

Love at the Next Stop Chapter 1

Chapter 1 You're Alone, Handsome?

Stella Johansson had received plenty of such WhatsApp messages; in the chat was the photo of a naked couple sprawled on a huge hotel bed without any shame or embarrassment. The man in the photo was her husband—Zane Levitt—who'd never touched her in the half a year they'd been married yet had fooled around outside with several mistresses. 'Miss Johansson, Zane asked me to send this message to you. He says that he's not coming home tonight since he loves having me accompany him.'

Stella's expression remained indifferent. Is she attempting to piss me off by doing this? 'Tell Zane Levitt to remember putting on a condom before having sex. I'll be disgusted if he contracts AIDS from going from one woman to another every night.' Hah! I can even imagine how furious the woman will be upon receiving this message. Zane Levitt might be a gem to others, but in my eyes, he's merely a breathing male creature. When I think about having to live with him, I simply feel like throwing up!

After sending the message, the slamming of a door fortuitously sounded outside, and she could hear her mother-in-law berating her. "Why are you lounging about in the bedroom again? I just asked you to cook, yet it's as though it's the most difficult thing in the world! Are you going against me? You've been married for half a year, but there's no news of a child. I'm providing you with food and shelter, so even a chicken should be laying eggs now,

no? Or did you think you're a queen? You can't produce a child, and now, you don't even want to cook? Are you trying to starve me to death?" With a swish, Stella swung open the bedroom door and stared at Lizbeth Knox expressionlessly.

Fear struck Lizbeth at Stella's stare, and she backed up several steps, the fury on her face instantly dissolving like a balloon that had been deflated. As she walked to the living room, she muttered, "You're unwilling to even cook, so serves you right that Zane is sleeping around!"

Inwardly, Stella sneered, Ah, it's all my fault, huh? Is your son a saint? Can I have a child by myself at home when your son is fooling around outside?

That night, she didn't go home either. She meandered along the streets where bars were aplenty and all kinds of people came and went under the colorful neon lights. In the past year I've been married, I've been living as though I'm widowed. I've had enough of my husband's cheating and my mother-in-law's condemnations! Leaning against the door of a bar, a wanton wave of thrill flooded her.

At this precise moment, a man walked past the head of the street. His features were vague under the dark night, but one could make out that he was wearing a fitting suit, his figure solid. A mysterious aura emanated from him. Tottering on her feet, Stella made her way over. "You're alone, handsome?"

When a sweet female voice drifted over, Miles Grant frowned and instinctively wanted to shove the woman who'd come onto him away. After all, he had no interest in a woman who was plastered in front of a bar, finding them filthy. Just when he reached out to push Stella away, the headlights of a car flashed, and he caught a clear glimpse of her countenance. Her features were exceptionally beautiful when she was intoxicated, with alluring lips, silky hair, and sultry eyes. Hmm? It's her again? A roguish smile manifested on his face, and he reached out to wrap an arm around her waist. "Of course." His tone was risqué and low.

A trace of fear crept into Stella, but when she recalled the repulsive photos and videos in her cell phone, she gritted her teeth and leaned against the man's shoulder. "In that case, would you like to keep me company?"

In the hotel suite, the dim lights illuminated Stella's tear-stained face. Kissing the corner of her eye, Miles asked softly, "Do you regret it?"

Stella obstinately shook her head. What's there to regret? Regret marrying Zane Levitt, only to be consigned to a widow-like life? Regret marrying into the Levitt Family to be a baby-making machine? All these are consequences of the choice I made, so there's nothing to regret!

In the next moment, a pair of gentle and supple hands landed on Miles' waist, feeling extremely chilly yet wanton and seductive. Grasping those hands, Miles

flipped over. As he pressed a kiss to the shoulder of the petite woman beneath him, he penetrated her.

In the final moment, Stella who'd been gritting her teeth and keeping mum abruptly opened her eyes, her entire body shaking all over.

“Be good and stay still.” At the very end, this was the only utterance that remained in Stella's mind.