

Love at the Next Stop Chapter 18

Chapter 18 I Can't Touch It

Miles wrapped an arm around Stella's shoulder, and they both walked out. Then, he arranged lodging for her at a five-star hotel, paying for the room himself. When he was about to leave, Stella grabbed his hand. "Nothing will happen, yes?" she asked with a dazed expression.

"What could happen?" Miles' voice was exceedingly gentle.

This was Stella's first time hearing a man speaking to her in such a tender voice, so her eyes turned dazed. "My heart is hammering, and I just feel as though something is going to happen." Her eyes roamed over his face.

"No matter how fast your heart is hammering, I can't touch it," Miles teased.

All at once, Stella released his hand. I just regarded him as my savior earlier. I've forgotten the fact that he's my only man, and that I once even gave myself to him.

Upon seeing the fierce blush on her face, Miles blurted, "Have a good rest here tonight. I'll come and pick you up tomorrow."

"But my handbag and cell phone are at home." Stella was rather puzzled as she couldn't understand what he was thinking.

“Don’t worry. Someone will be there with your handbag and cell phone tomorrow.” Miles appeared very much confident.

At a loss, Stella asked what he meant, but Miles merely answered, “You’ll know tomorrow.”

After he’d left, unease crept into Stella. Early the next morning, the reception phoned her and said that someone was waiting for her downstairs. It’s most likely Miles Grant. He’s rather early.

The two of them went to the office together. When they arrived, Zane was already waiting there with Stella’s handbag. Sure enough, Miles was right, though Stella hadn’t thought of this last night. Shock pervaded her at the sight of him. I came in with Miles Grant, so is this further confirming his suspicions?

It didn’t appear as though Zane had any intention of speaking to her, for he went straight to Miles’ office after putting down her handbag. As soon as he entered the office, Zane drawled, “Aren’t you planning to explain what happened last night, President Grant? After all, you spent the night with my wife.”

Picking up a cigarette from the table, Miles lit it before answering unhurriedly, “Didn’t you see everything that happened last night? Besides, if you mind it so much, President Levitt, why didn’t you just show yourself last night? If you suspect your wife this much, it’s better to

just get a divorce since neither of you will be happy, President Levitt.”

“How dare you?” Zane had never expected such a retort from him when he’d just made a simple remark, so he froze. Indeed, he’d tailed Stella last night. When he saw them going into a hotel, he saw red and wanted to barge upstairs, but he felt inferior before Miles. Worse still, he felt that it’d just make him appear petty instead of catching them in the act. Hence, he left without responding to that, looking furious. When he saw Stella, he shot her a vicious glare.

Despite feeling perturbed since her husband came to her office, she still tried her best to focus on work. A few days ago, she applied to do landscape architecture for a project, but her application was rejected. When the director said that it was Miles himself who personally rejected it, she was all the more confused. As the president of the acquirer, the frequency of him intervening in matters pertaining to the subsidiary companies should be very low since it was usually the general manager who should be making the decisions. He just needs to look at the accounts, so something trivial such as a particular designer’s assignments aren’t in his scope of responsibilities. He’s too controlling, no? Stella groused inwardly.

She truly wanted to participate in this project since it was representative in itself. Besides, the garden was massive with clear demarcation. She hadn’t had a practical case ever since joining the company, so she really wanted to take this step. Disgruntled, she went to Miles’ office.

“Why did you reject my participation in this project, President Grant? My director said it was you who struck my name off.” She was naturally filled with indignation.

“You’re not allowed to go,” Miles replied mildly as he scribbled on a document.

“Why can the director and another senior participate in this project but not me?” Stella stood in his office as she waved the application he rejected.

“You’re young.”

“But it’s precisely because I’m young that I want to train myself. I’ve got to take that first step, no? Plus—”

Before Stella could finish her utterance, Miles interrupted her, saying, “This project is for the Quintero Family. The designer will inevitably have contact with the owner, and the Quintero Family’s son is a lecher.”

Stella stood there blankly. “What has it got to do with me?”

At this, Miles lifted his eyes and stared grimly at Stella who was standing there in bewilderment. “Mull it over if you don’t understand!”

Stella fixed her eyes on the ground in front of her. A lecher... A lecher... Surely not... Thus, when she again shifted her gaze to him, her face was stained with a blush and her gaze indescribably tender.

Miles looked at her as well, their gazes interlocking and suspending midair. "Do you get it now?" His cool voice drifted over.

Stella was just about to nod when she abruptly shook her head. I can't understand his intentions, nor do I want to do so. But I just don't get this... Why me? I'm a married woman after all. While I've never been intimate with Zane Levitt, he doesn't know this. Besides, even if I get divorced, my reputation will still be tarnished as a divorcee. I've never planned on starting a relationship with this man though what had happened couldn't be taken back, so that night is just a matter of the past.