*

*So he dared not to admit his identity lightly.*

## *Chapter 225*

*Marcus, feeling lost as hell, lit up a cigarette, and the more he puffed, the more his head spun.*

*The more he tried to figure out how to make his marriage with Cornelia work, the more clueless he felt.*

*People had been teaching him how to do business since he was a kid, and he had a knack for it. He'd never failed in his business ventures, and because of that, everyone considered him a big shot in the business world.*

*But no one ever taught him how to hold a marriage together. He wasn't some love guru. In the face of common marital problems that most people could handle easily, he was like a kid lost in the woods, not knowing where to start.*

*He gazed up at the moon in the sky, and a memory from years ago popped into his head.*

*He couldn't remember how old he was when it happened, but he remembered clearly that at his mom was with a man he didn't know, and he walked in on them.*

*He was too young to understand that this was betrayal or infidelity, but he knew it wasn't right.*

*He tried to kick the man out angrily, but the man provoked him by pinching his face and saying, "What can you do, you little runt? When you grow up and get tough, then come find me."*

*He was so pissed off that he bit the man, who in turn tossed him aside, hurting him badly.*

*His mom, Courtney Kamp-Hartley, was there but did nothing to help him; instead, she blamed him for messing up her plan.*

*He never forgot that man's words, found him when he grew up, and in a short time drove the man's company to bankruptcy.*



*The man couldn't handle the hit and tried to off himself, but ended up crippling his legs instead.*

*Sitting in a wheelchair, the man blamed Courtney for not teaching her son properly.*

*Courtney, seeing the man become a cripple, cut off all ties with him immediately. Since then, there have always been different men around her.*

*That's why Courtney was always pissed at him, considering him the disgrace of the family.*

*His parents' marriage was such a hot mess, so he never thought about getting married before. If it wasn't for making his Granny happy, he wouldn't have married a stranger in a heartbeat.*

*But since he promised his Granny to get married, he decided to make it work with this girl.*

*He thought all he needed to do was hand her a credit card, let her not worry about money, and live a carefree life, but it seemed like it wasn't that simple.*

*Cornelia came out after finishing up her paperwork and saw Marcus spacing out in the yard. His lonely figure was heartbreaking.*

*She walked up to him and said, "Mr. Hartley, can we leave now?"*

*Marcus snapped back to reality and looked at her, his eyes filled with a bit of despair. "Yeah."*

*Cornelia noticed, "Mr. Hartley, you seem troubled."*

*Marcus sighed deeply. "I'm trying to figure out how to make a marriage last."*

*Cornelia asked, "Is there a problem between you and your wife?"*

*Marcus answered, "We're okay for now, but just solving the current problems isn't enough. I hope to spend the rest of my life with her, which means I need to think long-term. But I have no clue what to do due to a lack of experience."*

*Chapter 226*

*His voice was nice, full of sincerity but also tinged with helplessness and vulnerability.*

*This was a side of him Cornelia had never seen before, and it stirred up a sense of sympathy within her despite her lack of experience with marriage.*

*She said, "President Hartley, I think your mindset is the key to a successful marriage."*

*“Really?” Marcus paused before asking. “What do you girls look for in a husband?”*

*“I can’t speak for others. As for me, I don’t care how much money my husband has, but he must respect me, my family, and my job and always discuss things with me. It takes two to tango in a relationship.” Cornelia asserted. She felt that Jeremy had met all these criteria, which made her willing to date him.*

*Even when he misunderstood her, he was willing to visit her sick grandmother, which proved that he respected the elderly.*

*Listening to Cornelia’s standards, Marcus realized he could meet all of them except for the part about not needing money. “So, you’re saying he has to be broke?”*

*Cornelia laughed, saying, “President Hartley, you got it wrong. I don’t need him to be loaded because I can make money myself. If he can bring home the bacon, that’s even better. We’re both grown-ups, and as a couple, having financial stability can make a family more harmonious.”*

*Marcus nodded. “I see.”*

*Cornelia felt a bit embarrassed by his words. She felt like a poser and quickly deflected: “President Hartley, you should ask people with more experience. I’m just shooting the breeze.”*

*“You make a good point. Let’s go grab a bite.” It was only then that Marcus noticed Cornelia’s friends were missing. “Where are your friends?”*

*“They’ve gone to the basement. They asked me to call you. I got carried away chatting.” Cornelia laughed awkwardly. “Do you want to ride in my car, or should I call a driver for you?”*

*“I’ll ride with you, Marcus replied.*

*Since both Cornelia and Zack had cars, all four of them couldn’t fit in one. Abigail wanted to ride with Cornelia, but Zack dragged her back to his car and said, “Abby, Nelly’s car is company-issued. It’ll make us look bad if you ride with her.”*

*Abigail retorted, “Even if the car is from the company and not Nelly’s, what’s the problem? You’re usually not this petty, why do you dislike Marcus so much?”*

*Zack said, “I’m just worried Nelly might get hurt.”*

*Abigail said, “Nelly said he’s a good guy.”*

*Zack said, “That’s exactly why I’m worried. Have you ever heard Nelly praise any other guy except me in all these years?”*

*Abigail thought for a moment; indeed, she hadn't. "But he really is a good guy."*

*Zack: "You little nitwit, what I'm trying to say is that if Nelly really likes him, she'll believe anything he says. If he wants to deceive Nelly, it'll be a piece of cake."*

*Abigail: "Why would he necessarily want to deceive Nelly?"*

*Zack: "It's a gut feeling as a guy."*

*Abigail: "You doofus, just drive. If you keep badmouthing Marcus, Nelly might actually get mad at you."*

*Zack: "*

*Zack truly believed that Marcus was out to trick Nelly!*

*Why did no one believe him?*

## *Chapter 227*

*Zack and Abigail were arguing up a storm, while Cornelia and Marcus were as quiet as mice.*

*With her boss in the car, Cornelia was driving with her full attention, not daring to slack off.*

*Marcus, in the passenger seat, tried to strike up a conversation a few times but couldn't find the right topic.*

*He knew that if he wanted Cornelia to answer, it had to be work-related, or she might dodge him with the excuse of not wanting to talk about her personal life.*

*Sometimes he felt that even though he was her boss, he still needed her, his assistant, to arrange his daily affairs.*

*Thinking about this, he shook his head helplessly.*

*Well, it couldn't be helped. After all, Cornelia was his wife.*

*Cornelia noticed his small movement and asked, "Marcus, what's up?"*

*Marcus chuckled. "I just thought of something funny."*

*Cornelia, "Oh really?"*

*Marcus, "Don't you want to know what it is?"*

*Cornelia, "Can I ask?"*

*Marcus: "You can ask anything in front of me. Treat me as a friend; no need to stand on ceremony."*

*Cornelia gave a small laugh but didn't ask further.*

*Treat him as a friend?*

*She thought about it and decided it was best not to entertain such thoughts.*

*Marcus had been nice to her recently, but she couldn't forget her role as his assistant.*

*The most comfortable relationship between them was that of boss and assistant.*

*She just needed to work for him without mixing in any personal feelings.*

*Otherwise, if he didn't pay her one day, she would feel embarrassed to ask.*

*Of course, Marcus had no idea what Cornelia was thinking. He quietly waited for her to ask, but when she didn't, he had to find a topic himself. "By the way, Skyler Blue has safely reached her desired location. Xavier Rivera won't bother her for now."*

*Upon hearing Skyler Blue's name, Cornelia's attitude changed. "Marcus, thank you for helping Skyler Blue. She doesn't have a phone and doesn't dare use her bank card. Could I trouble you to have someone deliver my bank card to her?"*

*Marcus smiled, wanting to ruffle her hair but holding back. "Silly, Skyler Blue isn't as naive as you. She was well prepared to run away. carrying enough cash to last a while. She also got a new phone and a new SIM card. She thought of everything you didn't."*

*"She's so well prepared, that puts my mind at ease." Cornelia took a deep breath. "Sigh, Skyler Blue started planning to run away right. after getting married; do you know what Xavier did to her?"*

*Marcus believed that Xavier loved Skyler Blue but just had the wrong approach: "We, as outsiders, don't have a say in someone else's personal affairs."*

*"Right." Cornelia nodded, then after a while, she said seriously, "Marcus, could you do me a small favor?"*

*"What's up?" He was always looking forward to her making requests, and finally, it came*

*Cornelia turned to look at him very seriously and asked, "Could you please stop calling me silly all the time? You should know that if someone keeps being called silly, they might end up becoming silly. If you don't*

want your assistant to become a dimwit, then compliment me more. That way, I'll become smarter."

Marcus couldn't help but laugh at her words.

## Chapter 228

This little chick held a grudge, eh? Just kidded around and called her a silly goose and she got mad.

He chuckled and said, "If not silly goose, what should I call you? Little smarty pants?"

Comelia was speechless.

Marcus continued, "You're very bright, you need to believe in your abilities. Hartley Group doesn't keep slackers. You've climbed up the ladder all by yourself, which says a lot about how capable you are. Don't ever let anyone, including me, belittle you, alright?"

"I get you." What he said made sense. If she didn't trust her abilities, she wouldn't have had the guts to ask those questions.

But his response was another pleasant surprise. He was never stingy with his praise for his subordinates. Recognizing their capabilities is something only a real leader can do.

This was different from some bosses who spent their time tearing their subordinates down, claiming that no one else would want them if they left the company.

After a half-hour drive, they arrived at the restaurant.

Coincidentally, they ran into an acquaintance, Leonardo Wilson, in the underground parking lot of the restaurant.

Leonardo was with a lady with heavy makeup. Her makeup was so elaborate that it was impossible to guess her real age.

Seeing them together so late for dinner, Leonardo's curiosity was piqued. "Marc, Comelia, you two...."

The woman with him was wide-eyed when she saw Marcus. "Mr. Wilson, can you introduce me to your friend?"

Leonardo pinched her cheek and said, "Darling, he's out of your league; stop daydreaming."

She pouted, "I just want to know more about your friends."

Leonardo was ruthless. "You've already snagged me, and now you want to meet my friends? You can't leave; I've got company for dinner tonight."

She tried to get closer to him, but Leonardo pushed her away. "Didn't you hear me? I said leave."

Seeing that he was serious, she had no choice but to leave, but not before throwing a last glance at Marcus.

Once she was gone, Leonardo lowered his guard and asked, "Marc, Cornelia, are you two having a secret date behind your spouses' backs?"

Cornelia laughed, saying, "Mr. Wilson, not everyone is as free-spirited as you, changing dating partners as frequently as you change your socks. Do you think everyone is like you?"

Leonardo refused to believe that nothing was going on between them and pressed on, "So you guys can go on dates, but I can't even mention it?"

Marcus gave him a cold look and asked, "Do you still want to go out?"

Marcus's greatest strength was his ability to shut someone down in a single sentence.

Leonardo immediately changed his tune: "I was just joking; you guys don't have to take it so seriously."

"A joke is only funny when both parties find it amusing. You're being disrespectful. We've agreed to have dinner together, you can't just assume they have a secret affair because you saw them first."

Abigail arrived a bit later, and right after she got out of the car, she heard Leonardo teasing Cornelia. She might seem careless usually, but she would defend Cornelia without a moment's fear once she was bullied.

Leonardo asked, "Where did this little Missy come from?"

Abigail retorted, "If you call me little Missy again, you'll regret it."

## Chapter 229

Leonardo wanted to argue, but Marcus's icy stare made him zip it.

Zack, who had just parked the car, walked over and asked, "Picking on a girl, are you even a man?"

*Abigail scanned Leonardo with a disdainful look and said, "You only look like a man on the outside; otherwise, you lack any masculinity."*

*That was a major bum.*

*Leonardo was pissed. "Marc, you heard that; they're ganging up against me; you can't keep defending them, can you?"*

*Marcus retorted, "Why are you, as a man, arguing with a girl?"*

*Leonardo considered himself a man with a backbone and knew when to back down: "Alright, I'll listen to you; I, as a man, shouldn't be arguing with a little girl."*

*He didn't forget to throw a contemptuous glance at Abigail after his words.*

*Abigail asked, "Who are you calling a little girl? You scumbag!" Abigail, furious, tried to hit Leonardo, but luckily Cornelia quickly grabbed her and said, "Abby, cool it."*

*Leonardo may be bold, but he had never hit a woman, let alone encountered such a hot-tempered one..*

*When Abigail charged at him, he nervously hid behind Marcus and said, "Marc, control your friend."*

*Marcus kept his cool: "You brought this upon yourself, deal with it."*

*Leonardo went silent.*

*Why should he bear it?*

*When had he ever experienced such humiliation?*

*He silently swore to himself that if he ever bumped into this girl again, he'd make her pay.*

*Cornelia, less physically strong than Abigail, had to struggle to hold her. "Abby, chill out. Don't stir up more trouble."*

*Cornelia didn't know Leonardo well, but she knew such people were not easy to deal with. Today, with Marcus around, Leonardo could be kept in check, but what about when Marcus wasn't there?*

*Whether Leonardo had thoughts of revenge or not, Cornelia needed to be prepared.*

*Leonardo remained silent.*

*Whatever, he'd be the bigger man and not squabble with this rude girl.*

*He said, "Fine, I won't argue with her. It's already late; let's go eat."*

*Cornelia asked with a smile, "Mr. Wilson, are you joining us?"*

*Leonardo responded matter-of-factly, "I have no one to eat with; if not with you guys, am I supposed to eat alone? I might not have an appetite if I eat alone. Marc, you wouldn't have the heart to leave me alone, would you?"*

*Leonardo's best trait was his shamelessness, which guaranteed he always had a meal.*

*They all headed to the restaurant; Cornelia had already ordered food on the way, taking everyone's tastes into account. The portions were generous; even with an extra Leonardo, there'd be plenty.*

*Once seated, Leonardo grabbed the drink menu, eager to see what good drinks were available since he wasn't paying anyway. He ordered two bottles of vintage red wine and asked, "Who's treating tonight? It looks like you guys might have to shell out some extra dough."*

*Cornelia chuckled. "President Hartley is treating.\*"*

*Leonardo said, "Oh, so Marc is treating; I should order two more bottles then."*

## *Chapter 230*

*In the middle of the conversation, the waiter started serving the dishes. The first thing that came was the soup.*

*The weather was exceptionally cold today, so a bowl of soup was just appropriate.*

*The waiter handed the soup to Marcus, who passed it to Cornelia, who was sitting on his right. He said, "You go first."*

*Cornelia said, "Thanks."*

*Leonardo piped up, "You only see the person on your right, but you don't see me on your left."*

*But no one responded to him.*

*Then the dishes were served one by one.*

*These were all dishes that Cornelia and the others loved. Marcus said he was trying to adapt, and Cornelia even ordered two lighter dishes for him.*

*Leonardo and Marcus were locals who normally preferred lighter food.*



*The first dish served was spicy, and so was the second. Looking at the table full of dishes, with only two of them being light in taste and the rest being greasy, Leonardo was at a loss for where to start.*

*He couldn't help but complain, "Can we eat this?"*

*Before he could finish, Marcus glared at him, as if to say, "If I can eat it, what's your excuse?"*

*Under Marcus's intimidating gaze, Leonardo didn't dare to say anything more. But he didn't want to be ignored either.*

*He asked the waiter to pour a glass of wine for everyone and said, "Let's not just focus on eating. Let's drink first."*

*Cornelia declined, saying, "Sorry, I'm driving; I can't drink."*

*Leonardo nudged the wine glass towards Cornelia and said, "You don't need to drive; Marcus has other drivers. If that's not possible, we can call a designated driver. Come, let's drink first."*

*Marcus picked up the wine glass in front of Cornelia and dumped the wine into the trash can, saying in a low voice, "She said she doesn't drink."*

*Leonardo said, "The wine is opened; they're not drinking; are we two going to drink alone?"*

*Cornelia suddenly remembered what Dr. Dawson had said: "President Hartley can't drink either. His stomach isn't good."*

*Leonardo asked, "Marcus, since when is your stomach not good?"*

*Marcus ignored him. He turned to Cornelia and said, "Cornelia, how come I didn't know about his stomach? Don't try to fool me. We often drink together; I didn't see any problem with his stomach."*

*Cornelia said, "I don't care about the past, but from now on, as long as I am his assistant, unless necessary, I absolutely won't allow him to touch a drop of alcohol."*

*The tone was so bossy, as if she were his wife.*

*Leonardo didn't think Cornelia had the final say. He looked at Marcus and said, "Marcus, not only do you let your wife boss you around, but also your assistant. Are you really okay with being henpecked?"*

*Marcus answered, "I'm fine with being bossed around by my wife. He handed the wine glass to the waiter and said, "Just get me a bottle of mineral water."*

*Leonardo was speechless for a moment.*

*Marcus added, "Both Cornelia and my wife are doing it for my own good. Don't ask me to drink anymore. I need to take care of my*

*stomach,"*

*He said he was taking care of his stomach, but he was still eating spicy food.*

*Only a fool would believe that!*

*Leonardo asked, "Marc, you never used to eat such heavy-tasting food. What made you change?"*