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"No. I'm transferring to another university soon!"

Stella was stunned. "What?"

Roger was shocked too. "Mr. Hall, did you get a better offer?" he asked in disbelief.

Justin breathed a sigh. He smiled and poured them some tea. Then, he sat on his chair and blew on the tea before taking a sip. He explained, "Yes. I resigned not long ago. I'm probably leaving here next month to teach at Ahn City."

Stella and Roger were very familiar with Ahn City. They exchanged a glance but said nothing. Justin continued, "Bryce will also be moving there to study soon. I've thought about it. He may need our company now. Tina's law firm is mostly focused on Ahn City. We have a lot of differences because of this matter, so we made this decision." As he spoke, he gazed intently at Stella and wanted to see her reaction. However, Stella did not show any displeasure. Instead, she looked very glad and relieved.

"It seems like you have a chance of getting back together with Tina."

Her reply made Justin startled for a moment. He was a little disappointed. "Why do you seem like you really want us to get back together?"

Stella hurriedly shook her head. "That's not what I meant... I didn't mean to interfere with your relationship. I just feel that Bryce probably wants to see his mom and dad get along well."

Smiling, Justin shook his head and said nothing. He had accepted the fact that Stella had never liked him. The only reason she agreed to marry him was to get rid of Weston.

It seemed like she was getting along well with Weston. Either way, the public would not be able to accept her identity in this relationship. If their relationship was exposed one day, he hoped Stella would not get hurt too badly. After all, it was all Weston's fault.

Roger appeared more upset than Stella. "So I won't get to see you much longer?"

Justin smiled. "You're already going to study abroad. We won't get to see each other much anyway." Roger did not say anything. He felt a little uncomfortable. Although he was a little upset that Justin fell in love with Stella, he really liked him as a teacher. He did not expect to have to say goodbye so soon.

Since his parents' death, Roger felt like he was constantly parting with others. After bidding farewell, he might never see them again.

Justin did not want to make the mood feel so heavy. He arched his brow and said, "You're already an adult. Why did you make your sister accompany you to fill out the form?"

Then, he tipped his chin at him. "Take these documents and stamp them at the student office next door. The office is a little busy now. Your sister can stay here and rest."

"Uh..." Roger hesitated slightly. Stella also felt uncomfortable. "I'd better go with him." After that, she was about to get up.

Justin was a little helpless and had no choice but to explain. He put the glass on his table and said, "Relax. Even if we're alone, I won't do anything to you. I have something to talk to you about."

Roger then stood up. "Then I'll go get these stamped. Sis, wait for me here." Stella answered with a hum and sat down again.

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After the door closed, Stella and Justin were left alone in the office.

Stella looked at Justin. "Mr. Hall, is there anything else?"

Justin suddenly looked at her very seriously. "How are you getting along with Weston now?" Stella did not answer while she took a sip of hot tea. The green tea leaves slowly sank to the bottom of the cup as the tea aroma lingered in her mouth.

"What are you going to do next?" Justin changed the question again.

Stella finally answered, "I don't know. I'll take a step at a time."

Justin nodded. After a short while, he told her sternly, "I heard from someone in the circle that Guinevere is now investigating the women around Weston. Be careful." Stella looked up at him and frowned. "Weston said he'd take care of it."

Justin smiled and did not say anything. "There are too many men like that... I've lived longer than you, and I've met more people than you.

"Ella, many men are like that. They're gentle and generous to their mistress, but when any conflict happens, many will side with the spouse and ruin the mistress's life. Of course, many do the opposite. With your situation now... are you sure Weston will be on your side? Even if he will, do you know what kind of future you will face?" "I know." Stella suddenly tightened her grip on the cup in her hand. The hot cup caused a stinging

pain in her palm. Her eyes were suddenly red as she looked at him and said, "But I have no other choice. He's forcing me.

"Mr. Hall, I don't have a future anymore." Justin felt complicated. For a moment, he had the urge to leave everything behind and take Stella with him. However, he knew it was impossible.

Stella only showed her real emotions for a moment. She then quickly recomposed herself and returned to her usual gentle yet distant look. "Mr. Hall, no matter what, I have to thank you for taking care of me all this time. I hope you'll get what you want in the future."

Justin did not say anything. After a short silence, he said somewhat mockingly, "At my age, I'm lucky to have what I have now."

His words probably implied something, so Stella did not answer. After a long while, she could not sit still anymore. "Robb should be back soon," she said.

Justin responded and casually moved his gaze. He accidentally saw a mark on her neck, and his eyes changed.

He looked at Stella and felt a little complicated. He was unsure if he should tell her,

After a moment of hesitation, he decided to tell her. He pointed at her neck and asked, "Do you need to cover it up?"

Stella was confused at first, but when Justin brought her a mirror so she could see her reflection in it, she finally noticed it. "What the..." The memory of the night before hit her. Although Weston and her did not make it to the end, he had forced her to do a lot of things.

They were only separated for a year, but he seemed to have improved a lot about those things.

They had never tried anything new before, but they tried it all last night. She wondered if Weston had learned all those from other women during the year. Everything that happened last night was chaos. She did not expect Weston to leave a mark on her neck

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Fortunately, the mark was hidden under her jaw, close to her ear. Her hair was draped on her shoulder, so no one should be able to see unless they looked closely. That was why Roger had not noticed it.

If Roger had seen it, the consequences would be serious. She would not be able to explain herself. After all, it was obvious to know where she got the mark from. It was impossible to fool Roger.

Stella subconsciously tried to raise her collar a little to cover the red mark, but Justin shook his head.

“It’s still easy to see, and it’s more obvious now.”

He suggested, “Why don’t you put on a scarf? It’s winter anyway, so it won’t raise suspicion.” Stella panicked. “I’ll go and buy one now...”

“No need.” Justin took out a gift box from the drawer and handed it to her. “If you don’t mind, take this. It was meant for Tina, but I couldn’t give it to her because we split up not long after. I don’t need it anymore. If you don’t mind, just take it. Otherwise, it’ll be wasted anyway.”

Stella hesitated a little, but she accepted it in the end. “Thank you. I’ll return it to you.”

“No, it’s fine.” Justin rubbed his brow and felt a little troubled. “I was going to get rid of this anyway,” he said and suddenly sighed a little. “If you don’t take it, I’ll probably throw it away.”

“Why don’t you just give it to Tina?”

“With our relationship now, I shouldn’t give her anything else.”

“But I think...” Stella hesitated a little and said, “Your relationship with Tina doesn’t seem to be as terrible as you said. It’s not like the two of you don’t have any feelings for each other anymore. Why don’t you try to get back together?”

Justin suddenly looked at her. “Ella, did you misunderstand something? I’ve divorced her, and that means I have no feelings for her anymore. I can’t go on living with her. I’m not the kind of man who would pursue you while having feelings for her.”

“I don’t mean that...” Stella waved her hand and tried to explain herself. “I mean...”

She pursed her lips. “Nevermind. I shouldn’t interfere with your relationship. I just hope you won’t have any regrets.”

“Okay. Let’s not talk about the two of us anymore,” Justin interrupted her. “You should put on the scarf. Robb will be back soon.”

Stella responded, “Thanks for the scarf. I’ll transfer the money to you, then.” Justin sighed and laughed. “Do you have to draw such a clear line between us?” Stella said

with a smile, "I thought you should know me by now." The two of them were able to talk like normal friends again. Not long after, Roger came back

with the stamped papers. He was a little stunned to see Stella wearing a scarf. "Where did you get this?"

Stella said, "I felt a little cold earlier. Mr. Hall had an extra scarf here, so he gave it to me."

Roger pursed his lips. He looked at her, then at Justin, but he said nothing. After he put all the paperwork together, they bade goodbye to Justin. When they got outside, Roger asked her, "Did Mr. Hall give this to you?" Stella knew what was in his mind. "Don't overthink. I'll transfer the money to him later. I won't have anything to do with him." "That's not what I meant..." Roger rubbed his nose. "I'm not against people pursuing you. I just think... I like Mr. Hall too, but he used to be married and has a son."

He put his arm around Stella's shoulders. "I think you can find someone better."

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Stella smiled helplessly. "Don't you feel you think too highly of me?"

"Why shouldn't I?" Roger patted her shoulder and said sternly, "You're so good-looking. You may be okay with normal men, but I won't accept them so easily!"

He suddenly became solemn. "I'm serious... Sis, if you do get a boyfriend, can you at least tell

me?"

Stella did not know why the topic suddenly changed to her and her future boyfriend. He pushed him on the back. "Well, you should go to class now. I have something to do. I'll come back and see you in a few days." "You're going to work, right?" Roger still could not accept it, but he did not reject it as much as before. He said to her, "Stay safe."

"I know. Do well in your class."

Roger had met Bradley before. Perhaps Bradley gave Roger a good impression of the crew and changed his mind. He seemed like a responsible person.

Stella had to thank Bradley. She would have a hard time explaining to Roger if it weren't for Bradley.

After that, Stella got into the car. She looked at the scarf around her neck in the rearview mirror. She said to the driver, "Go back to Stardust Mansion."

Then, she took out her phone and sent Weston a text message. (It's hard to hide the marks on my neck. Don't kiss there next time.)

The tone of her message seemed shy and soft like the old Stella. She always wanted to do this but was afraid to do it. However, her expression when sending the message was cold and indifferent, completely devoid of emotion.

At the same time, at the Ford Corporation building in the city center. Weston was dressed in a perfectly tailor-made suit. His gesture was full of elegance and dignity.

He was very unhappy with the last shareholders' meeting, so he made everyone rework the plan. Everyone was too afraid to complain. They tried to show their best to Weston.

The man sitting in the front was tall and cool. Every single action he made was intimidating. Only his face looked young and handsome. He had many years in the business, from which he developed a strong spirit and courage. Weston had always been a calm and reliable man. Although his face was too handsome, he had convinced many people with his strength.

Everyone in the meeting was older than him, but they all looked at him seriously and respected him. Once everyone else finished their presentations, it would be Weston's turn to conclude the meeting.

He seemed a little happier with the presentation this time. He tapped the pen nib on the table and did not look impatient.

The last person who finished the presentation breathed a sigh of relief. "Mr. Ford, are you ready?"

Weston nodded and sent him down. Then, he connected his phone to the projector. "This time, it's better, but there are still a lot of problems." When he said that, everyone's heart pounded. They thought he would be angry, but they did not expect him to stop at that sentence. He did not make them redo everything again. Weston continued, "Next, we'll need to improve on these few things." As he spoke, a message suddenly appeared on the screen. The notification on his messaging application was displayed directly at the top. Clearly, he had marked the sender of the message as a favorite contact. Therefore, the message popped up directly. The few large words were clearly displayed on the screen for all to see. [It's hard to hide the marks on my neck. Don't kiss there next time.] Anyone without any vision impairment issues could see the message clearly.

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The office fell into silence since Weston started speaking. Everyone wanted to hear him clearly, so it was so quiet that they could hear a pin drop in the office. Even the slightest noise would echo in the space. When everyone sucked in a cold breath, the sound of their breathing could be heard clearly.

Weston never showed his emotions to others. He remained stoic no matter what happened. However, his expression seemed a little stiff at this moment.

Ben, who stood beside him, was shocked. He stood still, not daring to breathe.

In the end, it was Weston who recomposed himself first. He slid the message away and said, "Let's go back to the topic." His voice was calm, as if nothing had happened.

Those who could be in the same meeting as Weston were naturally the senior management in Ford Corporation. They were experienced in their work and had seen a lot of things. Although they were shocked by the message, no one dared to discuss it openly, "Maybe it was Guinevere's message... That was everyone's thought.

They did not expect Weston to have such a good relationship with Guinevere. After all these years, Weston only had Guinevere by his side.

They all wondered if Weston would be a loving couple with Guinevere, just like his parents,

After the meeting ended, everyone left with different thoughts in mind.

Only Ben looked at Weston with anxiety as he came forward to organize the files.

When only the two of them were left in the meeting room, Ben looked like he wanted to say

something but hesitated.

Weston frowned. "Just say what you want."

"Was that Ms. Steele?"

Weston paused for a moment. "What do you think?"

Ben breathed a sigh of relief. He knew that it must have been Stella, not Guinevere.

Weston never really interacted with Guinevere unless they were with their parents. They only

appeared to be together in front of outsiders.

Even Ben could not understand Weston's thinking.

Weston gave Ben something to do and told him to submit them to his office later.

Ben did as told. When Weston texted Stella back, she never replied.

Weston then learned from the driver that Stella was on her way back to the villa, so he did not

call her back

He looked at the time and waited until she arrived home. Then, he called her.

The call connected quickly.

Weston turned to his back and stood on the balcony. His voice softened as he called out to her. "Stella?"

That was what Ben saw when he came to look for Weston with the documents in his hand. He stopped in his tracks.

Ben did not see Weston's expression at the moment, but he could imagine the affection and smile he had for her. His tone was so gentle. No one would believe that this was Weston!

Ben suddenly felt like one of his guesses about Weston might be true. It seemed that Weston had finally fallen in love,

All these years, he thought Weston had loved Guinevere. However, his reactions seemed neutral when it came to her.

He thought Weston was born calm and would never be impulsive toward anyone. He thought Weston would always stay that way.

However, to his surprise, Weston's emotions changed in front of Stella, just like any ordinary person. He would taste joy and sadness just like any others.

He even called Stella's name in such an intimate and sweet tone earlier. He sounded like a normal man in love.

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Weston called as soon as Stella arrived home. She ran a few steps and sounded out of breath. As soon as she entered the house, she immediately answered the phone.

When the call connected, she heard the man's voice calling out to her fondly. "Stella."

Stella paused a little. In the past, only her parents would call her this way. Sometimes, she felt that God really favored Weston too much. God blessed him with all the good things. He was blessed with good looks, a distinguished family, and a perfect low and magnetic voice. Stella sat on the couch and asked, "Am I interrupting?"

"No. I was in a meeting earlier."

Stella suddenly lowered her voice. "Did you see the text I sent you..."

Weston answered with a hum and casually loosened his tie. He suddenly felt a little hot. "I saw

it."

Stella suddenly pretended to be fierce. "Do you know that someone else almost saw me with the mark today? How do you expect me to explain it?" "Just let them see it. There's nothing much to explain. We're adults."

Stella was unhappy. "You make it sound so easy, but you're not the one embarrassed."

Weston could tell that she was deliberately picking a fight. This gave him a new feeling he had never experienced before. He let out a low laugh. "Okay, I get it. I'll be gentler next time."

"What? You want a next time?" The old Stella would never be so bold in front of Weston.

Both of them knew what they were doing, but neither of them objected. What Weston wanted was not necessarily the old Stella, but the Stella that loved him. As long as it was Stella, it didn't matter how her behavior was when she loved him.

Ben stood behind Weston and was dumbfounded. He had never seen Weston dote on a woman like that.

The man kept his hands in his pants. His back looked tall and strong from behind.

Weston sounded like it was only natural. "Of course, I want a next time."

There was a hint of gentleness on his face. It was very different from his usual high and mighty look.

Ben almost choked on his own saliva and coughed softly. This interrupted the two on the phone.

Stella jerked up from the couch and asked him, "Is there someone else with you now? I'll hang up..."

Weston shot Ben a cold glance. That gave Ben a chill down his spine. It seemed like Weston

was blaming him for interrupting his good time. Ben immediately dropped his head and repented on his mistake.

Weston then told Stella on the other end of the phone, "It's just a small matter. Don't mind it."

"Why don't we just end the call first?" Stella acted like she was very considerate. "It would be bad if someone else heard."

At this point, Ben saw a clear look of dislike for him in Weston's eyes.

He sighed softly. It was not easy to work as his assistant. He not only needed to keep secrets at all times but also read his superior's mood. He had no choice but to retreat to the side first.

Stella thoughtfully said, "I shouldn't interrupt your work anymore. The light in Weston's eyes dimmed slightly. At last, he answered, "Be good at home." "I know. I'm not a kid anymore."

Weston chuckled. "You're no different from a child to me."

"Don't look down on me!" Stella felt speechless. "Anyway, I'm hanging up."

She pretended to be angry and hung up the phone

Weston chuckled again. He looked at the disconnected call and was lost in thought.

After some time, he finally put the phone away and turned toward Ben. "Where are the documents?"

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“Here you go.” Ben immediately handed the files to him.

Stardust Mansion.

Roger had a lot of documents relating to his application to study abroad. Stella made a copy of some important information. She had a lot of things to ask Weston later, which was why she acted so affectionate with him earlier.

As she went through the documents, she found a very difficult problem.

Weston helped resolve the issue of Roger and her identity. If Roger wanted to go abroad, they would need Weston’s help.

Stella sighed. After she made the preparations for her work tomorrow, she checked the time. Since it was about time, she sent Weston a message. (What time are you coming back tonight?) Weston was in the car. He just went to see a client and was on his way back to the company. He leaned back in the car and closed his eyes to rest. When he saw Stella’s message, he replied almost instantly.

[Soon. About an hour and a half.]

Stella thought about it and sent her reply. (Why don’t I pick you up?) There was no reply from him for a long time. Stella thought he did not see it. When she was about to call him, Weston finally replied to her text. It was just a punctuation mark—a question mark. Weston’s face remained expressionless, but his emotions were in a turmoil. After a short pause, he called Stella directly. The call connected quickly. The man’s low voice came through the phone. “What do you

mean?”

“I want to come and pick you up. Can’t you read the text?” “You know I’m not asking about that... Why would you suddenly think of picking me up?” Weston reminded her, “I have a driver.” “I know, but that’s not the same. Haven’t I ever picked you up from work?” The man shut his eyes and leaned back in the leather seat. His throat moved a little. “I’m a man, Stella.” “So? Can’t a man be picked up and dropped off?” Stella found his logic funny. “Haven’t you driven me to the training center before?”

“It’s not the same.”

“I don’t think it’s different... Forget it. I won’t go if you don’t want me to.” Stella pretended like she was about to end the call.

Just as she expected, Weston stopped her. “Wait.”

Stella deliberately sounded hesitant while asking, "What's the matter?" She heard the man on the other end laugh helplessly. It seemed like he compromised. "Can you drive?" "Are you looking down on me?"

"Why don't you let the driver drive? You can come in the car."

"That's insincere and meaningless. Why don't you just come back yourself, then."

Weston furrowed his brow. "I'm worried about you on the road." "I'll be fine. I'm good at driving."

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Weston could not win against her argument. He had anticipated it too. "Pick a safer car. There are plenty in the garage. If you're not sure, ask the driver."

"I know. I'll pick you up safely." "Okay. Then I'll wait for you at the office." After hanging up the phone, Weston thought for a moment and sent Stella the full address of his office.

Stella replied to his text with a series of ellipses. Weston carried her to his office the last time. How could she not remember the way?

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Weston worried about Stella, so much like a father worrying for a child.

While Stella went to the walk-in closet to change, he sent countless messages to her phone. It was mostly about reminding her to be safe on the road.

Stella felt helpless looking at the messages and did not reply to him. When it was about time, she drove to the office to pick Weston up.

Ben could tell that Weston was in a good mood.

When Weston arrived at the company, even the people at the front desk took a few glances at Weston. They had always liked looking at his handsome face, but Weston seemed very approachable today. They usually looked at him in secret, but Weston seemed less distant and cold than usual. "Why do I feel like Mr. Ford is in love?" The receptionist could not help but laugh. "He looks different." After Weston entered the elevator, the others secretly discussed him. "I think so too. It's obvious that he's in love."

"But hasn't he and the star, Guinevere, been together for years? Why has this never happened before..."

“I don’t know...”

While everyone was whispering to each other, Daisy came out. When the rest saw the president’s secretary appear, they immediately shut up for fear of being criticized. Daisy did not say anything but looked at Weston’s back thoughtfully.

There was some traffic on the road.

Stella arrived fifteen minutes later than expected. The two of them met at the junction of the front of the office without letting anyone see.

She watched Weston get into the car and explained, “I was supposed to arrive on time, but I didn’t expect the traffic.” “I don’t have high expectations for your driving skill. It doesn’t matter if you’re not on time as long as you get here safely.” Stella was unhappy. “I’m a good driver. At least I’m stable.” Weston did not want to argue on this matter. He arched his eyebrow and said, “Just drive slowly.”

Stella seemed like she wanted to prove her skill. The road home was not crowded, but she deliberately drove quickly. Weston got into the car in a good mood, but as she drove, his face gradually turned gloomy. At last, he could not hold back anymore and pointed out her mistake in the passenger seat. “How did you pass the driving test in the first place?” Stella pressed her lips and did not say anything. After a short while, she refuted him.

“I was really good at driving, but I haven’t driven in a long time. Maybe I’m a little rusty. I’ll just have to practice more often...” Weston glanced at her. “You want to drive often with the way you drive? Let the driver do it.” “No! I’m an adult too! It’s much easier to drive myself.”

Weston was not going to argue with this. “You can drive, but only if you have a driver with you.”

“What’s the difference between that and the driver driving me around?”

“Anyway, you’re responsible for your own safety.” Weston took her safety very seriously, especially after the last incident. He would never let Stella be hurt again. “If you were good at driving, I wouldn’t restrict you from driving.” “Why are you so unreasonable?” Stella stepped on the accelerator angrily.

Weston’s face turned dark. “You can’t even control your emotions while driving. Do you still want to drive?”

Stella retorted mercilessly, “Didn’t you speed on the highway when you were angry the last time? I’m just driving a little faster. I’m not even speeding! I’m much better than

you!" "You..." Weston tugged at his collar and suddenly got a little angry. He rolled down the window and let the wind blow in from outside.

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Weston finally calmed down and told Stella, "Let's not talk about this."

Stella stopped talking. She looked at the road ahead and focused on driving. Although she did not make it obvious, Weston could tell that she was angry.

Weston was helpless too. They were getting along well before, but they were suddenly in a cold war again. Even so, he would warn Stella whenever she drove dangerously.

Stella silently drove the car back with a stern face. Weston instructed her to drive almost the whole journey. Not long after, they finally arrived home. She parked the car directly in the garage, then got out of the car and left..

She was angry.

Weston stepped forward and grabbed her wrist. "Why are you so angry today? I just said a few words about you. Now you're scowling at me?"

Stella shook off his hand. "How would I scowl at you? Anyway, I'm just terrible at driving." She sounded so disdainful that it amused Weston. He was less angry and wanted to laugh. He reached out and tucked the loose hair behind her ear. Then, he kissed her on the earlobe. "I was just telling the truth. Why are you so mad at me?" Stella looked at him in disbelief. "Am I really so terrible in your eyes?" "Not really." He suddenly took her into his arms. He lowered his head and said in her ear, "Whether it's driving, or..." He suddenly ran his fingers up and down her back at a slow pace. Stella's face turned red. She kicked him away. "That's all you ever think about!" Then, she turned around and left.

She was much more comfortable getting along with him than before. Weston watched her back as his expression gradually softened. A hint of inexplicable comfort appeared in his eyes. He walked behind her and followed her slowly.

When Stella got into the elevator, he strode over and squeezed in. The space in the elevator suddenly seemed a little cramped.

When the elevator finally opened, Stella went out first,

Her feet were hanging in the air after walking just two steps. Weston had suddenly picked her up from behind.

She exclaimed in shock and wrapped her arms around his neck instinctively. She looked at him, only to meet his dark gaze. Joan came up to greet them. When she saw this scene, she quickly dropped her head. Then, Weston ordered her, "You can leave work early today."

"Understood, sir!" Joan left in a hurry.

Stella knew there was no escape today.

When he put her on the bed, she suddenly took the initiative to hug him. She kneeled on her knee and wrapped her arms around his waist. Then, she leaned in and buried her face in his arms. "I know I'm a little rusty, but I'll get better at it. I promise you I will drive slowly and steadily. Don't let the driver follow me, okay?"

Weston stroked her hair. How could he not tell Stella's plan?

It was just a way to get him to be less controlling with her. He knew her purpose. She was testing his boundaries. Even so, what could he do? He simply could not refuse her like this.

He lowered his head and planted a kiss on her hair. At last, he sighed. "Just do whatever you want."

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Stella thought it would take some effort to get Weston's approval, but she did not expect it to be so easy.

Stella suppressed the discomfort in her heart. She put on a happy face and raised her head. Then, she kissed his throat softly and muttered, "Thanks..."

Weston's gaze suddenly became very dangerous. He pressed her shoulders and slowly slid his hand down. "Are you going to thank me with just your mouth?" Stella suddenly blushed. She rested her forehead on his waist and muttered softly, "I thought my mouth would be enough..." Weston's hand on the back of her head suddenly tightened.

Weston could hear the implied meaning in her words. He chuckled softly. "You're really..."

He could not think of any words to describe Stella at the moment. She was in control of all his emotions. It took him a lot of self-control to resist the urge to hold her in his arms and ravage her.

Weston's voice turned raspy. "Do you want to?" Stella nodded. "Maybe someday." She evened her breathing and tried not to show her disgust. "Weston, remember what you promised me..." "Okay."

Stella looked forward to the snow the most.

Whenever it snowed, the soft snow would dance as it fell and cover the ground with a layer of white. There would be a creaking sound when she stepped on the snow with her shoes.

When she stepped on the snow, the ground would become smooth. However, people with poor balance would always fall.

She missed the carefree moments when she used to have fun in the snow.

There seemed to be a hailstorm outside. It was hitting the window panes and making bursts of noise.

Stella's eyes were moist, as if tears were in her eyes.

Her smooth skin glistened under the snowy glow as her long hair spread out on the bed. The view of her contrasted sharply with the bed sheets.

This intense clash of colors hit the man hard. He drew everything from her greedily as he breathed in all her scent.

Stella was forced to lift her arms and wrap them around his back. Then, she closed her eyes in a deep sigh.

Weston felt that if he were to express his feelings at the moment in one sentence, he could only think of this vow-he was willing to give his life right at this very moment to make time stop. The snow outside continued falling.

Fern City's weather was not as kind as the weather in Ahn City. When they woke up in the morning, there was already a layer of snow outside the window. Stella opened her eyes. Before she was fully awake, she felt a blinding white light in front of her eyes. A pair of large hands covered her eyes the next second. She closed her eyes again as the warm palm pressed on her eye. After a short silence, she asked in a hoarse voice, "What time is it?"

Weston held her in his arms. Their skin was close to each other without any barrier of warmth. It was as if they were meant to be this close. He said, "Nine o'clock in the morning." "That's late." Stella opened her eyes immediately. "Don't you need to work?" Weston pressed a kiss on her shoulder. Stella flinched a little. Then, he lifted the covers. "I don't have to go in the morning. You can get some rest."

Stella closed her eyes again. She was a little tired and felt sore everywhere.

Their intimacy last night lasted for too long. It had been a long time since their last intimacy. She kept hypnotizing herself to accept him, but she still instinctively rejected him. As a result, the whole process yesterday became very difficult.