

Chapter 67

I'll Be Your Only Man

"I didn't do anything today. I merely made a trip to the nightclub to record a video." Immersed in Stella's softness, Miles had his eyes closed in preparation for sleep.

"Why did you record a video?" Stella couldn't make head or tail of it.

"Don't ask further, for it'll do you no good."

Stella bit her lower lip. Fine, I won't ask further. He's getting married in a few days, yet I'm allowing him to stay overnight here. She felt extremely guilty toward the other woman. But he said Yvonne North isn't his girlfriend. Somehow, that thought made her feel much better. "Did you... Did you and Yvonne North... Well..." She couldn't quite bring herself to say it. At this moment, she'd started feeling perturbed about his sexual activities and the fact that he'd been intimate with a few women; it felt as though there was a thorn in her flesh.

"What about me and her? You mean, whether I've ever bedded her?" Miles flipped over, putting himself over her. He nibbled on her earlobe, igniting a flame within her. The shell of the ear to the neck was a woman's most sensitive part, so Stella dodged by keeping her face turned to the side as she lay on the bed, her eyes squinted slightly.

Her black hair fanned across the pillowcase and bed sheet, while her eyes were unfocused as she evaded his gaze, or more accurately speaking, she simply got lost in his kiss. Such a woman is most captivating! Miles' breathing had grown increasingly harsher. Ripping off her clothes, he slowly plastered himself against her.

Stella's soft moans from earlier had also turned desperate in the end, but she was afraid that her cries would be heard by the neighbors downstairs since this house was tiny, so she gritted her teeth hard.

As Miles noticed her restraint, he captured her lips with his, upon which she went limp in his arms.

The next day, Miles didn't leave though the clothes were merely an excuse. Stella then washed his underwear and socks with water. While laundering his underwear, her heart kept racing. This is the first time I've ever washed a man's underwear in my entire life! After she was done washing it, she hung it to dry on the balcony. Besides, she'd also furtively committed his size to memory, planning to go shopping when she was free and buy him new underwear.

Having hung his clothes to dry on the balcony, she went back to the living room. The man was staring at her, and he'd been wearing a bath towel around his waist all day. Fortunately, the heater had been turned on all the while, so it was quite warm.

Upon noticing Miles studying her, Stella stopped short in embarrassment. She dipped her head a fraction, her heart banging against her ribcage wildly as she tucked a few strands of scattered hair behind her ear. "W-What are you looking at?" she murmured.

Pulling her into his arms, the man pressed a kiss on her face and cheek. "Looking at your countenance. You'll be a good wife in the future."

Stella said nothing to that, so he started kissing the shell of her ear again. "I'll be your only man in this lifetime, yes?"

Stella nodded.

"I want you again!" Miles asserted.

Stella couldn't quite take it anymore. Is he a walking hormone machine? He's always wanting me! It's him who didn't visit me for more than ten days, yet it's also him who keeps asking for it.

That day, she asked for a day off from the director of the design department without giving a specific reason. Miles, on the other hand, didn't have to do anything since no one would bother if he skipped out for a day.

Nevertheless, he never told Stella what he was planning to do regarding his wedding with Yvonne, so it made her feel extremely anxious. In the office, he was distant with her as usual without showing any excessive affection, only acting like her man when they were in his office alone. His behavior bamboozled her. He doesn't seem as though he's afraid of anyone, so what's holding him back?

Half a month ago, Miles' wedding with Yvonne had been widely reported by the media who claimed that the marriage between the North and Grant Families had been an aspiration of both families for many years. Both families had wished for Yvonne and Miles to get married since they were a match made in heaven. In the face of such news, Stella had no other reaction save biting her lower lip hard.

During this period, Miles hadn't been going over to her place either, seemingly focused on his upcoming marriage. It was as though the wedding was taboo for both of them, neither mentioning a single word about it. While Stella had impulsively forbidden him from getting married, she felt that it was merely wishful thinking on her part after mulling it over thereafter. Knowing that she was unworthy of him, she stayed at her tiny place docilely, neither crying nor throwing a tantrum, going to work and eating when it was time.

Everyone in the office had been in high spirits except Stella. Then, on the day of the wedding, the entire office went into an uproar because of the latest news that broke out—Miles didn't show up at the wedding. Rumor had it that Yvonne received two videos during the wedding. Stella had no idea what those videos were exactly, but she was very agitated while also worried on Miles' behalf. No one in the entire office attended Miles' wedding; some wanted to attend but were turned down by Miles.

A wedding was huge news in itself, so the fact that the groom was absent made it explosive news. For that reason, everyone was speculating.

However, Stella got the answer very soon, for Yvonne came to seek her out. Dressed in a wedding gown, she stalked into the office and lambasted Stella while pointing a finger at her, snarling, "Seductress! You're a seductress!" Fortunately, she still had some manners, so she didn't get physical. Nonetheless, the entire office had a front row to Stella's scandal.

Sneering, Yvonne said to Stella, "Before this, I'd told Miles that I'll attend the wedding regardless of his attendance, but never had I thought that he'd truly not show up. I'd thought that him going to the karaoke lounge was normal behavior for a man, but who would've thought that he'd actually brave the

rain and rush to your place after leaving the karaoke lounge? Then, he stayed the entire night! The entire night!”

Stella was blindsided. How did she know what happened that night? The videos? But how could she have gotten a video of Miles visiting my place? Also, her face was now flaming because the entire office had their eyes fixed on her, aware that the president’s absence from the wedding was linked to her.

At that moment, Miles’ voice rang out from the entrance of the design department. “Are you done stirring up trouble?”

As Stella swung her gaze in the direction of the voice, it was as though she saw the source of her strength.

Meanwhile, Yvonne dashed over to Miles. “Miles, Miles—”

“I’ve long since told you that I won’t attend the wedding. Why do you want to marry a man who doesn’t love you?” Ignoring her, Miles strode up to Stella and took her hand. Then, he left with her. Behind them, Yvonne stared at their backs with resentment and dejection in her eyes.

Since then, the relationship between Stella and Miles became a tacit secret within the entire company.

When Stella had gotten into Miles’ car, he started the engine and drove her around Hollowcrest City at a snail’s pace. His expression was exceedingly solemn, so she didn’t dare speak. After a long time, she grasped his hand and asked, “Why didn’t you tell her directly when you didn’t want to marry her in the first place? It’s humiliating for her to have attended the wedding alone.”

“I’ve informed her of my stance long ago. I also reminded her again last night that I won’t be attending the wedding, but she thought that I was bluffing and insisted on attending.” Miles stroked his chin gently.

Stella nodded, for she’d also surmised Yvonne’s personality. She’s obstinate and doesn’t seem as though she’ll give up before all hope is gone, so it’s absolutely plausible that she’d do such a thing. “What about the two videos? And how did she know about us?” she inquired further, many things still a puzzle to her.

“One was recorded by me to let her know that I’m just a man who luxuriates in the delights of the flesh. As for the second video, I reckon it was recorded by Yulia Johansson. She filmed me going to your place and sent it to her. Anyhow, I don’t want to talk about all these machinations anymore,” Miles replied with a frown.

Stella, however, was stunned. Yulia Johansson? How could it be her? But on second thought, she’s the only one with a motive and the opportunity to do such a thing because she knows everything that had happened that day. After dropping me off that day, she didn’t leave. Rather, she hid in a dark corner and filmed Miles braving the rain to seek me out. Even biological sisters have a falling out over a man, much less cousins. She treated me rather well in the past, but now, we’ve ended up as enemies because of Miles. This battle is slowly growing into a war, she mused. For instance, the entire company now knows about me and Miles. What will I be facing next?

When she went to work the next day, everyone in the company was looking at her differently. Plus, a huge bouquet of roses lay on her desk. Zane had once given her flowers, but she found this bouquet rather puzzling.

At this time, it seemed as though everyone had their attention on Stella, all curious about the identity of the man who sent her this bouquet of flowers. After all, the president had just announced his relationship with her by 'holding hands' the previous day, so they were all waiting to see whether she was two-timing him, as it would make for explosive news.

The flowers were gorgeous, far more beautiful than the bouquet Zane had given her in the past. Stella fished out a card from the bouquet, but there was nothing on it, merely signed with the last name of a particular person—Grant. All at once, she knew that this bouquet of flowers was from Miles, upon which a smile inexorably bloomed on her face. Naturally, she was happy to receive flowers from the person she loved.

Subsequently, Lisa sent her a message. 'Is it from him? You must be happy, yes? Speaking of this, President Grant really protects you well by saying nothing in the past so that others won't look at you with disdain. It's not something anyone can do.'

Stella was taken aback for a moment. Is this really what he thought? But the more she loved someone, the pettier she became, for she replied, 'He also protected Yvonne North very well in the past.' Recalling Kevin's remark to her back then, she felt a chill within her.