

Chapter 81

Thank You, President Grant

Lowering herself, Stella snapped Zachariah on his cheek and said, "I miss you, too! What are you doing here?"

"I'm here waiting for Miles with Dad. Why don't you leave in our car? I haven't seen you for so long and really want to have a good chat with you." Zachariah seemed to have really missed her badly.

"Thanks, but I'm going home with this man here," she rejected, feeling uneasy at the thought that Miles, who would also be in the same car, would stare at her.

However, Zane had sold his car a long time ago to pay off the debts, and they had come here with a cab.

Zachariah gazed at Zane in puzzlement, unable to understand his relationship with Stella since she was especially close with Miles before this.

"Hop on, Stella. This place is kinda far from the city, and it's not easy to get a cab," Matthew said over the window which had been rolled down.

As Zane and Stella were standing on the right side of the car, Matthew had to roll down the right passenger seat window, and the sight of Miles with his head lowered while he was on his cell phone appeared before Stella's eyes. The way he seemed as though he wasn't concerned about them at all.

"No, thanks!" Stella replied, incredibly self-conscious that she was speaking to Matthew with Miles in between them.

"How about if I just send you guys home? It's not easy to get a ride here, and there's still much left to do after Mr. Levitt's passing. I'm merely dropping you guys off, so what are you afraid of?" he offered again as his eyes swept across Miles' face.

That's right, she thought. What am I afraid of if I didn't have a guilty conscience?

Glancing back at Zane, she received his approval, and they both got into the car. She and Zane sat on each side of Zachariah, and they chatted about his school the whole time. Every child willfully wanted to be the center of attention, and the atmosphere was harmonious as she asked him questions in a timely manner.

From the rearview mirror, Matthew looked at her and asked, "Why didn't you have a child of your own since you like children so much, Stella?"

Before she could come up with a reply, Zane interrupted, "Too much pressure and yet to decide." He sounded as though she would have a child with him in the future.

After Matthew sent Zane to his home, Stella followed him off the car as well. Upon touching down in Hollowcrest, she had immediately attended Alaric's funeral without stopping in between to find herself an accommodation. Furthermore, she wanted to visit Lizbeth because she reckoned that it would be difficult for her to accept that Alaric was gone now.

Who would have thought that just a few seconds after they got out of the car, a group of people emerged from all directions and surrounded Zane with kicks and punches while he squatted in a corner holding his head, looking very pitiful.

Stella had already experienced how hateful these people were the last time when they stopped her from leaving the place, and now that Alaric had just passed away, not only did they not show any compassion, but they even beat Zane up mercilessly.

“Stop it!” she shouted, seeing how pitiful he looked. “You guys have parents and are also somebody’s child, so why can’t you have some sympathy?” she said and marched forward.

Coincidentally, a baseball bat landed on her back, and she cried out in pain.

At first, Matthew drove away rather quickly after dropping them off and asked Miles the reason why he didn’t speak with Stella at all. To that, Miles replied, “Everything is in the past now. What’s left to speak about?”

Just then, Matthew stopped at a red light and looked into the rearview mirror unconsciously to see the horrifying scene when the bat landed on Stella’s back, and he cried, “This is bad. Stella is injured!” Then, he hurriedly turned the car around and drove back.

From the side-view mirror on Miles’ side, he couldn’t see the scene, and his brows knitted tightly when he spun his head around because he saw Stella clinging on tightly to Zane trying to protect him as a mob surrounded them and shouted at them.

Matthew stopped his car in front of Zane’s doorstep and yelled, “Stop it!”

Seeing that Matthew was driving a Mercedes MPV, the mob knew that he was a rich man whom they shouldn’t offend even though they didn’t know his background, and they stopped for the time being.

“This guy owes us money and didn’t return it to us while hiding in Murdough. If it wasn’t for his father’s funeral, we wouldn’t even be able to find him!” they said ferociously.

Stella had never encountered such a situation before, and her back was burning so much from the pain that she thought her back would break. As she stood there, tears rolled down her cheeks from the searing pain while Zane was in a squatting position.

Finally, Miles, who was silent the whole time, spoke. “How much does he owe you?” Dressed in a black shirt with his sunnies on as he fished around for something in his bag, he looked indifferent and a little like a mafia boss.

With burning, greedy looks on their faces, the mob kept their eyes glued to Miles’ bag as they thought that finally, they would get a huge sum of money this time.

“He owes me a hundred thousand.”

“Two hundred thousand for me.”

“Three hundred and seventy thousand!”

The mob shouted as they began to report their owed amount.

From his bag, Miles took out a check and wrote a number on it before tossing it in front of the mob, saying, "Divide this among yourselves and stop bothering me!"

Like starving wolves, the mob lunged forward to fight for the check.

There were more than twenty people here as creditors and each with a different amount. The check issued by Miles was 3.23 million, which happened to be the total amount, and the mob was amazed by his IQ and mathematical skills.

Even though he was generous, he didn't give out anything extra to these people, and their plan to make a killing out of him fell through; it seemed like it wasn't that easy to cheat money out of the rich.

When Miles paced in front of Stella, she raised her gaze at him and uttered, "Thank you!"

Hearing the commotion, Lizbeth rushed out of the house only to see Zane beaten to a pulp, and she almost passed out from the sight. Hurriedly, Stella grabbed and supported her while calling out to her. She just had cancer surgery! she thought, and in that moment, she wanted to cry but had no more tears left to cry.

Fortunately, Miles showed up today. If he hadn't, she didn't know what would become of herself and Zane. Maybe they would be beaten to death by the mob.

"This place isn't safe anymore. You should find another place and move," Matthew said as he walked over, holding Zachariah's hand.

"They've already gotten the money. What else do they want?!" Stella cried, hot tears of anger streaming down her face. Her mood was already not the best since it was Alaric's funeral today, so she sounded furious. Still, her anger wasn't directed at Matthew, but at those creditors.

Feeling as though she could never repay Miles for everything she owed him in this lifetime, Stella thought, Just until this point, I already owe him more than five million. How am I supposed to pay off all of it?

When her debt had reached a million, she felt that she was paying it with her life. But now, she felt that Zane should be the one to pay his own debts.

"These people are probably just part of the creditors. When the others have seen how they just received money today, they'll most probably come and make a scene again tomorrow. You can't stay here permanently," Matthew pointed out, peering at Zane's tiny flat and thinking that it wouldn't be able to fit them all properly.

Then, Zachariah came up with a bad idea. "Exactly, Stella. Just stay at Miles' place. We're staying there for the night because we're leaving for the airport tomorrow, and his place is closer. If those people come asking for money again, tell them to look for Miles and they definitely won't be so aggressive because he's a really great person. Also, I'm..."

Despite Zachariah being a little devil, his words happened to remind Stella that if they did go to Miles' place, the creditors would be more cautious if they really wanted to make a scene. In other words, they had to watch out who was having their backs now.

“You’re pretty good at making trouble for me, little rascal!” Miles said as he stroked Zachariah’s head. Zachariah smirked mischievously.

“Zack is right. Moreover,” Matthew looked around in the flat before continuing, “this place won’t fit all of you. So will you go, Zane?”

Still leaning on the wall in a corner, Zane appeared to have the daylights beaten out of him and couldn’t process the question thrown at him. Therefore, he merely nodded, thinking that it was better to act strong rather than being a coward who was thrashed by others.

And then, all three of them, including Lizbeth with Stella’s help, got into Matthew’s car. On the way there, Miles made a call and found temporary help to prepare dinner.

On the other hand, Stella felt uneasy that she was giving Miles trouble again; she wanted to avoid him, but was unable to no matter how she tried. But, she pondered, was I really unable to avoid him?

When they arrived at Miles’ place, it was Matthew who organized the rooms, and she ended up with a room by herself, even though she wasn’t sure if he did it on purpose or not. Still, she was at ease with the decision because she had never stayed in the same room as Zane before.

Meanwhile, Zane felt rather ashamed to be staying at Miles’ place since he was the one who had sent such an inappropriate clip to him before, and Miles’ attitude was rather nonchalant toward him.

Zane knew that he was receiving such a treatment today purely because of Stella. It was clear that Miles still had feelings for her, but he wasn’t sure of the exact reason why they broke up, and Stella never told him either.

This was the first time that there were so many people gathered in Miles’ home, and he didn’t show up at the dining table during dinner. Instead, he instructed his servant to send the meal to his room upstairs. Thinking that he probably didn’t want to see anyone, Stella was rather relieved that Zachariah was there to liven up the atmosphere. Or else, it would be so awkward that she would crawl into a hole.

After dinner, she felt that she had to thank him for taking on so much of her troubles, and she happened to bump into a servant who was holding what looked like medication in her hands.

“Ms. Johansson, Mr. Grant told me that your back is injured and wants me to apply the medication for you,” the servant informed her politely.

If she hadn’t mentioned it, Stella would have forgotten that her back was hurt, and she was reminded again when she brought up the topic. Thus, she lay on her belly obediently on the bed for the medicine application.

When she was done, she went to thank Miles. After knocking on the door, Miles allowed her into the room, and he happened to have taken off his shirt to change when she went in.

Why do I always have such luck to knock on his door every time he’s changing? Stella wondered with a frown.

Instead of wearing formal attire, Miles was dressed in a light gray T-shirt with a hoodie, which wasn’t compatible with his usual icy attitude. However, this outfit made him seem more friendly.

“Thank you, President Grant,” Stella said.

“Why are you thanking me?” he asked as he casually picked up a book on the side and flipped through it.