

## Chapter

### 113 Breakup

The contract was to be signed in a room in a hotel. When Stella got there, Zane was already present with the other company's president, who was eyeing Stella lecherously. Seeing that creeped her out, so she made up her mind to never accept any food or beverage that she was offered.

The signing of the contract went smoothly. Then, the president commented, "I never knew that you're such a pretty young lady, President Johansson. This is rare. Allow me to give you a toast, Miss Johansson."

However, she turned down the offer by telling him that she was a lightweight. After all, who knew what he might have added in the wine. All she wished for was to leave as soon as possible after signing the contract.

After they were done, the president left, leaving Zane and Stella alone behind. Seeing that, Stella heaved a sigh of relief, thinking that she might have worried too much. It wasn't until she checked her phone that she noticed that Miles had sent her a text. 'You shouldn't go to any event relating to the signing of the agreement. You have to avoid contact with Zane.'

Panic kicked in, but it was too late to leave now, so she wondered what she should do. Just when she was panicking, Zane rested a hand on the back of her hand. "Stella, it has been a while since you last came to Murdough. I haven't seen you in a long while. I miss you a lot."

Hearing that prompted Stella to immediately give him a slap. No wonder Miles wouldn't let me come. He was wary of Zane. On the other hand, Zane was dumbfounded by the slap. Stella had never been so violent ever since they met each other. Agitated by Stella's reaction, he was about to force himself on her when Matthew barged in while pointing a finger at him. "Stella has kindly helped you out, you freaking b\*stard!"

Zane felt wronged by what happened, for he was slapped before even doing anything. All he wanted was to have a heart-to-heart with Stella. With his eyes wide, he glared at both Matthew and Stella. While he was initially wearing a look of fury, he started to laugh at them in derision. "Is it because Miles had dumped you, or are you cuckolding him? Why else would you be with Matthew?"

Stella was overcome with rage, for she had been all worked up over her relationship with Miles these couple of days. Meanwhile, Zane had just reached the entrance, but he had yet to get into his car when he saw someone walking up to him. When he noticed that the man was none other than Miles, the latter already landed a loud, hard punch on his face.

After staggering backward, Zane collapsed on the ground. Just a few moments ago, Stella had slapped him on his left face, and now, Miles punched him in the right face. However, he dared not lash out in front of Miles. Judging from Miles' reaction, Zane knew that the former was aware that he was trying to get in touch with Stella.

On the other hand, Miles already knew what happened in the hotel, but he didn't even spare any time to speak to Zane. When he entered the room, Stella was talking to Matthew. She told him that she

didn't expect Zane to have such an agenda behind it. In return, Matthew offered consolation by telling her that it was alright as long as everything turned out well.

Stella still had lingering fears of what had transpired, but she agreed with him. "Yeah!" When she turned around, she saw Miles standing behind her, which prompted her to grin in surprise. "I didn't know you're here!" Despite Stella's elation, Matthew quickly realized that sh\*t had hit the fan; Miles was a man, and it would take a man to know one.

"Mr. Xenon, I see that you have business in Murdough?" Miles walked over to them at a leisurely pace before standing beside Stella.

"I volunteered to come with her since Stella wasn't able to contact you. You know just how conniving Zane can be," Matthew explained. Even though he was ready to face the consequences if Miles ever caught wind of his presence in Murdough, he didn't expect to bump into him when he was with Stella. The situation couldn't get any worse, and he wasn't prepared for it.

After that, Stella left with Miles. When she got to the entrance, she noticed that he was driving the red Benz around when he was in Murdough. Well, it might be a temporary thing. Stella dared not say a word as she got into the car.

"I'll send you back to your shop, as I still need to attend a meeting in Hollowcrest City." He sounded formal and terse. On the other hand, Stella could only grunt in response, as she had no way of explaining herself for what happened earlier. Besides, she didn't need to do so, as Miles already knew the full story.

Later, Miles parked his car in front of Stella's shop, dropping Stella off. She entered the shop in trepidation, for the more Miles kept silent, the more uneasy she felt. After fifteen minutes, she got a message from Miles. 'Let's break up!'

The message ended with an exclamation mark, so he wasn't asking for her opinion on the matter, but telling her that they had now officially broken up. She was the one who suggested it back then, and now, he agreed to it.

Upon reading that text, Stella collapsed into her chair before tears rolled down her cheeks, but she didn't even notice that they were flowing nonstop. Her body was limp, and her mind was blank. Her limbs were weak while her ears were buzzing, so she couldn't hear it when the shopkeeper was inquiring about her, nor could she hear any other noise around her. She simply sat there limply, completely unresponsive.

The shopkeeper sent her home as soon as she saw Stella in such a state, and Stella didn't even notice that she was being sent away. As soon as she got home, she went to bed. Tears wetted her pillow as she cried, but it wasn't enough to dissipate the sadness she felt. By the next morning, she realized she had a fever after waking up.

She had been thinking to explain to Miles that she only saw the message after meeting up with Zane, so she wasn't deliberately disobeying him, nor was she trying to get together with Matthew. However, she had never expected herself to fall into Zane's trap so easily. None of that mattered anymore! None of it! Miles had always been wary of Matthew. Same as when they were in Hollowcrest City a few days ago. He is still jealous of Matthew, so the incident with Zane was the final straw.

Knowing that Stella was feeling down, the shopkeeper came to look after her, all the while telling her, "All men are fickle in love."

Upon hearing that, Stella gritted her teeth in chagrin. She was certain that she had never wronged him in any way, for she had given him her everything, but she simply couldn't understand why he never listened to her. Later on, she spent half a month wandering about in Murdough.

In the meantime, the shopkeeper zealously tried to introduce her to a new boyfriend. "April showers bring May flowers. Besides, you shouldn't take relationships with rich men too seriously."

However, Stella didn't want to admit defeat. She just couldn't bring herself to let go. Throughout the period when she was in Murdough, Matthew gave her a call to inquire about her, to which she responded casually just to confirm that she was doing alright. Therefore, Matthew pried no more. Miles broke up with her because of him, so she had been more careful when dealing with Matthew, and they weren't as close as they used to be anymore.

It was already September when Stella returned to Hollowcrest City. She dropped by at Miles' mansion, but the door was locked. To get to his place, she walked all the way uphill while dressed in her white shirt and black wide leg pants. Her hair cascaded down her back, giving her the look of a poised young literati.

Despite the fact that she spent a long time waiting on him, he never showed up. Nevertheless, she squatted down and kept on waiting in front of his house. Eventually, night fell, and the temperature on the hill began to drop. When Miles drove onto the hill to his mansion, he saw Stella curled up in front of his house.

Although she looked different from before, and the skies were dark, he recognized her from afar despite the distance and the fact that she was hanging her head low, her hair obscuring her face from view.

When he stopped his car at the gates, Stella stood up in a daze. Then, he got out of the car to open the gates even though he could have just opened it using the remote control while sitting in his car.

"Mr. Grant, why can't you trust me for once?" She tugged on his arm instinctively.

"It's not that I don't trust you. I—"

Before he could even finish his sentence, another voice could be heard from within the car. "Mr. Grant, it's so cold! Just go in!"

It wasn't until then that she noticed that someone else was sitting in the passenger seat, who turned out to be none other than Gabriella Summer Nolan. Stella's heart sank as soon as she saw Gabriella. Indeed, she had thought of numerous possibilities, but she didn't expect him to get back together with Gabriella. As if having received a shock, she let go of Miles' hands. Now, she wasn't even dumped for someone new, and that was the most ironic part of the whole thing.

While hanging her head low, she smiled ruefully. "I'm sorry to have bothered you, Mr. Grant!" Then, she left without hesitation.

On the other hand, Miles stared at her retreating figure in the rearview mirror without a word. After getting back into the car, he didn't open the gates immediately, as he was still staring at the mirror.

“Mr. Grant, what are you waiting for? You’re the one who told me to take all of the clothes you bought for me away! Are you going back on your word now?” Gabriella asked while staring at his side profile. In response, Miles frowned silently. It wasn’t until Stella’s figure disappeared from sight that he finally drove through the gates. Before Gabriella could even react, he hurried into the house and rushed upstairs.

He could overlook the landscape of the bottom of the hill from the second floor. Although it was dark, he could easily spot her lone figure on the road. Due to downward momentum, she was stumbling a bit on her way down, all the while lifting her hands to wipe her face. His heart sank as soon as he saw that, as he knew she must be wiping away her tears. After that, he changed into casualwear before going back downstairs with a cigarette in his hand.

In the meantime, Gabriella had been searching around in the mansion. “I left a lot of my clothes here in order to trick Yvonne into believing that we had been living together.” Then, she retrieved a compartment box from under the bed. “You also bought me a lot more other clothes! Thank you very much!”

Meanwhile, Miles had been smoking on the sofa, totally unaware that Gabriella was talking to him. After a while, she found an ornate box, from which she retrieved a necklace with a four-leaf clover design. “Thank you, Mr. Grant!”

Miles looked toward it before telling her, “That’s not yours. Put it down.”

“Who are you going to give it to if not me? Is it for the woman at the gate? Why hadn’t you done so earlier? Haven’t you already broken up with her?” Gabriella was examining the necklace closely. She always liked necklaces made by Tiffany & Co. This sure is a high-end masterpiece!

“It’s not yours to keep even if we had broken up. Put it down!”

With a pout, Gabriella did as she was told. She had already packed up all her clothes in a huge box that she requested to be delivered to a hotel in the city center. While on their way back, Miles asked noncommittally, “How’s your foreign boyfriend doing?”

“We broke up, so I don’t know how he’s doing.” Gabriella didn’t seem to mind. However, she did find it odd that he would ask such a personal question. Throughout their acquaintance over the years, he was ever so distant no matter how much money she took from him.