## **Chapter 4 Blatant PDA**

Henry's face darkened. "What did you just say?"

"You heard me right!" Matthew said indi erently. "You are disrespectful to the female employees in this company. And we will no longer cooperate with you. There are thousands of piano pieces in the world. It should be easy to get another pianist."

As Stella stared at Matthew's broad back, her eyes sparkled with gratitude.

He was such a gentleman. His wife was a lucky woman.

Henry's mouth dropped open and he looked utterly embarrassed.

The next second, he lost his cool. He sprang to his feet, stormed out, and slammed the door behind him.

The other employees left their desks and craned their necks to look at the door of the meeting room.

The moment Matthew walked out, he gave Luna an earful in front of the others. "Didn't you know you were supposed to do a background check on Henry Scott before o ering to work with him? As a PR professional, you should know that every wrong move can lead to a disaster and it can backfire on this company."

Lowering her head, Luna apologized repeatedly. "I'm so sorry, Mr. Clark. I promise that this will never repeat itself. Next time, I'll make sure to carry out a thorough investigation."

The last thing Luna expected was her nasty little trick to backfire. She was on the brink of tears as she wondered how Stella was able to wriggle out of this.

After glaring at her for a long time, Matthew scanned all the faces in the o ce and said, "Let this serve as a warning to all of you. Your job is to better the brand image and solve crises, not cause a mess. If you can't do your job well, tender your resignation and go to the financial department for your severance pay!"

His voice wasn't loud, but it was firm and intimidating. It made everyone shudder.

No one dared to look up or speak.

Luna couldn't help feeling that Matthew's warning was directed at her.

She clenched her fists and murdered Stella with her eyes.

Matthew had never scolded her before, let alone in public.

Things only changed after Stella resumed work here.

Luna believed Stella must have badmouthed her in the meeting room.

At the thought of this, Luna's hatred for Stella quadrupled. Her blood was boiling as if someone lit a torch in her veins.

Matthew left after giving them a piece of his mind.

In his wake, a heavy silence fell in the o ce. All the employees were shaken up and went about their day on pins and needles.

Hours later, it was a few minutes to closing hour. Stella took out her phone and clicked on the chat box between her and Maverick.

Her fingers hovered over the keyboard as she pondered. Finally, she decided to invite him to dinner.

Although their marriage wasn't that of love and she hadn't wanted to marry him, she figured that she might as well get to know him since there was no turning back.

She was just about to hit send when her phone suddenly rang.

It was a call from Oliver.

Stella answered it.

As soon as she pressed the phone to her ear, Oliver rambled about his plans. "Ella, I have booked us a table at Joyful Restaurant. See you at half past seven tonight."

## "But I already—"

Oliver interrupted her, "No buts, Stella. You have been away for a long time. We have to celebrate your return. Lest I forget, Juliette will be there too. Don't stand us up. If you refuse, I'll drive down to your company and drag you there myself!"

Oliver wasn't one to blu . His tone indicated that he was going to make good his threat.

Stella agreed. "Okay, I'll bring Maverick along."

Oliver didn't like Stella's husband, and he never hid it. "Soothe yourself."

After getting o the phone, Stella cleared the typed text and made a new one.

She read the message a couple of times. After making sure she made no errors in the location and time, she hit the send icon.

A reply came moments later.

"Okay, see you there."

Stella checked the time after she received that message. It was time to get o work.

She headed straight to the restaurant.

In Joyful Restaurant, Stella saw someone waving at her as soon as she walked in. It was Oliver. He was seated with his girlfriend, Juliette Davis, at a large table.

Oliver was leaning in so close to Juliette and staring as if he wanted to gobble her up.

Stella wasn't even surprised by that.

As she got seated opposite them, she placed her bag on the table and joked, "Can you two stop making everyone else jealous with your intense PDA?"

Juliette shyly fiddled with her long curls which were similar to Stella's. She raised her eyebrows and teased, "Two can play the game, so do this with your husband."

After saying that, she looked behind Stella and asked, "Weren't you supposed to come along with your hubby? Where is he? Is he shy because he will be meeting us for the first time?"

Stella picked up the menu and said, "He's on his way."

"He'd better be!" Oliver snorted. "He seems to have a thing for standing people up."

His dissatisfaction with Maverick was obvious and undisguised.

Stella gave him a murderous glare and placed her index finger over her lips. "Shush!"

She set down the menu and gave him a harder look. "You'd better be on your best behavior when he gets here. Don't start a fight, okay?"

Oliver pursed his lips and said nothing.

It was already half past seven when Matthew arrived at Joyful Restaurant.

Earlier, his wife had texted him saying that they needed to talk face-to-face.

Thinking of how she was with another man at the airport, he typed a big no.

But he cleared it up after thinking that it was best to hear an explanation from her first.

Matthew walked into the restaurant with mixed feelings.

He located the table his wife had mentioned in her text to him. To his greatest surprise, he saw the same man he had seen at the airport this morning. The man was holding a woman's neck as he kissed her passionately.

The woman's face wasn't visible from where Matthew stood because of her long curly hair.

Color crept to Mathew's face and the veins on his forehead throbbed.

Did his wife plan this?

She wanted to show o her lover to piss him o , didn't she?

Heat surged through Matthew's veins as he balled his hands into fists, and almost crushed his phone. Just as he was about to confront those two lovebirds, he heard the voice of his newest employee from behind.

"What a coincidence, Mr. Clark! What are you doing here?"