

Love at the Next Stop Chapter 12

Chapter 12 Come to My House Tonight

At this precise moment, Stella's cell phone rang with a call from her father, Korbin Johansson. Korbin had a small factory with mediocre performance, and it so happened that he made a loss when his wife was gravely ill. It was Zane who saved the Johansson Family. His phone call this time was none other than to have Stella ask Zane for a loan of 300,000. "But Dad, can't you take out a loan?" Stella stared at Zane who was still foaming at the mouth.

"It's difficult to get a loan since it requires a good credit score. How am I going to get a loan when I don't have anything? Besides, 300,000 is not a huge sum for Zane, but I'm in urgent need of the money to pay my employees. Applying for a loan will take a few months," Korbin said to her.

It's indeed not a huge sum, but my relationship with him now is strained.

"Who called?" Zane demanded in utter chagrin.

"My father. He's asking you to loan him 300,000," Stella answered. After the two of them had gotten married, Korbin had asked Zane for a loan twice, and Zane threw the money in her face every single time.

Sure enough, Zane sneered, "Do you think I've got money to lend your father when I've just lost a project?"

Although Zane and Stella's relationship was poor, Zane had never bothered about Stella's spending. But now, ever since Miles came between them, he no longer gave her money casually. Stella knew that such a life was undignified, and she sometimes groused to her father about her troubles, but he merely replied with a simple utterance—"Why do you need dignity when you're a woman?" She bit her lip hard. My life is simply shrouded in darkness without a glimmer of light! Zane refuses to get a divorce, and Dad doesn't support me either!

The next day, Stella's eyes were red-rimmed. Just when she arrived at her office on the 20th floor, someone stepped in. She lifted her head, only to be greeted by the sight of Miles who was staring at her. "President Grant," she greeted in a slightly hoarse voice.

Miles scrutinized her closely as he stood in the elevator with his hands in his pockets. "What's wrong?" he inquired.

When Stella walked past him to exit the elevator, Miles grabbed her sleeve. "What's wrong?" he repeated.

The elevator doors closed, and the elevator was now descending steadily with only Miles and Stella inside. Stella said nothing, but tears streamed down her face. Miles' voice was exceedingly gentle, so it made for a bizarre reason to cry. She herself couldn't explain why she was weeping, yet she simply couldn't control herself.

“Is it because I rescinded the project I gave to Zane Levitt?” Miles asked as he turned to her, a hand in his pocket.

Stella shook her head.

“Why, then?”

I don’t want to bring my private affairs to the office.

“Did no one teach you that you must speak truthfully when your superior asks you a question? I’m going to ask you this once more—why are you crying?”

As the man’s superior regality and unique tenderness blended together, an astringent feeling instantly assailed Stella. Sniffling, she replied, “It’s because of my father. He wants a loan, but Zane Levitt had a falling out with me. I’m sorry, President Grant. I shouldn’t have brought my emotions to work.” She wiped her tears. Zane had already drawn a clear line with her when it came to finances, so it was impossible to obtain a loan from him. However, she herself didn’t have a single cent in savings.

“How much?” Miles swiftly grasped the crux of the matter.

“300,000.”

Stella couldn’t understand why he was asking so much, but the elevator had come to a stop, so they were both geared to exit the elevator.

“I don’t have a check with me now. I’ll contact you tonight.” Miles sauntered out, leaving her his back.

After a moment’s stupefaction, Stella hurried out of the elevator. “What do you mean, President Grant?”

Miles whirled around. “You know the way to the house you’ve been to the other day. Go and look for me after work.”

“President Grant—”

“Go and get busy if you’ve understood my meaning. I don’t have time to fritter away by shooting the breeze with you by the elevator. Wait for me at my house tonight.” After saying this, Miles left.

Stella was left rooted to the spot alone, biting her fingernail. I didn’t mishear him, yes? The high and mighty President Grant asked me to go to his house tonight?