

## Love at the Next Stop Chapter 3

### Chapter 3 My 'Dear Wife'

"I've already told you half a year ago that I have no idea! Besides, I've also said that we can get a divorce. There's no need for us to torment each other like this," Stella declared calmly, sounding very much reasonable. She even wanted to analyze things for Zane and tell him that they'd both have a good life after the divorce.

"Ha ha, back when your father begged me to marry you and pay off your family's debts, he didn't tell me that the person who'd be marrying me would be used goods. Now that the debt has been cleared, you want a divorce? Stop dreaming, Stella Johansson! Why would I get a divorce when I haven't tormented you enough?" After saying this, Zane released his grip on her and languidly sauntered to the closet.

About half an hour later, he flung a dress out.

"Accompany me to a business dinner tonight. Remember to doll up, my 'dear wife'!" Zane didn't say where they were going or who they were meeting, but neither said anything in the car. When they were outside, Zane was still the gentlemanly and courteous President Levitt who graduated from a prestigious school and had a beautiful wife with whom he had a loving relationship.

Stella, on the other hand, was happy to put on this show with him. After all, every time he was pleased with her, he rarely came home, so she didn't need to put up with his dour face. Half a year ago, he was different. It was when

they both went to the hospital for a medical checkup before the wedding did everything change upon him learning that she wasn't a virgin.

"I'm entertaining President Grant—Miles Grant—from Miles Conglomerate tonight to secure a subcontract. I believe I don't need to remind you what to do," Zane said to Stella coldly.

"I know. I might have no inkling about true affection, but anyone can fake a display of affection." Such a blasé attitude from Stella irked Zane, but he said nothing.

At 7:00 at night, they entered a private room in Illuminate Restaurant. The person Zane was meeting hadn't yet arrived, and Stella was feeling a touch unwell, so she went to the washroom. About 20 minutes later, she pushed open the door of the private room and walked in. Lifting her head, she spotted a man sitting at the head of the table. In the spacious private room, it was merely Zane and the distinguished guest.

"President Grant, this is my wife, Stella Johansson. Stella, come and have a seat." Zane had always been putting on a loving act in front of others.

Prior to this, Zane and President Grant's discussion had been rather bumpy since neither was willing to compromise.

While Zane Levitt has some skills, he definitely isn't the kind of person who achieves great things. Thus, Miles had long since lost his patience. However, just when he was

about to smoke a cigarette impatiently, Stella made her appearance. She's dressed much more formally compared to last night, her black dress showing off her perfect figure, her long and slender legs making every man salivate. It's precisely those legs that had been wrapped around me last night as she pleaded for mercy! At this thought, he couldn't help the smirk playing on his lips.

As he twirled the lighter in his hand, he suppressed the burning desire within him. Unbuttoning the first button of his shirt, he leaned back against the chair languidly. Then, he flashed Stella a smile, his tone rather suggestive as he remarked, "Oh, it's you, Mrs. Levitt?"

Stella was a tad taken aback. I've never met this President Grant before, so what's with the 'oh'? Since she was considered late, she drank a glass of wine as an apology. Then, noticing the awkwardness between Zane and Miles, she purposefully toasted Miles.

Tilting his head a fraction, Miles looked up at Stella beside him, his lips curved into a faint smile. "You're going to toast me personally, Mrs. Levitt?"

"Do you mind?"

Miles picked up the glass beside his hand and guzzled down the entire glass of red wine. And so, they reached an agreement about the project.

After they'd eaten and drunk to their hearts' content, Zane left in search of a server to settle the bill. Thus, Stella and Miles were now alone in the private room. The man who sat at the head of the table had a powerful aura as well as a murky and unfathomable gaze, sending a shiver up the spines of others.

"Why, you don't recognize me anymore?" the man murmured out of the blue.

Stella startled. "Should I recognize you?"

At this, a chuckle sounded. In no time, a shadow suddenly appeared before Stella, upon which the man asked in a low and hoarse voice, "You don't remember me?"