

Chapter 194

At the hall entrance stood a few beautiful hostesses in gowns. All the girls here were exceptionally stunning. With a height of at least 1.75 meters, all of them were tall and their beauty was undoubtedly classified as the prettiest in the school. Most importantly, all these girls were highly educated, at least possessing a postgraduate degree. They were all meticulously chosen by the Ten Greatest Families to increase the social status of this cocktail party.

Apparently, Leanna had informed the staff that Matthew would be coming. Therefore, after he mentioned his name, one of the girls immediately led them into the cocktail party.

The hall was already partially occupied and the guests were all gorgeously dressed. The clothes that James and Helen wore which they had bought using their savings seemed low-graded here, and it was far incomparable with the others. Even so, the couple was exhilarated because it showed that this party was elite.

“Look there. That’s the Chairman of Lightluster Group. Our father visited him more than a dozen times in the past, but he only got to meet him once. He’s a big shot!” James gasped in a whisper.

“Look. That’s Ian Lambert, who ranked seventh among the ten richest people in Eastcliff. Now that’s what you call a big shot!” Helen squeaked in excitement as well.

“The one over there is the Chairman of Wealthora Group!”

“Look here. That’s Faye Labrie, the A-list actor!”

Both of them couldn’t stop exclaiming in amazement like bumpkins who visited the city for the first time. They couldn’t cope with the sight that they were seeing with their own eyes. Anyone here was a presence that they could only look up to in the past. But now, these people were attending the same cocktail party as them. No wonder Eric was desperate to attend this event; even he had been struggling for more than ten years. It was all because this was a symbol of one’s prestige!

No one at this place recognized them. Naturally, no one came over to talk to them since they entered the hall. James and Helen wanted to strike a conversation with the others, but they were fearful and perturbed. They didn’t have the courage as their status was far lower than the others.

On the other hand, Matthew was rather calm. He could even chat and joke with Billy. Would anyone here surpass Billy even if they had status and prestige?

Green with envy, Helen glanced at Matthew. “Matthew, look at them. These are the real big shots, the true people of high society. Any random person here is far more superior than your dubious friends. If you cultivate a friendship with one of them—anyone will do—you’ll benefit for life.”

Sasha couldn’t help but grumble indignantly, “Mom, why do you have to relate everything to Matthew?”

James immediately glared at her. “Why can’t she? Is there anything wrong with what your mother said? It’s the truth! Look who Matthew mingles with. What kind of people are they? That Julian, Tiger, Patrick. Who are they even? If you have the time, why don’t you make friends with a few significant figures instead? With that, our enterprise can grow and develop better.”

Sasha refuted, “Dad, I feel that they’re fine. Julian and Tiger manage Wellness Herbary well and gain a hefty amount of profit. Besides, Patrick and his family treat us well.”

Helen pursed her lips. “So what if they treat us well? They’re only obsequious to you because you’re the Chairman of Cunningham Pharmaceuticals. Even worse, they only give you a bracelet worth 20 or 30 thousand as a gift for taking you, a Chairman, as their goddaughter. When did a Chairman become so valueless?”

James nodded repeatedly, looking contemptuous.

Sasha was about to rebut but right at that moment, a voice suddenly came from the entrance. “Old Mrs. Graham has arrived!”

Upon hearing this, those who were in the hall rushed there almost at the same time, seemingly to welcome someone. James and Helen were astonished and perplexed. “Which Old Mrs. Graham has such great influencing power that even these eminent figures would gather and welcome her?”

Under everyone’s gaze, Patrick Graham’s mother, Old Mrs. Graham, walked in with a smile.

