

Married in a Flash Embarking on the Journey to Wealth

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Aurelia's confusion seemed to pique Lucia's interest, and seeing this usually serious woman now chatting livelily beside her was quite a change.

Lucia explained, "To be honest, I've seen all sorts of couples. And in most cases, men like to flaunt their skills to some extent in public while women tend to give their man some dignity and stand by.

"But you and Mr. Synder are a different story. He may come off as stern, but around you, he's quite reserved and is even willing to take a back seat.

"Not many men are willing to do that.

"And you surprised me as well. You're a very tolerant person, and you give off the **sense** of having some sort of hidden capability. Yet, you willingly give in to Mr. Synder's sharpness. You two... are like the tea I brew bitter at **first**, then sweet with a lingering

aftertaste." Lucia smiled at Aurelia.

Aurelia was taken aback. "Willingly?"

Who would willingly endure Leslie's sharpness? He could infuriate people with just a few words!

Lucia chuckled. "Isn't that how it is? Mr. Synder normally seems like he might be tough to handle, but the way you two look at each other is different.

"Doesn't that show that you're both okay with it?"

Aurelia blinked, wanting to explain herself.

But her actions only amused Lucia even more.

She said, "Ms. Simmons, I didn't expect you to have such a cute side, You young people are really interesting."

“Ms. Lawson, stop laughing, I’m getting nervous,” Aurelia said, feeling embarrassed.

“Let’s talk about business then. Did Young fire you?”

“Yeah.” Talking about Young instantly dampened Aurelia’s mood.

“Well, that’s their loss then. You should aim for a bigger stage. Don’t limit yourself,”

Lucia said.

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Her words **were** sincere. After all, Aurelia’s ability in handling herself during the online rumor crisis was commendable. What’s more, she’d even emerged victorious **in** the end.

Aurelia’s calmness under pressure was already rare, but what set her apart was her constant sense of tranquility and lack of anxiety.

After some thought, Aurelia asked, “Ms. Lawson, do you happen to know of any companies that are hiring?”

Lucia pondered for a moment. “Currently, there aren’t any positions suitable for you. In the advertising industry, it’s not just about being smart, connections matter too.

“Companies beyond Young prioritize qualifications and reputation. But those below struggle to compete with big companies and end up with smaller projects instead. So, it wouldn’t be worth your time to join them, especially considering that you were willing to settle for a company that was less than Young.”

Aurelia instinctively shook her head. It seemed like job hunting was going to be trickier

now.

She let out a soft sigh.

Then, Lucia seemed to have thought of something and said, “Oh, by the way, isn’t One Technology looking for marketing planners? One Technology is currently the hottest company and seems to have a bright future ahead. It’s much better to go there than to Young.”

“But is it true that One Technology’s boss doesn’t hire female employees? And isn’t Ms. Whitlock the only woman among the core staff?” Aurelia asked.

“Nah, I heard from my friend that there’s no gender restriction, and quite a few people have already submitted their resumé’s.

“If you really want to try, you’d better hurry. That company won’t be hiring for long,” Lucia reminded Aurelia.

“Okay.” Aurelia nodded.

Then, she allowed the makeup artist to complete her work while Aurelia’s own mind was buzzing with Lucia’s words.

Could she really join One Technology?

As Aurelia was lost in her thoughts, the makeup artist put the finishing touches on her face and said, “Ms. Simmons, you’ve got a face fit for the stars. You’re no less than those

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beautiful celebrities.”

Meanwhile, Lucia stood behind Aurelia. Then, she glanced at her and nodded. “Indeed, you’re really beautiful. If things don’t work out, I’ll give you a referral.”

“No, thanks. That’s not for me.” Aurelia brushed their compliments off as mere politeness.

After all, she had never been noticed, so how could she be a star?

“Okay, let’s go for the interview,” Lucia said.

“Sure.” Aurelia got up and headed to the interview area. Then, she greeted the host and adjusted her microphone.

After the live director's briefing, the interview commenced.

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Aurelia knew the questions in advance, and they mainly revolved around women's rights. And this time, she'd even invited Megan, who was handling the case.

With both of them on board, the live interview suddenly gained popularity.

Despite her nervousness, Aurelia took the host's advice to heart and tried to think of something happy to ease her tension before the broadcast began.

However, she found herself thinking of Leslie for some reason.

Later on, as the interview neared its conclusion, the host wanted to liven up the atmosphere on the spot. So, he said, "Ms. Simmons, after facing such online backlash, what's on your mind right now?"

"I'm thinking..." Aurelia glanced at the time. "I don't know if I'll have time to buy groceries later."

"Hahaha, I see. So, it hasn't affected you."

"I want my experience to positively inspire others, and not to instill fear and dread in them. I don't want to over explain my feelings because everyone reacts differently to situations. But I just hope that in the future, there'll be one less person going through

what I did.

"Thank you."

After the interview wrapped up, the live broadcast received a great response, and Lucia was there clapping along too.

"I've been checking out the comments, and many people are saying that you could be a broadcaster with your looks," she said.

“Oh, really? It’s probably just because you guys are great with makeup. I’m actually pretty average,” Aurelia said, touching her face.

Who was Aurelia trying to annoy? Calling herself ordinary?

With such fair skin, delicate features, and a slight touch of makeup, she exuded a stunning charm that made people’s hearts skip a beat.

But Lucia didn’t say anything else and simply discussed the details of the charity event

with Aurelia.

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After that, Aurelia left the magazine publisher.

However, as she walked down the stairs, she felt that her back was stiff from sitting for too long.

And the thought of taking the subway back made her back ache even more.

Just then, two honks sounded across the street.

Aurelia turned to the source of the sound and saw Leslie leaning against the car door. His long arms were reaching into the window, honking the horn a few times.

Leslie’s tall and slender figure became somewhat surreal in the sunset, and he radiated an indescribable beauty that Aurelia couldn’t help but admire.

He was truly a handsome man.

Aurelia rubbed her waist as she walked over to Leslie and noticed his peculiar gaze.

“Mr. Synder, why are you here? Don’t tell me it was just a coincidence. Your company is miles away from here,” Aurelia remarked. She was almost used to his excuses, but she was never able to guess his thoughts.

“I’m here to pick you up, okay?” Leslie stared at Aurelia. However, he forcibly averted his gaze when he caught the curious glances directed at Aurelia from around them.

Then, with a heavy feeling in his chest, he reached out and pulled the absent-minded Aurelia closer to him.

Aurelia's back was already sore, and being pulled by Leslie only made it worse. But she pushed aside the discomfort and focused instead on Leslie's words.

Leslie had said that he'd come to pick her up? That didn't sound like something he would.

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But upon recalling what Lucia had said about her and Leslie's marriage, she couldn't help but let her thoughts wander.

"Watch out for cars. What were you thinking?" Suddenly, Leslie wrapped his arm around Aurelia's waist from behind.

"Ouch..." Aurelia was in pain.

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"What's wrong?" Leslie asked.

Aurelia grimaced and rubbed her lower back. "Man, my back is killing me," she groaned. "I was trying to sit all upright and stuff for the camera today, but it was exhausting. I could totally use a wheelchair right now."

Leslie couldn't help but chuckle at Aurelia's complaint, and a faint smile appeared on his

face.

However, Aurelia felt that Leslie was making fun of her, so she tried to defend herself, saying, "Who wants to be all slouched over on TV, right? I even searched for the most popular sitting poses online yesterday. They're supposed to make your legs look longer."

"And hey, there were even some people online complimenting my vibe today."

“Hmm?” Leslie frowned.

“What? Why are you frowning?” Aurelia was embarrassed.

“I’m just wondering if there are actually people who need to even learn how to sit properly?”

“You’re... cold–hearted!

Forget it, I don’t need your help.” Aurelia pushed Leslie away and walked toward the passenger seat.

But upon seeing her struggle, Leslie smiled and reached out to support her back. Then, he lifted her up.

“What are you doing?” Aurelia exclaimed in surprise.

“Didn’t you say that you were in a hurry to buy groceries? You’re moving so slowly that the supermarket will close soon,” Leslie **said** as he walked to the passenger seat.

“How did you know?” Aurelia paused. “Did you watch the live broadcast?”

“Yeah.”

Aurelia suddenly found herself at a loss for words. She gazed at Leslie holding her, and it stirred up a feeling inside her that was hard **to** put into words, But somehow, it felt warm and tingling.

After placing Aurelia in the passenger seat, Leslie helped her fasten the seatbelt. And because of this, they were very close and could almost feel each other’s breath.

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In such a tense moment, the both of them recalled the close call they’d had the previous night.

Meanwhile, the air conditioning blew inside the car, but the temperature didn’t seem to drop until a police officer knocked on the driver’s side window.

“You can’t park here. Here’s a fine of 50 dollars. Remember to pay it,” the officer said.

Aurelia and Leslie were left speechless.

Then, the police officer added, "Make sure you two lovebirds behave!"

Leslie's face darkened upon receiving the ticket, and after starting the car, his expression became even more unpleasant.

Aurelia felt guilty and thought that she might've made him unhappy by getting him fined. So, she said, "Mr. Synder, are you okay?"

"It wasn't worth the money," Leslie muttered before pausing for a moment and continuing, "I didn't even do anything."

Annoyed, Aurelia directed the air vent toward herself.

What else did Leslie have in mind?

Meanwhile, the inside of the car was silent, and the atmosphere was ambiguous.

Then, Aurelia quickly connected her phone to the car's bluetooth, intending to play a song to ease the mood. "Come on, be happy..."

Leslie's face immediately darkened even more.

After that, Aurelia quickly pressed the pause button and awkwardly chuckled. "Sorry, I listened to it in your car before. I thought that it was nice, so I searched for it."

However, Leslie remained silent.

So, Aurelia switched to another song, and Leslie's complexion gradually improved.

But unexpectedly, Linda called right then, and because the Bluetooth was still connected, the entire car was filled with Linda's hearty laughter.

"Where are you, Aurelia?" Linda asked.

"In the car." Aurelia hesitated and looked at Leslie.

"Then let's discuss which maternity center to choose."

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“What?” Aurelia responded in disbelief. Was there something wrong with her ears? A maternity center?

Linda chuckled. “Of course. My daughter-in-law and grandson can’t live in poor conditions!”

“Wait a minute, Mom, what grandson?” Aurelia cautiously asked.

“Aren’t you pregnant? There’s a picture of you coming out of IN with Leslie holding your waist, and it just happened to be snapped and posted online,” Linda cheerfully replied.

“Pregnant?” Aurelia was taken aback.

“Yeah,” Linda happily replied.

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Upon hearing this, Aurelia couldn’t bear it and said, “Mom, **it’s** a misunderstanding. **I’m** not pregnant. I **just** sat for too long, so my back was aching.”

Suddenly, Linda’s laughter abruptly stopped, and she quickly shifted the conversation to comfort Aurelia. “Aurelia, I’m not rushing you to have a baby. Don’t let it bother you.”

Aurelia felt embarrassed. “I’m sorry, Mom.”

Then, Linda quickly reassured her and said, “Hey, what’s with the apology? You two are still young, and Leslie...”

But halfway through her sentence, Linda suddenly fell silent.

Meanwhile, Leslie, who was driving, suddenly had a bad feeling.

Linda whispered, “Aurelia, tell me, is it because Leslie isn’t capable? He used to be so reserved, could it be that...”

“Mom! Mom!” Aurelia desperately interrupted Linda.

“It’s okay. What can’t we talk about between ourselves? Even though he’s my son, I can’t let him get away with everything. If he’s really lacking something, I’ll ask the doctor to give him some supplements,” Linda said.

At that moment, Aurelia felt her heart sinking, and her hands fumbled for her phone to turn off the Bluetooth.

“Aurelia, I’ll go meet the doctor tomorrow. But **don’t** worry, I won’t say anything,” Linda said.

“Mom,” Leslie spoke sternly.

But immediately, Linda hung up the phone.

With that, the call ended.

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However, the Bluetooth continued playing the music, and to make matters worse, the lyrics weren’t very appropriate either.

“What kind of man are you...” The song played out.

Aurelia trembled as she disconnected the Bluetooth. Then, she sneakily glanced at Leslie.

Leslie narrowed his eyes. “I’m perfectly fine!”

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Aurelia vigorously nodded. She didn’t have a clue about what Linda said anyway. Nope,

not at **all**.

Then, Aurelia lowered her head and turned her attention to her phone.

Just then, she came across the photo of her being supported by Leslie as they walked.

It really did look like she was pregnant.

No wonder people misunderstood.

But fortunately, not many people were paying attention to her all the time, so there wasn't much gossip swirling around.

But on the other hand, Leslie's back view in the photo garnered a shocking amount of clicks.

"I wish I could get Mr. Synder to carry me princess-style too."

"Keep dreaming. They're a real couple."

"Doesn't this guy look like that hotshot from the tech industry a while back?"

As Aurelia read the comments that were gossiping about Leslie, she quickly turned to look at him.

"Do you want me to contact the person who took the photo and ask them to delete it?"

she asked.

"Am I that embarrassing?" Leslie frowned.

"No, it's just..." Aurelia hesitated.

"We're here. Let's get off and buy groceries."

"Okay." Aurelia nodded and got out of the car, feeling somewhat puzzled.

Wasn't Leslie the one who didn't want their relationship to be publicized?

She was just being cautious, so why wasn't Leslie happy?

After that, Aurelia followed Leslie into the supermarket.

But out of consideration for Aurelia's back pain, Leslie quickly and efficiently bought everything they needed and left.

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Meanwhile in the One Technology, Cynthia was looking at the online photo of the princess-style carry and hurriedly made her way to Daniel's office.

"What's going on, Mr. Xenos? Don't you know a thing about crisis management? If Mr. Synder's identity gets exposed, his plan against the Synder Corporation will be ruined."

"Ms. Whitlock, it's not that I'm neglecting public relations, but... Mr. Synder didn't allow me to take action," Daniel hesitated as he said.

"What do you mean?" Cynthia was taken aback.

"When the photo started getting attention, I immediately asked Mr. Synder if we should remove it. But he said it wasn't a big deal."

"So, are you saying that he wants to make their relationship public?" Cynthia frowned.

"They're married. So, it's only a matter of time before it's made public," Daniel solemnly

said.

Cynthia was left speechless.

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Upon hearing Daniel's words, Cynthia sensed a looming crisis approaching. But she didn't want to lose her composure in front of others, so she simply smiled and returned

to her seat.

Then, she stared at the figure on her phone, wishing that she could smash it into pieces.

She couldn't just wait around anymore. The deeper Aurelia embedded herself into Leslie's life, the more difficult it would be to dislodge her later on.

With that thought in mind, Cynthia messaged Eva on WhatsApp to check for updates.

“Eva, why isn’t the buzz around Aurelia dying down?”

As soon as Cynthia asked this, Eva’s anger flared up too.

“It’s all because of Ms. Lawson. She’s secretly boosting Aurelia **as** a trending topic and even labeled her a strong woman. And with Leslie, her unconventional husband, it’s no wonder she’s gaining attention.”

“Help me think of a solution.”

“What can I do? Aurelia’s really lucky. How did she end up with the Mulan Group heir?”

You’ve been with Leslie for years and haven’t even gotten a title.”

Although it was just a WhatsApp conversation, Cynthia could still imagine Eva’s whiny expression as she read her messages.

And even though they were best friends, hearing such words made Cynthia’s face contort

in anger.

If Aurelia really became the ‘Mrs. Synder’ of the Mulan Group, wouldn’t she become the laughingstock of the world?

After thinking it through, Cynthia could only come up with a compromise on her own.

“Since you know so many people in the industry, do you have any scandalous news you could use

to push down Aurelia as a trending topic? She’s just an ordinary person, after all.

“If it weren’t for that fake scandal stirring up public anger, she wouldn’t have so much popularity. And while

she doesn't have a fan following right now, we should find a celebrity to directly shut her down."

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"You're smart, that's why you're killing it these days. I've got some real juicy gossip for you. Remember that celebrity couple who graced our magazine a while back? Well, turns out they've been pulling some shady stuff behind the scenes.

"They're playing their own games and even using their married status to pull off

donation scams. We all know what's going on, but we've been keeping quiet about it to preserve our dignity."

"Did they offend you?" Seeing as how Eva was being so proactive, Cynthia guessed that these two must have provoked her.

"That woman actually said that I looked like a rib in private. It's ridiculous, she, with her full face of plastic surgery, dared to say that to me? This time I want to see if she still has the money to fix her fake face in the future."

"Okay, you better get on it then," Cynthia urged.

"You too, make sure Aurelia doesn't get away with it."

"Yeah."

Then, after putting her phone down, Cynthia started contemplating the situation.

But coincidentally, she overheard her colleagues discussing plans to have dinner at Leslie's house the next day.

It seemed that being too aggressive wouldn't work. Instead, it would only make Aurelia and Leslie's relationship better.

So, she had to retreat in order to advance.

The next day, Aurelia was still sleeping when there was a knock on her door.

She suddenly woke up, thinking that she'd overslept and all of Leslie's colleagues had arrived. So, she scrambled out of bed and opened the door.

But to her surprise, only a neatly-dressed Leslie stood there.

"What's up?" Aurelia rubbed her eyes.

"Pack up your clothes and move them to my room," Leslie said.

"Huh? Why?" Aurelia asked, suddenly immediately awake.

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"Do you want everyone **to** know that we faked our marriage?" Leslie countered.

Upon hearing this, Aurelia thought that Leslie had a point.

It would indeed be strange to explain their fake marriage to any outsiders.

"Okay, I'll pack up right away." Aurelia nodded. "Is your room ready?"

"Why would my room need to be cleaned?" Leslie seemed puzzled.

"Mr. Synder, if you really don't want others to suspect our fake marriage, then we have to be authentic," Aurelia explained.

"Living together isn't authentic enough?" Leslie retorted.

"Do **you** think that being a real couple means putting clothes in the same closet? Go look at your room and close the closet door. Are there any traces of a woman's presence?"

Leslie pondered for a moment before turning to open his bedroom door.

Leslie's room was simply decorated.

It had white walls, wooden flooring, a dark gray bed, a matching wardrobe, a stylish little sofa, and a small coffee table with a few books stacked together that he hadn't finished reading.

At first glance, it didn't look like the room of a newlywed couple.

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Aurelia leaned against the doorframe and said, “When Mom came, we’d just moved in together, so it was normal that my stuff wasn’t there.

“But now that it’s been so long, there’s still nothing. Now that’s abnormal. And besides, we can’t just hang my clothes outside, right?”

So, what was the point of just moving clothes? After all, Leslie’s colleagues couldn’t just come in and rummage through the closet like Linda could.

Leslie frowned and looked at Aurelia. “How should we change it then?”

Aurelia smiled gently. “Don’t get mad if I change **it**.”

Upon **seeing** the mischief in Aurelia’s eyes, Leslie nodded in agreement. “Okay, change it.

With Leslie’s consent, Aurelia walked into the room and sat directly at the foot of the bed, patting the black duvet. “Firstly... married men don’t get to pick bedding, so we need to change all of this. I have a clean four-piece set in my closet, so let’s use that.”

Upon hearing this, Leslie curiously opened Aurelia’s closet and found a set of bedding at

the bottom.

After a quick glance, he squinted and turned his gaze toward Aurelia standing at the door. “No. Absolutely not.”

“Mr. Synder.”

“Absolutely not...”

Ten minutes later, Leslie stared at the pale pink four-piece set on his bed with a tense

expression.

Meanwhile, Aurelia shook the corners of the bedding and smoothed them out.

She'd almost burst out laughing when she saw Leslie's expression.

"Mr. Synder, you're acting just like my dad. When I was little, it was trendy to have floral bedding sets, so my mom followed suit and bought a green and red set.

"And when my dad saw the bed covered in flowers, he said his head was spinning. Hahaha..."

"Is it funny?" Leslie said sternly.

"Not at all." Aurelia coughed and suppressed her laughter.

But as Leslie looked at Aurelia's flushed face, framed by the pink bedding too, he couldn't help but want to touch her cheek.

Then, his hand started to instinctively rise.

Aurelia noticed this, so she tilted her head as her eyes twinkled. "Mr. Synder, what's up?"

Suddenly, Leslie realized that he was almost going to touch Aurelia's face. So, he quickly withdrew his hand and patted the pillow. "It's not smooth."

"Oh." Aurelia thought that Leslie was so meticulous over just a few wrinkles.

Then, Leslie regained his composure and continued, "Is everything all right now?"

"How could it be? Just wait a moment," Aurelia replied.

Then, she found a frame and placed her belongings inside before handing it to Leslie. "All of these need to be arranged properly."

"Where?" Leslie asked.

"Of course... Mr. Synder, have you never been in a relationship?" Aurelia teased.

Wasn't it more liberal overseas? Someone like Leslie— tall, handsome, and capable— should've been very popular, right?

Kimberly used to talk about how she'd studied overseas, and she mentioned that it was normal for couples to live together after getting together. It wasn't as conservative there

as it was in Carlino.

So, Aurelia always assumed Leslie would be more experienced in relationships than her. But now, upon seeing his clueless expression, she realized he might not know much

about it after all.

Under Aurelia's gaze, Leslie could only frown.

"Haha, really?" Aurelia couldn't hold back her laughter.

"You may

have more experience, but your taste is still so bad," Leslie retorted.

"Oh." Aurelia rolled her eyes. Leslie could be really petty sometimes. Then, Leslie changed the subject and asked, "How should I arrange them?"

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Aurelia pointed to the bed. "Which side do you prefer to sleep on?"

"The left side," Leslie replied.

"Then put my water cup, hairband, and charger on the nightstand on the right side," Aurelia instructed.

"Anything else?" Leslie asked.

"My pillow." Aurelia placed her floral pillow on the bed before hopping onto it and rolling around twice.

"What are you doing?" Leslie stared at Aurelia bouncing around on the bed.

“I also love sleeping on the left side. And since there’s no trace on the right side of the sheets, I have to press it down to make it look like someone has slept there.

“Whose sheets stay perfectly smooth anyway? Don’t you want to lie down too?” As Aurelia said this, she rolled around again, totally clueless as to what she was implying.

It wasn’t until she suddenly froze in the middle of the bed that she realized that she had invited Leslie to share the bed.

So, Aurelia quickly scrambled out of bed and hastily straightened her clothes. Then, she ran her fingers through her hair. “I’ll go tidy up the bathroom and freshen up.”

With that, Aurelia dashed off.

Once she was in the bathroom, Aurelia glanced at herself in the mirror. Then, she lightly tapped her lips and caught sight of time **on** her phone.

Instantly, she snapped back to reality.

It was almost 9:00 am, and she had a lot of things to do.

After freshening up, Aurelia stashed her toiletries away in the bathroom cabinet.

But who would just snoop around someone else’s bathroom anyway, right? Just the thought of it gave Aurelia the creeps.

After tidying up, Aurelia’s phone beeped twice, reminding her it was 9:00 am. So, she quickly left the bathroom to attend to her other errands.

“Mr. Synder, let’s grab some toast for breakfast,” she said to Leslie.

“Yeah.”

As Leslie followed Aurelia into the kitchen, he grabbed some milk and poured them two glasses of it. Then, Aurelia fried a couple of eggs and a few slices of bacon to make a simple sandwich,

As they sat at the table eating, **Aurelia** glanced at the blackout curtains in the living room.

It was completely black.

Although the blackout effect was effective, Aurelia didn't like it in the spacious and bright living room.

To be exact, from the moment she first stepped in, those two curtains never sat right with her. She would never use such curtains to block such good sunlight. Not to mention, it was blocking a beautiful balcony too,

But Leslie seemed to like it very much. Even during the day, he would sometimes pull the heavy black curtains and sit on the sofa, lost in thought.

And since this was Leslie's home, Aurelia had no right to comment.

Upon sensing her gaze, Leslie took a sip of his milk before casually asking, "What else needs to be changed?"

Aurelia shook her head. "Nothing."

"The curtains?"

"Nope. After you're done eating, take your plates to the kitchen. I'll go prepare the ingredients." Aurelia changed the subject.

Then, she carried her empty plate and headed into the kitchen.

However, even after a while, Leslie still hadn't brought in his plates.

Curious, Aurelia walked over to the kitchen door to check. And to her surprise, she found Leslie standing on a stool, taking down the curtains.

Aurelia immediately walked over. Then, she looked up and asked, "Mr. Synder, what are

you doing?"

Leslie continued removing the curtains as she replied, "As long as they're not pink curtains, you can buy whatever you want."

Aurelia was stunned. She hadn't expected Leslie to figure out what she'd wanted.

But she was puzzled too. "Mr. Synder, why are you doing this?"

“You dislike them, right?” Leslie casually said.

Aurelia gazed up at Leslie, her heart racing.

But just as she was lost in thought, the curtain hook unexpectedly fell down.

“Be careful,” Leslie said. Then, he jumped down the chair and reached out to hold Aurelia’s head, pulling her in front of him.

But Aurelia was a bit dazed, and she was still looking up at Leslie.

Just then, the heavy curtain fell onto Leslie’s head, covering the both of them and enveloping them in darkness.

The weight of the curtain pressed Leslie’s head against Aurelia’s, and their lips firmly

met.

Immediately, Aurelia froze with her hands tightly clenched.

She’d forgotten to push Leslie away, but she’d also expected Leslie to push her away too.

Yet, he didn’t.

Instead, his hand pressed against the back of her head, and it exerted a force that forced Aurelia to tiptoe to relieve the tension.

This sudden kiss in the cramped darkness became fiery yet restrained.

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Yet, Leslie still didn’t push Aurelia away. Instead, he just let the warmth linger on his lips.

That is, until the doorbell rang.

Suddenly, Aurelia’s eyes widened.

She intended to escape but found that she couldn't. So, she softly muttered against Leslie's lips, "Someone's ringing the doorbell."

Given how physically close they were, Aurelia could even feel Leslie's breath in disarray.

"Yeah." Leslie's voice was hoarse, and his hand on her head loosened before he lifted the curtain over their heads.

Then, Aurelia pursed her lips and turned around. "I'll go answer the door."

However, Leslie reached out and stopped her. "Go wash your face. Then, you can come back out. I'll get the door."

"What's wrong?" Aurelia was puzzled.

"Just go."

"Okay."

So, Aurelia obediently went to the bathroom.

Then, as soon as she saw the flush on her face, she understood why Leslie had said what he did.

Soon, she heard Leslie's colleague at the door.

"I bought some seafood," Daniel said.

Leslie frowned. "If you want to eat, cook it yourself and take it back."

Upon hearing this, Aurelia furrowed her brow.

Who sends back seafood brought by their guests? Daniel was the assistant to the president of One Technology too. So, wouldn't it offend people?

After that, Aurelia quickly washed her face and rushed out.

"Thanks Mr. Xenos. Give it to **me**. I'll cook for you guys later," she said. Then, she shot

Leslie a glare.

Couldn't he speak properly?

In the face of Aurelia's glare, Leslie remained silent.

Meanwhile, Daniel and the rest of Leslie's colleagues couldn't believe that Leslie was actually afraid of Aurelia.

Just then, Jessica and Maria walked in. "We bought some top-notch champagne. You and Mr. Synder can enjoy a glass while watching movies or listening to music in the future. Isn't that nice?"

"Thanks. Come on in," Aurelia said. Then, she took the champagne and handed out the disposable slippers she'd prepared in advance.

Leslie's house was quite spacious, and with ten people suddenly coming in, it instantly became lively.

Aurelia then pointed to the couch and chairs. "Take a seat. We'll make you some tea."

Upon seeing this, Leslie glanced at Daniel.

Then, Daniel quickly said, "Ms. Simmons, you don't have to trouble yourself. We can handle it. If you need any help, just let us know."

"No need. I got this." Aurelia smiled.

But after making the tea, Aurelia noticed that Leslie was stiffly sitting on the sofa. So, she pursed her lips and said, "Mr. Synder! Go and grab some fruits from the fridge! Why are you just sitting there?"

Still, Leslie remained silent.

"Hurry up," Aurelia urged.

How could the host sit there while letting the guests fend for themselves?

"Fine." Reluctantly, Leslie got up and headed to the kitchen.

Then, Aurelia glanced at everyone else and said, "Actually, he's usually very hardworking and takes everything very seriously."

She was worried that Leslie might give his colleagues a bad impression. But to her

surprise, as soon as she finished speaking, everyone looked at her with an incredulous expression.

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A few minutes later, Leslie walked over with a large plate of seasonal fruits and placed it on the coffee table.

Aurelia smiled and said, "Everyone, help yourselves."

Yet, no one dared to eat.

Then, Leslie sternly said, "Eat."

Everyone immediately nodded. "Okay. Thank you. Sorry for the trouble."

Aurelia was puzzled.

Why were they all so afraid of Leslie?

It seemed like she needed to work on fostering better relationships among him and his colleagues.

"You all take a seat. I'll get started on cooking."

But just as Aurelia headed toward the kitchen, the doorbell rang again.

Another visitor? Wasn't everyone already here?

Posted by **Adminj**, 1369 Views, Released on April 4, 2024

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Aurelia hesitated for a moment before heading to the door.

To her surprise, it was Cynthia standing outside.

Didn't Leslie say that Cynthia wouldn't come?

Cynthia smiled at Aurelia and said, "Hey, Ms. Simmons, is Leslie around? I need to talk to him about something urgent."

Upon hearing this, Aurelia was taken aback and realized that Cynthia was completely unaware of Leslie having invited his colleagues for dinner today.

So, Aurelia awkwardly stood in place, unsure of how to handle the situation.

"What's up?" Thankfully, Leslie came over to defuse the situation.

Cynthia glanced at Leslie. Then, when she saw the colleagues in the room, she looked a

bit hurt.

After taking a deep breath, she handed over a file. "This is a document from Amoro. It seems like there was an issue that was found during the testing.

"I tried to contact Mr. Xenos, but he didn't respond, so I had to come find you instead. I'm worried that delaying it might cause some problems."

Upon hearing this, Daniel immediately took out his phone and found that Cynthia did indeed message him.

Perhaps everyone was a bit noisy just now, so he didn't hear the notification

Leslie then took the file from Cynthia and said, "I see. I'll contact them later to inquire."

"Alright. Then, I'll leave first." Cynthia nodded.

With that, Cynthia hobbled toward the elevator with her head bowed.

Only then did Aurelia notice that Cynthia's knees had been scraped, and her stockings

were stuck to the wound due to the bloodstains.

Cynthia looked very disheveled indeed.

“Wait, Ms. Whitlock, what happened to you?” she asked.

“It’s nothing. It was my bad. I was in a hurry and forgot to watch my step, so I t ripped,”

manku 309.

Cynthia said as she helplessly shrugged.

“Well... Since you’re here, why don’t you come in and have dinner together? We happen to have some medicine and band-aids at home,” Aurelia suggested.

“That... It’s too much trouble for you **all**,” Cynthia replied, looking somewhat sad as she glanced at Leslie.

But Leslie also glanced at Cynthia’s wound and nodded slightly. “Come in.”

So, Cynthia murmured an agreement and limped her way into the house. But as she passed by Leslie, her feet gave way, and she’d almost tripped again.

Fortunately, Leslie reached out to support her. “I’ll get the medicine.”

Cynthia then timidly nodded, obviously lacking her usual confidence from the office.

Aurelia, who had extended her hand to assist Cynthia, retracted her hand **in** disappointment. Then, she simply watched as Leslie awkwardly supported Cynthia’s

hand instead.

“Ms. Whitlock, let me help you with that wound,” Aurelia said.

“No need, it’s dirty. I can handle it myself. Thanks, Ms. Simmons.” Cynthia said, deflecting her offer.”

Aurelia looked at Cynthia strangely.

Cynthia had shown animosity toward her in the office before, but now, she was being

polite.

Just then, Leslie said,

You go on and do your work.”

Aurelia nodded, but as she turned around, she heard Cynthia speaking to Leslie in a hushed tone, “Leslie, it hurts. Can you help me sit down?”

Soon, Aurelia reached the kitchen door, but she couldn’t help but glance back again.

Then, she saw that Cynthia was leaning against Leslie, clearly in pain.

No man would refuse to help such a beautiful and delicate woman, right?

After that, Aurelia turned into the kitchen and donned an apron. Then, she grabbed a knife and started vigorously chopping some vegetables.

While some people had beautiful companions to accompany them, others had continue with their mundane tasks.

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Why was there such a big difference between people?

But Aurelia also felt like she deserved it for allowing Cynthia in.

Meanwhile outside the kitchen, the visitors were immediately silenced by the sound of Aurelia’s chopping, and they gave Leslie a strange look.

Was Leslie being so obedient because of Aurelia’s fierce chopping skills?

At that moment, a small smirk appeared on Leslie’s lips.

“Leslie.” Cynthia gritted her teeth.

Then, Leslie’s smile instantly disappeared.

A moment later, Aurelia had finished chopping the vegetables. However, it was only for her to be startled by Leslie standing behind her.

“What are you doing here? Weren’t you... with Cynthia?” she asked.

“If I don’t show up, the neighbors will complain about the noise,” Leslie remarked as he glanced at the cutting board.

“Sorry,” Aurelia apologized, feeling embarrassed.

Posted by **Adminj**, 8529 Views, Released on April 4, 2024

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Chapter 400

Leslie remained silent as he grabbed the red apron from the wall and draped it over his head. “Come over here and help me tie it,” he beckoned.

“But... aren’t we supposed to entertain the guests outside?” Aurelia asked.

“They can fend for themselves,” Leslie replied before turning his back to Aurelia, allowing her to tie the apron.

“Oh,” Aurelia murmured as she tied the apron, slyly asking, “Is Ms. Whitlock feeling better now?”

“I had Jessica and Maria help her with the wound. It’s not appropriate for a guy to do it,” Leslie explained.

“Yeah.” Aurelia nodded. Though she wasn’t sure why she was feeling pleased about it.

do?” Leslie asked.

“What should]

“Let’s rinse the rice, and let’s cook a bit extra. We have a lot of people today. They’re mostly guys, and they eat a lot,” Aurelia instructed.

While Aurelia gave instructions and continued cooking, Leslie simply helped her on the

side.

Meanwhile, Cynthia, who already had her wound tended to, was desolately looking at the bandage.

Then, during a water break, she slipped into the kitchen and peeked at Leslie amid the

hustle and bustle.

Leslie was wearing a red apron, and his slender fingers were weaving through the water as he rinsed the rice. Then, upon spotting Aurelia getting splashed with oil, he immediately shielded her with his hand. After that, Aurelia immediately looked at

Leslie's hand first.

It seemed like there was no room for anyone else outside of themselves.

Unable to bear witnessing this, Cynthia turned away and walked to the balcony.

Just then, the **sound** of the door opening caught her attention.

"You could've just given me a call," Daniel said from a few steps away.

Chapter 400

"I didn't think about it. It happened so suddenly," Cynthia calmly **replied**.

"Ms. Whitlock, we're all part of Mr. Synder's team. We should have basic problem-solving skills," Daniel said seriously.

"What do you mean, Mr. Xenos?" Cynthia frowned. "Are you trying to suggest something? Why would I do it on purpose? I drove here for over an hour, and I ended up getting injured like this. Why would I do it for no reason?"

"Ms. Whitlock, I'm just reminding **you**. But it might not be me next time. So, take care of yourself," Daniel solemnly said.

Cynthia lightly smiled and said, "Mr. Xenos, are those your words, or Mr. Synder's? Or did Aurelia say something? I think there's been a misunderstanding. I had no idea about your dinner gathering today."

Daniel glanced at her but didn't say anything more. Then, he turned back to the room.

Once Daniel left, Cynthia's smile instantly disappeared as she gazed at the distant sun.

She was born to be superior, so why should she compare herself to an ordinary woman like Aurelia? She was inherently more noble than Aurelia, so how could she possibly lose to her?

To Cynthia, this matter wasn't over yet.

After a while, Aurelia opened the glass door and said, "Ms. Whitlock, it's time to eat. Is your wound okay now?"

"It's fine. Leslie said... nothing," Cynthia hesitated before limping closer to Aurelia.

Meanwhile, Aurelia looked at Cynthia with some hesitation too and wondered what

Leslie had told her.

Then, Cynthia glanced at Aurelia and continued, "Ms. Simmons, let's eat first. Thank you for helping entertain us today.

"No problem." Aurelia furrowed her brows, sensing something strange in Cynthia's words. However, she couldn't pinpoint what exactly was odd about them.

Leslie and Aurelia had invited everyone for dinner, so it was natural to entertain their guests, right?

What did Cynthia mean by "helping entertain" them? It made Aurelia feel like an outsider.

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As Aurelia was still pondering about this, laughter came from the dining room, so she didn't dwell on it and followed along too.

"Just some simple food, folks, don't mind. Dig in," Aurelia said,

“No, we’ve been craving this for so long. Thanks a lot, Ms. Simmons.”

“Don’t mention it. Enjoy your meal. And if it’s not enough, there’s more in the fridge,”

Aurelia said.

Immediately, everyone started heartily digging in.

After a while, Jessica stood up and said, “I’m going to the rest *room*.”

But after she left, Aurelia realized that she’d forgotten to tell her where the rest room

was.

Then, Jessica walked inside and pushed open Leslie’s room.

Immediately, she burst into laughter.

Meanwhile, the other colleagues looked puzzled and asked, “What’s so funny? What’s made you so happy?”

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