

Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband (Cornelia Stewart)

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Cornelia cut her off, “Dr. Dawson, quit talking nonsense”

Dr Dawson choked up.

Did she mess up again?

She really wanted to tell Cornelia straight that she’s Marcus’s wife, that he was doing all this for her. She should treasure him and not let his sincerity go to waste, and stop trying to push

him onto others.

Forget it. Let them handle their affairs by themselves. She’d better deal with important things first, “Cornelia, I heard you have cold hands and feet in winter Do you want me to check it

out?”

Cornelia asked in confusion, “How did you know that?”

Of course, it was Marcus who told her, even asked her to rush here overnight, tomorrow wouldn’t do. Dr. Dawson couldn’t tell the truth, so she made up an excuse. Yesterday, when I was taking care of Skyler Blue, I noticed her hands and feet were extremely cold , so I thought of you. Girls nowadays don’t pay attention to maintenance, and many of them have these problems. Thanks, Dr Dawson, but it’s not necessary”

Dr. Dawson was Marcus’s personal doctor, and Cornelia didn’t want to trouble her with her trivial problems.

if she wants to check, just do it. It's not like it's gonna cost you. Marcus's deep, appealing voice suddenly rang out.

Cornelia turned her head, locked eyes with him, and saw the tenderness in his eyes.

As if bewitched, she found herself unable to look away, that fluttery feeling was back

She wanted to decline, to leave this place that was messing with her head right away, yet under Marcus's powerful aura, she involuntarily said, "Alright, check then."

Dr. Dawson held Cornelia's hand, seemingly arbitrarily pressing a few points. Cornelia felt like something was piercing through her head, the pain making her hiss.

Just she was so weak from the pain, a strong arm wrapped around her waist.

"I'm not in pain!" Cornelia, flustered, shook off his arm and threw herself into Dr. Dawson's arms. "Dr. Dawson, let's go upstairs"

Cornelia had no idea that going upstairs wasn't up to Dr. Dawson

Dr. Dawson looked at Marcus, who didn't say anything, which meant no.

Mrs Hartley has the same problem. Marc wants to learn my massage technique"

Dr. Dawson felt she was really something, coming up with such a perfect excuse under such high pressure

Cornelia remained silent.

So this was the real reason they insisted on treating her cold hands and feet.

Tonight, she had to be both the taste tester and his massage model.

Cornelia could actually handle this, after all, if she wanted to earn a million-dollar salary, she naturally had to put in more effort than the average worker.

She had to

give up her personal time, be ready to answer to her boss at all times, and occasionally help her boss's wife solve problems

After the massage, Cornelia returned upstairs to continue packing the luggage she hadn't finished before. Then, she went downstairs to catch a cab home.

On the ride, she sent a message to Marcus,

"President Hartley, I'm heading home first. Please take care of Skyler Blue's issue. Sorry for the trouble."

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Just as she sent the message, Marcus's call came through. Cornelia hurriedly answered, President Hartley"

Where are you?" Marcus's voice carried a hint of resignation

Cornelia checked her GPS, "I be home in two or three kilometers"

"Alright, hang up when you get home. Then his voice disappeared from the earpiece

If it weren't for the call duration ticking away on her phone screen, she would have thought he had hung up.

The 3-kilometer

journey didn't take long. The taxi driver stopped the car across the street from the northern gate of her neighborhood, "Miss, they're doing roadwork ahead I can't turn the car around. You'll have to go by yourself"

"Okay" Cornelia got out of the car. The driver kindly helped her with her suitcase and then drove off.

To the right of the northern gate was Riverside Park With its lush vegetation and scarce traffic at night, it always gave off an eerie vibe

Cornelia, dragging her suitcase, was about to cross the street when a van sped by, forcing her to retreat to the curb, She decided to wait for the van to pass before crossing

Little did she know, the speeding van screeched to a halt before her. Two men wearing baseball caps and masks jumped out and forcefully dragged her into the van

"What are you doing?" Cornelia barely managed to get the words out before a calloused hand covered her mouth, and her phone clattered to the ground.

“Cornelia, Cornelia. Marcus’s anxious voice rang from the phone, but the kidnapped Cornelia couldn’t hear him anymore

Inside the van, the hand covering Cornelia’s mouth was removed and replaced with duct tape. “Just behave. No one’s saving you tonight.”

Cornelia, unable to speak, observed with her eyes, three men in the van, one driving, two holding her. Their actions were too practiced, they must do this often

She had never crossed any thugs, so this was likely someone’s revenge

Who could it be?

Courtney Kamp–Hartley?

Cornelia quickly dismissed this possibility. Marcus himself had said that Courtney wouldn’t bother her again, and she trusted him.

Who else could it be?

Who had she pissed off during her time in Riverton?

Who would be bold enough to go to these lengths to harm her?

Suddenly, a name popped into Cornelia’s head – Eden Petersen!

Eden had hated her to the bone and she had once sent him to jail. He must want revenge after getting out.

Buzz Buzz Buzz-

Cornelia’s personal phone in her bag started to vibrate, the sound echoing loudly in the van.

One of the men snatched Cornelia’s bag and pulled out her phone. Out of the corner of her eye, Cornelia saw the name “Jeremy” on the screen.

The man tore off the sealant from her mouth, “Who’s on the phone?” “It’s my husband.” In an instant, Cornelia felt a glimmer of hope. She had never expected Jeremy to call at this moment

“Sir, let me answer the call, I just told him I was almost home. If he doesn’t hear from me, I’m afraid he’ll call the police.”

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"If we dare to kidnap you, do you really think we'd be scared of you calling the cops?" The man sneered, hanging up the phone. This time they didn't just tape up Cornelia's mouth, but also covered her head with a black cloth, extinguishing all hope for her.

These people were not even afraid of the police. They must be some desperadoes who have committed serious crimes. Such desperadoes might not be afraid of legal sanctions, but they would be afraid of people who are more ruthless than them. The only person Cornelia knew that could fit that bill was Marcus.

Her call with him had still been ongoing when she was kidnapped, would he have noticed something was off?

Would he risk his neck for her, a mere assistant against these ruthless thugs?

Cornelia had no idea!

All she knew was that even if Marcus was willing to save her, it would take him a while to find her.

She had to figure out a way to save herself, or at least let him know where she was.

Blinded by the cloth, Cornelia could only rely on the movement of the car to guess where they were heading.

The van sped along the roads, darting through one street after another, finally pulling into an underground parking lot.

On the way, the car made one left turn and one right turn and then went straight ahead.

During the ride they encountered about eight traffic lights, slowed down slightly three times, and stopped five times. Based on her knowledge of Riverton, if she wasn't mistaken, they should be at Skyline Tower now.

Skyline Tower was in Fairfort, Riverton. It was a border area between the city center and the suburbs, with lots of slums. Skyline Tower was the heart of this area.

Two years ago, a homicide occurred in the building. A young girl jumped from the eighth floor and died on the spot.

After that, many tenants moved out. The place was then taken over by a mysterious person and the whole building was transformed into an entertainment venue.

Cornelia remembered the date of the girl's incident very clearly, as it was the day she officially joined the Hartley Group.

Before the car had even come to a stop, Cornelia was dragged out and then hauled into an elevator.

She counted the seconds to calculate which floor they had reached. The elevator ascended floor by floor.

Finally it stopped on the eighteenth. The elevator doors opened, the black cloth was removed from Cornelia's head, and she was greeted by a carpeted corridor and flickering lights.

Next, Cornelia was pushed into a room.

There were a dozen or so men and women in the room, all crazily twisting their bodies, shouting and screaming like a bunch of wild animals.

As soon as Cornelia was pushed in, the room fell silent. All eyes were on her.

The man behind her ripped off the tape from her mouth and gave her a hard shove.

She almost lost her balance and fell, but luckily she managed to steady herself on a coffee table in front of her.

Everyone crowded around her. The man in the middle took off his baseball cap and face mask, revealing an annoying face, "Cornelia, you remember me, right?"

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"It's you!" The puppet master behind the scenes was Eden, just as Cornelia had speculated. She quickly regained her composure, "Eden, if I'm not mistaken, you just got out of jail not long ago, right?"

Upon hearing this, Eden laughed hysterically as if he'd just heard the funniest joke. "Cornelia, do you really know me? You thought that petty crime would land me in jail for months? To be honest, the day you sent me in, I was out before dinner. I didn't mess with you before out of respect for President Hartley"

Cornelia admitted her oversight in not keeping up with Eden's affairs, "Eden, no matter who you are, you can't stand above the law"

"Hahaha!" Eden laughed wildly. "My uncle is Matt Petersen, the head of the Petersen family, one of the four major families in Riverton. My cousin is Riverton's top lawyer, Ryan Petersen. Who dares to lock me up in Riverton?"

"Ryan" Cornelia repeated the name

Eden was Ryan's cousin!

Ryan was Jeremy's lawyer. Could she seek help from Ryan to get out of this predicament?

Many thoughts raced through Cornelia's mind, but none seemed practical. For now, she could only take one step at a time, "Eden, does Ryan know about your deeds? As far as I know, Ryan's way of doing things isn't as arrogant as yours"

"What he did is none of your business!!" Eden approached Cornelia, gripping her chin tightly, "Cornelia, I warned you, messing with me leads only to a dead-end. Today, I'll make you wish you were dead"

Cornelia slapped his hand away, sneered, "Aren't you afraid of President Hartley? I'm his assistant, you should know what kind of person he is. Let me go now, and there's still room for

maneuver

Just hearing Marcus name gave Eden chills

He was indeed fearful, but he wouldn't leave himself vulnerable. He'd make Cornelia jump from the eighteenth floor just like that girl two years ago.

Marcus wouldn't bother to investigate why a small assistant would jump off a building

"Cornelia, you think just because you're pretty, President Hartley will do as you say? If he truly valued you, why would he announce his marriage a few days ago?"

Before Eden had some reservations about dealing with Cornelia, but those were gone the day Marcus announced his marriage.

He guessed that Marcus's sudden announcement was to tell those around him not to harbor any illusions.

"Eden, that woman's husband called again." The man who had brought Cornelia handed Eden her phone.

Eden looked at the screen displaying "Jeremy".

"You're already married, yet you're seducing President Hartley. You little slut, I really underestimated you."

Trapped in a bind, Cornelia had to go for broke, "Even if you're not afraid of President Hartley, do you know who my husband is?"

“No matter who he is, you won’t escape tonight. “Eden feared no one as long as Marcus stayed out of it, “You want to answer the phone? I’ll let you. I’ll let your husband hear exactly how I torment you

Eden swiped the green button, and the call was immediately connected. He put the phone on the coffee table next to him, so Cornelia couldn’t hear Jeremy’s voice.

Cornelia couldn’t hear, but she could speak, 03212020

“What the hell are you blabbering about?” Eden slapped Cornelia, leaving a clear handprint on her face.

Despite the slap, Cornelia had conveyed vital information. The slap was well worth it. Now, she only hoped Jeremy could catch her drift.

With a wave of Edens hand, someone brought a murky liquid, ‘Drink up, I promise you’ll be happier than a fairy tonight.’”

“Eden, you have no idea who my husband is, yet you treat me like this. Have you considered the consequences?” Cornelia took the glass and swirled it slightly in front of her eyes – every minute of delay was a minute.

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“Anyone outside the Hartley family, the Wilson family, and the Reese family, I dont need to investigate at all Eden laughed smugly

Cornelia sneered and splashed her drink at Eden, “Eden, if you dare to hurt me again, I can guarantee that someone will make your life worse than death “Having worked with Eden for a while, Cornelia had a fair understanding of this disgusting man

He was the kind of guy who bullied the weak and feared the strong If she could make him believe she had powerful backing, he would send someone to investigate, and she could buy

herself more time

But what Cornelia didn’t expect was that Eden had tried to kill her more than once.

Eden wiped the water off his face and had someone bring him another mysterious drink, ‘Little bitch, if your husband is as powerful as you said, why didn’t he find out that I was behind the car accident last time?’”

“What did you say?” Cornelia’s calm face showed a trace of panic

Having known Cornelia for so long, it's the first time Eden had seen her look so terrified. He felt an unprecedented sense of accomplishment

He said, "Not long ago, when you were going home after a meal with friends, a car suddenly rushed towards you. That was no accident. I planned it all. Too bad you're lucky enough to have escaped"

After a short period of panic, Cornelia quickly regained her composure, "You've done a lot of bad things, I'll remember them all and pay you back double someday"

"Another day? You think you'll have a someday?" Eden approached her with his cup, "Drink it yourself, or have my men feed you, your choice."

With every step he took towards her, Cornelia took a step back.

The people in the room were extremely excited, some even doing disgusting things in public. Cornelia couldn't help but suspect the drink might be laced with drugs.

No matter what, she couldn't drink it!

Watching her dodge, Eden wasn't in a hurry. He seemed to enjoy the game of cat and mouse, "Run, keep running, let's see where you can run to."

The door was locked, the open window was the only exit from this room, but Cornelia hadn't forgotten this was the 18th floor.

If she jumped out the window, she'd end up dead like the girl from two years ago.

A light bulb went off in Cornelia's head, Skyline Tower, 18th floor, the girl who jumped...

Everything that happened today was eerily similar to the incident two years ago.

Could it be that the girl didn't jump from the 18th floor two years ago, but was forced?

Because of this speculation, Cornelia felt a chill down her spine. "Did the girl who jumped from here two years ago have anything to do with you?"

Eden laughed. "I didn't expect you to figure it out, you're really smart. But what does it matter if I forced that girl to her death? The police didn't find any evidence at the time, let alone now it's been over two years"

"Eden, do you really think the Petersen family can do whatever they want?" Murder, kidnapping, causing public disturbances, drug abuse, any of these charges would be serious, yet Eden could talk about them so casually.

Eden didn't want to waste any more time, "Hold her down."

Several people obeyed the order and stepped forward, Cornelia had no way to retreat and was pressed against the wall. Before she could struggle, the cold cup was pressed against her lips

Cornelia clenched her teeth and glared defiantly at Eden

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Eden couldn't pour the liquid into her mouth and angrily squeezed her jaw tightly, wishing she could pry her mouth open

Cornelia all of a sudden gave a forceful shove, and the water glass in Eden's hand was knocked to the ground "Get me a syringe Eden was pissed off, forcefully pushing Cornelia against the wall

Cornelia struggled but couldn't break free, watching as her sleeve was ripped off and a cold needle was jabbed into her body

Cornelia could feel the liquid from the syringe rushing into her body. "What medicine did you inject the with?" "The medicine that will make you feel like crying tonight "Eden pulled out the needle, grinning wickedly "So tell me, how do you feel?"

At first. Cornelia felt a bit hot, and then her head started to feel foggy The figures in front of her gradually became blurry, and she could only make out their outlines If the person in front of her didn't speak, she couldn't even tell if they were male or female.

Eden licked his lips. Take her to my room Once I've had my fun, you guys can do whatever you want with her."

Bang-

The sturdy door suddenly shattered onto the floor, making a loud noise

Following that was a tall, muscular man standing in the doorway.

Before Eden could even see who it was, he started cursing. "Who the hell are you? Do you know who I am? You're making trouble here, don't you want to live?" Cursing and cu

rising, Eden was terrified when he saw the tall man appearing behind Ayden. Marcus is here?

Marcus actually showed up!

Is there some secret love affair between Marcus and Cornelia?

Marcus didn't say anything, didn't do anything, but his presence alone was like the Grim Reaper, casting a looming shadow over everyone

He coldly scanned the room, walking straight to Cornelia who could barely stand. He pulled her into his warm, strong embrace. "Cornelia."

Cornelia couldn't see or hear clearly, "Are you Jeremy?"

Seeing the injury on her face, Marcus's breath hitched, "I am Jeremy. I'm sorry I'm late."

"Jeremy, thank you for coming" Jeremy had a comforting scent about him, easing her fears. She let the drugs take over her mind and fainted in his arms

"I'm your husband, how could I not come?" Marcus scooped her up, gently cradling her head "I'm taking you home."

Finally snapping back to reality, Eden fell to his knees in front of Marcus, President Hartley, please spare me. I promise I never hurt Cornelia again

Marcus didn't even acknowledge him, carrying Cornelia out of the room. "Ayden, clean up this mess

Eden begged for forgiveness in regret. "President Hartley, please have mercy. I won't do it again"

"Roger that." Ayden picked up Eden as if he were a mere chick, then chucked him against the wall.

The impact left Eden's bones feeling disjointed, he lay on the floor, too scared to move.

Ayden grabbed Eden by the throat, holding him up with one hand as if he could easily crush him, "Do you know who she is? You dared to lay a hand on her!"

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Eden was scared shitless, "No matter who she is, I dare not

"She's President Hartley's wife Ayden emphasized every single word as if they were bullets shooting straight into Eden's heart, "Tell me, why did you hurt her?"

"What? You're saying Cornelia is President Hartley's wife?"

If he had known earlier that Cornelia was Marcus's wife, he would've never dared to lay a finger on her.

Ayden clenched his fist, "Tasked you, why you hurt her?"

Eden, "Because she snatched the position of President Hartley's special assistant. I held a grudge against her and wanted to give her a piece of my mind."

"You still want to mess with her?" Ayden picked up Eden again and smashed him heavily against the wall.

Everyone present was shivering in fear, with no one daring to say a word.

Not until Eden was battered and bloodied, unable to even whimper for mercy, did Ayden stop.

Then, he dialed a number. "You can come up and arrest him now."

Eden breathed a sigh of relief, thinking that as long as it wasn't Marcus who dealt with him personally, he still had a chance.

Soon, the police arrived.

Before leaving, Ayden added, "Check thoroughly what he has done."

Marcus carried Cornelia out of Skyline Tower. The guards and police at the door didn't dare to make a sound when they saw the murderous intent in his eyes.

Everyone instinctively stepped aside, making a path for him.

He carried Cornelia to the car and instructed the driver, "To Reese's Hospital"

Dr. Dawson quickly checked Cornelia's condition and soon found a pinprick on her arm, "Marc, look"

The sight of the needle mark made Marcus's blood boil, "Regardless of what it is, I want her to be alright.

"Don't worry, Cornelia will be fine" Dr. Dawson pulled out an ointment, "We need to take a sample to the hospital to find out what Cornelia was injected with. Lay her down, I'll apply the ointment to the wounds on her face."

"I do it" Marcus held Cornelia tightly as if she were a rare treasure that would slip through his fingers the moment he let go.

He scooped a bit of ointment with his fingertip, gently applying it to the bruise on Cornelia's face.

When Marcus touched the clear finger marks on her face, even unconscious, Cornelia winced slightly in pain

Her pain was his pain.

The journey to his current position was a million times harder than anyone could imagine.

Over the years, countless people had used all sorts of dirty tricks on him. Most of the time he managed to turn the tide, but occasionally he was caught off guard and wounded. But he

had never been afraid

One year abroad, someone hired a hitman to kill him. He was ambushed by a dozen men, and even when bullets pierced his body, he wasn't scared.

He didn't think getting shot was a big deal. After his wound was stitched up, he even attended a meeting.

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But today, he was truly terrified!

When he heard through a phone call that Cornelia was in trouble, when he didn't know who had taken her, when he couldn't find her, an unprecedented panic soaked into his guts like poison, making him feel the suffocation of nearing death

"Cornelia", he croaked, tightening his grip around her, "Trust me, I won't let anyone hurt you again."

“Marc, we’re here Dr. Dawson called out No response, so she continued, “Marc, we’re at the hospital, let’s get Cornelia onto the stretcher.”

The name “Cornelia” jerked Marcus out of his thoughts, and he walked into the hospital carrying Cornelia

The best doctors from all departments had gathered, all because Marcus had declared, “If anything happens to her, you can all piss off.”

The look in his eyes and tone of his voice as he spoke made everyone believe that if anything happened to Cornelia, they’d be out on their asses Some even thought Marcus might blow up the hospital

Her blood was drawn, and the tests were run, all as quickly as possible, but results still took some time.

During this time, Marcus stood by Cornelia’s bed, not taking a single step away.

“President Hartley, the test results are in,” Dr. Dawson burst into the room, lab report in hand. The drug Eden gave Cornelia seems to be some kind of sedative, it can make people lose consciousness and forget everything after. If used excessively, it can even cause death. You got here just in time, Cornelia is safe now, she’s out of danger.”

Dr. Dawson

felt relieved, at least Cornelia was saved. But Marcus didn’t feel relieved at all.

A good husband would never let his wife face such danger.

“You can leave now,” he said.

As soon as Dr. Dawson left, Ayden came in “President Hartley, Eden claimed it was because Cornelia took your assistant position, that’s why he held a grudge and wanted revenge. I’ve looked into it, the real reason is Eden pursued Cornelia and was rejected. He’s been giving Cornelia a hard time ever since, this assistant thing was just the spark.”

“He pursued Cornelia? He wishes” Marcus scoffed. “Continue to follow up on your side, and he must be severely punished by the law.”

“Understood,” Ayden spoke again, “Matt and Ryan from the Petersen family are here, do you want to see them?”

Marcus didn’t speak any more.. Ayden understood and silently left the room.

Meanwhile, far away in Calandria, Courtney received a phone call from Natalia Reese.

She had

just finished her yoga and was a bit tired, not really wanting to take the call. But considering it was midnight back home and Natalia never sleeps that late, she knew it must be urgent

Sure enough, as soon as she picked up. Natalia said, “Courtney, I just heard from my brother, something big happened over at Marc’s.”

Courtney took a sip of her lemonade before asking, “What happened?”

Natalia replied, “Eden from the Petersen family kidnapped Marc’s wife in name. We don’t know the specifics, only that Marc is furious, he’s not even considering the whole Petersen family’s reputation

The Petersen family’s reputation?” Courtney chuckled, he didn’t even care about his own parents’ reputation, let alone the Petersen family.

Natalia continued “Anyway, it’s serious, let me tell you, Courtney.”

“Got it. I’m a bit tired today, let’s talk more another time.” Courtney hung up the call, waved for Billy. “Did that Eden guy you mentioned get anywhere?” Billy responded, “Madam, I’ll try to find another way”

Courtney asked, “You’ve seen that woman. Tell me, how did a man like Marcus, who never shows emotion, get so enchanted by her?”

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Billy said,

“Ma’am, I’ve given it some thought. Instead of saying President Hartley is charmed, it’s more like he wants to take responsibility for that person. You know Hartley’s personality very well, he either doesn’t do something, or he does it to the best of his ability. Marriage should be the same for him. Since he promised the old lady he’d marry, he’ll definitely take responsibility for his wife.”

“Really?” Courtney didn’t dare to claim she truly understood him.

During the crisis the Hartley family was facing, everyone thought the family power would fall into other people’s hands. However, Marcus, who was still underage, bravely stood up and took back the family power in a flash.

No one saw it coming, not even her, his mother.

Billy nodded, “That’s what I believe.”

Courtney scoffed. The Hartleys have ambition in their bones, they have dreams, but they lack a sense of responsibility for their wives. His father never thought of taking responsibility for

me his wife.”

Billy continued, “He wasn’t responsible to you, but in the past few decades, he has cherished that woman. That’s another kind of responsibility, I guess.”

Courtney’s face turned cold, “You’re even making excuses for him.”

Billy hurriedly explained, “Ma’am, I’m not making excuses for him, I just don’t want to see you upset over these things. His heart was never with you, and yours wasn’t with him either. Over the years, you both lived separate lives, not bothering each other.”

Even though this was common knowledge, hearing Billy say it so bluntly still made Courtney feel uncomfortable.

“So I’m just supposed to roll over and admit defeat?” Courtney knew she couldn’t win her husband’s heart, nor control Marcus’s fate, she was just not willing to admit defeat.

Billy said, “Ma’am, there’s something I’m not sure if I should say.”

Courtney looked out the window at the snow, “Go ahead.”

Billy said, “President Hartley is your biological son. No matter who he marries, no matter how good he is to that woman, it can’t change the fact that he’s your son. Why are you torturing yourself like this?”

“Ah, I’m torturing myself?” No, she wasn’t torturing herself, she was just fed up with the Hartley family getting better and better, everyone living better lives than her. While her family, the Kamps, were gradually declining

She wasn’t willing to admit defeat, but reality forced her to accept failure, “Fine, since I’m no match for Marc, I guess I’ll just have to accept it. But that woman named Cornelia, she’ll never get my approval”

Billy didn’t say anything more, but he knew very well that Marcus hadn’t even mentioned his marriage to Courtney, whether she accepted his wife or not, he probably didn’t care

The snow outside was getting heavier and the heating in the room wasn’t enough to dispel the chill in Courtney’s heart.

Hospital

It was almost dawn, and Marcus was still by Cornelia’s side, not leaving for a moment. Dr. Dawson was a little worried, after some thought, she decided to enter the room, “Marcus, you should go rest a bit, I’ll watch over Cornelia.”

Marcus didn’t respond, his eyes could only see Cornelia on the bed, any outside noise couldn’t reach his ears, no one could enter his sight.

Dr. Dawson called out a couple times, but didn’t get any response. She didn’t dare to forcefully pull him away, and in the end she could only leave the ward helplessly

Ayden was keeping vigil outside the ward, he saw Dr. Dawson came out with her head down, “Mom, is Ms. Stewart okay?”

Dr. Dawson replied. “Cornelia will be fine once she wakes up, I’m worried about Marc”

Ayden was very puzzled, “What happened to President Hartley?”

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Dr. Dawson gently jabbed Ayden’s head. You’re no spring chicken anymore, but you still haven’t given me a grandchild, don’t even have a girlfriend. It’s a waste of breath talking to you about this stuff.”

Ayden “What’s that got to do with me?”

Dr. Dawson “You asked me first”

Ayden looked innocent. I just want to know why you're worried about President Hartley. If you know something, tell me, so I can plan ahead"

"You can't help with this matter. He's got to sort it out himself "Dr. Dawson rolled her eyes, "Marc's got feelings for Cornelia."

Ayden: "So what if he likes Cornelia? Cornelia is his wife, she has no ill intentions towards him, it's perfectly normal for him to like Cornelia."

Dr. Dawson wanted to knock him, "He likes Cornelia, likes her to the point of losing control because of her, that's not normal. Think about tonight, how terrifying his eyes were when he found out Cornelia was kidnapped. For someone in his position, having a weak spot is a scary thing, don't you think?"

Ayden didn't think so much, "Don't worry, today was an accident, President Hartley definitely won't let something like this happen again."

Dr. Dawson roared in anger, "Can you guarantee there won't be a second, a third accident?"

Ayden What are you getting at?"

Dr. Dawson: I'm just worried about Marc, worried that he'll be manipulated, worried that he'll lose his mind. He can be good to Cornelia, he can give her the best things in the world, but he can't lose his mind and disregard his own safety for Cornelia."

Ayden: With me around, who can get near him?"

Dr. Dawson was speechless.

She regretted wasting her breath, she shouldn't have expected this strong but simple-minded guy to understand her point.

In the hospital room, the drugged and unconscious Cornelia suddenly convulsed a couple of times, murmuring, "Jeremy"

“I’m here, I’ve always been here.” Marcus tightly held her hand, the other gently pushing her damp hair behind her ear, “Cornelia, Jeremy’s always here, don’t be afraid.”

She opened her mouth and spit out a string of numbers, “03212020”

“I know you want to tell me about the girl who jumped off the building, I’ve already sent people to collect evidence, Eden will be brought to justice. If it weren’t for Cornelia giving him this string of numbers tonight, allowing him to instantly look up the incident of the girl jumping off the building two years ago, he wouldn’t have been able to find her exact location so quickly.

If he had been a few minutes later, the consequences would’ve been unthinkable. It was her quick thinking that saved herself.

Perhaps because she heard what Marcus said, Cornelia’s furrowed brows gradually relaxed, and she slept more peacefully than before.

She didn’t wake up until ten o’clock the next morning.

She could feel someone had stayed by her bedside the whole time, not leaving for a moment.

The person by her side occasionally fed her water, occasionally held her hand and told her, he would definitely protect her in the future.

When she opened her eyes and saw Marcus by her bedside, she looked disappointed, “President Hartley, you are you here again?”