

## Chapter 66

### Stella Bit Me

Unlike Miles, Stella was down in the dumps. When they reached the door, she took out his slippers from the cabinet at the side since she noticed that he didn't change into slippers last night and wore his shoes instead.

"They're for me?" Miles questioned. "Not for that person?"

Stella's expression changed slightly. Only Xavier Daniels had ever been here. Is he referring to him? She was currently crouched on the floor, helping him with the slippers as he still had to try the fit of the slippers though he was leaving soon. After all, she bought him size 44. "How did you know that he was here?" she asked.

"Don't let me see such a thing in the future." Miles' voice was so cold that it was as though it came from the depths of hell.

A chill struck Stella. Did he see Xavier Daniels coming up? Is that why Xavier Daniels was demoted from company CEO to sales director? And is that why he was so furious that day that he told me to either do it or buzz off? He saw it, so he was jealous? As she remained crouched before him, she appeared indescribably dainty.

Then, she opened the door for him, only to be greeted by the sight of someone outside her door with a lifted hand as though a second away from knocking on her door. Utter shock gripped her, for it was Yulia. At this very moment, she felt as though there was a burning ember within her.

Yulia wasn't aware of her relationship with Miles, so she stared blankly at Stella, who was in her pajamas, and Miles, who was about to leave; their relationship became evident at a single glance.

Likewise, Stella was frozen to the spot, but Miles wasn't affected at all.

As Yulia looked at Miles dazedly, she greeted him. "President Grant."

Grunting an acknowledgment, Miles strode past Stella.

"President Grant..." Yulia trailed off, reluctant to allow him to leave. Yet, she didn't know what to say to him, so she merely stood there woodenly.

Miles glanced over his shoulder, awaiting the rest of her utterance.

"President Grant, you have a split lip!" Yulia blurted to cover her embarrassment since she couldn't think of anything else to say in the end.

Swiping his lip with his thumb, Miles cast a glance at Stella before declaring, "Stella bit me." Then, he left.

Stella was assailed by the urge to bang her head against the wall. Isn't this a blatant proclamation of our relationship to Yulia? But I don't know how she's going to react or treat me!

Yulia walked into the house blankly, her eyes fixed straight ahead. For a moment, regret, resentment, and rage flashed in her mind.

However, as soon as she lowered her head, she glimpsed four or five used condoms in the trash can in the middle of the living room, all of them chock full of... that man's fluid. She smiled bitterly at the sight of it. Ah, condoms! Condoms. It goes without saying what transpired between that man and Stella.

Stella's gaze followed hers, only to alight on the condoms. All at once, she was so ashamed that she wanted to jump off the building. She stood at the side apprehensively without saying a single word, not knowing how to explain things between her and Miles. No matter what, I'm still guilty of deception.

After sitting for a while, Yulia stood up and left.

In the next few days, Miles never again visited Stella's place, nor did he do anything that crossed the line in the office. Once, he came to her department to have a meeting, and Stella poured him a glass of water, to which he said 'thank you'. Even as his wedding date drew closer, he didn't bother telling her about his plan. Thus, Stella assumed that he was cutting off ties with her in preparation for his marriage. Inexplicably, desolation engulfed her. Despite that, she knew that she wasn't worthy of him, so she didn't force things.

On this day, she'd just returned home from work when Yulia phoned her and asked her to go out with her. Since the sky was overcast, she declined, suggesting that they'd talk about anything important the next day, but Yulia insisted. "Come down. I want to bring you some place," she said.

Stella couldn't outstubborn her, so she relented in the end. When she went downstairs, a sudden clap of thunder rang out, signaling impending rain. Fortunately, Yulia's car was already waiting downstairs.

The car traversed the red-light district of Hollowcrest City before pulling up to a nightclub known as Hollowcrest Night in no time. Stella had no idea why Yulia came here, but still, she trailed behind her. Yulia went up to the third floor and stopped in front of a private room before pushing open the door silently. Due to the noise in the room and her light movement, the people inside didn't even notice the ajar door. Then, she motioned for Stella to see for herself.

Mystified, Stella leaned close to the gap in the door and took a peek, but the scene within had her heart shattering in an instant into a thousand pieces, the fragments drifting on the ocean.

"President Grant... Was my singing good?"

The man was sitting on the sofa with his legs crossed as he smoked, his condescending bearing making it seem as though he was looking down on all creation. In the next moment, he languidly uttered a single word. "Yeah."

"If so, I'll continue singing, okay?" that young girl murmured. Her waist was extremely slender, her skin so supple that it glowed.

In front of Miles was a row of similar-looking young girls. Makes sense. He's a rich man, after all, so buying hundreds of such a nightclub isn't a big deal, let alone patronizing it for fun. Stella couldn't stand watching such a heartbreaking scene, but still, she continued peeking through the gap in the door. Rumor has it that anything goes in such a nightclub, the only barrier being one's imagination. Perhaps he'll later pin one of the young girls onto the sofa for a round of delight as his sex drive has always been strong... Considering his lukewarm attitude toward me recently, he may very likely regard me as a mere bed partner. Fury welled within her as she stared into the room intently.

Miles seemingly sensed someone outside, for he tilted his head. When he glimpsed a pair of eyes at the door, he frowned.

Stella, on the other hand, jumped in fright and fled while dragging Yulia along. After they'd gotten into the car, the skies opened, and it poured. In the car, Stella remained lifeless as she looked at the wiper swinging swiftly in front of her.

"Stella, you should've thought it out. How could someone like Miles Grant fall for you? It's not that I look down on you, and yes, you're indeed beautiful, but let me analyze things for you objectively. First of all, there's the issue of you being a divorcee. Nowadays, which high-standing man is inclined to marry a woman who'd been with someone else? Furthermore, a divorcee doesn't sound nice," Yulia stated.

Stella had no illusions about her meaning. She's naturally resentful that I bagged Miles since she can't have him. After all, we're cousins, and that's quite a close relationship. If she has to see him often in the future, it certainly won't feel good for her. Or perhaps she's truly doing this for my good. No matter how she found out that he's patronizing such a place today, there's one thing I know for certain—it was definitely not her who tricked him there because she doesn't have the power to influence him.

Noticing that she was particularly dejected, Yulia said when they arrived below her place, "Take care of yourself, Stella." Then, she drove away.

When Stella got home, she burst into tears again. It was the umpteenth time she'd wept because of Miles. That man took my heart, yet he didn't give me all of his. I've loved, hated, and I was hurt. She cried for a long time.

Just when she was about to get up to pour herself a glass of water, she heard someone knocking on her door. She glanced up at the clock. It's already 11:30. Who could it be at this hour? With eyes swollen like a panda's, she opened the door.

At the door, the man was all drenched as he stood there, seemingly still panting heavily. Instinctively, Stella hardened her heart to slam the door shut, but he blocked it with his leg. Failing to overpower him, she simply gave up and marched into her bedroom. Subsequently, a muffled thud sounded. That man has probably invited himself in. In the next instance, the man hugged her waist from behind. He might have known that I went to peep on him earlier, she surmised. Otherwise, he wouldn't be so anxious. It's out of character for him, who's usually calm and unruffled.

"Are you mad at me?" Miles rested his head against her shoulder as he swirled his tongue around the shell of her ear.

Stella said nothing, and she was naturally fuming.

"Weren't you the one who forbade me from getting married?" Miles questioned.

His clothes were soaked and sticky, so it felt exceedingly uncomfortable as they plastered against Stella's pajamas. What does forbidding him from getting married have to do with him fooling around outside?

"Go and take a shower first." He came over tonight, so he at least appears remorseful.

"You're no longer mad?" Miles asked as he turned her around.

Stella merely canted her head without saying a single word.

Leaning down, Miles kissed her, his movement incredibly gentle. Stella had never been kissed so tenderly by him, so she only pushed him away when his breathing grew harsh. "Go and take a shower."

Upon seeing that her tone had eased, Miles smiled before going to the bathroom to take a shower. When he came out, he only had her white bath towel wrapped around his waist.

Her face flushed, Stella asked him why he wasn't wearing clothes, to which he answered matter-of-factly, "My clothes are wet, so I might not be able to leave even tomorrow or the day after. Exasperated, Stella stuffed his clothes into the washing machine. His underwear and socks are still in the bathroom, so I'll just wash them tomorrow.

Subsequently, the two of them slipped into bed. Stella gave her back to Miles, so he hugged her from behind as he inhaled the fragrance of her hair. His voice had also changed from the earlier anxiousness to unhurried nonchalance. "Do you know how panicked I was when I glimpsed you at the door?"

"Fooling around with other women is a man's interest and hobby. You don't need to explain anything to me. If you want to do so, explain it to your..." At this, a wave of anguish surged within her. "Explain it to your future wife."

Chuckling, Miles rubbed his head against her shoulder. "Aren't you my future wife?"

With just this simple remark, a wealth of warmth welled within her.