

Chapter 92

How Dare She Think That I'm Ugly

Although she thought that she looked fine, others might not think so. Moreover, she had never dressed up like this in the past, so she couldn't help but feel unconfident.

"D-Does it look bad?" Stella, who was self-conscious about her own appearance, asked Miles without much thought as she blinked.

"You look good," Miles answered with a hoarse voice.

Right then, Stella mumbled an answer before she rushed toward the stage to pack up her stuff and prepare to leave since she was afraid of the possibility of flashing because she wasn't wearing her safety pants.

After that, she left Miles in a hurry along with her dress in her hands.

When Stella got back to the hotel in a cab, she figured that her outfit looked nice, so she styled it with a black hotpants; indeed, it looked good.

She couldn't help but think to herself, It would be nice if Amon could venture into women's fashion and design clothes like this. Stella could see a different side of her from this outfit, and she hoped that other women would be able to feel the same way as well. Her outfit was different from the mainstream women's fashion, and it made her feel somewhat heroic.

Immediately, Stella contacted Matthew and told him that she wanted to discuss something with him. However, Matthew told her that he was busy at home, so she should just come over if it was an emergency since Zachariah was at home as well, and he really missed her.

Hence, Stella grabbed her dress and took a cab to Matthew's home. His house was her former house, so she knew where it was.

When she got there, Zachariah told her that his father was busy in the workshop and that she should go look for him there.

When Stella entered the workshop, she saw Matthew tailoring as he used the chalk to draw lines on a piece of cloth.

"You used to work on designs in your office, so what kind of special customer made you do it at home?" Stella asked in a joking tone as she leaned by the door frame on Matthew's workshop.

"It's for Miles. He came by just now to request for a customization for Miles Conglomerate's 20th anniversary. It's around the corner, so I don't mind spending some more time on it." Matthew looked up at Stella and was slightly surprised. "Why does Amon's menswear look so good on you?"

Stella's face twitched slightly upon hearing Matthew mentioning that he was customizing an outfit for Miles. Since when did Miles start supporting the local fashion industry?

However, what Matthew said gave her hope as she was here to discuss women's fashion with him.

After Matthew was done with the outfit's measurements, he patted the chalk dust off of him before he went over to discuss with Stella. Then, Stella started talking about her view on women's fashion and how they should produce clothes that were less feminine and more on clothes like this that looked chic and high-end.

Noticing that Stella looked really interested in fashion, he slowly started zoning out from the conversation before he asked, "Are you interested in fashion designing?"

However, Stella didn't answer him as she already had an answer in her heart. She wanted to make her clothes high-end, just like how she wanted herself to be in life. Stella didn't want to be a cloth retailer for the rest of her life. There isn't anything wrong with selling clothes, but...

Stella didn't know what was the reason for it, but she just wanted to do her best to reach the top.

Hence, she nodded.

"Since our company doesn't have any female designers as of now, I can send you to America if you're interested in learning fashion designing for women's clothes," Matthew suggested in a firm tone.

Right then, Stella was taken aback. Matthew was like a mentor in her life, and he had provided her with too much. She was genuinely grateful toward him.

At that moment, Stella really didn't know what to say.

"Why did you stop working at Miles Conglomerate?" Matthew asked.

"There was too much speculation regarding Miles and I after we broke up, and I just couldn't stand working there anymore. Moreover, I couldn't figure out how to work with Mr. Kevin Moore at all as he had always kept everything to himself and only taught me to please Miles, so there was nothing holding me back there anymore." Stella crossed her arms and hugged herself.

"That's great—you've started addressing him by his name now," Matthew remarked.

"What?" Stella didn't get to react in time.

When she noticed that she addressed him as Miles instead of President Grant, her heart started racing.

Could it be that I finally have the courage to do it because I left the company?

She had no answer.

At the same time, Matthew took his phone and spoke. "Come over for a while. I need to reconfirm some things with you."

Stella didn't notice anything out of place as he did not address anyone.

After discussing with Matthew, Stella went to play around with Zachariah. Right when she squatted down, Miles' voice rang out. "You're looking for me? What's the hurry?"

Under the sunlight's illumination, Stella's face immediately went red. Still, she didn't turn around or listen to what they were talking about. Instead, she continued playing childish games with Zachariah.

Noticing that Zachariah had a Batman lego set, Stella asked casually, "Zack, who gave you this toy?"

“It’s from Aunty Janice,” the child answered nonchalantly.

“Who?” Stella had been trying to figure out who this Janice person was these few days!

“It’s from Aunty Janice. She’s best friends with Miles, and I met her at his house! Aunty Janice really likes me as well!” Zachariah explained.

Stella was taken aback. Janice is Miles’ close friend?

Was he the one who introduced her to Lizbeth and my father?

That’s actually possible.

“Stella, please help me get President Grant’s measurements,” Matthew instructed.

However, Stella frowned. Didn’t he just finish his sketch? Why do I have to take his measurements again?

Noticing that she was frowning, Miles chuckled. She’s really unwilling to get my measurements, huh?

This time, even Matthew could notice Stella’s reluctance. “I made a sketch by assuming his measurements just now, but I need it to be detailed now. President Grant is one of our biggest customers, and this is his first time getting a customization from us, so we should definitely do this right. This might even give us a chance to customize his working outfit for him in the future. Am I right, Miles?”

Knowing that Matthew was hinting at him, Miles refused to say anything.

After taking the measuring tape, Stella asked, “Do I measure his top only, or do I measure his bottom as well?”

“His entire body, obviously,” Matthew answered, as if she had just asked something redundant.

Right then, Stella frowned again before she started taking Miles’ measurements.

If it were a stranger, she probably wouldn’t feel awkward about it, but she was measuring Miles.

Considering the things that they used to do in bed—him causing her to experience body aches and not being able to get down from the bed—the thought of her taking measurements for him, his bottom part, his trouser and crotch length...

Stella started taking Miles’ measurements seriously while he cooperated.

When she squatted down to measure the length of his trouser, Miles’ could vaguely see her cleavage through the unbuttoned top part of her shirt when he lowered his head and stared at her. She looked really endearing when her head was lowered.

After Stella jotted down Miles’ measurements, she passed it to Matthew and declared, “I’m leaving!”

Then, she left.

In the cab, Stella thought about how she still had feelings toward Miles as he was someone that she had slept together with after all. However, the two of them were not destined to be together as they

couldn't get over the fact that they weren't pure. Moreover, there were too many women around Miles; even Yulia had declared that she wanted to go after him.

At that moment, Stella took her phone out and contacted her father to try to probe who recommended Janice to him.

Initially, her father was hesitant to tell her the truth. However, after Stella threatened to not give him money or take care of him when he was old, he gave in. "It's Miles. I ran into him at the hospital previously, and he asked me what happened, so I told him everything, and he gave me her name card."

So that's what happened.

He's the person who did the good thing without leaving a name.

Matthew took about three full days to settle Miles' outfit, completely throwing the company aside and leaving Stella to tend to it.

"It's too much of a simple thought to just give Miles his outfit. I'm still thinking about how I should promote this to strengthen our company's reputation," Matthew uttered as he crossed his arms and frowned.

"Why don't we organize a fashion show?" An idea suddenly crossed Stella's mind. She really liked her outfit from Amon and had been wearing it constantly after washing it during the night because she felt like this outfit allowed her to present herself differently, and she really liked it.

Matthew snapped his fingers. "That's a good idea! But what if Miles found out that we used him and tries to murder us?"

Stella stuck her tongue out as well. It was very rare for her to show such a childish expression.

After a few more overtime meetings, the company had decided to produce a new series of men's office wear to cater to Matthew's 'office wear fashion show'; they'd promote it under the banner that these were men's wear specially made for Miles' Conglomerate's president. Meanwhile, Miles' Conglomerate was about to hold its meeting.

Matthew had hired many male models for this show, and all of those models were young, with the youngest being 18 and the oldest being 23. All of these models were tall and beautiful. They were undoubtedly hunks as all of them looked prettier than a woman.

On the day of the show, Stella was in Amon's rehearsal room to help the models get dressed.

As all of the models were about 190 cm tall, Stella had to go on her tippy toes to touch up the models' clothes.

"Miss Johansson, since these clothes are specially made for President Grant, why didn't he come by himself? I've seen him on television, and I could tell that his body shape is great! He has a wide shoulder and looks really manly!" one of the male models exclaimed.

Stella couldn't help but laugh at the model's childish antics. "President Grant is too busy with his work. Moreover, how can he become a model when he looks so ugly?"

She really meant what she said as she had gotten used to seeing all these hunky models for a few days after all. All long as a man didn't belong in the handsome category, Stella would automatically label him as 'ugly'.

At the same time, Miles had come over to Matthew's company to find out who was the person who used his name to organize a fashion show without his permission.

Right when he walked past the room, he coincidentally overheard Stella calling him ugly.

Heh, this is interesting. How dare she think that I'm ugly!