

## Chapter 83

### Separated by Mountains

The property agent said that the buyer was keen on the international school nearby the villa, which was why he bought it.

That reminded Stella that there was such an international school near the villa, but the school fees were rather expensive. Hence, regular people wouldn't consider this villa because it wasn't exactly a property in a schooling area. With no children of her own, Stella didn't pay any attention to such matters.

The one who showed up for the purchase procedure was coming on behalf of the buyer. In other words, it was another agent, so Stella never saw how the buyer looked like even until she received the payment.

If a million was a big amount, then more so for twelve million. Feeling jittery, Stella went to look for Miles in a hurry to return him the money. Instead of meeting him at his company for fear that it would be awkward when she met her ex-colleagues, she asked him out in a coffee shop outside.

Carefully, she calculated all the money she and Zane owed to him and wrote down the exact figure on the check.

With a cup of coffee in her hand, she waited patiently for Miles to show up. Previously when she asked him out, she hadn't told him the reason why she wanted to meet him.

After Miles arrived, she hurriedly pushed the check to him as though she was afraid that it would fly away from her hands. "President Grant, I've sold the villa and included the money which Zane and I owed you."

Lowering his head, Miles took a glance at the check worth more than six million which Stella had carefully written, afraid that she might write the number incorrectly.

While he was looking at the check, Stella hung her head and let out a long sigh of relief; the feeling of being debt-free made her feel as though a heavy burden had been lifted off her. Even the sun seemed especially warm, and she felt incredibly light-hearted.

This is simply amazing! she thought.

When he lifted his gaze, he saw her hanging her head. "Why are you sighing?"

Not expecting that he would hear it, she replied with a giggle, "Of course I'm happy because I've paid off all my debts. I can leave with no attachments this time."

"No attachments?" he repeated, saying each word clearly.

"Yeah," she answered rather happily.

"How did you know Gabriella?" Miles asked out of the blue, clearly uninterested to continue with the topic and popped up with a question which had boggled him this whole time.

"It's your—" Before she could even start her sentence, her cell phone rang in a hurried tone. Feeling rather odd, she excused herself, "I'm sorry. I'm taking a call."

It was her shop employee, Emma, who called saying that a drunkard had broken the glass door of the shop with a stone in the middle of the night. As the glass door was made from plexiglass, a rather expensive material, Emma didn't know how to deal with the situation and had called to tell her about it.

At that moment, the news caught Stella so unexpectedly that she was speechless. Although her shop had been open for a few months, she had never encountered such a situation, and Zane was usually the one who dealt with such situations in Hollowcrest. Thus, she didn't know what to do.

"You—" She began but stopped herself; this wasn't a problem that could wait for her return. What if someone steals the clothes when the door is broken? she thought anxiously. "Was anything stolen?" she asked Emma instead.

"Well, nothing was stolen," she replied. "That guy was so drunk that he passed out, and I saw what happened from the CCTV footage this morning. He was full of brute force and passed out exactly in front of the hole after breaking the glass, blocking it completely while he lay there motionless. So nobody could get in."

Stella nodded and wondered, How should I get the door repaired?

"What happened?" Miles asked when he saw that she seemed anxious and at a loss.

All of a sudden, Stella remembered that he was her landlord and told him what happened while she covered the phone with her hand.

"Give me the phone," he said and extended his hand to receive her cell phone.

"What are you going to do?" Feeling a little hesitant, she was worried that she wouldn't be able to handle the consequences of his ideas. Then, she would have no idea what to do.

"I'll take care of it," he answered with a frown.

"But—" While she was still hesitating, he had grabbed her phone and told Emma to leave one person in the shop today to take care of it and he would immediately send the property management to fix it.

Panic-stricken, Emma exclaimed, "The management only works when they're paid, and they always work so slowly. If they can't fix it today—"

In fact, Emma was worried that if the door couldn't be fixed today, would she have to stay overnight in the store?

"You have me," he assured in a deep voice. "I'll give the management a call now."

Subsequently, he took out his own cell phone and called the property management to explain the situation, telling them that they had to buy the new glass door and change it today. He also added that it should be of better quality than the previous one and they had to finish the works today.

Meanwhile, Stella merely stared at him speechlessly as she waited for the reply anxiously. After he hung up the call, she asked hurriedly, "Did they agree?"

"Yeah."

I was so nervous earlier, she thought as she patted her chest. If anything has been stolen, it would cost millions.

“When are you returning to Murdough?” Miles asked.

“The earlier, the better,” she replied curtly.

I really have no more attachments in Hollowcrest City, she thought, and Miles walked out of the coffee shop without even saying goodbye. From his back, Stella could tell that he was very decisive.

And she felt as though she was torn into pieces in that second. After staying a night at Miles’ place, Gabriella had left and disappeared.

If it was possible, she really wanted them to have a happy ending. Since they already slept together, then they must have sorted things out as well. Even though Gabriella disappeared the first time and made Miles really upset, she probably wouldn’t do the same the second time; Miles usually kept a tight watch over his girlfriend.

That was what Matthew told her, and if that was the case, then Stella had nothing to worry about.

Stepping out of the cafe, she was welcomed by the good summer weather which carried with it a humid air, and she felt that life was full of hope.

But why is my heart as cold and barren as the icy winter?

A saying emerged in her mind suddenly: We’ll be separated by mountains tomorrow. How uncertain was life? Perhaps, this was the summary of her relationship with Miles.

The distance between Hollowcrest and Murdough was actually not that far, and it would only take an hour of flight to travel between the two cities. If they didn’t keep in contact, it would probably stay that way forever.

Then, the horizon would probably separate both of them from now on.

After booking a flight for the evening, Stella returned to Murdough. On the plane, however, she suddenly remembered she hadn’t told Miles how she knew Gabriella. Thinking to send him a text to explain herself, she then decided to give up on the idea after contemplation since it would be pointless anyway.

It was ten in the evening when she reached Murdough, and she was surprised that the management had already fixed the door a long time ago. There were no signs that it was broken before.

Furthermore, there was a worker waiting for her at the door, asking that she had to inform Miles the door was fixed and not to blame them.

I just decided to reduce my contact with him in the afternoon, she thought. Why do I suddenly have so much to do with him now?

“Why don’t you tell him that yourself?” she couldn’t help but ask.

“That will make us look like we’re praising ourselves,” the worker from the property management answered. “It’s only right that I leave after you’ve verified that we’ve done our work.”

Thinking that it wasn't easy for them, she hurriedly gave Miles a call and told him that things turned out great here.

"Did he make things difficult for you?" he asked over the phone in his deep, husky voice.

Startled at his words, she thought he was overthinking; there was a worker waiting at the door patiently for her who treated her like royalty, so how could he make things difficult for her?

Giggling, she replied, "No, he's really nice to me and not making things difficult for me at all!"

Hearing her giggle over the line, Miles felt that his mood was suddenly better. Earlier, he had spent his time staring out the window of his office after she had left for Murdough.

"That's great. I guess they wouldn't put you in a tight spot," he added.

This got Stella even more perplexed, and after hanging up the call, she asked the worker, "Are you guys treating the tenants here badly?"

As the worker was just a temporary staff at the property management, he secretly told Stella, "Well, the tenants aren't landlords, so sometimes we are mean to them. For example, to those who don't pay the rental, we'll chase them out on the landlord's behalf. But President Grant is our VIP, so we're especially nice to you, Ms. Johansson.

Startled, she wondered, Does a VIP mean he pays a lot of money? As her imagination was limited by her poverty, she couldn't imagine what made one a VIP customer.

The week passed by calmly. Zane's project had probably kept him busy the whole time, so he didn't come to harass her, which made her extremely thankful.

A week later, Jane came to Murdough for business purposes. To be exact, she actually came for training, and after finishing this training, she could be promoted in her job. Since she had always been on rather good terms with Stella, it was only given that she came looking for her to hangout.

As Stella was the boss of her store, she had flexible working hours and could spend time shopping with her, not to mention that they both got along really well.

When they spoke about what happened last time, Stella was surprised to find out that she was actually Yvonne's sister.

Sighing, Jane explained with a cup of milk tea in her hands, "We've been separated since young. She went with Dad while I left with Mom. Our father was an overly ambitious man, and I knew that his company was in danger. In contrast, our mother is a doctor who is pragmatic and simple, and they parted ways due to different opinions. I don't have much contact with my sister usually. We just meet up whenever there's a celebration."

Previously, she hadn't thought of pouring her heart out to Stella before. But now, perhaps because their statuses had changed and was no longer related to work, they became rather good friends.

Whether it was Stella who had brought it up on purpose or Jane who noticed Miles' attitude toward her, Jane nonchalantly mentioned the engagement between her sister and Miles from three years ago.

Stella was rather interested in this topic, but Jane wasn't so clear about what happened back then. All she could remember was, Yvonne chased after Miles wildly that day after returning from studying abroad, and even used the power from their father's company to suppress Miles. Despite that, Yvonne overestimated the abilities of Lunaria Inc., thinking that it could go against Miles Conglomerate.

As it turned out, she was merely embarrassing herself.