

## Chapter 53

### Where Have You Been All My Life

Stella was unnerved, since she had always thought of the relationship with Miles as an affair.

“I thought you hated affairs, so let’s go public.” He put out his cigarette and whispered.

Stella was like a cat on hot bricks. “I meant we’re ending this. We’re going our separate ways. You aren’t me. You can’t understand.”

Miles didn’t budge. “And that’s precisely why I want to f\*ck you.”

Stella squirmed, and for some reason, her cheek came into contact with his lips, much to her annoyance. Her fury lit up the fire of lust within Miles. All at once, he picked her up and went around the fake hill, going into the house through the front door. Fortunately, no one saw them, but Stella was on the verge of tears. There’s people looking.

Miles didn’t go to the first floor bedroom last time. Instead, he went upstairs. Once he got into a room, he backed her against a wall. “Feisty, are you?”

Stella’s chest was heaving sexily, and once again, Miles picked her up and put her on the bed. She resisted in silence, but her strength was no match for Miles’.

Subsequently, they took their clothes off and made a mess on the floor. This time, Miles had a condom on, and he wasn’t that rough with her anymore. In fact, he was gentle.

Regret and pleasure washed over her at once. Being with Miles was a delight, but it couldn’t wash her guilt away. She held her tongue throughout the process, fearing that someone might hear them. Halfway through, Miles wanted her to lean against the window as he went into doggy style.

“You’re worried they might see you, huh? Well, I want them to see how you’re ‘cheating’ with your man.” He nibbled on her ear.

She felt her ear heating up, and the feeling of guilt from cheating welled up again. She thought it would end at the first time, but no. The continuous depravity was weighing itself on her.

She felt helpless as Miles did whatever he wanted with her. He could see through her every thought and every feeling.

He knew her thoughts and struggles, but he wouldn’t let her struggle anymore. He tore apart that struggle, and also her clothes.

Women and men were different. Men could separate sex and love. They could love someone with their soul while f\*cking someone else for hours. On the other hand, once Stella’s body fell for someone, her soul would follow, too. She knew she was falling, but she couldn’t do anything about it as the man behind her had his way with her.

All this while, the workers downstairs carried on with work, drawing the lines and moving the stones.

Stella knew Miles' house's glass was a one-way mirror. They couldn't see what was inside, but she could see what was outside. She felt like she was f\*cked by Miles in public, and the shame made her bite her lip.

Miles held her waist tightly and thrust even fiercer. "Trying to run from me in America? Nobody can run from me when I have my eyes on them," he said angrily from behind her.

Back in America, Stella thought he didn't care about her, but when he was thrusting into her in the house now, she had a feeling it was payback from him. That time, she was delighted he didn't have sex with her, but she didn't expect it to come back ten times worse now. Staring down, her tears fell on the bay window. I didn't get away from him in the end. Every time sex happened, it felt like Miles was the one forcing himself onto her while she struggled.

When they were done, Stella hastily picked up her clothes from the ground and wore them. Miles wanted to help, but she shoved him away. Once she was done changing, she ran outside without a care for her unkempt hair.

Miles came out after her, still buttoning his sleeve, for he was worried about Stella. On the way down, Stella bumped into someone, a woman.

Even though Stella was hysterical, she still looked at the woman for a moment. She was an elegant lady, and her gaze pierced through Stella, revealing everything that had happened. Miles was coming down behind Stella.

The woman mocked, "What's your body count now, President Grant?"

Stella's clothes were messy, while Miles was buttoning his sleeve. It was obvious what had happened between them. Miles only snorted at her question.

This must be Yvonne North, Miles' girlfriend. Even though they had never met, it was just like what Yulia had told her. She instinctively knew the woman was Yvonne. Aside from her height and elegance, there was nothing much about her.

Stella thought she was a joke. She was being humiliated, but yet she took the time to stare at Yvonne. She didn't stop for long though. A moment of shock later, she ran out, refusing to let Miles send her off no matter what.

She went down the hill alone that day, on foot. She never thought much about the path, since she always traveled up and down by car, but when she went down that day, the path seemed endless. By the end of the road, she couldn't feel her legs, and she knew blisters must have formed.

Since she told Kevin the renovation was done for the day, she went back home instead of the office. Then she told the workers she'd be leaving first. 'Be serious though. Don't just do a sloppy job and call it a day,' she texted them.

Yulia invited her to karaoke that night over a text, and she agreed. There was nothing to do that night anyway. Later, Yulia picked her up off the streets. She didn't say she went to Miles' place, only that she went to a client's house to supervise a renovation job. Afterward, Yulia didn't probe further.

“What happened to your hair, Stella? You look like you got f\*cked by someone. Comb it.” Yulia handed a comb to her as she drove, asking her to comb her hair.

But I did get f\*cked by someone, Stella thought.

Soon, they arrived at a karaoke joint. Stella had always been a good singer, and she picked ‘Where Have You Been’ when Yulia was singing. The song spoke to her. How great would it be if he’s not married, if he’s single, and if he’s seeing me not just for the sex?

When Yulia noticed her tears, she asked, “Did you fall for someone, Stella? Is he married?”

Stella said nothing. She wasn’t in a good mood that day, and the source of it was Yvonne North. She was jealous of Yvonne, but it wasn’t Yvonne’s fault—it was Miles’. He was too capricious for Stella. She couldn’t hide anything from him, and his presence made her helpless. As she was still married to Zane, the guilt, confusion, and depraved pleasure weighed down on her.

When she went back home that night, Stella noticed something shocking—she was out of money.

She didn’t work for money in the first place, since her expenses far exceeded her income. However, that night she realized that her salary wasn’t enough to cover her expenses. Having lunch at work and calling for deliveries after she started working was a big expense too.

When Zane was still with her, all she had to do was say the word, and her expenses were covered. However, after he was incarcerated, she noticed she was running out of money. There were only a few notes left in her wallet. Oh sh\*t. At this rate, I might get into trouble.

Then she remembered the red envelope Miles gave her on the first day of work after the holiday. She put it in her drawer, not even looking at it. She didn’t know how much money was in there, but it was thick, so she thought it should last her a while.

She took the money out when she went to work the next day. Oh, five thousand, huh? There was also a card in the stack of money. She didn’t know if everyone else had that card too, but she didn’t ask. If anything, red envelopes were touchy subjects.

She didn’t know how much she could withdraw using the card, thus texted Lisa after some thought, ‘How much money is in the card you got from President Grant during the new year?’

‘It’s cash inside. There’s no card,’ Lisa replied.

Huh? So everyone else doesn’t have the card? Then why do I have one?

A while later, Lisa texted, ‘Maybe you’re different from us to him.’

Stella froze. I can smell the undertone in this. She went to the ATM downstairs to check the account, but then she realized she didn’t know the password.

Oh, man. Why didn’t he tell me the password? He gave me the card. Is he expecting me to beg him? But I can’t do that.

She wanted to give the card back to Miles, but Kevin inadvertently told her Miles had gone on a business trip, one that would take ten days. Oh, that's going to be some time. She was crestfallen. So he isn't here?

Thus, she kept that card in her wallet, keeping it a secret. She wondered why he gave her that, since she didn't know the password.

From then on, she started bringing her own lunch. It was cheaper, and most employees did that as well. Eating out would fatten them up easily. She was only twenty-four, and she cared about her looks. It was a simple meal in the beginning, only things like tomato fried egg, but she cooked it herself, so it was delicious to her.

Miles came back ten days later, and he disembarked at eleven. Since the flight didn't provide any meals, he went to the cafeteria the moment he came back. It was lunch time, but he didn't see Stella anyway, to his disappointment.

"Hello, President Grant," his employees greeted him when they passed him by.

"You're back, President Grant."

He said hello to them before going into the cafeteria's room.