

Chapter 49

Where Does It Hurt?

Stella was exhausted from Miles' movements. Her body rejected him at first, but eventually, it started to cooperate with him. This is probably the so-called 'married woman' he needs.

Just like that, Miles hugged her, and they drifted to sleep. When Stella woke up the next day, she saw Miles wearing his shirt on the bed, facing her with his back. It was the last day of the year last night, and she didn't expect the year to end by her finally falling for him.

Miles heard her getting up, and he said, "You're awake?" Stella nodded, and she frowned when the pain from last night shot up within her. "I didn't do it with you before this because you had a miscarriage," he explained.

So he had a lot of sexual thoughts about me? Well, at least I know he had it in Murdough. At that thought, she turned away, her face scarlet.

"What are you doing today?" he asked.

"I'm going home." She noticed her voice was hoarse after saying that. Maybe I was too tired last night.

"Why don't I take you to see the lights?" he said.

"No," she replied immediately. "I don't want to show up in public with you."

Hollowcrest wasn't a big place, and so was the world. She was worried she might bump into anyone she shouldn't; that would ruin her life.

At that, Miles snorted and turned around. "Worried your reputation as a good wife would be ruined? Don't worry. Your life's already riled up the moment you slept with me. I'm letting the whole of Hollowcrest know you're my woman."

Stella blushed again after he said that. She's always so adorable when she blushes, he thought.

After that, Stella pulled the blanket down. "But I don't want to. I can't get a divorce that way."

When Miles heard that, he stopped buttoning his shirt for a moment. "You have me, don't you? I'll send you home."

"It hurts," she grumbled. "Can I lie down for a bit more, Mr. Grant?"

Miles stared at her and lay with her, his hand slithering under the blanket and moving across her body. "Where does it hurt?"

Stella's face turned redder. This man's perky! He just knows how to turn people on. She turned away from him, revealing her shoulder to him.

By now, Miles' hand was on her crotch, and Stella reflexively closed her legs. Then, he nibbled her ear, and in his unbearably husky voice, asked, "Does it hurt here?"

Stella had never been teased this much before. All this while, Miles' hand was still moving around her crotch, refusing to move away. When Stella turned around to ask him to send her home, she inadvertently kissed him right on the lips. Miles smiled, and he kissed her back.

Making out was a rare occasion for them, and sex was even rarer. Instinctively, Stella pulled her hands out of the blanket and wrapped them around his neck.

At that instant, someone lit up a festive firecracker, and the sounds shocked her. She shivered, and Miles huddled closer, hugging her tighter. Even though she was telling herself that it was wrong, Stella couldn't help but go on.

When she finally got up, it was already noon. Stella wanted to leave right away, but Miles stopped her. "Here, take this." He handed her a little box.

"What's this?" She stopped halfway through taking her bag and sat on the sofa.

From the box, he took out a necklace. Stella had seen many things in her life, and she knew it was a four-leaf clover necklace from Tiffany & Co.; it cost a lot.

"It's not the best, but it'll have to do for today," he said. Then, Miles unhooked the necklace and wore it around Stella's neck.

It'll have to do? What's that supposed to mean? Will he buy another one that's better for me? Is this just something he had lying around for any random woman?

Stella was already annoyed after staying the night and having sex with him, so the necklace made her heart sink further. "No need for that." She shot up, ready to leave.

However, Miles held her hand and pushed her back down on the sofa. "What is the meaning of this?" He looked at her distant expression. The night before, she wasn't like that when she moaned in pleasure; it was luscious, and proof she gave him her everything.

"Nothing. Do you give every woman you sleep with this gift?" she asked. Stella wondered why she said that, but she knew that she hated Miles for acting so nonchalantly. He took that necklace out so casually, so he obviously didn't prepare for it. Just like the women's clothes in his mansion.

Hence, he kept the necklace away, for he knew she wouldn't wear it. Miles fiddled with the box, looking pensive. "As I have said, you are no ordinary woman, Miss Johansson." Then, he put the necklace away.

Stella was flabbergasted. Did he say that? I don't remember it.

Before this, she remembered telling him she was someone who was easily swayed, but he said she wasn't. Ah, why do I care about that? For some reason, she just felt inexplicably infuriated at the sight of the necklace. Stella wanted to leave, but she realized they were on a hill, and being the first day of New Year, getting a ride was impossible.

Miles saw through her right away, so he took his car key and whistled along the way. Despite her annoyance, she still had to get into his car.

Since they had nothing to eat that morning, Stella was getting hungry. They went to Grand Restaurant to have a meal, and Stella's eyes darted around furtively, hoping nobody would recognize her as they ate.

They were back on the road after the meal, but Stella noticed it was not the way home. Even though the highways connected to her place, they weren't going in her house's direction. "Where are we going?" She panicked.

"To see the lights at Roland Street. It's New Year. You can't just be home alone," he answered, looking relaxed.

Stella was worried they might bump into someone they knew. "Can you not ruin my reputation? I'm bound to get scandalized."

Miles glanced at her, still firm with his decision. "It's not just your fault. He was in the wrong, and what he did was unforgivable."

Of course, Stella knew that, but she also knew that the court of public opinion didn't care.

Miles drove across Roland Street slowly, for the lights flanked the road. In the meantime, Stella was getting frustrated. She wasn't in the mood for sightseeing, but Miles looked around him, taking in the sights with interest; he didn't seem to be affected by her mood at all.

Everyone said the first day of New Year would tell the fate of that year. All of a sudden, Stella thought she knew the dark fate awaiting her, because she saw a middle-aged woman ahead who was seeing the lights. That woman was sauntering, but the sadness in her eyes couldn't be hidden—she was none other than Stella's mother-in-law.

Lizbeth was the one person Stella didn't want to meet the most at the moment. So the matter between me and him is going to be a big storm.

When Lizbeth glanced at the car, she saw Miles and Stella inside, since the car wasn't going fast.

Knowing that she had been noticed, Stella gritted her teeth, bracing herself for the storm to come.

Meanwhile, Miles didn't care about the pedestrians, but when he saw how terrified Stella was, he looked at where she was looking and saw Lizbeth. Hence, Miles glanced at Stella before getting out.

In the meantime, Stella rolled the window down to listen to the conversation. Before he spoke, Miles lit up a cigarette.

"Mr. Grant, don't you think it's scandalous for you, the president of Miles Conglomerate, to have an affair with a married woman? If you don't stop this, I will tell the Norths about your true colors," Lizbeth said indignantly, wanting nothing more than for everyone to seize the sl*t that was Stella.

"Is that so? Do it then. That's exactly what I want." After saying that, Miles went back to his car.

No matter what Miles had done, Lizbeth couldn't do anything to him, since he was a powerful man, but her gaze was set on the cheating woman—Stella Johansson. Ever since she slept with Miles, Stella had become the center of scandals.

Relationship problems were the easiest to turn into scandals, especially one that involved a president and a married woman. Nevertheless, Miles didn't care; he acted like what he did was natural. Well, it was natural anyway for him.

After that, Miles drove away. Stella saw Lizbeth, but she didn't go to greet her, which was rude. No matter what, Zane was jailed because of her, and she did cheat on him, but still, she couldn't bear to meet Lizbeth.

She didn't want it either though. With those complicated thoughts in mind, Stella buried her face in her hands. "Why did you cross her?" she grumbled.

"What? I can't cross her? Is she a bigshot?" Miles snapped back.

Stella was confused, but she knew it would be a rowdy year. Ever since she was reunited with Miles and had sex with him, their relationship was destined to be a storm.

When they reached the junction, Miles stopped and turned to the highway, then he drove away.

Once again, Stella noticed it wasn't the way to her home. "Where are we going?"

"Home. Since we've done it, let's go through with it." He sounded rather angry.

Wait, he wants me to stay in his home for the whole week of holiday? When they were about to go up the hill, she said, "Stop the car!"