

## Chapter 114

### They Misspelled His Name

“People no longer take relationships seriously nowadays, so a breakup is nothing uncommon. Am I supposed to keep on pestering my ex after we have broken up?” Gabriella giggled as she spoke.

With a frown, Miles wondered, A breakup? So Stella and I really did break up...

After that day, Stella returned to Murdough. She didn't go to Matthew's office as frequently. Since Miles didn't like that, she refrained from meeting up with Matthew. Instead, she directed all of her attention to managing her shop and processing orders. She also hired a few salespeople to help communicate with the headquarters in Hollowcrest City.

Meanwhile, business was booming. Ever since Miles and Edward Miller signed a contract, Nancy frequented Stella's shop even more, as she considered them to be more than acquaintances by that point. She was all smiles whenever she dropped by. However, she didn't know Stella and Miles had broken up, nor did Stella inform her.

One day, Nancy wanted to order another set of clothes for Edward, but she was busy with work at Edward's company, so she couldn't leave. However, she managed to pick out the style and fabric for the outfit. Although she could have sent Stella a text and gotten it done, she insisted that Stella should come in person to retrieve the data regarding the type of fabric that Nancy wanted. Besides, Edward's physique was constantly changing, so Stella would have to take his measurements for every order.

After busying herself with work for an entire day, she wanted to have a drink of water before leaving. However, the water dispenser in the shop had run out of water, and they were waiting for the new bottles to come.

She had an appointment with Nancy at three o'clock. Upon checking the time, she realized she would be late, so she hurried to take the bus. She assumed she might be able to buy some water at a newsstand, but there was none to be found around Miller Corp due to its high-end location. Therefore, Stella had to go into the building tired and thirsty.

She got off the bus near a fire exit that led up to a flight of stairs. Edward's office was on the second floor, so instead of taking the elevators that were located at the central lobby, she walked up the stairs in her heels. When she finally got there, she was so dehydrated that she felt like she would faint any moment.

Noticing that a pregnant woman was walking out of the office, Stella entered after she left. Nancy was all smiles when she saw her. “You're finally here.”

The fact that Edward wasn't in the office was a relief. Stella smiled apologetically before saying, “Mrs. Miller, I'd like to drink some water. I'm so thirsty!”

Aside from an office desk, the only other furniture inside Edward's office was a coffee table and a sofa. On the coffee table in front of her was a glass full of tea. Stella assumed it was for the pregnant lady earlier, but she didn't drink it perhaps because she was trying to limit her caffeine intake. Without a second thought, Stella downed the tea, as she was just too thirsty.

The temperature is just right. By the way, this tastes like top-notch tea, and it works great at quenching my thirst. Stella quickly emptied her glass before pouring herself a second glass. It wasn't until later that she noticed Nancy was gazing at her with a smile on her face, which made Stella feel uneasy. "What's the matter?" she asked.

"Somebody else was using this glass before you came in." Stella was in such a hurry just now that Nancy didn't have the heart to tell her that.

Hearing that, Stella frowned as she thought, Did the pregnant lady drink from this glass? She hung her head low while keeping her mouth shut, but it was already too late, as the tea was already halfway down her throat, so she couldn't actually spit it out. "Did the pregnant lady drink the tea?" She made a guess.

"Did you not see him?" Nancy queried.

"Who did I miss?" Stella put her bag down on the sofa to pour herself some more water.

"President Grant." Nancy was taken aback. "Did you not see him on your way up here? Edward sent him off just now!"

Now, it dawned upon Stella that she might have missed him because they entered the elevator when she got out from the stairwell. Well, lucky me, or else it would have been awkward for both of us. After a while, she was hit with another realization. "Did Miles drink from the glass?"

Nancy nodded with a smile. "Isn't this such a coincidence? I would've told you if it was somebody else who used the glass. You two sure are tied together by the red string of fate!"

Meanwhile, Stella pursed her lips while mulling over what she said. "Mrs. Miller, what is your choice of fabric? You seem quite meticulous when you're placing your order." Smilingly, Stella changed the topic while thinking, I suppose our time together has ended.

On the other hand, Nancy was regarding her with a benign smile before dragging her over to Edward's work desk.

Miller Corp seemed to be planning for an event, so Edward's outfit should be perfect. Therefore, Stella had to pay full attention to her task when she was jotting down the measurements. Even with the AC on, she was still sweating nervously.

After that, Nancy invited Stella to attend the event. Instinctively, Stella assumed she was just joking. "I'm just an outsider who knows nothing. Why should I attend?"

"You can come help us. There will be a lot of attendees during the conference, so we'll always need more help. You can help us with some menial tasks, such as cleaning the tables, or pouring water." Nancy grabbed hold of Stella's hand while she spoke.

Stella couldn't help but think that Nancy was shrewd in a Machiavellian way. Ever since she knew of Stella's relationship with Miles, she was even more earnest toward Stella. Apparently, she was building connections for her husband's business. With someone like her as his wife, Edward would definitely succeed in any of his endeavors.

Under such circumstances, Stella didn't have it in her to tell Nancy that she already broke up with Miles. Besides, she wasn't willing to break up in the first place. Hence, in the end, she agreed to the arrangement.

They already decided on the date and time of the conference. On that day, Stella made sure to wear a plain outfit. She had an inkling that Miles wouldn't like her to dress too showily. Therefore, she began to watch how she dressed ever since the day they broke up, and she had learned to keep her distance with Matthew as well.

It was due to his reminder and her reflection that she realized that she had been dressing up too showily previously. Furthermore, when coupled with her gorgeous looks, it was no wonder that people tended to get attracted to her. Thus, she was only wearing a plain shirt and black skirt for the conference. Even though it was simple, she was still as beautiful as a budding flower; it all felt just right.

When she was placing some bottled water on the table, she suddenly noticed Miles' name on one of the name plaques. Immediately, she thought, So he is here! No wonder Mrs. Miller invited me! However, she also noticed that his name was written incorrectly, for his surname was spelled with a 'd' instead of a 't'. It was a serious mistake to misspell someone's name, so Stella quickly took it backstage to have them reprint it.

In the meantime, Miles was in his branch office when his secretary, Sarah Bloom sent him a photo of the venue of the conference. "Mr. Grant, this is a photo of the site. Please have a look!" She then showed him the photo.

He zoomed in on the photo to check on the size of the venue, the position of the mic, and his seat. Whoever that didn't join the rehearsal needed to go through that in order to get a feel of the site of the happening. It wasn't until he zoomed in to check that he noticed that the organizer had misspelled his name. He let out a snort, for he felt humiliated by having his name misspelled. "Tell Edward that I won't be going to the conference!" He gave his order.

"What's the matter?" Sarah quickly checked on the photo again, but she didn't notice anything out of the ordinary. It was perhaps because she was already familiar with writing his name that she didn't immediately notice the error.

On the other hand, Miles was still feeling vexed while caressing his chin. At that moment, his phone rang with a call from the logistics department of Miller Corp. They wanted to double confirm if all of the guests would be able to attend the conference. However, Miles replied resolutely that he wouldn't be attending.

Miles was an important guest, so the staff member was unnerved by his reply. Therefore, he hurriedly asked Miles, "Mr. Grant, what might it be that you're displeased with?"

Hearing that. Miles merely arched his brow while letting out a mirthless chuckle that was audible over the phone.

"Was it because we misspelled your name?" The staff knew someone of Miles' calibre would usually have someone update them on the site. "That happened because of a minor glitch in the smart input method in our computer system. However, please rest assured that we already solved the problem, as Miss Johansson already pointed it out to us!"

“Which Miss Johansson?” Miles was wearing a frown on his face.

Ignorant about his relationship with Stella, the staff told him, “Oh, Miss Johansson is a good friend of Mrs. Miller who came to help out.” Hearing that, Miles fell into silence. The staff then proceeded to check with him again carefully. “Will you be joining the conference?” It wasn’t until Miles gave a firm confirmation that the staff heaved a sigh of relief.

On the other hand, Stella went backstage after setting up the table, since she had no business remaining onstage. After she got onto the bus, she sent Miles a text. ‘Mr. Grant, after some reflection, I realized that in the past, I hadn’t set firm boundaries for myself, especially with Matthew. Although I knew he fancied me, I didn’t keep my distance. It was wrong of me to take advantage of his kindness. Also, I would like to apologize about the incident with Zane in Murdough. Although I already texted you, I should’ve waited for your reply, for you were the one who had a better grasp on the situation—’ She wanted to add that she shouldn’t have only listened to Matthew, but she deleted it for fear of triggering another conflict between Matthew and Miles.

Miles got her text when he was on his way out after the conference, which prompted him to stop in his tracks. Upon noticing that, Edward asked, “Do you have other things to do here?”

“You go on. I’ll come to you in a bit.” Miles hung his head low while rereading Stella’s message again and again, but he didn’t reply to it.

When he got to Edward’s office, Nancy somehow ended up mentioning the minor error with Miles’ name. She praised Stella for being attentive, saying that it perhaps was because Stella had written Miles’ name in her heart countless times, so she was able to identify any mistakes that others would normally miss. Other than that, Nancy also mentioned that she had unknowingly drank out of the glass that Miles left behind that day.

“You two sure are bound together by fate,” Nancy said jovially. As Edward’s wife, she delighted in minor gestures that helped forge connections.

Miles had his legs crossed while sitting on the sofa. When he heard that, he questioned nonchalantly, “Is that so?”