

Chapter 48

She Is Pitiabile

She had been dying to ask about Yvonne North. That woman piqued her curiosity, and she put Stella at a loss. When Stella asked that question, she didn't turn his way, but she could see him glancing at her from the corner of her eyes.

A long while later, he said, "And you said you aren't jealous."

Her face turned redder, and she stared downward. "I'm just asking."

At that, Miles pointed at her face. "So what's with the blushing?"

Even though there weren't many people on the streets, Miles would get them into a car crash if he kept driving that way. Hence, Stella quickly stopped the conversation by not talking. She looked outside, and fireworks were donning the sky. They bloomed for a single, gorgeous moment, and then they were gone. She saw fireworks that cost a hundred grand a second on her Twitter before, but they were pretty. Hollowcrest had a lot of rich people, for Stella saw fireworks that bloomed in the shape of a heart, while some bloomed in different colors. They're gorgeous.

"Look. They're beautiful." Stella smiled at him as she spoke.

Upon hearing that, Miles took a glance. "Where are these coming from?"

"I-I think it's from Lake Jojo." Stella confirmed the direction. The same place we hugged, and the same place he told me I owe him a child. His mood was really bad then.

Stella thought he would send her home, but he drove further and further away from her house. Instead, he was driving them closer and closer to his house. Today's New Year's Eve. Where is he taking me?

"Where are you taking me to, Mr. Grant?" she asked. She was a married woman, and staying out for a whole night was making her feel guilty enough, especially when she was staying with Miles.

"Home," he replied calmly.

"B-But I'm a married woman." She sounded nervous.

At that, Miles gave her a cryptic look. "So? Does that have anything to do with making dumplings?"

D-Dumplings? Stella thought he was going to be brazen and bring her back to his home so he could do her. "But if you didn't bump into me, who would you ask for help then?" Stella asked.

"A random woman on the streets," he said in a joking manner.

There weren't many people on the streets, and they quickly drove up the hill, where Miles' residence was located.

Stella knew she shouldn't come with him, but she couldn't control herself. Every time she met him, she'd feel like there were two souls arguing within her; one told her not to go near him, whereas the other one made her approach him. She hated how contradictory that was.

Miles' room wasn't locked, and the lights were on, much to Stella's confusion. His parents aren't here, so who is in there? When she came in, Zachariah came up to hug her. "You're here, Miss Johansson!"

Then, Stella noticed Zachariah and his father in the house. They have their own family. So why are they here?

In the meantime, Matthew was wearing an apron, his sleeves rolled up to his elbows, and he was making dumplings. Zachariah was doing nothing but chirping like a bird, and the TV was blaring. Finally, Stella felt a hint of the New Year's Eve vibe.

Miles had taken the things he bought from Grand Restaurant to the kitchen. At a loss of what she should do, Stella went to the kitchen to ask about it.

Meanwhile, Miles was in the same getup as Matthew was. He was wearing an apron, and his sleeves were rolled up as well. Miles was a sexy man to begin with, and the getup only made him sexier; men in the kitchen always looked that way to her anyway. "What should I do, Mr. Grant?" she asked.

Behind her, Zachariah came in too, but he was more trouble than he was worth.

"Give me some plates. I asked the restaurant's chef to make me their specials," Miles said.

"Mr. Grant picked you up fast, Miss Johansson," Zachariah commented.

When Stella heard that, she was stunned. He was there to pick me up? Wait, so why did he say he'd pick a woman off the streets to help him? Maybe it's because we met by accident?

At that moment, Zachariah was stampeding across the kitchen, and he finally managed to annoy Miles in the process, so he flicked the boy's head. "Go somewhere else to play."

A grown man's flick could hurt a lot, especially when the target was a small child like Zachariah, and the boy almost cried.

Upon seeing that, Stella quickly hunkered down. "There, there. Don't cry." Zachariah hugged her, and she gave Miles a glare of complaint. "You're too hard on him!"

In response, Miles smiled. "Someone has to be the bad cop."

Then, Zachariah went to tell his father about it in tears. "Mr. Grant's a meanie!" Stella could hear that even from the kitchen.

However, Matthew was probably the bad cop too, for he told Zachariah, "You must have gotten on his nerves, you cheeky brat."

On the other hand, Miles told her, "You should go and make the dumplings. The rest of the food is done."

Hence, Stella sat down and started making the dumplings, but she was anxious. Stella was wearing black stockings and a tight skirt, so she'd have to sit with her legs apart if she wanted to make dumplings, but the stockings made it hard for her. Luckily it was Matthew making the skins, so all she had to do was sit on the sofa and assemble the dumplings.

Her long, beautiful legs were clasped, and she sat politely, as if she was in an important event. If she sat with her legs apart, that would make her look like a sl*t.

As Stella assembled the dumplings, Matthew chatted with her occasionally. "Zack's mom went on a business trip. It's our new year, but those guys overseas don't celebrate it." Zachariah, on the other hand, was playing with the dough.

"Your wife is a capable woman," Stella replied. She used to have that kind of ambition, but it failed. I'm such a loser.

Some time later, Miles came out of the kitchen, and through the corner of her eyes, Stella could see him stopping in his tracks, but she didn't turn around. Instead, she went on with her dumpling assembly with her side facing him. "I'm almost done, Miles," Matthew said.

Miles grunted a long while later. When Stella heard that, she wondered what was wrong with him. His voice sounded hoarse, but she didn't notice he had a cold earlier. Maybe it's because he stayed in the kitchen for too long? Nevertheless, she didn't think too much about it. Once the dumplings were assembled, she went to the kitchen to cook them. Standing was better than sitting down, and the leggings wouldn't look too out of place.

She was wearing a tight-fitting, white wool coat that covered her top. It made her look like a gentle lady, and she liked that kind of getup the most. Also, she was wearing a pair of leather boots. Stella was worried she might feel inadequate if she wore flats with Miles around, so she didn't change shoes when she came in. Furthermore, she was short compared to him, and that thought made her feel that she wasn't hot enough to deserve him.

The steam was making her face red. When the cooking was done, Matthew and Zachariah chomped down on the dumplings happily after she served them, but Miles looked pensive. Stella didn't know what he was thinking, nor did she want to know it either.

Since she had dinner before she came, she couldn't have the dumplings, and she wasn't a big eater anyway. When they were done eating, Stella went to the kitchen to do the dishes, and when she came back out, Matthew and his son had left.

At that moment, Miles was lying on the sofa languidly, massaging his temples. "They just left. Said goodbye to you though, but you didn't hear them, since you were in the kitchen." Miles looked downward, his eyes closed.

"Oh, I should be leaving too then." After saying that, Stella took her coat and went down the front door's stairs.

Miles said nothing, but when she was about to go down, he held her in his arms and gave her a kiss. Her heels were too tall, and worried that she might fall, Stella didn't make any moves. Instead, she simply stared at him in shock, then he picked her up and went to his bedroom.

By now, Stella was kicking. "I'm not divorced yet, Mr. Grant. You shouldn't be asking me to betray my husband. It won't be good—"

"Quiet," he demanded hoarsely, then Miles placed her on the bed of the bedroom she saw back then. After that, he moved his hands up her legs, exploring her leggings.

He wasn't in a hurry to take them off. Instead, he stared into her eyes, making her heart race, while his hands kept busying around her crotch.

Initially, Stella wanted to say something, but nothing came out, for her lips were sealed by Miles. She was lying on the bed, and Miles was pinning down on her. At the same time, Stella was feeling more like a sl*t by the minute. She had forgotten the warning her mother-in-law gave her as lust welled up within her, but then she thought, Maybe he was seduced by me assembling the dumplings while wearing black leggings.

Is he this lustful? It was just one little action, and he's already doing this to me despite me being a married woman. Would it be the same if it were someone else? He had sex with me when I seduced him after a few drinks. Would it have been the same if it were someone else?

Frustration welled up within her. Stella was confused about her feelings for him, but she thought she was just Miss North's replacement when the latter wasn't home. The more she thought that way, the less reserved she became. Meanwhile, Miles had already taken off her leggings, and easily too.

It was the first time they made out in Miles' home, and when they were sober. Technically, it wasn't their first time doing that, but this time, they felt thrilled.

Suddenly, Stella tried to stop him, but she eventually let the thrill of depravity take over her. Her refusal only made Miles more aggressive; he did her roughly, but also gently. When she was sweating from the sex, Stella wondered how many women must Miles have had sex with to be this feral and skilled. That thought vexed her though. Nevertheless, the sex that night was the best they had so far. It took more than a few hours and extended into the night.