

## Chapter 7 Troublemaking Guest

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The weekend rolled by quickly. At eight o'clock in the evening, Prosperity International Hotel was lit up and buzzing with life.

The 30th-anniversary banquet of Prosperity Group was being held here.

Luxurious cars lined up the driveway of the hotel. Several businessmen and celebrities from all across the country turned up in their beautiful and expensive outfits.

In the banquet hall, bigwigs gathered in fives and sixes to discuss and raise a toast to each other.

Stella shuffled through the banquet hall to make sure everything was just right.

At this time, a white Porsche pulled up at the entrance.

A valet immediately stepped forward and opened the car door. He then helped the stunning woman of the car.

Vivien was dressed in a backless rose-colored evening dress. Her curly hair was combed and styled up to one side. As such, her smooth back was visible for all to see.

The tight-fitting dress hugged her curvaceous figure. It also showed her supple cleavage.

With a majestic air around her, Vivien held the hemline of her dress and went up the steps. She smiled at the cameras which turned to focus on her.

As soon as Vivien got into the ball, she scanned through in search of Matthew, but he was nowhere in sight. She bit her lower lip in disappointment.

It was at that moment she saw someone who looked like a staff member standing by a table. She walked to her and asked, "Where is Matthew?"

Hearing that arrogant tone, Stella immediately stopped what she was doing.

She turned around, only to see that it was Vivien. Smiling, she replied, "Mr. Clark is busy, so he isn't here yet."

"Where is my seat?" Vivien asked impatiently.

"This way please."

Stella motioned her to the left and led her to a table.

At the sight of where she was to sit, Vivien immediately flipped out. "You have got to be kidding me! Don't you know who I am to Matthew? How could you put me at this remote table? What are you trying to do? You did this on purpose, didn't you?"

Stella explained in a polite but firm tone, "You have gotten this all wrong. Every guest was assigned to a seat after careful consideration. I did not target anyone or favored anyone."

Matthew was a married man.

He had never admitted that he had something romantic to do with Vivien.

As such, Stella assigned Vivien to the table she deserved. It was done exactly how she did the rest.

"You cannot fool me, so cut the bullshit!" Vivien wasn't having it.

She deliberately raised her voice to draw attention. "You intentionally assigned the worse table to me, and yet I am supposed to just be okay with it? Since you have failed to own up to your mistakes, I will get you fired."

Stella kept her lips sealed and her polite smile unmoved as if she wasn't being threatened.

Her nonchalance annoyed Vivien even more.

She questioned with her nose flaring, "What's your name?"

"Her name is Stella Anderson!"

A deep voice suddenly came from the door.

The words Stella wanted to say hung at the tip of her tongue.

The banquet hall instantly became so silent that one could hear a pin drop. All heads turned in the direction the voice came from.

Matthew's tall figure soon came into people's view. The well-ironed suit he had on made him look dashing.

He exuded a strong aura.

Vivien's face changed at the sight of him.

She rushed to him and said coquettishly, "Thank goodness you are here, Matthew! Look at the remote seat that was assigned to me. If I sit here, I wouldn't be able to see you clearly throughout the party. I want to sit right next to you, okay?"

As she spoke, she reached out to hold his hand.

Matthew dodged easily.

His voice remained deep. "Changes can't be made to the sitting arrangement. If you don't want to seat here, you might as well use the door."

Vivien's red lips dropped open. She blinked as if something had just hit her in the face.

The other guests looked at her gloatingly.

Feeling the mocking gazes from all directions, Vivien's face turned extremely red. She lowered her head in shame.

Staring at Matthew's back, Stella breathed a sigh of relief.

Matthew walked away. After taking his seat, he picked up the pamphlet containing the order of the party and began reading it.

Neville Pierce, who had been following him quietly, relaxed in his chair.

He rested his chin on his hand. After staring at Matthew for a while, he nudged him. "Hey, man. Didn't your wife return yesterday? Remember you said that you would introduce her to us? Why haven't you done that? Are you hiding her from us? You don't want us to meet her anymore?"

Neville glanced at Vivien when he finished speaking. As a result, he didn't notice that Matthew's face darkened and his eyes turned icy.

"I see that Vivien is hell-bent on being a pest. If you had brought your wife here, you would have passed a clear message to her." Neville sucked his teeth.

Matthew closed the pamphlet and regained his usual indifference. "My wife has a lot on her plate right now."

The last thing he wanted to do now was talk about his marriage which was about to end.

Besides, Neville had a big mouth.

"That's bullshit!" Neville sneered.

After rubbing his chin for a while, he blurted out, "Are you in love with someone else?"

Matthew looked up, confusion clouding his eyes.

"Don't blame me. I have to ask seeing as you defended a woman like this for the first time," Neville said meaningfully and raised his chin in Stella's direction.