

Chapter 33

Do You Blame Me?

Miles sped up his movements, while Stella's moans got louder and more high-pitched. At the moment he ejaculated into her, she let out her loudest moan. Right after that, he tidied her clothes before turning her around to wrap her in his coat.

Still weeping, Stella punched him on the shoulder before telling him, "I'm married. This is considered adultery. Why would you do this to me right after my father reminded me of that?" She was whining at him.

"Go file for a divorce tomorrow," Miles suggested while holding onto her.

"I won't!" Stella was furious at him.

"This will only repeat itself if you don't." Seemingly in a similar mood as her, he clamped his arms around her firmly.

Of course, she knew he meant the spontaneous sex they had would repeat itself, which made her wonder if he ever thought how much of a mental burden he was placing on her. "You—" Stella raised her head to look at Miles while tears welled up in her eyes.

"What's the difference between maintaining that marriage and getting a divorce when you've only ever done it with one man?" Lowering his head, Miles gazed at her while holding her.

I knew it; he knows that Zane never had sex with me even after we got married. Weeping, Stella was embarrassed by the realization.

Upon seeing her cry, he pressed his lips against hers, forcing on her an angry kiss which he put all of his strength into. She was familiar with the taste in his mouth after repeatedly tasting him. Her mind kept on comparing between the memories of his taste during their one-night-stand before her marriage and how he tasted now.

She had never expected herself to be addicted to a man's kiss, unable to pull herself out of it. When he pressed himself against her earlier, holding her petite figure in his wide embrace to kiss her, the motion sparked something in her mind. She never expected to encounter someone like Miles, as he was a young, handsome billionaire, who was also one of the most eligible bachelors in Hollowcrest City.

In contrast, she was just an ordinary girl. Although she was quite pretty, she was nothing compared to other women who were both beautiful and talented. Besides, she was married. Although it was but a marriage in name, society would never care about that. Her reputation would be at stake regardless of what she did, so she wouldn't necessarily divorce Zane.

She was irked, to say the least. After that passionate love making session with Miles, she was utterly spent. By now, she couldn't even walk, so Miles had to carry her in his arms before putting her down in the passenger seat. Before he began driving, he warned, "You'd better not try to introduce me to another girlfriend anymore, or else you'll only be repeating this cycle."

Miles had been mentioning repeating cycles, which she understood at the spontaneous sex they had. Of course, she wasn't expecting it, but he couldn't have planned it as well; he probably did it out of

exasperation earlier. However, she wondered what it was that had irked him. Was it because Zane and I toasted each other earlier?

After that, Miles sent her back, stopping the car at a corner where the CCTVs wouldn't be able to capture them. Stella got out of the car while feeling cold, as if she would catch a fever. Seeing that Miles didn't press for her to get divorced, she wrapped her coat tighter around herself before entering the house.

On the next day, she fell ill, which wasn't surprising at all. She had a rather severe fever, and her throat hurt as soon as she woke up. However, Zane seemed to have gone on a business trip, for while she was still asleep a while ago, he had sent her a text to inform her that he would be spending a few days in Guggenheim before coming home.

Due to the fact that nobody could take care of her when she was ill, she remembered her mother, who had just passed away. Perhaps other kids whose mothers were alive might still be pampered by their mothers, but she was already married to another man, as well as being sexually involved with Miles. At a loss of what to do, she truly wished she could just sleep and never wake up again to avoid all this mess that was her life.

Later on, she sent Kevin a text to inform him that she wouldn't be able to go to work as she was down with a fever. Although she was famished, she didn't have the strength to cook, let alone getting up from bed. Last night's passionate sex still had its effects on her, as her legs were still a bit numb. When coupled with the fever, she sure wished she could drop dead then and there.

Nevertheless, she still forced herself out of bed to boil some instant noodles for herself, which she ate by the dining table. At that moment, someone came knocking on the door, so she had to drag her limp body over to answer it. As soon as she saw the person at the door, she was both shocked and conflicted, as her visitor was none other than Miles Grant.

Isn't he worried that he might bump into Zane? Despite her thoughts, she said nothing while turning around indifferently to resume eating by the table. Miles sat down beside her to watch her eat, only to note that she seemed pissed off.

Stella had been eating for some time before he asked, "Do you blame me for what happened?"

Pausing in her movements, she thought, Well, of course. It's all your fault that I became such a degenerate woman. I don't like the fact that you came to my house without a care about other people's opinion of me. Feeling aggrieved, Stella began weeping, and she allowed her tears to drip into her bowl of noodles.

"Have you had your medicine?" Miles asked, to which she shook her head. Hence, he stood up from his seat to search throughout her house for meds. Fortunately, it didn't take long for him to find the med kit in her house, so he was able to deliver the antipyretic to her swiftly. Then, he poured her some warm water. After she finished her noodles, he did the dishes, so all that was left was for her to take her medicine.

Prior to that, Stella didn't get sick easily, but even if she did, Zane never cared for her like how Miles did. After she took her meds, she ordered, "Mr. Grant, I've already taken my meds, so I need to go to bed

now. I need you to leave right away.” She held a chilly gaze in her eyes while speaking in an irrefutable tone.

“I’ll leave after you fall asleep.” She had never heard Miles speaking in a tone so gentle. Eventually, she went to bed. After Miles pulled the blankets over her, she heard the noises of the door shutting which indicated that he had left.

Stella was still a young woman, and she felt better already after spending all morning in bed, so she got back to work. After a few days, she got a call from the police when she was about to clock out. They informed her that Zane was involved in a car crash at Hayfern Street.

Startled, Stella wondered why he was at Hayfern Street when he claimed to be on a business trip. Besides, he should have taken a flight, but from what the police told her, it sounded as if someone else’s car crashed into the car he was driving. Not wanting to dwell on the topic any longer, she left for the hospital that Zane was at.

Seeing the state that Zane was in gave her a fright, which caused her to cover her mouth with her hand. The entirety of his face was covered in bandages, while his leg was held in a cast; it seemed to have been fractured. His hands were also bandaged up, so there wasn’t an inch on him that wasn’t covered while he lay there with his eyes closed.

All Stella could feel for him was pity; nothing else but pity. Without a word, she fetched a basin and a hot towel before taking his lunch from the nurse. Then, she propped his body up before she fed him.

Despite his cruelty, she figured she still needed to take on the responsibility of being his wife, as she didn’t want to be criticized. Since her mother only passed away last year, she still remembered how she used to take care of her mother, so looking after Zane was a piece of cake.

When Zane woke up, Stella was wiping his hands using a hot towel by rubbing it on his fingers. He was immobile after the car crash, so her attentiveness was of great help to him. All the while, he stared at Stella, who was focused on the task at hand. It wasn’t until she lifted her head that she coincidentally met his gaze.

“You’re finally awake?” Having spent half a day in the hospital after she got there, it was already midnight by now. Zane stared at her after giving her a nod, which made her feel awkward, so she switched on the TV, and then turned to watch it while wiping Zane clean.

It was time for a news broadcast, which was reporting a car crash at Hayfern Street. The cause of the accident was because a male driver was touching a woman’s chest when he was driving, which caused the car behind them to crash into them when he was distracted. The female passenger in question seemed to be Ximena Yard, a famous model.

Without any doubt, Stella knew who the driver was, but she never cared to begin with. Instead, Zane was the one who was feeling embarrassed. After all, he was lying in bed while Stella took care of him, whereas Ximena didn’t even show up. He never cared much about Ximena anyway, as he had an affair just so he could irritate Stella.

During the ten days that he was hospitalized, Zane's parents had visited him a few times. When they saw that Stella had been taking care of him meticulously, they were relieved. Hence, they also offered her their gratitude. "Thank you for taking care of him."

"I'm just fulfilling my duties." She gave a decorous reply. To her, it was just part of her responsibilities as Zane's wife, more so when she had stepped out of line. On the other hand, Ximena also paid Zane a visit, but his aloof attitude drove her away.

One day, Stella had just stepped out of the house with a thermal lunch box in her hand when she saw Miles' car parked just outside the area where the CCTV could detect him. She wanted to hide from him, but she had no place to hide in an open space. Upon noticing her, Miles drove up beside her before telling her to get in the car.

When she noticed the crowd around her, she hurriedly got in, as she didn't want to cause a scene with him. After she got in, Miles retrieved an item from the backseat which he handed to Stella. However, she stared straight ahead instead of looking at him, nor did she check on the item he held, seemingly intent on holding her ground. On the other hand, he held his hand up while issuing a threat. "I will send this to his ward if you won't take it."

Startled, she lowered her head to see a plain-colored pillow in a vacuum-sealed bag. Ugh, could he possibly read my mind?

Due to her having to take care of Zane in the hospital, she didn't get a lot of sleep. Therefore, she searched on an online shopping platform for a pillow that could help her sleep. If her guess was correct, the pillow was worth around three thousand, which was quite expensive. Initially, she wanted to buy a green one which she thought was befitting of her temperament, but she eventually decided against it when she realized that Zane might soon be discharged, so it would be a waste of money. If Miles were to send the pillow to Zane because she didn't take it, it would only spell trouble for her.