

Married in a Flash Embarking on the Journey to Wealth

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Everyone thought that Leslie was mad as he had a solemn look on his face,

Leslie stood up with a frown.

“Have I really gained weight?”

Aurelia seemed to think that he had a great body, Leslie didn't know why he cared, but he couldn't help asking.

Silence fell over the room. It was as though someone had pressed the pause button. So metime later, they snapped **out** of it.

Someone **tried** to suppress their laughter.

“No. You are still **as** handsome **as** ever, boss.”

“Yeah. I'm sure Ms. Simmons...” another colleague agreed but paused immediately when they realized they had said the wrong thing.

Still, Cynthia overheard the mention of Aurelia when she asked Leslie that question. She didn't expect everyone in the office to know Aurelia, not to mention to have such a decent impression of her.

Unable to maintain

her composure, she tightened her grip on the document in her hands.

Daniel immediately chimed in, “Mr. Synder, it's almost lunchtime. Why don't we eat now, as we have a lot to do in the afternoon.”

Leslie nodded, and everyone cheered before ordering takeout.

Cynthia took a deep breath to calm down, not wanting to cast her manners aside because **of** Aurelia.

She turned to look at Leslie with a smile.

“Things have changed so much here, and I’m barely keeping up. Since we are having lunch now, why don’t we-”

She was about to suggest they go to a restaurant when Leslie interrupted her.

He took out a blue lunchbox, and as soon as he opened it, a salivating fragrance filled the air.

The people around him immediately gathered.

“Mr. Synder, what are you having today? Stew! Lamb! Pasta! Mushroom soup!”

“Mr. Synder, are you trying to show off?”

“Mr. Synder, may we have a bite?”,

They all reached out to have a taste, only to have their hands slapped out of the way by Leslie.

“Buy your own lunch,” Leslie said.

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“Mr. Synder, you’re actually protective **of** your food.”

Daniel chuckled.

“He wouldn’t even let me have the leftovers if I asked.”

The group laughed.

Although Leslie didn't join in, anyone could see the ease on his face. He was usually a reserved and

cautious man but was now getting along with his subordinates.

Cynthia

observed the harmonious atmosphere in the office, feeling like an outsider who couldn't fit

1. in.

"You guys go ahead and eat. I'll head to the restroom for a bit," she said.

With that, she hurried out.

Leslie glanced at her and continued eating.

Daniel stood beside

him and whispered, "Mr. Synder, was that intentional? You know, that Cynthia-

..

"I'm married," Leslie stated plainly.

"But not everyone knows that. To be honest, there seems to be something missing between you and Ms. Simmons," Daniel told him.

Leslie paused and asked, "What's missing?"

"It's obvious—

you're missing proof of your relationship. Married couples usually wear rings, but the two of you are empty-

handed. That's why people at Aurelia's company think you... don't have money. Rings are important to women," Daniel said.

"How important?"

Leslie put down his fork and listened attentively.

“Men wearing wedding rings signify fidelity, which stops other women from approaching them. Women wearing rings represent marriage and how much the man values her.”

Daniel gestured as he spoke, illustrating the size of the diamond.

Leslie frowned.

“That’s so complicated.”

With that, he picked up his phone to review the diamond trading records.

Daniel glanced over and immediately stopped him.

“Hold on, Mr. Synder. 13.3 carats? You can’t buy one that big.”

“You said it should be bigger. This isn’t even the largest one. Aurelia’s hands aren’t delicate. Anything

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bigger would be cumbersome,” Leslie said.

Daniel rubbed his forehead, concerned about Leslie’s married life.

“Mr. Synder, you’re supposed to be just an ordinary programmer now. Why would you be able to afford such an expensive diamond ring? Besides, you don’t even know Ms. Simmons’ preferences. What if she doesn’t like it?”

“Right.”

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Leslie set his phone down and assembled his lunchbox before standing up and walking out.

Confused, Daniel asked, “Mr. Synder, where are you going?”

Leslie stopped and said, "Pretend you don't know anything."

Daniel immediately knew that Leslie meant for him to withhold information from Cynthia.

After Leslie left, Cynthia returned to the office. The perfect smile on her face froze when she noticed Leslie's empty desk.

Daniel immediately explained, "Mr. Synder has something to do and headed out. You can discuss the

following tasks with me for the rest of the afternoon."

Cynthia smiled.

"Sure."

Deep down, Cynthia knew that Leslie went to see Aurelia.

Meanwhile, in Young Advertising, Aurelia walked into the office in the morning to find someone

unexpected.

It was Kimberly.

Everyone thought Kimberley would quit ever since her fiancé dragged her away. To their surprise, she

returned to work.

↑

Many commented that her fiancé looked like a horrible person and that her marriage would be

miserable.

They all seemed pleased that someone as proud as Kimberly was being dragged into the mud.

However, they were all wrong. Not only was Kimberly doing great, but she was also doing even better.

She stood before everyone triumphantly, as proud as ever.

When she saw Aurelia, she waved at her.

“There you are, Aurelia. Here’s the invitation to my wedding. Be sure to come.’

“You’re getting married?”

Aurelia opened the wedding invitation in surprise. It listed the bride as Kimberly Wang and the groom as Jason Lynch.

It wasn’t the name of the man who had arrested Kimberly last time. Aurelia wondered if it meant that Kimberly switched men again.

Aurelia hesitated to ask and shot a confused look at her colleagues.

From their expressions, she could tell that the groom had indeed changed.

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Aurelia couldn’t help but admire Kimberly. She thought Kimberly sure knew how to handle men if she managed to switch fiancés in such a short time. This was even faster than her frequent change of boyfriends.

Kimberly didn’t care about the looks she was receiving from the crowd. After handing out the wedding invitations, she also handed out candy boxes containing branded chocolate candies.

When Aurelia reached out to accept them, Kimberly pressed her hand to Aurelia’s on top of the gift box and patted it.

“Yeah, this time it’s real. My husband treats me very well,” Kimberly said.

Aurelia’s hand was prickled. Looking down, she finally understood Kimberly’s intention in pressing her hand. How could a ring with a full circle of diamonds featuring a two-carat diamond not be prickly to the touch?

Sensing Aurelia’s stare, Kimberly raised her hand and showed off the diamond ring.

“Sorry, my husband bought it, especially for me. I told him not to be so ostentatious, but he insisted. I couldn’t refuse. After all, it’s custom-made. It’s not like the one Millie had before, which any rich person could buy,” Kimberly explained.

“Yes, it’s stunning,” Aurelia said.

Aurelia knew that it must have been at Kimberly’s request, judging by the design. What man would choose a ring with so many diamonds?

Still, she didn't want to argue with Kimberly about it. After all that had happened, Kimberly's position in the company was not as secure as before. Aurelia wasn't afraid of her causing trouble.

As Aurelia was about to leave, Kimberly grabbed her hand.

"Aurelia, you've been married for so long. Why doesn't your husband know how to buy you a diamond ring? Even if he's not doing well at work, he could still save some money and buy a smaller one," Kimberly said.

"Kimberly, stop it," a colleague intervened.

This simply annoyed Kimberly more.

When she mocked Aurelia in the past, no one dared to stand up for Aurelia.

But now, not only was the boss protecting her, but even her colleagues were siding with her.

What right did she have to take everything away?

Kimberly smiled and covered her lips.

"I know you're afraid of hurting Aurelia's self-esteem, but it's simply a fact. Don't I have the right to

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state a fact?"

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A colleague retorted, "Kimberly, you really don't pay attention to the news except to ones about men, do you?"

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Kimberly was taken aback by her colleague's comment.

"What news?"

"Yesterday, Aurelia planned the opening banquet for One Technology, which Seacester News reported. Aurelia's husband, Leslie, went viral as well. It turns out he's the developer of One Technology's new product.

"I heard that One Technology's new product is overshadowing Synder Corporation this time, and Leslie has a promising future. Buying a diamond ring is trivial to him. Aurelia,

you're really good at keeping secrets. Your husband not only looks handsome but is also smart and capable."

Hearing this, Aurelia immediately explained, "We were collaborating with One Technology, so we both didn't disclose our relationship and had to avoid suspicion."

Fortunately, Jason was in charge of the collaboration, avoiding unnecessary gossip.

When the conversation returned to Aurelia, Kimberly was shocked and took out her phone. After checking the news, she realized that besides One Technology's trending new product, its developer, Leslie, had also gained popularity.

Kimberly gripped her phone tightly in frustration,

She wondered how Aurelia could find a husband better than hers. She thought she was evidently

much better than Aurelia.

Kimberly interrupted the conversation through gritted teeth.

"So, why didn't Leslie buy a diamond ring for his new wife if he's that talented? Aurelia, I heard you two had a whirlwind romance. Could it be that he simply doesn't like you?"

Everyone fell silent, and Aurelia didn't know how to refute it.

Kimberly was right. Leslie didn't like her. Apart from the marriage certificate, they had nothing else to prove they were husband and wife.

"Oh, right, there's also a cohabitation agreement," Aurelia thought.

Kimberly chuckled in response to Aurelia's silence.

"Oops, did I hit the nail on the head? Sorry, I didn't expect to be right."

Aurelia pursed her lips.

"Kimberly, I advise you against talking about others' marital affairs. If you change your fiancé once more, we would all have to readjust all over again.

With that, Aurelia waved with the invitation in her hand.

"Why you..."

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Kimberly was so angry her face turned red.

Aurelia ignored her and sat back at her desk to work.

Kimberly had no choice but to take her invitation and gift box to another department.

Just then, a colleague in the front row turned around and leaned closer to Aurelia.

“Aurelia, don’t be upset. I think your husband is great to you. IT guys like them aren’t that romantic.”

Amused, Aurelia nodded.

“Yeah, I don’t mind.”

“I know why Kimberly is trying to cross you. Her fiancé, Jason, is a 50-year-old man. He claims that his wife passed away in his previous city, so he came to look for a new wife. We all know what he’s truly after. He wants a wife in his city and another in a different city.”

“Seriously?”

Aurelia was shocked.

“My relatives serve rich men in that city, and they do this all the time. So long as you don’t actually file the marriage papers, they can host as many weddings as they want.

“Well... Does Kimberly know about this?”

“She’s no fool, so how can she not know if the paperwork was filed? She’s at her wit’s end. Her uncle introduced this man to her. This guy paid off her **debt** with that scum we saw last time and was willing to give her an allowance.

“On top of that, he was willing to give her a wedding. Apart from his age, there’s not much else that she could be upset about. With her reputation, no other man would want her. Many married women are itching to fight her together right now.”

“That’s true.”

Aurelia nodded.

The colleague looked at her intently.

“Aurelia, what exactly is happening **between** you and your husband?”

Aurelia choked, realizing that her colleague was saying all that just to probe about her private life. Chuckling, she said, “Nothing much. I just don’t want to bring my personal life into my workplace.” This stopped her colleague from saying anything else, and she smiled awkwardly before turning away.

Half a minute later, Aurelia spotted the same colleague gossiping with another person.

She inwardly sighed a breath of relief, feeling glad that she didn’t reveal too much or she would have been the person others gossiped about.

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After her small talk with her colleague, Aurelia reviewed the documents for today’s client meeting

again.

The receptionist reminded her that the client was waiting in the conference room. She quickly got up, straightened her dress, and took the documents to the conference room.

Upon entering, she saw a woman with a model-like figure, short hair, and a striking appearance.

The diamond teardrop earrings added a touch of glamor to her look.

However, her gaze was sharp, and despite the smile on her lips, she exuded a formidable presence.

“Hello, I’m Eva Hanks, the fashion director of IN Magazine.”

“Ms. Hanks, hello. I’m Aurelia.”

“Let’s get straight to the point. I want to hear your thoughts on our upcoming event,” Eva said

casually.

From
Eva’s attitude, Aurelia could distinctly feel her lack of trust in her. She even detected a hint of

disdain.

However, Aurelia didn’t back down and presented her professional opinion.

“Regarding this charity banquet, we can start by focusing on the beneficiaries because it’s aimed at aiding women and children in impoverished areas. An event like this holds significant meaning. If we can select several beneficiaries-”

Without letting Aurelia finish, Eva raised her hand to interrupt and said solemnly, “Ms. Simmons, do

you know who will be attending this event? The elites and celebrities of Seacester will be there. You want to invite a group of people from the mountains to participate? Such uncouth matters make me doubt your professionalism.”

“Ms. Hanks, this is a charity-”

Eva interrupted Aurelia again.

“Ms. Simmons, I don’t need you to remind me of the nature of this event. However, the event’s purpose is to raise funds, not to invite a group of uncultured people to cause trouble.”

“Ms. Hanks, why are you hosting this event if you question the beneficiaries? I believe everyone present would like to know where their donated goods will end up,” Aurelia said and frowned at Eva’s disdainful expression.

It seemed that a charity banquet was just a gimmick used by the magazine for events.

Eva got up in displeasure.

“Is this the level of service of Young Advertising? How dare you question the client? How could

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someone who knows nothing dare to interrogate me here? How rude!”

“Ms. Hanks...’

Eva ignored Aurelia and left the conference room with her assistant.

Aurelia stood still, completely unaware of how she had offended Eva.

Every word she said was refuted.

She returned to her workstation in defeat as everyone around her got up.

“Aurelia, it’s lunchtime.”

“Yeah, you guys go on ahead. I brought my own lunch.”

Aurelia held her head, her anticipation for her lunch fading.

After having two bites, her phone rang. It was a call from Leslie.

“What is it, Mr. Synder?”

“Are you free at noon?” Leslie asked.

“No.”

“I’m downstairs.”

“Huh? Why are you here?” she asked curiously.

“I was in the area. I’m arriving soon. Let’s have lunch together.”

“Sure. I’ll wait for you in the lobby.”

Aurelia packed her lunch and headed downstairs.

Coincidentally, she ran into Eva, who was waiting for her car.

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“Don’t worry. I helped teach her a lesson. She’s just a foolish woman. She can’t possibly compare to you,” Eva said and spotted Aurelia.

Hanging up, she shot Aurelia a contemptuous look and left.

Aurelia was baffled, feeling that Eva held a grudge toward her.

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As Eva’s car drove away, Leslie’s car stopped before her.

After getting into the car, she asked in confusion, “Mr. Synder, why did you invite me to lunch? Is there something wrong with the food I prepared today?”

“No. It tasted great. They all wanted a bite,” Leslie said.

“They? Your colleagues, you mean?” she asked.

“Yeah.”

“I’ll prepare a bigger portion tomorrow. You can share it with your colleagues.”

She needed to cook anyway, so the portion didn’t really matter.

"It's fine," he said.

Leslie didn't care about the others. It was his lunch, after all.

The kitchen would be sweltering every time she cooked. Since Aurelia was naturally thrifty, she wouldn't turn on the air conditioner in the living room whenever she was cooking.

Leslie had Daniel ask around, but since the buildings in that residential area didn't leave space for air conditioners in the kitchen, they would have to tear everything down if they wanted to install one.

Aurelia would never agree to that. She hated being a nuisance and would likely feel guilty for the rest of the month if he proceeded with the installation.

After giving it some thought, Leslie placed a fan in the kitchen instead.

"Mr. Synder, the light turned red."

Aurelia's voice interrupted Leslie's thoughts.

Leslie stepped on the brake and glanced at the countdown timer, momentarily stunned.

He had been thinking about Aurelia all this while and even imagined her cooking for someone else, which upset him.

It was an emotion he had never experienced before. Taking a breath, he turned his focus back to driving.

Aurelia continued, "Mr. Synder. Since everyone at work already knows about our relationship, why not invite your colleagues over for dinner this weekend?"

Leslie paused and glanced at her.

"Why?"

"Mr. Synder, I know you're smart and capable, but it's essential to maintain good relationships with your colleagues. As a new product developer, you're bound to have both admirers and detractors. If

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you're unwilling to share even your lunch, others may think you're too proud and sabotage you."

Aurelia experienced something similar in her office as well.

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During her internship, her mom would wake up early to make her lunch.

Considering the small portion, she couldn't bear to share it with anyone else.

Hence, when her senior colleague wanted a bite, she refused.

She thought it was her own lunch and had the right to refuse.

By the end of the day, she was assigned a lot of extra work and had to stay until midnight.

She suddenly realized something when she returned home, feeling hungry and exhausted.

The following day, she prepared double the amount of lunch and sought out her senior colleague during lunchtime. She explained that she had already eaten yesterday's portion and felt that sharing

what she had eaten with someone else was rude.

She then explained she had made a fresh batch.

They all sat together as if nothing had happened, and her senior colleague even praised her cooking

skills.

She understood her senior colleague's actions at that moment.

For a whole week, she made double portions of lunch. Gradually, her workload returned to normal, and her senior colleague even offered her advice and assistance.

She knew this was wrong but didn't know what else she could do.

In the workplace, one must be careful in both actions and interactions.

This was why she worried Leslie's cold and direct nature might disadvantage him. If someone were to sabotage him, all his previous efforts would be in vain.

After hearing her out, Leslie stopped the car and looked at her with mild surprise.

"So, you're inviting them to dinner for my sake?"

"Yes."

Aurelia nodded, then added cautiously, "Did I... overstep? Or should we keep our relationship low-key?"

She chuckled awkwardly, feeling she might have been too meddlesome.

“No, let’s do it this weekend. I’ll accompany you to buy groceries on Saturday,” Leslie said.

He felt a bit melancholic as he watched her smile.

“Okay.”

Aurelia hurriedly opened the door and stepped out of the car.

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As they headed to the restaurant, she thought about the dishes she should prepare.

She was taken aback when Leslie led her into the restaurant, and they sat down.

“This... Why is the restaurant like this?”

The restaurant was connected to the adjacent jewelry store by a glass wall, and the dazzling array of jewelry on display made the plates on their table sparkle.

Aurelia wondered if people nowadays were accustomed to dining while staring at jewelry.