

Chapter 62

Girlfriend, Mine

However, that won't really work either. The villa is a huge property, so the creditors will know once it changes hands. At that time, the money will probably be snatched off by them before it could be used for Lizbeth's treatment. While I feel obliged to ensure that she gets treatment, I'm not obligated to repay Zane's debts on his behalf. After turning it over in her mind, Stella decided that she could only take out a loan first before paying it back in the future.

Alaric tried his best to secure some funds, but he could only manage 20,000, and that included his retirement funds.

Stella turned to her father for a loan, but her father's reply was very simple: "A loan for your ex-mother-in-law to undergo treatment? Does she have the ability to pay me back?" He didn't sound the slightest bit sympathetic, casting her aside when she'd served her purpose.

She ruminated on it, but she couldn't think of anyone who could lend her such a huge sum of money at once except Miles. But it's a million! How am I supposed to blurt it out? It'll be great if he's willing to lend me the money, but if otherwise, how am I to interact with him henceforth? As she pondered, her cell phone dinged with a WhatsApp message. Surprisingly, it was from Miles. 'Come to my office after work.' Inwardly, she mused, Why is he asking me to go to his office?

After work, she went to his office. "You're short of money?" Miles queried.

"How did you know that?" Stella exclaimed.

"How much do you need?" Miles asked without answering her question.

"About a million in total. As you know, a cancer patient—" Stella wanted to explain further to prove that she wasn't simply asking for a million.

However, Miles had already issued a check on his table. "Take this. Tell me if you need more."

Stella was bamboozled. Isn't this just too simple? She'd thought that he would chide her for being nosy to interfere in her ex-husband's mother's affairs and take out a loan for her, but he didn't say anything. This had her feeling all the more bewildered. To her surprise, the figure indicated on the check was 1.2 million. He gave me an extra 200,000!

She felt rather touched, and she finally understood why so many women were eager to marry an affluent man. It doesn't seem like anything during easy times, but once an illness befalls, it's truly timely help. "Thank you. I'll pay you back," she said courteously.

"Pay me back? How are you going to pay me back?" Miles questioned intriguingly as he lifted his head.

Only then did Stella realize what she'd said. It was simply a token utterance when she said she'd pay him back earlier. It stood to reason that a debt was to be repaid, so it'd reassure the person even if one couldn't repay the debt for the time being. But on second thought, a million is tantamount to a king's ransom to me. It seems that money is always an issue between us, and I truly abhor a relationship that is tainted with money! "I... will repay you slowly," she murmured. Then she left.

On her way home, she kept contemplating how she was going to repay him. Looking at the entire Miles Conglomerate, the most profitable departments are the international department and sales department. Those in the international department are generally prodigies in foreign languages, geniuses among top students who have a gift for foreign languages since young. They're involved in international projects, so their income is naturally high, but I'm no match for them.

The other one was the sales department that didn't require foreign language skills, merely some professional skills to woo clients. Besides, she'd also listened to Miles' speech and Lisa's compliments the other time, so she felt that switching over to the sales department was a good idea. Those in the sales department either drive a BMW or Mercedes-Benz, so the design department's fixed salary is far beneath that.

However, transferring departments was no trivial matter. I can't let Mr. Kevin Moore know about this, else he'd surely think that I'm betraying his teaching and guidance. Besides, Miles has to approve it at the end of the day. Hence, Stella decided to ask for his opinion first since it'd be mortifying if she'd gotten past everyone only to be denied by him in the end. She sent him a WhatsApp message that read, 'President Grant, I'd like to switch to the sales department. What do you think?'

Then, she anxiously waited for his reply. She'd initially thought that he'd either answer with a yes or no, but he unexpectedly replied, 'Accompany me someplace tomorrow night. There's no need to dress up.'

This request was without rhyme or reason, so she even suspected that he didn't read her WhatsApp message. Plus, he didn't even ask me anything about my reasons for requesting a transfer to the sales department. Is it because he knows my thoughts? she wondered.

Puzzled as to the event she was attending tomorrow and her capacity in doing so since it was after working hours, she inquired, 'In what capacity?'

'Girlfriend, mine.'

The moment Stella caught sight of these two words, her heartbeat actually stopped. I certainly wasn't pressing him into saying this when I asked that question earlier. Furthermore, he even emphasized 'mine' after the comma. Is this an elevation of our relationship? Nonetheless, she didn't dwell upon it. After all, we've still got a long road ahead of us, and no one knows how it'll end.

The next day, Stella wore her usual clothes. However, her style was superb, so she was more beautiful than others even without dressing up. When she got off work, she received a WhatsApp message from Miles. 'Wait for me at the basement parking.'

She obediently did as told, only to be greeted by the sight of Miles in the car with the engine running while he smoked a cigarette. As she trotted over, his gaze was fixed on her. After she'd climbed into the car, he said nothing even as the car drove out of the basement parking and headed toward the suburbs. Fear struck her that he'd again pounce on her in the car. But his expression is cool, and he doesn't seem as though he's gripped by desire.

Miles drove up to the entrance of a clubhouse before he told her to alight from the car. Only when they stepped foot into the place did Stella realize that it was a salacious establishment with people drinking and mingling amidst neon lights flashing as they enjoyed themselves in the night. She glanced at Miles,

all the more perplexed about this man before her. Never had I been to such a place or even thought of doing so.

When several people spotted him, they came over to greet him. "You're here, President Grant?" Miles replied them all, one by one.

Looks like he's a frequent patron here.

Subsequently, he entered a private room whereby a few people were already waiting. Some were bald, while others had a beer belly, but they all appeared wealthy. Their curiosity was piqued upon seeing that Miles had brought Stella, but no one asked who she was since women who came here were generally dressed to the nines or playing up their sensuality. This woman is sensual, but she's not playing it up, so her appearance here is quite the mystery.

The door then swung open, and a few women came in. Stella cast Miles a puzzled glance, but he didn't look at her nor the door as though he knew everything that was going to happen. Although his mood seems to fluctuate, no one can change his preferences and decision, she mused.

The few women's boobs were all but hanging out, and they sat down beside the few presidents. As they spoke seductively, they continued to toast the men. Meanwhile, Stella stared at the scene before her in bamboozlement. The few women then whispered to the men flirtatiously, but she couldn't hear what was said.

At this time, one of the men stood up and toasted Stella. Shaking in fear and trepidation, Stella downed a glass of wine in a single go. Miles, on the other hand, merely sat there without saying a single word.

The moment the man saw the way she guzzled the wine, he knew that she was a novice. Miles Grant didn't bother when she drank, so she probably doesn't have much of a relationship with him, he thought. Thus, he grew emboldened and wanted to toast her again.

Awkwardness manifested on Stella's face. If I drink another glass, I'm going to get intoxicated. But in the next moment, Miles got to his feet and placed a hand over her wine glass. "President Llewellyn, all my girlfriend can have is a single glass of wine. I don't allow her to drink any more than that."

When Stella heard the word 'girlfriend,' a wealth of warmth suffused her, and she furtively lifted her head to steal a glance at him.

The man known as President Llewellyn turned a tad embarrassed. "Oh, she's your girlfriend, President Grant? It's good that you brought her here to expand her horizons," he blurted. Miles said nothing, so he slinked back to his seat.

When they got into the car, Stella felt a smidge nauseous, but Miles didn't seem to have the slightest bit of sympathy for her. "Do you still want to do sales?" he questioned.

Her countenance pale, Stella clamped a hand over her mouth. "What has this got to do with doing sales?"

"Those women who came in were pushing for sales. After we leave, they probably have to stay and accompany those men. They might keep them company until dawn, and I don't think you need me to

tell you what they'll be doing. Also, your alcohol tolerance isn't suitable to do sales." Miles' gaze swept over her pale face.

Stella's mind was hazy. A woman has to sell herself when she does sales? I've read a lot, so I know that many women depend on their own ability to climb up the ranks unrelentingly. Plus, I don't believe that the many female sales representatives in our company are selling themselves. "I don't believe that all women do so!" she asserted stubbornly. "There are also many—"

"Of course, many rely on their own capability and crawl to the top step by step. Those women in the clubhouse won't be able to go far or long, but things will be more difficult for the former. Furthermore, your looks..." Miles trailed off as he rested his elbow on the gearshift and studied her face that was slowly turning red.

Understanding gradually dawned upon Stella. My looks will inevitably lead to people thinking that I'm rising in the ranks by selling myself. "I know. However, I also know that there'll be someone teaching me how to succeed without selling myself," she countered, emphasizing every single word.

"Who's that?" Miles queried casually as he got ready to start the engine.

"You!" Stella stared at him solemnly.

At this, Miles chuckled. "You're forcing my hand?"

"Nope. You won't just look on as your girlfriend is forced to sell herself, no?" Stella threw the question back at him.

"You're determined to do sales, then?" Miles asked.

Stella nodded gravely. "Yes."

In response, Miles merely smiled without saying anything.

Tonight was the first time Stella had ever seen him smiling so much. It's not distinct laughter, but his smile is truly beguiling. Compared to a woman's captivating allure, his smile has captivated my heart instead.