

Chapter 93

Selling His Looks

Miles stood quietly on the spot and eavesdropped the conversation between the two.

The male model retorted Stella, “President Grant is quite handsome. Why would you say that he’s ugly?”

“He’s not ugly?” she replied in a straightforward manner. “Anyway, one thing’s for sure—he’s not handsome by any standards!”

Perhaps feeling that their frequencies did not match, the male model stopped talking to her altogether.

A smirk appeared at the corner of Miles’ lips. It’s fine if she wants to describe me as average, but I can’t understand why she thinks I’m ugly! He took her critique of his appearance rather personally.

Miles then headed into Matthew’s office without declaring his purpose of visit and asked, “Why did you gather these hot young men? Do you want them to model for you?”

Matthew looked up and replied, “Young and hot? I don’t think so. They’re just average.”

Oh, wow. Since when did my looks become ‘average’? Miles scorned silently.

At that moment, Stella entered the room and announced, “President Xenon, I’ve made all the arrangements. The date of our new fashion line launch is around the corner.”

Matthew sank into a brief silence before speaking. “This time, we are launching the press conference using President Grant’s name. If he is absent, the event will be lackluster. Don’t you think so, Stella?”

She understood Matthew’s intention—he wanted to provoke Miles and eventually get the latter to attend the event. However, based on her understanding of Miles’ personality, he would never accept any work that required him to expose himself to the public, so Matthew’s effort would go down the drain.

With her status, she could not voice out her objections to Matthew, for he was the president who was making decisions, and she could not influence him. Suddenly, they heard Miles saying, “Since you’ve used my name to promote the event, wouldn’t it be a shame if I don’t attend?”

Matthew was beyond surprised upon hearing that and exchanged confused glances with Stella. None of them had pestered Miles to join this fashion line launch, so why would Miles suddenly agree to it?

“Stella, get the preparations done. President Grant is joining our rehearsal! Let’s put him at the closing spot—the spotlight!” Matthew quickly reacted to the good news and, fearing any retraction, urged Stella to make the necessary preparations.

She got the memo soon. With Miles helping Amon out, the fashion line launch would be a success!

She swiftly made changes to the schedule and arranged for Miles to take the closing spot of the lineup. Despite that, she had some reservations in her mind. This is going to be a demanding catwalk for male models. Will he really do it? Will he accept my arrangements? She felt a headache just by thinking about it.

After reaching an agreement, Matthew and Miles went on to iron out some details. Miles said that he would skip the rehearsal and just show up at the live event.

Hearing that, she couldn't help but think, Perhaps he wanted to avoid too much interaction with me since I'm on the job, so he decided to skip the rehearsal.

Later, she delivered all the outfits that Miles was going to model in. He was either working or writing something at his office desk, paying little attention to her.

Whatever! I'm good as long as he models at the show!

On the event day, Stella felt nervous as the event planner and was patting her chest to soothe herself.

At the backstage, Miles showed up at the start of the fashion show. Matthew's company had recently gotten on track; for the first time, they had launched a fashion show of this scale.

Frowning slightly, Miles buttoned his sleeve. Usually, he would never do that, which was something Stella knew well. However, the fashion show came with a set of professional rules that he apparently was well aware of. Otherwise, he would not have had the confidence to skip the rehearsal.

Dressed smartly in the tailored outfit from Amon that Matthew had ordered for him, he appeared confident and carefree. Compared to a few days back, he looked more toned and sharp.

"President Grant, it's your turn soon. Please stand by." Stella stole a peek at the stage.

He did not even take a look at her and grunted carelessly.

When the host announced Miles as the next model, the audience became raucous. After all, his name was printed on the invitation card as the VIP of the event, and everyone had been anticipating his moment on stage.

Since Miles was widely-known as a 'golden bachelor', many girls and young ladies flocked to see him in person. On top of that, Matthew's connections were all here. Even the ladies from nearby cities had specially traveled here to see Miles.

All these guests were Amon's potential customers.

The realization dawned upon Stella that Miles was only there to sell his looks.

A man as shrewd as Miles must have figured out right away that he was only at the event to sell his looks, yet he still agreed to join the show. She felt weird and spooked for not knowing the exact motivation behind his unexplainable decision.

On stage, Miles handled everything perfectly and did not falter at the passionate screams from the audience. Under the spotlight, he looked regal and sophisticated in her eyes, like a man who was way out of her league.

There was a murmur in the audience. Some commented that President Grant did not usually attend any large public events but lent an exception for Matthew, his good friend. They concluded that Matthew was a highly-respected figure, which was true.

After his performance, Miles left the runway without saying a word.

At night, Matthew invited Miles for dinner because the show owed its success to Miles' modeling, and he graciously agreed to join dinner.

The Cezanne Hotel was bright as day, shimmering and bedazzling in the lights. The hotel was famous for its breathtaking views and the abundance of natural lighting in its architecture. At the dinner hall, Stella and the management of Amon had all taken their seats, waiting for the main guest to appear.

Once Miles showed up, everyone in the hall stood up to welcome the hero of the day. He took a seat beside Matthew, and the two started chatting.

When the two important figures were in a conversation, everyone else fell silent to listen in. As for Stella, she was busy stuffing herself with the hors d'oeuvres because she wanted to avoid any eye contact with Miles.

Matthew was obviously in a good mood, and he started joking around with Miles. "President Grant, when did you start selling your looks? I thought you'd always relied on your talents to succeed in life."

Miles flashed a half-smirk at him. "Well, someone said that I was ugly, so I wanted to prove myself to that person today."

In the middle of his remark, Stella suddenly choked on her food and started coughing violently as the other people offered help by patting her back.

"Stella, you okay?" A female colleague expressed her concern.

"I-I'm fine." The food was still stuck in Stella's throat when she waved to dismiss any concerns.

Did he overhear my comment and join this fashion show as revenge? Just like how he treated Zane, he is extremely brutal when it comes to avenging. Anyway, Miles' pettiness only benefited Amon.

Out of the loop, Matthew asked her, "Stella, what's wrong?"

She forced a smile and replied, "I'm fine! I choked while eating."

Miles lifted the glass to sip on the wine, acting oblivious to Stella's struggle.

"Have you seriously thought over my suggestion?" Matthew casually directed another question at her.

"What suggestion?" Stella was confused by him.

"Studying abroad." When Matthew mentioned the topic, Miles' hand clearly froze in midair.

Stella had not seriously considered the question before. However, she enjoyed learning about fashion design. Moreover, she had studied landscape architecture before, and she thought that the basic design principles would still apply to her new field of study.

Thinking that it was a good idea, she soon agreed to it. "Sounds good!"

"Okay, we have an agreement, then. I will start to work on it tomorrow." He confirmed with her.

She gritted her teeth and nodded because she had no idea how long she would be studying abroad for.

Similarly, Miles clenched his jaw, and the veins on his forehead bulged from anger. Send her to study abroad? Whose lame idea is that?

After dinner, Matthew and Stella descended the stairs together while discussing studying abroad. He told her that if she agreed to it, he would kick start the application process.

She grunted mindlessly and wondered about the length of each semester, thinking that it would be impossible to ask the question—which she did not—for fear that she would get scolded for thinking about coming home before she even went abroad.

When they wandered to the first floor, they saw a figure standing straight and alert at the entrance. It was Miles. Matthew greeted him, but the latter grunted without turning back.

Just when Matthew and Stella were about to pass by, Miles blurted out, “I need to talk to you.”

Even though he did not direct the request at a specific person, Stella instinctively knew that he was referring to her. Hence, she stayed with him, whereas Matthew left them alone after telling them to enjoy the chat.

It was June, and the warm summer breeze felt comfortable on her face. Standing a step beneath Miles on the stairs, she lifted her head and stared at the man, who had one hand in a pocket and another hand holding a lit cigarette.

A long pause later, he finally asked her, “How long?”

“What?” Her head slightly tilted, she looked at him puzzledly.

“Aren’t you planning to go abroad? How long will you be there?”

Ah, that’s what he’s asking about.

“I’m not sure yet. President Xenon told me that he’d work on the applications starting tomorrow,” she answered him honestly.

“When you’re in America, you can finally be inseparable with him. Is that the plan?” His tone was caustic. She had wanted to ask him who he was referring to, but their conversation was cut off by her phone notification.

She felt that it would be a disrespect to stare at one’s phone during a conversation, but she could not resist her compulsion to check her phone. Plus, she had no idea who Miles was talking about anyway, so she took out her phone to take a quick look.

It was a voice message from Yulia, sending her an invitation to a farewell dinner for Xavier Daniels because he would leave the country soon.

Was Miles referring to Xavier when he was talking about me living inseparably with a man in America?

Normally, she would not bother to explain herself if he had a preconceived opinion of her. But oddly, she had a strong need to explain everything this time because once she was abroad, she would not have the chance to do it anymore. Maybe she didn’t want him to misunderstand that she went abroad for a man, when the actual reason was for studies.

“No!” she answered confidently. He did not speak but scoffed at her reply as he walked down the stairs with his hands in his pockets.

Feeling humiliated by his dismissal, she grabbed his wrist when he walked past her and declared in exasperation, “I said that’s not the reason.”

His wrist was too wide for her to grab entirely; despite that, she used up all her strength when she grabbed him. Her grip around his wrist was strong even though she could not grasp it fully.