

Chapter 107

Do You Like Seeing Me Jealous?

Miles said nothing when he reached out to hold Stella's hand. As they walked and strolled, they went past San Marquez Square. Despite the lengthy journey, Stella didn't feel tired at all even when she had physically exhausted herself. By the time they got back to Miles's home, it was already eleven.

Ever since she last spent a night over, he bought her some expensive clothes. That night, she put on a white camisole and white underwear, her hair cascading down her back. When she lay down beside Miles, he noticed just how curvaceous she was, seeing that her waist and hips formed a notable arc.

Meanwhile, Miles snuggled against her, but only their hips were connected, while there was space between their backs and waists. When Stella propped herself up to comb all her hair to the back, he shoved his hand underneath her to embrace her while groping on her breasts. Whenever Stella shifted, he would order her with narrowed eyes. "Don't move!"

Cautiously, Stella dared not move although she was feeling ticklish. Despite how tired she was, she couldn't fall asleep. Last time, Miles already overexerted her, and she was still recovering from that, so he was trying to show more restraint. Because of him, the straps on her camisole slipped off. While she tried to pull one of the straps up, the other one was pressed underneath her on the bed, so she couldn't pull either of them up. In the end, both straps were hanging by her waist.

"Have you had enough?" Stella turned around to ask, ruffling her clothes and the blanket when she did, which made a rustling noise. "I wanna straighten up my clothes."

Miles had been trying very hard to hold himself back. But as soon as he heard her words, he removed her clothes instantly. In fact, Stella had expected that of him when she suggested spending the night with him. Alas, he just can't hold himself back...

He held onto her tightly so that his pummeling movements wouldn't rock her so hard. While Stella knew she'd brought it upon herself, she just couldn't stay still. "You need to take responsibility to sate me since you're the one who fanned the flames to begin with. Do you understand?" Still on his side, Miles propped himself up to whisper into Stella's ear.

The heat and passion made her blush. I think my coughing fits might just recover from all this physical exertion. After a while, when they were both peaking, Miles muttered into her ear, "S-Stella..."

Stella was still lying on her side, so she couldn't hold his neck. All she could do was hold onto his hands while calling his name with narrowed eyes. "Oh... Miles..."

Their bodies melted and fused together as things got toasty. Stella could only allow him to pummel on her passively as she couldn't shift her lower body. However, she turned her torso around to kiss him. "Are you not going to wear a condom?" she asked gently.

Miles cupped her face before giving a reply. "I don't see the need to."

While Stella was wondering if he meant he didn't like wearing a condom or he was planning to impregnate her, Miles was thinking that he should plan early since Stella wasn't easily impregnated.

“Would you like to bear the title of ‘Mrs. Grant’?” Miles’s tongue was stirring in her ear, leaving a tickling sensation that aroused her.

Mention of the title immediately reminded her of Adele, so she shot back without even thinking, “Not at all!”

Frowning, there was a pause in his movements. “Not at all?” Then, he began kissing on her ear more forcefully, which aroused her even more.

“Yeah. I just got divorced, so people will assume that I was having an affair if I were to get married to another man immediately after the divorce.”

“Didn’t our relationship start as an affair though?” It was but a jest, but Stella blushed, as she knew he was telling the truth.

The next day, an hourly worker had arrived to cook for Miles before she even woke up. Although Miles was awake, Stella was still sleeping when breakfast was ready. After the lady served breakfast, she asked, “Sir, is Madam still sleeping?”

She was hired by Miles after he came to Murdough, so she didn’t know much about his life and background. It was the first time ever that someone took Stella as his wife. However, the misunderstanding pleased him, lifting his mood altogether. “Yes, she’s still sleeping.”

As soon as he said so, Stella came out from the bedroom with droopy eyes. She was wearing Miles’ shirt, but it wasn’t buttoned up as she still had her camisole on. She merely draped the shirt over what she was wearing last night. The shirt fit loosely on her, revealing her thighs.

However, she jolted awake as soon as she saw the hourly worker outside before darting back into the room. Seeing Stella, the lady was also a little weirded out, so she quickly bid Miles goodbye. “Sir, breakfast is ready. Since Madam is awake now, I’ll be leaving.”

Miles grunted in response. After hearing the door close, Stella peeked out from within the room. It wasn’t until she was certain that the lady had left that she came out. She wanted to go to the washroom, but Miles held her back when she passed by him. Therefore, she ended up sitting down on his lap. “Will you keep me company when I go to the office later?”

“No, I’m busy,” she replied.

“You have to take responsibility for what you said.” Miles watched her closely. Although every woman in Hollowcrest City dreamed of being his wife, Stella seemed to scoff at the idea. In fact, what she said last night stuck to him. However, she looked nice and sexy in his shirt, which was different from when she wore the long shirt she bought in Amon. It made him feel that she was his woman.

Stella wasn’t sure what he meant, so she was slightly perturbed. After washing up, she sat down to have breakfast with him. She wouldn’t be accompanying him to the company, so she wasn’t in a hurry to change out of her clothes. When he got to the door, she called out to him, saying, “Hold on.”

“Do you want me to stay?” he asked.

“No, but I want to tell you that I’ll be returning to Hollowcrest City after a day or two, as I still have a lot to work on. I might leave either today or tomorrow.” Stella was tearing on the sandwich in her hand without tilting her head when she spoke to him languidly.

“Did you come to Murdough to celebrate your birthday?”

“Nah, I would’ve forgotten that it was my birthday if my mother-in-law hadn’t invited me over for a meal.” Stella huffed a laugh.

“Your mother-in-law?” Apparently, Miles wasn’t too pleased by the fact that Stella was referring to Lizbeth as her mother-in-law, as he was wearing a frown.

All of a sudden, she realized she shouldn’t be addressing Lizbeth as such anymore, so she quickly corrected herself. “I mean, Zane’s mother invited me over.”

“Again? What about Zane? What’s he up to?” Miles stood by the door. It sure seems like she had had a feast before I arrived yesterday.

Stella hung her head low. “Same as before. I didn’t even stay for the meal though.”

Hearing that, Miles’ anger subsided slightly. “Then why are you here all of a sudden?”

“I came to process Mrs. Miller’s order,” she said cheerfully. If it wasn’t for Lizbeth’s reminder, she would’ve totally forgotten that yesterday was her birthday. After that, Miles left without a word to go to his company, which was located just downstairs.

Unexpectedly, she managed to book a flight ticket as soon as she finished breakfast. Although her plan was to leave the next day, there was a discount for the flight ticket that day, whereas tickets for the morrow would be reverted to their original price. The flight would depart by two o’ clock, while Nancy already made an order, so she had to take it with her to Hollowcrest City. Therefore, she was in a hurry. After informing Miles of the change in her plans, she left. Before she left, she deliberately went back to her shop to retrieve the catalog. She wasn’t sure how Miles dealt with the car. Perhaps he parked it in his basement garage.

Meanwhile, Miles watched her leave without hesitation, as if his place was but a pit stop where she could stop by as she pleased. Other than that, seeing her hold onto the catalog also made him frown.

When Stella asked when he would be returning to Hollowcrest City, Miles told her he would need more time, to which she made no comment. After she got back from Murdough, she headed to the company instead of going home. Besides, it was Matthew’s house and not hers, so she ultimately felt uncomfortable living there. When she arrived at the studio, Matthew was working on a draft. He looked both refreshing and sexy with his sleeves rolled up while working on the draft.

“Thank you for the present, President Xenon,” Stella said with a giggle.

“Did you like it? You went to Murdough in such a hurry, so why didn’t you spend a few more days there?” Matthew asked casually as soon as he saw Stella.

“I still have unfinished business here, so I don’t feel reassured staying there. Besides, Mrs. Miller’s order is urgent,” she answered.

“Come on over here. Can you give me some suggestions on this part? I have been mulling on how to work on this detail here.” Matthew was standing by the table.

Stella walked up to the table, and the two were soon engaged in a discussion that continued on till sundown. In the end, they were able to come up with a perfect solution for his problems. After that, they high-fived each other.

It was dark, so Matthew sent her home. When she got out of the car, she was still smiling from the excitement of having made good progress in their task. After all, a bosom friend was hard to come by.

When Stella got to her door, she saw someone smoking in front of her unit. That person turned out to be none other than Miles. Just when she was about to express her surprise in seeing him there, he spoke up gloomily, asking, “Do you enjoy seeing me getting jealous?” The question he purported sounded like a confrontation rather than a playful jest.

“W-Why are you jealous? Matthew was only sending me home. What is there to that?” Stella stood in front of her door, standing up for herself.

Miles let out a mirthless chuckle. “So I suppose it’s also normal that you spent the afternoon so jovially.”