

Chapter 146

Do You Miss Him Here? Or Here?

Cerebral hemorrhage was an acute matter, and as long as the resuscitation effort was delivered timely, there should not be any further problems other than the possibility of some after-effects. When Stella saw her father recovering well, she was relieved. She wanted to ask her father what exactly he was saying before the surgery, but now her father only stammered and did not wish to tell her. So, she thought that he only thought he was 'dying' and wanted to leave her with some last words. But now that the situation was completely different from before, he probably could not find it in him to say those mushy words any longer, and so Stella also did not ask any further.

After a few days, Korbin was discharged from the hospital without any complications. However, Stella decided to visit her father more often in the future. After all, he was old and alone now.

One day after her father was discharged from the hospital, Stella received an order. Now that the Internet was very developed, she had also set up an 'online ordering' service. So there was an incoming order from 'Cloudfall Condominium', which specifically requested Stella to provide door-to-door service. Since Stella was very busy, she had hired some customer service staff to deal with the online customers.

Thus, the staff asked Stella about her schedule, and Stella said she was not available. Therefore, the staff told the customer that President Johansson's schedule was full, so she suggested they assign another senior designer instead. But the other party said, "No, if President Johansson is busy, we can wait for her."

When the staff told Stella about this, Stella wondered if it was another of Miles' admirers again who requested her to provide door-to-door service to humiliate her. In general, Stella did not provide such service, as she was a woman after all, and a beautiful one at that. Therefore, the ones who usually did door-to-door service were male designers.

After that, the customer's order remained in the 'pending' state for a long time. It wasn't until Stella was done being busy before she noticed this customer again. Her impression of Cloudfall Condominium was that it was an extremely high-end and luxurious residence, and since this customer was not anxious about getting the order fulfilled, Stella did not have the slightest sense of pressure from her. Perhaps she wants only me to design the clothes and does not want to settle for second best.

Suddenly, Stella's heart softened, and she decided to go since she was now free anyway. So, she messaged the customer, saying that she now had time, and asked if the customer still needed the clothes, to which the latter responded yes.

Therefore, Stella took the bus there. She didn't buy a car because she wasn't confident in her driving skills. As expected, Cloudfall Condominium was really a high-end condominium, and it was completely different from ordinary apartments inside out. From the decoration to the management, everything shouted 'high-end', and even those who walked through it were afraid to walk loudly. Stella was wearing flat shoes, but even though she was walking lightly, she still felt a little substandard.

Then, she looked for the customer's home according to the number on the door. Before this, they had communicated, and the customer had said that if she could not find it, she could call them. Luckily, the

buildings were standardized, and the house numbers were clear and understandable, so Stella quickly found the house and rang the doorbell.

The client's name was 'Daisy Smith', and previously, Stella was wondering how such a name that clearly belonged to someone from the countryside could own such a high-end residence that would more likely belong to a wealthy individual.

Someone opened the door after Stella pressed the doorbell, and it turned out to be a middle-aged woman who said, "It's Miss Johansson, isn't it? Our missus just got up, so please wait a moment!"

Oh, so they used the name of this housekeeper. But I wonder who this 'missus' is?

Stella sat on the sofa to drink juice, and then she inadvertently surveyed the home's decoration which was simple and elegant. The owner's good tastes were subtly revealed and stood out from all the other places she'd seen before. Then, the bedroom door opened, and out came a delicate-looking woman. Stella froze for a moment at the sight; it was Jerelyn!

In a daze, Stella stood up from the sofa. No wonder she used the identity of the housekeeper to make the order; she's afraid to write her name in case I would not want to come.

"I'm sorry, Miss Houston. President Grant ordered that in the future, I should not design clothes for you anymore. I'm sorry!" Stella turned around to leave.

"You shouldn't design for her, but what about me?" Before Jerelyn could say anything, a male voice came from behind her.

Miles?

At that moment, Stella's heart seemed to be thrown into the fire at once, and after it was burned, it got plunged into the ice. Just like that, it alternated between the ice and the fire, causing her to feel empty and distressed.

Buttoning his shirt, Miles came out of Jerelyn's bedroom while Stella, with her back turned, held in her tears. I should be happy for him! There were some emotions that could not be controlled no matter how much one reasoned. Although she had known in Murdough that Miles and Jerelyn had slept together, the pain that surged in her heart at the moment was still so great.

When she was with him, she didn't realize that she loved him, but now she knew that she loved him so much that her internal organs hurt and ached. And this feeling was new and strange as hell.

Right now, the man was sexy as usual while buttoning up his cuffs, but he had long since ceased to belong to her.

"I would like you to make a suit for me, Miss Johansson." Miles walked over leisurely and sat down where Stella sat just now. Then, he lit a cigarette and smoked it. When Stella smelled the smoke, she couldn't help but twitch her nose and frown. At that, Jerelyn came over to grab the cigarette from Miles' hand but could not. Subsequently, Miles gave her a look, and she no longer dared to do anything nor speak.

"Babe, if you can't tolerate the smoke, go stay in your room." Miles lightly held Jerelyn's shoulder as Stella stood by the side, ignoring everything that was going on.

“Hmph, I’m not gonna care about you!” Jerelyn lightly sprang up from Miles’ side and entered the bedroom with light steps. Despite the turbulence in her heart, Stella thought to herself that this was what she wanted to see in the first place, so a smile squeezed out from her lips. However, this subtle expression did not escape Miles’ eyes.

“Okay, let’s start taking measurements,” Miles said to Stella. Stella took out a measuring tape from her bag, stood behind Miles, and measured his broad shoulders. Squatting down, she measured his trouser length, then measured his waist circumference and chest circumference. He still had a faint scent of tobacco on his body, and although Stella was originally very averse to the smell of smoke, she later slowly adapted to it and then slowly became obsessed with it. His smell and his breath had all changed Stella’s taste and her aesthetic. After leaving him for some time, Stella suddenly felt averse at first during the last time she smelled it. It was clear that dependence on people and things was simply because of time. In the same way, things would slowly get better after one left for a long time.

But why was it that the dull pain in Stella’s heart increased at the mention of Miles’ name? She was usually shorter than him even when she was wearing high heels, so now it seemed that she was even shorter and gentler in front of him.

Miles was very cooperative with her, raising his arms and turning around as told. Currently, the arrogant Miles seemed to be very different from the past. Only when Stella stood in front of him would his eyes lower to look at her delicate skin and long eyelashes. This was the woman who used to sleep in his arms night after night, and during those times, the nights had been very peaceful.

Strangely enough, Miles’ waist and shoulder measurements, as well as the width of his thighs, had slightly decreased. Reasonably speaking, at his age, his measurements should not reduce so much, and he had also been working out. What surprised Stella was how he had lost so much weight.

After Stella finished measuring, she put away the tape and asked Miles for his requirements while taking down data on the iPad. “What color do you need, President Grant?” Stella liked to put the iPad on the table while she herself slightly bent her body to take down the notes in a standing position. With her hair hanging down like that, half of it was tucked behind her ears, and he could only see half of her face, which made her look sexy but distant.

“Black.”

“On what occasion do you intend to wear this? Do you wish to wear it with a tie? What color are most of your shirts in?”

“I’ll wear it with a black shirt. No ties.”

Stella wrote the information down again, then asked, “For what occasion?”

Miles paused for a moment and tilted his head to look at Stella’s side profile. Smoking the cigarette, he slowly exhaled a word, “Wedding.”

Stella’s hand trembled; he was finally getting married after all.

“Sure,” she replied. Then, she added, “When will you wear it?” Her hand paused, and her eyes wandered as she posed the question.

“Fall.”

Stella gave another ‘sure’ and explained at length, “I’m asking the time so that we can choose a more suitable fabric.”

After writing down the details, Stella was about to leave in a hurry without even saying goodbye.

“Who are you going to see in such a hurry?” With leisurely steps, Miles came up to Stella and stood in front of her.

“I’m going home,” Stella said.

Miles sneered, “You miss him so much?”

Stella didn’t say anything but only kept her head tilted to the side. Then, Miles slowly turned to Stella’s body and stared into her eyes. “Do you miss him here? Or here?” Clasp one hand on one of Stella’s bosoms, Miles moved his other hand accurately over Stella’s bottom. As if they had not broken up, he teased her through her pants and panties, and because he had taken her countless times, he was instinctively able to find the right spot. The force of his two hands was by no means light; in fact, they moved quite roughly, causing an instinctive physical reaction in Stella. As he had not touched her for a long time, she was quite sensitive to his touch.

“You—” Stella instinctively took a step back in annoyance, raising a hand to hit him.

However, her hand was grabbed by him in mid-air forcefully as he asked, “You’ve learned to hit others? From whom did you learn that? Matthew is a gentleman!”

Stella looked at Miles angrily. This man had stripped her dignity to the point of nakedness today in the house he bought for his girlfriend, Jerelyn!

“President Grant, this is your girlfriend’s home!” Stella declared.

Miles laughed out loud. “Nowadays, what does it matter if a man has a few women with him? Not to mention that I didn’t do anything just now. Of course, it’s not uncommon for women to sleep with several men at the same time too, right?”

Stella tightly bit her lower lip as she remembered the last night she spent with him. At that time, he had spitefully whispered in her ear whether she had cried out in pain like this under another man’s body!