

Chapter 82

It's Sold

"Thank you for saving Zane. You really saved his life, so it's only natural that I'm grateful to you," she replied honestly without hiding her emotions.

In fact, she felt it stronger and stronger that it was easier for her to maintain this sort of superior-subordinate relationship with Miles.

"Who are you to say this? As Zane's ex-wife? Or his current girlfriend?" he asked, still struggling with this issue.

Speechless, Stella didn't give this topic much thought because all she was thinking about was to relay her thanks to him.

After a long pause, she answered truthfully, "I didn't think about that."

"If you're thanking me on his behalf, then you're done and can leave now. But if you're thanking me for yourself, then I would like to ask how you'll repay me. Don't swear to me saying you're going to be a slave for me since it won't be the first time that you're saying that, and I won't believe it anymore. So fine, you can leave now." With his head leaning on the headboard, Miles started reading, leaving Stella feeling awkward all of a sudden.

Everything she said was pointless, and she quietly left the room.

Unexpectedly, someone else showed up at the house the next day—Gabriella.

This baffled Stella because not only did Gabriella not return to Miles when she asked her to in Murdough, but she even went to her hotel to hide from him on purpose. So what's the meaning now that she came here voluntarily? she wondered.

However, she didn't want to stick her nose into his affairs with his ex.

Seeing Gabriella seated on the couch when he came downstairs, Miles asked, "What are you doing here?"

Shooting up from her seat, she lunged forward and grabbed his arm, saying, "Let's talk upstairs."

From Stella's point of view, she thought that he seemed a little helpless when facing Gabriella, and it looked as though she had forced herself on him.

In his room, Miles threw himself on the couch and asked nonchalantly, "So tell me, what's your request this time?"

Standing in front of him, Gabriella appeared indifferent as she made a 'pay me' gesture. Without a moment of hesitation, Miles immediately knew what she meant—money.

"What happened again?" he asked, frowning.

“My boyfriend’s visa expired and, unfortunately, he was caught by the police. This is a rather sticky situation, and after thinking about it, you’re the only one I know, so I’m here to borrow some...” She trailed off, looking sheepishly at him.

Miles simply sneered at what she said, thinking, I’m not the only one you know, but the only one who gives you money so easily.

“How much do you want?”

“You’re straightforward.” Snapping her fingers, she added, “How about a hundred thousand?”

“Sure,” he replied nonchalantly even though he knew that it would cost much less than that to bail a person out.

“Ste—” He stopped himself and tried again. “Do you know that woman outside?” he asked.

Of course he has a request for me, she thought. “She probably knows me, but I don’t know how she got to know me. Back then, only the both of us, Kevin, and your other friend knew about that incident. As for why she’s so sure that I was your girlfriend, I have no idea. But she’s really nice to you.”

“She’s nice to me?”

“She advised me to return to your side!”

Miles sneered as he clenched his palms into tight fists at her words, and she understood what he was thinking about. Seeing this, she was so elated that she couldn’t help but offer a discount.

“Do you have any other terms?” she asked inquisitively. The last time he gave her money, he listed his conditions as well, and she reckoned that there must be other conditions for sure this time. Well, he is a businessman, and he wouldn’t be one if he just gave away his money freely!

“Help me put on a show,” he said.

I knew he wouldn’t just give me the money for free, she thought. It’s just the same as last time.

“I don’t have any talent, but I can still act. By the way, doesn’t that woman look a little like me?”

Gabriella asked. Somehow, she felt that the look in Stella’s eyes was very gentle and soft. It was the kind of look men would be sexually attracted to, and even more so for her personality.

“Does she? I don’t think so at all.” It was true that he didn’t find them similar in any way, just like apples and oranges.

“So what should I do?” she asked.

At first, when Gabriella went upstairs, she looked gloomy and upset, but she appeared delighted when she came back down. Knowing that she was the person Miles had been missing this whole time, Stella didn’t say anything about it.

That night, Gabriella spent the night at Miles’ place, specifically in his bedroom. Truth be told, Stella was rather envious of how Gabriella was getting along with Miles, like there wasn’t any barrier between them, which was unlike herself with him. After thinking about it back and forth, she still felt that maintaining a superior-subordinate relationship with Miles was the most suitable one.

However, the fact that Gabriella was with Miles was something which she was happy to see. Then, he won't take me as somebody's substitute, she thought. But why am I feeling so upset?

The next morning while everyone, including Zachariah, was eating in the dining room, Gabriella sped downstairs and started stuffing her face with food, drawing everyone's eyes on her.

Just then, Miles came downstairs as well and said, "Didn't I feed you well last night? Look how hungry you are!"

Feeling her heart beating heavily against her chest, Stella knew that the both of them had been intimate last night.

"Of course you fed me well!" Gabriella exclaimed, knowing perfectly well what he meant. "It's precisely because you've fed me so well that I'm so hungry now!"

With a frown on his face, Matthew said, "Watch what you're saying, Miles. There's a child here."

Grinning, he replied, "A child won't understand what I'm speaking about. By the time he does, he probably has a girlfriend already."

"You—" Glaring at him, Matthew was worried that Zachariah might be led astray, and he said, "A child will be led astray by you. Anyway, we're leaving for the airport today."

Without Miles urging them to stay longer, Matthew and Zachariah left after breakfast, and just as they expected, the rest of the creditors came knocking on the door after hearing about the news that the president of Miles Conglomerate was paying the debts for Zane.

In total, Zane had forty-two creditors, and all the debts were finally cleared today. When faced with money, men could become especially spineless and lose their dignity easily. Toward Miles, Zane was incredibly grateful.

Sitting on his couch with a roguish look, Miles gazed at Zane with narrowed eyes and said, "I don't loan my money that easily. This is the IOU. Sign it." Without anyone knowing, he had the IOU nicely prepared on a piece of A4 paper with everything written clearly on it.

Zane read through it and saw that there were more than four million written on the IOU, and he thought, Even if I sell myself, I won't be able to pay this off. The only way out was to ask Stella to sell that villa because he was no longer afraid of creditors. In addition, Lizbeth had recovered, and he wasn't afraid that they'd have designs on the villa anymore. With this plan in mind, Zane then signed the IOU.

Today was the day Zane and his family moved out of Miles' place. After this incident, he had become especially timid, and brought his mother to Murdough with him at the slightest hint of a turbulence.

That left Stella by herself to deal with the process of selling the villa. Her presence was needed as the villa was already transferred under her name after the divorce.

Despite having a property agent, it wasn't easy to sell the villa. If it was a small or regular house, it would have been easier, but this was just a midrange villa and not the high-end villa like Miles', which the rich would fight over to buy.

The awkward situation with her villa was: the really rich looked down on it while it was too expensive for the poor to buy. The price of twelve million was too high for them, so the sale of the villa was put on hold.

Seeing that her annual leave would be ending soon, Stella decided to resign after much contemplation.

Initially, she didn't think much of her job when she was working at Miles Conglomerate, but after moving to a new company, she realized that she was merely a low-level drawing machine as she was treated as one of the machines in an assembly line, repeating the same task day after day. Without any room for development and promotion, the current job was a far cry from her previous position at Miles Conglomerate where she worked under Kevin and progressed very quickly.

Hence, she decided to resign. In addition, there were more issues to take care of at her store. It seemed that the location of the store after she moved was rather good, and she had been earning a lot. With plans to expand her business, she didn't want to be distracted and finally decided to resign.

Her position in the company wasn't important anyway, so she was able to go through the resignation process remotely. All she had to do was sign the papers when she returned, but right now, she was considered a resigned person.

For the past few days, Stella had been staying at the hotel alone and had nothing to do every day in Hollowcrest City. Like a hunter waiting for her prey to appear, she merely waited for the call by the property agent. Thus, she decided to look for Matthew at his factory to take a look at the design of the clothes and also to check on the progress of the custom-made suits specially requested by Nancy.

That day when she went into the design room, it so happened that Matthew was working on a design. With a chalk and ruler in his hands, he drew with concentration, and it was the first time Stella saw him drawing a design.

"You're here, Stella. Take a seat," he offered.

Stella felt quite at ease with a person like him who was casual, and after she took a seat, he didn't stop working but simply continued with his drawing.

Some said that a man was at his sexiest when he was focused on his job, especially now when he had his sleeves rolled up to his elbows, and Stella couldn't help but be reminded of how Miles looked when he was writing with his head lowered. Honestly, he was ten times sexier than Matthew.

Raising his head nonchalantly, Matthew saw her deep in thoughts and asked, "What are you thinking about?"

"It's nothing. I just didn't know that you could also design clothes because I've never heard you mention it before."

"This was what I learned in the UK. Later, I didn't design much anymore when I started my own company, but I'm afraid that my employees won't be able to live up to Mrs. Miller's demands, so I decided to do it myself," he explained, a grin on his face.

Stella had long heard that Matthew's company, Amon, hired top designers with high salaries, but she didn't expect that there were things which those designers weren't able to do. It seems like he's even better than those top designers, she thought. He's really modest with his talents!

"What kept you busy recently? Why haven't you returned to Murdough yet?" he asked.

And then, she told him in detail about her current situation, including how difficult it was to sell the villa in her hands. Matthew listened and his hand, which was drawing, froze for a while.

After a short visit, Stella then left, and she received a call from her property agent the next day, saying that someone took an interest in her house and it was sold without negotiations.

Naturally, she was delighted. At first, she had planned to reduce the price, but it was actually sold before she did that.