

Chapter 118

Don't You Understand Your Man?

All colors drained from Stella's face, and she tried to snatch the flash drive out of reflex while saying, "You have nothing to gain by doing this, Mrs. Levitt. There's nothing which shows that Miles has a motive. Moreover, all that happened didn't show that he had any murder intent."

Snorting, Lizbeth said, "If he has no such intent, then why are you so pale?"

"I—" Stella thought that it was impossible for her to have the evidence in the flash drive. First of all, Miles wouldn't be so careless and leave any trails behind. Secondly, how did she get hold of the flash drive? Another question, the construction site belonged to Miles, but how did she have the footage which even Miles didn't have? It didn't make any sense.

As Lizbeth was so aggressive now, she didn't even have the opportunity to call Miles when she wanted to.

More and more, she felt that Lizbeth was trying to con her and wanted to lure the truth out of her. But there wouldn't be any smoke without fire, so just exactly how did Lizbeth find out about it?

"Are you wondering how I got this flash drive? Someone recorded this secretly and gave it to me out of pity that I have to send my son off at this age!" she said with a snigger.

To Stella, these didn't seem like the things Lizbeth would say. Furthermore, there was no mention of such things just a few days ago, so why did she bring it up now? Without a doubt, someone must have visited her during the past couple of days!

"Show me the flash drive. I haven't heard anything about this, and Miles didn't tell me anything, either," she said, pointing to the flash drive.

She knew that this was the only evidence Lizbeth had in her hands. Also, if this footage was real, then who was the one who recorded it?

"Who's the one who gave you that recording?" she asked while standing next to the table.

"Are you thinking of silencing me?"

"No!" she exclaimed. "It's a fact that your son is no longer here, so why don't you enjoy your remaining days instead of stirring up bloody events? How about I take care of you for the rest of your life if you give me the flash drive? What do you think?" Right now, she was having a psychological battle with her, and this battle depended on their mental strength.

More importantly, Stella had no idea if the footage was really in the flash drive or it was just a tool for Lizbeth to fool her!

Seeing how pale Stella was, Lizbeth knew that the flash drive was her best tool to control her. Subsequently, she tucked it into her pocket.

"Tell Miles to listen to everything I say from now. If he doesn't, I'll show him what I'm capable of!" she threatened menacingly.

Since a long time ago, she had already placed all the times when Stella took care of her when she was ill to the back of her mind. All she wanted to do now was to avenge her son.

If she wanted to blackmail Miles, then why did she look for her instead of negotiating with him directly?

Obviously, if she looked for him, she would be no match for him. Not only would she fail in blackmailing him, but she would even push herself to a dead end.

Thus, she turned to Stella because she knew that she liked and cared about him. In addition, she was also a woman, didn't have a clear picture about what really happened, and couldn't differentiate the truth from her words. While Lizbeth manipulated the truth in the dark, Stella would definitely suffer a psychological breakdown.

Sure enough, Stella suddenly wanted to grab the flash drive over the coffee table, and Lizbeth sniggered. "It's simple if you're worried. Just pass my words to Miles!"

"Give it to me!" Stella shouted suddenly. As Lizbeth kept dodging and refused to give it to her, Stella grabbed a fruit knife on the table out of instinct while they were struggling and stuck the knife into her body.

Instantly, fresh, bright blood spurted out!

Stunned, it was the first time that Stella did something like this, and she dropped the knife to the floor with a clank.

Holding her chest as she struggled and wailed, Lizbeth pointed to her and uttered, "Y-You're ruthless..."

Even Stella felt that she was too rash and irrational. Just to verify the footage, she actually stabbed Lizbeth. After she stood there frozen for a couple of minutes, she called the ambulance and sent her to the hospital.

This is a crime of intentional injury... I'll be sentenced. I'll be sentenced! she repeated in her head.

In the ambulance, she held her head in utter regret. The police would probably be looking for her soon. This was a crime of intentional injury, not some civil dispute nor a case that could be settled out of court. So many people had seen the knife sticking out of Lizbeth's chest, and she reckoned that someone would call the police about it soon!

At that moment, Stella felt that the sky had fallen on her.

She had killed a person, and she didn't want Miles to find out about this shameful act, but it wouldn't do if he didn't know about the flash drive that concerned him.

Thrown into confusion, she struggled within and didn't know if she should give him a call.

Soon, the ambulance arrived at the hospital, and she followed the doctor as they sent Lizbeth into a ward. All the while, she kept weeping, saying, "I'm sorry, Lizbeth. I'm sorry... I didn't do it on purpose..."

Throwing herself on Lizbeth's bed, she kept crying, but Lizbeth couldn't hear her anymore.

After that, the police arrived. With so many people around the hospital, it would be impossible that all of them who had seen the knife in Lizbeth's chest pretended that they hadn't seen a thing.

When Stella went to the police station for her statement, she explained that she got into an argument with Lizbeth over a small matter and had mistaken the fruit knife on the coffee table...

Regardless of how honest she was as a person, she couldn't help but skew the story to shield herself in such a time.

Very consciously, she avoided mentioning anything about Miles, and she couldn't care anymore what Lizbeth would say when she woke up.

The whole night when she was held in the lockup, Stella leaned against the wall while holding her knees. With her eyes opened wide, many scenarios and questions flashed in her mind. How many years will I serve in prison? If Lizbeth dies, then I'll be charged with murder. If she survives, I'll still be charged with attempted murder.

No matter which situation it turned out to be, she would be almost forty when she was released.

Miles... He'll probably be married by then.

There was no way that he would wait for her. Moreover, he was so high and mighty, so why would he wait for a woman to be out of jail?

The moment she stabbed Lizbeth, Stella's whole life had already ended. For the rest of her life, she probably had to live humbly and more inferiorly than others.

Previously when she was on the way to Lizbeth's hospital, Stella had taken a glance at the moon tonight. It was a mellow, white color, which was just like her heart—void of all blood with only an ashen look left.

At midnight, a police officer informed her that someone was there to visit her, and she walked out in a daze.

In the visitor room, Yulia was waiting for her, and she appeared to be gloating over her situation although she tried to make it seem as though she was worried about her. These were the two expressions which were struggling to display on her face.

Ever since Zane introduced Miles to Yulia, Stella had become her enemy. And Stella knew very well the workings of a woman's mind.

"I went to visit Zane's mother just now, Stella. She told me everything that happened. How could you do something so silly?" she asked, grabbing her hands.

In a split second, panic struck Stella as she thought, So it means that Yulia already knows about what Miles did? The more people who knew about this, the more unfavorable it was for him.

Despite that, she showed nothing on the surface. This wasn't a time when she could act rashly. If she was just a little careless, Miles' criminal evidence would be confirmed.

"You're overthinking this. Miles didn't do any of those things. It's Lizbeth who's trying to frame him. I was so furious and flustered that I..." Stella explained, trying to downplay what Miles did.

Sniggering knowingly, Yulia said, "I don't care if he has done it or not, but I've already asked a lawyer about your situation. You'll be sentenced to a decade, at least. Is this worth it for him?"

The fact that she would have to serve a sentence came as no surprise to Stella, and she was even mentally prepared for it, so she wasn't shocked or frightened when she heard it from Yulia. In contrast, she was rather calm.

It really looks like I'll have nothing to do with Miles anymore in this lifetime.

"Do you want me to tell him?" Yulia asked. "You're here now because of him, after all."

"No need for that!" she rejected. Since she had already accepted her fate, she didn't want Miles to worry about her. It was her fault for acting rashly.

Then, Yulia said, "Fine. I'm leaving now."

Nodding, Stella watched as she walked toward the sunlight. From now on, whatever happened between Miles and Yulia was probably not her concern anymore.

For three days, she stayed in the lockup, and no one came to visit her. Probably no one knew about this yet, and maybe Yulia came because the lockup officer had called her relative.

After staying three days in the lockup, someone came on the fourth day, and the jailer said in a rather odd manner, "You can leave now, Stella Johansson!"

Unable to understand what he meant by she could leave now, she wondered, How can I leave when I haven't even been sentenced?

By now, she was haggard and pale. Besides that, she lost a lot of weight and didn't wash her face, not to mention having any makeup at all.

Then, she saw Miles standing there, waiting for her. She moved her lips, but no words came out in the end. Days of disturbed sleep had left her shattered, and she felt that her head was about to explode.

Pacing over to her, Miles placed his arm over her shoulder and helped her out. Together, they reached his car, and he put her into the passenger seat.

While her head bobbed around in the car, her voice came out soft and in a murmur from her exhaustion and sleepiness. "How did you know that I was in the lockup?"

"They called me."

"How did I get out?"

"You didn't do anything against the law, so why do you have to stay there? I told Lizbeth to confess it as personal injury and to mention that the injury was a result of a squabble. Also, I gave her a million. Her injury isn't serious because your stab was light, and she only suffered a superficial wound. You merely created a light injury which can be settled out of court. Furthermore, the flash drive she gave you is a fake! Don't you know your man? I've never left a trail behind for anything I did. She merely heard those rumors and wanted to use it to trick you since she knows that she can't do the same with me," he detailed as he drove quickly.

Everything he said, however, sounded like a thread, passing through beside her ears.