

# Married in a Flash Embarking on the Journey to Wealth

## Chapter 10

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Aurelia opened the door slightly, extending a hand to push out a copy of the agreement without stepping out from her room.

“Sorry about your coat. My wet hair got on it. I’ll wash and return it tomorrow.”

“And the clothes you left on the sofa should be done in the washing machine. Dry them yourself.”

“Oh, if you have any secrets you find hard to share, I’ve organized events for hospitals before so I know many doctors. I can introduce you.

Leslie hesitated. A hidden secret? Did he seem like the kind of person involved in such matters?

Just as he was about to inquire, Aurelia’s bedroom door had already closed.

Well, should he bother explaining to her what a hidden secret meant?

Leslie turned towards the laundry room on the balcony, opened the washing machine, and found it filled with clothes Daniel had bought to create chaos.

Displeased, Leslie took out the clothes, preparing to throw them away, and a pair of underwear fell out.

Leslie finally understood what Aurelia meant by a hidden secret.

It seemed Daniel was asking to be fired.

Leslie angrily threw all the clothes into the trash bin.

On his way back to the room, he passed the guest bathroom.

Earlier, Aurelia mentioned the shower in the guest bathroom was broken, and he always felt she was just making excuses.

Leslie, almost involuntarily, entered the guest bathroom, turned on the shower, and found not drop of water coming from the overhead.

After inspection, he realized there was a problem with the water pipe. Such an issue couldn't be intentional, so Aurelia didn't lie to him.

Which of her statements were true, and which were false?

At 6:00 am, Aurelia reflexively woke up to her alarm. She stretched and quietly headed to the kitchen after a quick wash-up.

Aurelia habitually opened the fridge **to** minimize her presence and avoid encounters with Leslie.

However, she was puzzled by its sparse contents—just a few eggs and half a bag of toast.

Leslie seemed unlike an ordinary person. He was sustaining himself on such a meager **fare**, which was a testament to that.

Unable to prepare a proper meal, she settled for a simple egg sandwich.

While taking a bite, Aurelia found Leslie's ethereal face unexpectedly crossing her mind.

Without much thought, she prepared breakfast for him, acknowledging the struggles of a working person who had taken Linda's money.

Ready to leave by 7:30 am, Aurelia briskly made her way **to** the subway with her bag.

Half an hour later, Leslie P

him to pause.

out of the room. The lingering scent of food in the air caused

He then realized there was an additional presence in the house, but seeing the vanished shoes at the doorway, he knew Aurelia had already left.

Well, he appreciated women who knew when to leave.

Putting on his shoes, Leslie left the house without a backward glance.

As Aurelia entered the office, the company was still relatively empty.

Thinking about the stagnant strategic plan for One Technology, she quickly sat down and opened her computer to gather her thoughts.

After pondering for a while with a head full of only those few words from the materials, she decided to check which companies had their proposals rejected last night.

Surprisingly, they were some of the top advertising agencies in Seacester, with over a decade of planning experience and a history of managing various events.

They had all been turned down by the owner of One Technology.

What kind of opening banquet did the owner want?

While flipping through the documents, Aurelia noticed that the liaison for this collaboration was Jason, the manager from One Technology.

She immediately went online to look up Jason's information.

Since Leslie didn't want to provide details, but he didn't stop her from seeking information from someone else, Aurelia, noting the time was 8:30 am, a suitable time to start the workday, decided to call Jason.

However, no matter how many times she called, it went unanswered.

At this moment, colleagues started trickling into the office, laughing and chatting, with Kimberly being the happiest.

“Aurelia, you’re up so early? There’s no need to push yourself so hard. You make me feel like I’m lazy!”

“Oh, Kimberly, you’ve outdone me. You swiftly secured Mr. Lynch, the manager in charge of this collaboration. I heard he’s leading this project, and you managed to clinch it with just one dinner, making it look effortless.”

“Just like you said. Mr. Lynch and I both studied abroad, so we had a lot to discuss. You guys wouldn’t understand. We chatted until midnight, still feeling like there was more to discuss. It seems conversations flow easily with people on the same wavelength.”

Kimberly, leaning on Aurelia’s desk, laughed flirtatiously.

Her pristine cleavage drew attention.

Aurelia smiled back and, using the excuse of wiping the desk, gently pushed Kimberly’s soft body **away**.

“Mr. Lynch’s already taken, I heard. Staying late chatting with him—his wife must be pretty chill?”

Her words suggested that Kimberly might have crossed a line.

Colleagues nearby shared amused glances with a hint of mischief.

Kimberly, known for her love of flaunting, had fans and critics. Some of them adored her, while others enjoyed watching the drama unfold.

Kimberly cast a disdainful glance at Aurelia. “Aurelia, I know you feel uneasy, but that’s how the world works. Connections are resources. So, I think you better not waste your time. Spare some time to accompany your mom, okay?”

Aurelia lifted her cup and replied, “Whether it’s a waste of time or not, the final moment will reveal it all.”

“Excuse me!” She said, pushing past Kimberly. Heading to the water dispenser, she poured herself a cup of coffee and stood at the pantry, gazing into the distance.

It would be deceiving to say that it wasn't urgent to come up with a proposal.

Kimberly had her influential uncle backing her up, doing everything a step faster than Aurelia.

With nothing comparable, Aurelia must put in extra effort to secure this collaboration.

With that in mind, she took a sip of her coffee, energizing herself, ready to meet this manager, Jason, in person.

But Aurelia didn't anticipate that she was still a step behind Kimberly.

At noon, she continued calling Jason, the manager at One Technology, but no one answered, as if he intentionally avoided her.

Meanwhile, Kimberly joyfully answered a call, glancing deliberately at Aurelia before raising her voice.

"Mr. Lynch? Well, I'm not a fan of Japanese food. It has too much carbs. I've been on a diet lately."

"French cuisine? Okay, see you later."

After hanging up, Kimberly retrieved her makeup from her bag to touch up her face.

Curious colleagues gathered around.

"Kimberly, is the manager from One Technology treating you to lunch?"

"Yes, at the newly opened French restaurant," Kimberly replied casually, reapplying her lipstick.

"Wow, Kimberly, you're amazing. I've **never** heard of clients inviting someone to dinner, and he even changed the restaurant for you."

"Honestly, I don't even want to eat. It's just for the collaboration. Today is a diet in **vain**."

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After speaking, Kimberly stood up to fix her neckline.

Colleagues looked on with envy and jealousy.

However, instead of heading towards the office door, Kimberly walked over to Aurelia's desk.

"Aurelia, I saw you making calls all morning. Who were you calling?" She asked with a triumphant smile.

"No one important."

"That's good. I thought you were also looking for Mr. Lynch. He really dislikes people who

actively pester him. Be careful not to make him think our company is too eager. It would be embarrassing for me." Kimberly taunted.

"Rest assured, I won't actively pursue a married man."

Kimberly was left speechless.

Her lips curled, and she left awkwardly.

Once she departed, Millie slid over.

"Aurelia, you still haven't reached Mr. Lynch?"