

Love at the Next Stop Chapter 15

Chapter 15 Birthday Party

If it were someone else, Stella would definitely think that the person was flirting with her. However, Miles asked that question as though it was a matter of fact, acting like he had the right to know the answer to that in the first place. Stella gaped at him with widened eyes. Never had she expected such a conversation, so she didn't quite know how to answer him.

Seemingly gratified by her expression, Miles turned back to the road. "Who's better between the two of us?"

Stella's heart pounded wildly. What's the meaning of this? He's blatantly asking a married woman whether her husband is better in bed or he's better? "I don't know." She turned her face toward the window. It was true that she didn't have any idea since she'd never tried Zane's skills in bed.

Then, Miles said nothing further, and they went to the restaurant in silence. Even while they were eating, neither said anything. Miles scrutinized Stella's expression, but she kept her head lowered as she ate, ignoring him altogether. After lunch, he said that he was attending a birthday party soon, yet he still didn't have any idea on what to pick as a gift, so he asked her to help him out.

Lifting her hand, Stella glanced at her watch. Lunch break is one and a half hours, and it's already 12:50 now.

While the company isn't very strict about this, I'm still in my probation period, so it'll look bad if I'm back late. Besides, picking a gift is a tedious thing. Without 40 minutes or an hour, I won't be able to pick a good gift. "I'm going to be late," she said with a frown as she stood by the restaurant entrance.

"I'll take half a day's leave for you." After that, Miles actually took out his cell phone to ask for the rest of the day off on Stella's behalf.

Conversely, Stella was particularly panicked. "No, President Grant! It isn't appropriate for you to take the day off on my behalf. I'll do it myself." Everyone will get the wrong idea if the president takes the day off on my behalf. Is he neglecting other people's feelings because he's high and mighty? Or did he deliberately say that? When she called her director, she gave no details, merely telling the director of the design department that she had something to do this afternoon, so she'd be back a bit later, and the director approved it.

As they both strolled in the mall, Stella naturally had to ask Miles about the recipient of the gift since he was asking her to help pick a gift. After all, that was closely linked to the gift itself. "Are you close with the person?" she asked with her head tilted as she looked at the items in the mall.

"No, it's a business partner who's in his fifties." Miles languidly ambled alongside her, his hands clasped behind his back.

Coincidentally, they walked past an exhibition case of Rodin glass porcelain. Stella screeched to a halt to look at it, for she'd always loved such glass porcelain for its crystal clear appearance, and Rodin's glass accessories had always been superb in both craftsmanship as well as aesthetics. Besides, the price was also just right for Miles. She'd browsed Rodin's glass accessories numerous times before, but she'd never bought any for herself since the price was steep. Since he isn't even bothered about 300 thousand, a few thousand is probably nothing to him. With that thought in mind, she scrutinized the items closely before her eyes alighted on a glass tea set. People in their fifties probably love drinking tea. It's 2,800, but he has money, so he won't care about the price. "What do you think about this?" Since she loved these, a rare smile manifested on her face.

Miles glanced at her. Without even inquiring about the price, he swiped his credit card right away. "You're fond of such items?" he asked.

Surprisingly, Stella teased him. "Yup. I always browse online. The price is rather steep to me, but it's different for you."

After Miles had taken the tea set, they then left. Dropping her off below the office building, he then sped away. Fortunately, no one noticed that Stella came back late on this day.

When Stella arrived home at night, Zane was smoking. He seems to be in a rather maudlin mood these days.

“Dad’s birthday is around the corner, so think of a gift for him,” he ordered.

Are all men so bad at picking gifts that they’re always asking a woman to do it? Stella spaced out for a bit. This is the first year I’ve been married to him, so I’ve never attended his father’s birthday or picked a gift for him. If I’m not mistaken, Alaric Levitt is 63 years old this year, so he probably isn’t the person Miles Grant referred to.

Miles Grant is sure to be acquainted with many people considering his status and standing. Besides, there isn’t much interaction between them. “How much are you planning to spend on this gift? What’s the budget?” she inquired as she slipped off her woolen coat.

“Other than footing the bill for the luncheon and buying him a cake, I’m thinking of spending 2,000 to 3,000 on a gift.” Zane’s demeanor was unexpectedly amiable.

This is just perfect! I’ve just picked a gift today, so I’ll just buy another set of the same. Anyway, I’ve got to work, so I’ve got no time to shop. “I’ll buy it tomorrow.” No matter how the Levitts treat me, the important thing is to have a clear conscience myself, Stella mused.

Then, Zane gave his credit card to her since they’d truly separated their finances.

The next day, Stella bought the tea set back for him, though Zane didn’t even bother to take a look at it.

It was Alaric Levitt’s birthday at the end of October, so Zane and Stella went to his birthday party together.

When Zane gave the tea set to his father, he was all smiles. After all, those with a discerning eye could tell the quality of this tea set at a single glance. A moment later, Alaric ordered someone to put it away.

Alaric and Lizbeth lived in a bungalow that was very much exorbitant in Hollowcrest City considering the land prices. Meanwhile, the feast was cooked by a top-notch chef whom Stella found online per Zane's orders. After a while, someone announced, "President Grant is here."

Stella's brows creased, and her heart started hammering. He didn't say that he's attending Alaric Levitt's birthday celebration that day! Plus, there's the matter of the exact same gift! It's no matter if gifts clash, but the problem comes when it was me who chose those two gifts! Immediately, guilt swamped her.

It was glaringly obvious that Alaric feared and revered Miles, for he sprang up from his Phoebe Zhennan chair in front of the few people in the room and asked in disbelief, "P-President Grant is here?"

As he was speaking, Miles made his entrance, dressed in an iron-gray suit. Stella, on the other hand, had been standing in an inconspicuous spot in hopes that he wouldn't spot her. Besides, she noticed that he was indeed holding that tea set at a single glance. D*mn it! Well, he probably won't know that I helped Zane pick out the exact same set since Alaric had put it away...

Stepping forward, Alaric shook Miles' hand. "You honor me with your presence at my humble birthday party."

Miles had a hand stuck in his pocket, looking insouciant. "Not at all." On such an occasion, everyone's gazes were riveted on him.

Only then did Stella realize that his voice was truly melodious, alluring, mature, and deep. I remember Zane Levitt once mentioning that Miles Grant is about 31 years old, but his presence instantly shifted the atmosphere in the entire house. Everyone seems to be fawning all over him.

Subsequently, Miles took out the tea set. After taking a look at it, Alaric exclaimed in surprise, "It seems that your tastes are similar to my son's since you both chose the exact same tea set, President Grant!"

Upon hearing that, Stella could feel her heart dropping. She'd initially thought that nothing would happen since Zane's tea set had been put away, but never had she expected her father-in-law to make such a remark. A shrewd man like Miles Grant will definitely know that I was the one who picked both tea sets!

However, Miles' expression remained unchanged. "President Levitt and I probably share the same tastes, so we like the same things."

Alaric had no inkling of the hidden subtext, so he guffawed. After all, it was a great honor for Zane to share the same tastes as Miles who dominated the business world.

In the meantime, Stella was standing beside Zane, so she could hear him gritting his teeth hard before he threw her a vicious look. She knew that this was only the beginning.

Just after Miles had taken a seat, another unexpected guest showed up—Ximena.