

Chapter 80

The Back of His Figure Which Passed by Like the Wind

Back in Miles' office in Hollowcrest, Kevin was reporting the updates of the projects to Miles. This was usually Stella's job because he wasn't a person who liked to show his face around much, nor did he like dealing with any government-related projects. He knew he wasn't one with much charisma, so he would usually use migraine as an excuse. Even though he wasn't good at expressing himself through words and had low emotional intelligence, he had a unique talent as a designer which he used as his camouflage so that people wouldn't be able to read him.

On the other hand, Miles usually didn't have a deep relationship with his employees. Even though Kevin was one of the pillars of strength for the company, their friendship merely extended to the point of being chess partners. Moreover, Kevin's personality wasn't particularly appealing to him, so at best, he could only consider him as a chess partner.

"I visited Nordruhe Garden yesterday after work. Please take a look at this design," Kevin reported.

Initially, Miles was merely smoking nonchalantly, but Kevin got his attention with his words. "Shouldn't you head east if you're going there? But I saw you heading west when you left yesterday."

Feeling as though he had miscalculated and was caught off guard, Kevin explained hurriedly, "I went to visit my daughter first yesterday."

"Daughter? You have a daughter?" Miles exclaimed in surprise, for he was completely unaware of Kevin's familial situation.

"Yeah, she's in Hollowcrest Hospital, and I went to visit her before heading to Nordruhe Garden," he answered truthfully as it was true that he had visited his daughter first before going to Nordruhe Garden. Despite that, he had no idea when Miles saw him. Maybe he saw me and I didn't notice it after work yesterday.

"Your daughter is sick?"

"Yeah, but she's okay now. I'm taking my leave, President Grant." With that, Kevin left the office, not wanting to spend more time on the topic of his daughter because the more anyone knew about his private affairs, the more uneasy it made him feel.

In the room, Miles called his secretary and instructed, "Looks like Mr. Moore has a daughter who is hospitalized. Find out what illness she's suffering from and send him some money if it's a critical disease."

His secretary took note of his orders. Right after he placed down the phone, he received a parcel.

It was a small document holder and a CD slipped out when he opened it. Baffled by the situation, he used another computer which was almost out of use to open the contents of the CD to avoid a virus attack.

The person who appeared on the screen actually turned out to be Stella. After that, Zane showed up and massaged her legs and shoulders, doing as he wished with her while she lay motionless on the bed.

By now, Miles' brows were knitted tightly as he placed his hand on his chin. Subsequently, Zane leaned in close to her neck and seemed as though he wanted to kiss her.

Suddenly, the video was cut off—most probably the result of someone's handiwork—and only a phrase appeared that read, 'Use your imagination to imagine what happened afterward. I don't want you to see my Stella!'

At the sight of that, he swept everything on the table off to the floor in the biggest fit of rage that he had ever thrown. He was angered by the contents even though what happened afterward seemed suspicious; he couldn't even be sure if what he thought happened had really happened.

Although the video was sent from Murdough without any sender's name, he knew that it had to be Zane who filmed it in secret and sent it to him. Still, judging from what he had seen, he could tell that she didn't seem to mind any of Zane's advances.

So she did develop feelings for him over time, he thought and snorted.

As there was a loud crashing noise from the things falling to the floor earlier, his secretary rushed into the room upon hearing it, asking, "What happened, President Grant?"

Holding back his anger, he replied, "It's nothing. I was trying to tidy the place a little. You can leave now."

His secretary nodded, but a suspicious look remained on his face.

The next day, the secretary returned with information he found out about Kevin.

As it turned out, Kevin's daughter, Jasmine, fell for a man four years ago. Once, when she found an excuse to bump into him, she saw him with another woman and heard that they were speaking about marriage. This was a great blow to her, and perhaps it was because she wasn't paying attention, she was hit by a car while crossing the road. However, there was also a possibility that the 'accident' was intentional. Since then, she had been paralyzed and was unable to move.

"All because of love?" Miles asked angrily. After watching the video clip on the previous day, his heart had sunk to the bottom of his stomach and he had yet to recover from it. Hence, the story of Kevin's daughter seemed to have aggravated him.

Seeing that his secretary had an awkward look on his face and seemed hesitant to speak, he asked, "What is it?"

"The man Jasmine fell in love with was..." His secretary trailed off, seeming even more hesitant to speak after hearing what Miles said just now.

"Who was it?" Usually, Miles had never been interested in the relationship of others, but he asked about it now because of how his secretary was acting.

"I-It was you."

Miles' hand, which was holding a cigarette, froze in mid-air, and after a long while, he asked, "Me?"

"Yeah."

Miles snorted, I've actually broken a girl's heart unknowingly four years ago.

Initially, he wanted his secretary to send a sum of money to Kevin for his daughter's treatment. After all, the treatment bill must be costly since she was paralyzed. But on second thoughts, if Kevin hadn't mentioned this to anyone, it meant that he didn't want people to find out about it. So, he might not accept it even if he were to give him money.

After giving it some thought, Miles decided to let his secretary inform the finance department to give an extra thirty thousand to Kevin this month as design fees, and to tell him that the commission for the Nordruhe Garden project had been raised.

His secretary agreed. However, Miles was feeling rather disturbed, so he said, "You can leave now."

Grabbing his cell phone, he wanted to send a text to Stella, but after a few tries at composing a text, he didn't find it inappropriate at all. The texts which he usually sent to others were simple and straight to the point, but this time, he didn't know how to put it.

Again and again, he would write and delete it. In the end, he merely wrote, 'Watch out and protect your privacy in the future.'

When Stella received the text, she was working, so she wondered in confusion, What does he mean by that? However, no matter how much she thought about it, she couldn't figure out what he meant.

Since they hadn't contacted each other for a long time, his contact had sunk to the bottom of her chat list, so she found it unbelievable that he would suddenly send her a text now.

Moreover, he seemed to mean something specific with this text. Hence, she replied, 'President Grant, can you please be clearer with your words?'

His reply came later. 'Check if your house has any hidden cameras.'

Bewildered by his reply, Stella immediately rushed home after work and searched around her house. Sure enough, in an unsuspecting corner above her air-conditioner, she found a camera.

All of a sudden, she felt all her hairs standing on end; it must have been Zane who had installed it there when the air-conditioner was under repair the other day, and then he probably sent the recording to Miles.

Infuriated, she thought about how he must have also seen her for the past few days when she was wrapped in a towel after getting out of shower. Even though she wasn't butt naked, she still felt very uncomfortable at that thought.

Ripping out the camera in a huff, she told Zane off by sending him a message. 'You're not allowed into my house anymore!'

She even sent him a picture of the hidden camera and changed the lock to her house for fear that he might have secretly duplicated a set of keys.

When Zane saw the messages, he knew that his cover was blown, but he didn't mind it because he had attained his objective.

At first, Stella wanted to explain what happened that day to Miles, but she thought it was pointless since they were no longer a couple.

If she did explain herself, he might think that she still had some passion left for him. In addition, he already thought of her as a filthy woman, so this would just be another tick off his list about her as an indecent woman, so she decided to just let him be.

That day, Zane went to visit Stella, saying he would like to join her for dinner, but he was actually there to apologize. According to his explanation, he installed the camera just to show it to Miles.

However, Stella was so mad that she completely ignored him and continued eating.

“You know that I’m not a stalker, Stella, so I didn’t spy on you at all. I merely sent the recording of that day to Miles,” Zane said while holding his hand up like he was swearing.

Although she believed that he wasn’t a stalker, she couldn’t tolerate the fact that he had purposely acted intimately with her and then sent the clip to Miles.

While he was trying to explain himself anxiously and couldn’t find an appropriate excuse for his actions, his cell phone rang.

Slowly, his face turned pale and he said weakly, “I got it! I’m returning with Stella right now.”

Stella was halfway refilling her plate when she heard him say that, and she knew that it must have had something to do with her in-laws. Initially, she thought Lizbeth’s condition had worsened, but Zane unexpectedly said, “Dad has passed away.”

Shocked, she asked hurriedly, “What happened?”

He told her that his father passed away due to cerebral hemorrhage. During this period, he dedicated his days to take care of Lizbeth while the creditors kept knocking on their doors and harassed them. That night, another creditor came to their house and he passed away when he could no longer hold on.

Upon hearing that, Stella slumped into a chair and murmured, “It’s all my fault. I should’ve hired someone to take care of Lizbeth. Maybe if I didn’t come to Murdough...” Trailing off, she buried her face in her hands and cried.

“It’s not your fault, Stella. You did your best; much better compared to me as his son!” Walking toward her, he then pulled her into his arms.

Stella didn’t push him away and began bawling loudly as she repeated, “It’s my fault. It’s all my fault!”

“It was the creditors’ fault! I’ll return home gloriously in the future and kill all those animals!” he exclaimed with a vicious glint in his eyes, as though all the ruthlessness he was feeling could seep out of him, as if his wrath was enough to really kill them all.

Soon, he booked the tickets back to Hollowcrest, and since Alaric passed away rather suddenly, he bought him a spot in the cemetery upon his return. All through the process, Stella was still blaming herself.

In the cemetery, she stood next to Zane with an incredibly solemn look; her self-blame was evident on her face.

To their surprise, Miles attended the funeral as well, but he stood a distance away from her. Well, he was there at Alaric's birthday party, she thought. So it shouldn't be so surprising that he's here since he knew Alaric as well. Peering at him secretly, she saw that his brows were knitted together tightly.

"I'm the one to blame. I should've considered his health condition," Stella muttered, her fists clenched. She was still blaming herself for being negligent. Back then, she did think of leaving Alaric some money to hire a private carer, but she selfishly brushed the idea aside when she thought about her own future.

"Stop blaming yourself," Zane told her while putting an arm on her shoulders. "I'm thankful to you, Stella! Let's go."

Just as they were about to leave, Miles brushed past them in quick steps, and Stella caught a glimpse of the back of his figure, which passed by like the wind.

Meanwhile, there was a car outside the cemetery, and when she passed by, a child dashed out of the car suddenly to hug her. "I haven't seen you for so long, Stella. I miss you so much!" he cried.

The child was actually Zachariah.