

Chapter 9 Dress Shopping

Matthew glanced at Vivien with an indifferent expression.

Having known her for years, he could tell that she was only putting up an act now.

When Matthew got bored of listening to her lies, he said coldly, "You are a public figure, so you should act right in public. Don't cause a scene here. Otherwise, I'll get you thrown out."

Vivien's jaw went slack.

Only moments ago, she thought that Matthew would punish Stella on her behalf. This direct opposite response of his was like a punch to her gut.

At this time, she noticed that someone was watching them. Her face flushed with embarrassment.

She hated Stella even more. She gritted her teeth while cursing in her mind.

Matthew was being mean to her. And it was all because of Stella.

"You know what? You should go home now. I'll ask my driver to take you," Matthew suddenly said.

Vivien decided that if she must leave, she had better leave with him. So, she pleaded, "Can you go with me? I don't want to be left alone."

"You won't be alone. It's either you allow the driver take you home or you wait here for your agent. It's your call." Matthew's decision was loud and clear.

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Vivien was embarrassed.

Through clenched jaws, she said in a low voice, "In that case, I'll go with your driver."

Matthew wasted no time calling the driver over and then sent her off.

As he looked away, his mind went down memory lane to how he first came to know Vivien.


Years ago, when he wasn't a member of the Clark family, he and his mother were poor and homeless.

The constant sufferings put a strain on his mother's health. She did many menial jobs, so she had the body of someone way older.

One day while he was far away from home, his mother fainted when she went out to buy food. It was Vivien who saw her and rushed her to the hospital.

According to the doctor, his mother would have died if she was brought in even a minute later.

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 +120 Points at most

Matthew felt indebted to Vivien since then. She saved his mother's life, so he was extra nice to her and granted all her wishes.

His mother particularly liked Vivien. She even hoped that they would get married.

Just to make his mother happy, Matthew had tried for some time to get close to Vivien. That was until he was put off by her sheer arrogance.

Her arrogance shot to the roof after she made a big debut with the help of Prosperity Group.

Matthew wanted to cut her off. But when he remembered that she was his mother's savior, he decided to put up with her excesses.

He avoided her entirely most times.

Matthew was roaming backstage when he saw a figure out of the corner of his eye.

It was Stella.

He saw that she was frantically trying to wipe the neckline of her white dress with a wet tissue. However, her actions did very little to get rid of the wine stains.

With his hands in his pockets, Matthew walked over to her and said indifferently, "I can't drive under the influence, so you have to drive me home."

"Huh?" Stella mumbled in confusion. Didn't he have a driver? Why did he just ask her to drive him?

She had her reservations, but she didn't have the audacity to say no. She just took his car keys and followed him to the parking lot. Once he pointed at his car, she opened the door for him.

She had just fastened her seat belt and was about to start the ignition when a hand suddenly appeared in front of her.

The hand was holding a few pieces of tissue.

A little surprised, Stella looked down at her stained neckline before she realized what he meant.

She nodded slightly and took them. "Thank you, Mr. Clark."

"You know what? This won't do. It's inappropriate for you to continue wearing a stained dress. Let's go get you a change of clothes." Matthew's voice was void of any emotion.

At this point, Stella couldn't refuse.

She thanked him again and started the car.

On the way, Stella glanced at Matthew whose eyes were shut now. She was lost in thought.

Unlike most rich young men, Matthew was charming and considerate. No wonder many women wanted to be with him.

She must never fall for him. This was strictly business.

Following her boss's instructions, Stella drove to the nearest KlassicLuxe branch.

KlassicLuxe was one of the most popular luxury brands in the world. Every season, it partnered with the best designers to make some limited editions. In Seamarsh, every one in three elites had a luxury item from this brand.

Matthew got out of the car first.

His outfit, handsomeness, and strong aura made him stand out. One look at him and you could tell that he was no ordinary young man.

Stella was just a PR officer. Although she was wearing delicate makeup and had on a beautiful dress, the wine stains had ruined the neckline. Compared to Matthew, she looked a little too shabby.

Embarrassed, Stella lowered her head slightly and followed him into the shop.

Matthew turned his head and said indifferently, "Take your pick."

Stella sharply raised her head. When she saw that he was dead serious, she looked around with hesitation. Every dress that she

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sighted looked like it cost an arm and a leg. Unwillingly, she said, "Mr. Clark, no offense but you don't have to buy me a dress. I can just go—"

Her words were cut off suddenly.

"As my personal PR officer, your appearance matters a lot. I can't allow you to walk around looking like that," Matthew uttered, looking at her seriously.

He emphasized the word "personal."

This made Stella feel some type of way.