

## Chapter 6 Divorce Agreement

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Later that night, Stella returned to her current residence and took a long shower. She then gave her grandfather a video call.

They chatted about random things before Clint Anderson changed the topic.

Looking at her with sharp eyes, he asked euphemistically, "Ella, be honest with me. Are you in love with someone else?"

Before he got on the video call, Lucia had called to tell him why Stella got stood up today. He didn't believe it. However, he thought it wise to hear from Stella first.

"Grandpa, what are you talking about?" Stella blushed. "You and I know that I work round the clock. What time do I have to fall for someone else?"

Reminded of what Maverick put her through today, she complained to Clint. "Grandpa, I'll be very honest with you. I don't like the way Maverick treated me today. How busy was he that he couldn't spare time to see his wife who just got back?"

Clint frowned, feeling confused and relieved at the same time.

This was an unpleasant situation. However, he thought that since there wasn't another man in the picture, his granddaughter and her husband could still work things out.

Clint comforted, "I advise that you cut him some slack. As a businessman, he must have his hands full now. Trust me. You two will meet soon. Take things slow. A marriage without understanding from both parties is bound to fail. For now, you should concentrate on meeting him and growing a bond."

Stella pouted and reluctantly accepted her grandfather's advice.

"I have heard you, Grandpa. Go to bed. Good night."

After getting o the phone, Stella thought for a while. Then, she sent yet another message to Maverick.

"I understand that you must be very busy. Call me when you can spare some time. We need to meet, at least."

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The following morning, Stella stood in front of the CEO's o ce with dark circles around her eyes.

Last night, she stayed up with her phone in her hand as she waited for Maverick's response to her text.

Sadly, she got none.

All e orts to sleep failed. To while away time, she decided to work on putting together a list of pianists who could replace Henry.

The anniversary dinner was just around the corner. Since this was her first task, she didn't want anything to go wrong.

Now, Stella patted her face to get rid of her dizziness. She then knocked on the door.

"Come in!"

Matthew's deep and powerful voice came from inside.

Stella pushed the door and walked in. She saw Matthew sitting at his desk.

He was wearing a black suit and a shirt to match. This fit gave him the look of a cold man who had everything under control.

Stella had been so nervous yesterday that she didn't notice the interior of this o ce.

It was nothing like she had ever seen. The decor was minimalist, down to the colors of the walls and the drapes.

A pile of documents and an ultra-slim monitor were on the large desk.

On the other side, there was a large bookshelf filled with books about topics ranging from business management, to finance, and even design.

With a document in hand, Stella walked to the desk and said politely, "Mr. Clark, this is the list of pianists that I put together. Each of them—"

"Just put it down," Matthew interrupted in a dismissive tone. "Your job is done here. The PR experts will deliberate and then follow up with the negotiation."

Hearing this, Stella was taken aback.

His mood today seemed worse than yesterday's. Not only was he dismissive, but his eyes were also cold.

Stella lowered her head and stretched her hand to set down the document. Just then, another document caught her attention. Her eyes widened immediately.

Divorce agreement!

Matthew was about to get a divorce?

Stella felt as if she had just stumbled on a big secret. As her eyes remained bulged, her hand trembled.

"What are you looking at?" Matthew raised his head and asked coldly.

When she met his cold eyes, she broke out in cold sweat.

"Get out!" Matthew pointed to the door, his face hardening further.

"Okay," Stella replied in a hurry, turned around, and made for the door.

"If you want to keep this job, don't go about looking at what you shouldn't," Matthew added.

This was clearly a subtle warning.

Stella paused and nodded. Then, she ran out as fast as her legs could carry her.

She was out of breath by the time she returned to her desk. Holding her heaving chest, she wondered why Matthew was getting a divorce.

Was he having problems in his marriage? Didn't he go to pick up his wife from the airport yesterday? What could have made him decide to divorce?

Stella tried to think of what could have possibly gone wrong, but she couldn't figure it out. Divorce was common amongst the elites, so maybe she couldn't understand Matthew's decision because they weren't on the same level.

Besides, how was her boss's private life any of her business? She was hired to work as a PR o cer, not a marriage counselor.

After talking some senses into her own head, Stella calmed down and continued to familiarize herself with the company's current a airs.

It was almost noon when Matthew's personal assistant, Fernando, showed up at Stella's desk.

He tapped her desk and held out a document. "This is the guest list for the anniversary party this weekend. I need you to crosscheck it thoroughly, so there won't be any surprises or mistakes."

"Got it." Stella took over the document.

She got right to work. One by one, she did a background check on the guests, checked their business experiences, and also looked to see if they had any conflict with Prosperity Group.

After what happened with Henry yesterday, she couldn't a ord to do a shabby job.

The last name on the list was Vivien Sugden.

Vivien was a household name. As a star, she had been linked to many powerful men, including Matthew. Rumor once had it that there was something romantic going on between them.

Frowning, Stella didn't know what to do with Vivien.

She ran to ask Fernando.

"Follow your heart," replied Fernando.

She should follow her heart?

Burdened by this, Stella returned to her desk still frowning.

After pondering for a long time, she decided to search online about the relationship between Matthew and Vivien.

It turned out that there was no evidence to prove that these two ever dated. Everything online was just groundless gossip. And since both parties didn't comment on the issue, the public opinion was divided.

Stella stared at Vivien's name, lost in thought.

What table should she assign to Vivien?