

## Chapter 46

### Who Do You Want to Be

“Oh, so you do know who you should come back to,” Lizbeth remarked coldly. “I saw Mr. Grant’s car. I didn’t believe it when everyone says you have an affair with him, but now I do. If I’m right, he’s the reason Zane was arrested in Murdough for marital rape, wasn’t he? Why did he do that?”

Her mother-in-law glared at Stella, who was in the middle of the living room. Stella was shocked and ashamed, for it felt like she was caught red-handed.

A male superior sending his female subordinate home was a normal thing, but not when it was Miles and her. After all, she even used to be pregnant with his baby, so that made Stella feel guilty.

That woman was her mother-in-law, and Zane might be a piece of scum, but his mother did nothing wrong. She even helped Stella when Ximena came to confront her. At the memory of that, Stella stared downward.

“You’re doing that to Zane just because Miles is backing you?” she asked Stella.

She knew Zane didn’t tell his parents the truth about her miscarriage. After all, he was an egoistic man, so he’d rather let everyone know he was a cheater than a cuckold. Also, Stella was pregnant with Miles’ child, so she couldn’t tell them about that. It was then Stella felt how tight the cage of marriage was locking her in.

“If you can’t go on in this marriage anymore, then fine. I have a few conditions. We got the call. Zane is jailed for eight months. You can’t get a divorce during that period, and you can’t flirt with Miles. You can’t tell anyone the real reason Zane was arrested. Even if you’re forced to, say it’s because he ran into financial problems. And if you want to get a divorce, you must bear a child for our family. You’ll have this whole mansion then, but with how rich Miles is, he won’t care about the mansion. If you want to get a divorce now though, you’ll get nothing; not even the divorce. I’ll work with everyone to pressure the Norths.” Then, she stood up and went past Stella, bumping into her shoulder as she did so.

Meanwhile, Stella stood rooted to the ground. She didn’t know her mother-in-law had connections with the Norths, nor did she know what ‘pressuring the Norths’ meant. Must be bad for Miles though. Before this, she had never expected a divorce to be so difficult. She wanted to get a divorce not because she wanted to date Miles, but because she couldn’t continue the marriage anymore. Why is it so hard? Why don’t I have the freedom to get someone I truly love like what Matthew said?

At that thought, Stella covered her face. She could understand why her mother-in-law did what she did, but eight months was too long a time for her.

On the next day, Mr. Moore came in when Stella was working. He said, “Mr. Grant is not in today.” It was a statement, not a question.

Does he think he’s the president? He never comes to work, she thought. But it wasn’t her business though. Hence, she kept on with her design, ignoring Kevin.

“Mr. Grant is looking for you,” Kevin added.

“Huh?”

“Mr. Grant wants to see you. He’s at Lake Jojo, so go. Now. He’s not in a good mood.” Mr. Moore looked at her intently as he spoke.

Stella felt bizarre. If Mr. Grant wants me, then he should call or text me, but why did he ask Mr. Moore to tell me? Is he worried I might not go? Doesn’t that make Mr. Moore look unreliable then? Also, what does his bad mood have to do with me? Nonetheless, Stella said nothing and hailed a ride to Lake Jojo.

Lake Jojo was located at the city outskirts. It was gigantic, and it was beautiful. The lake was one of the places not yet tainted by tourism, so there usually weren’t any people there. There was only a long path leading to a small pavilion, but a gorgeous pavilion nevertheless. The lake was situated on lower ground, and when Stella was on the path, she saw someone sitting on the wooden armchair in the pavilion. That person was enjoying the peaceful lake, looking like he was in a good mood. At the sight of that person, Stella wondered what was up with him.

Then, she slowly went up to him. When Stella was five steps away, he said, “Do you remember what you owe me, Miss Johansson?”

Stella stopped in her tracks. Owe him what? Zane paid him back the three hundred grand Dad owed him. Yeah, I do owe him a lot of favors, but I don’t know which one he’s referring to.

“What is it?” she asked.

Miles turned his head back slightly. “A baby.”

Instantly, Stella’s blood rushed to her head, and her face turned scarlet. Honestly, Stella didn’t feel attached to the lost baby. Is he in a bad mood because of this? Maybe he was reminded of it yesterday. But still, Stella wasn’t going to bear his child anymore.

In the meantime, Miles looked back at the dumbfounded Stella. “Come,” he said gently, but imperiously.

The leaves fell down as the breeze rustled across the lonely lake, and Stella walked up to him. The moment she approached Miles, he held her in his arms, and she fell onto his lap, then he hugged her tightly. The wind brushed against her again, which made her shiver.

He noticed the goosebumps on her face, so he whispered, “Are you cold?”

“A bit.”

Stella wasn’t sure if they could be so close to each other. Is he using me as a replacement because his girlfriend isn’t here? Of course, Stella knew she should stay away from him, but she couldn’t hold back, and she didn’t know why.

Meanwhile, Miles hugged her tighter, pulling her closer to his face, and then his lips moved across her neck.

His movements tickled her. “It tickles!” Stella moved her shoulders.

In response, Miles smiled innocently; he thought Stella was cute. “Which part of you is feeling it?”

“My neck,” Stella answered matter-of-factly, but then she realized the innuendo in it. Oh, he’s a pervert! Then, she recalled what her mother-in-law had told her last night, and she leaped up in shock. “I have work to finish back in the office, Mr. Grant. I have to go now.”

Miles peered at her. Does she think I don’t know what she’s thinking? However, he didn’t stop her from leaving.

When she got into the car, Stella looked back and saw Miles still in the armchair, still looking forlorn. No matter how wealthy he was, there were things he couldn’t buy, like a baby. Stella didn’t understand why though. The baby was an illegitimate one, and he didn’t look like a guy who liked children.

Even though she was now far away from him, Stella felt like she could still see his hair swaying in the wind. He looks lonely. Inexplicably, her heart pained for him. Am I sympathizing with him now?

In January, the municipality distributed a document, asking every department to learn about it. It was something about the environment and corporate social responsibility. They asked every corporation to learn about it, especially big ones like Miles Conglomerate.

Every department needed to send someone to learn about it in the conference room. It was just going for show, and nobody wanted to do it. Mr. Moore was one of the people who needed to join, but he despised work like that, so he sent Stella instead.

Left with no choice, Stella went to the conference room, but she was bored. Luckily for her, there were rows of people in there, and she was sitting in the back. As the meeting went on, Stella spun her pen and took some occasional notes.

“Well, you don’t look like the studying type of lady,” someone quipped, and Stella shivered in shock.

That was when she saw him beside her. Usually, someone like Miles wouldn’t take part in meetings like the one she was in, so she wondered why he was there. “W-Why are you here, sir?” Stella forced a smile, then she recalled how he flirted with her back at Lake Jojo; it was an explicit one.

“To take a look.” Stella and Miles were in the back row, and their whispers were almost inaudible. Suddenly, Miles’ phone rang, breaking the meeting’s flow. “I’ll need to take this call,” he told Stella.

The backdoor was behind Stella, and Miles left through there. When she was about to listen to the speech again, she heard Miles vaguely calling Yvonne’s name. That attracted her attention instantly. She listened closely to the conversation outside, but Miles went further and further away. In the end, she heard nothing. When she went back to take some notes, she heard her phone ring despite the blaring from the surround sound.

‘Come out for a bit,’ Miles texted.

But he just went out. Was he here because he needed my help? Stella kept her notebook and trotted away, then she bumped into him at the corner.

“I’ll be receiving a package this afternoon. Take it for me. You’ll need to sign it,” he said.

“Why me? You have your secretary, don’t you? And I’m not working on the same floor as you. It’s going to be a hassle.” She frowned as he spoke. He must have received packages before this, so why is he asking for my help now? Is this related to me?

“I gave the courier your number.” Miles was going down in a hurry.

That doesn't answer the question! Stella blurted, “Who am I to you, sir?” Why is he asking me to take the package?

Miles was still going in a hurry, but after hearing her question, he looked up at her, who was still standing on the landing of the upper floor. “Who do you want to be then?”

“I—” She didn't expect him to give her that answer. Her face turned scarlet, and she stopped asking further.