

## Chapter 55

### The One You Love Is Divorced

"I asked someone." Stella craned her neck, looking like a proud little cat.

"Who did you ask?" Miles kept asking. He had a look that said 'I'm gobbling you up.' His voice was as seductive as always, and as deep as he was handsome.

Stella's face turned scarlet, but she didn't answer. The answer was an absolute taboo for her.

Miles inched closer to her, lifting her chin up. "You can ask anyone else, but you chose her. What's the meaning of this? Are you challenging me?"

He exposed her. So she told him. He wouldn't know otherwise. No wonder he looked at me that way that day. And what is he trying to say? Not to approach his girlfriend? To know my place as a mistress?

Stella felt like she couldn't keep anything a secret from him. He knew every thought she had, just like how he knew every inch of her body when they were in bed, as well as her every weakness. The more she knew him, the scarier he was, but that was also why she fell even further, for she couldn't understand him.

It was as if he was hiding behind the veil, and the more she couldn't see, the more she wanted to see. Stella pulled his hand away. "You're imagining things, President Grant. I saw her coming up when I went down that day. I asked Mr. Moore, but he said he doesn't know, and I don't know anyone from finance. Since I bumped into her, I asked her. Nothing more, nothing less."

He stared at her for a while. "You may go." He called her something at the end of it, but she didn't hear it clearly. It wasn't her name though. She would know it if it was her name. What did he call me though? No. Not going to ask. Then Stella was let go.

Nowadays, she felt scared every time she went to see Miles. She had a feeling Miles was taking everything from her, and he could see her every thought.

It was lunch time when Stella came back. She brought her own lunch and heated it with a microwave oven. There were a few in the corridor, but most of the employees brought their own lunch, so there was a line. When it was her turn, she set it to five minutes.

Waiting was boring. She scrolled through her phone to stave off boredom, but the signal in the corridor was bad. Wi-Fi was weak, and 4G was unusable. Her app kept telling her there was no network connection, so she could see nothing. Left with nothing to do, Stella opened her photos app.

She seldom took selfies, so most of the photos were of scenery. And all of them were just on-site visits for their workshop. Nobody was there, and the scenery wasn't pretty either. However, as she scrolled further, she then saw the photo of a man—and not just any man—but Matthew. It was a clear photo of him smiling radiantly. She frowned. When did I take this photo? Then the microwave dinged, and her lunch was ready.

She stuffed her phone in her pocket before taking her lunch. When she bent over, her phone slipped out of her pocket, and one of her female colleagues picked it up for her. Her seat was right beside Stella's,

and they chatted quite a lot usually. Her gaze merely swept across Stella's phone before she saw the photo in it.

She beamed, as if finding a great discovery. The colleagues knew what happened to Stella, and they knew about Zane's incarceration. Stella didn't tell them the reason, but everyone had their own guesses. You can't keep a secret forever. Everyone was telling her to date a new guy, since she was effectively single. "Oh, so is this the guy you like, Stella? Not bad. He's sunny, ooh, and handsome too." Her colleague teased Stella, and she looked at the photo with interest.

But then she shut up, for she saw someone going past her. She thought it was weird that Miles kept coming to their department despite it not being on the same floor as his office. She stood there, stunned, neglecting to put the phone down. Then she greeted, "Hello, President Grant."

Miles grunted before going into the design department's office.

Stella was fiddling with her lunch box. It was piping hot. She thought she heard her colleague greeting Miles, and she asked, "Was I hearing things? Did you call out to someone?"

"Yeah. The president. He just went into our department's office. Maybe he's there to talk about a project with Mr. Moore." Stella's colleague still wanted to talk about Matthew, and she grinned. "So tell me, you ditched your husband because you like this handsome chap? Going to date him once the divorce is done?"

"Oh my god, no." Stella took her lunch box. Matthew was a married man, and he was Miles' friend. She wondered why Miles came to their office though. "Doesn't President Grant get hungry? He never eats, and he keeps coming to our department."

Then she went back to the office and almost bumped into someone. She looked up to see who it was just to meet Miles' eyes. Oops. Awkward.

"I've had my lunch. I'm here for an important design," Miles answered her coldly.

Stella stared at him, and a while later, she said, "Oh." Then she left with her colleague, feeling awkward.

"So tell me. Do you like this guy?" The colleague was relentless.

Lisa came over at that moment. She was having her lunch in the company too. Stella's seat was near the window, and it was warm and fuzzy, so everyone loved to huddle closer when it was lunch time. "No. Miss Johansson likes someone else," Lisa quipped.

The colleague teased, "Oh, so you really like someone else, huh?"

Stella felt awkward, worried that Lisa might tell her colleague about what she saw. It was time to work after lunch, but Stella received a text. 'The man you like is divorced.' She couldn't believe Miles sent that. He heard everything we talked about just now?

Oh no. This is all because of that photo. When she looked at it, Stella recalled that she put her phone on Miles' sofa during New Year's Eve. It must be Zack. He must have been the one who took his dad's photo and caused this. She didn't reply to Miles.

But he was fine a few days ago. Now Matthew's divorced? That's quick. Stella thought it was inappropriate to have a man's photo in her phone. If someone else misunderstood her again, she would never live it down. She wanted to delete it, but the photo was taken at a good angle, and Matthew had that fatherly smile on him. It's a pity if I delete it just like this.

She then sent the picture to Matthew, since Zachariah was the one who took it. She texted, 'Your son took a photo of you with my phone. I think I should send this to you.' She deleted the photo after sending it.

A while later, Matthew replied, 'I like it. Brings tears to my eyes.'

Stella smiled. That's him alright. She couldn't understand their relationship though. Brings tears to my eyes? That's some hyperbole.

Korbin asked her over for dinner that night, much to Stella's unrest. He must have something to ask from me. She seldom saw her father after Zane's incarceration, and she wondered what he would ask from her.

When she saw that Korbin had ordered her favorite food, she knew her father's request would be hard to accomplish.

A while of small chat later, he told her why he asked her over for dinner. Korbin wanted her to ask Miles to take out all the money he invested in Zane's company. Since Zane was in jail, he couldn't manage the company, and that affected Korbin's profit. He wanted to cut his losses before everything went bust. After all, he had most of his money in there.

Stella was stupefied. "Why should I ask for his help? He's just my boss."

Korbin looked at her. "I had a guess about your relationship with him, and Lizbeth had asked me to keep an eye on you. I know what my daughter is like, so I know that you have an affair with him." He sipped his wine.

Stella was embarrassed and also angered by her father's lack of backbone. Is money that important? Because of money, he had Miles watch as Zane and I toasted each other, and now after Zane's jailed, he wants me to ask for Miles' help? Doesn't he know this makes things awkward? "I can't do it." Stella picked up her bag and left. Her father kept toeing the line after her mother's death. When she was alive, he wouldn't go that far.

"I'll do it if you won't. I've looked into the relationship between the Norths and Miles Grant. Miles Grant and Yvonne North have a marriage contract. I know he'll help me if I ask for it. No, wait, I'm not asking him. I'm threatening him," Korbin mocked, and Stella closed her eyes.

Why do I have a father like this? She thought her father was just making empty threats and wouldn't come through with it.

But everything he said stabbed at her heart, putting her in agony, numbing her mind. He has a marriage contract? If he does, then why is he even having an affair with me?