

Chapter 39

Do You Fancy Married Women as Well?

Although Zane was finally treating Stella like his wife, he still didn't have sex with her. He didn't even consider it, as he sent her off to bed right away. While wondering if it was because of Miles' threats, she came to see that she wasn't the only one who was afraid of Miles.

By the next day, Korbin gave her a call to tell her that Miles had stopped attacking Zane's company at her behest. Seeing that Miles was no longer persecuting them, Korbin sounded self-conceited for managing to secure his money.

However, Korbin had no idea about what had transpired behind the scenes, so he felt that he owed Miles a huge favor. Stella didn't know much about business dealings, nor was she able to read Miles' mind. All she knew was he was deep, as well as protective of his girlfriend.

Today, Kevin had her send some blueprints to Miles' office. The task wasn't supposed to be handled by interns, as it was her job to hand in the blueprints for the gardenscape in Miles' mansion. After getting upstairs, she handed the blueprint to him. Miles looked through it seriously. Before she could leave, he threw her a question out of the blue. "Did Zane change his tactics?"

"What?" Again, Stella didn't quite get what he meant. Though it was true that she didn't understand why Miles would change his tactics toward Zane's company all of a sudden.

Meanwhile, Miles was still fixated on the blueprint. "He knew I wouldn't do anything to him if he treated you nicely, so he used you to threaten me. He sure is a smart one."

Startled, Stella realized belatedly the reason behind the sudden shift in Zane's attitude. Is he using me as a shield, or did he recognize me as Miles' Achilles' heel? Is this why Miles stopped attacking his company? Is it that obvious that I now represent Miles' weakness that even Zane came to realize it? Her mind was buzzing with questions. "I'm sorry, President Grant. I don't understand what you mean." She feigned ignorance.

"It's best that you don't understand. Women should live in an innocent and pure world." As usual, Miles avoided the question without giving her an explanation. It was her second time hearing his opinion of women, with the first being his comment about Kevin's wife being a typical woman who conducted spot checks on her husband. This would be the second time she heard his thoughts on women, saying that they shouldn't think too much.

No matter how she looked at it, he seemed to have a preference for vain and dainty women. Is his girlfriend someone like that? She sounded coquettish and stubborn, so she must be. Stella kept on comparing herself to the woman whom she never even met. However, she knew she could never tell Miles about it, all the while reminding herself to put some distance between herself and this man who flirted with her despite having a girlfriend.

Stella excused herself before leaving the office, only to bump into a man in the corridor before she was able to go back to her seat—the man had a tall stature, handsome features, as well as a smug grin on his face.

When Stella was about to enter the office of the design department, the man blocked her path. Thinking that it might be a coincidence, Stella moved to the right, which the man mimicked. When she moved to the left, he did, too, as if trying to find fault with her. Lifting her head while wearing a look of discontent, she gazed at his face. "Sir, I would like to enter the office!"

"Unfortunately, I am, too." A sly smile tugged at the corner of the man's lips while his gaze lingered on her face unabashedly. Having had many suitors in the past, she knew exactly what that gaze meant. Ducking to the side, she snuck into the office and returned to her seat. Meanwhile, the man followed behind her, but he was there for Kevin.

Kevin was the deputy director of the design department, so his seat was different from Stella and her colleagues, and was positioned some distance away from them. Nonetheless, Stella was able to see the man pick up a blueprint from Kevin's table that he checked on while facing Stella. There was a name plaque on her table that displayed her name, so she was certain that the man had seen it.

"I appreciate the fact that you spent the time to come up with the design for the gardenscape at my house." With that, the man left. "Still, Miles Conglomerate sure is getting more beauties on board. There are a few people whom I have yet to meet."

Hearing that, Kevin lifted his head with a thoughtful gaze while looking in her direction, following the man's gaze.

Anyhow, Stella thought the man was but a lecher, so she didn't think much of the incident.

Unexpectedly, a dazzling red Ferrari was parked at the entrance of Miles Conglomerate by the next day, which received a lot of complaints from the other employees. Although Stella would normally avoid such situations while continuing down her own path, a man called out to her after getting out of the car. "Good morning, Miss Johansson."

Never in her wildest dreams did she expect the man to come after her. "I'm sorry, sir. I don't know you." With that, she was ready to go up the stairs.

However, the man grabbed onto her hand abruptly. "Miss Johansson, every relationship has to start somewhere."

Feeling uncomfortable with the physical contact, Stella cast his hand away. Although society no longer condemned such physical contact, she didn't like being held by a playboy.

"William Quintero." Miles' voice was heard coming from behind Stella. The man who was being referred to as William turned around to see Miles arriving for work.

William Quintero? Is he the man that Miles forbade me from getting in touch with back when we were in Ritz? It was as if they were destined to meet each other with a cruel twist of fate.

"President Grant." William seemed to be in good spirits, which might perhaps be attributed to either him having met a beautiful woman, or that he had always been an energetic person. Not wanting to wait for an answer, Stella slipped away to walk past the door.

In the meantime, she could hear Miles say, "What's the matter? Do you fancy married women as well, William?"

“She’s married?”

The rest of the conversation was soon out of hearing range. Her heart sank, which didn’t feel good. While she didn’t blame Miles for revealing the fact that she was married, she didn’t like the underlying implication that he was also interested in married women.

Rumors regarding rich men had it that they preferred married women for their experience in sexual intercourse. They would be familiar with all sorts of poses without needing to be taught. And neither were they shy, as they would take on an active role while in bed. That was probably the reason why rich men preferred young married women to young girls. Most importantly—there was no need to take responsibility.

Therefore, she figured that Miles must’ve asked about her sex life with Zane to get a grasp on her experience in sex. Wearing a frown, she entered the office to start working.

What she didn’t expect was that William continued to wait for her at the entrance for three consecutive days. Miles didn’t go to the office during the second and third day, so he witnessed none of it. That night, Stella wanted to ask Zane for a favor, so she sat on the sofa all uptight while asking, “Do you know William Quintero?”

“Everyone who works in engineering knows how much of a playboy he is,” Zane commented before glancing at Stella. Being the shy woman she was, Stella blushed, too embarrassed to voice her troubles to him.

However, Zane already knew what was going on. Judging from William’s reputation, he surmised that the man must’ve been giving her trouble. “I’ll send you off to work tomorrow!” Seeing Stella being harassed seemed to have triggered Zane’s desire to protect her, so he began siding with her.

Zane treated William in a totally different manner from how he treated Miles, as he knew William wasn’t serious about courting Stella. On the contrary, Miles had always been one of his hidden worries. Unlike William, a conniving man like Miles was never overt in his actions, nor was he an easy person to read.

Zane also had a hard time discerning Stella’s feelings toward Miles. However, he knew for a fact that Miles managed to impregnate Stella, and she wanted to keep the baby. With that in mind, Zane gritted his teeth while thinking about Miles and everything he did.

The next day, Zane sent Stella to work in his Maserati, which was one of the more expensive cars that he owned. Truth be told, she wasn’t accustomed to sitting in such a showy car. Her personality had perhaps dictated that she would prefer a car that was less showy, but had more substance to it, just like that certain someone’s car. Who was it again? Ah, yes, Miles Grant’s Audi A8, that’s the one. The fact that she was thinking of Miles while sitting in Zane’s car had her guilty conscience emerging.

Sure enough, William’s car was parked at the entrance of the company. As soon as he saw Stella get out of Zane’s car, he remarked, “Well, well, if it isn’t Mrs. Levitt.”

Stella latched onto Zane’s arm right when the latter spoke. “Mr. Quintero, Stella is my wife. I trust that you know better than to lay your hands on a friend’s woman, right?” The Levitts were less prestigious than the Quinteros, so Zane wasn’t being too assertive.

Fortunately, owing to the fact that Miles had come down, William backed away cordially instead of making any other moves.

Miles saw how Stella latched herself onto Zane's arm. Shifting his gaze to William, he said, "You, come with me!" With much deference, William followed him up the stairs.

After thanking Zane, Stella was about to go upstairs, to which Zane replied, "You don't owe me anything. We're a married couple after all."

With that, Stella left for work. Zane's presence that day seemed to be an effective deterrent, as William didn't show up again after that. According to what Kevin told her, William had gone elsewhere, and it would be some time before he returned.

Stella was thankful toward Zane, so she cooked a few of her best dishes for dinner that night after work. She was setting up the table when Zane got home. The sight of a full course dinner caught him off guard, as they would usually come home after having dinner separately. Therefore, the meal she prepared would suffice as an indicator of her standpoint.