

Chapter 94

Are You Flirting With Me?

Stella's anxious gaze almost burnt a hole through Miles, as though she would not let go of him if he refused to take back what he had said.

His gaze traveled down to her smooth and tiny hand, which was gripping his wrist with considerable force.

He had wanted to get to his car and leave, but the thought disappeared as he started strolling down the street instead. "But I always have the impression that you're with him."

"That's not true! It's all fake! I did watch a movie with Xavier, but we've never had any form of intimacy!" Her body was slightly tilted toward him. Frowning, she looked at him walking away and followed closely behind.

There was a saying that went, 'words of a man on his deathbed always come from the heart'. Even though Stella was nowhere close to death, the desperation was similar. Feeling that the deadline of her departure was inching closer, she would not allow the misunderstanding between them to go unresolved.

She heard his voice that was more relaxed now. "Who'd believe that?"

At that moment, they happened to be walking past a crowded area. It appeared that a makeup brand had recently opened a store there, and many women were gearing up to throng the store for the massive opening sales.

Gradually, her grip softened on his wrist, and her hand finally gave way.

Freed from her grip, he casually wandered 5 meters away in front of her.

"Miles Grant, if you don't believe me, I will publicly announce the size of your manhood!" jumping in frustration, Stella yelled out behind him. Since she had recently measured his size, her memory was still fresh. Given Miles' gentlemanly and sophisticated image that was immensely popular among women, the crowd around them would likely be very interested in the information.

Miles wondered how she managed to muster up the courage to threaten him. Sliding his hands into his pockets, he turned around slowly while glancing at the crowds of young women that were heading in and out of the popular store.

Heh, our proper young lady has learned some tricks to threaten people. After selling my looks at the show today for her, she is now going to sell her knowledge of... my private parts. Damn.

"Who did you learn this trick from? That's quite obscene," he turned around and uttered. She was still fuming at his distrust. They were not in bed now, and she was not acting out at him. She simply could not stand being labeled as promiscuous by him, especially when she was leaving the country soon.

Despite her attempt at rationally assessing the situation, and despite the fact that she had consented for Yulia to pursue Miles, she still had a sliver of hope that she could be with him. He was the first and only

man in her life. For a woman, getting intimate with a man would also mean that she had given her heart to him. It was understandable that she had her fantasies about Miles.

Under the dazzling lights of Hollowcrest City's night, she fired back at him, "I learned everything from you!"

Of course I have picked up all my tricks from you, Miles Grant!

On the other end, he stood facing her as he fell into a long silence. Then, he asked, "Are you flirting with me now?" Receiving no reply from her, he smirked. "Why don't you announce my size? Only then would your threat be effective. You'd only be going around in circles if you talk to me in this way."

At first, she had only wanted to clarify that there was nothing between her and Xavier. However, Miles' response had thwarted her attempt at a fruitful conversation. He's made a fool out of me once more! Dismayed, she instantly left the scene and returned to the hotel.

The date for Stella's departure had been set at a week later. Matthew needed to hand over the necessary documents to Stella, but the venue of their meetup was surprisingly set at Miles' office.

Feeling confused, she asked Matthew the reason behind meeting at Miles' office for what she thought was a private matter between her and Matthew.

"You will never understand certain things in life! Especially matters between men." There was a bit of wistfulness and some hidden meaning in Matthew's tone.

Since Stella could not figure out the 'matters between men', she didn't press further and obediently made her way to Miles' office, where she found Matthew already present.

As usual, Miles sat in his chair, staring at his computer screen while writing. Matthew then handed a stack of documents to Stella. "These are the details of your course. You'll be attending Cornell University, and I have processed all the necessary paperwork for you. When you're there, get in touch with Mr. Stewart—he's an acquaintance of mine. If you're short of money or anything else, you can let me know." Matthew sounded like a father sending his daughter to study abroad, and he was very attentive to her needs.

"How long will I be studying abroad?" That was the most pressing question for Stella. She had expected the duration of her study to be around two to three years. She also stole a look at Miles when she was speaking, not because she entertained the thought of getting back with him but because she simply could not suppress her affection for him.

However, Miles was writing something with deep focus, as though he did not hear her conversation with Matthew.

As for the reason behind meeting at Miles' office, Matthew did not provide any explanation, as if the reason was a shared secret between him and Miles.

Stealing a quick look at Miles, he coughed and replied, "Two months!"

"Wait—how long again?" disbelieved, she asked him again.

He repeated, "Two months."

“Isn’t that too fast? I was expecting somewhere between two to three years. What can I learn in two months?” She was visibly upset at the arrangement.

Matthew was looking at Stella, but he was in fact more attuned to Miles. “Stella! You’re funded by the company, and we’re a private business!”

After thinking for long, she finally understood his reason for highlighting the terms ‘funded’ and ‘private business’. Since Amon was a private company, it was impossible for them to fund her studies for a longer period.

“Don’t do this, President Xenon. If you think the cost is too high, I can fund my own studies as well!” She quickly made a back-of-envelope calculation. Even though her current cash had been used up to purchase inventory, it was a good investment decision. She could get her money back sooner or later.

“Stella, Amon is at a crucial point of our growth, so we can’t lose you!” Matthew advised her.

Disappointed, she nodded with the files in her hand and said, “I’m leaving now!”

Matthew nodded back, signalling her to leave the two men alone for private conversation.

“Two months! Are you happy now?” Matthew grumbled. “The shortest course lasts for a year! Took me a week to finally find a training course at Cornell that’s two months long. Stella is very talented and has no issue in picking up sketching. That’s why I decided to...”

Matthew’s babbling faded into the background. Miles thought to himself, Two months is too long! Just now, when Stella had an issue with the length of her course, he almost erupted in anger.

“Not bad! You’ve changed.” Matthew made a remark.

“What?”

“You’d always wanted to protect her in the past. Now, you’re finally open to letting her explore the world!” Matthew explained.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Miles busied himself with writing.

“Did you think I couldn’t tell? I noticed your change the moment you decided to sell your property to her! It seems that you are no longer obstructing her career growth anymore.” The sharp-minded Matthew instantly saw through Miles’ actions.

“Stop overthinking. It was hard for me to take care of the shoplot in Murdough from a distance. I’d much prefer to sell it off for peace of mind,” Miles frowned and explained, as though it would be humiliating to have his intentions exposed to others.

The thoughts running in a company president’s mind should not be easily readable. Between him and Matthew, he was only making excuses. The property in Murdough did not need his attention anyway; even renting it out or selling it at a higher margin would warrant a better return. Instead, he had chosen to sell it off to Stella without making any profit from it, and she did not even thank him.

Anyway, this is all but a transaction between future family members; it does not matter if Miles or Stella profits from the sale. Perhaps this is the exact logic behind Miles' decision. The thought made Matthew laugh jovially.

Before departure, Stella had planned to visit Murdough from Hollowcrest City. However, two months of study was equivalent to a prolonged business trip; seeing that Matthew had taken care of her luggage and visa, there was really no need to go anywhere. Therefore, three days later, she left for America from Hollowcrest City. It was Matthew who sent her to the airport.

After arriving in America, Stella had to plunge right into the course without much time to adapt to the foreign environment due to the pace and length of the course.

One day, during class, a female classmate sitting beside her suddenly fainted. She hurriedly lifted the classmate from the floor and arranged for her to be sent to the hospital. At the hospital, the doctor said that the classmate was experiencing hypoglycemia and needed to pay more attention to her blood sugar levels daily. Other than that, everything was fine.

Right when Stella was about to leave, she suddenly caught a glimpse of the brand, Prilosec. Perhaps, America was similar to Solaria in that pharmaceutical companies regularly marketed their products through ads. She knew that Prilosec was a medicine for gastroesophageal diseases, which Miles suffered from. Although it was not a serious condition, relapses were common.

When she was staring blankly at the medicine, the female classmate urged her to leave together.

"Stella, aren't you leaving?" After undergoing some treatment, the classmate was doing fine and was planning to leave soon.

"Yeah. Wait for me. I need to send a WhatsApp message."

Then, Stella took a photo of the bottle of Prilosec and sent the image to Miles.

She also sent him a text. 'I'm at the hospital with my classmate and saw this medicine. Not sure if you're fine with this brand. If you'd like, I can get a few bottles for you.'

It just so happened that Miles was in a meeting with his staff. He was angry because the logistics department had made some mistakes. Even though logistics was not the core department of their operations and normally received no attention from him, he found out a huge loophole by chance and was unleashing his fury at the staff. It was a big deal when the president got angry.

But when he noticed the message from Stella, his downturned lips suddenly curled upward, and a tiny smile blossomed.

If a person was smiling all the time, their smile might not be as precious. In contrast, a cool person who rarely smiled would give off an impression of being aloof and robotic.

However, Miles was a different case. He rarely smiled, but when he did, he could bedazzle everyone. In the tense meeting, he had just gotten into a fit of anger before he suddenly started smiling like a fool. The staff looked at him and silently thanked whichever deity that had saved them today.

Putting his worries aside, Miles replied to her, 'Buy it.'

Once she received his instructions, she went ahead and bought two bottles. After that, she gave it some thought and bought another eight bottles. After all, she was only in America for two months and would likely not return anytime soon.

She took the photo of the medicine and sent the image over. 'Is ten bottles enough?'

He had just taken a sip of water but almost spilled it after reading her message. He texted back, 'Are you trying to poison me? What's this, Claudius and Hamlet?'

Flustered by his random comment, she replied, 'I won't come back to America any time soon after flying home. It'd be hard to buy the medicine again, so I wanted to stock up.'

'Okay, so you bought them. Good!' His text read like a praise from a boss who was exceptionally satisfied by his staff's performance.