

## Chapter 44

### Hug Her

"I wonder who's the b\*stard here? You think Miles wants you? I asked around today, and I know he has a girlfriend. They're getting married soon, and the reason he came for you was because his girlfriend went overseas. He needed an outlet to release his urges. Since you're married, he doesn't need to take any responsibility. He managed to do you because I didn't pay attention previously, but now I wonder if he'll want you after someone else has f\*cked you." Zane inched closer to Stella.

Stella stared at him dumbly. Nothing happened when we were living together. Does he think he can do me just because we're in a hotel in Murdough? "What do you want?!" Stella backed off.

"What do I want? Even if Miles is pushing me down, I call the shots on the divorce. He can't do anything about that. And today, I want to see if he only likes you for your body, or you as a person. That answers your question?" Zane pinned her down on the bed.

Of course, Stella couldn't match Zane in strength, and she couldn't stop him from tearing her clothes apart. This time, Zane was adamant on having sex with Stella; he wouldn't let her date Miles without doing anything. Meanwhile, Stella was starting to sweat profusely. She tried her best to stop Zane, and her phone was beside him. Hence, she called a random number despite knowing her chances of getting saved were slim. Even so, that was her only hope.

She didn't realize she just called Miles since he was the last person who called her, and that was the signal of their meeting in the undersea tunnel. Thus, who else could she call but Miles? At the same time, Miles had just disembarked, and he was on the way to the underground parking lot. His phone rang the moment he turned it on. Oh, it's Stella.

At the sight of it, he smiled. She doesn't call me that often. Well, this is the first time she's calling me. Probably dropped something in the sea.

He took the call, but before he could say hello, a vague voice said, "I'm going to turn you into used goods today. I bet Miles Grant won't be dating a used woman like you."

Stella remained silent. Tears fell down on the pillow as she tried desperately to stop Zane.

Miles frowned. Immediately, he called the hotel's receptionist, then he called the police. After that, he stopped in his tracks and turned back to the airport, for he must be there to save her from the danger.

On the other hand, Zane hadn't managed to rape Stella yet, though he was close. Stella's pants were already taken off to the knees, and her clothes were almost torn. Also, he was kissing her neck sloppily, finally noticing how nice Stella was. He didn't realize it before, but now he wanted her, even though she was refusing him.

Then, someone opened the door, and in came the hotel staff. "Sir, we let you in because you said you're the lady's husband, but what are you doing?" Behind him, there were two female staff members.

Their entrance doused Zane's lust, and he quickly got up from Stella, while Stella covered herself with a blanket, her head hanging low. "Who said you could come in? This is between us. Mind your own business." Zane sat on the sofa and talked back to them.

“We can’t interfere with personal business, but if it’s marital rape, someone will interfere. Just not us,” one of the staff members retorted.

Zane didn’t think much about it. Now, he was staring at Stella, who was hiding in the blanket, shivering on the bed.

Then, the police came. They looked at Zane, then at Stella. “Someone reported a case of marital rape. You’ll have to come with us.”

Stella didn’t want to get up, and she said hoarsely, “Sorry, but I’m unwell. I don’t think I can go.” Earlier, she had exhausted herself when she defended against Zane, and her body was trembling uncontrollably. Hence, a female officer came to check up on her and decided to take her testimony inside the room.

Stella was lying on the bed during the record, and she only made two-word replies, but all her answers accused Zane of marital rape.

Zane’s fury and hatred toward Stella was boiling, but the police officers arrested him before he could do anything.

Before leaving, the hotel staff tucked Stella in and placed a glass of water on the table. Stella had her back against the pillow in an attempt to push her fear and horror down.

When the door was opened again, the corridor’s light shone on her, and Stella reflexively covered her eyes. She didn’t think it was anyone else but the hotel staff, but when the man sat beside her, she saw that it was Miles.

Stella didn’t check her phone after she made the call, so she didn’t know what happened. Just now, she simply thought the hotel staff and police knew what happened because someone walked past and heard the commotion, then the staff called the police.

Miles brushed the strand of hair on Stella’s forehead away. “Are you alright?”

When Miles reappeared, Stella finally had someone to vent her sadness and terror to. She sat up and leaped into his embrace, and she cried her heart out.

Miles patted her back quietly. Now, Stella knew her clothes were a mess, but she couldn’t care anymore.

It had been too long since she could rely on someone. Ever since her mother’s passing, nobody would spend time listening to her. It was then Miles appeared. She felt a lot of affection for Miles, and he was the man whom she would lean on for a sense of warmth.

“Why don’t I—” He was going to say he’d stay with her for the night, but then someone opened the door, and the corridor’s light shone inside again.

A moment later, someone turned on the light, and a woman said, “Mr. Grant?”

Stella looked at the woman and saw that it was Lisa, an employee of the design department. Since the office was big, and their seats were far apart, Stella didn’t talk with her that much. They were still effectively strangers to each other.

Stella and Miles were in each other's arms when Lisa barged in, so the woman was confused to see Stella looking so dependent toward Miles. What's the president doing with her? Isn't she married?

Instantly, Stella wiped her tears away, pretending nothing had happened, and she was thinking about how to explain it, but Miles stood up. "I was going to stay with her for the night, but now that you're here, you can take care of her for me. I have an important meeting to attend to."

Then, he left. He had an important meeting that night, that much was true. Before this, Miles had reserved a room for the ladies according to the business standards the HR department had set. Miles didn't interfere with it, or it would be too conspicuous. If he went overboard, Stella's reputation would be ruined.

Stella swallowed everything she had to say. What is he doing? Isn't he going to explain it? Why'd he make it look like it's natural for him to share a room with me? What if the whole company knows about this? What if Yvonne knows about it? Shoot, we'd be dead. Stella was panicking.

"Alright, Mr. Grant. I'll do it. I won't let you down." Lisa could guess the relationship between Miles and Stella without any hints, but of course, Stella knew nothing about the guess Lisa came up with.

Over the next few days, Lisa took good care of Stella. They used to be colleagues, and technically, she was Stella's senior in the design department. Hence, having Lisa taking care of her unsettled Stella.

She wanted to find a chance to explain, for she was worried that the matter might hurt her reputation, especially when it was happening at the cusp of her divorce. Also, she was worried she might drag Miles down with her. It would be hard for a president to gain his reputation back once it was ruined. Furthermore, having an affair with a married woman was a scandal.

Lisa never gave her the chance though. Whenever Stella mentioned it, Lisa would cut off the conversation, even when it was sleeping hours. She never talked about it herself, which made Stella nervous. At the same time, she was worried the company might find out about it, but it eventually turned out that Stella was worried for nothing. Nobody in the company talked about it, nor did anyone give her any weird looks, but that perplexed Stella.

That day, she needed to get Miles' signature on her completion of training. When she came into his office, she saw Lisa asking Miles for his signature, and Lisa saw her too. "I can leave if you have something to do, Mr. Grant."

When Stella heard that, she was stunned. She didn't know what Lisa was thinking, but she knew why she left. Is she trying not to be the third wheel? But we aren't even a couple. She can't be a third wheel.

After handing the report to Miles, Stella asked carefully, "Didn't you explain it to her, Mr. Grant?"

"Explain what?" He kept on signing the papers while he spoke.

"Our relationship. She can't go on misunderstanding us as a couple." Stella was feeling uneasy.

"She didn't misunderstand anything. I explained it to her, didn't I?" Then, Miles put Stella's report on a stack of papers on his desk.

He explained it? Did he do it in private? Because what he said to her in the hotel that night was no explanation. It only made things worse. She would have asked if she could, but she was just a mere

employee; a president's matter was not for her to pry. Unable to probe any further, she frowned and went back to her office.