

Love at the Next Stop Chapter 14

Chapter 14 So, It Was Him

In her trance, Stella suddenly glimpsed the watch on Miles' wrist, the large face glimmering in the dark night. She'd never seen such a watch whereby every single minuscule letter on it was as clear as day. All at once, her mind splintered with a bang. On the eve of her graduation half a year ago, she drowned her sorrows and got hammered. In her haste, she grabbed hold of a man on the street.

"You're drunk," the man stated, his brows furrowed.

Stella wrapped both arms around his neck to support her tottering self, her gaze glassy. "I'm not drunk. I'm troubled, so keep me company."

Women were most bewitching when they were intoxicated, much less Stella who was beguiling with glazed eyes and a flushed face, giving off a sense of tipsy sensuality. Her hands around the man's neck were so tight that the man simply couldn't pry them off. After a moment's silence, he scooped her up and took her to a hotel.

Despite having forgotten the man's countenance, she'd never forgotten that night of passion. The lights were turned off, so she couldn't see the man's face. However, she remembered that the man was wearing a luminous watch that was truly stunning in the dark, and it was exceptionally special with a row of English letters on it. At

that time, she thought, This watch must have cost a fortune! At least, I've never seen a luminous watch whose entire face glows, every single minuscule letter on it as clear as day.

So, it was him! It was actually him!

"Unexpectedly, your memory isn't all that poor since you still remember me, Mrs. Levitt," Miles drawled as he gently hooked a finger under her chin, forcing her to look at him.

How could I possibly forget? Which woman will ever forget her first night?

"Did it hurt?"

"Huh?" Stella lifted her head in slight puzzlement. Upon realizing what he meant, her face instantly flushed bright red.

"The check is in the hallway. Close the door when you leave." Placing her down, Miles strode straight to the bathroom. This idiotic woman actually forgot all about me!

That night, Stella felt as though she was walking around in a daze. When she left, she was still feeling a touch flummoxed. What exactly did Miles Grant mean? Nonetheless, Dad's loan has finally been settled.

She first went to her father's house and handed the check to him. She even told him that she had a row with Zane

recently, reminding him time and again not to contact Zane lest he got up in arms again. Korbin's eyes lit up at the money, so he acceded perfunctorily.

When she arrived back home, Zane hadn't come home yet, so she returned to her room to sleep. After all, they'd been sleeping apart ever since they'd been married. However, she just couldn't sleep. Having turned off the lights, the scene that day slowly played out in her mind like a movie until her entire face grew bright red like a young maiden who was on the cusp of maturity.

She had no idea what time Zane came back that night. When she went to work the next day, he was still sleeping. To her surprise, Miles came to the company the next day, and it appeared as though he was talking on the phone as he walked.

"So what if it was me? Since you couldn't help out your father-in-law, President Levitt, I lent him a helping hand. Yet, you're taking me to account now?" Miles' voice was tinged with a hint of provocation, yet it sounded particularly relaxed though not exactly amicable. It was as though he'd handled such matters often, thus long since used to it. He strode past Stella's office before entering his own office.

Stella frowned as a feeling of apprehension swamped her. I was too shocked about the luminous watch last night that I forgot to get our story straight! Dad must have phoned Zane to thank him after I gave him the check, and he most definitely would have guessed that it was Miles

who lent me the money! She couldn't quite imagine the hell awaiting her at home.

Sure enough, she found the house in shambles when she returned home, things strewn all over the sofa as though a 'huge battle' had just transpired. Subsequently, she even found a long strand of hair on the floor that had been permed and dyed. Her hair had always been black, so it couldn't be hers. Ah, he has finally brought that woman home!

Zane cut a desolate figure as he sat on the sofa while smoking a cigarette. When he saw Stella heading to bed, he called out to her, ordering, "Return the 300,000 to Miles Grant tomorrow. Your husband doesn't want to owe him anything!" Then, he threw a check at her face.

Stella was stunned. We're married, so no matter what I think, we're still a family in the eyes of outsiders. Hence, it's better to owe him money than to owe an outsider money. "Thank you." After saying that, she headed to her own bedroom.

"Aren't you going to ask me what happened today?"
Zane's voice rang out from behind her.

"Does it change anything?"

At this, Zane said nothing further.

The next day, it was noon when Stella returned the check to Miles as he'd just come to the office at that time. Since it happened to be lunch break then, Miles naturally asked

her out for lunch. While she used to look at him with a relaxed gaze, she just couldn't do the same now. After all, this man before her was her first, and they both had countless flirtatious encounters thereafter. Thus, at the thought of him, her heartbeat sped up even as an emotion known as 'shyness' spread through her. Ever since young, she'd never been so shy in front of a man. She didn't want to have much interaction with him, but alas, it was just how things were.

"You don't need it anymore?" Miles studied the check.

"No. Thank you, President Grant." Ducking her head slightly, Stella tucked her hair behind her ear.

"Have you had lunch?" Miles asked. Unlike her, his gaze was unflinching.

Stella lifted her head before shaking it.

"Let's go. I'll treat you to lunch," Miles offered as he stared at her flushed face.

"I—" Stella instinctively wanted to decline.

"You're declining? As the subordinate, you're quite arrogant to refuse when the president is inviting you to lunch." Miles simply ordered someone to place the check in his office as though 300,000 was no big deal to him.

Stella chuckled softly. If I don't go, it'll appear too deliberate. Besides, it's rather conspicuous to stand here in the office with the president when it so happens to be

lunchtime, people coming and going. For that reason, she followed behind him and went to the parking lot downstairs.

It was just lunch, yet Miles drove. Stella had no idea whether he'd made a reservation at a restaurant or he was afraid of gossip if he ate near the office and bumped into some colleagues. Anyhow, it was quite a distance away, so it had her feeling incredibly perturbed. It feels as though I'm having an affair with him and have to hide it from everyone. After all, I'm married though I know nothing about his relationship status. She kept her head turned, casting her gaze out the window throughout the drive.

Out of the blue, her cell phone rang with a call from an unknown number. The moment she answered the call, a woman's voice drifted out, and Stella knew that it was Ximena Yard.

"Hurry up and get a divorce. I've been to your house yesterday. You know that, don't you?" Ximena seemed truly anxious at the moment, eager to secure the title of Mrs. Levitt.

Stella snickered. "It'll be best if you can convince Zane Levitt to do so. I've told him several times that I want a divorce, but he refused. Don't come and nag me when you've failed to sway him. You're very annoying!" Without waiting for her response, she hung up. As her wrath built, her eyes turned red.

“Yesterday, he brought his mistress home, and I don’t need to tell you what they did,” Stella blurted, probably truly having no one else she could talk to, and it hurt to keep it bottled.

Turning his head, Miles cast her a sideways glance. “Is he good?” he questioned.

“Huh?” Puzzled, Stella tilted her head and looked at Miles beside her. It so happened that Miles was also looking at her, so their gazes met.

“In bed,” Miles expounded.

Never had Stella expected her boss to say such a thing in front of her.