

Chapter 58

I Want Him

Lisa said, "We should stop now. The president's looking at us."

Stella wasn't sure if he was looking at them when there were so many people around them. When she looked up, she saw everyone around them listening intently, with her being the only one talking, so it seemed like he really was looking at her.

As the PowerPoint slides went on, Miles said that a good salesperson should shoot their shot when they had a target. Before they even started the sales, they had to know the client's preference, family, and personality. He made himself look like a sales guru.

But from what she knew about him, Stella thought he wouldn't deign to do sales work. Relying on someone else wasn't his style. He was and always would be someone's boss. The meeting took up the whole afternoon, and after work, Stella went to have dinner with Lisa before going home. When she was on the way to the bus stop, she saw Miles driving toward her. He looked like he just got off work, so it was a coincidence this time.

"Get in," he said imperiously, just like how he was doing that afternoon.

She knew he was in a bad mood, so she went in without provoking him. He drove slowly, quietly, and it was the way to Stella's home. She heaved a sigh of relief, thankful that he wasn't in the mood for any outrageous stuff. Then he stopped at her place.

Suddenly, there was a question Stella wanted to know the answer to. It haunted her, and she had to ask, or she wouldn't be able to sleep that night. Thus, she licked her lips and asked, "Who am I to you, President Grant?" She got that from the meeting earlier. Since Miles said they should treat each client on a case by case basis, she wanted to know who she was to him and the strategy he used when he was facing her.

Oddly enough, Miles' expression softened after hearing that question, seemingly interested in her query. He killed the engine.

Stella panicked again. She thought he would just leave, but that didn't seem to be the case anymore. This is going to be long. He slowly inched closer, backing her up against the door. She looked at him, perplexed. "W-What's the matter, President Grant?"

He answered quietly, "Didn't you ask what you are to me? Well, I can tell you what you remind me of."

She nodded fearfully.

He inched even closer to her, nibbling her ear and burning her up with lust. "You are a woman among women, the embodiment of lust, the object of my wildest sexual fantasy, and..."

His voice was magical. There was the sexy allure of a man and the hypnotic magic exclusive to him. She blushed, her heart raced, and she was getting fidgety. She could feel his tongue in her ear, and it electrified her. "And what?" Her voice trembled.

"And I want to be with you for the rest of my life."

That simple sentence made her heart pound. She had always known how Miles saw her. His first sentence, while explicit and erotic, was what every man thought of her, but the last sentence was an obvious confession, and it touched her.

Her heart was almost bursting out of her chest, but she remembered she was in her neighborhood. Worried that someone might see her flirting with someone aside from Zane, she opened the door and scrambled out.

After he saw her off, Miles stared down and laughed. Well then, I didn't expect myself to laugh when those guys messed things up.

The moment Stella went in, she bumped into Lizbeth, who was snooping around her house. Stella froze in abject terror. Matthew was there to help her when she stayed the night at Miles' place back then, but she knew Miles didn't expect Lizbeth to be in the house this time.

Lizbeth said coldly, "Since you've had sex with another man, I won't be holding back."

Stella was horrified. She wanted to ask how Lizbeth found out about it, but it would be incriminating if she did.

"There are two pillows on your bed, and there are traces on his. The evidence is all there, so don't tell me it's just rumors. Also, I saw you two down there. I do not have a daughter-in-law like you, but you can't get a divorce before Zane comes back. There's no way I can tell everyone my son is dumped by his wife. I'll be meeting the Norths now." After that, Lizbeth left.

Stella's palms were sweating. She wondered what Lizbeth would do when she met the Norths, but Yvonne knew about the affair already, and she knew Stella had slept with Miles. She clenched her fists, wondering what everyone would call her after the scandal's breakout.

Lizbeth told her soon enough though. When she was at the doorstep, she turned around and said, "You're just a shameless slut."

Stella felt her face burning up—because Lizbeth was right. That night, she lay on her bed, staring at the ceiling. All she could think of was Lizbeth's face of disgust, and also Yvonne's. She didn't know what would happen tomorrow; she was afraid of its coming, but she also hoped for it.

The next day, it was a quiet morning, but someone called her that afternoon. She didn't register that number, but when she took the call, she knew it was from Yvonne. Yvonne asked to meet her in the café across the company. It was a quieter affair than she had expected. She thought Yvonne would come to the company and slap her, but she didn't.

In the café, Yvonne was facing Stella imperiously. "I'm not saying that you should leave him, but look at yourself. You're a married woman who comes from a normal family, and you're just a normal employee, while I'm a doctor who came back from America. My net worth is worth billions, and I have a marriage contract with him. Who would you choose to be your partner if you're a man?" Yvonne was an elegant woman. She spoke calmly, but Stella could still feel the pressure.

"I know you've slept with him, but well, men will be men. So what if they have sex with a few women? I can take it as long as he comes to the wedding. But you'd better stay back. You think you can cheat just

because you're a master of seduction? Take my advice and stop." She flicked her hair back, looking at her in disdain, as if she was just another one among Miles' countless mistresses.

Stella looked down at her hands. When Yvonne was about to leave, she whispered, "I'm sorry, Miss North. I didn't know he had a girlfriend. I tried to escape, but I couldn't."

"You couldn't?" Yvonne repeated mockingly. "You couldn't escape him in bed, you mean."

Stella didn't answer. It was true she couldn't escape him, but she was also one to initiate sex, just like what Miles had said, so that was just an excuse. She calmed herself down before answering, "I want him."

"You what?" Yvonne thought she heard it wrong, but she knew she didn't. And she was incredulous.

"I said, I want him. I know saying this as a married woman is absurd, but you don't know anything about my marriage with Zane, nor do you know my past with President Grant." She looked ahead dumbly. If she could choose again, Stella would wish she was never reunited with Miles. She'd just accept her broken marriage with Zane, since they could find love if they persevered. Alas, on the day before Zane had sex with her, he noticed she was pregnant with Miles' baby, and things took a turn for the worse. It was a cruel joke.

Yvonne snorted and left.

Stella felt like a criminal for challenging Miles' girlfriend that way. She buried her face in her hand. Her plan was to live out her life in peace, get a man, and have some children, but who knew, everything veered off course. What does Miles want anyway? She wasn't in the mood for work that afternoon, and she only stared at the calendar on her desk. When she was about to clock off, her phone dinged—a message came in.

It was Miles. 'Come to my office.' She wondered if she should, but then Stella thought Yvonne wouldn't tell him about their negotiation. Maybe it's about work. Thus, she went to his office and knocked on the door, then she went in after getting permission.

Miles was writing, and quite seriously too. He was serious and demanding when he was in a suit, but he was a different character in bed. In bed, he was a beast, but in suit, he was a capitalist pig.

Stella fell into a trance as she stared at him. He looked up at her. "Why are you spacing out?"

"Nothing," she answered, but it didn't answer his question.

"Someone told me a lady 'wants' me. Well, now I'm asking that lady a question: how does she want me?" He put his hands behind his head, leaning languidly against the chair, looking into her eyes.

Stella was stupefied. How am I supposed to answer that? She thought he called her for work, but she didn't expect Yvonne to tell him what she told her. Stella wondered how she told Miles about their conversation. Did she interrogate him? Or was she furious? Or did she ask about my details? She felt her face burning up. It was the first time she was backed into such a corner by a man. She did say she wanted Miles in the afternoon, but she couldn't say that in his face. Why could I tell that to Yvonne in her face, but not him?