

Chapter 65

He's Getting Married

'No surprise there. How could the president possibly allow his woman to do sales?' Lisa replied.

Stella didn't quite understand this remark. What does it mean by 'the president's own woman'? And what's wrong with doing sales?

However, before she could even catch her breath in the design department, Kevin sought her out, saying that renovations for the landscape she'd designed with him a few days ago had been completed, so he was waiting for the president to check and approve it. She'd only been at the sales department for a handful of days, so she naturally knew all about the landscape. The landscape was very spacious, so the effect was incredibly stunning with the former's design concept of a traditional painting vista. Hence, she went with him though she'd been in a bad mood these few days.

Miles hadn't yet arrived when they both reached, so Stella wandered around the various rooms. Kevin, on the other hand, vanished to parts unknown.

As she stood by the back window in Celestial Room, the front and back doors were open, so a breeze brushed past. From her position, she could see the lush bamboo forest at the back, the ancient style shining through strongly. Poking her head out the quaint window, she basked in the chirping of birds and the fragrance of flowers outside. At this time, she heard faint voices drifting over. She initially paid no attention to them, but her eyes snapped open when the voices drew nearer. On a closer look, it was actually Miles.

Miles was talking to Kevin, but he then tilted his head and caught sight of her. Stella, however, pretended that she hadn't seen him, turning her head to the other side. Then, Miles continued talking with Kevin and walked past her.

When Stella exited Celestial Room, she saw no sign of Kevin, merely spotting Miles smoking under a tree with a hand in his pocket, cigarette smoke lingering around him. He truly smokes a lot. She was planning to surreptitiously sneak past him, but a voice then rang out from behind her. "Stop right there." All at once, she stopped in her tracks, and the man then turned around. "It's rather beautiful. You designed this?"

This was the first time Miles had ever complimented her, so she naturally felt a wealth of warmth within her. She nodded and said, "Yup."

Lifting a hand, Miles placed it at the side of her face and tucked the scattered hair behind her ear. Amidst the chirping of birds and the fragrance of flowers, Stella dipped her head a fraction, a blush staining her cheeks. As Miles stared at her, a smile actually bloomed on his face. "Have you ever shown such an expression to another man?" He brushed his fingers across her face gently. Her skin is smooth, and the sensation is delightful.

In response, Stella shook her head.

Leaning close to her ear, Miles whispered, "If you show this to any other man, I'll make the man's life a living hell." Subsequently, he spun around and left.

Stella stood there blankly while news of Xavier being demoted from regional CEO to a sales director flashed across her mind. Don't tell me it was his doing? Yulia said Xavier Daniels hadn't done anything wrong, and his performance is obviously exceptional, so he's despondent at having been demoted to a sales director all of a sudden. But I just don't get it. What method could he have used to affect someone else's advancement prospects? She had no idea, but she felt a shiver running down her spine. It's the same as him having bankrupted Zane Levitt back then!

During the weekend, Lisa asked Stella out for shopping. When they walked past a shop selling household items, including slippers, Lisa asked, "Aren't you going to buy him a pair?"

"Who?" Stella's mind stalled for a moment.

Lisa swatted her head. "How many men do you have?"

Only then did Stella realize that she was referring to Miles. It seems that he's never been to my place ever since I moved, she mused. He has never stepped foot into my house since then, let alone have relations with me. Doubt rose within her. Perhaps he only relishes the thrill of pursuing a married woman, and it isn't just me, but also other women. So, he no longer has any interest now that I'm divorced.

But on second thought, if some other man visits my place, it'll look bad without a pair of men's slippers. For instance, Xavier Daniels came to my house the other day, and he had to go barefoot because there weren't any slippers. Nonetheless, my floors are very clean. Still, she bought a pair in the end.

On her way home, Stella received a message from an unknown number. 'The wedding is set for 15th March.' This doesn't make any sense. Perhaps it's been sent to me by mistake. However, she then decided to give this unknown number a call after mulling it over for a while. A woman's voice drifted out from the other end, her cadence alluring. "Is this Miss Johansson? It's me, Yvonne North, the renowned surgeon."

Stella's heart instantly sank to the depths of the ocean as understanding dawned at once. The wedding she mentioned must be her wedding with Miles. Otherwise, she wouldn't be telling me that. 15th March?

"My wedding with Miles is decided by both our parents," Yvonne stated briskly on the other end.

Stella's cell phone slowly slipped out of her hand. When the bus arrived at the bus station, she alighted and headed in the direction of her house. Then, she woodenly put away everything she'd bought. As she placed the slippers on the shoe rack, the same thought kept playing in her mind. He's getting married? No wonder he hasn't been coming over lately. Clapping a hand over her mouth, she started sobbing.

I wonder where he is right now. In the next instance, she dashed out as though she'd lost her mind, rushing to the office without even giving Miles a call. It was the weekend, so it stood to reason that he wasn't at work, but she was dead certain that she would find him in his office. If he isn't at the office, I'll search for him everywhere until I find him!

When Stella arrived at the office and reached Miles' floor, she just so happened to catch sight of him walking out with a group of people. Those people were the delegation from America whom she'd entertained, so she naturally recognized them.

Upon seeing that she'd come to the office on a weekend, Miles inquired, "Is something the matter?"

Stella didn't respond, seemingly having lost the ability to speak at the moment.

Because of the Americans beside him, Miles suggested, "If nothing's the matter, why don't you accompany me as I show them around?" Then, he made to move forward, assuming that she'd follow him, but she gently grabbed his sleeve. Stopping short, he repeated, "Is something the matter, after all?"

"You're getting married?" Stella's voice was exceedingly low, and she was still clutching his sleeve lightly. Despite it being a single finger, it was particularly forceful as though she'd used brute strength.

"The wedding date has been set." Miles came to a complete standstill. The Americans at the side couldn't understand them, so they merely exchanged glances since both their expressions were worth ruminating.

"You're not allowed to get married!" Stella blurted impassively. Actually, she had no idea why she was coming here while en route earlier, nor did she think about what she was going to say to him; these words merely tumbled out of her mouth. She knew that it might not have any effect on him since it wasn't him who didn't want to get married, but she was the one who didn't want him to do so. On second thought, she felt that she was too rash. Why would he give up his bright future for a divorcee like me?

Throughout it all, Miles said nothing.

Stella's tears dripped onto the ground, and she slowly released her hold on him before walking away vacantly. However, Miles' voice then rang out from behind her. "You're forbidding me from getting married, Miss Johansson?"

Stella kept silent.

"If you're forbidding me from getting married, then I won't get married."

At this, Stella gave a bitter chuckle. I can't issue an edict, so he won't simply call off the wedding just because I said so.

Subsequently, she went home, but Miles unexpectedly came over that night. She'd never told him her address, so she had no idea how he knew where she lived. When Miles came, she had been hugging a pillow as she spaced out, sitting cross-legged on the bed. He glimpsed her red and swollen eyes, and with a seemingly bright expression on his face, he wiped her tears. "Why are you crying? Is it because of me?"

Stella turned around. "If you're just greedy for a woman's body, President Grant, don't come and seek me out anymore. I wish you a happy marriage!"

"Why is it that I hear so much jealousy in there?" Miles teased her.

Biting her lower lip hard, Stella tilted her head and stared at him resentfully. Yes, I'm jealous! Is there a problem with that? Why won't I be jealous when my man is going to marry another woman? Why won't I be anguished?

In a flash, Miles tumbled her onto the bed and started kissing her. "I actually didn't expect you to be such a bold person."

Stella twisted her head away and ignored him. He's getting married soon. The distress within her was so acute that even her stomach was cramping now. At this moment, tears trickled down the corners of her eyes once more, and she hugged his back tightly. "Let's end this relationship if you get married. It's very immoral. I've experienced having a third party back when Zane Levitt and I were still married, so I don't want to do such a thing again, nor will I do so." She clutched his shoulders from behind.

The man's hands had already slipped under her clothes. After having been deprived of his touch for a long time, Stella felt a fire burning within her. Miles then kissed her lips, and neither of them spoke anymore.

That night, Stella's body experienced the same thing her heart was currently feeling, falling to the lowest valley before exulting in one climax after another, all tinged with a trace of sorrow. She wanted to give everything she was to him because she knew that he'd no longer be hers once he got married.

Although Miles was a beast in bed, he took good care of Stella. That night, she experienced the pinnacle of being a woman, but the more compatible they were in bed, the more reluctant she was to part with him. Her attachment to him in bed was already engraved deep in her bones, so she could no longer part with him both physically and emotionally.

In the morning, she nestled in his embrace like a delicate woman and listened to his heartbeat, not mentioning a single word about his marriage.

It was Sunday, a rest day, but Miles had something to do, so he had to leave. When they got out of bed, Stella noticed a huge wet spot on the bed sheet. Her face flushed, she hastily changed the bed sheet.

"Little tiger," Miles said, teasing her once again.