

Chapter 42

Here to See My Woman

Therefore, Stella didn't dare to move as he placed one hand on her back and touched her bruise gently with another hand.

Jerking her face away in reflex, she said, "It's painful."

With knitted brows, he released his hand and asked, "How did you hurt yourself?"

"I-I knocked myself accidentally." She had lied with her head hanging low.

"You knocked yourself? How would it be possible to knock yourself here?" he argued. A few moments later, he asked angrily, "He hit you?"

Keeping her silence, she was amazed that he could guess it so quickly as she felt his grip on her back tightening.

Do you think that I can't do anything about it? he thought as he snorted.

With lightning speed, he picked out the registration form from a pile of paper and scribbled his signature at the bottom, which turned out to be rather beautiful.

"Go and fill up this form. When you're done, I'll book you a flight tonight and you can leave this evening." He didn't even ask the reason why Zane hit her, probably because he already had an idea, or maybe, he simply couldn't bear to hear it!

Stunned and confused, Stella told him that the training was planned to begin in five days, so how should she explain to Zane if she left now?

When Miles heard that, he was mad with fury. "What's there to explain to a jerk like him?"

"But if I don't explain myself, he'll be alert and put up his guard against me. By that time—" This time, she spoke very fast in front of him.

"What's he guarding against? Until when, you mean?" he asked while staring at her. Clearly, he could already tell what she was planning in her mind.

As he spoke, she could feel his body temperature spreading toward her, and it made her feel hot. The warmth from a man's body was like a spell to her, and she slipped down from his lap, muttering, "I'm going out now."

Miles didn't urge her to stay, and when she was in the corridor, she saw on the registration form that his signature was needed on another spot. Perhaps her form was the first that he signed, which explained why he hadn't seen that it needed two of his signatures.

Spinning around, she knocked on his office door once again, and he said in a cold and stern voice, "Come in."

his trousers. He seemed to be putting on his belt with his head looking downward and he was still topless, looking effortlessly sexy.

“President Grant,” she called.

Tilting his head, he asked, “What is it?”

“There’s another space that requires your signature but you missed it. It’s right here in the middle, so maybe you didn’t see it,” she said and paced over to him.

With his shirt still on his chair, he gestured for her to bring the form to him.

The two of them stood together next to his desk as he held a pen in his hand while he was still topless. Then, he asked, “Where should I sign?”

Stella pointed to a blank spot. “Here.”

However, he didn’t sign it immediately; he simply glanced at it.

As she listened to his deep and steady breathing, she took in the crisp, fresh scent of his after-shower mixed with a thick manly aroma through her nostrils, and she couldn’t help but find herself obsessed with this scent.

After he had looked through the form and signed it, she was still immersed in the scent, and that was when he turned to look at her. “What are you thinking about?”

“Huh? Nothing. I’m leaving now,” she uttered and spun around hastily.

Something came into his mind and he stopped her. “Hang on.”

Upon hearing that, Stella turned and saw a box of multi-purpose healing cream, but she didn’t know what it was used for because she had never used one like that before, so she looked at him in puzzlement.

“This will help your wound. Apply it three times a day.”

Stella had always thought of herself as a person who could take care of herself well, and she certainly thought that she was able to handle things in an orderly manner. So, since when do I need him to arrange anything for me? she thought as she kept her eyes on the box, forgetting to take it.

“Do you want me to apply it on you?” he said, interrupting her thoughts. Hurriedly, she took it after pulling herself together and left.

The president was indeed very efficient at work; by three in the afternoon, Stella already had the six o’clock flight ticket to Murdough in her hands. Even the accommodation was booked, and it would be a four-star hotel.

After last night, she had completely fallen out with Zane. Hence, she sent him a simple text that read, ‘The company is sending me for training in Murdough. I’m not coming home tonight!’

At this moment, Zane was drunk in Ximena’s arms. She took a look at the text and uttered, “I’ve never seen such an irresponsible wife before.” Looks like it’s only a matter of time before I take her place, she thought as she tossed his cell phone aside.

In the meantime, Stella was not expecting a reply from Zane; the act of sending him a text was merely her fulfilling her duty as his 'wife', and it was not her problem if the husband wanted to reply or not.

Three hours of flight later, she touched down in Murdough and settled in after hailing a cab to the hotel.

Even though she came to Murdough with ease, nobody knew that it was her first time here. Growing up in Hollowcrest City her whole life, she was usually a homey person and rarely stepped out of the house. When she was still attending school, she would just stay home to watch TV after classes or during semester breaks. After she graduated, she got married to Zane and their plan to have a vacation in Bali was canceled because she was no longer a virgin.

Therefore, Murdough was a whole new world for her.

As she arrived three days prior to the training, she went around the city by herself for the first two days. Now that she had left the city she grew up in, everything in Murdough seemed fascinating for her and her spirits were lifted.

The next day, while she was queuing up to buy some lemonade in San Marquez Square, she looked around aimlessly and coincidentally saw a person walking slowly in her direction.

Hastily, she turned her face the other way and thought, D*mn, I forgot that William is still in Murdough. The world is too small! How can I possibly run into him when Murdough is so huge?

Fortunately, William hadn't noticed her and he passed by her while speaking to another person, which made her breathe a sigh of relief.

After she bought her lemonade, she wandered around while drinking from a straw. Murdough was a very lively city indeed, and it was the first time that she was in the mood to walk around leisurely. While she was walking around, a figure blocked her path out of the blue and she released her straw slowly. D*mn it, I didn't manage to escape from him after all.

"Miss Johansson, this must be fate. I always thought of you as a restrained, elegant and stylish person, but I see today that you have an innocent and lively side as well. I'm more curious about you now," William said as he tilted his head and squinted his eyes at her.

The hotel that Stella had been staying at was located not far away, so she was thinking about how to escape from him. She didn't have a good impression of this man from the beginning, thinking that he was just a rich kid who loved to spend his family's fortune. "Why do I keep running into people who spoil my mood?" she said.

With his arms around his chest, he burst into laughter and asked, "Are you not happy to see me?"

Haha. Do I look happy to you? she thought sarcastically.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Quintero. I have to go now because I have a training session today!" Then, she turned and bolted straight for a cab to get to her hotel.

Her behavior was very different from the women William usually pursued, and it triggered the urge within him to follow her. Thus, he quickly hailed another cab and went after her.

From the rearview mirror, Stella could see that he was hot on her tails, and she panicked. Now, she could only hope to run back into her hotel room. At the most, he would only find out her hotel location, and she could change to a different one in the evening. For now, her priority was to shake this man off.

Once she hopped off the cab, she rushed into the elevator, and as she patted her chest in anxiety after opening her door, she suddenly screamed. Her flushed face was contorted into a look of shock and her chest was heaving up and down because she was panting so hard. The way she acted made her look like a sensuous woman with the appearance of an innocent young girl.

Lying on her bed, Miles placed his arms behind himself to support his head and looked at her in fascination.

“Have you not seen me before?” he asked while standing up. “Why are you so shocked?”

Behind her, the sound of rapid knocking on her door sounded. “Miss Johansson, open the door. I just want to visit you. That’s all.”

Suddenly, Stella recalled that William was supposed to listen to Miles’ instructions, so she quickly hid behind him. “What should I do?” she asked anxiously.

“So someone chased you all the way to your room, Miss Johansson? Just what charm do you possess that has so many men obsessed over you?” He turned his head and scrutinized her.

So many men? she wondered. Does that include him, Miles Grant? As she was so nervous, she didn’t give it any further thought about how he felt when he said those things.

“Can you please help me out of this situation, President Grant?” she asked while casting him a pleading look.

In a languid manner, Miles walked to the door with his hands in his pockets and opened the door for William. Stunned, Stella had absolutely no idea how he would handle the situation. At the same time, the initially enthusiastic William had a look of shock in his eyes when he saw Miles in front of him.

“President Grant? Why are you here?” he asked as he took a step into the room.

On the other hand, Miles already had his back turned as he paced slowly toward Stella and placed his arm around her shoulder. “I’m here to look for my woman. What are you doing here?”

His actions were beyond her imaginations and she stared at his side-profile with widened eyes.

Equally shocked, William then chuckled. “Are you kidding? Why would you be interested in a married woman?”

“I’m not interested in other women, but this woman happens to be my liking,” he answered as he tilted his head and cast a look at her while he brushed her chin gently with a finger.

Stella kept scanning him. I really can’t figure out what’s in this man’s head; not a single thing.

Kevin had mentioned before that not many in the company knew about Miles’ girlfriend because he wanted to protect her. But now, he had blatantly introduced her to William without giving the matter much thought. Since that was the case, he probably didn’t care about it, which was why he didn’t give

her much consideration. That was probably also because she wasn't in his heart, so he didn't feel the desire to protect her at all.