

Chapter 148

Are You Unable to Let Go of Me?

Audrey, Stella, and Zachariah had now arrived in Singapore. During their travels, the two women stayed in a standard room in the hotel to save money and have someone to talk to at night. As for Zachariah, he sometimes slept with his mother and sometimes with Stella.

That night, Audrey was undressing when suddenly something fell out. At first, Stella did not care, but she glanced at it and saw that it was a condom. Surprised, Stella wondered why Audrey brought a condom with her because she didn't see the woman having any man over for the past few days.

Audrey picked up the condom and explained, "I often travel on business. In order to prevent rape, if someone violates me and I cannot prevent it, the best solution is to let him use a condom!"

Stella also nodded. Regarding the matter of rape, Stella was highly conscious about it as she would think about her mother and Yulia. She felt like her family was cursed. Why does this kind of thing happen so often?

But then, she smiled bitterly and replied, "I don't think I need it. Anyway, I can't give birth! So I don't need to worry about having a b*stard child." Stella almost couldn't even say it out loud because her words contained two mental barriers. She couldn't have a baby, and it was just like a woman admitting her biggest flaw, and secondly, she herself was a b*stard child, which she never told Audrey, so Audrey didn't know. It was precisely these two points that made Stella despise herself and felt that she was unworthy to stay by that man's side.

"That's where you're wrong, Stella. Do you know how many women the rapist had before? These kinds of people generally are sexually perverted. So, if he did it with many women before, how would you know if he has AIDS? Of course, letting him use a condom is the last resort, since who wants to be raped, right? Preventing pregnancy is only one thing. More importantly, avoiding contracting AIDS is also very important. I suggest you also put a few of these in your bag. After all, you live alone in the factory!" Audrey again brought up the incident of that day, and Stella felt that Audrey was quite right.

Ten days later, after the three of them went back home, Stella went to the supermarket to buy a set of condoms at the same time as shopping for groceries. As she had never bought condoms before, she wasn't quite familiar with the brands. When she was with Miles before, he had bought them himself, and according to her memory, it was some brand called 'Okamoto'. Thus, Stella bought a few boxes of this brand and put them in her bedside drawer. As Audrey advised, she also put one in her purse just in case.

Matthew originally did not want to accept Miles' order for the custom-made clothing, but when he thought about it, he remembered that Miles never fought a losing battle. Since he had moved this chess piece, he was definitely out to get something. However, Matthew did not know what he wanted to get, so, for the time being, Matthew decided to take the order because the consequences were too dire. He would do as told for now and then see what Miles' next move was.

Since Amon could not finish the work alone in three days, he wanted to do it together with Stella. He knew that Stella would disagree because now, Miles' business had nothing more to do with her. Moreover, Matthew and Stella's relationship was also at the freezing point. After all, Stella had not

forgiven him since the drunken incident last time, resulting in him being subservient in front of her all this time.

Therefore, for this matter, it was not inappropriate or sincere to simply call her. Hence, today he personally came to Stella's factory. When he was still on the way, he received a call from Miles, telling him to sign a contract together. Then, Matthew said he would go to Stella's factory later. At this moment, Miles had already left Miles Conglomerate and was walking on the road. He had long predicted that Matthew could not complete this task and would certainly go to Stella for help.

Heh!

When Matthew arrived at Stella's company, he did not see Stella anywhere. Later, an employee said that President Johansson was in the workshop, so she asked President Xenon to wait for a while. Thus, Matthew sat in the office like a cat on hot bricks.

Just now, one of the machines was broken, so Stella went underneath it to repair it. After she finished repairing the machine, her face and hair were all greasy, and her body was also extremely sweaty. This seemed to be her first time doing this kind of physical labor, and she only felt uncomfortable after finishing it. Next, she wanted to go back to her place to take a shower, and while on the way back, the employee told her that President Xenon was here and waiting for her in the office. Stella told her to let him wait a moment while she would head over later.

Back to her place, she put the curtain down on the door and closed the door. There was a curtain above Stella's door, and usually, when she was not in, it would be put away, and if she came back, she would put it down. It had become her habit, but she seemed to be too anxious today and forgot to lock the door from the inside. Her door was the kind of door that could be entered from the outside if she did not lock it from the inside. It was as if everything came together unconsciously to match the timing of that man. Who was it that drew two people closer together in marriage? Was it indifference? Was it subconsciousness? Or was it fate? This kind of fate could not be broken free no matter how hard one tried.

The weather was getting hot. As Stella showered, Miles' car was driving on the road to her factory. After Stella finished showering, she dried her hair and came out of the bathroom. Drying her body, she then prepared to wear her bra. As the man's car stopped in the courtyard, the man inexplicably glanced toward Stella's room. He could tell at a glance that there was someone inside Stella's room because the curtain was left there.

Matthew had said he was at the factory.

Then, Miles walked over slowly with light footsteps. He was aware that they had now broken up, but the strong emotions inside of him could not be suppressed. It was as if he would only give up when he caught them both in bed. Currently, he had mistakenly thought that Matthew was also in Stella's room. What else could a man and a woman do in a room?

Slowly, he approached the door, but he was so nervous that his heart was about to jump out. He knew that by opening this door, he was asking for trouble again, but it was like having to rip off the band-aid for the scar to heal. Going forward, he lifted the curtain and gently twisted the door handle. Surprisingly, it was not locked, so he turned the handle and opened the door.

Inside the room, it was very dark because the curtains were drawn. There was a woman inside who was wearing only black lace panties while hooking her bra with her back toward him. Her hair was hanging down just above her bra strap, so the black strap was exposed to Miles.

At that time, Stella hadn't realized that someone had entered. Gently closing the door, Miles stood by it to look at her. Stella's legs were long and slender, and her waist was very narrow. When she was wearing her bra with her back to him, it was flirtatious and sexy in a way. Her hair was wet, which gave off a languid, casual air. Because there were four rows of hooks at the back of her bra, after hooking the top one, the bottom one somehow came undone again, but she could not see it, so naturally, she did not realize.

When Miles was with her, he had never seen her in such a wet state. Thus, in her current provocative state, the same feeling from the other day when he accidentally clicked on the photo of her nipple on his computer once again surged through his heart.

Bending down, Stella took a dress from the bed and was about to put it on. Before she could do so, she heard a voice from behind her. "You left one hook undone."

Frightened, Stella let out a scream and turned around in a panic, only to see Miles slowly sitting down on the sofa next to the bed and looking directly at her. Stella freaked out and hurriedly put on her clothes as she did not know what Miles came to do.

Does he know how much he frightened me by suddenly coming in like that? Until now, my heart is still not calm!

"What are you doing here?" Stella demanded furiously, chastising him for coming in uninvited.

"I thought you were having sex with him in your room and wanted to see what you look like when you're having sex with another man. Would you be soft and feminine or wild and seductive?"

He did not even blink when speaking about such things, as if he was just asking about her day and what she had for lunch. Although sex was a common thing, it was still a rather private and sensitive topic, so him talking so unabashedly to Stella like this made her feel rather disrespected. After all, Stella was a married woman by name.

Just now, Stella was already warm from the shower, and now that he had come in, Stella's face burned with two spots of pink on her cheeks. As Miles slung an arm over the sofa, he commented, "I vaguely remember that I bought you this set of underwear. Now that you're with another man, why are you still unwilling to get rid of it? Are you unable to let go of it, or are you unable to let go of me?"

When Stella heard this, she was even angrier than before. She knew he was here to humiliate her, but she did not know what to do. In a rage, she took off her clothes and unhooked her bra, allowing her snow-white globes to bounce into sight. Then, she threw the bra right in Miles' face and shouted, "Here, take it back!"

As if she was still exasperated, she bent down to remove her panties, and because she pulled it down too quickly, it bunched around her legs. Next, she also threw it in Miles' face and screamed, "Take this too!"

After that, she stood naked in front of Miles, covering her mouth as she started to sob. She could not say whether she was sad or desolate, but she always felt that she could never break off her entanglement with Miles for good.

Perhaps it was because he had said the word 'wedding'.

Then, she dragged out the organizer from under the bed, which contained the clothes she often wore when she came to live here. She picked out the clothes that Miles had bought for her and threw all of them at his face. "I'm giving them all back to you! Take them all back!"

Finally, she took out a white bra from the organizer to put on. After all, Miles had touched and taken her body enough times now, so she no longer possessed any privacy in front of him.

While she did all this, Miles simply gazed at her deeply.