

## Chapter 125

### Living Together

In the living room, Miles said to Stella, "Go and get changed."

At that, Stella wrapped the shawl around her body and went to the bedroom.

"You're living together?" William asked cautiously.

"Can't you see it yourself?" Miles asked rhetorically and let William into the house.

The room was quite neatly arranged, and William knew at a glance that it was done by someone with OCD. Since it was unlikely that it was Miles, it could only be Stella.

As the two people sat on the sofa, William revealed that he had come this time to discuss a small project with Miles and wanted to ask if he could do it.

Later, Stella came out from the bedroom wearing a T-shirt belonging to Miles and a pair of black pants. The baggy top and tight bottoms made for an attractive look on her. She didn't intend to wear Miles' clothes, but unfortunately, she had put all her clothes into the washing machine today. After all, it was autumn now, and so she had washed and put away all her summer clothes. It would be very hot to wear autumn clothes at home, and so she could not find any of her own clothes to wear.

When she poured water for William, the latter slowed down his talking and kept staring at her. While William was not aware about his actions, all of it was spotted by Miles, who glanced at Stella.

After Stella put down the teapot, Miles pulled her to his side, causing Stella to fall on the sofa and against his shoulder. But she did not resist either. Anyway, she could not understand Miles and William's conversation, so she obediently lay on Miles' shoulder and played with his hand.

William felt rather absent-minded.

That evening, he and Miles talked for a long time, and Miles was pleased with William's ability, so he gave the latter a very small part of the subcontracting project. After William left, Miles asked Stella why she wore his clothes when there were guests. "I've washed all my clothes, so there were no more clothes for me to wear," Stella replied matter-of-factly. "Besides, it's just the T-shirt that's yours." Bowing her head, she looked at the T-shirt.

"Well, you're mine too," Miles half-jokingly said.

After meeting her, William felt that Stella had changed, but he could not say how exactly. He only felt that she seemed to be more charming and seductive to a man. With every step she took, she was brimming with style and character, like a budding rose or a juicy peach. Even though she was Miles' woman, he also yearned to have a taste of her.

In fact, he felt that he was poisoned with lust after seeing her.

So, the next day, he secretly went to her store to stalk her every move. William's eyes were full of greed and lust when he saw her slender waist and plump chest. He didn't notice Miles coming from behind, saying, "Are you tired of living?"

“P-President Grant?” William looked flustered, and his whole body was trembling. When Stella heard the commotion outside, she turned to see Miles and William standing there and thought the two had something going on.

Thus, she walked out of the store with a puzzled gaze, asking, “What’s wrong?”

“N-Nothing,” William said, then he quietly slipped away.

Then, Stella asked Miles what happened, but the man simply replied, “Nothing.”

However, he seemed slightly unhappy.

Of course, since William was eyeing his woman, how could he be happy about it?

When he came home in the evening, he was still sullen, and after eating, he started ironing his clothes while Stella sat on the sofa, looking at him in awe. She had felt since long ago that many men did what were traditionally women’s chores much more sexily and professionally than most women.

Stella’s elbows were propped up on the sofa against her face as she looked on with interest. “Why don’t you let Mrs. Jude iron your clothes?” She didn’t speak clearly because she had her hand supporting her chin, but Miles still heard it.

“She doesn’t know how to.”

“Who doesn’t know how to iron clothes?”

“I don’t feel comfortable letting her do it.”

Stella thought for a while and realized that this was a good point. If she ironed the clothes terribly, it would affect his image for the day.

“What about me? Do you feel comfortable letting me do it?” Stella asked another question.

“You?” Miles raised his head to look at Stella, then smiled slightly. “Do you want to be a housewife?”

“I often iron clothes in the store, so I know how to and am also very experienced at it!” Stella announced.

Indeed, in the store, she had been using a large iron to iron clothes, which could allow fast ironing without damaging the shape of the clothes.

“Come on, then!” Miles said.

But Stella was lazy and could not get up from the sofa. Hence, Miles put down the iron and stretched out a hand to pull her up. Out of inertia, Stella fell into Miles’ arms, and she raised her head to look at him.

“Are you gonna take up the duties of a housewife in the future? Hmm?” Miles asked her as he wrapped his arm around Stella’s waist. Stella’s heart was thumping really hard against her chest. Every time she was alone with him like this, her hormones would rage in her, and she would literally hear her heart beating.

Her hand gently traced on Miles’ chest, her eyes misty as she asked, “Whose housewife?”

“Who do you think?”

“I don’t know.”

Miles glanced to the side. Has she learned to flirt with me? But it did pique his interest.

“Don’t you understand?” Miles asked again.

“Yeah.” Stella tilted her head teasingly.

“Why don’t we try and see whose housewife you are?” In a flash, Miles pulled out his trump card.

Stella panicked and broke away from him before she rushed off to iron the clothes. He’s so ruthless that I’m scared!

After the ironing session, Miles felt tired, so he went to the bed, took off his clothes, and let Stella give him a massage. As the wind blew in from the window, Stella felt that this was such a good life.

Since she couldn’t exert much strength while sitting on the bed, she stood up, bent over, and massaged Miles’ shoulders.

In fact, his shoulders had long ceased to hurt, but he enjoyed the feeling when Stella gave him a massage, so he would always ask her to do it.

Then, Stella put on that halter nightdress again from just now. It was so short that most of her thighs were revealed. As Miles turned over to look at Stella, he slipped his hand under her skirt and rubbed her belly.

“Still nothing?” he asked.

Stella, who was still massaging him, was a little distracted as she nodded. Any woman would feel a little inferior if she couldn’t conceive a child for a long time. They did it often, and he never wore a condom, but she still couldn’t conceive a child. Miles’ gaze was fixed at Stella’s face as he asked, “Want to give me a baby?”

Stella nodded. At that, Miles laughed lightly and moved his hand down her body. The woman shivered and went red before she shrunk back a little. Miles caught her underwear, but because she was too far away, he had no choice but to give up.

“Why are you always such a rascal? You’re not at all gentlemanly,” Stella complained in a low voice.

“I’ve never said that I was a gentleman, and I can’t be a real man without being a rascal sometimes. Besides, how can I have children with you without being a rascal?” Miles had a sense of pleasure from having gotten his way and spoke as he watched Stella’s subtle change in expression.

Stella then laughed at that as this seemed to be the first time she heard him say something like that. Surprisingly, it was very pleasing to the ears.

Previously, Kevin told Miles that Jasmine wanted Stella to visit her, but Stella had not been able to find the time. Recently, she finally had time and wanted to go back to Hollowcrest to see Jasmine. But she didn’t know why Jasmine wanted her to visit. All her intuition told her that Jasmine was probably interested in Miles, so when she went to see Jasmine, she purposely dragged him along. That day, Miles

informed Kevin that he had secretly visited Jasmine earlier. Kevin had no idea; he thought Miles did not know Jasmine was at the hospital and hence, brought the two there.

Meanwhile, Jasmine looked at Stella with a particularly complicated look of envy and jealousy, but Stella could see that there was more envy than jealousy in her. Besides, the look she gave Miles was even more complicated.

Miles had been holding Stella's hand, and when Jasmine saw that, she just tightly pursed her lips. As Stella was unfamiliar with Jasmine, she did not say much except wishing her to get well soon.

At that moment, Jasmine's tears flowed, which made Stella feel unbearable. However, Miles didn't seem to be paying attention to Jasmine at all. Instead, his eyes were fixed on Kevin, clearly noting all of the latter's exasperation and heartache.

Then, Miles just waited.

After visiting Jasmine, Miles and Stella left. Kevin respectfully sent the two off. In the quiet ward, Jasmine's tears fell onto the pillow without stopping, and she shook her head, as if she couldn't accept this reality. Although Miles had a girlfriend and she very much hoped that the two would be happy together, the girlfriend was not herself, and she was now lying in bed all day. Although she was budding with youth, her heart was full of despair as she watched her beloved become someone else's man.

When Kevin saw Jasmine's agitation, he also cried. "I will help you for sure!"

As Miles and Stella walked out of the hospital, Stella said she wanted to go see Zachariah now. After all, the boy was quite likeable, and because he fell and hurt his leg, he had to stay in the hospital for more than a month. But he and Jasmine were not at the same hospital.

"Do you want to visit too?" Stella asked Miles.

Miles agreed, so the two went to the hospital where Zachariah was, and it happened that the nanny was taking care of Zachariah. She told them that Matthew had left because something had happened in the company.

When Zachariah saw Stella, he was especially happy as he exclaimed excitedly, "Miss Stella, you're finally here!"

Hearing that, Stella smiled a little.