

## Chapter 40

### She Only Belonged to One Man

Stella had already thought it through and came to the conclusion that she would never develop further with Miles because he already had a girlfriend whom he was very protective of. In addition, he came and messed with a married woman like herself and made her pregnant without any regard for her body.

As a married woman, it was better that she didn't have to end her marriage in a divorce, and Zane naturally understood her intentions. Faced with such an attractive woman all day, it would be impossible that he wasn't tempted.

Tonight, as she lay beneath him, her heart was pounding especially fast as though she had some heart issues. The sight of Zane reminded her of Miles; she had only done it twice before and it was with the same man. The only one that filled her mind was the overbearing and compelling man who made her breathless and blew her mind.

On the other hand, Zane tried his best to overcome his mental barrier, but the thought that Miles had impregnated Stella before made him stop—first it was a stranger, then it was Miles.

I'm the third man in her life, he thought as he brushed his face in agony and got off her before returning to his room in embarrassment, leaving Stella with tears streaming down her eyes.

He still detests me, she thought, but she couldn't help it because she simply couldn't forget about Miles. Although it was wanton of her, she had no control over it.

By just being in her mind, Miles was able to create a ridge between the both of them. How amazing he was.

Ten days had passed, and Stella was busy during this whole time because she had to draw out the blueprints for a few projects. Learning with Kevin was very beneficial for her, and he spared no effort to teach her, just as he had promised Miles, putting in more than a hundred percent of effort.

Once again, Stella had to send the drawings to Miles, the person she wished to see the least right now.

Before knocking on the door, she heard him speaking with someone else in the room. Through the door, she could clearly recognize the other voice—William.

"President Grant, the project which you sent me to do in Murdough has been approved. I've been running around every day for two weeks," he said, sounding as though he deserved the credit.

With knitted brows, Stella thought, No wonder he hasn't been looking for me at the office recently because he was at Murdough. Initially, she had thought that he had stopped coming because of Zane, but it seemed like he didn't have such great capability.

It was Miles who had done a lot, and she had an inexplicable feeling about it in her heart.

"It's been hard on you," Miles complimented in a half-joking manner. "When it is approved, you can start working there next month. Is there anything you can't bear to leave behind in Hollowcrest?"

“I’ve been away from home since I was young, so I can leave my parents in ease. Monetary items are nothing to me, so I can leave them behind as well. But there’s a natural beauty that I can’t leave behind! Oh, my god. That body...” He went on to describe Stella’s figure and pretended to grab her chest with his hands.

Although they were separated by a distance, Stella could still feel the goosebumps on her body from his lewd speech, despite him looking like a decent man who wasn’t capable of saying such indecent things.

It sounded as though Miles snorted before saying, “Women come and go, so why can’t you let her go? Plus, she’s already married.”

Obviously, Miles already knew who William was speaking about.

“Of course I can’t let her go because I haven’t got her yet,” William continued in his frivolous tone.

“Don’t worry. You won’t get her,” Miles replied.

“She’s your subordinate, President Grant, so please keep a watch over her in my stead. If someone else snatched her away when I returned, I won’t let you off,” he said somewhat threateningly.

“She won’t be snatched by others because she only belonged to one person since the beginning.”

Stella’s heart skipped a beat when she heard that because she understood his underlying meaning—she only belonged to one man since the beginning, and that man was him. While Miles was speaking in riddles with William, she also understood whom he meant by ‘others’—all men other than himself.

However, William couldn’t grasp what he meant.

“Look after her for me,” he added. “How could a playboy like Zane be worthy of a delicate beauty like that? What a waste.”

“I’ll look after her well, for sure, so that no one could take her away,” Miles assured in a husky voice mixed with arrogance and leisure, as though William was nothing in his eyes.

Recalling how Zane was unable to have an erection yesterday, Stella’s face burned in shame; she actually missed Miles in bed that much.

When she heard William’s footsteps, she jumped in surprise and gathered herself in preparation to enter the office. Then, she knocked and stood in front of the office door.

Seeing her at the door, William paused in his tracks with brilliant eyes. The look on his face became extremely soft while her face was still flushed from her thoughts earlier.

After Miles told her to come in, she brushed past William, and Miles could already see the change in her look.

“President Grant, this is the revised version of the drawing. Please take a look,” she said and placed the drawings in front of him.

“Alright, you can leave now,” Miles said to William, whose steps were now becoming heavy just to hang around the office a little longer. Nevertheless, he couldn’t stay longer and had to leave when Miles gave him the eviction order.

The whole time, Miles kept his eyes on the drawings. Stella wanted to thank him, but she found it hard to say because that would prove that she was eavesdropping outside the door earlier, and he would also know that he had an upper hand over her. Hence, she contemplated it and decided not to thank him, thinking it was too risky.

As he was a man with a girlfriend, there would be no return if this topic opened up. On the other hand, she didn't want to have an extramarital affair nor engage in a shameful secret affair.

"What's up with you for the past few days?" Miles asked, sensing something amiss with her.

"It's nothing. Just something at home," she replied, rubbing her head.

These days, Zane had been trying, but he was unable to lift it up. There was even once when he lay on Stella's chest and cried like a child. In that moment, he sparked the maternal instincts in her, and she felt that he was really pitiful.

"Are you still fighting with each other?"

"No, no," Stella denied. "We're getting along fine now, really."

Keeping his eyes fixed on her, it seemed that she was telling the truth and he uttered in frustration, "I got it. You can go out now."

After she returned to her desk, she couldn't focus on anything the whole day. When it was almost time to knock off, she realized that she hadn't finished her drawings, and Zane came over to her when all her colleagues had left.

Standing in front of her, he told her, "I've made an appointment with a psychologist today for the both of us. Maybe we can be treated. It will start at seven in the evening, and we can have dinner together after that. I'm going for my test first. The doctor said that it will take a long time, so you can go there right after you finish your drawings."

Stella nodded in acknowledgement, but still couldn't focus on her drawings after he had left. She was unsure if she had made the right decision. Initially, she wanted a divorce with Zane, but she went along with the flow seeing how he was changing now. In her heart, she wanted to crush all feelings she had for Miles, which was akin to a small spark enough to start a prairie fire, because he wasn't a man she could control. In addition, she didn't want to be an indecent woman like Ximena who destroyed another family. Lastly, she wanted to prevent Miles from insulting her by making her his underground lover. This was totally unacceptable to her.

I can never grasp on firmly to a man like that, she thought as she held the pencil tightly and kept her eyes glued to the structure on the drawing absentmindedly. All she could see on the drawing was Miles' face, which then morphed into Zane's.

I'm already married, but I'm still thinking about another man. How promiscuous.

"You can't continue drawing after your husband left?" Miles said suddenly.

Jumping in surprise, Stella quickly stood up and greeted him, "Hi, President Grant."

"Let's have dinner together later," he said.

“I have to skip it, President Grant. I have other plans with Zane,” she answered with her head lowered while her face blushed a bright red.

“What is it?”

“What else can I possibly plan with my husband?” she asked instead in annoyance as she lifted her head and stared at him.

It was clear that her tone pissed him off, and he suddenly lifted her from her seat and grabbed her by her shoulders.

Inches away from her face, he glared at her with an infuriated look.

“I really don’t know what plans you can have with him!” he hissed through gritted teeth.

Scanning his face, she thought to herself grudgingly, This man already has his own future, and yet, he just has to barge into my life.

“We have plans on the bed. Isn’t it obvious?” she cried out, staring at him straight in the eye.

Miles sniggered. “Did you sleep with him?”

“Since we’re already married, it’s only natural that we’re sleeping together! Isn’t that so? Since when are you so concerned about what goes on in my bedroom, President Grant? Thanks to you, my relationship with Zane is getting better and better,” she blabbered on with a chuckle.

The way she chuckled was really dazzling, and even though it was a mournful chuckle, it was enough to make men fall head over heels.

Looking at her, Miles then started kissing her neck and bit her. Despite the pain, Stella didn’t utter a thing and bore with it. At the most, she would only moan softly.

With his face on hers, he threatened, “Just try to sleep with him again if you have the guts! I’ll make life hell for him!”

“It’s his problem if you make life hell for him! There might be surveillance in the office, President Grant!”

“Do you think I’ll be afraid? This is my company.”

As he nibbled gently on her neck, she wriggled her body from the ticklish sensation and uttered, “I know you’re not afraid, but it’s a bad reputation to have an extramarital affair with your female subordinate.”

When he gave her another hickey as though he wanted to bite a piece of her off, Stella closed her eyes and grinned.

Thereafter, he tossed her on the chair and stormed off.