

Chapter 47

Not Jealous?

As expected, the courier called her that afternoon, asking her to sign the papers for Miles' package.

Stella thought Miles wouldn't be in the office, since he went out that morning, so she signed it with her pen and went up. The sender's name wasn't clear, but she could vaguely see a 'North' on it. It's probably from Miss North. This is probably why he took the call. Stella was staring at the package and thinking about taking it to her office, then someone opened the door of Miles' office and came out to stand before her.

"Oh, you're here, Mr. Grant?" Stella gaped at him.

"Yes. I came back early." Miles went to settle some business that morning.

After hearing that, she handed it to him. "Your package."

Miles didn't take it. Instead, he looked at her. "Come in."

It's just a package, and you want me to send it to your office on my own? she thought.

After closing the office door, Miles tore the package open with a pair of scissors. Then, he took out a neatly packed shirt from it. "185. That's exactly my size." Miles looked at it.

Miss North bought it. Of course she knows your size. Maybe she knows some other sizes too, like your underpants. When she reached that point, she thought she had a dirty mind. Hence, she quickly told him, "I'll be leaving now."

Miles put the shirt on his table. "Aren't you jealous?" he asked Stella, who was about to go out.

That caught her by surprise, and Stella didn't know what to say. It was the first time Miss North made an appearance in her life, and Stella was already panicked. Unable to find an answer to his question, she hurried back to her office. I'm such a loser.

Nobody was focusing on work since it was the end of the year. They were talking about places to go and things to buy. Because of interactions like that, some people became closer, like Stella and Lisa. They were in the same department after all.

Until now, Stella was always careful when she talked to Lisa, worried she might tell everyone about what she saw that night at the hotel if Lisa was crossed. Miles did hug her, and that was evidence enough, but after talking more to her, Stella realized Lisa was a woman of few words.

Before the break, the company held a year-end party, giving out bonuses and praises for those who deserved it. Stella had no bonus, since she only joined a few months ago. Her department received an award though, but it was for a project before she came, so it had nothing to do with her.

The party was held on the company's top floor, and tables filled the whole place. There were sweets and snacks on them, and some shows before the dinner would start. Stella and Lisa were at the same table, and they listened to the host as she spoke.

Meanwhile, Miles was of course sitting at the center. It had the best view, and only a few people were around the table. Miles was leaning back on the chair, his arms crossed as he watched the show.

He's always so dazzling even in a group of people. It seems like his brilliance can never be dampened, Stella thought. She was sitting in an inconspicuous corner, eyeing Miles in secret.

The host said a dance between the president and a female employee must happen before the opening, and the employee who would be dancing would be decided by the draw. No wonder everyone dolled up today. They were waiting for this. Before this, Stella thought they were dressing up for the occasion and nothing else.

On the other hand, she didn't doll up though. Stella wore her usual clothes, though it was already decent enough. At least it was better than fresh graduates who wore jeans and white shirts. Still, she wasn't as dazzling as the other employees; all she wanted to do was to hide herself among the crowd.

Now, the host said everyone's name was already written on paper slips, and it was time for the draw. Thus, Miles went up.

Stella stared at him in awe. He was always confident and calm in his steps, and the sight of it made her realize that it was the first time she was that attracted to a man. All her attention was on him, and she didn't care who would be chosen. After all, she didn't think it would be her, since there were many employees in the company. Then, Miles took out a paper slip from the box, and the host announced, "Stella Johansson!"

Upon hearing that, Stella was flummoxed. She was a newbie who joined the company a few months ago, and the company was a big one; there were even people who didn't know her. On the other hand, Lisa didn't seem to be shocked, for she whispered, "Mr. Grant is calling for you." She sounded like she expected that to happen; there wasn't even a hint of surprise in her voice.

But I'm wearing flats, and UGG moccasins to boot, because I wanted to make taking the bus easier. In the meantime, Miles looked around for her, and Stella stood up, then she went up to him.

Now, she finally realized she was short. Compared to Miles, 1.66 meters wasn't really a great height. He looked down at her and wrapped his arm around her waist. At his touch, she felt electrified, but a moment later, she danced to Miles' lead. She knew everyone in the hall was looking at them.

"Nervous much?" Miles whispered into her ear.

Stella nodded, burying her head in his shoulder. "I-I'm sorry. I'm not good enough for you," she told him sincerely.

He smiled. "Why? Because of your height? Your looks? Or your skills in bed?"

When she heard that, she could feel her heart skip a beat. Why'd he mention that? "I embarrassed you because I didn't doll up," she answered.

"It's fine," he replied. "You look good without makeup too."

The song was finished after a short while. The opening dance was just formality, and all the other women in the company would complain if Miles was dancing with a single female employee for too

long. When she went back to her seat, Stella was still blushing. Lisa smiled at her quietly, but her smile spooked Stella.

Only one day was left until Lunar New Year's Eve after the dinner. Hence, Stella took a day off, giving herself an early holiday. She packed her things and went to Murdough to see Zane, but he refused to meet her. Since it was just a wild goose chase, she came back to Hollowcrest.

The streets were filled with busy people preparing for New Year. Most shops were closed, and everyone looked delighted, telling the world that it was New Year Eve.

When she reached Hollowcrest, she came back to her cold, lonely home. Since Zane's parents didn't invite her over, she couldn't go there herself. Her father wouldn't invite her either, for she was already married, and he was a misogynistic man who didn't care for her. She wanted to make some dumplings, but then the work was too much for the meal, and she couldn't have it all alone anyway.

Luckily, the TV was airing a show about the restaurants that made great food for reunion dinners, so Stella picked up on an eatery called Grand Restaurant. It was already a century old, and their food was made to normal standards, but since they had recipes from their ancestors, every dish was a gorgeous one. Oh, they're already making reunion dinner food, but the price is... Wow. Eh, but I'm alone, so why not? Hence, she dressed up beautifully. It's New Year. Gotta be happy. She wore a wool coat and a pair of heels, then she left for the restaurant.

Stella had dinner on the second floor at a spot near the window. As she had her meal, she watched New Year Night Live on TV and the fireworks display outside. Fun dinner, she thought. She could see the reception on the first floor from her spot, and when she took a glance, she saw someone familiar there, but she paid no attention to it. I'll just spend the night here watching New Year Night Live. It's a merry place. Everyone's here for dinner. In the end, she couldn't win against her sleepiness, so once she was done with the dumplings, she headed home.

A gleaming Audi A8 was waiting outside when she came down. The engine was still roaring, and judging by the plate, the car belonged to Miles. She was surprised he'd show up.

At that moment, the window was rolled down, and Miles looked at the rear-view mirror. "Aren't you getting in?"

We didn't even make an appointment, so why'd we bump into each other here? Stella went into the car, feeling glad that she dressed up, or she wouldn't have been in a state for a chance encounter, especially not when Miles was involved.

"How'd your Murdough trip yesterday go?" Miles asked as he drove away.

"How'd you know that?" Stella was perplexed, and she was curious why Miles showed up at the restaurant.

He smiled but didn't answer her question. "Are you going to let me wait until you finish the show on TV?"

He looks happy, and he's driving rather slowly. So he was the guy at the reception, but how did he know I was watching New Year Night Live? At that thought, she looked up at the second floor and saw a bunch

of people staring at the TV. I see. Hence, she smiled. "Are you spending the new year alone too?" she asked.

Even after so long, she realized she knew nothing about Miles; he was still a mystery to her.

"My parents have migrated to Canada. They want me to spend the new year there, but I like my peace and quiet." Miles spoke rather casually, maybe because it was the new year; he wasn't as formal as he would usually.

"W-What about Miss North then?" Stella suddenly blurted.