

## Chapter 119

### Throwing a Fit

As a thought crossed her mind, Stella thought, Miles is really something! In just a few days, he managed to settle things with Lizbeth. From the looks of it, the reason Lizbeth tricked me is because she hopes that there will be someone who will provide for her financially in the future. In the first half of her life, she has enjoyed all the wealth, but for the rest of her life, she'll have to live all alone. Now that she's entering her autumn years, it's understandable for her to have insecurities, which results in her acting that way.

"So, there isn't a video of you?" Stella asked abruptly, as she found it difficult to think straight at the moment.

"No. Even if there is, nothing can be done. I saw the concrete was about to fall off, so I called Zane to go upstairs and check on it, but it can't prove anything. What's there to prove? She just heard some rumors and attempted to take you for a ride." Miles explained in a straightforward manner and continued, "Speaking of which, was it even worth it for you to do that?"

With a bitter smile, Stella said, "Maybe I'm just insensitive, which is why I'm always feeling scared."

Without saying anything further, Miles continued to drive toward the direction of his branch office.

Initially, Stella was feeling really sleepy, but after asking the few questions that had been troubling her, she suddenly hit upon a thought. We've already broken up, and he's the one who proposed it. Yet, he didn't say anything about getting back together again. Now that he saved me, what's the deal?

As soon as the car parked in the basement, she got out of the car and surprisingly didn't feel as sleepy.

While walking, she staggered and sprained her ankle by accident. Her high heels had fallen off about half a meter away from where she was standing. Gawking at her heels, she stood on one foot and supported herself with one hand against the wall.

When Miles saw that, he walked over to pick up the heels for her. Then, he bent forward and placed the heel next to her.

Pressing her lips together, Stella refused to put it on, as though she was throwing a fit and was upset at someone. Who else could she be upset with?

"Wear it. The floor is chilly," said Miles. Indeed, the temperature in the basement was much lower compared to the temperature outdoors.

Seeing that Stella didn't move an inch, Miles kneeled down and grabbed her by the ankle as he forced the shoe on her.

However, Stella was unwilling to cooperate—she was never the type who would give in easily.

As Miles raised his head to glance at Stella, she looked away and ignored him.

"Behave and put it on now," Miles emphasized once again.

Upon hearing that, Stella could sense the feeling of helplessness from the tone of his voice. Her tears trickled down her cheeks as she was confused of her own emotions, not knowing whether she was feeling wronged for herself or toward Miles.

Sniveling, Stella wasn't too familiar with this bitter and painful feeling, one she had never experienced before.

All of these emotions which she had never known of, she experienced all of it after knowing Miles.

In the end, Stella gave in. After putting on the shoe for her, Miles held her hand and led her into the house.

He could still tell that Stella was unwilling.

As soon as they entered the house, Stella sat down on the couch. Hugging her legs, she sat there dazedly, as though she was deep in thoughts, while Miles headed to the kitchen.

Not knowing what Miles was up to, Stella heard the kitchen exhaust hood sounded.

A while later, Miles came out with a bowl of mushroom soup and asked her to drink it up.

Turning her face away, Stella was obviously still angry, feeling wronged for not being able to vent out her anger.

As Miles held a spoon with one hand and a bowl with the other, he was about to feed Stella.

However, Stella turned away and used her arms to cover her mouth, refusing to drink.

"You're not going to drink?" asked Miles.

Without answering, Stella simply shut her eyes.

At present, they had already broken up.

Gently blowing the soup in the bowl, Miles didn't look at her but took a gulp of soup himself.

When Stella thought he was about to drink it all up himself, he placed the bowl down and held her by the neck. With that, he fed the soup from his mouth into hers.

All of it happened in a flash. Gazing at Miles with a blank expression on her face, Stella was at a loss to understand what he was doing.

"Are you still mad at me?" asked Miles.

Because of what he had done just now, Stella felt a flush crept up her face. His words had hit her right in the feels as she blushed and wondered how she could not be mad.

When Miles held her by the neck just now, he seized the chance to pin her down on the sofa and started kissing her.

"The other time back in my villa, I didn't get to finish what I wanted to say. Do you know what it is?" whispered Miles into her ears.

Upon hearing what he said, Stella felt her tears streaming down. Never did she imagine that she could experience the ups and downs all in a single day, wherein she could go from the valleys of death up to cloud nine.

She could also vaguely recall that time when they were standing by the door of his villa. Because Gabrielle was around, he couldn't finish what he was about to say.

"What?" asked Stella in a hoarse voice. The first part of what he said was this: It's not because I don't believe in you, but it's because...

Stella had tried to guess what he was trying to say then, but she was clueless.

"I don't believe in myself!" he whispered in Stella's ears. "I was afraid that I'm no match for your mutual affections with him."

It was hard to believe that even an honorable president like him would be this insecure.

Being her first man, as well as the one and only man she ever had, why was he insecure?

At that, Stella felt she wasn't that angry anymore. When he picked her up from the detention center just now, he mentioned this—your man. Does that mean he still considers himself as mine?

Gently caressing Miles' hair, she allowed him to rub his face on her chest. Whenever he was with her, he was not the aloof president, but someone who was gentle and had a weak spot—he had a soft spot for her.

At this moment, he was being extra careful with her. He was afraid that she would be mad at him and fearful that she would ignore him out of anger; he was fearful of many things.

Ever since Stella appeared in his life, he realized he had developed many more fears.

The breaking up and getting back together was all because they cared for each other too much.

As Miles got back up, he reached out for the soup and intended to feed Stella.

Without a warning, Stella hugged him tightly by the waist, and in a brittle tone of voice, she pleaded, "Miles! Miles, please don't leave me."

After being together for so long, she rarely called him by his name. The only time she would call him by his name was when they were in bed, but now, it all sounded very natural coming from her. Was it because they had gotten closer together?

"Silly girl! I won't," promised Miles as he gently patted on Stella's head.

Immediately, her tears began to pour down like rain, and it drenched Miles' shirt. "I mean, forever!"

"I never said it's temporary."

Regardless of whether he would be leaving her in the future, Stella only felt contentment warming her heart when she heard his promise.

After spending a few days in the detention center, Stella wanted to take a good shower. Hence, she took a long shower and scrubbed every part of her body clean. After that, she finished eating the food Miles bought for her and went straight to bed later.

As the weight had been lifted off her shoulder, Stella almost slept through the whole day. When she woke up, Miles was no longer around, so she called his number, but he didn't pick up.

Thinking that he might be downstairs working in his branch office, she got dressed and went over.

"Hello there, you are..." the receptionist asked.

"I'm Stella Johansson." Though she lived in this place previously, she knew that no one in this building knew who she was because she had never stepped into the branch office before.

"I see, you're Miss Johansson. President Grant is in a meeting now, but you can still wait for him in his office. Please follow me." The receptionist got up and led Stella to Miles' office.

As they walked past the meeting room, Stella noticed that the meeting room was made of glass windows. Sitting at the head of the meeting table, Miles had his back facing her, whereas the rest of the officers were facing her. Hence, all of them caught sight of Stella.

As Miles noticed something odd, he turned around and saw Stella.

Putting on a smile, Stella went into his office, while Miles went on with the meeting.

After pouring a cup of tea for Stella, the receptionist walked out of the room.

In fact, this was Stella's first time in Miles' office, and it was rather different from the one he had in Hollowcrest City. This room was smaller, and it didn't have a restroom, but it was still as tidy.

Before she could finish her cup of tea, Miles walked in and asked, "You're up already?"

Stella nodded. Today, she felt an inkling of joy. Initially, she thought she was about to spend years in prison, but it didn't happen because Miles came to her rescue. Besides that, both of them had kissed and made up, so Stella was only grateful for the double blessings.

After exchanging a few words in the office, Stella wanted to go to the washroom, so she left.

When she returned and was about to push the door open, she overheard the conversation between Miles and the secretary. "I've told you already. If Miss Johansson comes over, you should have led her to my office without anyone noticing. Why didn't you listen?"

The moment Stella heard Miles' incisive words, she trembled and thought, What does he mean by that? Am I a disgrace or something?

A minute ago, she was over the moon, but now, she had fallen back into the pit. Perhaps she was the only one who was happy.

In fear of Miles' authoritarian figure, the secretary didn't refute but kept apologizing and cried, "President Grant!"

"That's enough. Get out now."

Immediately, Stella hid at a corner and tried to suppress her tears from falling.

Once the secretary had left, Stella took quite a while to calm down her emotions before heading back into Miles' office.

"What do you want to eat?" Standing up from his seat, Miles was prepared to leave.

"I'm good with anything. As long as I'm with you, I can eat anything," said Stella as she gazed at Miles.

The purpose of saying that was to make him understand her affections for him, hoping that his feelings were mutual, but from the looks of it, he didn't feel the same way.

This morning, when he had come to bring her out of the detention center, she was overwhelmed and touched with tears, but now, the feelings she felt had depleted significantly.

Frankly, she couldn't tell what Miles was feeling. Whenever she thought the distance between them had drawn closer, before she realized it, he was further away again.

Without replying, Miles held her hands and went out.