

Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband (Cornelia Stewart) Chapter 411

Chapter 411

Patricia, the housekeeper, had been itching for Marcus to bring a lady home.

She thought a lady would definitely warm up the seemingly chilly house and took away Marcus's loneliness. Hopefully, the lady could thaw Marcus's heart, help him forget the bad memories, and get over his childhood trauma.

Tonight, Cornelia didn't have any work to do and was planning to grab dinner with Zack and Abigail. But Patricia's enthusiasm made her feel bad about turning down the dinner invitation. Cornelia said, "Patricia, I eat a lot. I'm afraid you might not have enough food for me."

"I've made plenty, it will be enough." Patricia said passionately, leading Cornelia to the dining room, "Nelly, I'm really happy you could make it."

Patricia was always nice to Cornelia, but today she was over the top. Cornelia was a little overwhelmed. She glanced at Marcus, hearing him say, "Patricia really likes you."

Patricia continued, "Nelly, I really like you. I hope you like me too."

Cornelia was always bad at rejecting people's kindness, "Patricia, I like you too."

Patricia then turned to Marcus, "Marc, I really like Nelly. If you're okay with it, and Nelly is okay with it, I'd like to invite her over for meals regularly."

Marcus turned to Cornelia, "Patricia really likes you, and she talks about you all the time. If you have some free time, come over and chat with her."

When the boss himself extended an invitation, how could Cornelia say no? She couldn't!

Even if Marcus hadn't invited her, Cornelia was willing to spend time with Patricia. Cornelia never met her mom and she guessed Patricia could be around her mom's age. The first time she met Patricia, it felt like seeing her mother.

Would her mother, if she hadn't left, cook a full table of food waiting for her to come home, like Patricia?

Cornelia didn't want to think too much, as overthinking could lead to disappointments.

When she was a kid, not mature enough, she blamed her mother. Blamed her for leaving her father, her as a baby, and their home..

But then, after some things happened, she stopped blaming her mom. She didn't know what her mom went through and why she left. She had no right to blame her.

She wasn't in a position to judge people's actions without experiencing their pain.

Soon, Patricia served the dishes, all familiar to Cornelia's hometown. But none of Marcus's favorite. Seemed like all the dishes were prepared for her.

Cornelia had been in Paris for over a month. She was already sick of the local food and missed her hometown's cuisine. Now that the food was right in front of her, she dived right in.

Patricia served her a bowl of soup, "Nelly, eat slowly, don't choke."

Cornelia asked, "Patricia, did you learn to cook my hometown dishes? They are delicious."

Patricia happily replied, "As long as you like them. I was worried they might not be good enough."

Cornelia replied, "I love them."

Cornelia didn't just say it; she showed it. Marcus didn't eat much, and most of the food was eaten by her.

After stuffing herself, it was almost 10 pm. Cornelia said, "President Hartley, Patricia, thank you for your hospitality. I should head home

now.”

Before Marcus could respond, Patricia cut in, “Nelly, it’s late and not convenient to get a cab. Austin can’t drive at night due to his poor vision. Your room is upstairs, I’ve cleaned it up for you. There are fresh clothes for you to change into. You can stay here tonight.”

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Score 9.9

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Honestly, Comelia wasn’t keen on staying at Marcus’s place. Even though Marcus had told her many times to make herself at home, it was just not the same as being in her own crib, “My friends are waiting for me back home, Patricia.”

Checking the time, Marcus said, “Just crash here for the night. Get some rest and come with me to discuss an important project

tomorrow.”

With that said, Comelia had no choice but to stay.

After freshening up, she texted Jeremy from bed: [Jeremy, I’ve made it to Riverton.]

After sending the message, she waited for a reply. When none came, she felt a bit down. Most of the time, she was the one reaching out to Jeremy, who hardly ever initiated any conversations.

He knew she was coming back to Riverton today but didn’t even bother to check if she had arrived safely.

Tossing and turning in bed, she felt tired but suddenly, very thirsty. She got out of bed and went downstairs to get a drink.

To her surprise, there was someone sitting quietly in the living room. The lights were off, but with the help of the stairway light, she recognized Marcus sitting

g in the dark. He sat there like a statue, his eyes empty behind his silver-framed glasses, as if he was soulless. It was heartbreaking.

She walked up to him and gently called, "President Hartley."

There was no response. She called again, but still no answer. It was as if he was lost in another world.

"Are you okay?" She asked, tapping him lightly on the shoulder. Like a startled beast, he grabbed her arm and twisted it behind her.

"It's me! Ouch!" She said quickly.

He was usually so genteel with his glasses on, but he was surprisingly strong. Cornelia felt like her arm was about to break.

Hearing her voice and recognizing her face, Marcus's eyes cleared up a bit, "Cornelia?"

Tears streaming down her face, Cornelia nodded, "President Hartley, it's me. Could you please let go of my arm? I think you're breaking

it."

He didn't release her, but he loosened his grip and checked her arm, "Did I hurt you?"

She moved her arm around. It seemed okay. "No."

"I'm sorry, Cornelia. I didn't mean to hurt you."

"I know."

"Why aren't you sleeping?"

"I was thirsty and came downstairs for water."

"Go ahead." He turned his gaze back to the window. Cornelia wanted to sit and chat with him for a bit but thought better of it. She went to the bar to get some water, planning to sneak back upstairs.

But then, a low, somewhat melancholic voice came from behind her, "Cornelia, would you sit with me for a while?"

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This wasn't the first time Comelia had seen Marcus like this. After that Courtney got to him once, he had been a mess ever since.

Did Courtney do something to him again?

Comelia rubbed her arm, almost twisted off by Marcus. She then poured him a glass of water, and sat a good couple of seats away

from him.

Marcus wasn't talking, and Cornelia didn't know what to say. She just kept his company, silently, looking out the window with him.

It was a fine day in Riverton. Looking out the living room window, she could see a crescent moon in the sky. The moonlight filtered through the window, casting a soft glow on them, like a hazy oil painting.

Cornelia turned to look at Marcus. The man was a knockout, no matter the angle. High nose bridge, long eyelashes, and those lips....

She had to admit, Marcus was a godsend, with his looks, his physique and his charisma.

She couldn't help but stare. It brought back memories of her wedding with Jeremy at the city hall two years ago. In her mind, Jeremy's face was somewhat similar to Marcus“.

The thought startled her. Was she seeing similarities because she spent so much time with Marcus and he was so good to her?

The idea was terrifying. She quickly squashed it, forcing herself not to think nonsense.

After what felt like an eternity, she was about to drift off to sleep. But Marcus was still sitting there motionless, looking out the window. Several times she wanted to ask him what happened, but seeing his face, she couldn't muster the words. Maybe just being there for him was the best comfort she could give.

Time ticked away, into the wee hours. Finally, Marcus's deep voice echoed in her ears, Cornelia."

She sat upright immediately, "President Hartley, I'm here, what's up?"

He stopped gazing into the distance, slowly turned to look at her, "I really want to spend the rest of my life with my wife, and I care about how she sees me, you know?"

Did she stare at him too much and he misinterpreted it as her having feelings for him? She didn't want to lose her job over a misunderstanding. She blurted out, "I know how much you love your wife. I sincerely wish you two harmony forever, till death do you part!"

Her eagerness to express her feelings only deepened his confusion. He insisted, "You do know!"

Something was off about the way he was looking at her, and his tone. If he fired her, how would she pay her mortgage?

The thought of almost twenty grand a month made her panic, "I only love my husband Jeremy. I don't have any inappropriate thoughts about you, please don't misunderstand me."

"You have no inappropriate thoughts about me?" He stared at her, his gaze cold and oppressive, "So many women are after the identity I have and want to be my wife. Why not you? Do you think I'm not good enough for you?"

Even a slight hint of inappropriate thoughts would give him hope, but her eyes told him she had none, not a trace.

Almost a year together, he knew better than anyone. Her feelings towards him was nothing more than respect from a subordinate to a boss. If anything more, it would be fear.

Yes, fear. He saw it in her eyes. She was scared of him.

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He was her lawful husband, but she didn't dig him. She was actually kinda scared of him.

The discovery pissed Marcus off, but mostly, he just felt helpless. What on earth could he do to make her like him, even just a tiny bit?

The way he looked at her freaked her out, like he was about to eat her alive. Cornelia was on the verge of tears, "What can I do to make you trust me? If you don't trust me, I can swear to God. I don't have any inappropriate thoughts about you."

Before Cornelia could finish her vow, Marcus coldly cut her off, "Did I say I don't trust you? Don't swear willy-nilly."

If he did trust her, why was he still giving her those fierce looks? For a moment, she really thought he might eat her alive.

Her fearful gaze was like a needle piercing his heart, a feeling he had never experienced before. Marcus averted his eyes, looking out the window again. The crescent moon was obscured by dark clouds, mirroring his mood, "You should rest."

Cornelia wanted to leave at once, but she was so scared her legs had turned to jelly and she couldn't stand up.

She anxiously asked herself, what should she do? If she didn't get out of there, he might get angry again and she could be in real danger.

Marcus was looking out the window, but out of the corner of his eye, he kept an eye on Cornelia. Seeing she hadn't left immediately, he thought she might want to stay with him a while longer.

This assumption eased Marcus's mood, "If you don't want to leave, you can stay with me a bit longer."

Cornelia was dumbstruck. It wasn't that she didn't want to leave, but she was too scared to

move. But since he had misunderstood, what could she say? If she said she was too frightened to move, he might get angry.

They sat in silence for a long time before Marcus spoke again, "Cornelia, let's talk about Jeremy."

Cornelia didn't want to discuss her personal matters with Marcus, "President Hartley, let's talk about something else."

Marcus asked, "Don't you want to talk about your husband?"

Cornelia hesitated, "What do you want to talk about him?"

Marcus said, "Just tell me your opinion of him."

Cornelia replied, "Jeremy is a good person."

Marcus asked, "Can you elaborate on how he's good?"

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No one asked Cornelia this question before. Cornelia really didn't think about the specific advantages of Jeremy. At this time, she seriously thought about it and still didn't think about the specific advantages of Jeremy.

"Why? You can't even tell your husband's good points?" Marcus lit a cigarette, but he hadn't smoked it yet, and he pressed it out in the

ashtray.

He was always telling himself not to smoke in front of Cornelia and not to leave a bad impression on her.

Cornelia was a little uncomfortable listening to the questioning tone of Marcus. She said, "I don't know how Jeremy treats people outside, but he gives me a good feeling and makes me think he should be a good husband."

He never gave her anything. When she needed help most, he asked her lawyer to divorce her. But she still trusted Jeremy so much.

Just because Jeremy was her registered husband, she thought he was so good without principle, and it was not worth fighting for this little fool all night. "At the beginning, he mistook others for you and even thought you were with another man rolling sheets. He didn't give you a chance to explain, and let the lawyer find you a divorce. Now that you don't even remember what he looks like, are you so sure that he will be a good husband?" Marcus said.

Why was Marcus so clear about what happened between her and Jeremy?

Cornelia

mistakenly thought that Jeremy told everything between them to Marcus, and her face suddenly sank, "President Marcus, you and Jeremy have been friends for many years, and you should know him better than I do."

"It is true that I know him better than you do. You probably don't know what kind of family he has." Without giving Cornelia a chance to speak, Marcus went on to tell the whole story about what he cared about, "His parents betrayed their marriage, and both of them. cheated on each other and had children during their marriage. The blood of the unfaithful couple flowed in his body. Maybe one day the dirty blood in his body is awakened. He will betray your marriage, and he will cheat."

Cornelia became more and more angry. Before Marcus finished, she interrupted him angrily, "Marcus, Jeremy is your friend. Why do you slander your friend like this?"

"You protect him? But is he worthy of your protection?" Marcus laughed coldly, "Jeremy is clearly at home now, but he doesn't even have the courage to meet you. Do you really think such a timid man is worth spending the rest of your life with him?"

Cornelia's eyes were red with anger. She grabbed the glass of water he didn't drink and threw it in his

face, "It was Jeremy who registered to get married with me, not his parents. Jeremy is an independent individual. He has his own thoughts. Does his parents' infidelity have anything to do with him? And he is my husband, this is my private matter and has nothing to do with you. "Please don't mind our business i

n the future. If you dare to denigrate Jeremy again in the future, I will definitely make you prostrate.”

Leaving the malicious words behind, Cornelia raised her head and straightened her chest. She then turned to leave, without looking at Marcus.

The cold liquid slipped from the face of Marcus, rolled between his neck and soaked his shirt. He tugged at the neckline and tore off two buttons on his shirt, which fell to the solid ground and made a crisp sound.

This sound, together with the glass of water that Cornelia spilled, made him awake a lot.

Cornelia was right. Parents and he, they were independent individuals. Why should he worry that Cornelia won't accept him for this reason?

Thinking of Cornelia's anger at protecting Jeremy without principle, the gloom in his heart gradually vanished. He shook his head and laughed.

This laughter was very pleasant to hear in a low voice, but it was like a demon's roar in Cornelia's ear when she just spilled a glass of water with anger, which made her tremble with fear.

It was not enough for Cornelia to go back to her room and lock the door. She also pulled all the movable items in the room and blocked them at the door. She didn't have enough time to run for her life until Marcus wanted to do something to her.

It was true that impulse was the devil. Now calm down, she especially regretted. If he wanted to speak ill of Jeremy in the middle of the night, let him say it. Anyway, Jeremy couldn't hear it, and there wouldn't be a piece of meat.

However, she was in his house now, which had angered him. It was still a trivial matter that he dismissed her and made her have no money to repay the mortgage. If he wanted to kill someone, she would only die.

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Comelia was plastered against the door, holding her breath and listening to the sounds outside. She faintly heard Marcus's footsteps going upstairs. He probably went straight to the third floor, without stopping on the second

He wouldn't give her any trouble, would he?

Comelia wasn't sure. She stuck to the door and listened for a good while. Not hearing any unusual sounds, she finally relaxed.

She clutched her chest and returned to the bed, immediately picking up her phone. So much time had passed, and Jeremy still hadn't replied to her messages.

She thought he must be busy working and didn't have time for her, so she quickly typed a string of words: [Jeremy, can you not tell Marcus everything between us? Why do you even have to tell him about our past misunderstandings and how I can't remember what you look like? I know you guys are tight and you totally trust your buddy, but I think there should be some personal space, you know? Don't just lay everything out there for people to judge.]

Comelia wanted to tell Jeremy straight up, that his trusted friend had been badmouthing him to his wife. But thinking of Marcus kindness to her, she decided not to write him off just because of one mistake.

She sent the long message. This time Jeremy replied quickly: [Cornelia, I'll be back in Riverton soon. Let's meet up.]

Comelia wanted to see him as soon as possible, but she didn't want him to dodge her questions: [Did you read what I just typed? Read it, then talk to me.]

Jeremy: [I can't guarantee that.]

Comelia: What do you mean you can't guarantee? Is it that hard for you not to tell him about us?]

Jeremy: [Even if I don't tell him, he'll know.]

Cornelia immediately thought of a possibility: [Is he spying on you? Why would he spy on you? Do y

ou owe him a lot of money? How much do you owe him? If possible, let's figure out a way to pay him back together.]

Jeremy: [I don't owe him money.]

Cornelia: [Then what do you owe him? Why does he monitor your every move? You need to tell me what's going on.]

Jeremy: [He's not spying on me.]

Cornelia: [Then why would he know about us even if you don't tell him? Do you two have some kind of psychic connection or something?]

Jeremy: [Cornelia.]

He called her name, and Cornelia immediately responded: [Hmm?]

He said again: [Let's not talk about him right

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now. When the time is right, I'll tell you everything. I really want to see you now, let's meet up.]

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Jeremy wasn't willing to explain to her for a reason. Cornelia was okay waiting until he was ready to talk: [When are you coming back to Riverton?]

Jeremy: [Not sure about the exact date, but it should be in the next few days.]

Cornelia: [My boss and I just got back to Riverton and our schedule is packed. We're busy till late night every day, so I might not have time to see you these days. He doesn't have anything planned next weekend, so I should be free. If you are in Riverton then, shall we meet up next weekend?]

Jeremy answered: [Sure!]

Cornelia added: (Jeremy, I have something to tell you.)

Jeremy: [Go ahead.]

[The future life is to be spent with you, your parents' infidelity is their issue. It has nothing to do with you. As long as you are faithful to our marriage, I am willing to spend the rest of my life with you.] After typing these words, Cornelia felt something was off.

Jeremy didn't know that she knew about his parents, bringing it up would only make him feel awkward. So, she deleted some words: [Jeremy, I just want to tell you, as long as you are faithful to our marriage. No matter what happens in the future, I am willing to stick with you.]

No matter what happened in the future, she was willing to stick with him.

Seeing this sentence, Marcus remembered what she said to him not long ago, "Don't be afraid, you have me."

She always touched his soft spot with a tender and firm approach, as if infusing warmth into his heart. She was making him feel a warmth he never had before, and letting him know that not everything has to be borne by him alone. There was someone willing to face

the storm with him.

Marcus slowly raised his hand to cover his chest, he could feel his heart beating fast at this moment, as if it was about to jump out of

his mouth.

He had never experienced such a feeling, he was a bit panicked at first. But soon only a warm and sweet feeling was left, just like a warm spring.

He said: [I understand.]

Cornelia: [Good night!]

Jeremy: [Good night!]

After ending the conversation with Jeremy, Cornelia fell asleep immediately.

But in the bedroom on the third floor, Marcus couldn't sleep at all. Cornelia's words tonight eased some of his worries, but new ones appeared.

Cornelia didn't care about her husband having such disgraceful parents, or the kind of blood flowing in his body. But that didn't mean Cornelia would accept Jeremy and Marcus were the same person.

At work, he always handled things decisively in the shortest time, but when it came to feelings, he had almost no experience and always didn't know how to handle them.

After much thought, Marcus dialed Steven's number. The phone rang for a while before it was answered. Accompanied by Steven's heavy breathing, it was not hard to guess what he was just doing.

Steven said with annoyance, "Oh my God, President Hartley, do you know what time it is? You might not need rest, but other people need to sleep."

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Marcus knew exactly what Steven had been up to. "You don't sound like I just woke you up."

Steven retorted, "I'm not like you, too scared to admit you're married. To you, a bed is just for sleeping. I, on the other hand, have my beautiful wife beside me. Why waste such a lovely night?"

Marcus said, "Well, you carry on, I'll call back in a few minutes."

Steven said, "A few minutes? Can't you give a longer time frame? Don't underestimate me."

Marcus said, "So how long should I wait?"

Steven said. "Just spill it now."

Marcus said, "I'm thinking about coming clean to Cornelia about my identity. But I'm worried she won't accept that Jeremy and I are the same person. Can you give me some advice?"

Before Marcus could finish, Steven rudely interrupted him, "Marc, are you deluded about yourself?"

Marcus was confused, "Huh?"

Steven looked exasperated, "Do you know who you are? You're Marcus, the man steering the Hartley Group, the world's richest man. With your looks and your body, there are plenty of women who'd kill to marry you. Why would you worry about Cornelia not accepting you and Jeremy are the same person?"

Marcus said, "Cornelia is different from other women."

Steven said, "I admit Cornelia is gorgeous, with a great figure, and lots of men like her. But she's a woman just the same. What's so different about her? I guarantee if Cornelia knew you were her husband, she'd be so excited she wouldn't sleep for days."

One line seemed to stick out to Marcus, "Are there a lot of men who like Cornelia?"

Steven said, "You're with her every day, and you're still asking me? Have you forgotten what happened at the Harbor City auction?"

Marcus said, "Cornelia isn't interested in those kinds of guys. I'm asking you, how can I make Cornelia accept that I am Jeremy?"

Steven spoke with conviction, "Marc, trust me, no woman can resist money. If she can, you're not giving her enough."

Marcus was speechless.

Steven continued, "First, buy her a luxurious mansion. Then, some jewelry and handbags she might like. Give her an unlimited credit card to spend freely. If you're still not confident, give her family money and properties. By that point, even if Cornelia doesn't accept you, her family will persuade her to."

Marcus didn't mind spending money on Cornelia, but he had doubts about Steven's method, "Did your wife marry you just for your money?"

Steven confidently replied, "Of course! I was attracted by her youth and beauty, and she was interested in my wealth. We both got what we wanted and quickly ended up together. This kind of marriage is pure and more lasting. I don't worry about her betraying me because I'm her source of income. She doesn't worry about me messing around because she only cares about my wealth."

While saying this, Steven didn't consider Hannah was right next to him. He also didn't notice the weak Hannah, tucked under the covers, slightly trembling and biting her lip.

At this point, Marcus thought only a fool would ask for love advice from a reckless guy like Steven.

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Steven was as reliable as a chocolate teapot, and Xavier, who couldn't even keep his wife around, was even less dependable.

Marcus was left with no choice but to think of Lucas, but their marital situations were as different as night and day.

Lucas and Rosie were pals since diaper days, their families had them betrothed from an early age. So they simply tied the knot when they came of age

After much thought, Marcus's only option was his one and only female friend, Sallie. Girls knew girls better after all.

He gave Sallie a ring, and her response was no better than Steven's, "President Hartley, aren't you supposed to be spooning your wife at this hour? Why are you calling me?"

Marcus kept mum.

Sallie said, "Don't tell me Cornelia doesn't know you're her hubby?"

Marcus muttered, "Hmm."

Sallie sighed, "Spill the beans, what do you need my help with this time?"

Marcus, with all the seriousness, asked the question he hated the most, "Why did you have the hots for me back then? What about me tickled your fancy?"

Sallie rolled her eyes, "You turned me down, now you want me to help you woo your wife. I can swallow that. But now you even want to know why I liked you, are you treating me like I'm chopped liver?"

Facing Sallie's barrage, Marcus calmly dropped a bomb, "I just need a confidence boost."

"You're the big cheese of the Hartley Group, and you're telling me you lack confidence? Who would buy that?" Sallie was fuming, but then a thought struck her, "Marc, do you really have a thing for Cornelia?"

Marcus said, "She is my wife."

Sallie said, "Are you in denial about your feelings for her? Or do you not understand what it's like to be head over heels?"

Sallie met Marcus in their freshman year, she was smitten with him throughout college. She spent four years getting to know everything about Marcus, his likes and dislikes.

During college, Marcus had a lot of admirers, but he wouldn't give them the time of day. She managed to get closer to Marcus because she was smarter than the other girls.

At first, she played it cool, not fawning over Marcus like the other girls. She acted like one of the guys, got chummy with his friends first. She then used them to get close to Marcus. Once they got familiar, she started handling love letters from other girls for him, helping him fend off his admirers. With this role, she became his friend, which gave her the chance to confess her feelings to him.

Of course, her confession ended up just like the others. Even as a long-time friend, Marcus flatly rejected her without batting an eye.

She still remembered how beautiful the weather was that day, the sun in River ton exceptionally bright. After dealing with a pile of love letters for him as usual, she casually asked, "Marc, how do you think I stack up against these girls who are after you?"

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He said, "You're one of a kind. What's the point of comparing yourself with others?"

His response made her happy, she thought she was special in his eyes. So she gathered her courage and confessed to him, "Marc, I like you. Will you be with me?"

Her heart was pounding, but he didn't even look up, "I'm still young, not planning to date. If you want to try out dating, go find someone else. Steven's a good choice. He doesn't have a girlfriend. You can ask him if he wants to be with you."

His words hurt more than a direct rejection, but she wouldn't give up, "But I like you, I only want to be with you. I hope you can be my boyfriend."

He said, "I have no feelings for you."

She expected this answer, but when she heard it from his mouth, her heart went cold, as if the world collapsed in that moment.

She sat dejectedly in the seat in front of him, almost screaming at him, "If you don't like me, can you tell me what kind of girl you do like? What type of girl can catch your attention?"

Finally, he looked up, his cold gaze fell on her. Perhaps it was the first time he saw her so emotional. He frowned, and his tone turned cold, "Are you still Sallie?"

He meant that she was acting like those crazy girls chasing him, which was annoying.

She struggled to control her emotions, "Then can you tell me, what kind of girl would you like?"

He said, "I will never fall for any girl in my life."

He was so certain that she believed him, until he came to her, saying he wanted to give a dress to his wife.

Now, even though she decided not to worry about a man who didn't love her, thinking of his indifference on the day she confessed still hurt.

Sallie smiled, "Marc, considering you rarely fall for a girl, I'll help you one more time. I'm sure you're in love with Cornelia, otherwise you wouldn't care so much whether she accepts you."

Marcus said, "Cornelia is my wife. I should love her, and I can only love her."

For twenty-eight years, he never liked a girl. He didn't know what it felt like to like a girl. But he didn't mind liking Cornelia, because she was his wife.

Sallie understood him and didn't argue. One day he would understand his feelings, and she also hoped that he could be happy.

She said, "Okay, let's not talk about your feelings for Cornelia now. Why are you calling me so late, what's up?"

Marcus brought up his concern again, "I plan to reveal my real identity to her, but I'm worried she can't accept that Jeremy is Marcus. I feel she doesn't like Marcus."

Sallie snapped her fingers, "Marc, I have a way to help you test Cornelia's real feelings for Marcus. Only by understanding Cornelia's true feelings about your identity as Marcus, can you make better decisions."

Marcus asked, "What's the method?"

Sallie replied, "You sleep with me."

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