

Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband (Cornelia Stewart) Chapter 401

Chapter 401

Zavier flicked away the cigarette ash nonchalantly, took another puff and said, "You can go now. I've already asked someone to invite Skyler for dinner."

"Zavier, have you lost your humanity?" The mention of Skyler made Cornelia lose her cool, and she slammed her hand on the table, "Even though Skyler left you, she's still your wife. She carried your child. Why can't you let her be?" Zavier's eyes darkened, "So you do remember she's my wife? I thought you'd forgotten. If you know, then why are you meddling in our business?"

"So, I should just stand by and watch her walk to her death?" Cornelia shuddered at the memory of Skyler's miscarriage, feeling suffocated every time it crossed her mind, "Zavier, have you forgotten what happened on New Year's Day? Skyler nearly died. Do you want to watch her die before you'll be satisfied?"

"Whether she lives or dies, I don't care. All I know is that she belongs to me and no one else can take her away." Zavier finished off a cigarette in one go, lit another one and started blowing smoke rings.

The sight of Skyler lying in a pool of blood on New Year's Day was something Zavier would never forget. It still ached his heart to think about it and that was why he couldn't bring himself to approach her easily.

What he couldn't understand was why Skyler had approached him first, why she had forced him to marry her using various tactics. He had gone against his family to marry her, and had invested both money and man-power to help her family get back on their feet.

He had always thought that Skyler loved him, never suspecting that she was just using him. Once her goals were achieved and he was of no use to her, she couldn't wait to leave him. To be able to leave him, she had even cruelly caused their child's miscarriage.

What did she take him for? Was he just a disposable tool to her?

If she wouldn't make life easy for him, then she wouldn't have it easy for the rest of her life either. He would haunt her like a ghost until death.

"You..." Cornelia had been with Zavier for over an hour now, and he had been chain-smoking the entire time, hardly stopping.

Cornelia guessed that he wasn't as cold-blooded and ruthless as he seemed, and tried to understand what was going on in his mind, "Mr. Rivera, you're still in love with Skyler, aren't you?"

"Love her? What's there to love about such a heartless woman?" Zavier

crushed the nearly finished cigarette forcefully, and lit another one, "I'm tormenting her to make her realize that I won't let go of those who betray me. Even in death, she can only die by my side and belong to me. She can never cut ties with me."

Zavier's feelings for Skyler ran deep, and his words confirmed Cornelia's suspicions, "Mr. Rivera, as a woman, I should understand a woman's thoughts better than you do. If you really love Skyler, then you shouldn't be treating her this way. To love someone, you should respect her first."

"Don't I respect her?" Cornelia's words struck a chord in Zavier, and he instinctively expressed his true feelings for Skyler, but he still refused to admit that he loved this woman who just wanted to leave him, "Cornelia, you're just Marc's assistant. Don't think you know me

Cornelia didn't think highly of herself, "We're just strangers. I'm not interested in knowing you. I'm talking to you because Skyler is my friend. I want to remind you that your way is wrong."

"Is my way wrong? Then Marcus's way is right?" Just as Zavier was about to reveal the real relationship between Marcus and Cornelia, a security guard walked in, "Mr. Rivera, President Hartley is here."

Before the guard could finish, Marcus's tall figure appeared at the door. His usually neat hair was a bit messy, as if he had rushed over. Seeing him, Cornelia felt like she had seen a life savior. Her inner unease immediately eased, and she ran to him, "President Hartley"

Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband (Cornelia Stewart)

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Marcus subconsciously opened his arms and wanted to hug her, but her calling his name pulled his reason back in an instant. He looked at her from top to bottom, "Did he bully you?"

Cornelia shook her head, "Mr. Rivera just invited me to dinner."

After confirming that she was all right, Marcus whispered, "Go out and wait for me first."

Cornelia nodded, "Okay."

When Cornelia walked away, the door closed, and the gentle eyes of Marcus became extremely sharp at the moment of looking at Zavier. If eyes could kill people, then Zavier was already the undead under his eyes.

"Marc, why are you here?" Zavier, like an innocent person, handed a cigarette

to Marcus, "I haven't seen you smoking recently. Have you quit?"

Marcus didn't answer it in the night of war, "Cornelia doesn't like me smoking." Xavier sneered, "She doesn't even know that she is your wife. Does she care if you smoke?"

"She doesn't know, but you do. How dare you stop her." The voice of Marcus suddenly became cold, "Zavier, do you think I really won't do anything to you?"

Zavier lit another cigarette, "Why would I think like that?"

Marcus said coldly, "If you dare to do anything to Cornelia in the future, I will let you know what I could do to you."

Zavier shook his head and sighed, "well, I didn't realized you liked her that much, that you would even for the sake of a woman, turn against me who have been in friendship for more than ten years. If it weren't for your wife's meddling, do you think I would have anything to do with her?"

Marcus didn't understand love, but he understood the truth of being a man, "Skyler is your wife, but she is bent on running away from you. You don't look for problems causing by yourself, but you blame others. You will only push Skyler further and further."

Zavier looked at Marcus and smiled contemptuously, "Oh, a man who has never talked about love and he's afraid that his wife might recognize him. How could you educate me all high and mighty?"

Marcus ignored him and turned to leave.

"Wait a minute. Xavier took out his mobile phone and sent a document to Marcus, "I'll give you a gift. Don't thank me." When he opened the file, it was an audio. He clicked Play and soon heard the conversation between Xavier and Cornelia.

He heard Xavier say that he wanted to pursue Cornelia, and his whole body was full of rage. He even had the idea of screwing off Xavier's head.

However, when Cornelia refused Xavier with a forceful voice, his rage was instantly smoothed away. Even his anger for Cornelia leaving Paris quietly last night disappeared.

Zavier said with a smile, "Cornelia, this girl's feelings for her husband are quite firm. I tempted her with such a big cake, and she was unmoved."

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“My wife’s loyalty is our business, not a game for you to play.” Marcus was glad that Cornelia had firmly rejected Xavier, but he didn’t appreciate Xavier’s mind games.

As her husband, the one who promised to be with her for life. He should have unconditional trust and support for Cornelia, no matter

what she said or did.

Xavier laughed again, “Did I mention you and your wife? I was talking about Cornelia and her husband.”

Marcus raised an eyebrow, “What’s the difference?”

Xavier patted his shoulder, “Marc, let me remind you. Cornelia is loyal to her husband, not to you. To her, you’re just her boss, **nothing**

more.”

Xavier knew Marcus well, and every word he said hit home.

“Mind your own business, I don’t need your concern,” With that, Marcus turned to leave, but Xavier’s voice came from behind, “Marc, one last thing, keep your wife out of other people’s affairs, otherwise, next time, I won’t just invite her for dinner.”

“Are you threatening me?” Marcus turned back, sizing up Xavier from head to toe, then smirked, “Xavier, I have a surprise for you too, I think you’ll love it.”

Xavier had known Marcus for many years and thought he knew him well, but he had

a bad feeling about Marcus’s “surprise“, “What are you planning to give me?”

Marcus glanced at his watch, “Just wait a bit, you’ll see.”

“Marc.” Xavier said.

Marcus waved without turning around, “I’m taking my wife. We’ll catch up another time.”

Cornelia obediently followed him out of the private room. Seeing Ayden, she naturally walked over to him, “Ayden, you’re here **too**.”

Ayden didn't respond.

Cornelia stood by his side. Surrounded by familiar faces, she felt at ease. She kept an eye on the situation in the private room, but the soundproofing was too good. She couldn't hear Marcus and Xavier's conversation.

Although she only waited for a few minutes, it felt like centuries to Cornelia. When Marcus came out, she hurried to greet him, "President Hartley."

Marcus spoke softly, "Let's go."

Cornelia followed his pace, "Why are you in Nice?"

Marcus couldn't tell her that he came because he was worried about her, "Why can't I be in Nice?"

Cornelia was at a loss for words.

Marcus continued, "Let's go back to Paris."

Cornelia said, "Okay"

The airport wasn't far away. Cornelia got into the car arranged by Marcus, and they hurried to the airport to take the earliest flight back to

Paris.

The flight time was over an hour. Cornelia planned to catch up on some sleep, but the thought of Skyler kept her awake. As she tossed and turned in her seat, Marcus's deep voice came into her ears, "Here, this is for you."

Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband (Cornelia Stewart)

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Cornelia's eyes popped out when she saw the bank card she gave Skyler in his hand, "How on earth did you get this? Did something happen to Skyler?" "I've moved Skyler to a safe place. Xavier won't be able to find her unless I

spill the beans, Marcus said. If Xavier thought he could mess with Cornelia without any backlash, he had another think coming.

“Where did you move her? And why are you giving me the card back? She just settled in Nice and now she has to start all over again. All these costs money. She can’t use her own card, how is she supposed to get by?” Cornelia asked, worried sick.

Marcus took Cornelia’s phone, typed in a new number and handed it back to her, “This is her new contact. Once we land, you can call her.”

“Did Skyler really manage to shake off Xavier this time? Is she really free?” Cornelia asked President Hartley. When he nodded, she heaved a sigh of relief, “Thank you! You’re a good guy!”

It served the rich and powerful Xavier right to be ditched by his wife. On the other hand, Marcus and his wife were as happy as larks. There was a reason for that.

“We’ve got an hour left to fly. Want to take a nap?” President Hartley asked. Having pulled an all-nighter chatting with Skyler, Cornelia was dead on her feet. Knowing that Skyler was safe, she could finally breathe easy. As soon as she lay down, she was out like a light.

The moment she dozed off, the flight attendant started serving meals. Before she reached them, Marcus made a hush sign, not wanting them to wake Cornelia up.

Over an hour later, the plane landed smoothly in Paris. The moment he turned on his phone, he was flooded with missed calls. Xavier’s call came in hot on their heels.

“Where did you hide Skyler, Marcus?” Xavier practically roared.

With a grin, Marcus asked, “Are you satisfied with the surprise I gave you, Xavier?”

“I’m asking you where you hid Skyler!” Xavier demanded.

“You won’t be able to find her.” Marcus said.

“Tell me where she is, or I’ll do whatever it takes to take Cornelia away. You’ll never be able to find her,” Xavier threatened.

“Are you threatening me again, Xavier? Are you not satisfied with my surprise?” Marcus hung up, then turned to Ayden, who was with him, “You’re going to have your work cut out for you.”

Ayden understood. Marcus wanted him to keep Cornelia safe. “Roger that.” Ayden said.

After assigning Ayden to stick with Cornelia, Ayden had always been on his toes, looking out for her. If it weren’t for Marcus’ instructions today, he wouldn’t have let Xavier take Cornelia away.

Marcus once told him that his job was to ensure Cornelia’s safety, not to keep

tabs on her. Hence, Cornélia didn't need to report her movements to him. That was why Marcus only started looking for her when he couldn't reach her and Ayden. He was worried about her safety.

He found out that Cornelia was on a flight from Paris to Nice. Knowing that he couldn't reach her not because she was in danger, he still felt uneasy and flew to Nice overnight.

He knew Cornelia came to visit Skyler. Xavier might worry that Skyler would bolt and take her back early. To spare Cornelia the worry, Marcus started planning how to sneak Skyler out.

But what he didn't expect was that Xavier didn't go after Skyler, but Cornelia. Xavier was yelling at him on the phone, and Cornelia heard it. Worried, she said, "President Hartley."

With a smile, Marcus reassured her, "Don't worry, Cornelia. It's all good."

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Marcus' comforting vibe was like some sort of magic, making her trust him unconditionally, bringing peace to Cornelia's mind.

Cornelia left the airport with him, hopping into a car heading downtown. As the car moved along, she asked again, "You've helped Skyler escape from Xavier's grip, can I still keep in touch with Skyler in the future?"

"You can get in touch with her however you want, don't worry about anyone."

Marcus replied in a rather straightforward manner.

Cornelia knew, Marcus made it sound simple, but the effort he put in was not simple at all.

Skyler had been bouncing around a few places before going to Nice, Xavier still managed to find her in such a short time, which was enough to show Xavier's abilities.

France wasn't Marcus' main stomping ground, managing to dodge Xavier's surveillance in such a short time was already quite a feat, yet he pulled it off.

Cornelia looked at Marcus, with many words of gratitude she wanted to say but didn't know how. So she just kept this gratitude in her heart, planning to work even harder in the future to repay him.

Marcus caught her glance, turned his head to look at her, "Still worried?"

"No." Cornelia looked away, staring out the window at the fast-receding view, hoping in her heart that Skyler could finally be truly free this time, never having to hide again.

Just as Cornelia was thinking about Skyler, a message from Skyler popped in. It was a long one:

“Cornelia, the first time I met you was on November 12th last year, why do I remember it so clearly? Because it was the day before Marcus’ birthday.

“Marcus brought you to us. I took one look at you and I liked you, even had the idea of wanting to be friends with you. But I didn’t dare to approach you, I was afraid you’d reject me or wouldn’t like me.

“I was afraid you’d think I’m not a good person. I had a lot of fears. I didn’t have the courage to take the first step, and I had to pretend that I didn’t care about you.

“I saw Hannah and Rosie taking the initiative to talk to you. Seeing them chatting happily with you, I was jealous. I thought, if only I could talk to you like them. But from that meeting to the next day’s farewell, I did not get to talk to you alone much.

“Our second encounter was this New Year’s, that day I learned your flight was delayed due to weather. So I plucked up the courage to invite you to join us at Enchanted Sands for hot springs. That day there was you, Hannah, and Rosie, just us four girls and no men. I was really happy, I felt there was hope in my life again. But this happy time was quickly disrupted by the sudden appearance of Zavier.

“When I heard that Zavier and his friends also came to Enchanted Sands, I felt an immense pressure, like I couldn’t breathe. A terrifying thought came into my head: if death was the only way to escape Zavier’s harassment, then I was willing to die.

“At that time, I was really foolish, not only did I have such a thought, but I also acted on it. I ended the life in my womb myself, I wanted to go to another world with my child and live freely. I initially thought I wouldn’t be afraid of death, however, when I saw the blood uncontrollably flowing from my body and felt my life fading away. I panicked and I was scared.”

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[There are still so many places I haven't been to, so many delicious foods I haven't tasted, and so many friends I haven't made. I want to live, I want my life to be meaningful, and I want to spend the rest of my time doing the things I've always wanted to do but haven't yet

started.

"Cornelia, it was you who pulled me back from the brink of death when I decided to leave this world. It was you who showed me hope again. You whispered in my ear that life only happens once, no do-overs. If you lose it, that's it, it's game over.

"I'm grateful you saved me, thankful that you've given me a chance to keep exploring the world. As for escaping from Xavier, I've been ready for him to find me. I know that as long as he wants to, he'll find me, it's just a matter of time.

"When I first ran away, I was terrified of being found by him, taken back, or facing those faces in the Rivera family that I didn't want to see. I was afraid of living a life without freedom, controlled by others.

"But after chatting with you last night, I've realized that true freedom doesn't come from where you live, but from within. What sets me free is not the place, but my heart. I used to be miserable because I cared too much about too many people and things. I was too concerned about how others perceived me. I was afraid to hear those harsh words, felt like everyone was giving me the side-eye. I always thought people were gossiping behind my back. When I stopped caring about all that and no longer hurt by those harsh words, I suddenly realized the huge rock pressing on my heart was gone and I could see a brighter future.

"Cornelia, life is beautiful! Being able to not give a damn about what others think, living your life freely. It's just wonderful! I hope you, like me, can live freely."

Skyler's words deeply touched Cornelia, because they shared similar experiences. With teary eyes, Cornelia replied to Skyler: [Yes, live well and anything is possible. Don't care about what others think. As long as you're comfortable, that's what matters.]

Cornelia was once a victim, worrying about others' harsh words and losing her stable home. Clearly, she was not at fault, the real culprits were the ones who wronged her, slandered her, and spread rumors without knowing the truth. Why should the victims bear all the pain?

Luckily, both she and Skyler had made it through and could now hold their heads high and do what they want to do, without being influenced by anyone else.

"Cornelia, what's wrong?" Marcus's voice echoed in her ear again, deep and powerful, with a hint of concern that Cornelia hardly noticed. Cornelia sniffled, "I got a message from Skyler, and it made me really happy."

Marcus said, "If you're happy, why are you crying?"

Cornelia said, "President Hartley, have you never experienced a moment so happy that it brings you to tears?"

Marcus said, "No."

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Cornelia was at a loss for words.

Marcus went on, "At least, I haven't encountered such a thing up to now."

Cornelia could understand. After all, he was born into a wealthy family, with more dough than he could ever spend. He was able to do whatever he fancied. It'd be hard for anything to rain on his parade.

The matter with Skyler was temporarily put to bed. In the following days, Cornelia threw herself into work. She was swamped, barely even having time to catch some sleep, let alone chat with Jeremy.

In

a blink of an eye, a month had passed and spring was around the corner. All their work in Paris was done and dusted, and the team was gearing up to head back to Riverton.

Cornelia was on the ball for booking the return flights and opted for a red-eye. The non-stop flight from Paris to Riverton was a twelve-hour haul. Landing around 6 in the evening local time, she could grab a bite with the long-unseen Zack and Abigail.

Before the plane took off, Cornelia shot Jeremy a message: [Jeremy, I'm heading back tonight. You in Riverton now?]

The message sent, and Cornelia checked the clock. It was a little past eleven at night in Paris, which made it early morning back home. Jeremy should've been out cold, likely wouldn't reply.

But the next second, the man who should've been in dreamland got back to her: [Safe travels!]

Cornelia asked: [Are you still up, or did you wake up already?]

Jeremy replied: [I'm still up.]

Cornelia said: [Are you burning the midnight oil because of work? Or is there another reason you're up? Whatever the reason, you shouldn't pull an all-nighter. It's no good for you.]

She keyed in a mouthful, oblivious to Marcus who was right next to her, simply because she was too engrossed in her chat with Jeremy. When she hit send, Marcus couldn't help but chuckle. On the screen, Jeremy replied: [It's not bedtime for me yet.]

Even though she wasn't face-to-face with Jeremy, Cornelia was so embarrassed that she could feel her face heat up. Jeremy had told her he sometimes had to travel overseas for work, which would result in a time difference. She hadn't asked him where he was, but blabbered away. He must think she was a nag.

Cornelia rubbed her face, then asked: [So when are you getting back to Riverton?]

“I’m heading back to Riverton with you.” Marcus wanted to say, but he held his tongue.

When he’d return to Riverton depended on when he’d pluck up the courage to come clean about his identity. But when he’d come clean also depended on when she’d warm up to his identity as Marcus.

So he couldn’t give her a definite answer, only replying: [I’ve been up to my ears in work recently, so I probably won’t be back anytime soon.]

Cornelia said: [Oh]

Marcus heard her disappointed “Oh” and saw bright eyes dim significantly first. Only after a few seconds did he see her message. She said: [I just want to see you as soon as possible. We’re legally married, but it feels like we’re dating online. The two times we met, you were sober, but I couldn’t recognize you. I didn’t even get a good look at your face. In fact, I’ve only seen you once on our wedding day. It’s been so long that I can’t remember how you look.]

Marcus knew she didn’t remember his face, just like how he couldn’t recognize her as his wife initially.

He replied: [Do you have any impression of what I look like?]

Cornelia answered: [I remember you being tall and handsome. How about sending me a picture?]

Marcus’s fingers froze for a moment. He thought for a bit before coming up with an excuse: [I don’t look good in photos, so I don’t have many pictures.]

Cornelia said: [It’s alright. Just snap a random selfie. You can use a beauty filter if you want.]

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She threw out such a simple request. If he would reject her, would that make her suspicious?

Marcus was caught in a pickle. Just then, the airplane's intercom announced that they were about to take off and requested everyone to switch their phones to airplane mode or turn them off.

Immediately, Cornelia shot Jeremy a text: [Gonna take off soon.]

Then, she fired off a message in the group chat with the three of them: [Zack, Abby, I'm flying home tonight. Leaves at midnight and I should touch down around 6pm Riverton time.]

Having quickly fired off her messages, Cornelia switched her phone to airplane mode. She lifted her gaze only to collide with Marcus's deep, complex eyes. He was staring at her, unblinkingly.

Cornelia touched her face, "Is there something on my face?"

Marcus coughed lightly, "You seemed pretty engrossed in your chat. Who are you chatting with?"

Cornelia replied, "With Jeremy."

Marcus, trying to hide his discomfort, casually asked, "What are you guys talking about?"

Cornelia gave an awkward laugh, "That's a private matter between my husband and me."

Marcus stayed silent.

She was having a chat with him but now made him feel like a complete outsider. It didn't sit well with him.

Twelve hours of flight time. It was a long, and Cornelia felt every inch of her body ache from sleeping. But from another perspective, it wasn't that long, as she just take a nap, and when Cornelia woke up, the plane was about to land.

The moment the plane landed and Cornelia turned on her phone, she received messages from the three—

person group. Zack and Abigail were saying they were planning to pick her up at the airport and go out for dinner.

As Cornelia was about to reply, Marcus stopped her, “Cornelia, you’re coming with me to a party later.”

“Sure.” Cornelia immediately called Zack, telling them not to pick her up from the airport as she was going to a party with Marcus.

Zack was a bit miffed, “You guys have been out on this trip for so long. Now that you’re finally done, he’s still clinging to you.”

Abigail added, “He is weird. He’s got a wife waiting for him at home, but he keeps you, his assistant, by his side. It’s hard not to overthink.”

Cornelia said, “Don’t overthink. It’s just work.”

Zack asked, “Can you give us a definite time? When can we see you?”

Cornelia replied, “Once I finish today’s work, I should be home tomorrow.”

Zack said, “If Marcus still doesn’t let you go tomorrow, I’m going to give him a piece of my mind.”

Cornelia laughed, “Even if you really want to give him a piece of your mind, you might get nabbed by his people before you even get close to him.”

Zack asked, “Does Marcus have a lot of bodyguards?”

Cornelia didn’t answer.

Marcus wasn’t like other bigwigs who always had a group of black-clad bodyguards following them. But Cornelia felt that, even if they weren’t visible, there were definitely a lot of people like Ayden lurking in the shadows.

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Sure, Cornelia would never spill the beans to anyone not related to Marcus, so she didn't answer Zack's question.

Zack got it, no more questions asked. He just switched the topic right away, "Nelly, where's the party at? How about me and Abby wait for you and give you a ride home? We don't want to wait till tomorrow."

Cornelia replied, "He didn't give any specifics, and didn't say where we're going. I have no idea how long it'll take. You and Abby don't have to wait. I'll grab a cab when I'm done."

Zack got more and more steamed up, "Paris to Riverton is a twelve-hour flight, anyone would be beat. No rest after the flight, just straight to work, Marcus is heartless."

"Zack, stop it, I know what I'm doing." Cornelia didn't want to hear any more trash talk about Marcus, so she ended the call quickly.

She put away her phone and almost bumped into Marcus as she turned around, thankfully she steadied herself in time, "President Hartley, sorry, didn't see you there."

Cornelia was on her phone as soon as they landed. Marcus saw her engrossed in her phone, oblivious to her surroundings. He worried she might bump into someone, so he walked on her outside, careful to protect her. Little did he know he'd overhear her friend complaining about him, "Your friend got beef with me?"

Cornelia got the fright of her life, and quickly shook her head, "No, President Hartley, don't sweat it."

Marcus grumbled, "I'm not deaf."

Cornelia laughed awkwardly, "I didn't mean it like that. Zack's just looking out for me. He's always like that, doesn't matter who it is."

“Does he like you?” Marcus had had this question in his mind for a while. He knew Cornelia didn’t have romantic feelings for Zack, but he thought Zack might have a crush on her because she was so awesome.

“Of course he likes me.” Cornelia didn’t pick up on the jealousy in Marcus’ voice and said excitedly. “We three grew up together, went to elementary school, high school, even got into University of Riverton. We rented a house after graduation. Never split up all these years, we must all like each other. Otherwise how could we have lived together for so long?”

Marcus was ticked off by her words and walked off, “I had someone get our luggage, just follow me.”

“Sure.” Cornelia followed Marcus out of the VIP channel to his personal ride, a Rolls–Royce. She ran a few steps forward to open the car door for him, blocking the top of the door with her hand, very professional, “President Hartley, your ride is here.”

Marcus wanted to let her get in first to sit in the back with him. But he knew she would refuse, so he just got in.

After Marcus got in, Cornelia took the passenger seat.

The driver was Austin, an old acquaintance of Cornelia’s. “Austin, long time no see, how’s everything?” Cornelia asked.

Austin replied, “Not so good.”

Cornelia asked, “What’s wrong?”

Austin started to vent, “After Marc left for his business trip, no one’s been riding in my car. During the time you guys were away, I had nothing to do and was bored out of my mind.”

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Comelia chuckled, "You're just too used to being busy. You should spend more time with your family when you're free, like playing with your grandson. It's quite a treat"

"My little grandson doesn't really fancy me. He doesn't even let me hold him when I'm home." Austin said before abruptly asking, "When are you planning to have kids?"

Cornelia replied, "My husband and I aren't in a rush."

Austin sighed, "Young folks these days are all about work, no hurry to have kids. As someone who's been there, I think, sooner or later you'll have kids. So why not sooner?"

Not wanting to argue with the old man, Comelia just offered a polite smile and said, "You have a point."

In the middle of their conversation, they drove into a familiar neighborhood. This was the way to Marcus's Celestial Chateau. "President Hartley, are we heading to your place?" she asked.

She had been chatting with Austin the whole ride, as if Marcus in the backseat was invisible. Only now did she finally notice him, and Marcus grunted in displeasure.

Comelia had no idea why Marcus was suddenly upset, but she knew better than to provoke him at this moment. She guessed he was probably going home to change before heading out again. As his assistant, she had to accompany him.

About half an hour later, they arrived at the Celestial Chateau.

Patricia was already waiting by the gate. Seeing Cornelia getting out of the car, she rushed over and looked her up and down, "Nelly. you're finally back. You must've had a tough time working in Paris. You've lost weight. You must eat well tonight."

Cornelia gave an apologetic smile, "Patricia, I'm just here to accompany President Hartley to change his clothes. We'll be leaving again soon, so I might not get a chance to taste your cooking."

“You’re leaving again?” Patricia looked at Marcus, her disappointment almost bringing her to tears, “Marc, I thought you saw my message and brought Nelly back to have the mea! I prepared. Guess I was wrong.”

Marcus didn’t say anything. He took a phone call in front of them. After a brief exchange, he hung up and said to Cornelia, “The gathering tonight’s been called off. Stay for dinner.”

Patricia immediately grabbed Cornelia, holding on tightly as if afraid she’d leave the moment she let go, “Nelly, Marc said there’s no work tonight. Stay and try the Rosenberg dish I made.”

Ever since Patricia found out Cornelia was Marcus’ wife and the lady of the house, she couldn’t have been happier. She’d been trying to figure out how to please Cornelia every day. While they were both working in Paris, Patricia even learned to cook dishes from Cornelia’s hometown.

When they finally returned, Patricia couldn’t wait to show off her cooking skills. She was over the moon when she received a message from Marcus this morning saying he and Cornelia were coming home.

For Patricia, this was great news. Marcus mentioned he was bringing Cornelia home, asked Patricia to prepare Cornelia’s room. He even instructed her to have the chef cook some of Cornelia’s favorite hometown dishes.

All these preparations were made by Marcus to welcome Cornelia home, and Patricia was just carrying them out.

Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband (Cornelia Stewart)

Score 9.9

Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband (Cornelia Stewart) Full Episode