

Chapter 51

Who Is Your Man?

Stella looked in the mirror when she got home that night; she wanted to see if she was lacking in any way with the vibe she exuded. Vibes were something related to someone's background, upbringing, education, and the people they came into contact with. Without doubt, Stella had lost to Yvonne on that front.

So Yvonne came right after I left his house. She's there whenever I am not. Yvonne is the one he loves; the one he protects to the end. At that thought, she smiled bitterly.

That night, Stella had a dream about her having sex with Miles. Miles was strong, feral, and powerful, but the woman wasn't her; it was Yvonne. Stella had never seen Yvonne before, and she couldn't see the woman in her dream clearly, but she knew it was Yvonne. Late in the night, she woke up from her dream, feeling despondent; Yvonne was haunting her once more.

The next day, she was exhausted, so she went a bit later than she normally would to the cafeteria for lunch. There was barely anyone left there, and there was a room beside the place where the employees would take their lunch. That room was where the leaders ate. After Stella had taken her lunch, the stall operator commented, "You're getting thinner, Stella. I thought your man was rich, so why do you look like you haven't eaten in ages?"

Since they were in the same company, the stall operator knew everything about everyone. Stella came from a rich family, and she was beautiful, so the stall operator knew about her. They were both married, so the joke was fine with them.

Initially, Stella wanted to give a vague answer and be done with it, but from the corner of her eyes, she noticed Miles walking slowly to the room. Hence, she smiled at the operator and replied, "Well, the man of the house is on a business trip, so I slimmed down."

"Get him to fatten you up once he's back then," the operator teased.

In response, Stella smiled, and she then went to a table to have her lunch. Throughout the process, she pretended she didn't see Miles, but she knew he had entered the room and closed the door.

Stella had lunch alone. When she went to take her lunch, she saw a few people in the room, and she thought Miles wouldn't come out anytime soon. Once she was done with lunch, Stella went back to the office. She didn't want to go home lately, for it was a lonely place. Hence, Stella worked overtime until late at night before leaving, but when she was going to the bus stop, Miles drove up to her. Instead of going to him, Stella went ahead, pretending not to see him.

"Aren't you getting in?" he asked.

"I'm taking the bus." She kept on walking.

Miles swerved his car, blocking Stella's way, and the light snow started turning heavier. It seemed that the snow wouldn't let up anytime soon. "Get in. I need to talk to you," he ordered.

Stella thought about it and went in. It was a hassle to wait for the bus, and the snow would congest the traffic anyway. Also, Stella wanted to know what he wanted to talk to her about. She wanted to know

why he wanted to sleep with a married woman despite having a girlfriend. Is he lonely? Or is it something else?

Instead of driving away after Stella came in, Miles smoked. Then, he drove to a street that was unfamiliar to Stella. "Did Matthew help you out that day?" he asked.

"Yes, he did." Stella looked outside, making sporadic conversation. At the mention of that, she wanted to know why Matthew knew she stayed the night at Miles' house previously. "How did he know I stayed the night at your place?" Stella was angered. She didn't want anyone to talk about it, not even Miles' good friend.

Suddenly, Miles stopped. He approached her, and Stella instinctively backed up against the door. The wiper stopped moving after the car had stopped, and the snow covered it. It was warm inside though. Now, Stella didn't know where they were, but there was barely anyone there. "You're giving me the cold shoulder because of that?" he whispered down her ear, his voice seductively sexy, making her heart pound harder and harder in spite of herself.

That wasn't the only reason, but she couldn't tell him the real reason. Being jealous of an unmarried couple's relationship when she was a married woman herself was something too scandalous. Hence, she denied it by saying, "I am not giving you the cold shoulder."

"Really? But you haven't contacted me these few days," he continued. Miles was a real casanova; women would fall helplessly for him, but he could play them like a fool, and that was exactly the part she hated about him.

"I've been busy. People keep calling me," she said.

In response, Miles smiled. He knew when she was telling the truth, and when she was lying. Before her, he had never mentioned anything about Yvonne, and he didn't know Stella had received a call from her. Also, he didn't know Yulia had told her what Yvonne looked like. Then, Miles wrapped his arm around her shoulder and abruptly started kissing her. "I've missed you," he whispered.

We're in a car. Stella had heard about car sex, but she never thought the day would come when she was involved in it. Trying to struggle her way out of his embrace, she thumped his back, asking him to let her go. She didn't want to get entangled with a man like him, but he hugged her tighter, and his hand slid down her shirt. When Stella felt that, she sneered silently. So he's missing these.

Before Stella could react, Miles had placed her on the backseat. Luckily, his car was big, and he quickly followed after her.

The car's engine was still roaring, and the car was still warm inside, so the mist on the windows was getting heavier. Miles pulled Stella's shirt up and approached her chest. Until now, she still didn't like the fact that she was cheating, but Stella resolved herself that day. She wanted to see what more he would want once she gave herself to him. Would he miss me?

He hugged her, but she remained frowning. All through the process, Stella said nothing, nor did she moan. They were on the streets after all, which wasn't a good place to moan. Miles thrust it into her unexpectedly, and she held his neck. As they panted, Miles asked, "Who's the man of your house, huh?"

He hated her for saying that in the afternoon. After all, Stella hated him for not contacting her, and he shared the same sentiment. However, Stella remained quiet at his question.

Miles' fingers interlocked with hers, and he could feel that her hands were cold. "Are you cold?" he asked.

"You don't say." Stella grumbled. You stripped me bare. Of course I'm cold.

Hence, he looked at her before taking his shirt off and covering her with it. Then, he held her hands and rubbed them. That action melted Stella's heart; all she wanted for her next relationship was the little things like those. But is he my next love though? With that thought in mind, Stella huddled closer to him, squinting.

Meanwhile, Miles said nothing. They spent a long time in the car before he drove her home.

The next day, Kevin told her Miles needed someone from the design department to meet an important foreign client. He recommended Stella to him, since he knew not a word of English, whereas Stella, at least, passed CET6.

"But lots of our colleagues passed CET6. I'm not the only one." Stella was in a dilemma, for she wanted to stay away from Miles in public events. Hence, she wondered if Kevin did it on purpose, or if Miles was behind it.

"This is an important event. I want my own people to be there. Be smart," Kevin chided.

Upon hearing that, Stella thought, Oh, so he has his own reasons.

This time, Kevin did all he could so Stella could shine. He gave her the detailed design for the project and explained many jargon to her. Most of those words were ones that she had never heard of before; some she did, but she knew not of their meaning. To ensure that Stella wouldn't embarrass him, Kevin put in three hundred percent effort, since everyone knew she was his disciple as well.

Stella was a studious one, and she was proficient in English, so she worked her *ss off over the next few days. Just so that she could have a better chance to get the project, she was even memorizing the words in her dreams. She couldn't let Kevin down. When the day came, she went to Miles' office, filled with ambition and trepidation.

"I knew it'd be you," Miles said.

To that, Stella said nothing. However, she was wondering why Miles said that. Then, she remembered the year-end party. She knew it wasn't by chance she got chosen to be his dance partner. After she thought about it, she knew Kevin didn't send her by chance either, but that line of thinking made her look paranoid though. "Will the client come to Hollowcrest, or are we going overseas, Mr. Grant?" she asked.

"We're going overseas," he answered calmly.

"Huh?"

Miles looked up after she gasped. "Anything wrong with that? Are you unwilling to go with me?"

“N-No. I just think this is surprising. I’ve never gone on a business trip with my boss before, so...” Stella was getting cold feet. Will we sleep in the same room if we go on a business trip together? Zane’s still in jail at the moment. If we do that, we’d be in hot soup.

“You’re going to be explaining the content in detail, and you’re responsible for the translating work. Are you ready?” he asked. “The admin department booked a ticket for two days later. Our destination is America.”

When Stella heard that, she nodded nervously.