

## Chapter 85

### Men Are Good Against the Cold

The driver was dumbfounded. In this weather, there were very few cars passing on the highway, and even if there were, it would pass by very quickly; they could hardly save themselves, much less help another person. So, no one was willing to stop their car to help out.

Meanwhile, Matthew was making calls for help. Previously, he would take extra care when it came to Stella's order, but he was busy with a meeting on this day. This was the only time he was busy, and yet this had to happen right at this timing.

Only after he had hung up anxiously did he notice that Miles was no longer around. After thinking about it for a long while, he finally knew where he had gone. Taking Zachariah with him, he stepped into the storm with a wind speed capable of breaking tree branches and left the place.

On the highway, Stella had taken a cab and reached the expressway ramp. The driver had called her to inform her that the truck had broken down and he couldn't find help.

When she saw the carton boxes under the rain, all her frustrations rushed to her head. Are these people idiots who didn't consider the prices of these goods? They're just leaving it exposed to the weather?

Turning to see the driver looking foolishly at the situation, she felt a sudden urge to kill herself; this was all that she had left after all.

With an umbrella in her hand, she stood in the pouring rain and made calls, but none of them got through. She even tried to stop some cars, and still, none of them stopped.

This was a time when she was desperately calling for help, but nobody came.

Just then, her cell phone rang, and she wondered who was calling her at a time like this. When she saw that it was Miles who was calling her, she was rather taken aback.

Shivering in the cold, heavy rain, she picked up the call.

"Unblock me and send me your location," Miles said.

Baffled, she shouted over the rain and sounded almost like she was crying. "Huh? What did you say?"

On the other end, Miles already heard the sound of the beating rain and the anxiety within her caused by the situation at her end. The wind was strong and her voice was breaking over the line, so he couldn't hear her properly.

"Didn't you block me on your contact list? Unblock me and send me your location," he repeated in a strong and powerful voice.

Instantly, all of Stella's anxiety evaporated. It seemed like he could always calm her down whenever she ran into such situations, even when she was in the middle of a storm now.

"I got it!" She hung up and unblocked him in the biting storm before sending her location to him.

Then, she continued to try and stop a car while making calls to find a car that could send her goods to her warehouse. Despite it being summer, she was still shivering from the cold in the storm, and she was completely drenched by now. The umbrella she was holding was rendered a mere accessory.

After waiting for almost an hour, nobody showed up. However, a luxurious Mercedes MPV slowed down in her direction and stopped next to the truck behind her. After switching on the hazard lights, a person hopped off the car with a huge, black umbrella. No matter how strong the storm was, it couldn't diminish the sense of reliability he exuded.

Without even glancing at Stella after getting off, he looked straight at the driver and started loading the boxes from the truck to the MPV together.

There weren't many boxes, but Stella realized that the boxes they were loading first were the ones with the expensive clothes, only then did they load the smaller boxes.

Hence, it looked like even under such an emergency, Miles was still able to keep his cool and make sound judgements. Indeed, he was a talented man in the business world.

After staring at them in a daze for a few minutes, Stella paced over quickly to them and held the umbrella for them. Miles merely glanced at her once and continued with the physical task at hand.

When they were done, she finally let out a deep, long sigh while the frozen driver had already jumped into the car for the heating and was waiting for rescue. As long as all her goods were safe, she could finally feel relieved.

With the umbrella still in her hand, she stood at the same spot holding it above her and Miles' head because he already kept his own umbrella away to help her load the boxes.

"You must be tired," she commented, sounding concerned. "Are you cold?"

"No," he answered with his eyes fixed on her. His voice was like a chill pill, calming her heart despite the roaring wind and rain around her. Drenched completely, her clothes clung on tightly to her skin.

"This must be the first time that you're doing such physical work, right?" she asked in a meek, ladylike tone.

"I've done physically taxing jobs before," he replied. "Get in the car."

Almost immediately, he hopped into the car without asking how he knew about her predicament nor how he got here. Regardless, Stella felt a warmth in her chest; no words were needed anymore.

A black jacket was placed on the passenger seat, and he put it on her shoulders while saying, "Put this on."

"What about you?" she asked, looking at his hair which was dripping wet and gleaming with the water; just the sight of it made her feel cold.

With a soft chuckle, he replied, "Men are good against the cold."

A shiver traveled through her body as he started the car. Through the rearview mirror, she saw another car arriving. Although she couldn't tell what car it was, it looked rather expensive, and another rescue car trailed behind it.

Matthew had just gotten off that car when he saw that Miles' car had disappeared into the distance. At the sight of that, a bitter smile appeared on the edges of his lips. Stella's problem had been solved, but why was he feeling such bitterness in his heart?

In the meantime, when they almost reached Stella's store, Miles made a call to the management so they could send a few men to unload the boxes. Fortunately, they weren't unloading the goods in the storm this time, but right in front of her store.

During the unloading, Miles didn't even let her move a finger; all she had to do was stand at the door to check if the clothes were wet and if any were damaged in the rain. If there were wet clothes and she had missed it, the clothes would turn moldy easily and it would be a disaster then. The amount of work needed was huge, and she had to check them one by one patiently.

Very quickly, Miles finished with the unloading and saw that she was checking the clothes piece by piece. "I'll help you."

"Thanks." After closing the door of her store, both of them started getting busy in the storage room.

Regardless of what job it was, the storage room was never the most glamorous spot, and even though she kept her storage room neat, there was still an unpleasant smell of mixed goods hanging in the air. Hence, he stayed outside and checked if the clothes were wet before passing them to her to sort it out.

When they started, they didn't notice the time, and they didn't agree on when they would stop either. Diligently and seriously, they worked in silence; neither of them spoke.

Without realizing it, it was almost four in the morning when they were finally finished. Stella could barely keep her eyes open at this point.

"You're tired?" he asked.

"Yeah, there's a small, single bed in my office. You can sleep there first. I'll clean up and organize this place first before resting," she said. When they were working together earlier, she didn't think about sleeping, but now that it was time for them to rest, she found it rather embarrassing; they couldn't possibly share the same bed after all.

Without saying a thing, he went straight to her office. When Stella reached the point where she simply couldn't open her eyes anymore, she stopped cleaning up and turned off the storage room light before heading for the office.

She had just stepped into the office when she saw his exposed shoulders as he slept soundly under her silk blanket. Despite the fact it wasn't the first time she had seen him naked, she was still tempted as usual. His clothes lay on the side, and she knew without feeling it that it was wet, so it must have been uncomfortable to sleep in it.

It was a little chilly, and she thought that he would catch a cold if his shoulders were exposed like this. Hence, she went to him and tried to tuck him in properly. She had just grabbed the corner of the blanket

when he gripped her by the wrist. His arms were strong as usual, and he opened his eyes when he pulled her into his arms.

So he was just pretending to be asleep earlier? she thought.

With her waist bent over him, she appeared to be at a loss when she said, "I just... I just want to tuck you in because it's cold," she stuttered, her heart almost beating out of its cage when facing him again.

After staring at her for a few seconds, he suddenly rolled over and pinned her on the bed under himself.

Letting out a small shriek of surprise, she stared at him on top of herself. Her breathing quickened, and the warmth from his body that reached hers made her feel that this rainy evening was very, very warm.

With his right index finger, he brushed it across her lips, and she stared at him blankly as though her brain had been electrocuted.

A long moment passed before he squeezed his eyes shut and lay on his side next to her with his strong arm on her waist. "Let's sleep."

Stella thought something would happen, but nothing happened in the end.

Sleeping next to his lean and fit body, she actually slept so well through the night and only woke up at eleven the next day. When she woke up and saw that he was no longer there, she felt disappointed for a while.

Looks like our fate has ended, she thought, thinking that he must have thought of the same thing as well last night, which was why he could suppress his physical urge toward a woman. Because I'm no longer his woman.

He knew that, and so did she.

Smiling bitterly, she changed and gathered herself before stepping out to ask her staff if they had seen a really tall, good-looking man coming out of the office when they came to work this morning.

Her employees knew that she must have been through a lot last night after seeing that the goods in the storage room had more than doubled. Thus, they didn't wake her up out of consideration for her when they saw her still sleeping in the office earlier.

"Huh? A really tall, handsome man actually walked out from here? Did you spend the night together sleeping in the office? On the same bed? Something must have happened," her employees said, making fun of her.

Embarrassed, Stella reckoned that he must have left before ten, which was when her employees came to work.

He only slept less than six hours and left so early today, she thought. The drive to Murdough from Hollowcrest takes quite a few hours. Isn't he tired? I hope he'll be fine.

Thinking that he was driving now, she decided not to call him lest she distract him. Hence, she tried her best to pull through until afternoon.

At three in the afternoon, she finally made the call thinking that he probably had already reached Hollowcrest at this time.