

## Chapter 78

### He Is a Jealous Man

Since the issue that had been troubling her was finally resolved, Stella was on cloud nine. However, in order to catch the wave of the upcoming peak season, she had to speed up the relocation process.

Hence, it took her about a week to settle everything. Due to the relocation, she planned to have an opening ceremony for her boutique. In a way, this could be an effective way to advertise her boutique and announce that Amon would officially set foot in this place.

In regards to the ribbon-cutting ceremony, Matthew, being the president of the company, would undoubtedly be the best choice to officiate the ceremony. Her only concern was that Matthew had just returned to Hollowcrest City, so it might not necessarily be nice to call him over again.

Though feeling nervous, Stella still presented her request to Matthew, and much to her surprise, he said yes right away. Considering that Amon was not yet a widely known brand, Matthew was actually very thankful toward Stella, so for such a request from her, he wouldn't say no for an answer.

Besides that, Stella planned to invite a few other reputable people to participate in the ribbon-cutting ceremony, and Matthew would be the highlight of the ceremony.

Unexpectedly, however, Matthew proposed, "I'll check on Miles to see if he can make it."

Upon hearing that, Stella felt her heart skip a beat, as she didn't expect to invite Miles to the event. Then again, he is considered my landlord. The landlord! For crying out loud!

After her last phone call with Matthew, Stella didn't follow up with him on whether Miles would attend the event, as she had already picked a few other people to perform the ribbon-cutting ceremony, and she even had a few other people in mind as backup. After all, she had been in this business for some time, so she already had a couple of loyal customers like Mrs. Miller, who was a well-known figure and had agreed to attend the event.

Things were going well, but then, on that day, when she least expected it, Miles came together with Matthew.

"The ceremony is starting soon?" asked Miles.

While she was gazing at him cautiously, Stella realized that she still hadn't gotten over the fact that he hurted her feelings previously. Not wanting to say much, she just briefly said yes.

The background music played during the event was rather loud, so they had to raise their voices; the atmosphere there was simply merry and lively.

With her flushed face, Stella had been in high spirits and looked elated.

During the ribbon-cutting ceremony, Miles and Matthew stood at the VIP spot. With the two of them standing in the spotlight, they had attracted quite a crowd. Furthermore, Miles was a renowned entrepreneur, so everyone was impressed that the owner of the boutique could invite a person like President Grant.

As there were a lot of people on this day, Stella felt light in the head. While she was in the boutique entertaining guests, she even felt like she was about to pass out.

However, this place was much larger than the previous shop after all, so she tried her best to suppress her giddiness.

Holding a glass of wine in her hand, she was walking toward the door, but a toddler just came out of nowhere and almost ran into her. Hastily, Stella tried to avoid him, but because she was wearing heels that were unusually high, she lost her balance and was about to fall backward. Just when she thought she would embarrass herself big time by landing on her butt, someone managed to support her from behind and prevented her from falling.

Leaning against the person's chest, Stella lifted her head and was surprised to see Miles. "Thank... Thank you, President Grant."

Earlier, Stella didn't notice that Miles was standing right behind her since there were many people here.

"Can't you be more careful?" Miles scolded.

At the sight of him, Stella immediately stood up. With her head lowered, she smiled as she tucked a lock of hair behind her ear. "A child almost bumped into me just now. Maybe I wasn't careful enough."

Knitting his eyebrows together, Miles knew she was the type who would bear with things with a grin; though people had insulted her or hurted her, she could still put on a smile. Because of this particular trait about her, it awakened his desire in wanting to be protective toward her.

Feeling an unknown emotion stirring within him, Miles realized that he still had feelings for her. Even after finding out that she had betrayed him in their relationship by sleeping with another man, his feelings for her didn't subside at all, but intensified instead.

"Oh, by the way, President Grant, I met your ex-girlfriend the other day. We had a little chat. Did you see her?" As Stella was feeling rather awkward standing around with him, she came up with a random topic.

As he didn't get what she meant, Miles asked, "Which ex?"

Hearing that, Stella felt her heart sink, and she wondered how many exes he had had in the past.

Since he had asked that question in such a way, Stella figured she might as well keep her mouth shut.

Fortunately, someone tapped Stella on the shoulder right at that moment and asked for her opinion in picking clothes. Overall, most of her existing customers were mainly women who were here to purchase clothes for their boyfriends or husbands.

The lady customer had a relatively petite frame, and it was particularly obvious when she was standing next to Stella, who was wearing high heels. While they were having a conversation, Stella instinctively bent down a little.

Standing next to them, Miles noticed this little kind act of hers. As always, Stella was kind in taking care of everyone around her, and most of the time, it was when no one was looking.

While Stella was patiently answering the questions asked by her customer, someone tapped on her shoulder once again. When she turned around, she was surprised to see Zane here.

Stella's business was affected because she couldn't rent the shop any longer. Zane, on the other hand, wasn't affected, because he could still carry on with his construction project. The creditor was willing to give him a compensation of three hundred thousand, which enabled him to finish up the job. All in all, Stella and President James were the ones who had lost out, whereas Zane turned out to be the only winner. It was rather surprising to see how Zane had made a comeback after his incident in Murdough.

"Stella, look what I've got for you," said Zane as someone entered the boutique while carrying a huge flower basket specially made for the opening ceremony.

Gawking at the flower basket, Stella knew that this type of flower basket was extremely pricey, and no one else present at the event had given her such a gift.

"Thank you so much," said Stella cheerily.

Lately, Zane had turned over a new leaf, and Stella was pleased with the changes.

"Don't mention it! We only have each other in Murdough anyway," said Zane, looking as if his spirits had brightened.

With her face reddened, Stella was beginning to feel a little more dizzy, so she didn't feel like speaking much; it made her look like she had caught a cold.

"I can send you home later. I think you caught a cold."

The moment Zane placed his hand over her forehead, Stella instinctively backed away. "I'm fine. I think it's because of the crowd that caused me to feel this warm," explained Stella while massaging her temples.

"Miss Johansson, you're not feeling well? Do you need me to give you a lift home?" A voice sounded beside them—it was Miles.

Dumbfounded, Stella thought, Didn't he complain about me being filthy? So what's this about...

Not knowing how to reply, Stella merely gazed at Zane, looking lost.

Bitting on his lower lip, Zane turned to face Miles. "President Grant, since you have made the offer, then I suppose we'll have to trouble you with it."

After that, he whispered into her ears about the later arrangements regarding President James' shop. In fact, it wasn't something confidential, but he deliberately did it in front of Miles. Considering the fact that Miles—the richer one among them two—had offered to give Stella a lift home, Zane felt inferior and he didn't dare to compete against him. Hence, he decided to do a little trick or two, just to piss him off.

Nodding her head, Stella felt that President James seemed like a really nice person. Indeed, their business relationship had officially ended, and she did suffer loss because of it, but as a compensation, President James offered to give her his loyalty card of a 5-star hotel, which offered free accommodation. In any case, he hoped Stella would accept the gift.

Upon hearing that, a smile slowly crept up on her face.

“I’ll drop it at your place once he passes it to me tonight. Just accept it, alright?” said Zane brazenly as he emphasized on the word ‘tonight’. Then, he reached out to pinch Stella’s cheek. “My little wifey, you’re getting better at taking care of your own complexion. Your face looks moist and radiant now! I can feel that it’s way better than before.”

At first, Stella intended to evade him, but Zane was quick with his hands. Frowning, Stella tried to stop him, and she couldn’t believe that he actually called her wifey.

With Zane smiling mischievously and Stella glaring at him, both of them were acting like lovers who were playfully teasing and flirting with one another, as though they had forgotten that Miles was still standing right beside them.

“I’ll come pick you up at six in the evening,” said Miles with a darkened expression before he left.

We’ve broken up! Is it even necessary for him to be this mad? she thought.

Holding a beer in his hand, Miles didn’t feel like drinking at all. When he had his eyes closed, all he could think of was Zane pinching Stella’s cheek earlier.

Admittedly, he was a jealous man; he had only known this side of him after he had met Stella.

The mere sight of Zane giving her a pinch on the face had already made him green with envy, so he wouldn’t even dare to imagine how he would feel or react if he were to see Xavier sleeping with Stella that night.

During 6 o’clock in the evening, a Grand Cherokee stopped by at the entrance of the boutique. By then, Stella felt her head was about to explode, and she even felt that she might pass out anytime. If it wasn’t because the boutique was swarmed with customers, she would have gone home earlier to sleep.

In a daze, she got into Miles’ car and without saying a word, she fell asleep while lying against the passenger seat.

Thinking that she must have been exhausted, Miles didn’t disturb her. Instead, he just asked for her home address, and he heard her rather slurred reply.

As Miles was driving past all the dazzling lights of Murdough, Central Park, as well as San Marquez Square, he could see all of the scenery just pass by before him. Tilting his head to take a quick glance at her, he noticed Stella was already sound asleep.

As soon as they reached home, Miles tried to wake her up, but she just continued sleeping.

Having no other way, Miles reached out to touch her forehead and realized that she was running a high fever.

Immediately, he bent down to carry her out of the car. Fortunately, her house had an elevator. Otherwise, he would likely die of exhaustion if he had to carry her up the stairs.

Seeing her lying peacefully in his arms like an innocent young girl, Miles felt a throb in his heart at the sight.

Once the door was opened, he placed her on top of the bed and went to search for paracetamol around the house. Sadly, there was none to be found. Since he was on his own and he needed to watch over her, he couldn't go out to buy her medicine either.

Hence, he headed to the kitchen and found some ginger and brown sugar to make soup for her.

When the soup was ready, Miles tried to wake her up to finish up the soup, but Stella was reluctant to wake up, and she was even showing a little temper.

"Stella, just drink up a little." He called out her name gently as he placed the soup at the side while supporting her to sit up straight.

Perhaps Stella was feeling very ill, for she was pulling a long face and didn't utter a word. It was obvious that she wasn't feeling good at all.

As Stella was drinking the soup, she seemed rather cooperative, but she was drinking really slowly with her eyes shut.

Once she was done with the soup, Miles wiped her mouth clean, while Stella slowly fell into his embrace and had her arms entwined around his neck.

Taking in her sweet scent, he felt her soft body back within his arms again.