

Chapter 77

He Wanted Her?

He's right. This isn't the first time. Then again, since we've broken up, we shouldn't be seeing each other in this state, right?

Once Miles was done putting on his pajamas, he took a seat on the couch and asked Stella, "Did I get you correctly? You're planning to rent the shop?"

"Yes." Stella briefly related the incident about the landlord needing the shop to pay his debt, and of course, she didn't mention the deal between her and Zane.

"What about Zane? Can't he help you with this?" he asked, his words filled with contempt.

"No, he can't."

"If you wish to rent my shop, aren't you supposed to pay me a price? After all, I'm a businessman, and I didn't sign up for charity," said Miles indifferently.

With her face blanched, Stella didn't quite understand what he meant, but she did know that money was not a concern to him.

"What... What do you want, then?" asked Stella. "I don't have the money now, but I can give you a bill signed in acknowledgement of debt. Based on the sales forecast for my boutique, it won't be a problem for me to earn back the rental in 3 months." She had one of her hands raised up, as though she was stating a pledge.

"I don't need money." With his eyes squinted, Miles' expression was as though he was about to give her a taste of her own medicine.

From the looks of it, it seemed like he had made himself very clear, and it depended on whether Stella could take the hint.

As Stella hung her head, she figured she had nothing but her own body. Is this what he wants? When they were together, he had expressed countless times that he was really infatuated with her body.

And before she arrived, he even took a bath... All of these just led to a single assumption—he wanted her.

With that, Stella slowly unbuttoned her shirt.

Not knowing the reason, whenever she was in front of Miles, she could be exceptionally bold. If this was another man before her, she certainly wouldn't be able to do the same.

Perhaps it was because he had seen everything about her, thus having nothing to hide at all. Or maybe it was because they had slept together several times, so once more didn't really matter. In any case, she was nothing but that woman's replacement anyway.

"Stop undressing yourself!" Miles demanded while squinting his eyes, and a line appeared between his brows. "Miss Johansson, is this the only trick you have whenever you're lonely or whenever you beg someone?"

Confused, Stella didn't understand what Miles meant, but since he had asked her to stop undressing, she only felt more embarrassed.

"Change of conditions?" asked Stella as she recalled the first time when she undressed herself in front of him, for he didn't choose to sleep with her either.

It seemed like he wasn't a person without self control after all.

"I find it... filthy!" Miles stated every word loud and clear.

Biting on her lower lip, Stella could almost taste blood coming from her lips.

Although she knew not the reason why Miles would use those words against her, as a woman, she felt all of her pride and ego got trampled on.

Back then, perhaps she was still feeling a little hopeful about their relationship, but now that she had come to her senses, she realized that there was not a hope in hell.

"President Grant, I apologize for humiliating myself in front of you. Sorry for the trouble," said Stella as she pivoted and prepared to leave.

"Wait a second. About the shop in New Eden, I'll get my secretary to arrange accordingly. Since you don't have the money now, you can pay me with 80% of your monthly sales. Honestly, 3 months is a little too long," said Miles swiftly.

With her back facing Miles, Stella was startled for a moment and thought, Haha, he does have the mindset of a businessman. He's probably afraid that I'll run off with the money, so he requests to submit the monthly sales report.

Stella figured that he had probably plotted this strategy before she came over, or he might just have thought about it at the last minute, considering that he had an aptitude for business. At the thought of it, she wasn't surprised but felt intimidated by him.

After Stella walked out of the room, she could no longer hold her tears as she covered her mouth with her hand and started sobbing.

A while later, Matthew walked out from one of the rooms and asked, "Miles, why are you being this harsh to her?"

Miles snorted. "Was I harsh? I don't think so."

"How could you say that to her?"

"Did I say anything wrong?" Without warning, Miles threw the cup in his hand onto the floor, and the glass shattered to pieces. "You like her, right? I say, why don't you give it a go?"

This was the first time both of them openly discussed the subject about Matthew liking Stella.

Completely taken aback, Matthew gazed at Miles, not knowing how the topic had switched to him.

This was the first time Miles directly pointed out his feelings for Stella.

“You’re right. I do like her, but I understand that you can’t force things to happen when it’s not meant to be. I still have my senses, unlike Xavier who was ignorant and had the nerves to ask for trouble.” It was unusual to imagine someone like Matthew who had such a calm temperament to be this enraged.

Upon mentioning Xavier, Miles shut his eyes.

In fact, Matthew didn’t know what happened between Stella and Xavier that night, but he did know that Xavier was really obvious and bold in going after Stella.

With all his heart, Miles wished that Stella was only forced to sleep with Xavier. Even if she had slept with other men before knowing him, it didn’t matter. Frankly, he didn’t mind her not being a virgin and could even accept her for being forced to lose her virginity during hard times. If that was the case, he would surely be more protective of her, perhaps would even dote over her. However, he simply couldn’t accept her for being a person without principles.

Clearly, Stella had barked up the wrong tree.

Dumbfounded for a moment, Matthew closed the door and left.

Both of their hotel rooms were adjacent to one another, and this was the last night they met in Murdough.

After Matthew mentioned to Stella about Miles having a shop in Murdough, he went ahead to inform Miles about Stella’s predicament. His motive was simple, which was to act as a middleman for the two.

However, he didn’t expect things to turn out this way, and he reckoned Stella must have been heartbroken.

As soon as Stella went downstairs, she saw a familiar face in the lobby. After thinking for a bit, she recalled the woman to be Gabriella Summer Nolan.

Gabriella was wearing a spaghetti strap dress, her waist held closely by a foreign man next to her. From the picture of Gabriella, Stella had thought they shared similar features, but in reality, they didn’t look similar at all. Gabriella appeared somewhat coquettish, while she was more graceful. It seemed like Gabriella was lively and leaned more toward the extrovert side. In contrast, she was more of an introvert and preferred very much to keep a low-profile instead.

Standing there, Stella just kept staring at Gabriella.

Gabriella felt that she was being watched, so she looked toward Stella’s direction.

When their eyes met, Stella had mixed feelings.

“Miss Nolan, can I have a word with you?” asked Stella.

Upon hearing that, Gabriella felt curious over a stranger who managed to call out her name precisely. After she had spoken a few words in English to the man beside her, the man just went upstairs.

With that, Gabriella and Stella took a seat in the lobby.

“May I ask, how did you know my name?” Gabriella asked while gazing at Stella suspiciously.

Putting on a bitter smile, Stella simply couldn't bring herself to tell the truth about her discovering one of Gabriella's pictures and feeling completely defeated by her. Frankly, this would take a toll on her ego.

"Miss Nolan, don't you feel sorry for someone? Because of you, he found a replacement that resembles you, just so he could think about you and see you every day. And you? After ending your last relationship, you seem really happy with your new found love."

Totally bewildered, Gabriella didn't have a clue of what she was saying.

"To be honest with you, I've offended quite a number of people these years, so I'm not sure who you're referring to." With her arms crossed before her, Gabriella said in a nonchalant manner.

Seeing the expression on Gabriella's face, Stella felt her anger spiked and stated, "Miles Grant."

Upon realizing the situation, Gabriella said, "So, you're referring to President Grant. Did his mom send you here?"

Sizing Stella up, Gabriella carefully observed the expression on Stella's face, as though she was trying to get an answer from reading her face.

Confused, Stella didn't understand why Gabriella would bring up Adele all of a sudden when they were clearly talking about the love relationship between her and Miles.

Come to think of it, the relationship between Gabriella and Miles ended a few years back. Since Gabriella has a new boyfriend now, it's not likely for her to get back together with Miles. And what's the point of doing this anyway? For heaven's sake, he has insulted me in my face just now!

What a joke! I can hardly even fend for myself. Why do I even bother helping him to patch things up with his ex? Geez, who am I to do that?

The more Stella thought about it, the more she felt she was doing something that was totally unnecessary, thus got up and walked away.

Dumbfounded, Gabriella was left sitting there on her own and thought, Shucks! This woman is such a weirdo! And I don't even know her name.

All of a sudden, something crossed her mind. She mentioned Miles just now, and she just walked out from this hotel... Does that mean Miles is staying in this hotel, too?

As she thought about it, her heart skipped a beat. Heading toward the hotel reception, she inquired whether there was a guest by the name Miles Grant.

Without even bothering to check, the lady receptionist replied, "Yes, President Grant is in our hotel now."

When Gabriella heard that, she immediately called up the man who was with her just now and urged him to quickly pack up and get ready to leave.

Surprised, the man asked, "What happened? It's in the middle of the night already. Where else can we stay?"

“Anyhow, we need to leave now! Because my creditor is here!” cried Gabriella nervously as she began to observe her surroundings cautiously. She had even taken a few quick glances at the surveillance cameras inside the hotel, as though she was afraid that Miles would see her. Frankly, she had experienced life having it on her conscience, and she truly dreaded the feeling.

The moment Gabriella saw the man coming down with the luggage, she heaved a sigh of relief and asked whether anyone spotted him. The man replied that everyone else was in their rooms, so no one saw him coming down.

After checking out of the hotel, Gabriella and the man hopped into a taxi and disappeared in the dark. Patting on her chest, Gabriella tried to calm her nerves.

The next day, Miles and Matthew were prepared to leave Murdough. In the plane, Miles was just gazing at the clouds outside the window.

Knowing that Miles was not feeling himself, Matthew remained silent and didn't say a word.

Regarding the contract with Stella, Miles' secretary was in charge of handling the matters.

While going through the contract, Stella realized that this wasn't a binding contract, and in fact, it worked to her advantage. Without mentioning a due date, the contract stated that she should submit 80% of her profits to Miles. Somehow, it gave an impression that if there was profit, she should pay up, but if there was none, it didn't really matter. Thus, she signed it.

Once the contract was sent to the office, the secretary passed it to Miles for review.

Usually, Miles didn't need to do a review of the contract himself, as it was supposed to be done by the company's legal department. However, he took matters into his own hands this time and seemed serious about it, especially when his eyes were set on Stella's signature.

Noticing the dazed look on Miles' face, the secretary was dumbstruck, never having seen this sight of him.