

Chapter 5 Grandma's Advice

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Stella returned from the bathroom to find that her husband, Maverick, still hadn't arrived. She was on her way back to the table when she spotted her boss.

She greeted him, only to find that he had a long face.

Matthew replied simply, "I'm here to meet a business partner."

"Oh, okay." Sensing that he wasn't in the mood to talk, Stella didn't bother to say anything else.

Matthew turned around and left without looking back.

Stella returned to the table and looked at her watch. It was already seven forty. Maverick was thirty minutes late already.

Frowning, she took her phone and read the message she had sent him earlier.

There was no error in the address and time.

Why wasn't he here yet after agreeing to come? Was he standing her up yet again?

What was his deal? Didn't he want to meet the woman he was married to? Did he already hate her even before they met?

As her mind was filled with several questions, Stella felt a little depressed.

The steak she was eating tasted bland in her mouth. After swallowing a mouthful forcefully, she set down her knife and fork, and then texted Maverick again.

"Hey, why aren't you here yet? What's keeping you? If tonight isn't convenient for you, let's agree on another day and time."

Oliver's heart ached a little when he saw Stella's mood dampen.

It made him hate Maverick even more.

Slamming his glass on the table, he cursed angrily, "Maverick is such a jerk! How dare he stand you up twice on the same day? You deserve so much better, Stella. I say that you divorce him!"

"Shhh! Stop adding fuel to the fire!" Juliette hushed him with a glare.

Oliver shook his head with disappointment and zipped up his lips even though he wanted to continue cursing so bad.

Juliette turned to Stella and comforted her in a soft voice, "Don't look so sad, Stella. Maybe something is keeping him."

Since she and Oliver had fallen in love at first sight, she believed that true love could happen to Stella and her husband. But she also acknowledged that it wouldn't be easy at first.

Stella nodded without saying anything.

She looked at her phone again.

Maverick still hadn't replied her last message.

Was it that he hadn't seen it or that he was ignoring her now?

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Matthew's intention to confront his wife and her boyfriend had been halted by Stella's sudden appearance.

It appeared she was also there for dinner. For some reason, he didn't want Stella to know that he had marriage problems.

Matthew marched to the parking lot, looking like he would explode at any moment. He had just gotten into his car when the phone in his pocket buzzed.

He whipped it out and saw that his wife just texted him.

His eyebrows furrowed as soon as he read the message.

Was she out of her mind? He had just seen her kissing another man in public, but she still dared to text him as if she couldn't wait to see him.

What a pretentious woman!

Matthew had lived long enough to encounter all kinds of women. A lot had done outrageous things, but none of them came close to what his wife just did. She had gotten him real good to the extent that he almost lost his cool in public.

He was so irritated.

He threw his phone aside, started the ignition, and zoomed o

Seething with rage, Matthew went on a long drive around the city. It was already very late when he arrived home.

The first person he saw when he walked into his mansion was his grandmother, Lucia Clark. She was sitting on the sofa with a deep frown.

"Where have you been? Look at the time! Why did you stay out so late?"

With his suit jacket slung over his shoulder, Matthew glanced at the clock his grandmother pointed to and then sighed. "Grandma, why are you here? Shouldn't you be in bed by now?"

"You dare ask me such questions?" Lucia slapped the armrest of the leather sofa and shot him a searing glare. "Stella's grandfather told me that you didn't pick her up from the airport. Where the hell have you been? And why did you lie to me? You are a married man now. How can you be so irresponsible?"

A touch of helplessness flashed through Matthew's eyes.

"Grandma." Matthew casually put his coat on the sofa and sat next to her.

After a mild hesitation, he told her everything he saw at the airport today.

At last, he sighed and added in a sincere tone. "Grandma, my father had many mistresses when he was alive. His philandering led to my birth. Even if everyone sees me as the heir of the family, I'm still an illegitimate son."

"Matthew..." Lucia called out in a soft tone, feeling regretful.

She knew what he had been through. As always, she felt pity for him.

Matthew squeezed his knees as he continued, "That's why I have vowed to be nothing like my father. I intend to stay faithful to my wife, and I expect her to do the same. I can't take it if we are not on the same page."

There was a moment of silence after he finished speaking.

After thinking for a while, Lucia said, "You know me. I don't do things without properly investigating. I did that before I got you to marry Stella. She's not a promiscuous woman. If anything, she's prim and proper. There must be some kind of misunderstanding."

Matthew pursed his lips and said nothing.

"Please don't give up just yet. You both need to talk things out face to face," Lucia suggested. "Since you two never dated, you should spend more time trying to create a bond first. Take things slow, okay?"

Matthew didn't know what to say to that, so he changed the topic. "It's getting pretty late. I'll ask the driver to take you home. You don't have to worry about me."

Lucia wanted to apply pressure, but when she saw his sunken eyes and tired lines on his forehead, she swallowed her words.

After sending his grandmother home, Matthew lay on his king-sized bed.

He closed his eyes. But the image of those two kissing passionately kept popping into his mind. He couldn't shake it o no matter how he tried. At this moment, he felt empty and numb.

This marriage didn't seem like it was going to work out. Maybe it was time to get divorced.