

Chapter 98

Don't Want to Be Too Enthusiastic in Front of Him

Not wanting to continue the topic, Stella wrapped things up. "So, let's get back to our discussion. I have bagged 500,000 in profits in the past six months, and I want to invest the amount."

Miles seemed to be scoffing at the mere 500,000. However, she was still a potential investor to him.

"Transfer it to me." He extended his arm, his hand clutching a phone in preparation to receive the money transfer.

"How should I transfer?" She was confused by his question.

"By PayPal!"

"I don't have PayPal on my phone! If I'm regularly transferring a huge amount of money, once I connect my account on mobile, what would I do if I lose my phone? That's too risky for me!"

Well, I suppose that makes sense. He felt speechless at her genuine concern, and her stubbornness appeared oddly cute in his eyes.

"I'm leaving for a meeting now. When you're free, remember to transfer the money to me!"

"Is three in the afternoon tomorrow okay? I will do a bank transfer." She was eager to transfer the money as though her money would vanish if Miles had not received it by then. Without replying, he looked at her.

To her surprise, Zane dropped by that night. Her store normally closed at ten.

"Stella! I'm giving you this car as a gift! What do you think?" Zane asked her in a jolly mood, after which she peeked through the glass window and saw a red Nissan X-Trail.

"Did you get yourself a new car?" she asked while admiring the car.

"It's for you!"

"For me?" Her eyes widened in disbelief.

"Yes. By the way, I got this car as a form of debt repayment. It's a car for the ladies, so I don't feel great driving it around. Plus, I have my car, and I won't need it. After discussing it with Mom, she agreed that it's best to give you the car as a present. You're not working a nine-to-five job now. Even though the manufacturers would deliver the stock to you, you still need a car for emergencies, not to mention that I owe you for your help on my rental before!"

Still, Stella did not look interested in the car. Instead, she stood behind her table, quietly counting the sales for the day.

"The rental? It's already in the past. President James gave me a hotel room card. If I have guests, I will bring them over to the hotel. It's quite awesome, you know? I want to make it clear that you did not owe me anything, and not to mention the fact that a car is definitely an overkill," she replied without as much as batting an eye.

Zane stood there at a loss for words. Then, he threw the car key onto the table for her. Whether she plans to drive the X-Trail or not, it is now her car.

After Zane left, Stella felt a little frustrated and defeated by his insistence. Still, she tucked the car key away safely in her drawer, thinking of returning it to him later. She would not take an expensive gift for no good reason, so she decided not to touch the car at all.

Sometimes, things played out in the exact opposite way from one's expectations. Just when Stella thought she would never drive the car, a tornado visited the city the next day and wrecked her plans.

Due to the bad weather, the stock delivery from Hollowcrest City was stalled because the local government had banned trucks from entering the city under the weather alert. In the end, the garments for her store were stuck at the borders.

The driver gave her a call and requested that she think of a way to pick up the delivery, as the trucks were all barred from entering Murdough. At first, she had thought of finding a sedan to deliver the orders, but it was impossible to stuff everything in a regular-sized sedan. However, it was challenging to find a car larger than a standard sedan.

Her eyes fell on the red X-Trail parked outside the store. It was an SUV, a perfect vehicle to carry the stock into the city. During the emergency, she quickly called Zane to inform him that she would drive the car to pick up her stock due to the horrible weather.

He was elated to hear that. Once Stella started driving the car, it would mean that she had accepted his gratitude.

She got her driver's license after her marriage to Zane. Back in the days, she would drive around occasionally, but her driving skills were rather average.

Braving against the tornado, she drove to the meetup venue and placed all the items into the SUV. Soon, she swiftly headed back to the store. After handing over the goods, the driver called Matthew, who was concerned about her safety due to the tornado.

"Since when did she have a car?" Matthew asked. "Did she buy it?"

"I have no idea." The driver only recalled seeing a red car, but not the minute details.

On her way back, the wind howled crazily, and a leaf that was stuck on her windshield obstructed her view. However, when she finally had a clear view of the road ahead, she heard a loud crash. It seemed that she had bumped into the car ahead of her.

Not only that, her head was thrown against the steering wheel violently, and she sustained some injuries. Her brain going blank and her ears ringing, she reached out and touched her forehead. As expected, she felt the stickiness of blood. At the sight of blood, she felt a chill down her spine, and her entire body trembled.

She was in a lousy mood today due to the string of unlucky events that befell her. Not only that, she got into a crash in someone else's car. Thankfully, she brought along her driver's license for the dealings later.

When the police arrived, she called Zane to come to the scene. The SUV was his car, after all, and he had to be the one who brought it in for repair. She was guilty and frustrated at herself for adding trouble to the person who had showered her with generosity.

After Zane showed up, he immediately noticed the injury on Stella's forehead and called the ambulance. As the car owner, he stayed back at the accident scene to deal with the police and the victim. When he was done settling with the police and the victim, he delivered the stock in the SUV to her store before heading to the hospital to check on her.

At Serene General Hospital, Stella had changed into a patient robe and lay quietly in her bed. The doctor helped to dress her wounds and apply the bandage, but she would be kept under observation for a few days to eliminate the possibility of a concussion. Therefore, she could only apply for hospitalization. When Zane arrived at the hospital, he helped to settle the paperwork and payment. Resting in her bed, she mumbled to him, "Thank you."

"You don't have to! When I got hospitalized for a car crash, you took care of me as well." Zane comforted her while secretly chiding himself for his own ignorance. He had failed to cherish a lovely woman like Stella because he was blinded by his foolish and selfish desire for a virgin wife. Unfortunately, in the 21st century, modern society had gradually undergone female sexual liberation. It did not matter whether Stella was a virgin because she was an outstanding woman in all aspects.

The mention of Stella's virginity made him seethe in anger at Miles again. At the same time, Miles was in his office when he received a call from Matthew.

"Something happened to Stella." There was worry in Matthew's voice, causing Miles to frown. "What is it?"

"I think she was involved in a car crash. She had been waiting for stocks to be delivered to her in Murdough, and she picked them up herself in the end. The driver told me that she drove to the meetup point. Just now, I made a call to her store. Her staff told me that she got into a car crash, but I'm unsure about the severity of the accident. Anyhow, she's now in Serene General Hospital." While keeping Miles updated, Matthew left out the crucial fact that Zane was taking care of Stella at the hospital.

Upon hearing the bad news, Miles immediately hung up and had his secretary buy a flight ticket for him to Murdough. Meanwhile, he had departed to the airport and asked the secretary to update him with the ticket details on his way there.

On the same day, Gabriella was in Hollowcrest City as well. Her boyfriend was based in Murdough, where he got romantically involved with a rich woman and dumped Gabriella. Feeling frustrated, she returned to Hollowcrest, where she ran into Miles during the party. He was in a great mood and did not turn down her invitation for a dance.

"President Grant, you look like you're in a hurry. Where are you going? I need to talk to you," she said to the man.

"I don't have the time!" He dismissed her and left without looking at her, after which she shrugged unhappily. Oh well, since Miles is busy, I will find another listening ear.

When Miles arrived at Serene General Hospital, the doctor measured Stella's blood pressure, and Zane was staring at the procedure from across.

The moment Stella saw Miles stepping into the room, she reflexively frowned and wondered why he was here. Soon, she quickly put together the whole picture. It must be Matthew who had called the store and inquired about the delivery. Zane, of course, had informed my staff about the car crash, so they reported to Matthew, and Matthew went on to alert Miles.

Therefore, she remained silent and did not ask Miles any questions. A huge part of it was because she refused to act enthusiastically toward Miles in front of Zane. She still remembered the incident where Zane had sent the video to Miles. The past incident made her worry that Zane would pull sneaky tricks at Miles. It was not that she didn't trust Miles to solve the problem; she simply did not want any more drama.

Stella's current behavior was very different from her actions in front of Jane—she was worried about causing problems to Miles and wanted Jane to direct all anger onto herself.

At this moment, Stella was extraordinarily calm in front of the two men.

When Zane saw Miles, he gritted his teeth in hatred. "Stella, do you need anything else? If you crave any food, I can have Mom cook it for you."

"That's fine. Your mom has recently undergone surgery, so I don't want to trouble her." After the doctor took her blood pressure, she rolled down her sleeve. Miles went up to her and said to Zane, "I need to talk to Stella."

Zane had wanted to stay around to interrupt any interaction between Miles and Stella. However, since Miles had addressed him directly, he had no choice but to leave. Before leaving, he said to her, "Stella, I'm leaving. I'll be back tomorrow to visit."

She did not reply to him.

Miles pushed aside the stray strands of hairs on her forehead and checked her injury. "How did it get this bad?" he frowned slightly and asked.

"I crashed into the back of the other car. The wind was strong, and I did not have a clear view. Plus, I'm not a good driver, to begin with," she replied nonchalantly. She did not want to show any enthusiasm toward Miles in front of Zane, and she refused to reveal to Miles that she had been driving Zane's car. It all originated from the same logic—she wanted to avoid any drama between the two.

"Let's take a walk. The wind has stopped howling, and the weather seems nice. It must be boring and stuffy in the room," she said as she took a look at the skies. "Let's go." He agreed.

The two of them strolled out of the room.

Stella was dressed in a patient robe that was a size larger. Since the start of her hospitalization, she had not put on any makeup, so her smooth baby skin and her silky hair added to her fragility.

They took a seat on a bench at the hospital garden, looking at the passersby. One of the women probably was on the eve of getting discharged after giving birth. Her joyful family surrounded her, and

her husband was carefully holding the newborn in his arms as she followed closely beside him. He had been walking slowly out of consideration for his wife's postnatal condition.