

Chapter 15

Ben's words echoed in Cornelia's mind...

She used to think that Marcus, like others, had doubted her private life, so when she went to him, he was so ruthless.

She believed he gave her the opportunity to scrutinize and clear the facts out of pity as her superior.

She dared not imagine that Marcus had believed in her innocence from the beginning, and he asked her to find evidence to fight back against the rumors...

Back then, only her grandma, Zack, and Abby trusted her unconditionally.

Marcus, the leader of a top corporation, an awe-inspiring figure, had worked with her for a month and three days, yet he trusted her as much as those closest to her, unconditionally.

Because of this, Cornelia decided that even without a high salary, she would remain loyal to Marcus and become his most capable subordinate.

Back at the table, Marcus was drinking soup, and Cornelia was quietly watching him...

If temperament was an art, no one could compare to her President Hartley. Even drinking soup, he looked so elegant and noble, like a beautiful world-renowned painting.

Marcus felt her gaze, "What are you looking at?"

Cornelia showed a flattering smile, sincerely complimenting him, "I just think President Hartley is the best boss in the world."

Ben gently nudged her, reminding her that President Hartley only valued his subordinates' abilities and didn't accept brown-nosing.

Marcus didn't react much to her words, coldly saying, "talk less at the dinner table."

Cornelia nodded, "Okay."

Soon, employees trickled into the dining room, jovial and chatting. But upon spotting the prominent figure in the center, their demeanor turned serious, exceeding even their work seriousness.

However, they couldn't help but cast their eyes on their table. Cornelia boldly guessed...

Marcus, who never came to the employee cafeteria, suddenly showed up, perhaps to show everyone that Cornelia was still his special assistant and the recent news wouldn't change anything.

Cornelia quietly asked her guess, "President Hartley, did you come to the cafeteria to help me?"

Marcus elegantly wiped his mouth and coldly replied, "I'm not here to help you, but your ability and efficiency today showed me your value."

His answer was cold, but it was the highest affirmation of

Cornelia's abilities.

He never doubted her and even helped her. This was the biggest kindness she received today.

Cornelia sincerely said, "President Hartley, I really appreciate you!"

Marcus glanced at her impatiently, unintentionally seeing her scalded ear and neck, feeling annoyed for some reason, "Dr. Dawson will be here in a bit, ask her for some medicine." With his reminder, Cornelia felt the pain from the scald, "Alright."

Cornelia had just returned to the office after lunch and hadn't had time to contact Dr. Dawson when she arrived with a medicine box.

Dr. Dawson didn't ask about Cornelia's condition, directly applying two ointments to Cornelia's neck, "Your skin is blistering and will peel later. You need to apply these ointments mixed together, twice a day. When your skin starts to peel, it may itch, but don't scratch."

The cool ointment made Cornelia feel much better, and she smiled, "Thank you, Dr. Dawson!"

Dr. Dawson gently rubbed her head, "No need to be so formal, girl."

Cornelia didn't say much, just remembering the people who helped and showed kindness to her today.

In the afternoon, Cornelia adjusted her mood, attending an

international video conference with Ben and Marcus.

The meeting discussed many issues, and by the time it ended, it was time to get off work.

After completing the meeting summary, Cornelia and Ben went to the president's office to submit the report, seeing Marcus on the phone.

Cornelia couldn't decipher the words spoken from the other end, only catching Marcus's icy retort, "What? Must I guide you on how to locate people?"

Not only was his voice cold and scary, but his eyes were also gloomy and frightening.

Ben and Cornelia exchanged glances, asking each other with their eyes, "What's going on? What's wrong with President Hartley?"

"No one's answering the phone, can't you go find them?" After saying this, Marcus hung up and looked at Cornelia with a bad expression, "Go make me a cup of coffee."

"Okay." Cornelia immediately left.

Marcus glanced at the phone on his desk. Just now, his lawyer told him that his wife in name only was unreachable. Thinking about not being able to cut ties with the woman who betrayed him made him irritable, he pulled his tie and lit a cigarette.

Cornelia came in with the coffee, saw Marcus smoking, and quietly stepped aside after putting down the coffee.

Marcus casually flipped through their work report, and before he finished, his phone rang again.

Cornelia saw Marcus answering the phone, still not knowing what the person on the other end said, only seeing Marcus's face getting worse. He cursed, "Useless guy," and slammed the phone on the desk.

Cornelia was startled, what was wrong with President Hartley? Why was he so angry?

Marcus's mood had reached a boiling point. His lawyer just told him that the woman couldn't be found at her registered address and asked if she had moved.

What was she up to?

Did she expect him to contact her personally?

Aggravated, he snatched his personal phone, shooting Cornelia a message, "Hey, it's Jeremy, the guy you married last year. Get here ASAP, we need to discuss our divorce!"

The next second, in the quiet office, Cornelia's phone suddenly went off in her pocket.

"You got a new message."

Marcus's gaze immediately turned towards her.