

In A Flash 171

Chapter 171

“Alright, Millie. Stop causing a scene.” Kimberly stopped Millie, frowning.

“Kimberly, she’s looking down on us. How can you stand that?” Millie said with displeasure.

Kimberly stared at Millie impatiently, embarrassed by how short-tempered she

was.

She knew just how to fix the situation.

She turned and looked at the staff in contempt. “I’m the VIP of this mall. Do you know what would happen to you if I made a phone call? You should act like a proper saleswoman. Don’t think too highly of yourself just because you are selling stuff here!”

“Yeah, know your place,” Millie added.

Tears welled in the staff’s eyes.

The commotion was too loud and it caught Linda’s attention as well. She turned and looked over.

Surprised, she said, “Aurelia, aren’t those people from your office? Millie was defending you not long ago. Why has she changed so much?”

Aurelia sighed. “I don’t know.”

Linda had seen her fair share of drama and immediately sensed what happened from all the brand-named products Millie was wearing.

“Money corrupts people. You can’t help her,” she said.

Aurelia nodded with resignation.

Linda didn’t want those people to affect Aurelia’s mood and shot a look at the manager.

The manager nodded and walked over.

“Ladies, I apologize. If you are eager to try on the dresses, I can arrange for the staff to assist you. However, the fabrics are delicate, so I hope you’ll handle them with care. Any damages will be compensated according to the full price,” the manager said.

Upon realizing the person speaking was the manager, Kimberly laughed at the staff in disdain. “How considerate of the manager to welcome valued guests.” After her comment, Kimberly, Millie, and the other colleagues exchanged

knowing glances.

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The staff looked pitifully at the manager, who merely nodded. “They can try on whatever they like. Before that, please inspect the dresses carefully. We wouldn’t want any damage to Mulan’s reputation.”

The staff quickly understood the situation and promptly responded, “Yes, Sir.”

Soon, Kimberly led Millie and the others to pick out clothes. They didn’t choose the inexpensive ones and they insisted on the expensive ones instead. Several of which were large, hand-embroidered gowns costing tens of thousands.

They tried on one, then another.

During the process, the manager and staff stood nearby, eager to serve.

After trying on enough outfits, Kimberly and Millie carelessly bundled the clothes together and handed them to the staff.

Pointing at a red dress, Kimberly said, "I'll take this one."

Looking at Kimberly with envy, one of the colleagues said, "Kimberly, this dress costs over eight thousand. Are you really going to buy it?"

"It's just a bit over eight thousand. This

is obviously handmade and custom

-tailored. There are even hand embroidery and diamonds. It's not expensive."

Satisfied with the red dress, Kimberl

imagined herself becoming the center of attention when wearing it. She was sure she would look much better than Aurelia.

However, the staff informed her, "Miss, this dress is not in stock. It will take our embroiderer a month to finish it. If you like it, you can pay a deposit now."

"A month? I'll take the one you have now." Kimberly frowned.

"That particular one has already Kimberly f

"the staff explained.

“Who reserved it?”

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reserved. We currently have no other stock, reserved. We currently have no other stock,

“I’m sorry, but we cannot disclose our clients’ information.

Staring at the dress, Kimberly felt reluctant to give up. When she recalled Aurelia flaunting her Mulan dress, she simply couldn’t it pass.

“Are there any dresses that don’t require waiting?”

“Yes.” The staff brought a more expensive gown for Kimberly.

“I’ll take this one.”

“That will be 17,829 dollars, thank you.”

“What did you say?” Kimberly was shocked.

“Miss, this dress is from our haute couture section. Usually, only members can purchase it. I see that you have an outstanding temperament and would be a perfect fit for this dress. So, I got the manager’s approval to sell it to you. If you find it too expensive, we can look at other options.”

The staff looked sincerely at Kimberly.

Kimberly pursed her lips. Not wanting to embarrass herself in front of her colleagues, she forced a smile.

“I’ll pay by credit card.”

“Alright, I’ll pack it for you.”

The staff took the dress to wrap it. Millie felt jealous and grumbled while adjusting her belt, “One day, I’ll have Jackson take me shopping too.”

Kimberly chuckled inwardly.

Jackson would at most buy her some trinkets. It seemed like Millie had really overestimated herself.

After paying, Kimberly and her group prepared to leave, but the manager stepped forward to stop them.

pause

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“Wait, there are a few items that haven’t been paid for.”

“I’m only taking this one,” Kimberly said in confusion.

“These items were damaged after you tried them on.” With that, the manager presented three dresses in front of everyone.

One had pearls ripped off, and the others started falling as well. However, someone intentionally hid the damage by bundling the dress together.

Another dress had a torn waist, an evident result of force.

The last one was missing a diamond, with no way to find it now.

With the evidence laid out, the manager spoke sternly, "I warned you earlier. Our fabrics and jewelry are precious, but you insisted on trying them on. Moreover, you promised to compensate for any damages at the full price. After calculating, it's a total of 23,512 dollars. We will round it down to twenty-three thousand for you."

Hearing the amount, Kimberly and her companions were dumbfounded.

Their colleagues were so frightened that their voices trembled.

"It... It wasn't us trying them on. We knew this place was expensive, so we deliberately chose dresses without any embroidery or jewelry."

"Yes, yes. These two were the ones who tried them on." The colleagues pointed at Kimberly and Millie.

Millie turned pale and was unable to utter a word.

Not wanting to be embarrassed in public, Kimberly glanced at her colleagues and pointed to the dress missing a diamond. "I tried this one. Maybe I wasn't careful enough. It's just a dress, so I can afford it."

"Alright, please swipe your card again for six thousand dollars. We'll have our staff check the fitting room for the missing diamond. If it can be repaired, our company will do so free of charge." The manager maintained a polite smile.

"Okay." Kimberly nodded and reluctantly handed over her credit card. She had thought that such a small diamond missing wouldn't be noticed, but the staff was thorough.

However, Millie wasn't as fortunate.

Even with Kimberly's dress taken off the bill, she still owed over ten thousand.

"

She had only used her credit card to buy seven-thousand-dollar decorations for Jackson.

She couldn't possibly have that much money.

She gritted her teeth. "These dresses are just too fragile. What does it have to do with me?"

"Miss, our staff already warned you that the fabric is delicate and that you shouldn't try it on. Yet you insisted on trying them on, which leads us to this situation. We've always been transparent about our pricing, and no one has ever complained about the quality of our clothes."

Regardless of the prices of the dress, everyone knew that you shouldn't forcefully try them on. However, when Millie tried on these two dresses, she did so with force.

It was her insistence that led to this situation.

"Just wait for my boyfriend to deal with you." She picked up her phone to call Jackson, but he didn't answer.

Finally starting to panic, she looked at Kimberly. "Kimberly, can you lend me some money? I'll have Jackson pay you back."

At this moment, a staff member interrupted, "Ms. Watson, I'm sorry, but card has been declined."

Kimberly paled. "That's impossible! I..."

Then, she remembered her uncle's warning. If she spent recklessly again, he would stop her card.

The manager looked at them. "Who is going to pay, then?"

Millie glanced at the other two colleagues with resignation. "Can you two..."

“Millie, you know how much we make. We don’t have the money.”

“Yeah, my mom just called and told me to go home, so I’ll be leaving now.”

With that, the two found excuses to leave.

Millie stood still, drenched in sweat.

Aurelia watched the scene, feeling conflicted.

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“Aurelia, the clothes are here. Let’s go.” Linda’s voice brought her back to reality.

Aurelia looked away and nodded. “Sure.”

With that, she left through the side door linking arms with Linda.

Millie was an adult and she needed to be responsible for her own actions.

At night, Aurelia found out how the matter was settled by other colleagues. Kimberly and Millie were not allowed to leave until they paid.

No one knew where they got the money.

Someone in the group chat had a relative working for Kimberly’s uncle, and they mentioned that his business was already under the impact of what Kimberly did. Hence, her uncle would say that he was not close with Kimberly whenever her name was brought up.

Just as everyone started to doubt if Kimberly was truly a wealthy young lady as she claimed, Kimberly spoke up.

“Those who are coming to join our meal, remember to come. Just tell the waiter my boyfriend’s name when you arrive.”

“Oh, by the way, this is my boyfriend’s business card.”

The card belonged to Howard Carn from Sunlit Legal Agency.

Aurelia was instantly confused.

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Howard Carn?

Did Leslie have another name?

Aurelia glanced in shock at Leslie, who was staring at his iPad.

He took a sip of his water without lifting his gaze. “What are you looking at?”

“Mr. Synder, do you have another name?” Aurelia asked gingerly.

He frowned. “Do you need me to show you my passport?”

“No need. Are you really going to eat with me tomorrow?” she asked.

“You don’t want to go?”

“That’s not it.” She shook her head and suddenly recalled something. “Your mom said that you’ve never been on a date with a woman before. Is that true?”

Compared to the man Kimberly was talking about, this was more interesting to Aurelia.

Leslie paused midway from drinking and almost spilled his glass of water.

He set the glass aside and narrowed his eyes. “Don’t you have anything better to do?”

She stared at his expression in shock. “So it’s true?”

Leslie stood up with his iPad. “This is stupid. I’m going to bed.”

She covered her mouth to hide her smile, only to freeze in the next moment.

This was the most relaxed she had felt since her mother fell ill.

She couldn’t help but be at ease whenever she was around Leslie.

Though Leslie appeared cold and distant, he was able to give Aurelia a strong sense of security that she had never felt with Seth.

Her cheeks flushed at the thought.

If what Linda said was true, she would be the first woman Leslie ever went on a date with.

As she was thinking, a notification from her phone interrupted Aurelia’s thoughts.

She opened WhatsApp and found a message from Millie.

“Aurelia, can you lend me some money?”

Aurelia paused for a moment.

Though she was momentarily taken aback, she wasn't surprised.

Millie had just spent seven thousand on her boyfriend's decorations and over fourteen thousand on clothes.

The sum was worth two years of her salary.

She also lived paycheck to paycheck and sometimes had to rely on her parents for living expenses.

She couldn't possibly have that much money.

Aurelia hesitated for a while.

Initially, she didn't want to get involved.

However, as she put down her phone, she thought about the time she had spent with Millie.

Memories of them eating together, sharing interesting stories, and going shopping.

Aurelia had no other friends, so Millie's liveliness had brought her a lot of comfort.

Thinking about their past, Aurelia decided to transfer a hundred dollars from her remaining living expense of the month to Millie.

“Millie, don’t force yourself if you can’t fit into that circle.” She attached a message.

The screen showed that Millie had received the payment, but she didn’t respond to Aurelia’s text.

Sighing, Aurelia assumed that Millie was simply too proud to reply.

She put down her phone and went to take a shower.

After returning to the room, Aurelia picked up her phone as she laid down on her bed.

She noticed Millie had just updated her social media status.

“Treating my boyfriend to his favorite midnight snack.”

The caption was accompanied by a photo of a large box of macarons.

Aurelia completely lost hope in Millie when she read a comment from a colleague under the post.

“That probably cost close to a hundred. You’re so rich.”

“It’s nothing, really.” Millie wrote.

Aurelia stared at Millie’s reply for a whole minute.

She felt a complicated mix of emotions.

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She couldn't understand how the girl she recently shared takeout with managed to change so much.

Aurelia reluctantly put her phone down and walked out of the room to get a glass of water.

Absent-mindedly, she dropped the glass on the floor.

Hearing a loud sound, Leslie walked out of the room. "What happened?"

"Sorry, I was careless. I'll clean it up right away."

Aurelia turned to find a mop.

"Stay there," Leslie said in a cold tone.

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

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Aurelia thought he was mad and stood still.

She didn't expect Leslie to walk over with a vacuum cleaner.

He started vacuuming the glass shards around her.

“Come here,” Leslie commanded.

“Okay.”

Aurelia tiptoed to try to avoid the water stains on the floor. However, her feet were still moist from taking a shower and she slipped.

Her body fell forward and she yelled, “Ah!”

She instinctively reached out to grab something and accidentally pulled Leslie’s robe open.

Her fingers slid down Leslie’s chest, leaving three red marks from his chest to the waist.

Aurelia was frightened, and her hands trembled.

“Mr. Synder, are you okay? Let me wipe it for you.”

She reached out to check if there were any visible injuries and her fingers trailed down Leslie’s chest.

When her fingertips passed Leslie’s abdomen, she felt Leslie’s breath hitch and the muscles in his abdomen tighten.

It was then she finally realized what she was doing

Before she could react, Leslie grabbed her wrist and pulled her up.

“Stop touching!”

“No, no, I was just...checking the wound.”

Aurelia explained nervously and realized how guilty she sounded,

She lowered her eyes and sneakily glanced at Leslie's figure.

"Do you want to take a closer look?" Leslie said in a deep voice.

"Huh? No, I've seen enough. I mean..." Aurelia stammered.

She decided to shut her mouth.

Leslie calmly tied his loosened robe and poured Aurelia a glass of water.

"What happened?"

"Nothing." Aurelia lowered her head, not wanting to bother Leslie with her own affairs.

"Hm?" Leslie's voice was commanding.

Aurelia looked at Leslie and felt an odd sense of security. She decided to tell him about Millie.

Leslie sat across from her and said calmly, "You can be really stupid sometimes."

Aurelia was speechless.

How does one even respond to that?

"Do you really think she cares about your money?" he continued

Bewildered, she asked, "Why did she ask me for money if it's not money she wants?"

"She's testing you to see if you still care about her. If you're willing to lend her money, she'd think that you're still as easily manipulated as you were before. Perhaps that means you still have value to her."

Value?

Aurelia's face paled.

She took a sip of water to conceal the bitterness she felt.

She and Millie hit it off right away. They used to talk about everything, yet their friendship had boiled down to nothing but values and gains.

Leslie frowned at the depressed look on her face.

Taking a moment to think, he said, "Do you owe her anything?"

"No." Aurelia shook her head in confusion, not knowing why he was asking such a question.

"Then why are you upset? She is having a blast with her boyfriend now, right? Do you regret lending her money?"

"What kind of logic is that?" she wondered. "Wait."

She thought about what he said for a bit and realized something.

"Mr. Synder, were you perhaps trying to comfort me?" she asked gingerly.

He nodded seriously. "What else do you think I'm doing?"

She looked at him in shock.

Once she confirmed that he was serious, all her negative feelings faded and she let out some laughter.

Leslie's expression darkened. "Why are you laughing? Did I say something wrong?"

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Aurelia nodded in agreement with Leslie.

"Yeah, you are right. She doesn't care about me, so why should I care about her? The hundred dollars was my living allowance for next month though. So that's a shame," she said.

He glanced at her and impatiently took out his phone. He tapped on it and stood.

"If you have time to think about her, you might as well spend it thinking about what you want to eat tomorrow."

"Oh, right. Where are we going tomorrow?"

"The Blue Train. You can search it up online. I'm going to bed." Leslie returned to his room expressionlessly.

"The Blue Train?" Aurelia repeated. "I haven't heard of it before. Let me look it up."

She tried finding her phone only to remember that she left her phone on the bed.

She quickly drank her water and washed the glass.

She returned to her room in a good mood.

Just as she was about to pick up her phone, she noticed that there was a notification from Leslie a few minutes

ago.

They were supposed to be chatting at the time, so why didn't he say anything if he had something to say?

She unlocked her phone and saw that she received a transaction of 1400 dollars.

Her eyes widened.

"Mr. Synder, have you sent your money to the wrong account?" She sent a message.

"No. Keep it. I don't want you starving to death," he replied.

Aurelia realized that this was Leslie's way of compensating the hundred dollars she lost to Millie.

"I'm going to sleep now." Leslie sent another message.

"Thank you, Mr. Synder."

"Yeah."

The conversation ended there.

Aurelia didn't play coy and accepted the transaction.

However, she had no intention of claiming the entire 1400 dollars for herself.

She transferred one thousand to Leslie's savings account, considering it as savings for the month.

With four hundred remaining, they could enjoy several wonderful meals with steaks until the next payday.

Perhaps even indulging in a few other treats.

Having completed the transaction, Aurelia turned off her phone and closed her eyes in contentment.

However, the thought of going out for dinner alone with Leslie the next day caused her to open her eyes and she struggled to fall asleep.

It was Leslie's first time dining out with a woman.

In truth, it wasn't much different for her.

When she went out for meals with Seth, they always opted for fast food, or something convenient.

They often finished their meal within fifteen minutes while wearing office attire.

Suddenly, she was tasked with having a proper meal with a man, and she had no idea how to prepare for it.

“Oh right, I need to put on makeup,” she thought.

Aurelia sat up abruptly and grabbed her makeup bag.

Combining all the samples she had, she could barely put together a full makeup look.

She picked up the only lipstick she had and frowned. “Does this even match my outfit?”

She forgot to check the clothes after Linda brought them for her.

Aurelia turned around and took out the box from the wardrobe.

She opened it and tore off the seal with an orchid sticker.

A red long dress was revealed.

Wasn't this the one Kimberly had set her eyes

on?

The dress had a cut that suited her body perfectly, with a cinched waist creating a

good proportion.

The umbrella skirt was embroidered with clusters of orchids that sparkled under the light.

Upon closer inspection, one would discover that the flower petals were covered in tiny diamonds, each with a different shape that glowed in a vivid halo.

It was no wonder Kimberly smitten at first sight.

Any woman would fall in love with such a modest yet stunning dress.

Aurelia put it on excitedly and looked at herself in the mirror.

For some reason, the thought of going out with Leslie while dressed like this made her cheeks even warmer.

“Calm down, calm down. It’s just a meal.”

Aurelia took off the dress and went to sleep, content.

In another bedroom, Leslie had just closed his eyes when his phone vibrated.

“Your card number 2977 received a deposit of 1,000 dollars on June 4th at 22:10 ...

Leslie was taken aback.

Aurelia had actually deposited most of the money into his savings account.

She wasn’t joking when she said she wanted to help him save money.

He put down his phone and touched his forehead.

The area from his chest to his lower abdomen where Aurelia had scratched felt

warm somehow.

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Leslie tried to close his eyes.

After a few seconds, he furrowed his brows and lifted his blanket.

He then got out of bed and headed to the bathroom.

Soon, the sound of water running echoed from the bathroom,

The next morning, Aurelia opened her eyes and picked up her phone.

She noticed a message from Leslie. "Something came up at the company. See you at the restaurant at noon."

"Alright," she replied.

She didn't need to prepare breakfast or lunch, so Aurelia stayed in bed until ten.

After getting up, she started to dress herself.

She didn't know how to put on makeup, so she just applied a bit of foundation and lipstick.

But when she looked at herself in the mirror, she was shocked.

A fair-skinned, striking beauty stared back at her through the reflection.

Colleagues used to describe her as mature and reliable, which also meant she was rather old-fashioned.

Now, she realized that she wouldn't lose to anyone else.

She smiled at herself in the mirror, then turned and left the room.

Aurelia took a taxi to the restaurant called the Blue Train.

Taking in the exterior decorations, she was taken aback.

It was a luxurious European style restaurant.

She wondered to herself if she could afford to eat here.

Regardless, she had promised Leslie to treat him, so she could only bite the bullet and went in.

"Miss, do you have a reservation?"

"It's under Mr. Synder," Aurelia said.

The waiter tapped on a screen, looked at Aurelia, then looked at the name on the

Meanwhile, Aurelia cautiously took her seat.

Well-dressed gentlemen around her greeted her with polite smiles, and she responded graciously.

She took out her phone to ask Leslie where he was. However, before she could finish typing, someone approached her.

"Aurelia? Is it really you?"

Millie only believed it was Aurelia when she saw her face up close.

Wasn't she supposed to be out with her husband for a casual meal?

Aurelia was slightly surprised to see Millie.

Her surprise lessened when she turned and saw Kimberly along with some colleagues.

Aurelia nodded. "Yes, what a coincidence."

Millie glanced at the people in the VIP section.

Each one of them were successful figures in high society.

What made her even more uncomfortable was how Aurelia fitted in perfectly.

Just half a month ago, they were sharing the same takeout meal.

She raised her voice and said, "Aurelia, it's your first time here so you might not know this is the VIP section. The minimum spending in this area is different. You should leave quickly, or you might not have enough money to pay the bill later."

The crowd turned their gazes to them.

Aurelia didn't care for a friendly conversation. She no longer considered Millie her friend.

"The waiter brought me in. He has the information concerning all appointments. Do you really think he would bring me to the wrong seat? You of all people should know better who can't afford to dine here."

“Why you...Aurelia, I’m just saying this for your own good. Know your place. Don’t make us donate money to you. This isn’t the first time,” Millie said.

Millie was talking about the time when Kimberly initiated a donation to Aurelia.

However, Aurelia found an excuse to return all the money soon after that.

She had forgotten about it and didn’t expect Millie to use this against her.

“What’s wrong? Did you not receive the refund I made? I can call the bank and ask about it right now.”

Millie’s expression darkened and she gritted out, “Alright, then. Sit here if that’s what you want. Let’s hope you don’t get kicked out.”

“Don’t worry. Do remember to return that hundred dollars you borrowed, though. After all, I’m someone who needs donations.”

Millie tensed and left in defeat as the crowd watched her.

Aurelia had never felt better. Confronting people not worthy of her kindness didn’t seem so bad after all.

She finally stopped blaming herself and started ignoring what others thought.

It was liberating.

She lowered her head and continued to text Leslie. “Have you arrived?”

"I'm parking the car," he replied.

Chapter 177

It was Aurelia!

Kimberly watched as the attention of the entire restaurant shifted,

The glass in her hand crashed onto the table, leaving large stains on her dress.

But Kimberly didn't even notice. She kept staring at Aurelia.

Aurelia was wearing a dress that she had set her eyes on.

A red spaghetti strap gown that clung to the body.

Aurelia's hair was tied into a bun with a few strands of hair casually hanging down, giving her a delicate and charming look.

With each step, the hem of her dress shimmered.

Aurelia didn't walk towards the common area where Kimberly was.

She was being escorted by a waiter into the VIP section, right next to where the band was playing.

That area was reserved for those with power and influence. No ordinary person could enter.

“Is that...Is that Aurelia?” A colleague stuttered in amazement.

“No way! It must be a look-a-like,” Millie retorted enviously, her eyes fixed on Aurelia.

All her colleagues paid her no attention and continued to look admiringly at Aurelia.

“I never thought Aurelia would be so stunning in private. Her temperament and looks make her look like a noble lady.”

Hearing this, Kimberly clenched her teeth. Her freshly done nails dug into her palms.

She tried to maintain composure as she looked at Millie.

“Millie, you’re closest to Aurelia. Go remind her that she can’t just sit anywhere in this sort of establishment. She wouldn’t want to embarrass herself when the bill comes.”

The colleagues nodded in agreement.

Millie immediately stood up and walked towards the VIP section.

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“I’m parking the car,” he replied.

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“Alright,” Aurelia replied back.

Millie’s expression darkened as she mumbled, “Let’s ignore her and wait for her to make a fool of herself.”

Kimberly could tell from Millie’s expression that Aurelia was not at the wrong seat.

Who gave her the right to sit there? Was it her husband?

That couldn’t be.

Her husband was supposed to be an ordinary salaryman who was still paying his mortgage.

Kimberly assumed it was her husband’s foolish effort to appear rich.

There were plenty of men like that and Aurelia would suffer in the end.

“Aurelia’s dress is so pretty though. I think it’s from Mulan as well,” a colleague murmured.

“It’s a fake. That dress has a wait-time of one month. She couldn’t possibly get her hands on it.”

The colleague sighed. “Why has she become this way? Wearing a fake dress to a high-end restaurant to act rich.”

Millie sneered. "Out of jealousy, I'm guessing."

They all nodded and changed the subject.

"Kimberly, I skipped breakfast for this meal. Why hasn't your boyfriend arrived yet?"

Kimberly glanced at her watch.

She told Jackson to book a table at noon, which was a few minutes away.

"Soon. Lawyers are punctual. I'm sure he's stuck parking his car."

"You should all remember not to embarrass Kimberly. Don't act like you've never been to places like this," Millie reminded everyone.

"You talk as though you've been to this sort of place." One of the colleagues glanced at her mockingly.

Just then, another colleague that was watching the entrance of the restaurant eagerly pinched the arm of the person next to her.

"He's here! He's here! He looks a hundred thousand times more handsome than in the pictures."

The waiter opened the door, and Leslie walked in wearing a black suit.

With a tall figure and dazzling features, his nobility and demeanor stood out.

Even someone like Kimberly, who had seen her fair share of handsome men and beautiful women, was momentarily stunned.

Millie and the other colleagues turned to Kimberly with smiles on their faces.

“Kimberly, your boyfriend is here. Hurry up.”

Kimberly curled her lips and slowly stood up, preparing to leave a good impression on him.

“Mr-“Before she could finish her sentence, Kimberly paled.

Without even glancing at their table, Leslie walked straight to where Aurelia was sitting.

Aurelia heard his voice, looked up, and gave him a smile.

Kimberly’s mind went blank as she stared blankly at the table where Aurelia sat.

It wasn’t until whispers from her colleagues reached her ears that she snapped out of it.

“What’s going on? Isn’t he Kimberly’s boyfriend? Why is he so close to Aurelia?”

“I’m confused now. Whose boyfriend is this guy?”

“Isn’t Aurelia supposed to dine with her husband today? Could that be...her husband?”

Just as everyone hesitated, a deep voice spoke.

“Kimberly, sorry to keep you waiting.”

Everyone was shocked. The man in front of them was around 1.75 meters tall, and he definitely weighed around two hundred pounds.

He smiled amiably.

Kimberly was stunned, "Who, who are you?"

The man frowned.

"I'm Howard Carn. Didn't you ask Jackson to arrange a meeting between us? You said you wanted to get to know me. Looking at you now, I wouldn't mind that."

Everyone was silent.

Chapter 179

Kimberly stared at the man before her and instantly lost all her composure.

As the man tried to approach her, she recoiled with disgust.

"Get away! Just get lost!"

"What do you mean? You invite me and then tell me to leave? Who do you think you are? Do you think you deserve respect because of your uncle?"

The man's voice wasn't loud, but it was audible enough to instantly attract the attention of those around them.

Even Leslie and Aurelia heard the commotion.

The two observed the scene from a distance.

Puzzled, Aurelia asked, "Huh? Who is this man?"

Leslie glanced at the man and said, "He's the son of the owner of the law firm upstairs of our company. He just returned to the country not long ago."

After hearing this, Aurelia realized what had happened and couldn't help but burst into laughter.

It turned out Kimberly made a mistake.

She was wondering why Kimberly would invite her colleagues out for a meal when she couldn't locate her so-called boyfriend.

Her laughter was noticed by Kimberly.

Kimberly's face changed color in anger.

As she kept moving back, she bumped into the table next to her.

She fell to the ground and a large bottle of red wine spilled on her.

Her dress that was worth a few tens of thousand instantly turned into useless garbage.

Howard attempted to be a gentleman and extended his hand to help, but Kimberly shouted, "Go away! You ugly freak!"

Then, she crawled up pitifully from the ground and ran away, leaving Millie and the other colleagues behind to stand awkwardly.

They wanted to leave as well, but the appetizers had already been served. So they would have to foot the bill.

In a restaurant with an average cost of three hundred per person, even the appetizers were shockingly expensive to them.

With no choice, they could only turn to Howard helplessly.

Howard's expression darkened.

After adjusting his clothes slightly, he told the waiter, "I don't know them."

With that, Howard left.

Millie and her colleagues stiffened and immediately turned their gaze to Aurelia.

Aurelia pretended not to know them and turned her head, before moving to sip on her water in one smooth motion.

Across the table, Leslie asked, "Aren't you going to explain to me?"

Aurelia smiled. "Do you remember when we reported Seth to the police a while back?"

Leslie recalled for a moment and nodded.

"Photos of you were taken, and Kimberly said you were her suitor. She has many suitors so usually it would've just been a normal topic of conversation.

“However, you looked so exceptional that you became the talk of the entire group until now. So, everyone urged Kimberly to have you treat them to dinner. Kimberly agreed for the sake of her pride.

“I don’t know how she mistook you for Howard, though. I simply thought she had changed her target. Who would’ve thought that we all happened to dine in the same restaurant today?”

Aurelia explained the whole story.

Leslie furrowed his brows.

Since the reservation was booked by him, it was unlikely that Aurelia was using this opportunity to provoke her colleagues.

Hence, it seemed to be just a coincidence.

However...

Leslie’s tone dropped, and his expression gradually darkened.

“You saw the photos they sent of me, why didn’t you say that I’m your husband? Instead, you

continued to let them fool around? Are you that embarrassed of me? Do you not want others to know?

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Aurelia wasn’t offended at what Leslie said.

She had heard from Linda why Leslie disliked women. Hence, his skepticism was expected.

“No. I told everyone that I was married, but they never believed me. You didn’t look like you wanted others to find out either, so I didn’t say anything.

“I didn’t know things would escalate to this point. I was just added into the building group and by then, Kimberly had already said her piece.”

Leslie’s furrowed brows eased and he raised an eyebrow, “You’re quite talkative now,”

Aurelia felt like she was being mocked, but she wasn’t sure.

Just then, the waiter handed them the menu and Leslie passed it to Aurelia first.

“Take a look and see what you want.”

“Sure.”

As soon as Aurelia opened the menu, she sensed a malicious gaze landing on her.

She turned around and met Millie’s eyes.

The group whined while they paid, before being escorted out.

Aurelia didn’t bother with them and returned her attention back to the menu,

However, she couldn’t help kicking at Leslie when she saw the price of the dishes.

Leslie initially thought that it was an accident and paid no mind to it.

But she kicked again and her leg brushed against his calf. Taken aback, he moved his leg away, but her kicks followed.

Chapter 180

“Aurelia, what are you up to?” he warned in a low voice.

Aurelia stopped kicking, then held up the menu and leaned in toward Leslie.

“Mr. Synder, Millie mentioned that this is the VIP section earlier, and the expenses are quite high. I didn’t expect it to be this expensive, though. I don’t think I can afford it.”

“My boss reserved this spot for me, and he even provided a discount coupon. It’s about the same price

as normal restaurants,” Leslie calmly stated.

“Oh, I see. Good,” Aurelia nodded.

“Also, put your feet away,” Leslie reminded her.

“My feet?” Aurelia lowered her head and noticed that the tip of her shoe was unintentionally brushing against Leslie’s leg.

Startled, she hastily pulled her feet back and sat properly.

Realizing that the waiter was observing them, Aurelia ordered a few dishes. Leslie added a few more

orders and returned the menu to the waiter.

After a while, the dishes arrived, and Aurelia glanced at them.

“Is this what they call elegance in simplicity?” she thought.

The dishes came one after another, and each plate was larger than the previous one.

However, the food on the large plates were just enough for a couple of bites.

She wondered if she would have to make pasta once they got home.

When they reached the desserts, the band on stage switched to a dance tune.

Aurelia couldn't quite help the urge to tap her foot a couple of times.

People had already started dancing on the dance floor next to the band, resembling the scene of a high
-class banquet.

Aurelia looked around and clapped involuntarily.

At that moment, a foreign man approached.

“Hello, may I have the honor of inviting you for a dance?”

Aurelia was stunned for a moment and didn't know how to refuse.

Were people nowadays this enthusiastic and bold?

Her husband was sitting across from her, and someone just came up to invite her to dance.

Although, thinking about it, this was probably just a normal ballroom dance and not an intimate gesture for foreigners.

Aurelia was just pondering how to respond when Leslie's expression darkened.

A cold gleam appeared in his eyes as he spoke up, "No."

Before the foreign man could say anything else, Leslie stood up and pulled Aurelia along with him.

"Let's go."

"Where to?" Aurelia asked.

"Weren't you thinking of dancing?"

Leslie led Aurelia to the dance floor.

Aurelia was dazed for a moment, only returning to her senses when Leslie's hand encircled her waist, and she quickly caught up with the dance steps.

"You know how to dance?" Leslie was slightly shocked.

Aurelia smiled.

"I once organized an event for a dancing crew and they taught me a few things. I only know this much though."

He studied the smile on her face and said, "It looks like what happened earlier didn't affect you."

“Yeah. I think you are right. I don’t want to waste my time and energy on people that aren’t important to me.”

“Who is important to you, then?” he asked.

“My mom, Aunt Linda, and...”

She glanced at him and pursed her lips.

Worried of saying the wrong thing, she lowered her gaze.

She could hear her heart pounding.

It was a strange feeling.

Leslie knew that his question was slightly out of line, but he desperately wanted to know what Aurelia was about to say.

In the end, he suppress the urge to ask.

The two listened to the music quietly and an unknown feeling blossomed between them.