

Love at the Next Stop Chapter 8

Chapter 8 Pregnant

“I didn’t choose you. You just happened to be there.”

Silence temporarily reigned between them. Stella had been keeping her head lifted like a proud little peacock. Meanwhile, Miles had a hand clamped on hers and the other around the back of her waist.

“If you’re willing to give me this job, President Grant, I’ll come to work on time and give it my all. Otherwise, I’ll find another job.” Stella’s worry of losing the job had faded. All of a sudden, she became dispassionate. It’s just a job, no? She then broke free from Miles’ hand that was still around the back of her waist before heading out on her high heels.

Just when she’d reached the door, a statement rang out from behind her. “Come to work at 9:00 on Monday.”

Stella didn’t respond to that. As she’d already returned the key to Miles, she checked into a hotel near the office. Unexpectedly, the police turned up the following night. This was her first time being confronted by the police, so she felt rather flustered.

“Well, you’ve been missing for 48 hours, Mrs. Levitt. Thus, Mr. Levitt has lodged a police report. On that note, please follow us home now,” the police officer declared solemnly.

Ah, Zane Levitt was truly something else! His wife had gone missing, so he had the police looking for her, knowing that Stella was no match for the police. Sure enough, she returned home very quickly. At this time, he was languidly sitting on the sofa, puffing away. When he saw her, he commented, "You're back? Where did you stay for the past two nights?"

"I've found a job and will be starting on Monday."

"I don't care whether you'll be working. My parents want to see us tonight," Zane said to Stella with a raised brow.

Stella was momentarily taken aback. After all, Zane's parents had been exceedingly disgruntled about Zane marrying her, disdaining her family as a burden since Zane spent a fortune to pay off her father's factory's debt and used quite a pretty penny for her mother's illness.

Hence, having her meet her parents-in-law was putting her in a tight spot, but it seemed that they had an ulterior motive today considering the fact that Lizbeth had been staring at her stomach. "Are you pregnant yet?"

Stella shook her head. We're going to get divorced anyway, so what does it matter?

During the drive back, Stella's cell phone dinged. It was the woman who'd sent her a message back then. 'I'm pregnant with Zane's child, Mrs. Levitt.' Upon seeing this, she sneered, This is quite a fortuitous coincidence. This woman has everything Lizbeth wants. Then, she flashed Zane the message. 'You're still adamant about not getting

a divorce? If so, your child will be stamped as a bastard when he's born. Do you not mind?"

After glancing at it, Zane bit his cheeks hard. "In your dreams! Don't ever dream of escaping me as long as I'm alive."

"You'd rather we torture each other like this?" Stella questioned.

"Yes. We'll just continue to torture each other." Zane seemed to have gone ballistic. Flooring the gas pedal, he abruptly turned the steering wheel at the junction.

"Are you trying to kill us?" Stella shouted. Before she'd finished speaking, the car crashed into a tree. Luckily, they both escaped unscathed.

Despite the scare, Zane's fury hadn't yet dissipated. Twisting his body, he wrapped his hands around her neck. "I'm going to strangle you to death!"

Her eyes bugging, Stella tried her best to clutch his hands even as her face flushed bright red and she couldn't even cough. "Zane Levitt, you'd better just kill me now!"

In the end, this incident was only resolved when the police arrived.

Surprisingly, Zane subsequently stayed at home during the weekend. Irritation swamped Stella whenever she

saw him, so she didn't step a single foot out her room for two days.