

Love at the Next Stop Chapter 7

Chapter 7 I'm the Man You Picked?

That night, Stella just couldn't sleep. After all, no woman could still doze off peacefully after having a row with her husband. Her eyes wide opened, she stared at the ceiling. She was very much awake without the slightest bit of grogginess. Rather, she had the urge to do something. Out of the blue, she wanted to find a job. The faster I get a job, the better. Then, I'll at least be making my own money and can support myself instead of relying on Zane Levitt's pity when he finds me. As such, I won't be afraid even when we divorce.

Getting dressed, she got up since she noticed a MacBook in the bedroom earlier. Subsequently, she created a resume. She'd never worked before, so her experience was a blank slate. Fortunately, she graduated from a reputable university—Hollowcrest University—in quite an outstanding major—landscape architecture.

Few people ever applied to study landscape architecture, so as soon as she graduated, several companies wanted to take her on, but she declined all the offers since she was getting married. LinkedIn was a very good platform, and that night itself, she sent her resume out to hundreds of companies.

The very next day, a company phoned and called her for an interview. The company was in urgent need of staff, and it was a Friday, so they stipulated that prospective

candidates completed both the first and second tests within the day.

Rummaging a white shirt and a black pencil skirt from the closet, Stella went to Ritz Design and Renovation. The first test was administered by the human resources department. Then, they even informed her that the second test was supposed to be two days later, but the company's president would be coming over later, so they set it for today to make the company appear systematic, apologizing for the inconvenience caused. Nonetheless, she felt that this had nothing to do with her.

Very quickly, she passed the second test as well. It was very easy for her to find a job since she'd only been without a job for half a year after graduation, and she indicated her marital status as single. Furthermore, she was a top scorer during her university days. When she learned that she could start on Monday, delight imbued her.

However, the human resources department then asked her to make a trip to the president's office. Stella was rather confounded about this, but the moment she pushed open the door of the president's office and had the shock of her life, she finally understood why the president asked for her.

"This is a fake resume, proving a character flaw! If it were you, Mrs. Levitt, would you hire such a person?" Miles asked languidly, Stella's resume right there on his table.

Stella's lips twitched as though she wanted to say something, but she said nothing in the end. Stark embarrassment engulfed her since she'd never thought that Miles would be the president of Ritz.

"I don't think a married woman will be able to devote all her attention to work, especially when she's not hurting for money. What's more, you even lied about your marital status." Miles stared at her.

A mixture of grievance, panic, and mortification of being caught red-handed brewed in Stella's eyes, and she felt as though she was a thief. "Please give me this job. I need a job." Her voice caught in her throat.

"Come here." Miles' eyes were still fixed on her.

Stella was puzzled, but still she walked over to him. Just when she'd come to a stop, Miles wrapped an arm around the back of her waist and pulled her toward him. Then, he lifted his head slightly and looked at her. "Mrs. Levitt, how desperate are you for me to bed you?"

A blush slowly spread across Stella's cheeks. Why would he say that? Could it be that he thinks that I deliberately applied for a job at his company? But that makes sense as well. I'm living in his house, and I voluntarily undressed before him last night, so it's no wonder that he has such a notion. She raised her chin a fraction.

"I think you misunderstood, President Grant. I have a loving relationship with Zane Levitt, and I only did what I did because I wanted to anger him. I now regret it, so I'll

be moving out of your house today. As for the clothes, I'll return them to you in a few days." At this time, a key appeared on Miles' table.

"A loving relationship?" Miles repeated these three words she uttered with great emphasis, his voice tinged with roguish incredulity.

Stella had no idea what he discovered, but his attitude didn't matter to her. "Last night, he infuriated me when he told me to go out and find a man," she added to increase the credibility of her words.

"So, I'm the man you picked?" Miles pinned her with a cold look.