

## Chapter 56

### Like So Many Men

Stella thought wrong about her father. It was a week later when she found out he went to see Miles. Miles called for her and handed her a check that amounted to three million six hundred and eighty thousand, much to her shock. The amount alone told her her father had something to do with it, but she didn't know when or where her father had met Miles. He's fast. Did Dad manage to threaten him? So he's worried that the marriage contract would be void, huh?

"Here's your father's money. Take it to him," he told her in nonchalance while writing on a document.

"How could you help him?" She gritted her teeth. "He's desperate. Obviously he doesn't care about Zane's company anymore. How can you help his betrayal?"

"He asked for help. I can't refuse, can I?" He looked up at her quizzically, dousing her anger.

"This is my family's problem, and I'll handle it myself. Perfectly, if I may add," she spat. She was planning on going to Murdough to tell Zane about her father's request. She thought he would agree, since he shared a decent relationship with her father, even if he and Stella's marriage wasn't. She had thought about it. Since Zane couldn't manage the company, it would be dangerous if too much money was in it. If Stella understood it, then Zane would, too. There wouldn't be any conflict.

She shouldn't be angry, but she was, and only she knew the reason for that.

"Your family's problem?" Miles gave her a cold look and leaned back against his chair. "Your father said I'm his family when he came begging for help," he drawled.

Stella noticed the mockery in his voice, and she sneered. "Principles, President Grant. Kicking someone while he's down is immoral. He should've at least talked to Zane if he wanted his money back. This is just nefarious, and he had no reason to ask for your help!"

Tears welled up in Stella's eyes because of anger and shame.

Miles slowly went up to her. "I didn't know you're such a moral character, Miss Johansson. But he had a reason," Miles said darkly. He stared into her eyes, piercing through her.

"And what was it?" Stella's obstinance flared, and she looked up at him, questioning him.

Miles was angered too. "Because I f\*cked you," he answered, his voice as cold as arctic.

Stella's face paled, then it turned scarlet. Miles having sex with her was the best way to threaten him. She didn't know how her father found out about the affair, but using her private issue as a reason for him to get his money back was no better than someone in the ancient times pimping out their daughter for cash.

Stella was ashamed, but also infuriated. She didn't ask how he managed to get so much money, since he could do anything. If he wanted Zane's company, he could take it at any time. Overwhelmed by rage, she took the check and went back to her office.

She sat down angrily, but after she calmed down, she thought she had been impulsive. Why did I fight my own boss? She would have been fired in any other company, for she hurled all her anger at him. Aside from her lack of experience, the reason for her bravado was the fact she had sex with Miles. She was sure he wouldn't fire her because of that reason.

She was immersed in her thoughts when her phone rang. It was from Matthew, and he sounded panicked. "Do you have time right now, Stella? Zack's teacher called me and said he fainted. Can you take him to the hospital if you're free? The servant's there already. I'm on a business trip, and it'd take two hours for me to reach the hospital. I won't make it in time."

The news came as a shock to Stella. Children fainting was a serious matter, and she quickly asked which kindergarten Zachariah was in. When he sent her the location, she looked at the time. There was half an hour left until clock out, but she couldn't care that much and rushed to Zachariah's kindergarten.

The teacher told her he probably fainted because of a high fever, and an immediate hospitalization was needed. Since it was a serious matter, they had to talk to Zachariah's guardian. Stella and Zachariah's nanny sent the boy to the hospital as soon as they could, registering him under pediatrics. The boy went for a checkup and had an IV drip administered, then Stella paid the hospitalization fees for them.

Stella was in panic mode, for it was the first time she was handling a sick child. His parents were absent, and she was worried she might do anything wrong. She didn't know if Zachariah was allergic to any meds, nor did she know if he had been administered an IV drip before. They wasted a lot of time there, since the doctor had to see if Zachariah was allergic to anything before they gave him the drip.

Stella was worried that the signs of allergy wouldn't show that soon, and she was worried something would go wrong. Trepidation welled up within her.

The nanny wasn't experienced in these either. Even though she had taken care of the boy for a while, she never took him to the hospital, so she knew nothing about his medical history.

Matthew's phone was turned off, and Stella knew he had to be on a plane. She wanted to let him see the details of Zachariah's meds, but she had to wait, thus sat before the boy's bed like a cat on hot bricks.

Matthew came in a rush two hours later, and Stella went up to him. "Here's the details of the IV drip. See if anything's not supposed to be there."

They looked at the details together nervously, and Matthew said, "It's fine. Nothing's wrong here. He's not allergic to any of these."

Stella could finally heave a sigh of relief. "I was worried sick." She patted her chest, then someone came to see Zachariah. He was about to knock on the door when he saw them standing together. From the corner of her eye, she noticed someone in a green suit at the door. Her nerves still tense, however, she didn't notice who it was. When she did, though, she started sweating.

Matthew was the first to see Miles at the ward's doorstep. He turned to him. "You're here, Miles. Come in."

Miles went past Stella and sat in front of Zachariah's bed, looking at the pale boy.

Stella felt awkward with Miles' appearance, and she told Matthew, "The drip's almost finished. I'll get the nurse at the reception." Then she left, but she didn't come back even after the nurse had changed the drip.

Matthew and Miles sat beside Zachariah. Matthew mumbled, "She couldn't have run into trouble, could she? I'll text her." He whipped out his phone and started texting Stella. Miles glanced at it and saw the photo she sent Matthew, letting out a sneer afterward.

'Are you occupied by something?' Matthew asked her.

'I'm getting something for Zack. He'll forget all the pain once he sees these when he wakes up,' she replied. She went to the grocery store across the hospital after ringing up the nurse.

In fact, she wanted to stay away from Miles too. His arrival was unexpected, but she thought Matthew must have been the one who called, since they were friends. Stella came back to the ward with a lot of good food in her hands. They kept watch over Zachariah, but she said nothing to Miles. She didn't know why, but she just didn't want to talk to him.

When the clock showed nine, Matthew asked Stella to go home first, and to get a ride, because it was dangerous for a woman to go home alone. "You still need to work tomorrow." Stella thought Matthew was a nice man, since nobody told her that before. Miles would just send her home without asking any questions.

Subsequently, Stella said yes and left. She pulled her coat tighter when she went down, then got a taxi back home. Her face turned scarlet when she thought about the argument she had with Miles that day. Why'd I do that? He has a marriage contract, and I'm not divorced yet. All I want is the Miles Grant in bed, and all he wants is my body and someone to call his own.

Stella watched as the neon lights zoomed past her, and she was home a short while later. Immersed in her own thoughts, she came to her doorstep in a daze, noticing that the lights were twinkling. When she got near, she saw who it was that stood in the way of the lights. She took out her keys and opened the door. "Why are you here?" I came back earlier than he did, but he's here before me?

"Why can't I come?" Miles went inside with her.

The moment they went inside, he hugged her before she could turn on the lights. She could hear nothing but his heavy breathing in the darkness. "Saw the man you like, huh?" He wrapped his arms around her torso, and she reflexively went backward.

She knew he was referring to Matthew, but she wondered why he had that misunderstanding. "I don't know what you're talking about." She looked away.

Miles snorted in response. "Right. He's divorced, and you're about to be, too. I'm the matchmaker here, aren't I?"

"Looks like you have a high standard for your partner in bed, President Grant. Not only does she need to have an untainted body, but also a pure heart," she mocked.

“You were defending your husband just earlier, Mrs. Levitt, and now you’re helping your lover. Aren’t you exhausted, having to work around so many men?” He went ahead, backing her against the wall, inching closer to her.

Stella was enraged, but she remained silent.