

Love at the Next Stop Chapter 6

Chapter 6 You Two Had a Row?

Miles flung away the cigarette butt in his hand, then said, "Let's go!" When they were leaving, he reached out and pulled Stella into his embrace. "Stay still if you don't want to be discovered."

The man's low voice gave off an inexplicable sense of security, and Stella hastily slipped into his car. I don't know where he's taking me, but it doesn't matter as long as I get to leave this place tonight.

"You two had a row?" Miles' voice sounded beside her, upon which Stella nodded. As she cast her gaze out the window, Zane's remark of 'sullied c*nt' echoed within her. She was down in the dumps after being lambasted with such a biting profanity by her own husband, so only when tears escaped her eyes did she finally realize that she was wearing her pajamas, her hair mussed, and having slippers on her feet. All in all, she was entirely disheveled.

Subsequently, Miles stopped the car in front of a high-end condominium and ushered her out.

At this time, Stella was feeling all the more regretful about everything that had happened today since Miles Grant was a puzzle to her. I don't know his past or his character. It's truly dangerous for me to have gone with him as he's only a man whom I've seen once!

They then entered a luxurious building. After Miles had opened the door, he slipped off his jacket and threw it onto the sofa. Stella, on the other hand, studied the place. This house probably hasn't been lived in since the floor is gleaming as though it's new. Besides, many of the furniture are covered with a white cloth as though no one has lived here for a long time.

Turning, Miles said to Stella, "Why are you zoning out? Go and take a shower."

Take a shower? Stella dipped her head and mulled over the significance of these three words. Is this where Miles Grant keeps his mistresses? At the thought of this, she gritted her teeth. I'm the one who shot myself in the foot today, acting so desperate for him to take me here. Plus, I shamelessly climbed into his car. Well, men are naturally more than willing to accept when women throw themselves at them! Clenching her jaw, she went into the bathroom. Furthermore, I want to show Zane Levitt that many other men want me even if he doesn't!

When she came out again, she was only wrapped in a towel. Her straight, black hair was dripping water, and there were even some water droplets trickling down her body. Didn't Zane Levitt tell me to go out and find myself a man? Then, I'll just go for broke! Since this man is also his collaborator, will I then have the final say about the collaboration between them as long as I sleep with Miles Grant?

Miles was sitting on the sofa, puffing away as he regarded her.

All of a sudden, Stella yanked off the towel on her, baring her exquisitely curvy figure with creamy white skin, perky breasts, slender waist, and firm buttocks to his sight.

“What’s the meaning of this, Mrs. Levitt?” Miles inquired in a placid voice as though he wasn’t at all affected.

“Do you not want me?” Stella finally raised her head. “Didn’t you bring me here for this express purpose, Mr. Grant?” Otherwise, he could’ve taken me to a hotel and left.

The corners of Miles’ lips curved upward slightly, and he snubbed out the cigarette butt in the ashtray. Then, he stood up and started unbuttoning his shirt as he walked toward her.

Stella’s apprehension shot through the roof, her heart pounding wildly. She instinctively wanted to back away, but on second thought, it wasn’t the stance she should be showing now.

Miles took off his shirt, revealing his solid chest and waist. While Stella was gazing at him dazedly, his shirt that carried his warmth was draped over her. Pulling it closed around her, he then urged, “You should respect yourself, good girl. Go and sleep. The key is on the table.”

Stella stared at him blankly. Ever since I married Zane Levitt, it’s been an eternity since someone ever called me ‘girl.’ Following his directions, she went into the bedroom.

Before she closed the door, Miles' voice drifted over. "I was just passing by your house today. Also, I'm not staying here, so stay here however long you want. Little girl, there are too many heinous people in this society, so be mindful of your safety."

While rooted to the spot, Stella was gripped by the urge to holler, "What about you? Are you a heinous person?" However, she stifled the urge. We're merely ships passing in the night, so I shouldn't be asking him too many questions. After tonight, we'll be going our separate ways, neither knowing the other.