

## Chapter 41

### You Don't Even Dare to Look At Me?

Anyway, she could never finish the drawing for today. Hence, she decided to leave, thinking that it wouldn't be nice to keep Zane waiting.

After taking a cab to the address given by him, Stella waited outside in the hallway while Zane was still taking his psychological test. By the time he was done, he appeared exhausted as he said to her, "It's your turn now!"

He had also seen the bluish hickey on her neck, which was small but clear, and he knew that it was definitely from that man. She's so brazen. Can't she be more discreet about her affair?

This was the first time that Stella was consulting a psychologist, and it was naturally nervous for her. However, the psychiatrist, Dr. Garcia, told her not to be so uptight as she was merely there to help her analyze her feelings. Just as well, since her heart was in a mess now.

The friendly Dr. Garcia first asked about her relationship with Zane, and she replied, "I can't really say, but I thought of getting along with him when we got married because we have already tied the knot, and nobody walks into a marriage with the thought of divorce."

"Then are you thinking about anyone else in your mind?" Dr. Garcia asked.

Miles' figure flashed across her mind, but it disappeared almost immediately, and the look in her eyes darkened as she answered, "No!"

Sensing that she was lying, Dr. Garcia suggested, "Why don't you lie down on the therapy bed, Mrs. Levitt? I'll give you a hypnosis to see what you're thinking deep down in your heart. This will help you to sort out your feelings and also help you through the crisis in your marriage. What do you think?"

This idea scared Stella because she had too many secrets. Once she was under hypnosis, she wouldn't know what was happening and would spill the beans to others. The secret buried deeply in her heart was Miles, and she wouldn't rat him out.

Despite that, as she sat there in the quiet room, if she didn't get onto the therapy bed, Zane would think that she was guilty and wanted to sabotage their marriage. Meanwhile, she had hoped that this marriage would have a happy ending.

Caught in a dilemma, she got onto the bed. After Dr. Garcia said some things to her, she lost control over her state of mind and Dr. Garcia began her questioning. "Do you like Zane?"

"Not that much."

"So who do you like?"

Stella's heart protected the name so fiercely that she wouldn't even say it in her subconscious state when asked, and Dr. Garcia knew that she had run into an obstacle. "What's the name of your first man?" she asked instead.

But Stella still refused to say it.

“Do you know him?”

She nodded.

“Do you have much contact with him?”

“Yeah.”

“How do you feel about him?”

“I can’t put it into words, but I like it when he wants me. That’s the type of man I like,” she answered truthfully.

“You like him when he’s in bed?”

Again, she nodded.

“Do you like the man who made you pregnant?”

“He’s the first man in my life. Of course I like him.”

Perhaps a person under hypnosis had no thought precautions, but while Stella was still unaware that she had said it, Dr. Garcia was taken aback because it turned out that the person who was bugging Zane this whole time was the same person!

If her first man had been a stranger, she was confident that she could bring this marriage around. However, how was she supposed to treat them now that Stella had only one man from the beginning? It was apparent that the second time didn’t happen out of nowhere; the second time happened because there was a first. In between, those two must have had a lot of contact, and their feelings for each other were building up step by step.

After lying on the therapy bed for a long time, Stella finally sat up in a daze, not even sure of the time and date today. Not knowing what she had blurted to Dr. Garcia, she asked tentatively, “Did I say something wrong, Dr. Garcia?”

“It’s nothing.” She gave her a kind smile which eliminated all her worries and wariness. “Also, you don’t say anything wrong under hypnosis. Those were merely the things you didn’t dare to say usually.”

“Dr. Garcia, what did I say?” she asked with an ashened face.

“It’s nothing, really,” she assured and sent her out before calling Zane back into the room.

Stella didn’t know what her intentions were for doing this, but as she sat in the quiet hallway, she was restless and felt as though someone was watching her from behind. Will she tell Zane what I said? she wondered.

A long while passed when Zane came out with tightened fists and his eyes glaring. Even though she knew that he was bottling up his anger, she didn’t know what he was told. With him walking in the front, she followed behind and stepped into the car back home.

The moment they stepped through the door, he hit her on the face with a swing of his arm, and she fell to the floor with ringing ears and blood trickling down the edge of her lips. Just then, he turned on the lights, and she felt the corner of her lips to see the bright, thick blood.

So he knows. Dr. Garcia told him, she thought silently and snorted, feeling like she had walked right into an irreversible trap by going to this psychologist.

“Slut, I thought you couldn’t resist Miles, but it turns out that you were rekindling your feelings for him because he’s the first man in your life!” Striding up to her, he grabbed her by her long hair and continued, “No wonder you wanted to divorce me. You want to run into his arms, don’t you? Let me tell you, he’s merely toying with you. What can he possibly want from a married woman like you? He simply saw that you have big breasts and a good figure. Anything else—” He paused and snorted. “I really can’t see any qualities in you that will make you a good wife! You even shamelessly went for the psychology test with a hickey from him. Why bother going for the test with me if you can’t leave him?” With that, he slammed the bedroom door and went to bed.

Stunned, Stella looked at her neck in the mirror, and sure enough, there was a bluish hickey there. Even though it was small, she knew that it was from Miles, and she sat on the floor stupidly, crying until midnight.

Most probably Zane wouldn’t agree to the divorce after this because he wouldn’t let her have it easy, and would even create more trouble for her. Stella felt that the winter in her life had arrived. Even before she could decide where to place her heart, Zane had already given her the death penalty.

The next day at work, Kevin said that there would be a training event for senior landscape architects, and he had already signed her up for it. As the training location would be in Murdough, he told her to think about it before deciding.

Without hesitation, Stella immediately agreed. This was a rare opportunity to leave Hollowcrest, and she had long been looking forward to leave that home. Also, she wanted to leave Miles now.

Since she had already decided to divorce Zane, she wouldn’t simply bring up that topic at a whim with him during this period, so as not to provoke him time and again. She wanted to collect the evidence and hit him with one blow.

“The application form is with President Grant. Go and pick it up there,” Kevin said to her.

“Okay.”

In addition to that, he also told her that the registration time was only today. Even though the training cost was very expensive, her cost would be covered by the company because she was his apprentice.

When she reached Miles’ office, she saw that the door was opened and no one seemed to be in. Walking in, she didn’t see anyone and she called out to him a couple of times, but there was no reply. As she was about to turn to leave, she heard the glass door opening behind her. In reflex, she turned to the source of the sound, only to see Miles coming out with nothing but a towel wrapped around himself as he dried his hair with another towel.

Does he even know that it’s office hours now? she thought, startled.

This was the first time that she was seeing his whole body, and of course, the most important parts were covered. Fortunately, the heating in his office was sufficient that he probably wouldn't be cold.

He had bronzed skin and muscular arms, as well as clearly visible chest muscles and tight, eight-pack abs. As the sunlight was good today, she could see the tiny water droplets on his hair as he tried to dry his wet hair with a towel. Standing tall with his long legs, she could now see that there really was a standard annotation in this world for sexy men.

"Close the door," he instructed her coldly, still annoyed at what happened yesterday.

Stella was in a trance, but she quickly closed the door upon recollecting herself and said, "I'm here for the registration form, President Grant. Kevin said that he had already signed me up." Her cheeks were flushed at the sight of the man who often appeared in her dreams.

It was true that they had an argument, and couples usually made up after a quarrel, but she had already forgiven him in her heart even before they had any physical contact.

Today, as he met her half-naked, she didn't dare to look directly at him and merely shifted her eyes elsewhere. Seeing the way she was, Miles said, "You don't even dare to look at me when we've already had a child together?"

With pursed lips, she kept her eyes in a different direction. There were some issues where she couldn't feel relieved with simply just a few words. For instance, that was her instinctive reaction when it came to watching his half-naked body, and she found it hard to just let it go.

"Are you agreeable to it?" she asked.

"What happened to your lips?" he asked instead when he saw the bruise near her lips.

"No, it's nothing." This morning, she was so absentminded that she didn't even see the bruise on her lips. Did he see it because it's too well-lit in the office?

"Come here and let me take a look!" he ordered gently. Even though he said it softly, it was still an order.

Still, Stella refused to go.

"Are you asking me to go over?" he asked.

How am I supposed to deal with him when he's barely dressed?

"Come over," he ordered again, and she walked over obediently this time.

She had just reached him when he, who was seated on a chair, pulled her onto his lap and sat her down. Fidgeting around uncomfortably, she felt that she could touch him any time there—his manhood.