

Love at the Next Stop Chapter 13

Chapter 13 A Late-Night Meeting With President Grant

Stella mulled over Miles' instruction. Although she had no idea what he wanted, she felt that she should just make the trip since he'd given his orders. Thus, she hailed a taxi to his house. The moment she opened the door, she was greeted by the sight of the man in casual attire. He probably just took a shower since his hair is still dripping water. "President Grant..."

As the door was ajar, Miles cast her a glance before motioning for her to enter.

Stella was very much sober tonight, so she felt ill at ease when she again stepped foot into the house. To make matters worse, Miles was even cooking in the kitchen, cutting a particularly gentle figure under the lights. Before getting married, I'd once fantasized about such a blissful married life with Zane. At the thought of this, she couldn't help dashing off the tears at the corner of her eyes. "Have you had dinner?" Despite asking such a question, Miles was carrying two plates of steak in his hands. "Come here." These two words seemed to have magical powers, for Stella's initial anxiousness instantly calmed.

The house was very quiet with only the chewing sounds they made as they ate. Stella didn't know what Miles was planning, so the only thing she could do was to play along with this boss of hers.

“How long have you and Zane Levitt been married?”

“Half a year.”

“And the two of you have a loving relationship?” Miles’ gaze was akin to a blazing fire. “I want to hear the truth,” he declared coldly.

“Does it matter whether it’s the truth or otherwise?”

Stella retorted, throwing the question back to him.

Subconsciously, she knew that she shouldn’t have such contact with him anymore since this mysterious man was akin to a ball of fire that would burn her into a pile of ashes.

“If you answer me, I’ll lend you 300,000.”

Stella’s head snapped up, her gaze brimming with incredulity. In the next moment, she shot to her feet. “Do you find it fun to toy with me, President Grant?”

“Toy with you?” Chuckling, Miles walked over to the wine cabinet and poured two glasses of red wine before placing one of them before her. “Is it difficult for me to toy with someone? Mrs. Levitt, what do you have that you think is worth me doing so?” His alluring eyes were stained with disdain. He then placed his wine glass on the table and reached out, scooping her up in a bridal carry.

The sudden feeling of weightlessness had Stella instinctively hooking her arms around his neck tightly. With a muffled grunt, she hit his abdomen and sensed the man’s reaction, her face flushing bright red all at once.

She wanted to drop her hands, yet she was afraid of falling.

“What’s the matter? You’re shy at just this much, Mrs. Levitt?” Miles expelled a breath beside her ear as a tingling sensation swept through him. People claimed that women were soft as silk, but he’d never believed that. However, as he held Stella in his arms, he found her entire body soft and velvety. Her eyes, especially, lit a fire within him.

Stella, on the other hand, was extremely anxious, so much so that she didn’t sense the pair of hands that were slowly traveling up from her hips. The man’s unique foreplay tactics had her breathing growing slower, and she felt as though she was under the control of those hands. It seemed as though she’d been submerged into warm water, her body heating up.

“Beg me, Mrs. Levitt. I’ll help you if you beg me.” Miles dipped his head and kissed her eyes.

“Please...”

“Hmm... please what?”

“I beg you...”