

Chapter 8 Good Liar

Matthew followed his friend's line of vision until his eyes fell on Stella.

He looked away indifferently and gave Neville a hard stare. "Shut the fuck up!"

Neville could tell that Matthew was angry, so he knew he risked getting his head ripped off if he didn't drop it.

He smiled awkwardly and zipped his mouth.

A few minutes later, the banquet officially began.

Matthew held the guests spellbound with his opening speech. As soon as he was done, he received a round of applause.

Everyone began to make merry. At this time, Stella could finally take a break from working.

She picked up her phone and looked at it, but there was still no reply from Maverick.

Was he too busy to check his phone?

Sadness flashed in Stella's eyes as she put away her phone and lowered her head.

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A couple of hours later, it was about time for the banquet to end. Stella headed backstage to see to it that the remaining part was done right.

Once backstage, she bumped into Vivien who was standing with a glass of red wine in hand.

Vivien must have been waiting for her.

The banquet was still on. Stella smelled trouble the moment she saw Vivien, so she began to think of how to avoid a fight backstage.

She smiled and asked politely, "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Quit pretending!" Vivien snarled.

Stella's smile melted like ice cream on a hot summer day. However, she remained as calm and polite as possible. "Since you don't need anything, I'll get back to work. Enjoy the rest of the evening."

It was as if Stella emptied a gallon of petrol on Vivien's raging fire. Her eyes sparked as she yelled, "Do you think you can talk to me like that because Matthew supports you? Don't you know your place? How dare you, a mere public relations worker, be so arrogant in front of me?"

Coupled with her beauty, Stella had a charisma that easily made other women jealous of her.

At the thought of how Matthew took Stella's side against her in front of so many people, Vivien felt threatened for the first time in her life.

She knew for a fact that Matthew had never given any woman special treatment.

Jealousy was eating Vivien up as she glared at Stella. She looked as if she was going to tear her apart.

Stella didn't want to make a scene, so she said in a low voice, "I'll keep your words in mind."

With that, she nodded at Vivien and began to walk past her.

She was two steps away when she suddenly staggered forward.

After maintaining her balance, Stella turned her head.

Vivien was stomping on the tail of Stella's dress with her shoe.

She uttered arrogantly, "Who said you could leave? I'm not done speaking yet! Do you not take me seriously? How dare you!"

Stella frowned, with impatience and coldness flashing in her eyes.

Although she wasn't quick-tempered, she couldn't take Vivien's disturbance anymore.

She stared Vivien dead in the eye and ordered, "Get your foot off my dress."

Scowling boldly, Vivien stomped on the dress until it got stained and crumpled.

"Is that all you have got? Do you seriously think I would quake in my boots just because you are glaring at me? Oh, come on! I'm not afraid. Even if you report this to Matthew, you will be the one who has to leave. Mark my words!"

Stella fired back. "You are a guest here, so behave yourself. Your new movie was recently promoted. If I were you, I'd be on my best behavior tonight."

The angry spark in Vivien's eyes deepened. She snorted disdainfully. "Are you threatening me?"

"Of course I'm not," Stella said calmly. "But let me remind you that the scene of you trying to provoke me is already on record."

She looked in the direction of the surveillance camera.

"If the word gets out that you are totally different from the innocent roles you portray on the screens, then I'm sure the audience rating will not be the only thing to take the hit." Stella smiled.

Vivien was rendered speechless.

Now that she couldn't retort, she decided to get physical.

In a fit of pique, Vivien raised her glass and emptied its content on Stella's body.

Stella's mouth widened in shock. Although she took a step back, the wine still touch her neckline and dripped down slowly.

Vivien still weren't satisfied. She threw the glass to the floor and raised her hand to slap Stella.

But in no time, Stella grabbed her wrist hard.

"Ouch! Let go of me. I said let go!" Vivien screamed in pain.

Stella's grip on her wrist tightened. She smiled and said, "Not only did you step on my dress on purpose, but you only smashed a glass here. Don't you think you have stepped out of line? I don't understand why you are working harder than your enemies to ruin your own career. Are you tired of acting?"

The last two sentences came out as a warning.

After she was done speaking, Stella let go roughly and then spun around to leave.

Vivien became even more pissed when she saw the red mark on her wrist. Rubbing it, she threatened, "Just wait and see. I'll make you regret ever being born!"

Stella walked out on her, not giving a damn.

Vivien glared at her receding figure.

She found it hard to believe that a mere employee at Prosperity Group could be so arrogant. There and then, she vowed to make sure Stella would lose her job and her reputation would get ruined.

Just as Vivien was cursing in her mind, Matthew's voice interrupted her thoughts.

"What happened?"

Vivien immediately put on a pitiful expression. She stretched her hand to him and showed him her bruised wrist.

"Look at what your PR officer did to me."

In Stella's absence, Vivien felt free to spin many lies.

Save for earlier, Matthew always took her side.

Vivien was sure that the bruise would arouse his sympathy, so she continued to complain, "She was so rude to me. She called my unprintable names and also said that my career was dead. As if that wasn't enough, she said that I didn't deserve to be here."

For good measure, she held her chest with her other hand and forced a tear. She also managed to make her voice shaky.