

Married in a Flash Embarking on the Journey to Wealth

Chapter 9

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Leslie expected to find his house in a mess the way Daniel had left it, but a subtle scent of lemon greeted him.

In the entrance, men's and women's shoes were neatly arranged.

The rest of the house was immaculately clean as if all the chaos had never occurred.

If he hadn't seen the photos Daniel took, he would have wondered if this was his house. Aurelia had managed to clean up everything.

At that moment, the door to the master bedroom opened.

Aurelia, wrapped in a towel, walked out.

Her slender figure caught Leslie's eye.

With semi-dried strands of hair sticking to her blushing face, she exuded an indescribable sense of endearment, much more beautiful than her usual well-behaved appearance.

Water droplets fell from her hair. Her skin glistened, revealing straight legs, snow-white and slightly pink from the warm bath. The effect was particularly alluring.

Leslie's breath hitched as he narrowed his eyes.

Aurelia, tilting her head while drying her hair, only noticed the unfamiliar gaze when she raised her head..

The two locked eyes. She hastily tightened the towel around her.

Didn't Linda say Leslie wouldn't come back if he worked late?

She was just lazy and didn't bother to grab her pajamas.

This was just unfortunate timing.

"You, you're back?"

"I thought you left. Didn't expect you to be so patient."

Leslie withdrew his gaze, turned around, and poured a glass of water. His voice was still as cold as ever, even carrying a hint of disdain.

Glancing at the master bedroom behind Aurelia, he made it clear that it was his room.

Aurelia, following his gaze toward the master bedroom, immediately understood the misunderstanding.

"Mr. Synder..."

"Ms. Simmons, we should understand that this marriage is a mutual arrangement, so don't overstep any boundaries."

Leslie emphasized the last five words.

Already feeling somewhat embarrassed, Aurelia became even more ashamed when Leslie misunderstood her intentions.

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She took a deep breath, looked **at** Leslie, and was about to speak when the sound of **Leslie** setting down the glass interrupted her.

"Get dressed," Leslie warned before walking towards the study.

"Wait!" Aurelia called out to Leslie, calmly. "Mr. Synder is right. Since we have a mutual arrangement, you could have refused Ms. Linda if you didn't want me to move in. There's no need for these unnecessary actions."

Leslie halted, looking at Aurelia with confusion.

Aurelia gestured to the entrance, “Mr. Synder, you look perfectly fine. I never expected such a significant difference in your left and right foot sizes. They were three sizes apart. This is a first for me. Do you want me to accompany you to the hospital?”

Leslie was momentarily stunned, cursing **Daniel** in his mind.

He appeared to be losing his competence. Daniel made such a fundamental mistake.

“Firstly, I thought you would come back earlier. Secondly, the shower in the guest bathroom was broken. I had spent three hours cleaning up this place so I smelled like crap. I **had** no choice but to use your bathroom to shower. Any issues? If there are, I apologize. If you find it acceptable, please give me three minutes.”

“Three minutes?” Leslie asked.

“Wait a moment.”

Aurelia turned and rushed into the guest bedroom, donning underwear **and** a nightgown within a minute. She then grabbed a prepared file from the bedside.

When she discovered Leslie intentionally made a mess of the house during **cleaning**, she had other plans.

The file was initially intended for Leslie’s review tomorrow, but resolving it sooner seemed better since things had reached this point.

Returning to the living room, she handed the file to Leslie.

Leslie looked at her attire, puzzled for a few seconds before focusing on the file.

As he read the contents, Leslie’s typically stoic expression revealed an unusual flicker of emotions.

“A cohabitation agreement?”

“Yes, Mr. Synder. I can tell you’re not satisfied with me. You married me just to appease Ms. Linda, and I appreciate her fondness for me. So, since Ms. Linda insists we live together, let’s peacefully coexist.

“When the time comes for us to separate, I will leave with no strings attached. I’ve detailed everything about our future life in the agreement. Take a look, and feel free to add anything necessary.”

Aurelia handed him a pen.

Leslie didn’t take the pen but questioningly perused the agreement..

As Aurelia had stated, most of the content was about coordinating their post-marital life, with

almost nothing about finances, except for one surprising clause.

“Voluntarily waiving property division upon divorce

Was a gold digger voluntarily refusing money?

Leslie coldly remarked, “What kind of game are you playing
Do you think I’ll believe this?”

Aurelia frowned, earnestly responding, “If you don’t believe me, we can go to a notary. Sign it.

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Leslie couldn’t help but give her a couple of extra glances.

So far, she was the first woman eager to establish clear boundaries with him.

Well, that was good for avoiding future trouble.

Leslie took the pen and signed his name.

Seeing him sign, Aurelia didn't hesitate to sign her name. After signing, she even picked it up to check for any omissions.

Perhaps looking too carefully, she didn't notice the wet coat with a tobacco scent coming towards her until it was on her.

Somewhat bewildered, she looked down at the coat only to realize the chest area of her nightgown was already soaked.

The silk nightgown, comfortable as it was, clung to her body when wet, revealing not only her figure but also the color of her skin and underwear.

Aurelia nervously wrapped herself in the coat, her cheeks so red they seemed ready to bleed.

She carefully glanced at Leslie and noticed that he had been standing with his back turned for quite some time.

She breathed a sigh of relief as she gazed at his typically impassive demeanor.

A man like Leslie probably never lacked women. He simply couldn't be bothered with someone as ordinary as her.

Yet, being a gentleman, he tactfully turned her down without subjecting her to the embarrassment of being "soaked." He graciously avoided any comments on her appearance.

It shouldn't be too torturous to live with someone like that.

Contrastingly, when she was with Seth in the past, he would often comment on her figure, making her feel slightly insecure.

So, **she** dressed in loose attire in her work or daily life.

Later, when Seth attempted to get close to her on several occasions, she rejected him, fearing he would scrutinize her figure.

Fortunately, she didn't engage in anything with him. Otherwise, she'd be feeling even more repulsed now.

Upon wearing the coat, Aurelia found herself instantly wrapped in Leslie's cool presence, prompting each inch of her skin in contact with the fabric to begin heating up.

Tugging at her clothes, she caught a faint scent of tobacco around the collar, inducing a slight

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confusion in her mind as if a thin mist had obscured the man before her.

Realizing that her thoughts were in disarray, she immediately lowered her head.

"Thanks, I'll head back to my room now. By the way, I'll be in the guest room. Goodnight."

Aurelia blurted out incoherently, pressing the wide coat hem against her body as she swiftly **passed** Leslie.

"Aurelia. Wrong way," Leslie coldly reminded.

"Sorry, I'm not too familiar. Goodnight." Her face grew even redder.

Leslie remained motionless for a while, only regaining his senses when Aurelia's long hair brushed his arm, sending a tingling sensation through him as if he had been electrified.

Turning back around, Aurelia had already retreated to her room, leaving only a subtle trace of shampoo fragrance lingering in the air..

Aurelia always appeared in a somewhat old-fashioned attire, giving off an unremarkable and unattractive impression, but surprisingly, her figure turned out to be quite impressive.

The sleepwear, balancing between concealing and revealing, had a more noticeable allure than the straightforward towel-clad figure.

Aurelia's fair skin glowed in the steam under the lamplight, the long nightgown hiding most but hinting at enticing contours in damp areas.

Though it was a fleeting moment, Leslie couldn't help but feel a bit disoriented.

He didn't want to focus on Aurelia. But her every appearance brought along puzzling situations that compelled his attention.

Could she be doing it on purpose? Yet, her earlier genuine panic didn't seem like an act.

In his hesitation, Aurelia's room door opened again.

Leslie's eyes turned cold.

See? She was feigning innocence, ultimately falling into the same tactics as those women who approached him, playing hard to get.

Act Fast Free Bonus Time is Running Out!