

Married in a Flash Embarking on the Journey to Wealth

Chapter 8

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Leslie always emitted an air of aloofness, cold and detached, perpetually enveloped in a mist that obscured any clear perception of him.

Surprisingly, he turned out to be quite considerate. At least he didn't leave her alone in the hospital.

Recalling the past, there was a night when she stayed up late working on a proposal until her stomach ached.

Afraid to let her parents know, she had called Seth to take her to the hospital.

However, upon arriving, he mentioned having to meet a client and left her alone in the hospital without completing the check-up.

Later, she learned that the so-called client was just Seth's friend, and they spent the afternoon playing board games.

Seth explained that friends could help him introduce clients.

She empathized with Seth's ambition to climb the corporate ladder and didn't argue much.

After all, men needed to have career ambitions.

Looking back now, perhaps Seth never even took her seriously back then.

Fortunately, she saw through it.

Ding! The ringing of the call bell above her head brought Aurelia back to the present.

A nurse removed the needle from the little student across the room, and the mother–son duo waved at her before leaving.

Aurelia returned the wave and looked outside, wondering where Leslie had gone.

Her phone on the bedside table rang as she was thinking about it.

Seeing an unfamiliar number and worried it might be a new client, she answered immediately, “Hello, may I ask who’s calling?”

“Who are you?” Came a hesitant voice from the other end.

“Aren’t you looking for me? I’m...”

Before Aurelia could finish her sentence, the phone was forcefully taken away and abruptly hung up.

Holding the phone, Leslie pressed hard enough that his fingertips turned white, indicating his anger.

“Aurelia, please get your identity straight. Marrying you was just to make my mom happy. Don’t attempt to meddle in my affairs.”

His voice was cold. Each word sent a chill through Aurelia.

“No, I...”

“Here are the car keys. The car is in the parking lot downstairs. Go back on your own. I’m heading back to the office.”

With a snap, the car keys and a bowl of porridge were placed on the table.

Aurelia’s heart trembled, and she began searching for her bag when she regained her **senses**.

She continued to explain as she reached for it on the adjacent chair.

“Mr. Synder, you misunderstood. I truly didn’t know that was your phone. Our phones are

identical. I thought it was my client. If you don’t believe me, look.”

Struggling to find her phone, she discovered that Leslie had already left.

She sighed, realizing the phones were indeed identical.

Whose fault was it for leaving their phone lying around without any labels?

But who was that woman?

Why was she so angry upon hearing Aurelia’s voice?

Aurelia didn’t dwell on it, though.

The aroma of the porridge caught her attention, and she was famished.

Starving, she decided to eat first before worrying about Leslie’s mood.

Leslie hailed a cab back to the office. Daniel swiftly approached as he arrived.

“Boss, the work permit you requested is ready,” Daniel said, handing over the programmer’s work permit.

“Good, tell the people below not to reveal my identity. Also, go find a few individuals to stop

by my place,” Leslie instructed.

“The mansion?” Daniel inquired.

“No, the temporary apartment I’m staying in. Get someone to make sure it becomes uninhabitable,” Leslie clarified.

Daniel hesitated for a moment, curious, “Boss, why?”

Leslie replied, "You don't need to worry about that. Just do as I say."

Daniel nodded, "Alright, I'll go now."

Leslie turned and entered the office, leaning against the window as he lit a cigarette.

The white smoke enveloped him, accentuating his dark eyes.

As Leslie pondered Aurelia's unexpected intrusion, anger sparked in his gaze.

He wouldn't allow such a woman to stay with him. He hoped Aurelia would be sensible enough

to retreat.

Suddenly, his thoughts were interrupted by the vibration of his phone.

"I called earlier because I wanted to ask you a few technical questions just now but a woman answered the phone. Did she pick up your lost phone?"

The inquiry was tentative, each word carefully chosen, intimate, and cautious.

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"What questions did you have?" Leslie responded in a formal tone.

"I've already resolved it," came the reply.

"Okay," Leslie hung up the call, ending the conversation.

The other person's status on the screen could be seen as typing, but no message **was** sent in the end.

Aurelia finished her porridge, waited for another half-hour, and finally completed the IV drip.

Pressing a cotton ball against her arm, she descended the stairs.

The early summer night carried a chill, making her shiver as she headed towards the parking lot, searching for her car key.

Following the navigation, she arrived at Leslie's residential area. She was slightly surprised by the upscale neighborhood before her.

Do programmers earn this much?

Although **not** in the prime location of Seacester, the convenient transportation, and comprehensive facilities made it a peaceful area.

Moreover, Leslie's residence was a relatively high-**end**, large flat.

Aurelia wondered how much this would have cost him.

Before Aurelia could calculate the price, the security guard approached, inquired about the situation, and then raised the barrier after understanding.

She followed the driveway into the underground parking lot, found the parking space for Building Eight according to the signs, and parked her car.

After securing her vehicle, she retrieved her luggage and entered the elevator.

She swiped her card and pressed the button for the 12th floor. As the elevator ascended, her heart raced.

Was she married? Was she really going to live with **a** man?

Aurelia became increasingly nervous at the thought, unconsciously gripping the suitcase handle tightly.

"Ding!" The elevator doors opened.

Aurelia was anxious as she found Leslie's apartment door.

Carefully taking out the key, she opened the door, unsure of what such a high-end residence would look like.

Upon pushing the door open, she was utterly dumbfounded.

“Can people actually live here?”

Leslie seemed to have a penchant for cleanliness. She wondered why his living space resembled a dog’s kennel.

No, even calling it a kennel would be too kind.

This was clearly a dump.

There were shoes scattered at the entrance, **socks** on the floor, and coats appearing as **a** permanent fixture.

The bin overflowed with trash, the sofa lacked a clear sitting space, and was piled with miscellaneous items and clothes. Aurelia **even** suspected the presence of... underwear.

Aurelia looked around in disbelief, utterly unable to connect this filthy and chaotic environment with the aloof and stern Leslie.

Aurelia wondered how could **she** live like this.

Maybe she should find a reason to return home, considering Leslie didn’t seem to fancy her

anyway.

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But explaining to Linda would be tricky. She spent half a million getting her son a wife and ended up with a separated couple. It wouldn’t sit well.

Aurelia heaved a sigh.

The elevator doors opened, and Leslie arrived at his front door, checking his watch.

Three hours had passed since he parted ways with Aurelia. She'd most likely see his place in such disarray and sensibly decide to leave.

Daniel had ensured the place was in utter chaos, completely uninhabitable.

She married him for money. Enduring discomfort was out of the question for a worldly woman like Aurelia.

He simply sought a woman to appease his mother and fulfill mutual needs.

Once the novelty wore off for his mother, he'd provide Aurelia with a clean break and a decent separation fee.

Anything beyond that was not an option.

Leslie opened the door. He couldn't help but be stunned for a moment.