

Love at the Next Stop Chapter 10

Chapter 10 Which Night?

The tears on Stella's face didn't stay put, dripping onto the ground instead.

"I thought you two have a loving relationship?" Miles questioned as he looked down at her.

Stella flashed him an awkward smile. Why am I always shooting myself in the foot recently? "We just had a row."

Miles said nothing, merely ringing the doorbell to Zane's house. In the next moment, the door opened.

Stella had no idea whether it was unintentional or otherwise on his part, but he didn't shut the door fully, leaving a huge crack from which light within the house flowed out. This reduced her fear significantly.

She could hear their voices from inside, and they seemed to be discussing the project. In a bad mood, Zane was naturally surly. However, due to the disparity of status between him and Miles, he didn't bring up the matter of the other night in consideration of his pride and Miles' status. Stella also fervently hoped that he wouldn't mention it, else she'd truly have no dignity left in front of her boss.

Nevertheless, Zane had never been a person who could keep himself in check, so he shifted the subject to the other night in no time. "It seems that my wife was with

you the other night, President Grant. Is that right?" he asked in a seemingly casual manner.

Miles was silent for a long time. After an eternity, he inquired in an extremely calm voice, "Which night?"

His reply stunned Stella. We didn't even spend a single night together, so why did he ask 'which night'? I stayed at his house for a night, but I then moved to a hotel the next day. Besides, he left that night. Also, I folded his shirt nicely and placed it in the bedroom.

Zane was going to light a cigarette, but his hand noticeably stilled for a moment. "How many nights have you spent with my wife in total, President Grant?" he asked with a feigned smile.

At this point, Stella couldn't take it anymore. Springing up from the ground at once, she hurriedly trotted over to Zane and shoved him hard. "I only made up that drivel because I was infuriated that day. Don't air our dirty laundry out in front of others!"

Zane stared at her meaningfully. "You're feeling distressed on his behalf?"

Stella had her back to Miles, so she couldn't see his expression, merely hearing a voice from behind her ordering, "Go and put on your slippers." She pondered for a long while before realizing that it was directed to her since she was the only one who was barefooted in the whole living room. My feet are indeed feeling rather

chilly. Thus, she dashed over to the hallway and slipped on a pair of slippers.

If Zane was merely guessing about her relationship with Miles earlier, he now had a vague feeling that it was true. After all, Miles had ordered her to put on her slippers right in front of him, and such a subtle concern even went over his head as the husband. However, he merely snorted without saying anything due to Miles' status and the hefty amount riding on this contract.

"It's glaring obvious that it isn't a good time to discuss business today, so please excuse me." Miles stood up to leave.

"I'll see you out," Stella said to him with a flushed expression as she tucked her hair behind her ear. After all, she felt exceedingly sorry for having dragged her boss into her family matters today.

Miles kept mum, so she followed him out while ignoring Zane's murderous gaze behind her. "Don't take his words to heart. He watched the surveillance footage that day and knew that I left with you, so he read too much into it. I was also peeved at that time, so I said something I shouldn't have said. Thus, he pushed all the blame onto you."

They'd already arrived at Miles' car, but he wasn't in a hurry to get into the car. Leaning against the car window, he turned and stared at her. "Oh, what did you say that you shouldn't have said?" His tone was slight teasing

besides carrying some other emotion that Stella couldn't quite decipher.

At this, Stella lowered her head as mild embarrassment suffused her. I said some indecent things, so I definitely can't be frank with him. Hence, she flashed him an easy smile. "I believe that he'll listen if I explain properly that I've only been with you that one night, President Grant."

"Just one night?" Miles repeated though one couldn't tell whether he was saying it to himself or he meant it for Stella. Then, he chuckled meaningfully.