

Married in a Flash Embarking on the Journey to Wealth

Chapter 3

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Aurelia momentarily thought she was hearing things, cautiously glancing at Leslie, only to

find him completely unsurprised.

So... Leslie's blind date was her?

Linda continued, "Aurelia, my son, as you can see, is a good-looking workaholic. At least your children will be beautiful in the future."

Children? Aurelia was even more bewildered, having no idea how to respond.

Leslie raised an eyebrow, "Mom, that's enough. I need to get back to the office."

Linda rolled her eyes and said, "Office, office all the time. Why not just marry the company?"

Leslie shrugged. "If that's an option."

Linda, frustrated, turned to Aurelia and chuckled, "Aurelia, I won't hide it from you. I've wanted you to be my daughter-in-law for a long time. Unfortunately, you had a boyfriend, so all I could do was silently wish you well. Who knew your boyfriend wouldn't appreciate you? If he doesn't want you, I do."

With that, Linda held Aurelia's hand, the warmth and softness of her grip reminiscent of Aurelia's mother.

Thinking of her mom, Aurelia felt a sense of pain in her chest.

Perhaps, if she agreed to marry Leslie, Linda could help her mother.

But she didn't dare to agree hastily. After all, marriage was a decision involving two people. She carefully looked at Leslie.

Leslie's tone was indifferent, "Mom, do you really want me to get married?"

Linda was persistent. "Yes."

Leslie's eyes glanced over Aurelia.

"Fine, then let's get married."

She was just a gold digger. Someone easily appeased with money.

Aurelia was slightly taken aback. She hadn't expected Leslie to agree so easily.

Linda turned to her, asking softly, "Aurelia, do you want this?"

Feeling lost, Aurelia thought it necessary to explain her family situation, "Ms. Linda, my family is going through some difficulties, and I might..."

Her voice choked in her throat.

Perhaps Linda's overwhelming concern had stirred unexpected emotions in her.

Not wanting to delve into Aurelia's sorrowful matters, Linda promptly interrupted, "Alright, alright. I believe in your character. As long as you nod, we won't mistreat you. So, do you agree?"

Aurelia gratefully looked at Linda and nodded with determination, "Yes."

Chapter 1

She felt she **had** no choice with **a** stack of overdue bills **in** her drawer.

While selling the house **was** an option, the lengthy process with real estate agents might not provide a timely solution.

Her mom couldn't wait any longer, even though medical expenses were covered for now.

Despite Leslie's quick agreement, he had yet to give Aurelia a proper look.

If they parted ways in the future, there would be no hard feelings.

Linda clapped her hands with joy, "Great! Tomorrow is an auspicious day. You two should get the marriage license. You youngsters can decide the wedding arrangements. Now, take the time to get to know each other."

Aurelia politely extended her hand to Leslie and greeted, "Mr. Synder, nice to meet you. I'm Aurelia. I look forward to getting to know you better."

Without looking at her, Leslie raised his hand, not for a handshake but to hand her his ID card, saying briefly, "Information about me is here."

Aurelia accepted the ID card, noticing Leslie wasn't in the mood for conversation.

She stood, "Mr. Synder, Ms. Linda, I must go now. Take your time."

"Wait, Aurelia, exchange numbers with Leslie. If you need anything, you can look for him on WhatsApp," Linda said, pushing Leslie's number towards Aurelia.

"Sure."

Aurelia added Leslie's number. His WhatsApp contact showed a blank profile picture.

With that, she left the restaurant.

Linda watched Aurelia leave and turned to Leslie, "ID card? Since when did you become a programmer?"

"Just now. I hope you won't expose it," Leslie replied casually.

"Why? Aurelia is a good person. You don't need to be this guarded against her."

"You'll never know," Leslie responded nonchalantly.

Hearing this, Linda frowned.

“Leslie, is it because of my divorce from your dad?”

“Mom, you’re overthinking. I’ve promised to marry the woman you approve of. I hope you won’t interfere in my affairs again.”

Leslie’s stern words sent a shiver down Linda’s spine, even as a mother.

Whenever Leslie’s despicable father was mentioned, his demeanor would turn cold.

Linda pressed her lips together and remarked, “Leslie, one day, you will find that Aurelia is different from the women you’ve encountered.”

Leslie remained unruffled, “Is that so? I’m afraid you’ll be disappointed. I don’t make mistakes in judging people.

Aurelia wasn’t much different from Seth. She would do anything for money.

She broke up with her boyfriend for a hundred thousand dollars, then immediately met a stranger for marriage. Every move and decision revolved around money, without a mention of **love**.

Leslie agreed with the marriage, reassuring his mother and providing a convenient way to spend money post-divorce in the future.

“I’m heading back to the office.”

Leslie stood up, his tall figure breezing through like the wind.

Despite the absence of sound, his imposing presence attracted everyone’s attention.

Linda whispered, “Watch out for a slap in the face.”

When Aurelia exited the restaurant, darkness had already fallen.

Aurelia was afraid of missing the visiting hours at the hospital, so she had to take a taxi straight there.

She hurried into the intensive care unit.

Her mother, Ava Watson, lay unconscious. There were tubes and wires connected to her body.

Each time she pushed open the door, Aurelia hoped to **see** Ava smiling and calling her name as before.

But every time, her hope was in vain.

The family member of the patient on the neighboring bed nodded slightly, "Aurelia's here. Why are you so late today?"

"I had something to attend to."

Aurelia explained as she walked to her mother's bedside, placing her bag down.

She gently touched her mother's face, seeking solace in the warmth, desperately holding on to the feeling that her mother hadn't left her.

"Aurelia, the doctor came looking for you again today," the family member from the neighboring bed informed her.

"Alright, I understand. Thanks." Aurelia sighed.

It was probably about the overdue bills, pushing for payment.

At that moment, the caregiver, Sophia Elliot, entered the room carrying a kettle.

Seeing Aurelia, she put down the kettle and approached her. "Ms. Simmons, can we talk outside?"

"Sure."

Aurelia followed Sophia out of the hospital room.

Once outside, Sophia got straight to the point.

“Hey, Aurelia, this guy in the next room is willing to pay me five hundred a day. Your mother’s not doing great, hardly moving, and I’ve got to look after her three times a day. It’s taking a

toll, you know? You’re only chipping in two–fifty, and I get that you’re the only person doing everything, but you can’t just walk away. So, what’s your take on this?”

Sophia pinched her fingers together, indicating a request for a raise.

Aurelia experienced a sharp pang in her chest.

When she lacked support, some seemed bold enough to exploit the situation.

She needed to earn money to cover her mother’s medical expenses, but it was impossible to stay at the hospital all day. Besides, she had already sold all the valuable jewelry at home.

Due to caring for her mother this month, she missed several days at work.

The company had expressed dissatisfaction, so she couldn’t afford to take more leave.

She also couldn’t risk leaving her unconscious mother alone in the hospital.

Unexpectedly, this situation had turned into a reason for Sophia to demand a higher fee.

Aurelia pressed her lips together and tried to remain calm. “Auntie, didn’t we agree on the price before?”

Sophia expressed dissatisfaction, “Ms. Simmons, it’s not easy to find someone with my skills nowadays. If you don’t increase the pay, I will stop working for you.”

She had a point. Aurelia had indeed searched extensively before finding Sophia.

Sophia, seeing Aurelia’s silence, furrowed her brow.

“Ms. Simmons, your mother has been unconscious for so long, and she can’t be left alone for a

moment. You need to think carefully. If I leave, **what** if something happens to your mother...”

Aurelia frowned as her eyes turned cold.

“Are you threatening me?”

“I’m just looking out for you. You wouldn’t want to become an orphan, would you?”

Sophia tilted her head back, adopting a posture that suggested Aurelia had no choice.

Aurelia glared at Sophia, promptly **taking** out her phone and transferring the wages for the past few days.

“Ms. Elliot, since you’re so eager for the ‘big client’ next door, I won’t stop you.”

“You...”

Sophia appeared a bit flustered upon noticing the money in her account.

Waving her hand, she remarked, “You’re a stubborn one. But okay, three hundred and fifty at day, and I’ll stick around to help out.”

“No need,” Aurelia replied.

She knew the talk about a big client next door was just an excuse. Compromising now would only invite more trouble.

Angered by the rejection and from losing her job, Sophia pointed at Aurelia’s face, scolding, “never seen a daughter as ungrateful as you. What’s wrong with spending money on your mother? You can’t even afford to hire a caregiver. Are you going crazy from being broke or what?”

Chapter 1

“Get lost. Otherwise, I’ll tell everyone in the surrounding wards what you said. Let’s see who’s going to hire you afterward.”

“Y—you... You are bad news!”

Sophia muttered a curse and hurriedly left, clearly feeling uneasy.

Aurelia, gazing at the empty hallway, took a deep breath. Her nose tingled.

She couldn't afford to back down now. She had to save her mother.

She forced a smile as she turned back to the room.

Aurelia believed her mother could sense her emotions, and she didn't want to worry her.

With Sophia gone, Aurelia wasted no time. She prepared a basin of water and gently wiped down her mother's body.

Exhausted, she held her mother's hand and leaned by the bedside, drifting off to sleep.

At 6:30 a

am, the alarm jolted Aurelia awake.

She wiped her mother's face after a quick shower in the hospital bathroom.

Since she had a client meeting today, she needed to rush home to change.

Before leaving, she asked the neighbor to watch her mother. Then, at the nurse's station, she picked up a small card from a caregiver agency, noting the contact information.

Aurelia went down to the first floor to pay the fee with the bit of money she had.

It was meager, but it was better than being kicked out of the hospital.

Back home, she changed into clean clothes.

She checked her phone balance as she headed downstairs to grab a quick breakfast.

Turning around, she entered the neighboring bakery instead.

Before 10:30 am, they offered discounted overnight bread. It had three items for ten dollars.

It was a budget-friendly option for the entire day compared to instant noodles.

Aurelia arrived early and selected three of the largest bread items before heading to the subway station.

While she was on her way, Leslie's blank WhatsApp profile picture popped up.

"8:00 am. Civil Affairs Bureau. Don't be late."

"Okay."

He was indeed a workaholic. He could even make getting a marriage license sound like a negotiation.