

## Chapter 64

### Either Do It or Buzz Off

Xavier's words were rather tactful, implying that Stella should at least treat him to a meal since she'd gotten a commission. She'd hesitate if it were his treat, but since he was asking her for a treat, she'd appear stingy if she were to decline. Thus, she agreed readily despite having gotten nary a penny.

That night, she dressed as usual and went to the agreed-upon venue. She'd thought that conversation would be sparse, but Xavier was an extremely charismatic person and talked about his hometown, the local specialties, and the quaint small town. His descriptions actually riveted her, and she listened to him with both cheeks propped on her hands even as she yearned to visit the place.

Very quickly, they finished eating. Stella wanted to hail a taxi home, but Xavier offered to give her a lift. At this, she hurriedly waved a dismissive hand. "No, no, it's okay. I'll just hail a taxi home." If he knows where I live, what if he then harasses me in the future? Perhaps it was an unnecessary worry, but she'd received love letters from male classmates ever since young throughout her life, so such wariness was instinct.

"It happens to be on my way, so no worries," Xavier said to Stella at the side while sitting in his car.

"I'm divorced," Stella blurted. What she meant was that a divorcee should keep some distance from men.

"That's one less thing to worry about, so why the hesitation?" Xavier asked with a chuckle.

Having no other choice, Stella got into his car since it was also difficult to get a taxi here.

"Many women nowadays are doing what only married women ought to be doing, anyway. I never expected you to be such a traditional person."

This ordinary remark had Stella's face flushing bright red. Dang! I'm now the one who read too much into things! The entire drive was spent in silence until they arrived at her house. The place she rented was in an old community where the rent was cheaper. The building was in the alley which a car couldn't enter, so she requested that he stop by the roadside.

Just when she'd gotten out of the car, she stepped onto the curb and stumbled. Her ankle twisted, and pain shot up her leg. Moreover, she'd just bought these shoes a few days ago at 200, so the heels were flimsy considering the fact that the price of her shoes had plummeted from a few thousand to 200 ever since she knew that she was no longer well-off. The heel dangled from the shoe, a moment away from falling off. As this was the first time she'd ever encountered such a situation in her life, she was naturally embarrassed.

Upon noticing her mortified expression, Xavier promptly asked her what was wrong.

"Everything's fine." The moment Stella finished saying this, her body tilted to the side, and she almost fell.

Noticing something amiss, Xavier alighted from the car. Although Stella had tried her best to conceal her embarrassment, she didn't quite manage it. Surprisingly, his mood lifted a notch when he noticed the

slip-up. The usually calm and unruffled Miss Johansson actually suffers such incidents! “Here, I’ll help you upstairs,” he suggested.

While it’s spring, it’s still quite chilly, so it wouldn’t be appropriate for me to take off my shoes. Fine, I’ll just let him help me since he has already sent me home this far. If I decline, I’ll appear arrogant, Stella mused.

Subsequently, Xavier wrapped an arm around her shoulder and helped her to the elevator step by step.

Unbeknownst to Stella, a car had been parked at the other end of the road this entire time. After all, the streetlights in this area were dim. Miles was smoking a cigarette in the car, his eyes narrowed as he pinned his gaze on the situation from afar. He didn’t know what had happened to Stella since she put up an excellent front, but he could see Xavier helping her into the alley. He had no inkling what happened thereafter, nor did he want to know, so he sped away.

“You can leave now, President Daniels,” Stella said in front of the elevator, afraid of an unfamiliar man entering her house when she was alone.

However, Xavier merely smiled without saying anything. When the elevator arrived, he followed her in, rendering her at a loss for words.

When they reached Stella’s house, she changed into slippers before murmuring, “I don’t have any men’s slippers here, so you don’t need to change your shoes.” Then, she plopped down on the sofa.

Xavier walked over to her and crouched before her. Picking up her foot, he started massaging it, stunning Stella since no one had ever massaged her foot thus far. When he slipped off her socks, her ankle was noticeably red and swollen. “Does it hurt?” he asked, looking up at her.

“Not really. I don’t feel much pain, so it’ll probably be fine after a few days.”

Xavier was silent as he continued massaging her foot, tarrying for so long that Stella grew embarrassed. When he was done, he snagged his jacket from the side and left.

Thereafter, Stella glanced at the time. He massaged me for 20 minutes! His hands are truly strong. After deliberating for a moment, she sent him a WhatsApp message. ‘Thank you.’ He might have been driving, for he didn’t reply.

The next day, Stella wore flats to work. Before she’d even sat down, she received a WhatsApp message from Miles. ‘Accompany me to a socializing event tonight.’ She was taken aback for a moment. Why is he always asking me to socialize with him? Even if he needs someone with him, I’m not high up enough on the ladder. There’s the sales director, not to mention his secretary. Plus, my alcohol tolerance is low, so I can’t drink on his behalf. Nevertheless, he was still the boss, so she merely replied with a single word—‘Okay.’

When she got into Miles’ car at night, he said nothing throughout the entire drive, so she didn’t know what to say either.

In regards to their relationship, he’d said that she was his ‘girlfriend,’ but he’d never confessed his feelings to her personally; the first time he’d mentioned it was through WhatsApp, and the second time was to someone else. Furthermore, no one in the company ever brought up their relationship.

The two of them went to socialize with a company that seemed to be a supplier of Miles Conglomerate. There weren't many people in the private room the other party had reserved. Miles didn't bother to introduce Stella, and when the host mentioned the supply of materials, he declined to comment.

Thus, one of the men sauntered over to Stella and peered down her neckline. Never having expected such a move, her expression turned panicked for a moment. Fortunately, she was wearing a shirt, so the neckline was high, and he couldn't see anything even if he wanted to steal a peek.

Then, the slimy middle-aged man toasted her. She actually couldn't drink, so she cast Miles a helpless gaze, hoping that he'd help her out since he helped her at the clubhouse the other time. However, Miles didn't notice her imploring gaze though she couldn't be sure whether he truly didn't see it or deliberately feigned ignorance. Anyhow, she was truly at a loss. The moment she took a sip, she started coughing as the Yukon Jack with 50% ABV stung and went up to her head.

When the slimy middle-aged man saw such a reaction from her, he grew all the more excited as though he'd seen a virgin. "Why don't we go to the karaoke lounge together later, Miss Johansson?" he urged, his eyes shifty.

"It's okay. She still has business to attend with me later." Miles finally tilted his head and helped Stella decline the invitation.

Initially, everyone thought that Stella was an ordinary female employee when Miles brought her here tonight. She was very beautiful, so they thought that she was familiar with the rules at a drinking party, but she was unexpectedly ignorant. Now that Miles had spoken, they all lost interest.

Stella then settled down. When they'd finished discussing supplies after eating and drinking, Miles left with Stella since the specific details of the contract had to be talked over with the legal department.

Because she'd taken a sip of Jack Yukon, Stella's mind was still hazy, and she wound down the car window.

"Do you still want to do sales?" Miles stopped the car by the roadside. He seemed a second away from taking out a cigarette, but when he glimpsed Stella's condition, he stifled the urge.

Stella caught this imperceptible movement. He seems to smoke quite a lot. Her heart clenched. "Yup." She couldn't quite figure out his motive tonight.

Sneering, Miles turned to her. "You can't even fend off sexual harassment, so how are you going to be a sales representative? Men will want to bed you after giving you some benefit, and you don't even seem to have any intention to resist. How are you going to do sales? Fortunately, you didn't get any money. If you truly took the money, are you going to climb into bed with him at once?"

Stella startled, not quite understanding what he meant. There seems to be an underlying meaning to his words, but I just can't make out what he's trying to say. "I'm chaste. If others have malicious intentions, I—"

She still wanted to explain further, but Miles cut her off in the next instance. "Go back to the design department tomorrow."

"But..." Stella countered, "I don't want to go back. I want to do sales."

At this time, Miles had moved his hand to the gearshift and was on the verge of starting the engine. Frowning slightly, he snapped, "Either do it or buzz off! Choose yourself!" Then, the car sped off.

Stella's face burned hotly. No one had ever said such a thing to me in my entire life. How could he use a word as crass as 'buzz off' with me? Her heart plunged to rock bottom. She kept mum throughout the drive, her lip tightly pressed together as tears swam in her eyes. Inwardly, she wondered, Who am I exactly to him? How could he treat me in such a manner? Is the word 'girlfriend' empty talk?

When they arrived at her house, she alighted from the car and forced out four words from her throat—"Thank you, President Grant." Then, she left.

The moment she got back home, she flung herself onto the bed and wept. Never had I thought that he'd be the first person who tears into me in my life!

As she was crying, a message came from Yulia. 'Stella, did Xavier Daniels tell you this? He's been demoted by the headquarters! He's now the sales director. I wonder who he offended who's so powerful that he's been dragged down from the position of general manager of Sino Corporation to sales director. My company has been in shock these few days.' Nonetheless, she didn't think much of it.

The next day, Stella returned to the design department with her tail tucked between her legs. Mr. Kevin Moore seemingly gloated over her misfortune, saying, "I've told you long ago that you should be doing design." This had her feeling rather embarrassed.

Lisa's desk was a distance away from Stella's, so she sent her a WhatsApp message. 'You're back? This is great as we can now work together again!'

Stella didn't tell her the reason she came back. After all, she didn't get a single penny and was even reprimanded by Miles. I don't want to see Miles Grant anymore in this lifetime! She replied with a simple utterance, 'Yup, I'm back.'