

In A Flash 221

Chapter 221

Aurelia stared at the unfamiliar contact name on her phone, bewildered.

“Oh right, Ms. Linda said she wanted to use my phone to watch a drama, and that’s probably when it got changed,” she recalled.

The person who helped her in front of the hotel couldn’t unlock her phone.

So, they likely started going through her emergency contacts.

Normally, you would start with one’s parents.

But, her father passed away, and her mother was unconscious, so calling them was definitely futile.

That left only her boyfriend or her husband.

Looking at the word “Husband” on the screen, Aurelia’s face turned crimson.

Seeing her blush, Leslie said casually, “Am I not your husband?”

Aurelia was startled and nodded as she muttered, “Yes.”

Leslie felt a strange sense of relief and carefully handed her a glass of water.

“Have some water.”

“Thank you. Did I not delay your work?” Aurelia asked cautiously.

“We had overtime and plenty of holidays before. It doesn’t matter,” he said.

He adjusted his trousers before sitting down.

His movements were so effortless and graceful, and he appeared incredibly elegant.

She immediately lowered her head to sip on the water and finally regained her composure.

Seeing her complexion improve, Leslie asked, “Why did you faint in front of that hotel?”

Aurelia hesitated whether to tell him.

She didn’t want Leslie to think that she had managed to secure One Technology’s proposal, only to end up in this situation.

However, she remembered Leslie’s advice not to be overly stubborn.

Otherwise, not only would things go wrong, but she would also be in a worse situation.

After a moment of hesitation, she said, “The venue was taken. Kimberly did something. She’s claiming to be sick at home so I can’t prove her involvement in this. Her fiancé seems to be quite wealthy and he booked all my backup venues.”

As she spoke, Aurelia felt a bit aggrieved.

She was just an ordinary person, working hard, and couldn’t understand why these things always happened to her.

Did having money really give them the right to do whatever they wanted?

They casually waved their hands and rendered a month of someone else's efforts in vain.

Doing all of this just to see her beg for mercy.

Why should she comply?

Aurelia looked up at Leslie, tears welling in her eyes.

Leslie stared at those teary eyes and was once again overwhelmed by a feeling he couldn't describe.

He frowned and shoved a piece of tissue paper into her hand.

"Why are you crying? You look weird."

She pouted.

"You sure have an innovative way of comforting people."

Leslie's frown deepened because he had never been good at comforting others.

The only person he had ever tried to comfort was his mother.

His mom used to chuckle at whatever he said, but started covering his mouth later on in his life, saying, "Leslie, when you meet a girl you like, just shut your mouth."

He finally started to understand why she said that.

Seeing as he fell into silence, Aurelia said, "Thank you. I feel much better now, but I still have to look for a venue. I'll let you get back to work now."

Leslie paused, wondering if he was being chased away again.

Aurelia was the only woman who repeatedly pushed him away.

Though it shouldn't be a big deal, he felt weird about it.

"Where are you going?" Leslie asked.

Aurelia didn't intend to lie and showed her phone to him, with a few searches for hotels.

"What do you think of these? Would your boss like it? They aren't big venues, but the event halls look luxurious."

"Most people are adamant that ceremonies should be held in grand hotels to make it look extravagant. But just think about it. Which theme-based shows are actually held in a hotel?" Leslie said.

Aurelia paused.

Chapter 222

For some reason, she felt a little nervous but happy.

"Have I lost my mind because of the heatstroke?" she wondered.

She had been with Seth for three years and they often held hands.

However, apart from when they were just starting out, there had been no ripples of extreme emotions in her relationship with Seth.

She always thought it was normal.

No matter how passionate the love was, it would eventually return to calmness.

A stable and ordinary life was what truly mattered.

But now, she felt like a young girl experiencing her first crush and her palms started to sweat.

Finally reaching the car, she was completely stunned.

A Maybach?

The car looked familiar, but she just couldn't recall where she had seen it.

"Get in." Leslie opened the door.

"This car must be very expensive," she said.

"Yeah."

It wasn't a big deal for Leslie, but for Aurelia, it was indeed an astronomical figure.

Standing at the car door, she looked at the black leather seats and the luxurious shining center console inside, feeling hesitant to get in.

After a moment, she took out a tissue from her bag and spread it on the seat before sitting down.

Leslie didn't understand her actions.

"It's just a car."

"

"I fainted in the flowerbed just now, and I must have dirtied my clothes with grass and mud. It's tough to wash off smashed grass, so I'd rather not soil someone else's car. It'll be difficult for you as

well later."

Leslie looked at her without saying anything else.

After the car started, Aurelia observed everything inside.

"Do you like it?" Leslie asked.

"Who wouldn't? This is my first time in a luxury car, and it does look pretty," she replied truthfully.

"Do you want one?" Leslie asked again.

"No, it's unnecessary. Some things aren't meant for us so appreciating its beauty is enough. It's not

worth going bankrupt just to buy a car. Actually, your car is nice. It's convenient and durable. You don't need to care about what some people say."

Aurelia assumed that Leslie was asking this question because he was embarrassed by Jackson's insult with the Porsche incident.

Leslie was left stunned by her words.

Aurelia was down-to-earth. Even though she liked something, she didn't insist on having it.

Most people in the world were simple and ordinary that way.

Those who chase after vanity at the expense of everything else often lose themselves.

Chapter 223

Leslie continued driving, and Aurelia's topic shifted from the luxury car to their destination.

Forty minutes later, they arrived at a small exhibition hall housed in an old factory building.

Inside, it showcased the development history of Seacester over the years.

Aurelia recognized the place because the previous owner, who used to run a factory, had approached them for a promotional event.

However, due to the low budget, no one in the company wanted to take it on.

Aurelia was just an intern at the time and reluctantly accepted the challenge.

Unexpectedly, the event turned out to be highly successful.

The products were of high quality and reasonably priced, which resulted in a sharp increase in sales.

Eventually, the factory manager moved to a new location. To express his gratitude, he gave Aurelia a generous bonus and promised to help her whenever she was in need.

That was why Aurelia brought Leslie here.

The surroundings exuded a robust atmosphere, giving off a mechanical vibe, enhanced by the preservation of the old machinery.

It was a perfect mix of the past and present.

Aurelia wanted to ask for Leslie's opinion. But as she turned, she saw Leslie standing under an imposing giant crane.

With the sunset casting a fiery halo behind him, he looked breathtakingly beautiful.

"What are you looking at?" Leslie strode over.

"Nothing," she said.

Snapping out of it, she calmed her racing heart.

Fortunately, the factory manager arrived.

After Aurelia explained the purpose of their visit, the factory manager immediately agreed and exchanged business cards with Leslie.

With the venue secured, Aurelia sighed a breath of relief and immediately called Zachary to report the

situation.

“You found it? Where?” Zachary asked in disbelief.

“It’s at...”

Before Aurelia could disclose the address, Leslie took her phone.

“Mr. Zeller, I’m from One Technology. We have accompanied Ms. Simmons in selecting a new venue. We are satisfied with the one chosen this time. If your company allows others to disrupt the plan again, we will pursue breach of contract penalties.”

Leslie remained emotionless, and his tone was extremely harsh, but there was an unmistakable authority in his words.

Zachary was taken aback and hastily said, “Sir, you misunderstood. It was Aurelia who ...”

Leslie interrupted him.

“Do you really believe our boss would let the matter slide if the venue is taken from us without any investigation?”

Zachary immediately fell silent.

Leslie warned, “Mr. Zeller, one should be more careful with securing their positions when they are already in their fifties. Don’t lose sight of your responsibility over certain people.”

Aurelia couldn’t help but break into a sweat for Leslie.

Would Zachary be provoked into filing a complaint with One Technology?

She didn't know what Zachary said in the end, but judging from Leslie's expression, the matter was resolved.

Kimberly would definitely not dare to come and snatch the venue again.

"Your boss looked into it?" she asked.

"No. I was just bluffing. People who are guilty can't stand being questioned," Leslie said.

Aurelia looked at him in surprise.

It seemed like any issue could be easily resolved when Leslie handled them.

"What are you looking at? Let's head back." He glanced at his watch.

"Sure." She turned around happily but was soon held in place by her collar

She looked up and saw Leslie staring down at her with resignation.

"Aurelia, you really have no sense of direction."

"Did... did I go the wrong way again? That's the exit, right?"

"Turn left." He pointed at another exit.

"They look the same. It's not my fault." Aurelia found an excuse stubbornly.

“Makes sense,” he said casually, but there seemed to be a smile on his face.

Aurelia combed her hair and hurried in the other direction.

By the time they were home, Linda had already cooked a full-course meal.

“Welcome home. Come sit down. I’ve been slaving away for the entire afternoon. This is definitely perfect,” Linda said.

Aurelia glanced at the table and the impressive-looking dishes.

It was hard to imagine that Linda almost burned the kitchen down the day before.

“Mom, you’re amazing,” she said.

“Of course. Come try it.” Linda pulled them over to sit down.

Aurelia was about to start eating when Leslie gave her a pointed look.

“What’s wrong?” she asked.

“Do you really have faith in her cooking skills?” he asked.

“It’s fine even if it’s not that tasty. This is Mom’s way of taking care of us. As long as it’s edible, it should be fine.”

Chapter 224

Aurelia spoke as she stuffed a piece of meat into her mouth.

Her eyes instantly widening.

Why was the meat so sweet?

She looked to Leslie for help, while he ate plain pasta with a smirk.

Linda across from them asked, "Is it delicious? I measured the meat with a ruler to achieve the 3-millimeter thickness as shown in the tutorial."

"Haha... It's delicious. Very delicious," Aurelia replied.

How could she say it wasn't delicious when Linda went as far as to measure the meat with a ruler?

Leslie's smile widened, and Aurelia glared at him, but he pretended not to notice.

She took a deep breath and loaded a large spoonful onto Leslie's plate.

"Mr. Synder, you've worked hard today. Eat more."

Leslie was momentarily stunned.

Seeing Aurelia's intention, he picked up a spoonful of minced meat sauce for Aurelia.

"You too."

They exchanged a glance and summoned the courage to take a bite, instantly wrinkling their faces.

One was too sweet and the other was too salty.

Finally, the two of them managed to finish their meal with plain pasta, while Linda looked completely satisfied.

Why wasn't she eating?

Linda claimed she was too tired from cooking and had no appetite.

Had she taken just a single bite, she wouldn't say such things.

After the meal, Aurelia and Leslie carried the dishes into the kitchen.

Leslie downed a large glass of water to recover but his complexion became increasingly unpleasant.

He approached Aurelia and said, "Do you want my mom to leave?"

Aurelia didn't understand what he was trying to say and stared at him dazedly.

She couldn't say she didn't want Linda to be here, could she?

This was Linda's son's home, and she could visit whenever she wanted.

Leslie noticed her confusion and explained, "I didn't mean anything else. I just feel it's not very convenient to have her around."

Aurelia nodded.

Indeed, it was inconvenient especially when they needed to go to sleep.

“Follow my lead later at night, okay?”

Leslie lowered his voice and leaned slightly closer to make sure Aurelia could hear him clearly.

His breath brushed against her hair and there was a moment of romantic tension in the kitchen.

Aurelia gripped the plate in her hand tightly and nodded.

“Alright.”

At night, Aurelia finally understood what Leslie meant.

He wanted her to make some noises.

The sort of noises you’d only hear in a bedroom.

“Can you do it?” he asked bluntly.

Since Aurelia and Seth were already close to getting married before they broke up, it was normal that they had already been intimate.

Leslie didn’t mind.

After all, Aurelia met the wrong man and she was the victim of that relationship.

Aurelia’s entire body flushed as she shook her head.

She couldn’t do it because she had never been intimate with Seth.

“You...” Leslie looked at her in shock.

So she and Seth had never been intimate?

He noticed that he felt somewhat relieved and a mixture of emotions filled his heart.

Aurelia noticed that he was staring at her.

She stood abruptly to run away, only to bump into Leslie, who was approaching.

With a loud noise, the two fell onto the bed.

“Ah!”

“Ow!”

There was subtle noise coming from the door, but the person outside quietly left without saying anything.

It was Linda.

Aurelia sighed a breath of relief and looked up to find herself staring into Leslie’s eyes.

Chapter 225

After a few moments, a burning sensation seemed to have built up between them.

Aurelia held her breath.

She could sense that Leslie's breath was quickening and he even started leaning in.

She didn't dodge but gripped the sheets nervously.

What was he going to do?

"Your hair is hanging off your lashes," he said in a hoarse voice.

"Hm? Oh." She got up and combed through her hair to cover her blushing cheeks.

Leslie got up as well and turned toward the door.

"I'll go to my study. You can go ahead and shower first."

"Okay."

Once the door shut, Aurelia covered her face.

Why would she think that Leslie wanted to kiss her?

It was a ridiculous thought.

Regaining her composure, she grabbed her clothes and went to shower.

In the study, Leslie stood by the window and lit a cigarette.

Aurelia's scent still lingered on his fingers.

Something must have been wrong with him, because he had the urge to kiss Aurelia just now.

He exhaled a puff of smoke and tried to calm himself down.

However, when he closed his eyes, all he could see was Aurelia's blushing face.

His body tensed at the thought.

He immediately took a few more drags, and soon the cigarette was finished.

While rolling another one, his phone on the table rang.

Glancing at the number, he immediately calmed down and his voice took on its usual composure.

"It's me."

"I tried reaching you today," the woman's voice was cautious and gentle.

"I know," he said.

There was silence on the other end of the phone, as if the caller was waiting for Leslie to continue.

Perhaps she was waiting for him to explain who the woman on the phone was, or why he was in the shower.

But none of that came as Leslie remained the same cold and indifferent person he had always been.

The woman couldn't contain herself and said, "The company is opening, and I plan to return to the country."

Leslie responded with little emotion, "Alright"

The next second, the woman couldn't help asking, "Who was that woman?"

Leslie frowned.

"I don't discuss private matters with employees."

The woman choked for a moment before regaining her composure. "Private matters?"

Her tone was filled with shock.

Leslie usually paid no attention to women and no one expected that there would be one day when he considered a woman his private matter.

She had only been abroad for a month, and it seemed like everything had changed.

At that moment, there was a knock on the study door.

"Mr. Synder, I'm done. You can go take a shower."

Hearing this, the woman was shocked and immediately said, "Leslie..."

Leslie interrupted her.

"If it's a work issue, send me an email. I'm busy right now."

He then hung up.

On the other end of the phone, the woman stood by the massive French window and lifted her wine glass to take a sip.

There was a hint of drunkenness in her voice when she uttered the name, "Leslie."

When Leslie returned to the room, Aurelia was nowhere to be found and he assumed she was hiding from him.

That was fine as this would prevent strange situations from happening again.

After bathing, Leslie changed into his pajamas and walked out of the bathroom.

Just then, Aurelia came in with two bowls of mushroom soup.

She placed the tray down, and raised her finger to her lips.

There was a faint blush on her face. "Hush, it seems Mom has fallen asleep. Did you eat enough just now?"

"No."

"I prepared a little something for you. Don't tell Mom."

Aurelia smiled and handed a spoon to Leslie.

The two sat at the foot of the bed and started eating.

Leslie stared at the soup in his hand and somehow felt as though everything in his life livened up.

Chapter 226

He was working every day like a normal person.

He had a lunch box packed by his wife at noon and came home to have dinner his wife made.

After that, they would wash the dishes and go grocery shopping.

He felt truly alive.

Even occasionally forget that he returned to the country for revenge.

Glancing at the woman next to him, he smiled.

After finishing their food, he went to the kitchen and washed the dishes.

When he returned, Aurelia was already asleep on the bed.

Sighing, Leslie laid a mattress on the ground.

1/3

The next day, Aurelia requested to work out of the office, so she didn't know what happened until she saw the messages in the group chat after she got off work.

"We are having Japanese food tomorrow. Each person would spend at least a hundred. Mr. Morrison is so generous."

“This is all thanks to Millie. Thank you, Millie.’

11

“Don’t worry about it. It’s not a big deal. Jackson doesn’t even care about a car worth hundreds of thousands, so why would he care about a few thousand? He even took me to view new cars and

reserved another one last night.” Millie typed.

“Rich people buy cars like they are grocery shopping. Millie, you are so lucky.”

“Is that car for you? Mr. Jackson said he likes giving luxury cars as gifts, right?”

“Yes.” Millie replied right away.

Aurelia’s mouth twitched.

She didn’t bother to ask any questions and merely glanced at the address for tomorrow’s gathering.

Just then, Kimberly’s message popped up. “I’ll be there with my fiancé tomorrow. I hope I can have everyone’s blessings.”

She then sent a photo of her with her fiancé.

Aurelia pitied the man who was engaged to Kimberly.

Anyone could tell that Kimberly was boasting as she wanted Aurelia to see how capable her man was.

Aurelia set her phone down to check the progress done today when Kimberly tagged her in the group chat.

“@Aurelia, why aren’t you replying? Where are you now?”

“Haha, am I supposed to tell her where I am so she can sabotage my project again?” Aurelia thought.

She ignored Kimberly’s message, but Kimberly kept texting her and refused to give up until Aurelia replied.

In fact, Aurelia understood Kimberly’s intentions.

She wanted to confront her in front of their colleagues.

While confrontations could be embarrassing for some, Kimberly had always been different.

For Kimberly, only those without capabilities would question her.

Aurelia simply ignored her, eventually blocking the group.

After all, it was already off working hours, and the group was unlikely to discuss work-related matters.

Kimberly was infuriated.

She thought that Aurelia would be furious after seeing the photo of her and her fiancé and she would have the chance to belittle Aurelia.

To her surprise, Aurelia paid no attention to it.

Kimberly slammed her phone onto the couch when her fiancé entered.

“Welcome back. I was just about to look for you,” she said, leaning over with a smile.

“What’s the matter?” Her fiancé hugged her and sat down.

“It’s still about my troublesome colleague. I don’t like her. If you love me, help me find out where she’s holding her event. Even the supervisor is siding with her now.” Kimberly pouted with displeasure.

The man furrowed his brow and recalled Aurelia’s mocking words.

Kimberly didn’t love him and she was with him for money and fame.

Why else would she involve him in such a humiliating matter?

As Kimberly was shaking his arm, the man said sternly, “Kimberly, your uncle told me you were sensible and said your previous issues were caused by your colleagues who made things difficult for you. That’s why I stood up for you, but there should be a limit to everything we do.

“What would others think of me if they found out that I’m bullying a woman? Have you ever thought about that? How can you be my wife when you are this inconsiderate?”

Hearing this, Kimberly panicked and quickly changed her tune.

“I was just joking. Don’t take it seriously. I won’t look for her anymore.”

Kimberly’s reputation had already been tarnished, and ordinary wealthy people looked down on her.

That's why her uncle introduced her to an older but wealthy man.

She didn't want to offend him and had to try her best to please him.

"I have something to do, so I'll leave first."

The man immediately got up and left without hesitation.

Kimberly felt he had become colder toward her.

The fact that her fiancé changed after just meeting Aurelia once made her even more furious.

To her surprise, Jackson arrived shortly after.

Jackson's face was swollen, and he looked extremely menacing.

"Jackson, what... happened to you?" she exclaimed.

Chapter 227

1/3

Jackson stormed into the apartment furiously.

"What's wrong? I got beaten by my dad because of you!"

"How is that possible? Your dad dotes on you. He would never lay a finger on you. Why would he hit you?"

Kimberly looked at Jackson in surprise and quickly took an ice pack from the fridge to apply to his face.

After the pain on his face subsided, Jackson impatiently furrowed his brows.

“My dad said I crossed someone I shouldn’t have.”

“Haha.” Kimberly chuckled softly. “Jackson, you are the person who others should never cross, right?”

Rubbing his cheek with the ice pack, Jackson winced in pain, feeling both annoyed and troubled.

“I’m confused too. All I did was make things difficult for a loser and my dad actually told me to let it go. The repair cost for my car alone was close to thirty thousand, and he actually wants me to let it go. Why is he afraid of a poor loser?”

Kimberly had heard about the car accident from her colleagues.

She initially thought it would be amusing to hear a joke about Aurelia and her husband being taught a lesson by Jackson.

To her surprise, her colleagues all said that Aurelia’s husband brought along two formidable

individuals that forced Jackson into retreating in frustration.

Kimberly found it baffling, and even more so when she learned that Jackson was beaten by his father because of this incident.

He shoved at her.

“Spill! Who is Aurelia’s husband?”

Kimberly came to her senses and rubbed where Jackson shoved her.

“Who else could he be? If he had money, why would he drive a beat-up car from seven or eight years ago? In my opinion, your dad might be hitting you because you’ve been fooling around too much outside, and he’s worried you’ll get into trouble,” she said patiently.

She fabricated a reason as she feared that Jackson wouldn’t help her if she told the truth.

Growing up privileged, aside from how to deal with women, Jackson was virtually ignorant in all matters.

Hence, he didn’t think much about it and even agreed with Kimberly’s words.

“Now what? My dad said he’d freeze my card if I caused trouble outside again. It’s all because of that woman you introduced to me who forced me to send her to work. It’s so annoying. I wouldn’t bother with Millie if you didn’t say that I could use her as an excuse to get closer to Aurelia.

“Last night, she dragged me to the 4S store and asked me to buy her a car. All I did was buy her a few thousand-dollar brand-name items, and she thinks she’s a proper mistress.

“Tomorrow, she wants to go eat some Japanese food and insists that I pay. I don’t care about the money, but it’s annoying when she treats me like a fool.”

Kimberly felt resigned.

It wasn’t that she didn’t want to help Millie, but Millie seemed to have gotten addicted to the luxurious lifestyle.

Though Kimberly wanted to use Jackson to sow discord between Millie and Aurelia, she wouldn't be able to get Jackson to help if Millie was starting to annoy him.

Kimberly smiled.

"Millie is just a little girl. She'll behave if you just buy her things. You seem to have a good time with her. Where else would you find such an obedient girl?"

Jackson would usually listen to her, but he refused to listen at the moment and pinched his nose

thoughtfully.

Thinking that he had calmed down, she said, "Alright. Don't get upset. I'll pour you a glass of wine."

He looked up abruptly.

"I don't want Millie anymore. I want Aurelia. You promised to make her mine and that's why I

approached Millie. Since those two stopped being friends, I don't have time for Millie. I've already

slept with her anyway. It's not interesting anymore."

Kimberly paused and gritted her teeth.

"What's so good about Aurelia? She isn't as obedient as Millie."

"I just like her. Her husband embarrassed me, so I'm taking his wife. I want Aurelia begging for me to

be with her. Let's see how arrogant her husband can be then. Kimberly, you better help me or I'll tell everything that you told me to get closer to Millie," he threatened.

He had never failed in dealing with women.

Kimberly could no longer maintain the smile on her face and clenched her fists.

Why was it that all men changed after meeting Aurelia?

Jackson, who once only liked obedient women, took an interest in Aurelia despite being humiliated by her.

Meanwhile, Kimberly had to marry an old man just because of a small mistake.

She was appalled by her fiance's face but had no options other than fawning over him.

Aurelia's husband, on the other hand, looked as handsome as famous actors.

On top of that, he even had the ability to stand up against someone as wealthy as Jackson.

"Why?" Kimberly thought.

She grew angrier but soon calmed down.

Since Aurelia got her into this sorry state, she wouldn't allow her to be happy.

Jackson wanted Aurelia, so she would help make that happen.

She wondered if Aurelia's husband would still take her back then.

Chapter 228

Kimberly's lips curled into a smile as those thoughts passed through her mind.

"Alright, I'll help you. But you must attend the gathering tomorrow and be extra nice to Millie. Understand?"

"Why?" Jackson frowned.

"It's not like I'm going to set you up. You wouldn't want to become the third party in ruining someone else's marriage, would you? Let Aurelia take the blame." Kimberly winked.

In an instant, Jackson understood what she was trying to say,"

He smiled, took the wine bottle to pour himself a glass, and leisurely sipped.

1/2

Wednesday came.

To avoid Kimberly and her group, Aurelia continued to request fieldwork outside of the office from

Zachary.

After a day of hard work, she was covered in sweat.

She was contemplating washing her face before heading to a Japanese restaurant when suddenly a man outside the factory shouted.

“Aurelia Simmons?!”

“That’s me.” Aurelia leaned out, raising her hand.

“Same-city Express Delivery. Please sign for your parcel.” The delivery guy handed her a large bag.

Aurelia was familiar with this bag.

It was black with an orchid imprint.

“Who sent it?” Aurelia took the bag.

The delivery guy checked the list.

“Leslie Synder.”

Aurelia paused in surprise as she realized Leslie had sent her clothes and shoes.

After signing for the delivery, she took the bag to the restroom.

Upon opening it, she found something unexpected.

There were towels and skincare products.

An immense warmth filled her.

Besides her parents, she had never been treated so thoughtfully by anyone.

She took out her phone to call Leslie but hesitated.

Worried that it might disrupt his work, she sent a message instead.

“I’ve received the items. Thank you. Aren’t these clothes quite expensive?”

“I have coupons.”

“Alright, see you later,” she replied.

“See you later.”

Aurelia stared at the screen and felt an eager anticipation to meet him.

She quickly washed her face, used the towel to wipe her body, and changed into fresh clothes.

Leslie chose a white silk dress for her that shone splendidly under the lights.

There were no other patterns on the dress.

It was simple, yet elegant.

He even prepared a matching necklace with emeralds.

“These are probably fake. Otherwise, this necklace would cost a fortune,” she thought.

She put on the necklace but realized her hair was covering the necklace. Hence, she went online for tutorials to do her hair.

The subtle glow of her necklace complimented her gentle demeanor and she found herself staring dazedly at her own reflection.

Just then, her phone rang. Her colleagues were already gathering around.

She immediately changed into her heels and left.

In the Japanese restaurant, Kimberly and the others arrived when they heard the sound of a car engine rumbling behind them.

A black race car stopped outside the door and attracted the attention of everyone present.

Kimberly curled her lips as she knew that she was in for a good show.

Chapter 229

Jackson stepped out of the car in a full suit. He dressed casually most of the time but looked rather handsome now that he was dressed smartly.

Millie's looks were what surprised the others most. She lacked manners and the necessary demeanor,

so designer brands often looked out of place on her.

At the moment, she was dressed in a black dress that actually made her look like a noble lady.

Sensing the eyes on her, Millie lifted her chin and looked even prouder than Kimberly.

Her colleagues and their family members swarmed them.

"Millie, you look so pretty. We almost didn't recognize you!"

“I just changed into a different outfit. I’m still me.” Millie smiled.

She wanted to tell everyone that she was pretty no matter what she wore.

Since Jackson was the one treating, the others could only agree.

If they hadn’t spotted the thick layer of makeup on Millie’s face up close, they might have believed in what she said.

Millie didn’t notice the way others feigned smiles and held Jackson’s arm. “I’m sorry, but it’s so hard

to find parking here. I drove a whole circle before I found one. I didn’t want to park my new car by the road, or I’d cry my heart out if someone scratched it.”

This was the center of Seacester and even the most luxurious car needed to line up for a parking spot.

What was most shocking was that this car was sold for at least 150 thousand, and Jackson had bought it for Millie.

She had indeed climbed her way up the social ladder.

“Millie, is that your car?”

“Whatever belongs to Jackson is mine,” Millie said proudly.

One of the colleagues asked, “Are you two getting married soon?”

They all turned to Jackson, and he simply played along with a smile.

Seeing that Jackson didn't deny, Millie revealed a delighted yet shy expression.

She neither confirmed nor denied her colleague's theory. "Stop talking about it. It's embarrassing."

Colleagues exchanged knowing glances and were all convinced that Millie's good fortune was imminent.

Perhaps the flattery from everyone left Millie slightly disoriented. When she saw Kimberly, who was being praised by everyone, she couldn't help but feel a bit disdainful.

She glanced at Kimberly and teased, "Kimberly, didn't you say you were bringing your fiancé? Where is he? You wouldn't disrespect Jackson, right? At an old age, your fiancé should know some manners."

Millie spoke as if she were already Jackson's wife and showed complete disregard for Kimberly.

Kimberly tightened her grip on her bag and said with a smile, "He'll be here in a moment."

As soon as she said that, a man in a striped suit walked over. "Darling, did you wait long?"

The man who spoke with a cringy tone was Kimberly's fiancé.

Kimberly immediately went up to him and gave him a kiss. "Waiting for you is worth it."

The man tapped her on the nose. "You're so sweet."

Everyone frowned upon hearing their exchange.

Age aside, why was he so corny? What did Kimberly see in him?

Confident in his charm, the man explained with a smirk, "Sorry, there was a company meeting today. As the boss, I couldn't leave."

Hearing that he was the boss of a firm, everyone immediately put on their smiles. "No worries, we're not in a hurry."

Kimberly smiled and glanced at Millie.

Millie dared to challenge her, so she looked forward to seeing how Millie would suffer later on.

Feeling embarrassed, Millie bit her lip and clung to Jackson to make her presence felt. "Alright, let's go in for dinner."

At that moment, a colleague said, "Why hasn't Aurelia arrived yet? Could she be scared to come? After all, her husband damaged Mr. Morrison's car before."

Jackson sneered at the mention of Leslie. "I didn't even do anything to them, and he's already scared out of his wits? How useless."

"

Kimberly's fiancé laughed. "It's a wonder that a man like that can find a wife. Seems like Aurelia doesn't have good taste."

Laughter echoed among the crowd. However, their attention was soon drawn to the slowly approaching Maybach.

A car worth over 1.5 million dollars was extremely rare in Seacester, not to mention when it was

paired with the license plate with all 1's.

The Maybach drove past the crowd.

Even though there were no parking spaces in front of the restaurant, the restaurant manager eagerly approached and directed the car to stop right outside the entrance.

A security guard was called to watch over it.

What kind of person deserved such VIP treatment?

Chapter 230

The manager stepped forward to open the door.

A pair of legs gracefully emerged, and a proud figure stepped outside. His imposing demeanor instantly captured the attention of the crowd.

After settling in, he adjusted his suit elegantly.

Coupled with his profound handsome features, he was practically the stereotypical prince charming of any romantic story.

Turning to the car, Leslie extended his hand.

Amid admiring gazes, Aurelia took his hand and stepped out of the car.

Clad in a white dress, her well-proportioned figure and charming features captivated all the men.

Kimberly's fiancé and Jackson were no exceptions.

The combination of handsome men and beautiful women was a sight to behold.

What set them apart was their understated elegance, which was the true mark of wealthy individuals. They didn't flaunt themselves like Kimberly and Millie, who were eager to showcase everything to others.

Yet, personal choices varied, and no one could say much.

Currently, everyone prefers to appreciate Leslie and Aurelia. No one spared a glimpse at Millie and Kimberly.

Millie tugged at Jackson, only to discover that he couldn't take his eyes off Aurelia. Frustrated, she rushed to the manager and questioned, "Why do we have to wait for a parking space but they can park in front of the restaurant?"

The manager glanced at her and explained, "Madam, patrons with cars worth over one million dollars will receive this service when they come to this establishment. You can too."

"Are you looking down on me?" Millie felt humiliated.

"Madam, you've misunderstood. It must be your first time here. This has always been our rule," the manager explained again.

The phrase "first time here" tore Millie's glamorous façade apart.

Fuming with anger, she turned to Aurelia and accused, "Aurelia, you have no money to pay for the repairs but plenty of money to rent such a good car. Where did you rent it?"

She deliberately emphasized the word "rent", wanting everyone to hear it and embarrass Aurelia.

Aurelia, however, remained indifferent, stating, "My husband's car is broken. This is his colleague's car. By the way, don't you want to know exactly how your boyfriend's car got damaged? Would you

like for me to clarify things here?"

"Why you..." Millie was rendered speechless.

"Isn't this a department gathering? Let's go and eat," Aurelia casually remarked.

Kimberly quickly stepped forward. "Of course, let's eat. Our department hasn't gathered in a long time. Let's not ruin the atmosphere over trivial matters."

She glanced at Jackson.

Jackson pulled Millie aside and greeted everyone. "Please don't embarrass me. Don't bring up the past. I've reserved a table. Let's go in."

Everyone ignored this brief exchange and went inside.

2/2

Aurelia didn't want to ruin the mood of the gathering either, but she sensed that something was off with Kimberly and Jackson.

Why were the two of them being so understanding today?

The others obediently pulled their husbands or boyfriends aside to make way for Kimberly's fiancé.

However, he remained frozen in place and gaped at Leslie.

Feeling slightly embarrassed, Kimberly tugged at his sleeve. "What's wrong?"

The man glanced at Leslie and then at Aurelia. "You... You're his wife?" he asked in a trembling voice.

Aurelia nodded, confused. "Yeah. What's wrong? Do you know each other?"

The man widened his eyes in shock and stuttered, "I-I..."

It was Ian, the eldest son of the Mulan Group.

Leslie shot him a cold, threatening look.

"No, I don't know him. He just looks familiar," the man said.

"I have a common face," Leslie said.

Aurelia suppressed a laugh, feeling like Leslie was becoming increasingly humorous.

Leslie lowered his gaze at her. "Is this funny?"

She pursed her lips. "No. You are mistaken."

He didn't say anything else and held her hand. "Watch your step."

She nodded and allowed him to pull her into the restaurant.

Behind her, her colleagues all looked at her enviously.