

## Chapter 96

### I Thought You Enjoyed Calling Me Miles Grant In Private

Stella finally reached the bottom of her bag and seemed to have recalled something. She then took out the e-cigarette and handed it to Miles. "This is for you!"

With an icy smile on his face, he asked her, "Should I thank you for keeping me in your thoughts?"

She smiled back embarrassedly.

Right then, Zachariah ran over to pick up a toy on the sofa. The coffee table blocked his way, so he stopped in his tracks and waited lazily for Stella to help him because she was standing closer to Miles, passing him his gift.

She immediately noticed the toy car. It was a very tiny toy tucked right under Miles' body that was leaning on the arm of the sofa.

"President Grant, could you please hand me the toy car?" She pointed at the toy car right underneath his arm.

She had handed the e-cigarette to Miles, and he accepted it reluctantly because it was a gift she had brought all the way home from America. The fact that it was the only gift from her made the item appear valuable to him.

He also felt upset and disappointed at his sense of inferiority when he compared himself to Matthew. How could she throw away the medicine she bought for me?

Nevertheless, he took a look around him and found the toy car pressed under his arm. He then handed it over to Stella, who gave it to Zachariah.

When she was about to turn around and leave, she heard a casual remark from him. "Miss Johansson, I thought you enjoyed calling me Miles Grant in private. Why are you referring to me as President Grant again?"

She was taken aback by his question. Who told him that? She vaguely remembered the few times she addressed him as Miles in private instead of 'President Grant'. However, she was unsure how exactly the word got out.

After he got hold of her slip-up, she felt a little embarrassed, and the stubbornness in her tone softened. Her only way out was to deny the fact no matter how hard he pressed on.

"Nope. I have always addressed you as President Grant." Her eyes flickered in guilt.

"Are you lying to me?"

"No, I am serious. Plus, I rarely talk about you in private, so it's impossible for me to have called you by your full name."

He scoffed at her veiled remark. Heh, she 'rarely' talks about me in private. Soon, he gave up on this topic because his focus was never on how she addressed him. He was more offended by her lack of concern for him.

After Stella was done handing out her gifts, she went back to her hotel. At first, she had wanted to head back to Murdough right away, but she was still preoccupied with the torn dress from before. Curious and inquisitive, she wanted to check out the reason behind the flimsy dress from the manufacturer. To be honest, even though her dress was caught on a nail, it should not be difficult to free herself and keep the garment intact. But to her dismay, the fabric instantly got torn into pieces.

It so happened that the factory for the brand of the dress was located in Hollowcrest City. With the dress in hand, she went to the company with the intention of lodging a complaint. But on second thought, if she complained to the company, they definitely would not allow her to tour their production workflow, which she was very interested in learning about.

When she arrived at the entrance of the company, she suddenly realized that she needed a reasonable excuse to get a shot at visiting the factory after she had decided against lodging a complaint.

Right when she was racking her brains over this problem, the front desk staff greeted her, “Miss, how can I help you?”

While walking over, she suddenly got an idea. “Hello, I’m the secretary of President Grant from Miles Conglomerate. Our president wanted to bulk purchase some uniforms, so he sent me to take a look here.”

Of course, she could not introduce herself as a secretary of Amon’s president. After some considerations, she settled on the identity of Miles Conglomerate’s secretary. For one, Miles Conglomerate was much more popular than Amon, which was the reason behind the front desk’s staff’s exclusive treatment of her. Secondly, Amon was their competitor in the fashion industry; if she introduced herself as an employee of Amon, she would be deemed a business spy. Moreover, she could not say that she was working for another company because she had not worked elsewhere before, and she might slip up if they questioned her. Hence, after going through all her options, she decided that Miles Conglomerate was her best choice.

The front desk staff forwarded Stella’s request to their manager, who took the matter seriously and came out to greet her. Along the way, he asked her about the details of the uniform needed before bringing her to take a quick look at their sewing room.

She swiftly made up some believable details of the uniform because she was familiar with the operations of Miles Conglomerate. After the visit to the sewing room, she had a few theories in her mind for the low quality of their garments—either the machines were too rusty, or they did not starch their garments after rinsing. Those were the two possibilities that she had in her mind at the moment. If one wanted to manufacture female wear, those mistakes had to be avoided at all costs.

Since it was unlikely that she would cross paths with the company staff in the future, she did not care if they found out about her identity later.

Back at the hotel, she packed her stuff and prepared to leave for Murdough. She exited the elevator at the hotel, ready to leave for the airport when she noticed the familiar face of a person she had met yesterday at the lobby. Her face instantly burned in shame. It’s the manager from the factory!

She instantly knew that her cover had been blown. It was impossible for the management of a huge factory to not look into her background. It didn’t matter that she was a stranger when she toured the

factory. After all, she could not steal any business secrets from a simple tour. However, they would definitely investigate her after that.

As she had expected, the man frowned when he saw her. "Miss Johansson, after visiting our company and touring our factory, are you thinking of going scott-free now?"

She had never thought that the staff from the factory would actually locate her hotel. It was totally impossible to get out of this by admitting that she was there to take notes on their business secrets.

When she was at the end of her wits, she suddenly noticed a man at the entrance. Wait, that's Miles Grant! Why is he here?

His hands in his pockets, Miles was startled for a moment when he noticed Stella and the other man in the lobby. Soon, he understood what was going on. He went up to her and met the eyes of the manager, who immediately flinched because he had heard of the famous Miles Grant. "P-President Grant."

Miles swept his gaze past the manager's face. "Are you planning to do something to one of my people?"

Yesterday, the manager had found out that Stella was not Miles' secretary, so he couldn't understand why Miles acted protective of her, saying she was 'one of his people'.

He quickly thought that Stella could be Miles' woman; she was not his secretary, so that must be the most reasonable explanation. If she was not involved with him, she would not have had the guts to claim that she was his secretary. Running into a dead-end, the manager felt disappointed and left with his tail between his legs.

Stella had wanted to thank Miles for his help, but he spoke before she could do so. With his head cocked, he said mockingly, "Let's go, Secretary Johansson."

The joke made her a little speechless. She was embarrassed to have been caught red-handed by him, and she did not know how to face him. Just when she was about to leave with her luggage, she realized that he had started dragging her luggage away, so she had no choice but to follow behind him.

"Since when did you get the courage to do that? How dare you pose as my secretary, hmm?" he scolded her good-naturedly while walking out of the lobby.

The investigation by the factory manager had probably alerted Miles, she thought to herself. "It's safest to pose as your secretary," she replied curtly.

"What made you so brave?" he asked.

She didn't reply. The two reached the entrance of the hotel, where the valet drove Miles' car over and parked.

"Let's go. I'm sending you to the airport."

At the beginning, Stella had wondered why Miles showed up right when she was about to get into trouble with the manager. So he knew that I was leaving and purposely arrived at the hotel to send me to the airport.

Once they reached the airport, she wanted to head straight to the security checkpoint when he asked, "Are you not going to hug me?"

She turned around and looked at him. He appeared in my life without any warning, and we got involved for some time. I couldn't let go of my feelings for him no matter how hard I tried. Even when I'm leaving, my heart is aching from my feelings for him. So what's the big deal with giving him a last hug?

With that thought in mind, she let go of her luggage handle and put her arms around his waist. This is probably the last time I am putting my arms around his waist.

After this, she would return to Murdough and was unlikely to travel to Hollowcrest City anytime soon. She wouldn't have many chances to enjoy long stays in this city in the future.

His embrace was always warm and welcoming. He lowered his head and inhaled the scent of her hair while rubbing his chin on the top of her head. "When are you coming back?"

"I don't know. If nothing comes up, I will probably never set foot in Hollowcrest City again. I'm going to be busy attending to my matters in Murdough." Leaning into his arms, she replied tenderly. "Y-You guys have to be happy together! I wish you happiness and love!"

She felt glad at the thought of him dancing happily with Gabriella. Still, she felt a little sad for herself. She had no other wish than to see him happy in love. Suddenly, she remembered that she had consented to Yulia pursuing Miles. However, things had changed because Miles got back with his ex-girlfriend; if Yulia went on and pursued him, it would reflect badly on Yulia herself. In fact, any girl could stand a chance to date Miles as long as he was not married. But since he was still in love with Gabriella, Stella believed that she needed to advise Yulia in this matter.

"I'm leaving. Bye!" After bidding farewell, she left his arms to board the plane.

While walking, she immediately started texting Yulia. 'Yulia, I know that I have agreed for you to go after Miles. I also know that I'm not in the position to comment on anything, but I just wanted you to know that he is still in love with his ex. That's why I'm advising you to keep a distance from him. I don't want to see you involved in a complicated relationship, fighting over a man with other girls. This is just my personal opinion. Think over it.'

Deeply focused on texting, she almost knocked into another passenger. Soon, her figure swiftly vanished into a corner. Huh, I wonder who she's texting. She looks very focused. It did not take him long to figure that out.

On his way back home from the airport, he received a WhatsApp message from Yulia with a screenshot attached.

Anxious, he pulled over by the street and frowned when he read the contents. He was not only looking at the message that Yulia sent him—his attention wandered to the previous message between Stella and Yulia in the screenshot.