

Love at the Next Stop Chapter 2

Chapter 2 Did a Runner Again

Just as dawn broke, Stella jolted awake and fled in a panic.

The moment she left, Miles opened his eyes. As he stared at the empty hotel room, his lips curved into a sneer. Well, well. She did a runner again. Darkness settled in the depths of his eyes.

Truthfully speaking, stark regret swamped Stella about her impulsive action last night when she returned home. I shouldn't have taken my revenge against Zane Levitt at the expense of my own body. All of a sudden, a bang sounded, and the living room door was shoved open. Turning, she silently cast Zane a glance, her gaze filled with disdain and contempt.

"How dare you glare at me, you b*tch? I'm going to flay you open!" Zane yanked the leather belt off the hanger and swung it at her. "Damn it! You're like a robot, no response whatsoever even when I hit you!"

After he'd disappeared into the bedroom while staggering on his feet and reeking of alcohol, Stella who was sitting on the sofa picked up the leather belt on the floor. The less confident a man is, the fonder he is of making his presence known by hitting a woman. Hah! What a coward! The two of them had been married for half a year.

In this half a year, she'd been watching him change from his gentlemanly and courteous self before marriage to a drunkard and hot-tempered man, throwing temper tantrums for no reason and calling her names such as 'cheap,' 'wh*re,' 'damn,' 'b*tch,' and basically everything else under the sun.

The sound of running water in the bathroom gradually tapered off. Zane then appeared in the bedroom without a stitch on him. Lifting his head, he caught sight of Stella who was hanging the laundry in casual clothes. This woman is extremely beautiful, her figure exquisite and her waist just the right handful. As she stands there in the sun, it's as though she's a consummate seductress. If it weren't for that matter... she'd be the ideal wife.

Swallowing, he strode over before a crisp slap echoed. Grabbing a fistful of her hair, he lifted his hand to slap her again. "Are you still unwilling to tell me the name of the man who bedded you before we got married?" It was as though he'd lost all sanity, the urge to just strangle her to death holding him in its grip.