

## Chapter 2 Her New Job

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Stella and Luna took the elevator to the top floor.

On the way, Luna was very enthusiastic. She kept telling Stella about the company. "The CEO's office takes up the entire top floor. It's out of bounds for most of the employees. Only those who report directly to him or have something extremely important can go there."

Stella listened quietly.

She wanted to learn all she could about her new boss, so she appreciated this new lecture.

Luna suddenly paused. Then, she turned to Stella and asked casually, "I heard you previously worked in one of Prosperity Group's branches overseas. Why did you suddenly get transferred to the headquarters? Did you know Mr. Clark before?"

Curiosity shone in Luna's eyes. It was crystal clear she wanted to find this out for gossip's sake.

Never in the history of Prosperity Group had anyone been employed or transferred without undergoing any interview. In fact, the process of becoming an employee here was longer than most.

Stella broke that record.

There had been speculations amongst the other employees that Stella wasn't an ordinary person. As a result, Luna wanted to know why the CEO himself got Stella transferred.

It was no news that most of those who tried to gain this job failed at the resume submission stage. This was because Matthew had strict requirements.

At this moment, Luna's prying question drew a frown from Stella. She disliked anyone who tried to stick their nose into other people's business.

She glanced at Luna's work ID and said coldly, "Last I checked, PR professionals are supposed to have a high EQ. They usually have their head in the game at work."

She just said that Luna was stepping out of line.

As soon as Stella finished speaking, the elevator came to a halt on the top floor.

Stella walked out without looking at her companion.

Luna's face darkened at this.

Gritting her teeth, she glared at Stella's back as she walked out of the elevator.

Who did this newcomer think she was? How dare she use such a tone when talking to her?

The two of them waited outside the office.

Luna took a look at her watch and went to a corner to make a phone call.

When she returned, she told Stella, "Mr. Clark is still on the way. We need to wait a little longer."

Stella nodded in understanding.

No one said a word for a few seconds. Suddenly, Luna piped up in a casual tone, "Wanna know why Mr. Clark is running late?"

Still mad at Stella for shutting her up, Luna wanted to set the records straight. She intended to make Stella get down from her high horse.

Stella didn't give a hoot about what her boss did outside of the office. As a result, she responded with only silence.

Refusing to take the hint, Luna said in an annoying voice, "You see, his wife just got back today. He put aside all his work for today just so he could go pick her up at the airport. He's such a sweet husband!"

With dreamy eyes, Luna crossed her arms over her chest and added with regret and admiration, "It's such a pity that he got married so early. His wife is one lucky lady. I wonder what she's like."

These words suddenly reminded Stella of what happened to her earlier today.

It appeared that some women were lucky to have good husbands. Her boss, Mathew, seemed better than Maverick.

After she waited at the airport for almost an hour, Maverick sent her a short message saying that he couldn't make it because he was busy.

What a ridiculous excuse! Could he be busier than the CEO of Prosperity Group?

Suddenly, the elevator tinkled.

Luna quickly smoothened her clothes and ran her fingers through her hair.

After putting on a smile, she pulled Stella.

The elevator doors opened slowly.

A man who was clad in a bespoke suit walked to them with one hand in his pocket.

He had long legs which made him take giant strides. His shoulders were broad, but his waist was slightly narrow. His angular features were like those of a muscular and hot model.

Stella estimated that he was more than six feet tall.

The noble aura that he exuded was very strong. Stella was unable to take her eyes off him.

"Good day, Mr. Clark."

Luna's voice interrupted Stella's observation.

With a little bow, Stella introduced herself. "Hello, Mr. Clark. I'm the PR professional transferred from the overseas branch company. My name is Stella Anderson."

At that name, Matthew raised his eyebrows in surprise.

The name rang a bell. However, he couldn't tell where he had heard it from.

His eyebrows furrowed with subtle confusion. The next second, he gestured to a door. "Let's talk in my office."

With that, he walked into the office.

Stella followed him in without hesitation.

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Sitting at his desk, Matthew scanned through the file in his hand.

He had specifically chosen Stella to be his personal PR officer because she had achieved great feats in the branch company last year. Her records showed that she helped the company get out of several situations that could have harmed its reputation.

More importantly...

Matthew turned to the last page of her resume and narrowed his eyes.

"You can design?"

His deep voice broke the weighty silence in the office.

This was the last thing Stella thought he would ask her. After getting over the surprise, she nodded. "A little."

Matthew raised his eyes, glanced at her calm face, and continued to inquire, "You are a PR professional. What has design got to do with your work? Why did you feel the need to put design drafts in your resume?"

Stella came well-prepared for this question.

She sat up straight and replied confidently, "Prosperity Group is trying to occupy the clothing industry. As a PR professional, my job includes marketing the brand image. That's why I made a few design drafts that could be put to good use."

Matthew nodded thoughtfully.

He closed the file and dumped it in a corner of his desk. Afterward, he turned to Luna and ordered, "Get her settled in. Then assign a task to her."

Luna was surprised.

Was that all Matthew had to say?

Although Luna wasn't pleased at all, she replied politely, "Yes, Mr. Clark."

Stella heaved a sigh of relief as she walked out of the office.

She loosened her clenched fists, and her palms were already sweating.

At the thought of the CEO's cold and stern face, Stella grew nervous again.

She had a gut feeling that working under him would be harder than she thought.