

Chapter 117

Send Him to Jail

This was merely a small, common case of a construction site accident. In a city as vibrant and lively as Murdough, it was just another grain of salt in the sea which didn't cause any ripple on the water surface. The sun was as bright as usual, and the skies were blue as it normally was, while the people went about with their bustling lives normally; nothing felt out of place at all.

It was Lizbeth who had called her, saying that an accident happened to Zane at the construction site. Although it was exactly what Stella had expected, she was still shocked. Crying over the phone, Lizbeth said that her son had passed away just after her husband, and she had to send her son off at this age. Not only that, she was also a cancer patient with a huge medical bill, so she really didn't know what she should do now.

Stella could only comfort her, but she didn't say anything else.

According to Lizbeth, Zane went to the site where the concrete had yet to dry completely, and he fell from the top when he was trying to dodge a piece of the concrete which fell above his head!

It had nothing to do with Miles at all, and no one else was related to this incident.

However, Stella knew for sure that there were other details within; she just kept it to herself.

Although she hated Zane for always pushing her into a corner, Lizbeth was in a difficult spot now that he was really dead.

It was her and Lizbeth who arranged for Zane's burial, and Miles wasn't there at his grave during the burial.

On the surface, the matter really seemed like it had nothing to do with him. Furthermore, he wasn't even friends with Zane, so it was normal that he didn't show up.

Since Zane didn't have anyone else in Hollowcrest, he was buried in Murdough. The burial site was pricey, but he had some savings with Lizbeth. Stella was the only person who was rather close to him, and he didn't have other relatives besides her. Even Julia, who was once in an alliance with him, didn't show up. During such a time, she was afraid to have anything to do with him.

Once, Stella went to meet Nancy, and they chatted away until their conversation led to this topic. "Miles was the one who found this sub-contractor," she said. "It has nothing much to do with Miller Corp, but I heard that this sub-contractor left behind an elderly mother. So, Miles gave her two hundred thousand."

Thus, this matter was considered a closed case.

As Stella was afraid to hear any news that Miles had anything to do with Zane's death, she didn't contact him, and neither did he.

News of Zane's accidental death spread across Murdough very quickly. Matthew also called to ask her how she was doing and advised her not to think about it too much. In fact, he had imagined all sorts of horrible deaths for Zane when he was still alive, but when it came so early, he was rather surprised.

Stella replied that she didn't think too much; she was already angry at him for selling a batch of her steel materials, and he received just his desserts. Despite that, she wasn't expecting that he would die such a horrible death, and Lizbeth was rather pitiable as well. After all, she was already this old, and she had no one by her side now.

Recently, she was in a solemn mood, so she wanted to take a walk outside.

The wind blew gently in Murdough by the end of September, making it a little chilly in the evening. Pacing idly alone along Gelb River, she then went to San Marquez Square before going to Central Park.

This place held too many memories for her—memories of those days she spent with him.

When she lifted her head to look up at the sky, she saw someone doing the same from the corner of her eyes.

Spinning her head, she saw Miles, who had also turned his head to look at her.

"What are you doing here?" he asked casually. Because of his company's project, he had been staying in Murdough instead of returning to Hollowcrest.

with a grin.

"Let's take a walk together," he suggested, and she walked next to him with her silent consent.

Her hands flapped on her sides idly, and she accidentally touched his hand, which made her jerk her hand away as though she was electrocuted.

"Are you afraid?" he asked, surprised.

Grinning, Stella replied, "No. I'm just glad that I'm not your enemy!"

They both knew within themselves what she meant. If she was his enemy, she might end up raped like Julie, or maybe die a tragic death like Zane, which was something beyond anyone's expectations.

With a smile on her face, she walked on slowly.

"You should know the reason why I did this. Zane was my subcontractor. When I went upstairs for inspection, I saw the negligence on the other works up there. The concrete strength was insufficient, and I knew that something bad would happen. I tried to stop Zane and told him to wait a little longer when he wanted to go up, but then this happened!" he explained, downplaying the situation that day.

"Don't speak about it anymore," Stella said while looking the other way. She would rather believe that Zane's death was accidental than listen to anything that connected Miles to it, but he finally said it himself.

Nevertheless, he must have planned it all from a long time ago, or else he wouldn't have asked the silly Zane to become his subcontractor.

What happened with Julia was an accident, and so was Zane's death. A pair of hands was controlling all these events in the dark, and they were Miles' hands, because those two people had once tried to force Stella into desperation.

However, she felt that he was rather ruthless with his revenge.

For some unknown reason, someone was setting off fireworks in the distance, and she recalled that it was during New Year when both of them watched fireworks together. All of a sudden, she felt that time had passed by in a flash. Where had all that time gone?

“When should we take the train together again?” he asked warmly, shifting his attitude as he turned to face her.

“Let’s see.” After what happened with Zane, she felt that a large part of her energy had been drained.

At the same time, it seemed that after Zane’s death, her cervicitis had recovered; the pain which he caused her had disappeared along with him. When she went back for a checkup at the hospital, her uterus was as clear as a virgin’s.

It was as though everything was Zane’s curse, so it looked like his passing wasn’t all that bad after all.

At least, from Stella’s point of view, she had one less trouble now.

When Matthew invited her to Hollowcrest, it was during the time when her mood was gradually turning brighter.

It had been a while since she last saw him. There were some people who just slowly faded out from a person’s life after not keeping in touch for a while, so Matthew’s unexpected invitation made her really hesitant.

“I’ve already explained to Miles about what happened last time, Stella, so don’t take it to heart. It really looks like there’s something going on when you act so dodgily!” Matthew said over the phone.

In the end, she agreed because her initial objective wasn’t to sell clothes, but to become a designer. Recently, she had the idea of creating her own brand instead of being an ambassador for Amon. This way, she could reduce her contact with Matthew and focus on creating her own ladies clothing line.

Stella didn’t even have the chance to hide from Matthew when she returned to Hollowcrest. After what he had gone through, he had both gotten rather wary of things.

Standing at the entrance of the designer room with his hands in his pockets, he frowned slightly as he stared at her. Actually, he was already within her view, but he didn’t lift his head.

She had already promised Miles that she would change, and the both of them were very restrained this time.

For the next three days in Hollowcrest, she stayed in a hotel, and she would run into Miles sometimes. When he saw her interaction with Matthew, he didn’t have anything to say about it.

Three days later, she received a call from Lizbeth, saying that she should return to Murdough because she had an emergency.

“Are you having a relapse?” Stella asked. “Do you need someone with you? If so, I can send one of my employees over.”

“No, it’s something to do with Miles,” she replied. “This is all I can say over the phone. It’s up to you if you want to come or not!”

All of a sudden, Stella felt goosebumps rising up all over her body. From the way Lizbeth spoke, she sounded so cold that it was as though she was threatening her.

After hanging up the call, she suddenly felt very light-headed. Did she discover what Miles had done? she thought, flustered. He’ll have to go to jail if she finds out about it!

Without further ado, she returned to Lizbeth’s place in Murdough.

The reason she didn’t tell it to Miles for now was because she didn’t want to blow up this matter, which would make it difficult to control the situation later. Also, she was worried that he would threaten Lizbeth and vice versa. With her as the mediator, there would be room for discussions.

Previously, Zane would be at Lizbeth’s place, but now that he was no longer around, she went there straight without any hesitation.

Sitting alertly on the couch, Lizbeth spoke to her as soon as she entered. “President Grant even resorted to murder because of you!”

Immediately, she felt her scalp crawl when she heard that. She found out about it in the end, but how? Does anyone else know about it as well now that she knows about it?

“President Grant went up to inspect the situation, then one of the workers told him that the concrete at a spot was weak and needed strengthening. He took a look downstairs, where Zane was giving instructions to the workers, and told the workers to wait and not to do it instead! Then, he went downstairs and told Zane to check that area after he had sent away the worker who told him about the situation. Without anyone upstairs, Zane went to that spot and the concrete happened to fall. Instinctively, Zane tried to dodge it and fell off the building. That was what happened! This wasn’t just a simple accident! Miles committed murder!” she elaborated, staring at Stella coldly.

For Stella, it felt as though the situation during New Year had repeated itself, and Lizbeth was once again the person who wanted to catch her red-handed. She seemed to have forgotten all the kindness Stella had showered on her when she took care of her while she was ill.

Suddenly, Stella was struck by fear. It would be a heavy sentence for murder, but why did she look for her instead of going to the police directly? Could that mean that there’s still room for negotiations?

“What do you want, Mrs. Levitt?” Now, she had even changed the way she addressed her.

Showing her a flash drive in her palm, she replied, “Everything that happened that day was recorded by the CCTV, and I got a copy before Miles could destroy it. I’ll send him to jail one fine day!”