

## Love at the Next Stop Chapter 21

### Chapter 21 Just Be Frank Next Time

Miles was a shrewd person, so he knew that Stella was lying. Staring into her eyes, he pulled out the chair at the side, only to be greeted by the sight of a blood stain. While he could tell that she wasn't being truthful, he'd never considered this reason. He was focused on the item he'd forgotten just now, so his mind didn't turn in the direction of womanly troubles.

After having a man see something so private, Stella was so mortified that she wanted to crawl into a hole. Her head was lowered as she twisted her hands.

Without commenting on it, Miles ordered, "Wait here." Then, he went downstairs.

Stella seized the opportunity to slip on her coat. This chair definitely can't be used anymore with such a huge blood stain. Hence, she wanted to throw it away and buy a new one herself.

A while later, Miles came back up with a packet of sanitary napkins in his hand which he handed to her. "Just be frank next time!" he commanded in a hoarse voice.

Huh? How am I supposed to 'just be frank next time'? Am I supposed to tell him directly that my period came? He's my superior, after all, and I've long since planned to

forget about that night. I'd rather go down myself in this pathetic state than to have him buy me sanitary napkins. What's the meaning of this ?

"Go and put it on!" Miles ordered Stella.

Hence, Stella slinked to the washroom in abject embarrassment, planning to just leave after putting one on. I don't want to see Miles Grant anymore; this is simply too mortifying! Putting on her coat and shouldering her handbag, she then left hastily. Unexpectedly, she bumped into him again in the elevator. This is plain bad luck! Unable to avoid him, she carefully stood at the back of the elevator.

"How are you getting home?" Miles inquired.

"Public bus."

"I'll drive you."

Stella didn't object because her voice was shaking even when she spoke now, so she couldn't possibly argue.

Throughout the drive, neither of them said anything, and in no time, they arrived at Stella's house. While they were still quite a distance away, Stella blurted, "Stop here." She was afraid that Miles' car would again enter the villa's surveillance area if he drove any further, and she'd have trouble explaining things to Zane once more.

“Where is Zane Levitt going these few days?” Miles lit a cigarette in the car, but he wound down the window so that the smoke wouldn’t choke her.

“I’m not sure, but it seems that he’s going on a business trip to forge a project collaboration. Anyway, I don’t really bother about his work,” Stella answered. She was a touch mystified as to why he suddenly inquired about Zane since he rarely mentioned him in front of her.

“Wait a moment. Let me make a call,” Miles said. Then, he took out his cell phone and talked to someone about Zane. After all, they were all in the same engineering industry and were acquainted with each other.

However, Stella couldn’t figure out why he asked her to stay, but she could only remain sitting in the car and keeping an eye on the rearview mirror, worried that Zane Levitt might suddenly appear from behind. Anyhow, her mood on this day fluctuated greatly without any balance.

“Have Zane Levitt go on his business trip five days later,” Miles ordered. The other person most likely agreed, for he didn’t say much before hanging up. Moreover, it didn’t seem as though the other person was his subordinate; that person seemed like a friend of Miles’ instead.

On the contrary, Stella had no inkling about his meaning, so she timidly murmured, “I’ll be going, then.” Miles murmured an acquiescence, so she climbed out of the car. Just then, a gust of cold wind blew past, and she tightened her coat around her. Ever since she’d gotten

married, she'd taken to wearing high heels. As the thin heels hit the ground, a crisp sound echoed as the autumn wind picked up. However, she didn't hear Miles driving away behind her. So, he hasn't left yet? Is he staring at me from behind?

Out of the blue, a thought flashed across her mind like a glittering meteor. Did Miles Grant have Zane Levitt's business trip delayed for a few days instead of these few days because my period came? Was it because... because he knows that Zane can't be intimate with me these few days since I'm on my period? It was because he didn't want Zane to have sex with me? Is that it? Her face flamed at that thought, and she turned to look at him.

Miles' car was still there, and he was smoking in the car while staring at her silently.

At this, she hurriedly whirled around and ran back to her house.

## Love at the Next Stop Chapter 22

### Chapter 22 His Stamp of Possession

Meanwhile, Zane was already home. He was sitting on the sofa, smoking, his expression dejected. When he saw that Stella was back, he remarked, "I'm going on a business trip next week."

Oh, the order came so quickly! I've only walked a short distance, yet he's already aware of it. Nevertheless, his attitude seems good today, unlike his usual arrogant self

who wears his hatred for me on his face. “Got it. So, how long is your business trip?” Stella had long since known about his business trip, so she felt a tad guilty now to put on an act with him.

“About a month.”

“So long?” Surprise flooded Stella; she thought that Zane would only be gone for four or five days, but never had she thought that it’d be that long.

“Let’s make peace,” Zane suggested. “After all, I truly loved you before I married you, but it then turned into a love-hate relationship. It’s because I love you that I couldn’t accept it after learning that you’d been intimate with another man. I didn’t know that Ximena faked her pregnancy. Other women merely want me for my money even though I’m not the wealthiest man. I now know that I was too nasty in the past. Please forgive me.”

This was the first time he’d ever spoken to her so gently after their marriage, so Stella could barely believe it. He’s turning over a new leaf! A wealth of warmth suffused her. But then, Miles Grant... Feeling rather conflicted, she blurted, “I’m on my period, so I’m tired. Please excuse me.” In response, Zane merely nodded.

When Stella went to work the next day, she noticed that her chair had been changed. It wasn’t her original chair, nor was it the same as her colleagues. However, she recognized this chair. It’s the chair in Miles Grant’s office! What’s the meaning of this? Is he putting his stamp of

possession on my chair? Afraid of attracting her colleagues' notice and causing a huge uproar, she sat down and slipped off her jacket to cover the back of the chair as best as possible.

Early in the morning, Miles had come to the office. When he walked out, he cast a glance at Stella's desk, and Stella saw him as well, but she promptly averted her gaze. There were tacit feelings between them, but Stella was very much worried since she was married, after all.

In these few days, Stella had mild stomach cramps, and she didn't eat much either. Five days later, Zane left on his business trip. It was as though he'd changed into a different person, for he even sent her a WhatsApp message after leaving. 'I've already arrived at Guggenheim. Take care of yourself.' Perhaps he'd suffered a blow from the incident regarding Ximena, for he started turning back to her.

A month later, he came back and even bought her a bomber jacket made of mink. Stella was only 24 years old, so she'd appear old-fashioned if she were to wear a black mink jacket. However, Zane didn't buy it in black but aqua green, which was why it was very fitting for her youthful and vivacious self. Stella hadn't been living under a rock, so she knew that it must have cost a pretty penny. It must have cost somewhere around 20,000 to 30,000. He has truly spent quite a fortune. In the blink of an eye, all her past grievances with him disappeared into thin air. Well, he's quite sincere at making peace with me at the very least.

Hence, Stella wore the aqua green bomber jacket to the office as it was a lightweight jacket, which made it suitable as autumn wear. Naturally, she attracted the envious gazes of her female colleagues at the office. Before work, they all gathered around her. “How nice to have a rich husband! He’s willing to spend his money on you.”

“This jacket alone costs half a year of my husband’s salary.”

This was the first time Stella had ever been envied ever since marrying Zane, so it felt rather delightful.

The moment Miles entered the office, the female colleagues slinked back to their seats. Stella was the only one who remained standing there blankly, forgetting to sit down as she twisted her hands. Even though it was clear that their eyes had met for a moment, Miles walked past her without a single word, merely eyeing the jacket on her before he left.

When Stella got off work, she spotted Miles’ car by the road she usually took to the bus stop. She didn’t think Miles was waiting for her, so she nonchalantly walked past his car. However, his car kept following her and it eventually drew up beside her. “Get in,” Miles ordered.

Love at the Next Stop Chapter 23

Chapter 23 So What if You’re Married?

Stella glanced around at the pedestrians on the road. Since it was just time to get off work, there were quite a number of her colleagues in the vicinity. To avoid attracting attention, she climbed into Miles' Audi A8. Subsequently, the car sped off like an arrow.

"I bought you a jacket. Why don't you try it?" Miles asked.

Huh? Zane Levitt bought me a jacket, and now, he bought me one as well? What's the meaning of this? "President Grant, I don't think our relationship is at the stage where we buy each other clothes," Stella countered with her gaze fixed straight ahead and her hands tightly fisted.

At this, Miles snorted. "If having been intimate isn't reason enough to buy each other clothes, I truly wonder what kind of relationship is close enough to warrant that."

Stella turned her head and gazed out the window. Oh yes, we've been intimate once. I've truly forgotten about that. Nonetheless, why must he bring up that sore spot?

"He bought this jacket for you?" Miles shifted his gaze over and looked her jacket up and down.

When Stella nodded, the car screeched to a stop by the roadside. Then, Miles took out a gift box from the backseat. At just a single glance, Stella glimpsed the letters 'CHANLE', upon which her expression darkened. Does this mean that I'm forced to accept his gift today? But the jacket he bought must have cost at least 70,000 to

80,000. Regardless of the type, this brand is top-notch. Thus, if I wear it, Zane will definitely smell something fishy no matter how indifferent he is toward me. As she sat in the car, she was on the verge of tears. "President Grant, my relationship with Zane is improving now, so aren't you sowing discord by doing this?"

"It was me who sowed discord between the two of you?" Miles abruptly thundered, scaring Stella so much that she shuddered and shrank back, tears swimming in her eyes. He's truly putting me in a difficult position here by pressuring me like this! It wasn't him who sowed discord between me and Zane, but our relationship is now improving, so I can't betray him at such a time. Committing adultery, especially, is something I absolutely abhor!

Lowering her head, she calmed her roiling emotions before explaining, "President Grant, that night between us only happened because I was intoxicated. It wasn't intentional on my part. At that time, Zane and I were about to get married. I've always wanted to have a good relationship with him, but he'd never given me the opportunity. Now that he has seen the true colors of the women out there, he's turning over a new leaf—"

Before she'd finished speaking, she was suddenly yanked over by Miles, and she tumbled into his embrace. In the next moment, he captured her lips, his tongue exploring the recesses of her mouth. Staring at him with widened eyes, she pounded his shoulders, but she was only hugged all the more tighter. The dizzying feeling of bliss

had her slowly closing her eyes. I've never experienced such a rapturous feeling other than that night.

After what seemed like an eternity had passed, Miles finally released Stella. Her heart pounding wildly, she gaped at him with tears on her eyelashes.

"You forgot the other time, but what about now? Have you committed it to memory?" Miles still had a hand wrapped around her back, and most of her body was propped against his arm.

"President Grant, I'm married—"

Miles snorted. "So what if you're married?"

"What—"

"I kissed you. So, what about it?" Miles demanded in a deep and hoarse voice as he stared into her eyes, his demeanor ruthless.

It was him who did something wrong, so why is he sounding so self-righteous now? Lifting a hand, Stella wiped her lips as she sat upright in the passenger seat. After deliberating for a moment, she got out of the car, leaving the jacket he bought her in the car.

On this night, Zane behaved rather well, his attitude remaining gentle. He wanted to hug her since he seemingly hadn't seen her in a long while, but Stella instinctively resisted the hug. Nevertheless, he merely said, "I'll wait."

The next day, Stella handed in her resignation letter. If I continue working here, something will happen sooner or later.

## Love at the Next Stop Chapter 24

### Chapter 24 I've Underestimated You

Stella was a new employee to begin with, so she didn't hold much weight in the company, and she wasn't given anything important, nor was there any value in persuading her to stay. In the eyes of her colleagues, she had a rich husband, so she didn't need to support the family. Thus, the company approved her resignation very quickly.

However, it so happened that Miles came to the human resources department to have them prepare some employment documents for a new general manager who'd be joining the company soon. Subsequently, he caught sight of her standing in the human resources' office, so he picked up her termination papers, looking all business-like as though the man who'd forcibly kissed her the previous wasn't him. "Come with me," he said to Stella.

Uneasiness gripped Stella as she wondered why he wanted to talk to her. When she arrived at the president's office behind him, Miles was already sitting in his chair and signing something with a flourish, seemingly her termination papers. Upon seeing this, she breathed a long sigh of relief. He approved my resignation instead of forcing me to stay as I'd feared.

She'd always felt that Miles was an unfathomable person. He doesn't talk much, but one remark from him is worth ten from others. He also rarely shows any expression on his face, so I can't perceive anything from his countenance. Plus, he never wears his emotions on his sleeve other than the one remark he uttered yesterday—'I kissed you. So, what about it?'—that carried a tinge of anger, so I can't tell the kind of person he is.

"Where are you planning to go after resigning?" Miles questioned casually as he looked at her resignation letter.

"Perhaps I won't be working. I'm impeded in my work here, and I naturally wish to find a place where I can showcase my abilities. I'm not a delicate princess or just a stay-at-home wife. I'm from an average background, so I hope to be independent since men are never reliable."

This was the first time Stella had ever spoken of her ambition and opinion of men in front of Miles. She'd never brought it up in the past since he didn't seem all that interested in her work.

Miles studied Stella who was before him. She'd been wearing that bomber jacket Zane Levitt gave her for the past few days when she usually changes her clothes once a day. This time, however, she didn't change it for some reason as though mink is filth-resistant. After some time, he murmured, "I've underestimated you."

At that, Stella lowered her head in embarrassment since she'd groused about him striking her name from the landscape project back then. She was actually quite

resentful, but she stifled her complaints because of her lack of experience.

“Come and work at Miles Conglomerate,” Miles suggested.

“Huh?” Stella was naturally bewildered when she suddenly heard Miles’ name, so she lifted her head and stared at him blankly.

His gaze likewise fixed on her, Miles languidly repeated, “Miles Conglomerate.”

Only then did understanding dawn upon Stella. However, she was still worried about going to work at his company. Her brows creasing, she mused, Although Miles Conglomerate is quite good in all aspects, having frequent contact with him would be bad...

“Don’t worry, for I seldom go there. I’m only there once in a blue moon since I’m at other companies or on business trips the rest of the time,” Miles added, having seen through her concern.

When Stella heard that, she could feel her face gradually turning red; she found it awkward that he’d actually discerned her thoughts in no time.

“Also, if this is because I revoked your project back then, there will be huge projects at Miles Conglomerate. Besides, Miles Conglomerate has a client department that will conduct in-depth investigation about the clients’ reputation. I’ve just acquired this company, so everything

is still up in the air. If you go over to Miles Conglomerate, you'll be working with a veteran designer. So, what do you think?" Miles seemed to be seeking her opinion.

"But..." Considering the fact that she'd never thought about working at Miles Conglomerate, and the suddenness of his suggestion, Stella felt as though she was being led by the nose. However, she couldn't find any reason to decline his offer. After all, Miles Conglomerate seems to be very close to Levitt Villa, which makes this offer very much tempting. Furthermore, he has said that he's seldom there.

## Love at the Next Stop Chapter 25

### Chapter 25 Who Is Behind Her?

"I'll give the HR department of Miles Conglomerate a call if you aren't against the idea." Seeing that Stella was still hesitating, Miles pressed on.

"Um..." Before she was able to retort, Miles was already on the phone, telling the HR department about getting her onboard.

Although Stella was still hesitating, Miles ended up cutting off all her other options. With that, she became an employee under Miles Conglomerate; it was like a dream-come-true. After that, Stella joined the company without a hitch. Sure enough, the working environment and her colleagues were much better in comparison to when she was in Ritz Design and Renovation; everything in there seemed bright and cheerful.

However, everybody seemed to be talking about Stella behind her back, as it wasn't everyday that someone could have the honor of working under the famed Kevin Moore, but Stella had already got to meet him multiple times. As soon as those who were gossiping saw her approaching, they immediately shut their mouths. A week later, Stella finally got to know the reason they were talking about her—they were all wondering who was behind her.

There was once when Stella overheard a conversation while she was washing her hands in the washroom. The entire building belonged to Miles Conglomerate, so it was utterly silent in there, which was why the conversation could be heard over the running of water. It sounded like Miles and Kevin Moore were talking.

“Mr. Grant, who is Stella Johansson? HR assigned her under my tutelage, which is somewhat terrifying. I need to know who's behind her, so that I can navigate accordingly.” It was Kevin who spoke first, and judging from the sounds of running tap water, they were also washing their hands.

“Is that important?” Miles appeared unfazed when he threw the question back at him.

“Of course it is. I can only determine how much I should teach her if I know who is backing her. I will only teach her forty percent of what I know if her referee is of no consequence. If it's someone who is slightly more influential, sixty percent will suffice.” Kevin was also an important figure within the company, so it was natural

that he would think of doing a background check on Stella.

On the other hand, Stella turned off the tap while waiting for a reply.

“I am her referee.” After a long while, Miles gave a curt response. Then, another lengthy silence ensued, so much so that Stella was getting nervous.

She could feel Kevin’s shock, as she could hear the fear in his voice. “Y-You—”

“Yeah. So, how much are you planning to teach her?” Miles asked.

“I’ll of course be teaching her all that I know, and even more.” Kevin put on as sincere as possible a demonstration, but Miles didn’t respond to that.

It wasn’t until then that Stella left the washroom. She wasn’t paying attention to her actions, so she forgot to dry her hands in her distraction. Thus, she was still shaking them in an attempt to fling the water droplets off her hands when she walked. However, she bumped into Miles and Kevin, who was behind him, as soon as she stepped out of the washroom.

This is awkward. Stella cast Miles a glance. Meanwhile, Miles’ gaze merely lingered on her face for a fleeting moment before he stepped away. He walked in brisk strides, while Kevin followed behind him. After turning a corner, they soon disappeared.

All Stella knew was that Miles' office was upstairs. It was said to be huge, and it was even equipped with a private washroom, so she wasn't sure why he would use the ones that were located at the design department. Anyway, that was her first meeting with Miles during her first week in the company.

By night time, an influential supplier would like to buy Miles a meal in order to get to his good side. Kevin and Stella were both asked to join the occasion as well, making it her first time attending such functions.

Miles was accompanied by two beauties while he sat by the main table. Both women had curvaceous bodies, which was perhaps accounted for as part of the supplier's plan. Meanwhile, Stella tucked herself at a corner, feeling uneasy. She wasn't sure what she should do, all the while worrying if she was ignoring her responsibilities as a designer if she focused on eating only.

On the other hand, the beauties poured Miles some wine, which he accepted gracefully, seemingly having expected their presence beforehand. Other than that, he also seemed to be used to seeing such beautiful women. It made sense anyway, since it was normal for people of his status to have such encounters. Due to the fact that he had probably seen all sorts of women, it was normal that he wouldn't really care for anybody.