

Chapter 57

Let Loose, Adult

He picked her up all of a sudden and kicked her bedroom's door open. Then he tossed her onto the bed and tore her clothes apart. Stella went along. Since he would do it every time anyway, she'd play along with him and take her clothes off. Miles and her made the six-foot bed creak loudly, and she could feel herself breaking every time he thrust it into her.

She knew he was a great lover in bed, and she was used to it. I wonder if I'll be disappointed if my next boyfriend isn't as good as him in bed.

Miles kissed her neck, nibbling into it. After a few times of sex, she noticed he'd nibble on her neck whenever he would thrust hard. A long while later, they drifted into sleep.

Stella woke up first the next day. When she was done washing up, she sat before her dressing table, combing her hair and dressing herself up. As she looked into the mirror while combing her hair, she saw that Miles had woken up. He was naked from the waist up, smoking on the bedside and looking at Stella.

Their gazes met through the mirror, and he tilted his head, looking at her with interest. Distracted, Stella's movement slowed.

"Well, go on," he teased with his deep, manly voice.

Stella couldn't understand how he could be so calm about it, as if the sex the night before took no toll on him. He was still so relaxed, and still so mysterious. Stella said nothing. She went on combing her hair, applying her foundation, drawing her eyebrow, and applying her lipstick. She didn't look at Miles the whole way.

Miles had changed into a new set of clothes, and he went up to her, pulling her into his embrace. He kissed her on the lips, which she just made lustrous. He wasn't hard with the kiss, and her lipstick was waterproof. Even after the kiss, the lipstick didn't fall off one bit. Someone might see his kiss mark, but only under a microscope. Miles was going to leave after the kiss.

When he was at the doorstep, she asked, "Aren't you worried someone might slam you for sleeping with a married woman multiple times?"

Miles slowly turned around. "Up until now, only I get to slam people, not the other way around."

Stella froze. She wasn't trying to say that. She was referring to their conscience. He knows it, so why is he twisting my words? Miles opened the door and left.

Stella got up after she was done with the lipstick. She was in her pajamas, and she wanted to change into her work attire. She slept on the inner part of the bed the night before, while Miles slept on the outer part. Before she could take her clothes, she saw the mark of Miles on the pillow, and the bed was filled with his scent. She even saw a strand of his hair on the bed sheet. It wasn't long, but it was hard and black. The discovery of his hair made her heart race.

Women were bizarre creatures. She could feel touched at any random instant when men were exuding their charisma. Maybe it was the way he talked, the way his hair looked, or the way he moved. She stared at the strand of hair for a moment before picking it up and keeping it in her makeup box.

On the way to work, Stella asked about Zachariah's condition. Matthew said he was much better and could be discharged that day. Stella grunted.

Her work was delayed because of her early departure the day before, and she worked overtime that day, trying to cover for her work the day before. It was almost ten when she was done, and nobody was left in the department. She turned off the lights before she left, then she closed the door.

The moment she came out, she almost bumped into someone. When she looked up to see who it was, unsurprisingly, it was Miles again. Why do I bump into him everywhere?

She looked at him, but he said nothing. Then he grabbed her hand and put it in his coat's pocket. Both of his hands were in his pockets, and he was walking fast. Stella hastened because her hand was in his pocket, but she was confused why he was going so fast. When they came to the elevator, she saw that Matthew was in there.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," Miles told Matthew.

"It's fine," Matthew replied, then they entered the elevator. Stella was still confused about what had happened.

When she sent the report to Miles last time, he touched her hand in front of Matthew, and he did the same thing again, much to her embarrassment. She tried to pull her hand out, but he wouldn't let go no matter how hard she pulled. In the end, she gave up when they came to the first floor.

Matthew and Miles went their separate ways after exiting the company, and they got into their cars. Instead of driving away immediately, Miles took Stella behind a great building. The wind couldn't reach them there, and it was dark. Miles lit up a cigarette, leaned back against the wall, and smoked. "Did I do fine?" he asked.

"Sorry?" Stella queried, still flummoxed.

"I let him know we're seeing each other. Shouldn't you give up on him?" He looked at her calmly. "He seems to like you too. Do you think it's cruel of me?"

Stella was dumbfounded. She didn't know why Miles thought she liked Matthew, but she knew it was cruel of him to do what he did. She could see that from how he made his business decisions. Stella turned her head aside, refusing to speak. The wind made a mess of her hair, and she asked, "Can you control yourself, President Grant? I'm still married, you know?"

Miles squinted at her. "But you didn't say no when we slept." That embarrassed Stella, and she retorted in anger, "But that doesn't mean you shouldn't control yourself."

"I can't, and I'm an adult, so I don't have to," he answered matter-of-factly. Miles kept squinting at her, as if he couldn't see through her.

So is that why he wants to f*ck me so much? Because he doesn't have to take responsibility since I'm married? He doesn't care even if I'm pregnant with his kid. Was that whole thing with Matthew him failing to control himself? Miles wasn't someone she could understand. Pivoting, she left, and since a taxi appeared, she took the ride home.

On the way back, Matthew texted her, 'I went to take some stuff at Miles' company today, since our companies have business dealings. I saw what he did, and he's probably telling me to stay away from you. I don't know what he's thinking, but I'll look out in the future. I hope this hasn't troubled you.'

I knew it. He was reminding the both of us. 'You're reading too much into this.'

He replied, 'You don't have to console me. I know Miles. He's very territorial about his woman.'

Stella didn't continue the conversation, for her heart raced at the mention of 'his woman.' Am I his woman? In bed?

Everyone in the design department was in discussion when she went to work the next day, as if something had happened. After asking around, Stella found out that the sales department lost a big deal Miles wanted. Losing that deal would cost the company three percent of sales profit. They heard Miles was furious.

Stella had seen him looking distant, mocking, and lustful, but never angry. Cold as ice, yes, but seldom angry. At three that afternoon, Miles said he would call a meeting to talk about sales techniques. That was the first time she would see him giving a speech, and she was curious.

Miles was the only one on the lectern in the lobby. He was a tall man, and his looks were seductive. Stella was drawn in for a moment, but she knew what she was there for. She and Lisa were sitting in the middle with notebooks in their hands. Since they weren't part of the sales department, they weren't going to pay too much attention.

Miles was furious, and he sounded imperious then. He said that it was imperative for a salesperson to know what the client needed so they could build rapport, and that it was also important to know about the client's family. The deal was messed up because of the sales manager. He sent child products to the client without knowing that their youngest son had died. The client's wife was a harsh, sensitive person, and that was why the deal went bust.

Stella wasn't going to listen, but then she started paying attention. It was as if Miles had a magical tongue that could draw people in, just like his charisma.

The more she listened, the more she felt that she knew about sales. It was like she knew what Miles would say. For example, when Miles was talking about judging a client's personality and preferences, Stella would already be thinking what she should do, and then Miles would say the exact same thing she had in mind. Stella whispered what she found out to Lisa.

Lisa smiled. "You're beautiful, know how to speak, and you're a good designer. You're proficient in English, which is a boon because our clients are the high end ones. You come from a good background, and you can hold your own. I think you can be a good salesperson."

Stella beamed. She was young, and nobody had praised her that way before. Lisa's compliments understandably made her happy. "Really?" she asked sincerely.

"Of course," Lisa answered in earnest.

Miles' glance seemingly swept across Stella and Lisa, then he stopped talking for a moment.