

Chapter 9

Cornelia wasn't good at cooking, but Marcus didn't give her a chance to say no. "There's a recipe and ingredients for hangover soup in the kitchen. Make it and call me when it's ready."

With no choice, Cornelia took on the task. Luckily, she had done a lot of chores since she was a kid, so it wasn't too hard for her.

She found the ingredients according to the recipe, washed and chopped them, and soon a steaming bowl of hangover soup was ready.

Cornelia carried the soup out of the kitchen, but Marcus was nowhere to be seen in the living room. She looked around and saw the bedroom door slightly ajar, with light spilling out from the crack.

She put down the soup and texted Marcus, "President Hartley, the hangover soup is ready. If you don't need anything else, I'll head out."

Just after she sent the message, the doorbell rang, startling her in the quiet of the night.

Her gut told her it must be the president's wife at this late hour, and she panicked a bit.

Although there was only a pure working relationship between her and Marcus, being alone together in the middle of the night could easily lead to misunderstandings.

As she hesitated, the bedroom door opened, and Marcus,

wearing only a bathrobe, came out. "Go open the door."

He had just taken a shower, with the bathrobe loosely hanging on his body and water dripping from his hair. Combined with his handsome face, he was like a walking male hormone.

Anyone who saw this scene would probably think too much. Cornelia nervously swallowed, "President Hartley, should I hide?"

Marcus, "Why would you hide?"

Cornelia, "It wouldn't be good if your wife misunderstands."

"Don't worry, she won't misunderstand, and I'm not interested in you either." Marcus threw back at her the words she had said to Leonardo earlier.

Of course, Cornelia knew he wasn't interested in her, she just didn't want to cause unnecessary misunderstandings.

If he wasn't worried, then what was she afraid of?

She went to the door and opened it. A man and a woman were standing outside.

The woman was carrying a medical bag and looked about forty years old. The man was tall and muscular, with dark skin and a thick scar under his left eye.

Because of his distinctive appearance, Cornelia immediately remembered seeing this man when she was shopping at the Capital a few days ago.

At that time, he was not far from Marcus, but she hadn't

seen him again after they entered the store, so she never thought the man had anything to do with Marcus.

The woman looked surprised to see Cornelia, "Cornelia, what are you doing here?"

Cornelia didn't recognize the two, but they seemed to know her, "Who are you?"

The woman said, "I'm Dr. Dawson, President Hartley's personal doctor. This tall guy is my son, Ayden."

"Hello." Cornelia stepped aside and let them in.

Dr. Dawson smiled at her, changed her shoes, and went straight to Marcus. She quickly opened her medical bag, prepared a syringe, and gave Marcus an injection.

After that, she said, "Marc, you know you can't..." She stopped and looked back at Cornelia.

Marcus was lounging on the sofa, "Don't worry, if she dares to reveal my weakness, I'll have Ayden throw her into the river to feed the fish."

Cornelia, "..."

She wanted to curse.

What had she done to deserve this?

She was sleeping soundly when someone called her, rushed to Shimmer Club, drove him home, and made him hangover soup...

After being busy for most of the night, she hadn't heard a word of thanks, and he still wanted to throw her into the

river to feed the fish.

"President Hartley, the hangover soup is on the table. If there's nothing else, I'll leave first." The less you know, the safer it is. Cornelia cared about her life and prepared to leave.

Marcus ignored her, and Cornelia tried to leave by herself, but the tall, muscular man was standing at the door, blocking her way out.

Cornelia looked back at Marcus, "President Hartley, I don't want to know the weakness you don't want outsiders to know. Please let me go."

Marcus raised an eyebrow, "You are an outsider?"

Staying by his side and working, yet trying to stay out of it, she wasn't stupid at all.

Cornelia, "..."

As his personal assistant, she didn't seem to be an outsider.

Cornelia had no choice but to sit quietly to the side, playing on her phone, not wanting to get involved in their business. However, their conversation still entered her ears without missing a word.

Dr. Dawson chattered, "You know you can't drink mixed alcohol, yet you still did. You really don't care about your life."

Marcus, "I was upset, so I had a few drinks."

Dr. Dawson, "Why were you upset?"

Cornelia also wanted to know why the president was in a bad mood, so she listened carefully, but Marcus didn't answer.

Last time he went to see his wife, he was in a bad mood the next day.

And this time too.

Did he really have a conflict with his wife?

Also, why wasn't Marcus's allergy to mixed alcohol mentioned in the mandatory course for the Hartley Group president's special assistant?

Cornelia thought about it and immediately understood that only a fool would write their weaknesses in the manual for others to read.

As the helmsman of the Hartley Group, his position meant there were many dangers surrounding him. He had to be more careful and cautious than ordinary people.

All the taboos she had learned about Marcus from the manual were probably written for those with ulterior motives.

Dr. Dawson suddenly waved her over, "Miss Cornelia, could you please come over and help?"

Cornelia quickly put away her phone and walked over, "What do you need me to do?"

Dr. Dawson, "Marc, take off your clothes and let Miss Cornelia help you apply the medicine."

Marcus didn't even bother taking off his clothes, and instead tightened his collar, as if he was afraid that Cornelia would take advantage of him. "I've taken the medicine you gave me, and I'm already feeling better. There's no need for any ointment."

Dr. Dawson said, "You know your body better than I do, but if you don't use the ointment, that rash ain't going away for at least a week or two. If you don't listen, I'll have to call Luisa..."

Marcus shot Dr. Dawson a cold glare, but Dr. Dawson wasn't afraid of him. He even muttered under his breath, "You don't take care of yourself and won't let others say anything about it."

"President Hartley, maybe you should listen to Dr. Dawson's advice." Although Cornelia didn't really understand his situation, she believed that patients should always listen to their doctors.

Marcus gave Cornelia an unhappy look. "Ayden, come here."

Dr. Dawson said, "Marc, Ayden's hand is injured and hasn't healed yet. Let Miss Cornelia do it."

This time Marcus didn't say anything else and directly took off his robe.

As his clothes came off, his perfect abs were definitely eye-catching, but what was even more attention-grabbing was the red rash on his body, which looked like a baked red pancake. Cornelia couldn't help but feel a bit freaked out.

Dr. Dawson handed Cornelia some medicated cotton. "Miss

Cornelia, please apply the medicine to the rash."

Cornelia nodded, but since she rarely did this kind of thing and was worried about hurting Marcus, her hands became clumsy. "President Hartley, please bear with me. I'll try my best not to hurt you."

Marcus looked at her, and his eyes were filled with undisguised dissatisfaction...

Cornelia thought to herself, "..."

Did he think she wanted to apply the medicine to him?

If it weren't for the double pay, she wouldn't help him even if he begged her on his knees.