

Chapter 87

Give Him a Massage

Yulia had been following Matthew for two days. Today, she saw that he went to Miles' company, so she decided to call him.

"Oh, President Xenon, I'm looking for you for something." Yulia's tone was very soft.

"Sure, I'm in the president's office of Miles Conglomerate, so come over if it's convenient." Matthew actually felt rather confused because he and Yulia were not acquainted, so it was rather strange for her to look for him. However, he had heard that Yulia fancied Miles, so perhaps she was here for Miles and not him.

He looked at Miles meaningfully and said, "She said she had something to see me about. I think she just wanted to meet you."

Miles was reading a document. "If it's problematic, I can leave."

"Don't. Has her beauty scared you off?" Matthew still wanted to watch the good show unfold before him, not knowing that Yulia's targets were both him and Miles.

Yulia took Stella's big bag and rushed upstairs. Then, she said, "President Xenon, I went to Murdough for a meeting a few days ago, and Stella specially asked me to bring you something. She even instructed me that I must personally give it to you."

Matthew froze for a moment when he heard these words. In front of Miles, he couldn't wave it off, so he asked hesitatingly, "What did she bring me?"

"Gifts for the boy, and razor and clothes for you," Yulia said in a particularly innocent manner.

Matthew was now somewhat at a loss for words. Looking at Miles, he noticed that the man was hugging his arms and tilting his head in an exasperated manner.

"That's all! Goodbye, President Xenon! Bye, President Grant!" After saying that, Yulia walked away. As long as she had achieved her plan of separating Stella and Miles, she didn't need to bother with saying anything more. Although Stella and Miles had broken up, in order to prevent their love from rekindling, she had to add fuel to the fire.

Matthew looked at Miles' icy face and said, "Why bother? You knew why Yulia purposely came all the way here to give me something, so why do you bother to be angry?"

Miles sneered, "Who said I was angry?"

This sentence made Matthew feel that he was feeling guilty for nothing. Since he is not angry, then I will check out the things Stella gave me. Matthew found that the razor was from Philips and was a very high-end kind, while the clothes were from the brand he once asked Stella to check out in Murdough. However, this shirt was a sample item, and he knew what Stella wanted him to do. Nevertheless, Miles had no idea.

“Wow, Stella is becoming more and more thoughtful. She’s even buying me razors and clothes now.” Matthew spoke in a very arrogant tone; he wanted to see how long Miles could endure this. Then, Miles casually said, “I’m going out.”

“Don’t go. I need to show you something. This is Stella’s notebook that I especially brought back from her store. I just wanted to check her store out, but I couldn’t help bringing this back because this contains her sales tips and tricks, as well as daily shipments of different styles and quantities. The quantities of each type of shipments are marked, and those that are starred require us to focus on their productions. I think her practice is very significant to our company and to yours as well. Why don’t you learn something from it too?”

Saying that, Matthew put a hard leather notebook on Miles’ desk. Miles flipped it open, and the first page read: Sales Flow and Trends at Stella’s Amon Store.

The notebook recorded the daily sales situation, including what age group of customers buying which styles, what kind of spending power the customers had, their attitudes when paying, the choices of fabrics and styles, and so on—all of it was recorded in detail, and Stella would draw the trend chart every day.

She once told Miles that she wanted to be in the sales sector, but Miles did not grant her wish because he was afraid that she would frequently go out and come into contact with many men. In the past, he saw her as his woman, but now, he found a lot of plus points she had in addition to being a woman—she was careful, thoughtful and hardworking. He had really misunderstood her!

This book was really an example for the sales department, or even all departments, to learn from, and Matthew had a keen eye when it came to human talent. As Miles continued flipping the book, he found that on the last page of the book, the writing style had suddenly changed. Stella had written a pageful of one word: site, site, site...

Everything was written very messily, but it also reflected the mood of the writer. At that moment, something blocked Miles’ throat, making him unable to breathe. He had taught her this word.

Who was she thinking of in her mind when she wrote this word?

“I’m going out for a while.” Miles’ voice was hoarse as he spoke. Without waiting for Matthew’s reply, he quickly walked out. He walked to the end of the corridor before leaning against the window. Then, he lit a cigarette and puffed out clouds of smoke as he fell into deep thought.

As Matthew was left alone in the office, he sent a message to Stella. ‘Stella, I’ve received your gifts. You are very thoughtful.’

Stella immediately replied, ‘Not really. You bought my villa, so I owe you a great favor.’

Matthew smiled. Stella is indeed a woman who knows how to carry herself. She is like an aged wine; the first whiff is intoxicating, and then the subsequent fragrance is unparalleled, causing people to yearn to indulge in it.

Matthew still had something to do, so he left without waiting for Miles. After going out of the office, he saw Miles standing at the other end of the corridor in deep thought.

But he did not say anything and left.

A week later, the landlord found Stella and asked her to contact Miles. This caused Stella to be surprised because she wondered how Miles was contacted when he was a VIP customer. Now is the time for VIP renewal, and in previous years, President Grant's money always arrived early, but this year, there's no news about it. Did something happen?

Only now did Stella know that the so-called VIP customers had to pay an extra 100,000 in addition to the property management fee each year to enjoy high-end property services. Of course, there were many activities held by the property management, and generally, all the VIP customers were upper-class people. For them, connections were very important, and so Stella finally realized why the property manager was very respectful to her, unlike his attitude toward other tenants.

Then, she asked why they did not contact the owner himself, and the property manager said that they could not contact him. How strange! Miles cannot be contacted?

The matter of rent had always been the responsibility of Miles' secretary, so Stella rushed to call her anxiously, saying that the property manager could not contact Miles. The secretary said that recently the president was sick, and so he had not been signing anything, nor did he have time to manage this matter.

Stella was flabbergasted. "Miles has such good health, so how could he be sick?"

The secretary seemed to be upset by her question as she chided, "Even a robot will have downtime, right? What's more, the president is fully in charge of the company's affairs, and there is no one to take his place. So of course he'll get sick from time to time."

Her words were true, which made Stella feel heartache.

A long time later, she asked, "What illness does he have?"

"A stomach issue. He has been hospitalized, and there's a long queue of people waiting outside his ward, so it's impossible for you to have anything signed by him. Besides, if it's something to do with money, you'll naturally need his signature," the secretary explained.

Feeling worried in her heart, Stella wondered how Miles was doing. She was just about to call Matthew when Matthew's call came, asking her to go see Miles. However, Stella was quite hesitant.

"If you don't go to see him, he may not rent you the shoplot next year." Matthew did not know who he was lobbying for.

Stella thought about it and felt that it would be a quick one-hour trip to visit him as her landlord. Therefore, she agreed, and after asking Matthew about the ward number, she left for the hospital.

She thought that Miles would be sleeping, but he was leaning on the bed while reading a book in a hospital gown instead. Thus, Stella felt a little embarrassed and did not know what to say. After putting down the fruits, she said, "President Grant, I heard that you were sick."

"Yeah," Miles replied in a cold tone.

"Are you better now?"

“If I were better now, would I still be in the hospital?” He spoke in a condemning tone, as if Stella was a brainless woman.

But Stella also felt that she was asking a rather dumb question. If I mention the rent now, it’s rather inappropriate, so I have to find something else to do.

“Are you uncomfortable anywhere? If you feel that there is anything that is inconvenient for you to work on, I can do it for you.”

“Wipe my hands for me. Besides, I’ve been lying down all day, so I feel terrible all over. Give me a massage.” Miles’ tone sounded rather upset, but she had no idea who he was upset at.

I’ve just arrived, so it can’t be me. Stella hurriedly went to the bathroom and brought out a basin. Then, she wet the towel in the hot water and helped Miles to wipe his fingers one by one. This was the first time she observed Miles’ fingers, which were very slender and sexy. She lowered her head, and when Miles looked at her red lips and furrowed eyebrows, his heart pounded for no reason.

“When he was sick, did you also take care of him like this?” Miles asked.

“Who?” Stella instinctively raised her head and asked.

“Who else did you take care of like this?” Miles tilted his head and looked at Stella discontentedly.

Stella vaguely remembered that Zane had also been so sick like this, and she had also taken care of him like this.

“Well, I took care of my mother until she died, and I took care of Zane because he was my husband at that time. I also took care of you because you’re m-my landlord.” Stella admitted that she spoke the last sentence quite untruthfully. But remembering what he had said about herself, Stella felt in her heart that she was actually quite frank in saying so, and besides, she came with a mission today.

Later, Miles did not say anything. After Stella wiped his hands, she let him lie down on the bed and gave him a massage. She understood that it was uncomfortable for people who had been lying in bed for a long time if they did not move around.

While giving him a massage, Stella used her full force. She felt that his right shoulder was harder than the left, so she asked, “Do you often use your computer and frequently hold up your right hand?”

“Yeah. How did you know?” Miles slightly squinted at the comfort he felt. No one had ever served him like this before.

“The muscles on your right side are harder and not as natural as the left side.” Stella had been massaging her mother for a long time before, so she knew about this.

“So what?”