

## Chapter 54

### Who Am I to You

Miles looked pensive.

Stella received a text from the property manager asking her to pay her maintenance fees. It would cost her twenty-six thousand. Zane was the one handling that matter when he wasn't jailed, and Stella never cared about it. She didn't know she had to pay that much, until that message reminded her. She didn't have money for it though, and asking for a loan from her colleague would look bad. Her reputation would be marred no matter whether they'd lend it or not.

When she was in that dilemma, Stella heard her colleagues whispering about.

"President Miles is here."

Her heart started to race. He's back? She quickly put the card down and went back to work.

Miles came for Kevin. From the corner of her eye, she could see them engaging in quiet discussion. She didn't know what they were talking about, and she didn't know a lot of things, but she was excited. It had been ten days since she saw him. Even though he was taken, she was fine with just looking at him from afar.

Miles seemed to be looking at her, but she didn't look at him, for she was nervous and wracked by guilt. Miles went around the office and paused for a moment when he went past her, but she didn't think much about it.

After he was gone, she realized the card he gave her was on full display on her desk. Oh, sh\*t. Her heart skipped a beat. He must've thought I'm trying to get the money.

She wasn't surprised he knew she was facing a financial crisis. Miles knew a lot about her matters. When she wore the Burberry coat she just bought to work, Miles was already giving her a look when they met in the elevator.

At that time, Stella was confused about the look he gave her, but after what happened, she realized what he was trying to say. He must be thinking: "Oh, buying a coat with your whole salary? Let's see how you're going to survive this month." Damn, that's embarrassing, but I have bills to pay. I'd rather borrow from him than anyone else. I have the card, so all I need now is the password. How should I tell him though? Since he knew she had the card, Stella decided to ask him.

She organized her words in her head before sending a text carefully, 'President Grant, I saw a card when I took the bonus from the red envelope. May I know the password?' Stella didn't mention the fact she knew she was the only one who had the card. It'd make asking for the password look natural. Nobody had to know she had preferential treatment.

'It's my birthday,' he replied a moment later.

That stumped her. When is his birthday? I don't know. 'When's your birthday?' she asked again.

'Look into it yourself.'

She asked her colleagues, but none knew his birthday. Only the finance department had his ID copy. It was to make it easier for his staff to register for events or make reports, but unfortunately, Stella didn't know anyone from the finance department. She asked Kevin about it in passing, but he didn't know either, which flummoxed her. Is his birthday a big secret? She would have never expected the one to tell her the answer to be Yvonne North.

That day, Stella went to purchase some papers and pencils at the behest of Kevin. The administrative department would usually do that kind of job, but since their stock was out, Stella was asked to purchase some from the stationery shop to tide them over.

When Stella came down to the first floor from the design department, Yvonne was seen waiting for the elevator. Nobody told her that the woman was Yvonne, but she just knew.

Yvonne peered at her. She could see that the woman who just came out from the elevator was the one who slept with Miles a few days ago. Jealousy, spite, and disdain flashed across her eyes, and she arched her eyebrows, snorting.

Irked by her snort, Stella decided to cross the line. "Hello, Miss North. Do you know when President Grant's birthday is?"

Yvonne was surprised at how shameless Stella was. She should be giving me a wide berth after sleeping with Miles. How dare she ask me his birthday openly? She stepped between the elevator door, stopping it from closing, and Yvonne crossed her arms as she answered arrogantly, "25th of January. It's come and gone. Why? Want to please him?"

"Nope. But thank you." Then Stella left. Stella wondered why she did that. She was like a mistress who was flaunting her sex session with someone else's husband in front of said husband's wife. She looked like she was trying to intimidate Yvonne.

Yvonne snorted, then the elevator doors closed.

On the way to purchase the stationery, Stella remembered that she did it with Miles on the 25th of January. So that was his birthday? But he didn't tell me, and I got ravaged even. After coming back from the purchase, she bumped into Miles and Yvonne in the lobby. They looked like they were going somewhere.

Miles looked at her with a knowing gaze, as if he could see whatever she did. He put his hand in his pocket and went ahead swiftly, but before he left, he gave her a cryptic look, though he said nothing, shocking Stella very much.

Yvonne followed after him, rolling her eyes when she saw Stella, then she trotted ahead. Stella's eyes glimmered, and she went back to the office without thinking much about them. After finding out Miles' birthday, she went to check the account and saw that she had five hundred grand to spend. It was a huge amount of money for an employee like her.

She paid the maintenance fee with the money without feeling a hint of guilt, for she knew she'd have to pay him back sooner or later.

The police station in Murdough called Stella on one February morning, telling her to prepare the clothes for Zane, since the season would change soon. She agreed, for that was a wife's duty. After applying for

a day off, coupled with the weekend, she had a three-day break, thus went to Murdough. And to her surprise, Zane was willing to see her. When he asked her about her relationship with Miles, she blushed. "Superior-subordinate relationship. Nothing more."

He smirked. "Nothing more? My mother told me what happened. Even though she's making accusations, pressuring you is normal. You are a married woman."

Zane was mocking her. He couldn't control her when he was in jail, so all he could do was play mind games. He knew Stella as a traditional woman who wouldn't cross the line. But unbeknownst to him, that traditional woman had crossed the line and even smashed it a few times. Sure, Miles coerced her, but she didn't refuse. She liked men who could perform like Miles in bed.

"Also, you're going to run into trouble alone. My card's in the bedside cabinet. That's not the only one. I'll get the officer to give them to you so you don't have to beg that b\*stard for money. He'll get you to sleep with him if you ask him for help." Returning the handset, Zane hung up and left.

Stella was dumbfounded. She knew Zane was worried about her, and the money came just in time. After she came back, Stella took the maintenance fee money from his account and paid it back to Miles. That afternoon, she went to give him back the card in his office. "Here's your card, President Grant. Everyone said they don't have one, so I can't take this. Here." She put the card on his desk.

Miles looked up at her, and she looked back at him. "Do you know how much money is in it?" he asked.

I can't let him know I spent his money. "No. I didn't check."

"Really?" He smiled, but it sent a chill down Stella's spine. There was also that time when he looked at her while he was with Yvonne. Stella had the feeling that he knew all her lies, but he wouldn't expose her, for he'd wait for her to expose herself. The more she talked to him, the more scheming he was to her. He's dangerous. She nodded, but with guilt.

"Who am I to you?" he suddenly asked.

It was a weird question, and she was caught by surprise. She never thought about who he was to her. "M-My boss." But that's not just it. Nobody sleeps with their boss.

Miles snorted. "I don't care if you think I'm your lover or side dude, but I don't want you to do everything just to pay back the twenty thousand you spent. Take this card back."

Stella was even more confused, and she was vexed. Lover? Side dude? Those don't sound good. Also, how did he know I spent twenty thousand? And how did he know I paid him back? Is this card bound to his phone? Does he know every transaction I make? Sh\*t. I shot myself in the foot. And I told him I didn't even check the account. Look what happened now.

"No. Zane gave me money. We're still legally married no matter what. The mansion is his property, so it's normal for him to pay," Stella blurted in panic.

She was scared that she'd become Miles' mistress once she took the money, turning out exactly like how Zane said it would. At that point, sex would be for nothing but money. She couldn't have that.

Miles looked at her, judging her, much to her discomfort. Then he asked, "How did you find out about my birthday?"

