

## Love at the Next Stop Chapter 4

### Chapter 4 Do You Want to Retain Your Pride ?

“Mr. Grant...” Before Stella could say ‘please have some self-respect,’ the private room door was pulled open. All at once, Stella jumped away from Miles’ embrace.

Anyone with a discerning eye could sense the risqué atmosphere in the private room, but Zane acted as though he didn’t notice anything amiss. He simply snagged his jacket before glancing at Stella, whose eyes were bloodred like a rabbit’s. “President Grant, my wife is beautiful, no?” As he said this, his eyes gleamed with vitriol.

The look in Miles’ eyes was shadowy and indecipherable. Standing at the table, he was a head taller than Zane. With a condescending aura of majesty, he pursed his lips and pinned his gaze on Stella. “Indeed, she’s stunning.”

Zane’s expression was amicable before others, but the moment they got back into the car, he cursed Stella out, calling her a sl\*t. “You’re something else, Stella Johansson. Even a big shot like Miles Grant is captivated by you. Should I be complimenting my wife for seducing my collaborator?” His tone was cutting and derisive.

Stella cast her gaze out the car window, not in the mood to converse with a lunatic.

After the conflict of the business dinner, Zane reverted to his usual habit of not coming home for several days in a

row. Stella was ecstatic about this, wishing fervently that he'd never appear before her again for the rest of her life. However, things never went as one wished... On the fifth day Zane hadn't been back home, she bumped into the loving couple who were shopping as though they were in their own world.

"Zane, I'd like to buy this bag!" As though deliberately provoking her, the woman who was initially carrying shopping bags placed a hand on Zane's arm as her sweet voice drifted over.

Stella sniggered. Under the gazes of everyone in the shop, she headed straight for Zane. "Darling, you said you were in a meeting, so I was even thinking about boiling some soup and going over to your office tonight to eat with you. However, it turns out that you're having a meeting here with a woman..." As she drawled out her remark, the fact that she herself was also a beauty who attracted much attention aided her in drawing everyone's gazes to instantly alight on Zane and the woman.

Pah! He turns out to be a scumbag who has a mistress!  
How shameless!

With everyone throwing him contemptuous looks, Zane was just about to lambast Stella when she continued, "Tsk-tsk. And your taste is getting increasingly worse. Oh, you must have gotten your nose fixed in Korea, yes? It's a bit crooked. You're not quite qualified to be a mistress if you're so sloppy!"

A burst of laughter reverberated around them.

At this, Stella left with gratification. Sure enough, shortly after she'd left, Zane's condemnation phone call came. "Stella Johansson, that was deliberate, yes? Are you gleeful to have me losing face before others?" A roar came from the other end of the phone.

"Yup! You love your pride, no? Zane Levitt, I'm truly curious. You're not even human anymore, so why bother about your pride?" Beep, beep... The disconnect tone sounded. Stella threw her cell phone aside, her face that had been adorned with a smile suddenly darkening.

As expected, Zane who hadn't been home for five days subsequently appeared in the living room. When he came back, Stella was cooking in the kitchen, so she glimpsed his silhouette through the frosted glass window. When she carried the dishes to the table, she ignored Zane who was peeved and ate her dinner without any regard for him.

There's no hurry. There are still matters to be settled today, so I've got to fill my stomach first before getting busy. For the first time, she gave him the cold shoulder despite her usual good-naturedness.

"Stella Johansson..." Zane called out to her as he got to his feet. What's wrong with this woman? No matter how badly we quarreled in the past, she always fulfilled her spousal duty of pouring me a glass of water and the like. "Come here and get me a glass of water. Then, prepare the water for my bath." After that, he plopped back down onto the sofa as though he was a king.

Picking up a glass of water, Stella walked over to him expressionlessly. Thereafter, she raised her hand and poured the water in the glass onto his head. She then parted her lips, her voice detached. "Let's get a divorce. If you refuse, I'll take this to court.

If the court doesn't approve it, I'll blast all the scandalous details of our marriage across the internet. If you want to retain your pride, Zane Levitt, you probably won't want news such as you having an affair and keeping a mistress besides abusing your wife circulating around, yes?"