

Chapter 120

Closer to Him

After last night's incident, Stella felt as though she had been given a new lease on life, so now, she cherished her life even more. About Lizbeth, she didn't want to visit her or have anything to do with her in the future. She would just leave it all to Miles, as she felt that she didn't have the intelligence to handle Lizbeth.

Once Miles was done with his meal, he gazed at Stella, who was still eating.

While Stella was drinking her soup, she lowered her head and didn't notice that her hair had dipped into the bowl of soup.

Gazing at her from the side, Miles gently lifted his hand and tucked the strand of hair behind her ear.

From his point of view, she looked simply refreshed and innocent now. Just gazing at her lovely and alluring features, Miles figured that it had been a while since they shared an intimate moment together.

After stealing a quick glance at Miles, Stella continued drinking her soup.

In the month of October, the weather had turned cooler.

Stella was wearing a black shirt and a pair of long pants. The style and material of this shirt was rather similar to one from Amon that she had worn previously, but this one seemed shorter and had a slimmer cut. She didn't know why she wore such a shirt, but it was probably because the person beside her preferred a gray and black palette. Unfortunately, he wasn't wearing one on this day.

No doubt, Miles was the one who bought her this shirt, as it was placed in the apartment above the branch office. Frankly, Stella wasn't sure why Miles had bought her such a shirt. As Stella didn't want to be reminded of her experience in the detention center, she had disposed of the clothes she wore on the previous day.

As Stella continued to drink her soup, Miles was sitting beside her, gently patting her head as though she was his daughter.

The moment Stella finished drinking the soup, she pivoted and said, "I'm don—"

Before she could complete her sentence, Miles kissed her and drew her closer toward him.

Initially, Stella was startled and embarrassed as they were in public. Since Stella couldn't resist his overbearing manner, she just accepted it willingly. Closing her eyes slowly, she realized there was a faint scent of cigarette in his breath, as well as an irresistible masculine scent, which pulled her deeper into her trance.

After kissing for a while, Stella was suddenly hit with the realization that they were still in a public area now. Noticing that everyone was casting strange glances at them, she immediately felt awkward.

On their way home, she leaned her head against him while he hugged her in a lopsided way. Both of them knew very well what would happen later.

Sure enough, before they reached the branch office, Miles carried Stella upstairs and she could hear that his breathing was quickening.

As soon as they entered the room, Miles laid her on the bed.

As Miles was overcome with desires, he pinned her down and held her close to himself. "Stella!"

After so many days, he finally had the chance to call her this affectionately.

Feeling all worn out, Stella could barely lift her head, and her hair was spread out on the bed. Drenched with sweat, Stella squinted her eyes while there were still obvious tear stains on her cheeks.

This wasn't the first time they shared an intimate session together, and it wasn't even the most intense one either, because Miles always had ways to make Stella reach the heavens. However, Stella felt that this was indeed the first time their hearts were this close to one another; they were so, so close.

After making love throughout the night, Stella woke up rather late the next day. As she went into the bathroom to wash up, she saw another set of toothbrushes and toothpaste for ladies besides Miles' own set. Seeing that, she felt her heart soften because she knew that was for her.

"I've bought new toothbrushes and toothpaste for you." Miles' voice sounded from outside the bathroom.

Upon answering that, Stella wondered whether he had personally bought it himself. The toothpaste was imported and the toothbrush had extra soft bristles. From the looks of it, the set looked pricey, and it suited his status pretty well.

Later, Miles walked in to join her. While both of them were brushing their teeth, Stella couldn't help but smile as they had never been this close with one another before.

Actually, there was this one thing that kept bugging her. Am I a disgrace? Why didn't he want anyone to see me entering his office? Then again, it didn't really matter now.

Early in the morning, Miles was already done dressing up. He had put on a black shirt and tucked in his pants, looking all prim and proper but absolutely charming.

Once he had brushed his teeth, he waited patiently for Stella by standing behind her. Slowly brushing her teeth, Stella looked at herself in the mirror when all of a sudden, she felt something pressing against her from behind...

Lowering her head, she gargled and washed her face, while Miles stuck himself closely behind her.

At the age of twenty-five, Stella was still full of youth and vitality, so she couldn't possibly resist such temptation. As she felt the flames begin to come alive in her, she turned around to hug him and reached for his lips.

After kissing for some time, Miles turned her body around while Stella supported herself by placing both her hands on the basin.

This was the first time Stella got to feast her eyes on Miles' every expression through the mirror's reflection when he was lost in making love to her.

With that seductive look on his face, she couldn't help but feel more aroused, and she desired for him to go deeper into her.

Then, she looked at him in the mirror when he looked back at her.

Lately, Stella had been living in Miles' place.

In this period of time, both of them shared their most intimate times together; she had him in her heart, and it was the same the other way round.

He knew that she loved him, but Stella wasn't too sure whether he felt the same for her.

Though troubled, Stella didn't choose to clarify with him about why he didn't want anyone to know about them being together. Because of this, she had obviously harbored ill-feelings in her heart.

Ever since the incident of her being sent into the detention center because of Zane, Stella learned to cherish every moment in her life now, and she was diligent in spending her time wisely.

It all started with a thought, but now, she was serious about coming up with her own fashion design brand for women. Unwilling to wait any longer, she thought of getting things started as soon as possible.

She planned to open another boutique, which would sell Amon clothing along her own designs.

Hence, she had gotten herself really busy; from finding a place, a shop lot, to finding a factory, she was personally involved in the process.

In her opinion, Stella reckoned that if she intended to come up with her own brand, she had to set up her own factory. The places in Murdough were far too costly, and the manufacturing costs were on the expensive side as well, so she intended to set up a factory in Hollowcrest City instead.

At that, her dad's factory crossed her mind. That factory was initially owned by her dad, but now, he had passed it down to her. Considering that Yulia had started her own foreign company in construction materials, and would focus on logistic support, Stella then thought of changing the scope of her business. She would not be doing anything related to construction materials, so Yulia wouldn't be so concerned about taking back the factory.

Then again, she needed to refurbish the whole factory and register for operation. No doubt, all of these needed time to be arranged, but within this period of time, Stella would have her plate full with the designing, because by the time the factory was ready, they would have to start producing clothes.

Miles agreed with Stella's decision. "I didn't expect the once delicate—" Then, he paused and swallowed the rest of his words. However, Stella already knew what he intended to say—"the once delicate Mrs. Levitt'.

Gazing at Miles, Stella believed that the old Mrs. Levitt was long gone. At this moment, she was just Stella Johansson. Standing in her own office, she presented and explained to Miles the blueprint of her new career plan, and Miles would give her his evaluations.

As Miles was giving his comments, he noticed the world map behind her. Somehow, he felt that this woman had big plans, and he was only a small part of her plans. There was a time when he didn't want

her to work and appear before the public, but now, things might have turned out to be the opposite of what he wanted.

Life is complicated, and we don't always get what we want. Life is like a box of chocolates; you never know what you're going to get, he thought.

"So, you agree?" Stella asked happily.

"Yeap."

Feeling elated, Stella mentioned that she wanted to make a trip down to Hollowcrest City, as she needed to discuss with Matthew about lowering the quota of selling Amon clothes. In future, if she planned to work on her own brand completely, she would surely have to lessen her sales of Amon items.

Hence, she really had to meet up with Matthew this time.

In regards to meeting Matthew, she had informed Miles. Previously, it was all because Miles was pissed at the both of them for being too close to one another that he had asked for a breakup. From then on, Stella had learned her lesson; whatever the matter it was, it would be better for her to include Miles in it and to discuss things with him.

"Sure." Miles agreed without hesitation.

Upon hearing that, Stella was bursting with joy. At times, Miles could be reasonable after all.

After that, Matthew and her had their discussion in his office. In a formal manner, she explained that because of Amon, she had managed to earn the first pot of gold in her life. As of now, she wished to design her own clothing brand, so she had to switch from being a primary distributor to being a secondary distributor. Most of the time, one would choose to start from the bottom and work their way up, but she chose the opposite, which was to step down and start from the very beginning. It did seem like she was casting him aside after he was done serving his purpose, so Stella was feeling apologetic toward him and wanted to ask for his forgiveness.

"So, you've decided to work on your own brand?" Matthew asked.

In response, Stella nodded.

"Then I guess you don't need to feel sorry for me. You're heading in the right direction!"

Lowering her head, Stella gave him a half-smile.

Her last breakup with Miles was such a big shock to her that it resulted in her being extra cautious in whatever she did.

Upon receiving Matthew's confirmation, Stella felt so relieved. That night, when she was about to fly back to Murdough, she received a call from an unknown number, and it turned out to be none other than Zachariah. Strange... Most of the time, Zachariah will use Matthew's phone to call me up, so what's with the unknown number?

"Miss Johansson, I'm Zack." Zachariah's adorable voice sounded from the phone.

Unable to hide the smile on her face, Stella said in a joking manner, “Excuse me, may I know why aren’t you calling me by my name? You make me feel like we’re very distant.”

“Honestly, I find it weird to call you like that too, but my mom said if you’re going to be my mother in the future, I can’t possibly keep calling you by your name.”

The moment Stella heard that, her jaw dropped, and she didn’t know what to say in response. With her face reddened, Stella asked, “Your mom? Your mom told you that?”

“Hold up. I’ll let my mom speak to you.”

This was the first time Stella had ever gotten in touch with Matthew’s ex-wife. Previously, she didn’t know much about his ex-wife because Matthew rarely mentioned her. Perhaps he was afraid that Zachariah would be sad when they mentioned his mom, so they rarely brought up this topic. If my memory serves my right, Zach’s mom is called Audrey Fraser. Knowing that she was a renowned tycoon, Stella couldn’t help but feel nervous.

Indeed, Matthew’s ex-wife was impressive.