

## Chapter 106

### I Would Like to Spend the Night With You

For an entire week, Stella had been busy with work in Hollowcrest City. She was constantly working overtime and without rest. Fortunately, her health was improving, and the holidays were soon to arrive. All she needed was to get through the week, which wasn't all that outrageous. With that in mind, Stella heaved a sigh of relief.

As busy as Stella was, so was Miles. In fact, his work required all his attention. A week later, on the 5th of September, Stella received news from her shop in Murdough that they had an order from Nancy, so her presence was required. She had been wondering how things were, for it had been a while since she last visited. Therefore, she caught a flight back to Murdough. It was as if the place had become her hometown, whereas Hollowcrest City was, by comparison, but a resting place.

Right after she processed Nancy's order, she got a call from Lizbeth to invite her over for a meal in a restaurant. Although she still had a certain degree of respect toward Lizbeth, she would never agree to dine in Zane's house in fear of having to deal with more of Zane's shenanigans. Eventually, she accepted the invitation. It turned out that Lizbeth booked them a spot in Kempinski, which was an elaborate show of grandeur that left Stella speechless.

In the meantime, Matthew was making some purchases. After learning about the ideologies of various fashion designers at a fashion expo, he bought a copy of 'Catalog for Top Designers' and returned to his office to wrap the book, but was ultimately dissatisfied by the outcome.

At that moment, Miles entered his office to see him working on wrapping the book. "What are you doing?" he asked.

Instead of giving him an immediate reply, Matthew seemed to be mulling over how to deliver it. In the end, he queried, "Do you know that she's back in Murdough?"

Miles wore a frown, as he had no idea that she was in Murdough. He couldn't help but wonder if she had forgotten to inform him or if she just didn't think it necessary.

"Did she not inform you?" Matthew glanced at him in surprise, which prompted him to sulk. Then, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, Matthew went on to ask, "What present have you prepared for her?"

"What? Present?" The frown on Miles' face deepened.

"Don't tell me you don't know it's her birthday today?"

Hearing that, the expression on Miles' face soured as he realized he was in the dark about her birthday. On the other hand, Matthew knew about her birthday from the contract she signed with Amon, which was on 6th of September. However, he didn't know that Stella herself had forgotten about her own birthday too.

"So what are you gonna give her as a present?" Matthew repeated his question.

“A car, perhaps. I already chose one for her, so I can get it anytime.” A smile tugged on Miles’ lips. Fortunately, he had thought of buying a car beforehand, so it was only a matter of doing so in advance. However, Matthew wore a mocking smile, prompting him to ask, “Why are you smiling?”

“She won’t like the car.” Matthew shook his head with a smile.

Matthew’s reaction made Miles feel ostracized. It was as if Stella would prefer Matthew’s present even though it was only a book. After that, Miles gave his secretary a call to instruct him to get the car ready so that he could drive it to Murdough that afternoon.

By two o’ clock, a brand new Mercedes-Benz SLK200 with a shining red coating pulled over in front of Miles Conglomerate, which Miles proceeded to drive away in. Before he left for Murdough, Matthew handed his present to Miles so that he could hand it to Stella in his stead. He decided he wouldn’t go, for he should give the couple some space during the special occasion.

Meanwhile, Stella was chatting with Lizbeth in Kempinski about the latter’s illness. It was rare for her to not mention Zane’s name at all. However, he soon arrived with a multilayered cake while singing her a birthday song.

Startled by his sudden appearance. Stella cowered when she realized belatedly that it was her birthday. While other people might be pleasantly surprised by the occasion, she wondered why she reacted in fear. She wasn’t sure why she felt that toward him. All she knew was that the sight of him creeped her out. She still had vivid memories of when Zane set up a scheme for Miles, so Zane’s jovial attitude now only disgusted her. On the other hand, she also realized that Lizbeth must’ve lied to her.

When Stella stood to leave, Zane caught her arm. “Hold on, I came to celebrate your birthday!”

“Zane Levitt, you need to stop doing this. I already saw through your schemes in which you tried to kill two birds with one stone. Not only did you try to prevent Miles from taking on the project, but you also wanted to separate me from him. Your plan is just utterly vicious.” Stella was about to leave while holding on to her bag.

However, Zane was all smiles when he continued to block her way. “Don’t be angry. No matter how vicious I am, don’t you see how Miles might be the same? He didn’t even spend time with you on your birthday.”

Stella scoffed at how he presented his argument. I was so busy that even I myself had forgotten about my birthday.

“Stella, you should let him speak.” Lizbeth stood up. Apparently, she was taking Zane’s side.

Stella glared at Lizbeth. “I’ll be calling the securities if you won’t get out of my way. We’re in a hotel, so what can you do to me?”

Despite the sour look on Zane’s face, he could only watch in resignation when Stella left in anger. As soon as she stepped out of the hotel, she got a message from Miles. ‘Why did you not inform me of your return to Murdough?’

After hailing a cab, she texted back. ‘I was busy, so I didn’t check the flight that Matthew booked for me. It wasn’t until he reminded me that I recalled I have to catch a flight. One of the designers sent me to

the airport. We've been discussing work-related stuff throughout our journey, and I was still texting her when I got to immigration. After I landed in Murdough, I got swept up by work. Are you angry?'

Meanwhile, Miles was driving to Murdough in the new car. He was wearing an earphone, so instead of texting back, he left her a voice message. "I'm not angry."

Stella liked his voice a lot. It was attractive and loving, which made her feel protected. Then, she returned to her shop. When Miles arrived at Murdough two hours later, she was strung up while processing orders. Therefore, she was surprised when one of the shopkeepers informed her that Miles was waiting for her outside the shop.

When she got out, she saw Miles sitting in the spanking new red Mercedes-Benz. He lowered the windows to hand the catalog to her. "This is a present for you. Do you like it?"

Stella was overjoyed by the fact that Miles knew when her birthday was. However, she didn't even spare a glance at the car. Instead, she was checking out the catalog jovially. "How do you know I've been wanting to get a catalog like this? I really like this present a lot! Thank you very much!"

When Miles noticed that she wasn't even looking at the car, his expression soured. It was just like what Matthew told him; she didn't like the car at all. She didn't even notice how odd it was for Miles to be driving a red Benz, nor did she notice the fact that the car was brand new. In fact, it had yet to even register for a license plate. On the other hand, she was obsessed with the catalog. However, it wasn't the catalog but the car that was his present. Then, Stella told him to get out of the car.

"The car is my present." Miles lifted his head to appraise her with discontent.

It wasn't until then that she averted her gaze from the book to look at the car in confusion. "What did you just say?"

"The car is my present." He repeated himself.

"It's too expensive. By comparison, I prefer the catalog that you gave me!"

Seeing that Stella was indeed averse to receiving the car as a present, a glum look loomed over Miles' face. Begrudgingly, he spat, "The catalog is from Matthew, while the car is from me! Do you get it?" Matthew knew Stella's preferences although they were miles apart. Meanwhile, I spent millions on this gift, but she didn't even spare it a glance! Great! Just great!

Upon hearing that, Stella froze on the spot. It was the most awkward birthday she ever had in the twenty-five years of her life. Pursing her lips, she checked on Miles cautiously, all the while wondering how she should go about the situation, for she knew he had always been suspicious of Matthew due to the latter's affinity with her.

Knowing that Miles was riled up, Stella suggested furtively, "Um, Mrs. Miller gave me a call a few days ago to invite us to dinner tonight. Since she's my regular, and now that you'll be working with President Miller on a project, she deemed it necessary. She would be attending with President Miller. Would you like to join us?" Although Stella wasn't planning on attending, she changed her mind when she saw Miles' livid expression, knowing that she'd offended him.

"Definitely!" Miles answered immediately. "However, you have to dress up!"

Stella grunted in agreement. That night, she was dressed to the nines when Miles came to fetch her to join the Millers for dinner. Nancy was delighted upon seeing Stella. There were too many guests during the ball, so she hadn't had time to even speak to Stella. Upon closer inspection, she deemed Miles and Stella to be a good match.

Throughout their conversation, Miles said nothing while sitting beside Stella. However, he did take one of her hands and subsequently kissed it on the back. "I was in a hurry, so I apologize for having not made a proper introduction," he told Edward.

"It's fine. From what Nancy told me, a lot of my clothes were bought from Miss Johansson's shop. This is such a curious coincidence!" Edward observed the couple in front of him.

With a smile on her face, Nancy said, "And here I was wondering who might catch the attention of someone as pretty as Miss Johansson. Sure enough, it's President Grant."

Stella smiled while glancing at Miles to check if he was still angry. After all, he was still holding her hand.

When they were on their way home, it was apparent from the manner in which Miles spoke that he was still mad. "Where do you want to spend the night?" He sounded indignant.

"Today's my birthday, so I'd like to spend the night with you. What do you think?" They didn't drive. They were strolling on the quiet streets of Murdough on a summer night, where both of them had fond memories of.