

Married in a Flash Embarking on the Journey to Wealth

Chapter 315

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Aurelia was quite impressive if she could say she wanted to go to bed as her husband worked overtime.

Leslie started to doubt his own charm and cleared his throat.

“Mr. Synder, what’s wrong?”

“Nothing.”

“Are you ill? Is your stomach hurting because you haven’t eaten?” Aurelia asked.

“Maybe it’s because I haven’t eaten,” he said.

“Um... Are you okay with leftovers? I was going **to** have them for lunch tomorrow. **If** you don’t mind, I

can deliver them to you now.”

“Whatever,” he said.

“Wait for me, then.”

He then heard small noises from the other end of the line.

Thoughtfully, he added, “Take a taxi. It’s too late.”

“Sure.”

After hanging up, Leslie set his phone down and received a wave of resentful glares.

“Mr. Synder, you are tricking others to deliver food to you.”

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“What do you know? Mr. Synder has finally learned how to be romantic.”

“It’s a pity that we can only watch.”

Leslie eyed them and said, “I’ll buy you all supper.”

“Yay!”

Everyone was cheering except for Cynthia.

Cynthia couldn’t understand how Aurelia, of all people, could manage to remain calm and not make a fuss. She was even more bewildered that Aurelia went so far as not to care at all.

Leslie glanced at Cynthia.

“Your work is almost done. There’s no need for you to stay here any longer. Go home.”

“I just-”

Cynthia wanted to say she could stay longer, but Leslie cut her off.

“We value efficiency here. We don’t necessarily value overtime. You’ve just had a severe allergic reaction, so you should rest more.”

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Although Leslie sounded caring, he was actually trying to make her leave.

Cynthia naturally knew what he meant but refrained from asking further. She could only smile as she

got **up**

“Well then, I’ll head home first. Thanks for your concern, Mr. Synder.”

The others seemed to pick up on something and comforted Cynthia.

“Ms. Whitlock, make sure you rest well while you’re recovering. That way, your immune system will recover better.”

“If we had known you were sick, we wouldn’t have kept you overtime today.”

Cynthia tossed her hair slightly and flashed a smile.

“Thanks for your concern, everyone. Keep up the good work.”

Her gentle demeanor allowed her to maintain some dignity as she left the office under her colleagues’

Meanwhile, Aurelia was **bustling** in the kitchen.

She opened the fridge to warm up some dishes, but when she took out the plates and saw the wilted vegetables, she wondered if Leslie would even eat them.

He was quite picky, after all,

Still, he chose to stay late with a female colleague instead of coming home.

Aurelia simply put the dishes in the microwave. However, she hesitated as she closed the door.

She wasn’t concerned for Leslie but was somewhat worried that his colleagues would think she was mistreating **him**.

With that in mind, Aurelia put on an apron and quickly washed, chopped, and cooked fresh vegetables. Soon, a fragrant meal was packed,

When she arrived at Leslie’s company, Aurelia was reminded of the earlier incident when the security guard refused to let her in.

Just as she was about to call Leslie, she noticed a tall figure standing by the fountain outside the building

Under the streetlight, his long shadow stretched behind him. Smoke twirled between his fingers as the water rippled softly behind him.

He looked exceptionally handsome under the light.

“Mr. Synder,” Aurelia called out.

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“Were you waiting for me?”

Leslie put out the cigarette and said coolly, “No. I was just coming down for a smoke,”

“Oh.”

Aurelia pursed her lips awkwardly.

Leslie reached for the thermos bag she was carrying

“Come on in.”

Aurelia nodded and followed him inside.

The security guard watched them approach with a grin on his face.

“So you were waiting for your girlfriend, huh? You’ve smoked three cigarettes already,” the guard

teased.

Leslie furrowed his brow in silence.

Aurelia stifled a laugh and pretended she didn’t hear anything as she followed Leslie into the elevator.

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Everyone looked at her with a pointed smile when she entered the office.

Aurelia greeted them, "Hello, everyone."

A few nosy people got up, only to sit back down when Leslie glared at them.

"Hello, Ms. Simmons."

"I hope I'm not interrupting anything," she said.

Daniel didn't want the others to reveal too much, so he immediately chimed in, "No, of course not. The boss said we could take a break to eat, so we are ordering food now. You guys can go ahead."

"Sure."

Aurelia nodded and followed Leslie to his workstation. As she walked, she stepped on something and

came close to stumbling.

She

lowered her gaze and found a lipstick. It was coincidentally the exact same brand as the one she

had found in the car.

To her knowledge, only two women were working at the reception in this company. They wouldn't have entered the office space to put on lipstick.

Hence, it was likely that this was the exact same lipstick she found in the car.

Moreover, it was a lipstick from a luxury brand, so one couldn't possibly lose it.

She wondered if someone had deliberately left it behind for her to see.

Just then, Aurelia noticed a rose-fragrant hand cream on Leslie's desk that evidently belonged to a

woman.

"So the woman who picked up his phone sits beside him," she thought.

Aurelia contemplated for a moment. Instead of making a fuss, she patted Leslie's arm, signaling him

to look down.

"What-"

Leslie was about to ask when he spotted the lipstick. He frowned with displeasure.

“I didn’t know.”

“I knew. I’m just reminding you not to step on it. This lipstick is quite expensive. Where should I put it?”

Aurelia picked up the lipstick.

“There.”

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Leslie pointed to the adjacent table.

Aurelia set down the lipstick. She then pulled over a chair as if nothing had happened and opened the

meal box for Leslie.

Changing the subject, she said, “I prepared a simple dinner. You should eat first.”

Leslie couldn’t help but feel a bit angry at her calmness.

Aurelia had just seen a woman’s belongings next to her husband’s chair, yet she remained highly composed.

“How considerate of her,” he thought sarcastically.

“Alright.”

Leslie picked up the fork moodily.

Aurelia was puzzled.

Why was he angry again? Was it because the food wasn’t good? That seemed unlikely.

Was he worried she’d badmouth his female colleagues?

She glanced at the men discussing food ahead and leaned closer to Leslie.

“Mr. Synder.”

“Hmm?”

“Don’t worry, I won’t say anything out of line. You’re a handsome man, so it’s normal for someone to have a crush on you. I simply didn’t inquire further because I feared your co

leagues might get the wrong idea. Besides, what if it's just a misunderstanding?" Aurelia said seriously.

Leslie suddenly lost his appetite. Aurelia's easy-going nature somehow irritated him.

"You're quite understanding," he said gruffly.

"Thank you."

Leslie fell silent with a grim expression.

Aurelia glanced at the space between Leslie and the other woman. They were sitting close enough to touch.

She felt uneasy but knew the woman who could casually take Leslie's phone wasn't ordinary.

After all, Leslie was furious with her in the past for simply grabbing the wrong phone at the hospital by accident.

Still...

Aurelia tugged at Leslie's sleeve and whispered, "Mr. Synder, could you—"

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"Could I do what?" Leslie snapped coldly.

Aurelia had better say something he liked to hear.

"Could you not be with anyone else?"

"Why?"

Leslie clenched his fist against his lips and felt slightly better.

"We're not divorced yet. Isn't it unacceptable to have an affair?" Aurelia whispered as she leaned in

close.

Leslie was speechless. He turned to look at Aurelia, his voice heavy.

“Are you that eager for me to like someone else?”

Aurelia was confused by his words.

What did he mean by that?

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Aurelia and Leslie stared into each other’s eyes **in** silence, both trying to read the other.

Her heart raced in the face of his handsome features, and she felt a sudden urge.

She couldn’t hold back the words from spilling from her lips.

“**Mr.** Synder, who do you like if you don’t like someone else?”

She screamed inwardly and froze.

“Why did I ask that? What exactly am I trying to do?” Aurelia thought.

Leslie seemed slightly moved. This was the first time she saw the twirl of emotions in his eyes in such

proximity.

Frowning, he moved his lips when he was interrupted by the person next to him.

“The delivery guy isn’t sending the food up. I’m in the middle of something, so **can** someone pick it up for me?”

“I’m busy, too. Just get the delivery guy to drop the food off in the lobby.”

“My pasta is going to get soggy!”

Aurelia immediately distanced herself from Leslie and stood up.

“I will pick the food up for you. You guys carry on working...”

With that, she darted out.

It wasn’t until she was inside the elevator that she started panting heavily.

Staring at her reflection in the mirror, she saw herself blushing.

Rubbing her face, she could still feel Leslie’s breath caressing her cheeks.

“I’m going mad. Oh, what was he going to say just now? I should have asked him. Wait, should I? No, I don’t dare to,” she said aloud.

Aurelia felt like a fool for talking to herself in the elevator.

As she stepped out, the doors closed behind her. She caught a glimpse of a woman in a black dress walking past her but didn’t see clearly.

She didn’t pay much attention and headed directly to the lobby, where she found everyone’s takeout.

She thought there wouldn’t be much, but the men’s appetite for food surprised her.

Each takeout box was as big as a pot.

She wondered if they could consume all of that.

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Upon further thought, she realized they must have overworked their brains and were tax evaders.

Aurelia struggled with five bags in each hand and three takeout boxes in her arms.

She even had to use her foot to press the elevator door open. Once inside, she felt like her arms were

about to be torn off.

When the elevator doors finally opened, she hurried towards the office,

Even before entering, she heard cheerful voices conversing from inside.

“Ms. Whitlock, thank you so much for bringing us coffee,”

“I happened to pass by a coffee shop and thought of you guys, so I bought some.”

The woman’s voice was gentle and soothing. Aurelia felt relaxed **just** listening to it.

Ignoring their conversation, Aurelia rushed in nervously with her hands full.

“The delivery’s here.”

A ten-dollar bill was handed to her when she set down the food.

“Thank you for going through the trouble of bringing this up. Consider this a tip. It’s not easy for a young lady like you to deliver meals so late.”

Aurelia was taken aback. Looking up at the money, she saw a gorgeous woman standing before her.

Brown curls adorned her head, and each inch of her hair shone perfectly. This was a testament to how well she cared for her hair.

Her black dress revealed just enough skin to exude femininity without going overboard, Confidence radiated from her bright and self-assured eyes.

This was a gentle yet formidable woman. That was Aurelia’s first impression of Cynthia.

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Cynthia smiled as she took another ten-dollar bill from her wallet and jokingly said, “Sorry, I just returned to the country. I’m not very familiar with tipping customs here. I thought it would be similar to overseas, but I didn’t expect it to be so high.”

Her words made her seem superior. She had only spoken a few words, but they were enough to imply that Aurelia was poor.

Suddenly, the atmosphere became awkward, and no one knew how to stop Cynthia.

Undeterred, Cynthia continued, “Is it still not enough?”

Aurelia snapped out of it.

After all these years of climbing the career ladder, she saw right through Cynthia’s sarcasm.

However, Cynthia was much smarter than those who openly targeted her.

Her words and demeanor were that of a well-mannered lady, courteous and kind.

Whether Aurelia accepted the money or not, Cynthia’s purpose would be fulfilled.

If she accepted, she’d be seen as greedy and materialistic. If she didn’t and explained her identity, Cynthia could simply apologize, saying that she mistook her for a delivery person.

Meanwhile, Aurelia’s image at Leslie’s company would be tarnished.

At the sight of Leslie approaching, Aurelia glanced at him, then reached for Cynthia's money.

Cynthia smiled warmly with a glint of triumph in her eyes.

Aurelia did some quick calculations as she counted the takeout.

"Miss, it's not enough."

Cynthia's smile froze.

"What do you mean? Do people demand specific amounts for tips in this country?"

Aurelia mimicked Cynthia's exaggerated tone.

"Miss, don't you keep up with current events abroad? What have you been learning overseas? This is

a tech company, isn't it? Are all employees like you?" she asked sarcastically.

Cynthia pursed her lips.

She couldn't turn around and ask Leslie about the type of woman he had found, as it would be like admitting she knew Aurelia's identity.

Cynthia pulled out two more ten-dollar bills from her purse through gritted teeth.

It wouldn't matter. As long as Aurelia accepted the money, everyone would know she was a greedy

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woman.

However, Aurelia didn't pocket the money. Instead, she walked up to the group.

"This young lady is treating you. Check if you have any spare change. It should be 2.8 dollars. Round it up to three dollars for her."

Cynthia furrowed her brows in confusion, but everyone understood what Aurelia was doing and held back their laughter.

Leslie cleared his throat, and his lips twitched into a half-smile.

Cynthia shot Aurelia an annoyed look when she finally realized what she was doing.

Aurelia turned to self-mockery as a response.

“Miss, you are so smart. I’m indeed here to deliver food, but just for one person.”

“Oh, I lost my appetite!” someone shouted.

“This is too much! You are flaunting your romance!”

“The gods are unfair!”

“Don’t eat, then.”

Leslie curled his lips slightly, and everyone noticed it.

The noises around them intensified, and someone even pushed Aurelia toward Leslie.

Leslie casually held her waist. It was clear that it was a regular occurrence. Otherwise he wouldn’t have been able to catch her by the waist so accurately.

Everyone felt like they had witnessed yet another romantic scene.

Sensing Aurelia’s embarrassment, Leslie turned to the others.

“Are you all not hungry anymore?”

The others laughed and went off to collect their food.

Aurelia steadied herself and handed Cynthia the change.

“Miss, your change.”

“Thank you.”

Cynthia gritted her teeth and shoved the change into her purse without looking at it.

Just then, she noticed the lipstick on the desk and glanced at Aurelia before turning to look at Leslie.

“Did I leave my lipstick with you again? I’m just so forgetful wherever I am. It’s a good thing I have you.”

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Cynthia made it seem like she had a close relationship with Leslie, leaving Aurelia unable to interject.

She glanced at Aurelia again and said, “You wouldn’t know, but I always seem to be losing things overseas. It’s either in his car or his apartment. There were even times when I

grabbed the wrong coat. The weather abroad is always dreary, so I'd end up walking in his oversized coat on the streets. It's quite amusing."

Three strikes—car, apartment, grabbing the wrong coat.

It was hard for one not to assume that there was something between Leslie and Cynthia

Still, it happened before their marriage, so Aurelia couldn't say much about it.

She stood quietly beside Leslie as Cynthia recounted tales of her and Leslie's past.

Although she hated to admit it, Cynthia and Leslie standing together were more pleasing to the eye than any handsome couple in a magazine.

There was an inherent elegance about them that others couldn't imitate.

Aurelia pursed her lips and lowered her head slowly, feeling defeated.

Cynthia's smirk grew deeper as she continued, "Where did you and Leslie meet? At university? At the gallery? Museum? Or was it during a beach vacation?"

Speaking of beach vacations, when we went surfing together last year, I almost got swept away by the waves. Fortunately, Leslie saved me." Perhaps Cynthia hit the nail on the head because everyone put down their spoon and chimed in.

"Ms. Whitlock, you should be embarrassed! You saw how good Leslie was at surfing and insisted on learning."

"The same thing happened when we went skiing in the mountains. You went on the most difficult trails without a word, but fortunately, Leslie managed to catch up to you."

"

"It's quite impressive that you almost drowned in a hot spring, Ms. Whitlock."

As they recounted their overseas experiences, Aurelia couldn't help but tighten her grip on her skirt.

She felt like she didn't belong there, like an outsider trying to force her into a clique where she didn't

fit.

Everyone in the office was high-paying talent, so going on vacations abroad was as easy as going to the supermarket.

Aurelia, on the other hand, had never traveled out of the country.

They spoke of surfing by the beach, hot springs under volcanoes, and skiing down endless snowy mountains. These were all the things she had never seen.

There was no way she could participate in this conversation.

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Cynthia stared at Aurelia, smiling.

“Why are you so quiet? Don’t tell me that... you’ve never been abroad?”

The office fell silent instantly. Those who were engaged in lively conversation just moments ago now stood frozen in place.

They were all curious as to why Leslie was with Aurelia instead of Cynthia, who was more favored

before.

Aurelia understood the looks they were giving her and knew that they were more curious than malicious.

She took a deep breath before saying, “I-”

Before she could finish her sentence, **she** felt a weight on her shoulder and was pulled aside.

When she looked up, she saw Leslie’s tense expression. It was not directed at her but at Cynthia. “If you could stop being so forgetful, you wouldn’t have to send me documents after work hours in the rain. If you had only known your own limits during the annual trip, we wouldn’t have to trouble ourselves to save you.”

Cynthia froze and fell into silence.

Leslie glanced at the others.

“Anything else you’re curious about? You can ask me.

“No, not at all.”

Daniel immediately got up.

“You all should finish your food and get back to work. Don’t you want to go home?”

“Yeah, yeah.”

Everyone lowered their heads to eat, not daring to say anything else.

Aurelia was quite confused as to why everyone seemed to fear Leslie. However, before she could ask him anything, Leslie turned to Cynthia.

“Is there anything else you need? If not, go home. I hope we can focus on discussing work rather than private matters.”

“Sure,” Cynthia said while maintaining a smile, the veins on her neck protruding from rage.

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Cynthia heard Leslie’s voice as she exited the **office**.

“Let’s all have a gathering at my place this weekend.”

She paused and thought, “Leslie, who hates socializing, is inviting others to his place?”

She stared into the office in disbelief and happened to observe each movement Aurelia and Leslie made.

Aurelia looked up and tugged at his clothes before saying, “Mr. Synder, you shouldn’t use that tone when inviting others.”

Leslie looked impatient, but his tone remained relaxed.

“It’s just a simple meal. You’ve all been working hard, so let’s celebrate the recent launch.”

Everyone was taken aback by his tone. Some even pinched themselves in disbelief.

They never thought that their boss would be approachable.

“Thank you, Mr.—Leslie!”

Aurelia leaned closer to Leslie in confusion.

“Why do they always address you so respectfully? It’s not like you’re that old.”

“Maybe they’re just jealous,” he deadpanned.

Aurelia laughed.

“Mr. Synder, you have been making many jokes lately.”

It then dawned on Leslie that he was getting along with everyone, which was unimaginable in the past, even though these people were his trusted subordinates.

Aurelia smiled and said, “Mr. Synder, that’s great. Keep up the good work.”

Leslie looked at her smile and nodded, somehow feeling reassured.

Outside the door, Cynthia watched the scene unfold and felt like Leslie had taken everything she had just done as a joke.

She clenched her bag tightly and turned to walk into the elevator expressionlessly.

As she stepped out of the elevator, she maintained her aloof demeanor.

The steady clicking of her heels echoed confidently, and even the security guards in the building greeted her with respect as she passed by.

Cynthia felt affirmed by their behavior. She thought people were divided into different classes. Aurelia would never reach her level, so she would never consider Aurelia her equal.

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Aurelia was simply not up to her standards.

However, once she got into her car, she began to tremble uncontrollably.

Even the steering wheel creaked under her tight grip.

Cynthia couldn’t help but pound on the steering wheel until she couldn’t mask the resentment on her face any longer.

Leslie had given her a warning for Aurelia’s sake.

“How dare he?” she thought.

She had worked tirelessly for Leslie for many years, yet Leslie always rejected her advances .

Aurelia had only been with him for a few months, yet he was a completely different person.

Cynthia wondered why Aurelia should reap the fruits of her labor. She refused to believe she would

lose to such an ordinary woman.

After venting her frustrations, Cynthia calmed down and called her friend, Eva.

Indeed, Eva was her friend.

They had been best friends since high school. Eva became a model during college, so they didn't see

each other that often.

However, their relationship remained strong in private. Not many people knew about their

connection.

Eva contacted her when she learned Cynthia was back in the country.

When Eva learned that there was another woman named Aurelia next to the man Cynthia secretly admired, she was excited to hear more.

It was a mere coincidence that Aurelia's next big client happened to be IN Magazine, and Eva happened to be the director of the charity ball this time.

To help Cynthia vent her frustrations, Eva went to Aurelia's office to embarrass her and even spread rumors about Aurelia's lack of professionalism.

They thought it would be enough to make Aurelia's life miserable, but to their surprise, Aurelia was still doing well in the company.

Eva found this strange and asked curiously, “Cynthia, who exactly is this man you're secretly in love with? How does he manage to protect Aurelia so well? Even the boss of Young Advertising is constantly speaking up for her.”

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Cynthia hesitated momentarily.

She had never told Eva that the man she secretly loved was Leslie, the brilliant young man who had made a name for himself abroad.

She wanted Leslie all to herself.

Whenever Eva asked, she would simply say he was a decent-looking colleague.

Eva was accustomed to seeing handsome men and beautiful women in the fashion industry, so she had become numb to them.

She often advised Cynthia not to lose sight of the bigger picture for the sake of one man

Cynthia never listened. Eva couldn't understand the benefit of becoming Leslie's girlfriend or wife.

Aside from Leslie himself, there was his vast business empire.

Cynthia believed she was the only one worthy of him because they were in sync at work, shared the same ideas, and made decisions together.

With such harmony, why couldn't they be together?

Cynthia felt it was only a matter of time before they were.

She refrained from revealing Leslie's true identity to Eva, fearing she wouldn't lend her a helping

hand.

"He's a young and promising developer at One Technology. With One Technology thriving in Seacester, no one dares to offend him," she said casually.

This wasn't entirely a lie, as Leslie had asked everyone to keep his identity secret.

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"Ah, I see. Can't you aim a bit higher? Instead of going for all the wealthy and influential people abroad, you're fixated on an employee of a tech company. Even if he's good-looking now, probably be just an average Joe with a receding hairline in the future."

Eva clucked her tongue disapprovingly.

“Eva, I just like him. I don’t want anyone else but him. If it weren’t for Aurelia, he would definitely have feelings for me,” Cynthia said firmly.

“Wait a minute... You’re not calling me just because of Aurelia again, right?”

Eva immediately guessed the problem.

“Yeah.”

Cynthia briefly explained the recent events but didn’t mention her role in making things difficult for Aurelia. Instead, she portrayed Aurelia as a very scheming woman.