

Married in a Flash Embarking on the Journey to Wealth

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Jessica and Maria were really going all **out** to maintain their good figures. In fact, they wished that they could use all their knowledge and skills on Aurelia.

Meanwhile, Aurelia listened, but she didn't fully grasp everything. Yet, she still agreed to lend them a **hand**.

However, at that moment, she glanced into the office and saw Cynthia and Leslie still discussing work. But since it was almost time to clock out, she didn't approach them.

Just as Leslie hung up the client's call and started packing up to leave, Cynthia pointed at the computer. "There's still an issue here. Can you take a look?"

Leslie glanced over. "There're so many tech guys here. Ask them. I have something else

to do."

Cynthia hesitated for a moment before nodding. "Hmm. Yeah, we shouldn't have kept Ms. Simmons waiting for so long."

Then, she glanced downward and unexpectedly noticed that something seemed off about Leslie's shoes.

Cynthia frowned. "Did anything happen to Andrea recently? Why did the craftsmanship of your shoes change?"

Andrea Bach was the shoemaker Cynthia had introduced to Leslie, and all of Leslie's shoes were handcrafted by him.

This was one of the things that Cynthia was proud of—she was the only woman who could get involved in Leslie's life. If any other woman were to take care of Leslie's daily necessities, he would never agree to it.

“It wasn’t him. It was someone else,” Leslie casually replied, a hint of a smile on his lips.

Cynthia immediately put up her guard and said, “But the quality of the leather on these shoes doesn’t look top-notch either. Which craftsman would recommend such leather to you? You’re the pickiest person, so don’t wear them if they’re uncomfortable.

“In the meantime, I’ll have Andrea customize another pair for you. I’ll also help you choose the best leather and style.”

After saying that, Cynthia gave Leslie a warm smile.

“No thanks. I’ll take care of my own stuff. I know what’s comfortable for myself,” Leslie replied.

“Okay.” Cynthia’s smile seemed stiff as she glanced at the shoes, feeling a bit uneasy.

After Leslie finished packing, he headed toward the door as Cynthia reluctantly trailed

behind him.

When they reached the reception desk, Aurelia stood up as soon as she saw Leslie.

“Getting off work now?” she asked.

“Yeah, let’s go,” Leslie replied.

Aurelia nodded and waved goodbye to Jessica and Maria.

Then, Maria jokingly teased, “Hey, not bad! Having a wife really changes things, huh? Even your style has changed. And these shoes...”

Aurelia worriedly asked, “Do they not look good? I didn’t think much of it when I chose the style for him.”

Maria chuckled. “They really suit Mr. Synder. His old shoes, despite being pricey, just lacked personality.”

Aurelia felt relieved. "That's good, I was worried he wouldn't like them."

Maria covered her mouth and chuckled. "If he didn't like them, even if you forced him, he still wouldn't wear them."

At this, Aurelia and Leslie both remained silent.

These two gossipers... If the company didn't need them, Leslie would've already considered shutting them up.

He glanced at them and said, "Since you two are so free, how about coming to work overtime this weekend?"

"No way! After finally getting to mooch off of your hospitality for dinner, you're asking us to work overtime? That's pushing it." Maria scoffed.

"Alright, we're leaving now. See you this weekend," Aurelia intervened and said.

"See you this weekend." Maria

this weekend." Maria waved and winked at her.

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Then, Aurelia nodded and followed Leslie into the elevator.

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Upon hearing that Aurelia had bought the shoes, Cynthia, who was hiding nearby, couldn't help but clench her fists.

The privilege that used to be hers had been taken by Aurelia. And what made it worse was the fact that even Jessica and Maria had been invited to Aurelia's house for dinner. Yet, she hadn't received an invitation.

It seemed like Leslie did it all on purpose for Aurelia.

Cynthia had never seen Leslie care so much about a woman before. And even though she held her current position, she had initially been scolded by Leslie when she'd first arrived.

Just as Cynthia was lost in her thoughts, her phone rang.

As she glanced at the caller ID, she stepped aside from the crowd to take the call.

"Eva, why are you calling me now? Aren't you worried about getting caught?"

Cynthia

asked.

"Cynthia, what's that supposed to mean? I'm risking my job to help you, and now you're trying to act like we're not even friends?" Eva replied, annoyed.

Upon hearing this, Cynthia quickly changed her tone and comforted Eva, saying, "Eva, that's not what I meant. I've already reached out to a friend at the IN headquarter, and she said she'll advocate for you. It's just a temporary inconvenience."

Upon hearing this, Eva calmed down.

"Cynthia, who even is this guy? I just got a call from the president, and from the way he spoke, this guy is definitely not just a programmer.

"And about that necklace I can't figure out who would give Aurelia a 50 million dollar necklace. Someone must be trying to mess with me, and I **won't** let them get away with it!

Upon hearing this, Cynthia's expression turned serious.

Given that things had reached this point, if she didn't clarify Leslie's identity to her, Eva would definitely act recklessly.

Cynthia couldn't let Eva ruin her plans. So, she said, "Eva, I'm really sorry for not being honest with you earlier. The company has strict rules about revealing Leslie's identity,

and I was worried that if I did, Leslie might cause problems for you."

“What do you mean? Does he really have another identity?”

“Do you know about the Mulan Group?”

“Who doesn’t?”

“He’s the heir of the Mulan Group, and One Technology is just a front for him,” Cynthia whispered.

“You... said the Mulan Group?”

“Yeah.”

“Doesn’t that make Aurelia the ‘Mrs. Synder’ to Mulan Group? Why are you telling me this now?” Eva reproached.

“No! She isn’t! She has **no** clue about Leslie’s identity. Besides, if Leslie **truly** acknowledged her as ‘Mrs. Synder’, wouldn’t he have told her his true identity? I think it’s just a game.”

“But they are a real couple, and you’re just...” Nothing.

Eva hesitated, but ultimately, she didn’t finish her sentence out loud.

“Eva, as long as it stays private, Aurelia is insignificant. Their marriage means nothing.

Just think about it, if you could help me marry Leslie, wouldn’t that benefit you more?” Just think about it, if you could help me marry

Cynthia persuaded Eva.

Eva stayed quiet

for a while before responding, “Cynthia, it’s not that I don’t believe you. After all, you’ve been with Leslie for so many years. But do you really think it’ll work out?”

Cynthia was taken aback by this question, but she remained calm as she said, “I was careless this time, but someone with Leslie’s status wouldn’t actually marry someone as ordinary as Aurelia, right?”

“You’ve got a point. After all, you’re the most capable woman by his side, and you understand him the most too,” Eva approvingly said.

“As long as you’re clear of that then. But in the meantime, we’ll keep Leslie’s true identity between ourselves. And whatever you do, don’t let Aurelia find out.

“If she discovers Leslie’s identity, she’ll stick to him like glue. I’ll figure out how to deal with her,” Cynthia said.

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“You know, something just came to my mind. Ms. Lawson at our magazine publisher is really impressed with Aurelia. She’d even put her in charge of planning the upcoming charity event. And if the plans go smoothly, Aurelia’s reputation could really take off.” “Is that so? Then let’s make sure she fails,” Cynthia coldly said.

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When Aurelia and Leslie stepped into the elevator, there weren’t many people inside. However, as they went down a floor, the elevator suddenly filled up with several people.

Among the group of people, some women spotted Leslie and promptly positioned themselves next to him, causing Aurelia to squeeze herself into the corner.

“Hey, Mr. Synder. Leaving work early today? No overtime?”

“Yeah.” Leslie politely nodded and kept his distance.

“Mr. Synder, are you free for dinner? We’re thinking of grabbing a bite together.”

“I’m busy,” Leslie replied. He was straightforward about it and didn’t bother coming up with an excuse.

He had just said that he wasn’t working overtime, yet he instantly switched up and said he was busy.

Meanwhile, Aurelia silently stood in the corner.

She felt that Jessica and Maria's concerns were totally unnecessary. After all, Leslie seemed immune to the charms of attractive women.

But Aurelia had underestimated Leslie's charm.

After the elevator descended two more floors, several more attractive office ladies stepped in.

Aurelia couldn't help but feel a sense of inferiority as she observed them.

These white-collar workers were unlike any she had encountered before. Their beauty was n't just surface-level. Rather, it emanated from within and was coupled with confidence.

They effortlessly talked about professional topics and could freely laugh. And even when they noticed a man that they liked, they'd approach him with unwavering confidence **and** without any pretense or nervousness.

"Hey, Mr. Synder, it's rare to see you clocking out early. We have a gathering later, wanna join?"

"No, I've got something to do," Leslie politely replied.

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"Maybe next time then." The woman smiled and turned to chat with her colleagues, occasionally glancing at Leslie without making any overt moves.

Yet, there would always be a few people who'd push the boundaries.

One such woman pretended to lose her balance and ended up falling into Leslie's embrace. And despite her high heels, she barely reached Leslie's chest. So, this allowed him to easily peek down her plunging neckline.

"Mr. Synder, sorry for the inconvenience, it's too crowded," the woman said as her hands continued to touch Leslie.

Upon observing this, Aurelia finally grasped Jessica and Maria's frustration.

With everyone bustling around, they couldn't afford to lose their composure. And if even someone as indifferent as Leslie couldn't fend them off, how could Jessica and Maria handle it?

Then, Aurelia's eyes widened when she saw the woman's fair-skinned hand about to

reach Leslie's shoulder.

Immediately, she covered her mouth and loudly coughed, causing everyone to look at her as if she was contagious.

After all, it was an elevator, and enclosed spaces were easily contaminated.

But Amelia was quick to apologize and said, "Sorry, I caught a viral cold recently."

Instantly, everyone quickly shifted away to the other side, pushing the woman **in** front of Leslie aside as well.

Leslie then moved to Aurelia's side and asked, "Are you okay?"

Aurelia shook her head. "I'm fine."

After regaining her balance, the woman angrily straightened her clothes and shot Aurelia a hostile glance. "Mr. Synder, who's this..."

"Oh, I forgot to introduce myself." Aurelia smiled and reached out her hand. "I'm Mr. Synder's wife, Aurelia. Miss, are you alright? You seem a bit wobbly in those high heels. It's an elevator, not a rocking bus."

"You..." The woman was seething in anger, but she was speechless upon hearing what Aurelia had **just** said.

Just then, the elevator doors opened, and a few more people stepped in.

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During peak hours, the elevator would stop at almost every floor, becoming slow and crowded.

In her attempt to avoid the incoming crowd, Aurelia accidentally bumped into Leslie's embrace and was instantly embarrassed.

Just a moment ago, she had mocked the woman for treating the elevator like a bus. But now, she was the one in Leslie's embrace!

So, Aurelia kept her head down, afraid to make a move. She was worried that Leslie might misinterpret her intentions.

Just then, the woman Aurelia had mocked earlier menacingly glared at her, intensifying her embarrassment.

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But wait!

Aurelia was Leslie's wife! She was different from the others!

Then, Aurelia remembered

Jessica and Maria's earnest advice to find a way everyone's admiration for Leslie.

And wasn't now the perfect opportunity to do so?

to shatter

Plus, the foreign language institution that Maria recommended had offered her a discount, so she had to help them no matter what.

With these thoughts in mind, Aurelia immediately stood on her tiptoes and glanced up at Leslie. "Why are you **so** careless? Your tie's crooked. Let me straighten it out for you. You should've let me do it before you left this morning."

Aurelia's tone had never been this soft. In fact, it wasn't even this soft during the honeymoon phase with Seth.

Leslie frowned at first. But then, he smirked. "Okay."

Aurelia's hands paused in surprise as she adjusted Leslie's tie.

She hadn't anticipated his response. She'd just thought of playing along with her little act.

What should she say next?

Then, she chuckled softly. "Let's save the rest for when we're home."

"Hmm," Leslie responded in a low voice.

Then, Aurelia stayed quiet, feeling like her words could easily be misunderstood.

Then, when the elevator doors finally opened, Aurelia grabbed Leslie's arm and strode out under everyone's gazes.

As they walked out, she muttered to herself, "I'm never coming back here again."

Leslie smirked. Truly, wherever Aurelia was, something unexpected would happen.

Once they were inside the car, Aurelia felt too awkward to strike up a conversation. **So**, she pretended to be engrossed in her phone, scrolling through the latest online trends.

The Internet was indeed ever-changing. After Aurelia posted all the evidence against the

Subway **Heroes**, everyone backed down and apologized one after another, hoping **for** Aurelia's forgiveness.

But would she forgive them? Not a chance!

As for the instigators, Kimberly and Seth, their crimes were serious—defamation and spreading obscene videos. Hence, they were bound for jail. And even though they were out on bail now, they were being treated like pariahs.

Aurelia also caught wind of the recent happenings from her former colleagues.

Apparently, Kimberly, who could have lived comfortably with a wealthy businessman got dumped for a younger college student. Even her uncle ditched her and denied being related to her in front of everyone.

Meanwhile, Seth **got** himself in trouble because of this incident, and his steps on had used it against him. This then led **to** Seth getting divorced, and his wife and mother were both on his stepson's side.

So, Seth's reputation also took a hit among his peers, and it made it impossible **for** him to stay in Seacester any longer.

This just proved that those who seek shortcuts would never succeed.

Just then, Aurelia received a message from Eva.

Surprisingly, it turned out to be an apology letter.

The apology seemed heartfelt, and it stated Eva's willingness to engage her industry connections to fix the necklace, with all the expenses being covered by her.

This was a stark contrast to Eva's previous behavior.

After getting out of the car, Aurelia handed her phone to Leslie, confused. "Eva apologized to me.

"She changed her tune pretty quickly," Leslie remarked, puzzled as well.

"Do you think it's a trick?" Aurelia asked, worried.

"Now that her school bullying issue has dragged her parents into the mix, and given that they're influential folks, she's got no option but to own up to it," Leslie explained.

"What about those who got bullied by her?" Aurelia worried that by accepting Eva's apology, the school bullying issue would simply be swept under the rug.

"So far, ten people have stepped forward, with seven or eight of them having solid

evidence. So, Eva's left with two choices—either agree to significant compensation, or face reputation damage.” Leslie analyzed.

“That’s good.” Aurelia breathed a sigh of relief.

“Why are you always worrying about others?”

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“I just feel like others only stepped up against Eva because they saw me doing it. But if I messed up halfway through, wouldn’t they feel abandoned?” Aurelia explained her perspective.

However, Leslie held onto the belief that human nature was inherently bad. So, he said, “I reckon you’re not fully aware of the situation. Did you know that three out of ten of those folks have already inked deals with companies while the heat’s still on?”

Upon hearing this, Aurelia stood frozen in place with a complicated expression on her

face.

But at the next instant, she smiled and said, “Well, wouldn’t there still be seven people left? If even one of them can seek justice for themselves while the spotlight’s on, then

it’s worth it.

“People have their good and bad sides, and being cautious is necessary. But you can’t judge everyone the same way.”

Upon hearing this, Leslie remained silent, and he felt an indescribable emotion as he gazed at Aurelia’s smile.

After returning home, they had a quick dinner.

After that, Leslie headed to his study to handle some overseas work.

Meanwhile, Aurelia sat at the dining table with her laptop. She was researching the foreign language institution that Maria had recommended.

Soon, the institution's teacher contacted her on Whatsapp and sent her a bunch of materials. Then, Aurelia clicked on a random file and saw that the enrollment fee was over 20 thousand dollars.

But the most important question was, what language should she even learn?

It'd been more than four years since Aurelia left school, and her mind was all over the place now.

In the past, she solely focused on working hard and making money. But now, the idea of studying again felt unreal.

Not to mention, she didn't have much cash on hand, and neither did she have a job. Yet now, she had to spend tens of thousands of dollars to learn a language that she didn't

understand.

What's more, if she couldn't grasp the language in one semester, she would have to

continue studying it. And eventually, it would all add up to tens of thousands of dollars more each time.

When would **she** ever make that money back?

Aurelia didn't consider herself smart. But when she thought of the confident girls in Leslie's company, it was impossible to not feel jealous.

But no! She couldn't start backing down before she'd even started!

Maria and Jessica were right. She couldn't keep her perspective stuck at Young's level.

But why were there so many options? How could she even decide?

Aurelia flipped through the materials, feeling overwhelmed.

"What are you looking at?" Leslie's cold voice suddenly sounded in her ear.

Aurelia hesitated for a moment before quickly blocking **the** computer screen. “Nothing.”

“You want to learn a foreign language?” Leslie asked while pouring himself some water.

“Yeah.” Seeing as how Leslie had already seen it all, Aurelia stopped blocking the screen.

Leslie then pointed at the Fradish text on the screen and asked, “Do you have any background in Fradish?”

Aurelia pursed her lips and shook her head.

“Do you have a suitable language-learning environment?” Leslie asked again.

Aurelia shook her head again.

“Why did you suddenly want to learn it then?”

Aurelia didn’t respond, but her heart skipped a beat.

Yeah, why **did** she suddenly want to learn it? After all, the teacher had sent her materials for many different languages.

But when Aurelia thought about it, a scene gradually became clear in her mind.

It was the scene of Leslie and Cynthia standing side **by** side in a video call with a Framano client.

So, among all the materials, she’d clicked on Fradish at first sight.

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Aurelia didn’t know how to explain this, so she silently observed Leslie as her hands tightly clenched into fists.

Leslie seemed to grasp something from her expression. So, he paused and fixed an intent gaze on her. “Aurelia, you...”

“Just randomly clicked on it,” Aurelia frantically explained. Then, she immediately closed the documents and pretended to look at something else.

Upon seeing

Aurelia’s blushing ears, Leslie pulled a nearby chair over to himself and sat down.

He said, “You need to be immersed in a conducive environment to learn a language. Without that, learning anything would be useless, and it would just be a waste of time and money. Instead, it’s better to focus on improving what you’re already good at.”

Upon hearing this, Aurelia felt disheartened, and her shoulders dropped slightly. “I’ll be honest with you, I’m feeling a bit lost too. I’m not sure if I should invest this money or just find a job and make an honest living. I’m not like those fancy high-end white-collar workers. I’m afraid... of wasting money.”

She was already short on cash and didn’t want to make things worse. And unlike those high-end white-collar workers who often believed that money could solve everything, she was different.

Leslie could sense Aurelia’s concerns.

Basically, she was reluctant to spend her money.

In the past, he might’ve thought that Aurelia was money-minded and lacked ambition. But after getting to know her better, he realized that she was under a lot of pressure and had many worries.

Her life was much more complicated than he had imagined.

Leslie could use money to solve everything. But as for Aurelia, the first thing she had to solve was the issue of money.

After pondering for a moment, he slowly said, “Investing in yourself is never a waste. Let me give you an example from someone around you.”

“Someone around me? Who?” Aurelia asked.

“Kimberly,” Leslie said calmly, dropping the name.

Aurelia glanced at Leslie, puzzled as to why he'd use Kimberly as an example

Kimberly had never put much effort into her work and always mingled among men. But now that she'd stumbled, what kind of example was that?

However, Leslie continued, "Her capabilities in business may not be top-notch, but her track record over the years has been just below yours. However, she didn't invest in her intellect. Rather, she invested in her appearance instead.

"That's one of the reasons why you all find her hard to deal with.

"She always manages to find opportunities among men, and she knows exactly how to exploit certain weaknesses. If she wasn't so greedy, even if she ended up being a rich man's mistress, she would still be living the best life out of all of you.

"But you got to give her credit, she's better than any of you in investing in herself. She makes herself look valuable and then fits into more valuable circles. And although she's only after men with money, but at least she's getting what she wants.

"Her goal is even clearer than any of you at Young, even if it's just about snagging a rich

guy.

"I'm not asking you to copy her in how she presents herself, but rather, I'm asking you to find your own goals. Young should just be a place where you grow, but it's not the final destination. Otherwise, you'll be stuck like this forever."

Aurelia thought long and hard at Leslie's words.

She'd always looked down on women like Kimberly, but Leslie's words did make sense. Kimberly was indeed willing to put effort into attracting men. From her physique to her hair, she took meticulous care of herself just to make a good impression **on** men

whenever she tossed her hair.

Wasn't it normal for men to chase after such women?

Although the men pursuing her weren't anything special, Kimberly was just seeking better options among them. No one was superior to anyone else.

Aurelia glanced at the screen again and silently committed to keep pushing forward.

But how would she choose?

Nowadays, being fluent in a foreign language was a prerequisite for big companies. So,

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even if she wanted to start fresh, she needed to have at least some foundation.

But the issue was, **she** couldn't even match to the receptionist at Leslie's company.

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"Your Normish seems pretty good, and you can manage daily conversations. But your pronunciation is stiff. And when it comes to more professional terms, you're lost.

"However, Normish is more widely used, especially in companies **that** deal with foreign countries. And since you have a foundation in it, learning it won't be too difficult. This way, the tuition fee wouldn't be too high either," Leslie gave Aurelia some advice.

"I'll check it out." Aurelia suddenly felt a bit more confident and started looking for Normish course materials on her computer.

But she was getting a little anxious because she couldn't find any.

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"It's here." Leslie got up and wrapped his arm around Aurelia's shoulder. Then, he leaned over her to click the mouse.

Aurelia watched as Leslie's face drew closer, momentarily captivated.

"Why are you looking at me? Look at the computer," Leslie casually said.

Panicking, Aurelia involuntarily clicked a few times, resulting in the screen going black. "I... shut it down," she stammered.

Leslie wore a complicated expression as he rubbed his forehead. "12 thousand for 32 classes."

Impressed by his memory, Aurelia glanced at him. "Hmm. I'll inquire about the registration tomorrow."

"You don't have to stress about it too much. I've got your back," Leslie blurted out.

But after saying that, he was taken aback by his own words, unsure why he had spoken so

affectionately.

Aurelia looked at Leslie in surprise as well, but she didn't ask further about it. Instead, she simply nodded cautiously and said, "Okay."

Then, an uncertain atmosphere lingered between them as their gazes locked, and their breaths were audible to each other.

Leslie gazed at Aurelia in front of him.

She looked so pretty.

Aurelia also sensed Leslie's intense gaze, and she nervously bit her lip.

But just with this small gesture, Leslie unexpectedly leaned in closer to her.

What was he trying to do? Was **he** going to kiss her?

Aurelia nervously clenched her hand but didn't move away.

But right before the atmosphere could heat up, Aurelia's phone rang and jolted her back to reality. Then, when she quickly stood up, she accidentally bumped into Leslie's forehead.

Leslie grimaced, a hint of impatience appearing on his stern face as he straightened up

and rubbed his head. "Well done, Aurelia."

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Synder. I need to take *this* call."

After answering the call, Aurelia was surprised to find out it was Lucia on the line. She had called her personally.

"Ms. Simmons, we've got an interview scheduled for this afternoon. Is that okay with you?"

"That's fine."

"I'll send you the interview script right away. If there are any sensitive topics, you can let us know in advance," Lucia said.

"Alright. Thanks, Ms. Lawson."

"No problem. Thanks to your exclusive interview, our magazine publisher has regained some reputation. And rest assured, the company has also taken action against Eva, and she's been demoted to a regular employee."

"Got it, thanks," Aurelia calmly replied.

"See you tomorrow."

After ending the call, Aurelia glanced at Leslie in embarrassment. "Mr. Synder, are you okay?"

"What do you think?" Leslie lowered his hand from his forehead to reveal a bump.

Aurelia touched her own forehead and felt a bump too.

Upon seeing this, she chuckled. "Should I... make some boiled **eggs** to soothe it?"

"Hurry up then. Do you plan Leslie sarcastically

to go on camera like this tomorrow? replied.

Aurelia smiled as she entered the kitchen.

15 minutes later, she took out the boiled eggs. "Here you go," she said, peeling one and handing it to Leslie.

"I can't see the bump."

"I can't see mine either. I'll have to go to the bathroom to look in the mirror," Aurelia helplessly said.

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"Come here."

"Oh... uh..." Leslie pulled Aurelia to sit down beside him and placed a warm boiled egg on her forehead.

Surprisingly, it felt quite comforting.

"Feeling better?" Leslie asked.

"Yeah." Aurelia nodded. She held her breath and lowered her gaze, but she could still feel Leslie's eyes on her.

Then, she couldn't help but recall the situation just now and unconsciously licked her lips.

But suddenly, Leslie seemed to apply more force. And in the next moment, her forehead throbbed in pain and heat.

Then, Leslie unexpectedly crushed the egg, and the yolk dropped into Aurelia's hand.

Without thinking too much, Aurelia held the yolk and stuffed it into her mouth.

Leslie's voice turned hoarse as he said, "Isn't it dirty?"

Aurelia looked up at him and answered, "It's fine. I washed my face when I got back."

Leslie frowned as if he was trying to hold himself back. Then, he immediately stood up and said, "Get some rest."

But before he left, Aurelia reached out and said, “Mr. Synder, your egg.

“You have it”

With that, Leslie went into his room without sparing Aurelia another glance.

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Aurelia stuffed the remaining egg whites into her mouth.

What was going on? Everything was fine just now, but why did Leslie suddenly change his attitude?

Meanwhile in the room, Leslie picked up the water cup from his bedside and drank half of

1. it.

He had to be crazy to treat Aurelia like that.

Just thinking about her made Leslie’s expression waver, and he had to go into the bathroom to settle himself.

Meanwhile, Aurelia was going through the next day’s interview script before bedtime.

Lucia had a strong sense of crisis, so she greatly valued the interview.

The next morning, Aurelia prepared breakfast and packed Leslie’s lunchbox, planning to visit her mother in the hospital before the interview.

Just as she was laying out the breakfast on the table, Leslie walked out from his room.

He was dressed in a white shirt, black pants, and a coat draped over his arm. He looked incredibly handsome, except for the bump on his forehead, which was a bit amusing.

“I’ve got a meeting this morning, so I’ll grab breakfast on the go,” Leslie said.

“Sure, let me pack it up for you.

“I won’t be eating at home for lunch since I’ll be at the hospital. And don’t forget, we’re going grocery shopping tonight for tomorrow’s dinner,” Aurelia reminded Leslie as she packed the food.

“Yeah.” Leslie nodded.

Aurelia then passed the bag containing the breakfast and lunchbox to Leslie.

However, Leslie didn’t leave immediately.

“What’s up? Aren’t you supposed to hurry for the meeting?” Aurelia asked.

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Then, Leslie handed her a black tie.

Aurelia paused, remembering her boast **in** the elevator the day before.

“Should I tie it?”

“So, were you lying to me?” Leslie said in a low voice.

“No, I wasn’t,” Aurelia hastily replied.

Then, she immediately took the tie and stood on her tiptoes to put it around Leslie’s neck before wrapping it around him. Then, with her memory as her guide, she tied it into a knot. “Mr. Synder, this is all that I can do.”

Leslie frowned at the knot on his chest. Then, he pulled it down and motioned Aurelia to come closer. “Come here.”

So, Aurelia approached Leslie.

Then, Leslie turned her around and placed her back against his chest.

After that, he lifted Aurelia’s hands and guided them around the tie, his deep and magnetic voice saying, “Like this.”

“Hmm.” Aurelia intently focused on learning, but her attention was on Leslie’s hands as he guided hers. His grasp was warm and dry, and it was an indescribable feeling that Aurelia couldn’t put into words.

“Done,” Leslie finally said.

“Yeah, let me put it on for you.” Aurelia forcefully pulled her thoughts back and turned around to help Leslie with his tie. Then, she adjusted it and smoothed out his collar as she

did so.

With each movement, her heart raced faster.

“I’m heading out,” Leslie seriously said.

“Yeah.” Aurelia nodded as she watched Leslie leave.

Yet, her heart remained unsettled for a long while after.

After a while, Aurelia returned to the table to have breakfast. Then, she brought some homemade cookies for Sophia to the hospital.

When Aurelia reached the hospital, Sophia immediately came over to her and said, “Ms.

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Simmons, are you okay? My daughter told me about what happened online. I’ve been worried, but I didn’t want to bother you.”

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“Ms. Elliot, I’m fine, thank you for caring about me. Here, I made these cookies for you. Give them a try.” Aurelia handed Sophia the box.

“Thanks.” Sophia turned and pointed to the bed. “Your Mom’s doing well, so you can **rest** assured.”

“**Yep.**” Aurelia sat down and held her mother’s hand, feeling a sense of relief.

Then, Sophia poured her a glass of water and smiled. “I knew I was worried for nothing. With Mr. Synder around, you’ll be just fine.”

“Huh?” Aurelia accepted the water, a bit puzzled.

“Your complexion has improved a lot. Love is in the air, and even I, an old woman,

see it.”

“No.” Aurelia denied Sophia’s words.

“Don’t deny it. Your face is all flushed. Mr. Synder must be treating you really well.”

Aurelia remained silent.

Indeed, Leslie had been much nicer to her lately.

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Meanwhile, in the One Technology, everyone burst into laughter when they saw the bump on Leslie’s forehead as he entered the room.

“Mr. Synder, is the bed still in one piece?”

Posted by **Adminj**, ? Views, Released on April 3, 2024

Chapter **389**

Leslie looked at his colleagues **in** confusion. “What bed?”

“**The** bruise **is** only showing up now, so it should be...” The colleague chuckled,

It was a joke, but he couldn’t explicitly say it because, after all, Leslie was his boss.

Following his colleague’s gaze, Leslie rubbed his forehead. “It was Aurella who bumped

into me.”

He thought his explanation was clear, but his colleague’s laughter became even more cryptic.

“Is Mrs. Snyder okay?”

“She went to the hospital,” Leslie said.

Everyone spat their coffee out in surprise and looked at Leslie in shock.

Was Leslie really that intense?

Leslie looked at them, still puzzled. "What's going on?"

Daniel then put down his coffee and approached him, saying, "Mr. Synder, this is something better discussed in private. Let's not talk about it anymore."

But Leslie sat down and said, "Explain it to me."

Daniel sighed and whispered, "You don't need to bring up your private affairs with Ms. Simmons, right?"

"Who said it was..." Leslie suddenly realized that his words had been misinterpreted.

"Mr. Synder, it's just human nature to go overboard sometimes. Besides, look at Ms. Simmons' face. She's so beautiful and lovely.

"Any man would feel protective, right? Well, except for me. And her figure, so perfectly shaped. Who wouldn't be tempted? Of course, except for me."

"Except for you? Seems like you've got it all figured out." Leslie raised an eyebrow.

"No, Mr. Synder. What I meant was, it's normal for you to feel that way about Ms. Simmons," Daniel hurriedly explained.

"I don't feel that way about anyone," Leslie said meaningfully.

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"Maybe... your love runs deep." Daniel analyzed.

"Get back to work." Leslie dismissed the notion of love.

"Okay." Daniel quickly left.

After that, Leslie leaned back in his chair and took a moment to relax with his eyes closed.

Just then, Cynthia's voice came from the office. "Why's everyone in such a good mood today?"

“It’s all because of Mr. Synder... He showed up with a big bump on his forehead.” A

perceptive colleague immediately redirected the conversation to Leslie again, pointing to the noticeable bump on his forehead.

Upon noticing this, Cynthia immediately approached Leslie and reached out to touch his forehead.

However, Leslie quickly dodged her and said, “Let’s get back to work.” He kept it brief to save Cynthia from embarrassment and put an end to the joking.

Cynthia’s hand hung in the air for a moment before she awkwardly withdrew it. Then, she sat down to work.

Recently, Jason had taken his annual leave to accompany his wife who had just given birth. So, Cynthia had volunteered to temporarily handle his responsibilities.

After all, she didn’t want Leslie to see her as someone who couldn’t balance professional and personal matters.

Shortly after, Jessica from the reception knocked on the door and entered the room. “Ms. Whitlock, I’ve arranged the interviewees in the meeting room. Here are their resumés.”

“Okay.” Cynthia took a look at the stack of resumés.

Then, she frowned slightly and called out to Jessica, “Jessica, how did you screen these applicants? Our company doesn’t hire female employees.”

“But I checked the online job postings, and it didn’t mention any gender restrictions,” Jessica replied, puzzled.

“That’s impossible. Don’t go thinking that you **can** change the information just because you got hired,” Cynthia said, displeased.

Chapter 390

Jessica pursed her lips.

“It was my idea,” Leslie suddenly said.

Cynthia looked at Leslie in disbelief. “Are you saying that we’re looking for female employees? But isn’t it our company’s rule...”

Leslie then spoke in a serious tone, saying, “Rules are meant to be flexible. Besides, Jessica and Maria at the front desk are doing a great job.

They’re professional,

comprehensive, and they handle client interactions more meticulously than men. They save us a lot of unnecessary trouble.

“Not to mention, they also handle office affairs promptly. So, we can’t generalize. And besides, you’re a woman too.”

Upon hearing this, Cynthia’s feet hurt as if she were stepping on nails.

After all, everyone was aware that her presence in the company was out of ordinary **too**.

Initially, when they hired Jessica and Maria for the front desk, she could still reassure herself that they were just nobodies. Besides, they weren’t involved in internal matters so it wasn’t anything serious.

But now, Leslie had shattered her special presence and pride bit by bit.

Cynthia knew that this all had to be related to Aurelia, and as she thought of this, she clenched her fists and turned to smile at Leslie. “You’re right. I’ll go for the interviews

then.”

“Daniel will join you for the interviews. Make sure to choose wisely,” Leslie calmly said.

Cynthia’s heart skipped a beat, but she still nodded in response. “Okay:”

With that, Cynthia went out to meet the candidates.

However, she caught Jessica and Maria chatting as she left.

Jessica was excited as she said, “You won’t believe it, but Mr. Synder just praised the two

of us.”

Maria clicked her tongue. "I didn't expect that. Mr. Synder changed his temper after getting married. We've been here for so long, and he can't even remember my name correctly. Yet, he praised us. It seems like Ms. Simmons is indeed amazing."

Chapter 350

"Yeah, definitely. Did you notice the big bump on his forehead this morning? A cautious person like him

wouldn't just bump into things so clumsily, right?"

"Now that you mention it, they really are a perfect match."

Jessica and Maria were chatting and laughing, but they immediately stopped and looked up when they heard some deliberately loud footsteps behind them.

"Ms. Whitlock."

"The company hired you to work, not to chat," Cynthia scolded.

"We understand." Jessica and Marla exchanged glances but didn't dare to say anything. Instead, they simply lowered their heads and started tidying up the things on the table. After that, Cynthia headed to the meeting room for the interviews with Daniel.

As she observed each confident and beautiful woman, Cynthia's emotions became inexplicably complex. And despite her efforts to find flaws in the female applicants, Daniel still selected three women in the end.

Cynthia couldn't find any fault in their resumés either. So, she could only assess their performance during the trial period.

Aurelia stayed at the hospital until the afternoon. Then, she headed to the IN Magazine Publisher.

To her surprise, she was personally greeted by Lucia.

"Welcome, Ms. Simmons."

"Ms. Lawson, I'm a little surprised by the attention. But don't worry, I'll take this interview very seriously," Aurelia assured.

“I trust you. Come, I’ll take you to the makeup room.” Lucia gestured, inviting Aurelia to follow her.

“Okay, thank you.” So, Aurelia followed Lucia to the makeup room, and the makeup artist did her makeup while she discussed the process with Lucia.

However, as the makeup artist lifted Aurelia’s hair, she noticed the slightly red bump on Aurelia’s forehead. “Ms. Simmons, what happened to your forehead?”

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Aurelia raised her hand to touch her forehead. Then, she remembered about accidentally bumping heads with Leslie and blushed slightly.

Lucia, being a woman, immediately grasped Aurelia’s embarrassment and gave a faint

smile.

“It’s obvious that you and Mr. Synder are very affectionate, but I’m curious about your relationship dynamic. It doesn’t seem like the traditional one of one partner being dominant over the other, nor does it seem like both of you hold equal control. The vibe between you two is quite subtle.”

“Huh?” Aurelia was startled and puzzled by Lucia’s description. “Really? But we’re just an ordinary couple.”

Lucia enthusiastically waved her hand. “Well, I work for a women’s magazine. So, I’ve seen all types of couples, from celebrity pairs to intellectuals. I have a knack for sensing the dynamics between them.”

“What’s our vibe then?” Aurelia curiously asked.