

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

Love at the Next Stop Chapter 51 - 60

Chapter 51 Who Is Your Man?

Stella looked in the mirror when she got home that night; she wanted to see if she was lacking in any way with the vibe she exuded. Vibes were something related to someone's background, upbringing, education, and the people they came into contact with. Without doubt, Stella had lost to Yvonne on that front.

So Yvonne came right after I left his house. She's there whenever I am not. Yvonne is the one he loves; the one he protects to the end. At that thought, she smiled bitterly.

That night, Stella had a dream about her having sex with Miles. Miles was strong, feral, and powerful, but the woman wasn't her; it was Yvonne. Stella had never seen Yvonne before, and she couldn't see the woman in her dream clearly, but she knew it was Yvonne. Late in the night, she woke up from her dream, feeling despondent; Yvonne was haunting her once more.

The next day, she was exhausted, so she went a bit later than she normally would to the cafeteria for lunch. There was barely anyone left there, and there was a room beside the place where the employees would take their lunch. That room was where the leaders ate. After Stella had taken her lunch, the stall operator commented, "You're getting thinner, Stella. I thought your man was rich, so why do you look like you haven't eaten in ages?"

Since they were in the same company, the stall operator knew everything about everyone. Stella came from a rich family, and she was beautiful, so the stall operator knew about her. They were both married, so the joke was fine with them.

Initially, Stella wanted to give a vague answer and be done with it, but from the corner of her eyes, she noticed Miles walking slowly to the room. Hence, she smiled at the operator and replied, "Well, the man of the house is on a business trip, so I slimmed down."

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

“Get him to fatten you up once he’s back then,” the operator teased.

In response, Stella smiled, and she then went to a table to have her lunch. Throughout the process, she pretended she didn’t see Miles, but she knew he had entered the room and closed the door.

Stella had lunch alone. When she went to take her lunch, she saw a few people in the room, and she thought Miles wouldn’t come out anytime soon. Once she was done with lunch, Stella went back to the office. She didn’t want to go home lately, for it was a lonely place. Hence, Stella worked overtime until late at night before leaving, but when she was going to the bus stop, Miles drove up to her. Instead of going to him, Stella went ahead, pretending not to see him.

“Aren’t you getting in?” he asked.

“I’m taking the bus.” She kept on walking.

Miles swerved his car, blocking Stella’s way, and the light snow started turning heavier. It seemed that the snow wouldn’t let up anytime soon. “Get in. I need to talk to you,” he ordered.

Stella thought about it and went in. It was a hassle to wait for the bus, and the snow would congest the traffic anyway. Also, Stella wanted to know what he wanted to talk to her about. She wanted to know why he wanted to sleep with a married woman despite having a girlfriend. Is he lonely? Or is it something else?

Instead of driving away after Stella came in, Miles smoked. Then, he drove to a street that was unfamiliar to Stella. “Did Matthew help you out that day?” he asked.

“Yes, he did.” Stella looked outside, making sporadic conversation. At the mention of that, she wanted to know why Matthew knew she stayed the night at Miles’ house previously. “How did he know I stayed the night at your place?” Stella was angered. She didn’t want anyone to talk about it, not even Miles’ good friend.

Suddenly, Miles stopped. He approached her, and Stella instinctively backed up against the door. The wiper stopped moving after the car had stopped, and the snow covered it. It was warm inside though. Now, Stella didn’t know where they were, but there was barely anyone

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

there. "You're giving me the cold shoulder because of that?" he whispered down her ear, his voice seductively sexy, making her heart pound harder and harder in spite of herself.

That wasn't the only reason, but she couldn't tell him the real reason. Being jealous of an unmarried couple's relationship when she was a married woman herself was something too scandalous. Hence, she denied it by saying, "I am not giving you the cold shoulder."

"Really? But you haven't contacted me these few days," he continued. Miles was a real casanova; women would fall helplessly for him, but he could play them like a fool, and that was exactly the part she hated about him.

"I've been busy. People keep calling me," she said.

In response, Miles smiled. He knew when she was telling the truth, and when she was lying. Before her, he had never mentioned anything about Yvonne, and he didn't know Stella had received a call from her. Also, he didn't know Yulia had told her what Yvonne looked like. Then, Miles wrapped his arm around her shoulder and abruptly started kissing her. "I've missed you," he whispered.

We're in a car. Stella had heard about car sex, but she never thought the day would come when she was involved in it. Trying to struggle her way out of his embrace, she thumped his back, asking him to let her go. She didn't want to get entangled with a man like him, but he hugged her tighter, and his hand slid down her shirt. When Stella felt that, she sneered silently. So he's missing these.

Before Stella could react, Miles had placed her on the backseat. Luckily, his car was big, and he quickly followed after her.

The car's engine was still roaring, and the car was still warm inside, so the mist on the windows was getting heavier. Miles pulled Stella's shirt up and approached her chest. Until now, she still didn't like the fact that she was cheating, but Stella resolved herself that day. She wanted to see what more he would want once she gave herself to him. Would he miss me?

He hugged her, but she remained frowning. All through the process, Stella said nothing, nor did she moan. They were on the streets after all, which wasn't a good place to moan. Miles thrust it into her unexpectedly, and she held his neck. As they panted, Miles asked, "Who's the man of your house, huh?"

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

He hated her for saying that in the afternoon. After all, Stella hated him for not contacting her, and he shared the same sentiment. However, Stella remained quiet at his question.

Miles' fingers interlocked with hers, and he could feel that her hands were cold. "Are you cold?" he asked.

"You don't say." Stella grumbled. You stripped me bare. Of course I'm cold.

Hence, he looked at her before taking his shirt off and covering her with it. Then, he held her hands and rubbed them. That action melted Stella's heart; all she wanted for her next relationship was the little things like those. But is he my next love though? With that thought in mind, Stella huddled closer to him, squinting.

Meanwhile, Miles said nothing. They spent a long time in the car before he drove her home.

The next day, Kevin told her Miles needed someone from the design department to meet an important foreign client. He recommended Stella to him, since he knew not a word of English, whereas Stella, at least, passed CET6.

"But lots of our colleagues passed CET6. I'm not the only one." Stella was in a dilemma, for she wanted to stay away from Miles in public events. Hence, she wondered if Kevin did it on purpose, or if Miles was behind it.

"This is an important event. I want my own people to be there. Be smart," Kevin chided.

Upon hearing that, Stella thought, Oh, so he has his own reasons.

This time, Kevin did all he could so Stella could shine. He gave her the detailed design for the project and explained many jargon to her. Most of those words were ones that she had never heard of before; some she did, but she knew not of their meaning. To ensure that Stella wouldn't embarrass him, Kevin put in three hundred percent effort, since everyone knew she was his disciple as well.

Stella was a studious one, and she was proficient in English, so she worked her *ss off over the next few days. Just so that she could have a better chance to get the project, she was even memorizing the words in her dreams. She couldn't let Kevin down. When the day came, she went to Miles' office, filled with ambition and trepidation.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

"I knew it'd be you," Miles said.

To that, Stella said nothing. However, she was wondering why Miles said that. Then, she remembered the year-end party. She knew it wasn't by chance she got chosen to be his dance partner. After she thought about it, she knew Kevin didn't send her by chance either, but that line of thinking made her look paranoid though. "Will the client come to Hollowcrest, or are we going overseas, Mr. Grant?" she asked.

"We're going overseas," he answered calmly.

"Huh?"

Miles looked up after she gasped. "Anything wrong with that? Are you unwilling to go with me?"

"N-No. I just think this is surprising. I've never gone on a business trip with my boss before, so..." Stella was getting cold feet. Will we sleep in the same room if we go on a business trip together? Zane's still in jail at the moment. If we do that, we'd be in hot soup.

"You're going to be explaining the content in detail, and you're responsible for the translating work. Are you ready?" he asked. "The admin department booked a ticket for two days later. Our destination is America."

When Stella heard that, she nodded nervously.

Love at the Next Stop Chapter 52

Chapter 52 Affair

The flight was scheduled to lift off at nine. When Stella had rushed to the airport, Miles was already waiting. He was looking at his watch. Stella could see that he was upset, since he had to wait for his own subordinate.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

They stayed in a five-star hotel in America, but to her surprise, Miles reserved two rooms. That made her ease up a little. So he's not controlled by lust. At least he knows how to tone it down. Buoyed by her good mood, she performed well at the presentation the next day. She only almost got into a small trouble.

The negotiations happened in a business hotel. Stella and Miles sat at one end of the table, while the clients sat at the other end. Aside from being the designer, Stella came as a translator. She didn't need to translate the clients' documents because Miles knew English, but she had to translate whatever he said into English because the foreigners didn't know Mandarin. That perplexed her. If he can listen, then he can speak, can't he? Why must I translate it? What is he doing?

Miles said, "Invite their staff to come to Solaria for an on-site visit."

Stella forgot how to translate 'on-site visit,' and the conversation went dead for a moment. She wanted to use a replacement phrase, but it wasn't a rehearsal; it was the real deal. The more nervous she was, the more she couldn't remember, and she started to sweat.

Miles crossed his arms, leaning back against the chair. At this moment, everyone was looking at her, and she wanted to just find a place to hide.

Subsequently, Miles calmly translated that into English, emphasizing on the word 'site.' The clients nodded. His voice was deep, his pronunciation perfect, as if he had lived overseas for many years.

If he's this proficient, why'd he have to ask me to do it? she thought. From then on, the word 'site' was engraved within her mind. It left a deep impression on her, for Miles taught her this word.

Upon wrapping up the negotiations, they went to have a meal. Since she performed badly that day, Stella was crestfallen. She kept eating and didn't look at Miles. "Why didn't you get a professional? You know, in case something like that happened again," she asked, still staring at her plate.

"A professional translator knows nothing about design. Different specialties, different professionals."

"But you're proficient in English, so why didn't you speak in English in the first place?"

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

"If I did that, there'd be no reason for you to come."

Yeah, that's what I think, too. She gave him a look of complaint, blaming him for unnecessarily asking her to come.

Once the negotiations were done, they just needed to stay there for a night, then they could go home. Miles didn't go to her room that night, and she could finally feel at ease. Why is he so capricious? I could never understand him.

Since she had no emotional baggage, Stella was delighted on the flight home, while Miles looked at her coldly. Unbeknownst to her, she had to make a record of the negotiations when she came back. Kevin told her about that once she returned. "You'll also have to report on what you've learned from the negotiations."

"Why didn't you say so earlier? I would've taken some notes during the negotiation then. Now I've forgotten all of it."

"President Grant just told me that too. And once you're done with the meeting minute, you'll have to write about how you feel about the negotiations, and in detail please. We'll have to spread it to the whole department." Kevin thought it was a ridiculous order, since they never had to do that before. Even if he was Stella's backer, asking her to do that as a way to improve was too harsh.

Since Stella hadn't prepared for it, she had to think long and hard about every detail. Sometimes when she couldn't remember what Miles had said, she wanted to text him, but it wouldn't work. He would say, "If I remember what I said back then, then what use do I have of you?" Stella knew that was what he would say no matter what. No choice but to rely on myself, then.

Two days later, a six-page, dual-language Excel form and Word report was made, and Stella emphasized on the word 'site' in her report. She reminded herself and everyone that they had to work on their jargon, or they might fail when it came to it. She made the report with heart, and had sent it to her design department colleague. Once she was done with it, she heaved a sigh of relief.

Then, Kevin told her to send it to Miles.

Send it to him? What does he mean by that? Stella was shocked. Isn't an email enough?

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

“President Grant said to send him the physical copy,” Kevin said.

Stella’s face fell. She feared going to Miles’ office, but she had to. Left with no choice, she took the printed and folded copy to the office and knocked on the door. Incidentally, Matthew was there, too. “It’s done, President Grant,” she said.

Miles looked up and went to take the report. A desk separated them, and he brushed past her hand when he reached out for the report—whether on purpose or by accident remained a mystery. Stella pulled her hand back, feeling electrified. Since Matthew was beside them, she knew he had seen it.

“I see,” Miles said.

She kept thinking about the matter between her and Miles on the way down. Stella had the feeling Miles was playing her, like how those old gits would fool around with the women in the company. He’s just filling his void. And I’m a young married woman. He must get the thrills from it. The idea of that made her feel pathetic.

She thought about it and texted him, ‘President Grant, we’re in the company. This is where people work. I think we should end our affair here. It burdens me heavily.’

Once she sent it, Stella tried to calm her racing heart down. Lizbeth’s warning and Zane were time bombs for her. If the affair with Miles went too far and she couldn’t stop herself, everything might go up in flames. Then, a message notification buzzed.

‘So you want to go public? And what do you mean ‘affair’? Is this because I didn’t take you to bed when we’re in America?’

Stella was infuriated. Why is he twisting my words? I’m ending this, not going public with it. But then she realized that they shared no relationship aside from the few times of sex, and Miles only brushed her hand just now. Am I being oversensitive?

He’s just a capitalist pig. Maybe he’s just worried having sex with me would ruin the negotiations. Even so, she had decided to never have sex with him anymore no matter what. Every time they had sex, either he initiated it, or she would fall for him. She missed the man in the bed. While she stared at her phone, it buzzed again. For a moment, she thought it was Miles, but no. It was Lisa.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

'Seems like he's going to make you a star.'

Stella was being stupid again, and she didn't understand what Lisa was getting at. Who's 'he'? 'What are you talking about?' she asked.

'Look at the brief you wrote. It's perfectly detailed, and you're Mr. Moore's disciple. You're obviously so much better than us with just this report alone.' That was all Lisa wrote. Stella didn't ask, nor did Lisa elaborate further.

Stella's eyes gleamed. So that's what he's getting at? I didn't notice it. Or is Lisa reading into it too much? She was deep in her thoughts when Kevin told her the design for Miles' house had been finalized, and the renovation workers would work on the installation in a couple of days. He wanted her to be on site.

She frowned, but Stella didn't refuse. After all, Kevin and her worked on the project together. Someone like Kevin wouldn't supervise the installation, so only she could.

She then went with the renovation workers. When she contacted Miles before this, he said there would be someone there, and she didn't think much about it then, but she missed a point. Miles was the only resident of his house, so who else was there?

The front gate was open, but the front door wasn't. She didn't see anyone there, but since the renovation only took place in the yard and not indoors, Stella and the workers started working.

Renovation was hard work. After spending the whole afternoon standing there, Stella was cold and tired. She wanted to take a break at the man-made hill.

When she went to the hill, she saw smoke billowing, and she thought, Sh*t. Fire. When she went there in a hurry, she saw Miles smoking in leisure, much to her shock. "Why are you here? You scared me."

"This is my house. Why can't I be here?" Then he pulled her into his arms.

Stella thought about a question she had. "How did Matthew know I spent New Year's Eve at your place?" she interrogated. Stella hated telling her private issue to any other man, especially that kind of private issue.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

“He guessed it.”

“Bull. He left hours ago,” she snapped.

“The looks we shared, what we did, and the smell of us... It’s not that hard to guess.”

Stella was at a loss for words. Well, he is Miles’ friend alright. He could even guess that. The more people who knew what happened, the more dangerous she would be, but Stella thought Matthew didn’t seem like the guy who would spread secrets.

She wondered how Matthew managed to see through them though. Did Miles’ smell rub off on me? They were in the public, and the workers were working on renovations. Even though the hill covered them, it didn’t stop the workers from coming over after hearing the commotion.

Love at the Next Stop Chapter 53

Chapter 53 Where Have You Been All My Life

Stella was unnerved, since she had always thought of the relationship with Miles as an affair.

“I thought you hated affairs, so let’s go public.” He put out his cigarette and whispered.

Stella was like a cat on hot bricks. “I meant we’re ending this. We’re going our separate ways. You aren’t me. You can’t understand.”

Miles didn’t budge. “And that’s precisely why I want to f*ck you.”

Stella squirmed, and for some reason, her cheek came into contact with his lips, much to her annoyance. Her fury lit up the fire of lust within Miles. All at once, he picked her up and went around the fake hill, going into the house through the front door. Fortunately, no one saw them, but Stella was on the verge of tears. There’s people looking.

Miles didn’t go to the first floor bedroom last time. Instead, he went upstairs. Once he got into a room, he backed her against a wall. “Feisty, are you?”

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

Stella's chest was heaving sexily, and once again, Miles picked her up and put her on the bed. She resisted in silence, but her strength was no match for Miles'.

Subsequently, they took their clothes off and made a mess on the floor. This time, Miles had a condom on, and he wasn't that rough with her anymore. In fact, he was gentle.

Regret and pleasure washed over her at once. Being with Miles was a delight, but it couldn't wash her guilt away. She held her tongue throughout the process, fearing that someone might hear them. Halfway through, Miles wanted her to lean against the window as he went into doggy style.

"You're worried they might see you, huh? Well, I want them to see how you're 'cheating' with your man." He nibbled on her ear.

She felt her ear heating up, and the feeling of guilt from cheating welled up again. She thought it would end at the first time, but no. The continuous depravity was weighing itself on her.

She felt helpless as Miles did whatever he wanted with her. He could see through her every thought and every feeling.

He knew her thoughts and struggles, but he wouldn't let her struggle anymore. He tore apart that struggle, and also her clothes.

Women and men were different. Men could separate sex and love. They could love someone with their soul while f*cking someone else for hours. On the other hand, once Stella's body fell for someone, her soul would follow, too. She knew she was falling, but she couldn't do anything about it as the man behind her had his way with her.

All this while, the workers downstairs carried on with work, drawing the lines and moving the stones.

Stella knew Miles' house's glass was a one-way mirror. They couldn't see what was inside, but she could see what was outside. She felt like she was f*cked by Miles in public, and the shame made her bite her lip.

Miles held her waist tightly and thrust even fiercer. "Trying to run from me in America? Nobody can run from me when I have my eyes on them," he said angrily from behind her.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

Back in America, Stella thought he didn't care about her, but when he was thrusting into her in the house now, she had a feeling it was payback from him. That time, she was delighted he didn't have sex with her, but she didn't expect it to come back ten times worse now. Staring down, her tears fell on the bay window. I didn't get away from him in the end. Every time sex happened, it felt like Miles was the one forcing himself onto her while she struggled.

When they were done, Stella hastily picked up her clothes from the ground and wore them. Miles wanted to help, but she shoved him away. Once she was done changing, she ran outside without a care for her unkempt hair.

Miles came out after her, still buttoning his sleeve, for he was worried about Stella. On the way down, Stella bumped into someone, a woman.

Even though Stella was hysterical, she still looked at the woman for a moment. She was an elegant lady, and her gaze pierced through Stella, revealing everything that had happened. Miles was coming down behind Stella.

The woman mocked, "What's your body count now, President Grant?"

Stella's clothes were messy, while Miles was buttoning his sleeve. It was obvious what had happened between them. Miles only snorted at her question.

This must be Yvonne North, Miles' girlfriend. Even though they had never met, it was just like what Yulia had told her. She instinctively knew the woman was Yvonne. Aside from her height and elegance, there was nothing much about her.

Stella thought she was a joke. She was being humiliated, but yet she took the time to stare at Yvonne. She didn't stop for long though. A moment of shock later, she ran out, refusing to let Miles send her off no matter what.

She went down the hill alone that day, on foot. She never thought much about the path, since she always traveled up and down by car, but when she went down that day, the path seemed endless. By the end of the road, she couldn't feel her legs, and she knew blisters must have formed.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

Since she told Kevin the renovation was done for the day, she went back home instead of the office. Then she told the workers she'd be leaving first. 'Be serious though. Don't just do a sloppy job and call it a day,' she texted them.

Yulia invited her to karaoke that night over a text, and she agreed. There was nothing to do that night anyway. Later, Yulia picked her up off the streets. She didn't say she went to Miles' place, only that she went to a client's house to supervise a renovation job. Afterward, Yulia didn't probe further.

"What happened to your hair, Stella? You look like you got f*cked by someone. Comb it." Yulia handed a comb to her as she drove, asking her to comb her hair.

But I did get f*cked by someone, Stella thought.

Soon, they arrived at a karaoke joint. Stella had always been a good singer, and she picked 'Where Have You Been' when Yulia was singing. The song spoke to her. How great would it be if he's not married, if he's single, and if he's seeing me not just for the sex?

When Yulia noticed her tears, she asked, "Did you fall for someone, Stella? Is he married?"

Stella said nothing. She wasn't in a good mood that day, and the source of it was Yvonne North. She was jealous of Yvonne, but it wasn't Yvonne's fault—it was Miles'. He was too capricious for Stella. She couldn't hide anything from him, and his presence made her helpless. As she was still married to Zane, the guilt, confusion, and depraved pleasure weighed down on her.

When she went back home that night, Stella noticed something shocking—she was out of money.

She didn't work for money in the first place, since her expenses far exceeded her income. However, that night she realized that her salary wasn't enough to cover her expenses. Having lunch at work and calling for deliveries after she started working was a big expense too.

When Zane was still with her, all she had to do was say the word, and her expenses were covered. However, after he was incarcerated, she noticed she was running out of money. There were only a few notes left in her wallet. Oh sh*t. At this rate, I might get into trouble.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

Then she remembered the red envelope Miles gave her on the first day of work after the holiday. She put it in her drawer, not even looking at it. She didn't know how much money was in there, but it was thick, so she thought it should last her a while.

She took the money out when she went to work the next day. Oh, five thousand, huh? There was also a card in the stack of money. She didn't know if everyone else had that card too, but she didn't ask. If anything, red envelopes were touchy subjects.

She didn't know how much she could withdraw using the card, thus texted Lisa after some thought, 'How much money is in the card you got from President Grant during the new year?'

'It's cash inside. There's no card,' Lisa replied.

Huh? So everyone else doesn't have the card? Then why do I have one?

A while later, Lisa texted, 'Maybe you're different from us to him.'

Stella froze. I can smell the undertone in this. She went to the ATM downstairs to check the account, but then she realized she didn't know the password.

Oh, man. Why didn't he tell me the password? He gave me the card. Is he expecting me to beg him? But I can't do that.

She wanted to give the card back to Miles, but Kevin inadvertently told her Miles had gone on a business trip, one that would take ten days. Oh, that's going to be some time. She was crestfallen. So he isn't here?

Thus, she kept that card in her wallet, keeping it a secret. She wondered why he gave her that, since she didn't know the password.

From then on, she started bringing her own lunch. It was cheaper, and most employees did that as well. Eating out would fatten them up easily. She was only twenty-four, and she cared about her looks. It was a simple meal in the beginning, only things like tomato fried egg, but she cooked it herself, so it was delicious to her.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

Miles came back ten days later, and he disembarked at eleven. Since the flight didn't provide any meals, he went to the cafeteria the moment he came back. It was lunch time, but he didn't see Stella anyway, to his disappointment.

"Hello, President Grant," his employees greeted him when they passed him by.

"You're back, President Grant."

He said hello to them before going into the cafeteria's room.

Love at the Next Stop Chapter 54

Chapter 54 Who Am I to You

Miles looked pensive.

Stella received a text from the property manager asking her to pay her maintenance fees. It would cost her twenty-six thousand. Zane was the one handling that matter when he wasn't jailed, and Stella never cared about it. She didn't know she had to pay that much, until that message reminded her. She didn't have money for it though, and asking for a loan from her colleague would look bad. Her reputation would be marred no matter whether they'd lend it or not.

When she was in that dilemma, Stella heard her colleagues whispering about.

"President Miles is here."

Her heart started to race. He's back? She quickly put the card down and went back to work.

Miles came for Kevin. From the corner of her eye, she could see them engaging in quiet discussion. She didn't know what they were talking about, and she didn't know a lot of things, but she was excited. It had been ten days since she saw him. Even though he was taken, she was fine with just looking at him from afar.

Miles seemed to be looking at her, but she didn't look at him, for she was nervous and wracked by guilt. Miles went around the office and paused for a moment when he went past her, but she didn't think much about it.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

After he was gone, she realized the card he gave her was on full display on her desk. Oh, sh*t. Her heart skipped a beat. He must've thought I'm trying to get the money.

She wasn't surprised he knew she was facing a financial crisis. Miles knew a lot about her matters. When she wore the Burberry coat she just bought to work, Miles was already giving her a look when they met in the elevator.

At that time, Stella was confused about the look he gave her, but after what happened, she realized what he was trying to say. He must be thinking: "Oh, buying a coat with your whole salary? Let's see how you're going to survive this month." Damn, that's embarrassing, but I have bills to pay. I'd rather borrow from him than anyone else. I have the card, so all I need now is the password. How should I tell him though? Since he knew she had the card, Stella decided to ask him.

She organized her words in her head before sending a text carefully, 'President Grant, I saw a card when I took the bonus from the red envelope. May I know the password?' Stella didn't mention the fact she knew she was the only one who had the card. It'd make asking for the password look natural. Nobody had to know she had preferential treatment.

'It's my birthday,' he replied a moment later.

That stumped her. When is his birthday? I don't know. 'When's your birthday?' she asked again.

'Look into it yourself.'

She asked her colleagues, but none knew his birthday. Only the finance department had his ID copy. It was to make it easier for his staff to register for events or make reports, but unfortunately, Stella didn't know anyone from the finance department. She asked Kevin about it in passing, but he didn't know either, which flummoxed her. Is his birthday a big secret? She would have never expected the one to tell her the answer to be Yvonne North.

That day, Stella went to purchase some papers and pencils at the behest of Kevin. The administrative department would usually do that kind of job, but since their stock was out, Stella was asked to purchase some from the stationery shop to tide them over.

When Stella came down to the first floor from the design department, Yvonne was seen waiting for the elevator. Nobody told her that the woman was Yvonne, but she just knew.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

Yvonne peered at her. She could see that the woman who just came out from the elevator was the one who slept with Miles a few days ago. Jealousy, spite, and disdain flashed across her eyes, and she arched her eyebrows, snorting.

Irrked by her snort, Stella decided to cross the line. "Hello, Miss North. Do you know when President Grant's birthday is?"

Yvonne was surprised at how shameless Stella was. She should be giving me a wide berth after sleeping with Miles. How dare she ask me his birthday openly? She stepped between the elevator door, stopping it from closing, and Yvonne crossed her arms as she answered arrogantly, "25th of January. It's come and gone. Why? Want to please him?"

"Nope. But thank you." Then Stella left. Stella wondered why she did that. She was like a mistress who was flaunting her sex session with someone else's husband in front of said husband's wife. She looked like she was trying to intimidate Yvonne.

Yvonne snorted, then the elevator doors closed.

On the way to purchase the stationery, Stella remembered that she did it with Miles on the 25th of January. So that was his birthday? But he didn't tell me, and I got ravaged even. After coming back from the purchase, she bumped into Miles and Yvonne in the lobby. They looked like they were going somewhere.

Miles looked at her with a knowing gaze, as if he could see whatever she did. He put his hand in his pocket and went ahead swiftly, but before he left, he gave her a cryptic look, though he said nothing, shocking Stella very much.

Yvonne followed after him, rolling her eyes when she saw Stella, then she trotted ahead. Stella's eyes glimmered, and she went back to the office without thinking much about them. After finding out Miles' birthday, she went to check the account and saw that she had five hundred grand to spend. It was a huge amount of money for an employee like her.

She paid the maintenance fee with the money without feeling a hint of guilt, for she knew she'd have to pay him back sooner or later.

The police station in Murdough called Stella on one February morning, telling her to prepare the clothes for Zane, since the season would change soon. She agreed, for that was a wife's duty. After applying for a day off, coupled with the weekend, she had a three-day break, thus

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

went to Murdough. And to her surprise, Zane was willing to see her. When he asked her about her relationship with Miles, she blushed. "Superior-subordinate relationship. Nothing more."

He smirked. "Nothing more? My mother told me what happened. Even though she's making accusations, pressuring you is normal. You are a married woman."

Zane was mocking her. He couldn't control her when he was in jail, so all he could do was play mind games. He knew Stella as a traditional woman who wouldn't cross the line. But unbeknownst to him, that traditional woman had crossed the line and even smashed it a few times. Sure, Miles coerced her, but she didn't refuse. She liked men who could perform like Miles in bed.

"Also, you're going to run into trouble alone. My card's in the bedside cabinet. That's not the only one. I'll get the officer to give them to you so you don't have to beg that b*stard for money. He'll get you to sleep with him if you ask him for help." Returning the handset, Zane hung up and left.

Stella was dumbfounded. She knew Zane was worried about her, and the money came just in time. After she came back, Stella took the maintenance fee money from his account and paid it back to Miles. That afternoon, she went to give him back the card in his office. "Here's your card, President Grant. Everyone said they don't have one, so I can't take this. Here." She put the card on his desk.

Miles looked up at her, and she looked back at him. "Do you know how much money is in it?" he asked.

I can't let him know I spent his money. "No. I didn't check."

"Really?" He smiled, but it sent a chill down Stella's spine. There was also that time when he looked at her while he was with Yvonne. Stella had the feeling that he knew all her lies, but he wouldn't expose her, for he'd wait for her to expose herself. The more she talked to him, the more scheming he was to her. He's dangerous. She nodded, but with guilt.

"Who am I to you?" he suddenly asked.

It was a weird question, and she was caught by surprise. She never thought about who he was to her. "M-My boss." But that's not just it. Nobody sleeps with their boss.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

Miles snorted. "I don't care if you think I'm your lover or side dude, but I don't want you to do everything just to pay back the twenty thousand you spent. Take this card back."

Stella was even more confused, and she was vexed. Lover? Side dude? Those don't sound good. Also, how did he know I spent twenty thousand? And how did he know I paid him back? Is this card bound to his phone? Does he know every transaction I make? Sh*t. I shot myself in the foot. And I told him I didn't even check the account. Look what happened now.

"No. Zane gave me money. We're still legally married no matter what. The mansion is his property, so it's normal for him to pay," Stella blurted in panic.

She was scared that she'd become Miles' mistress once she took the money, turning out exactly like how Zane said it would. At that point, sex would be for nothing but money. She couldn't have that.

Miles looked at her, judging her, much to her discomfort. Then he asked, "How did you find out about my birthday?"

Love at the Next Stop Chapter 55

Chapter 55 The One You Love Is Divorced

"I asked someone." Stella craned her neck, looking like a proud little cat.

"Who did you ask?" Miles kept asking. He had a look that said 'I'm gobbling you up.' His voice was as seductive as always, and as deep as he was handsome.

Stella's face turned scarlet, but she didn't answer. The answer was an absolute taboo for her.

Miles inched closer to her, lifting her chin up. "You can ask anyone else, but you chose her. What's the meaning of this? Are you challenging me?"

He exposed her. So she told him. He wouldn't know otherwise. No wonder he looked at me that way that day. And what is he trying to say? Not to approach his girlfriend? To know my place as a mistress?

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

Stella felt like she couldn't keep anything a secret from him. He knew every thought she had, just like how he knew every inch of her body when they were in bed, as well as her every weakness. The more she knew him, the scarier he was, but that was also why she fell even further, for she couldn't understand him.

It was as if he was hiding behind the veil, and the more she couldn't see, the more she wanted to see. Stella pulled his hand away. "You're imagining things, President Grant. I saw her coming up when I went down that day. I asked Mr. Moore, but he said he doesn't know, and I don't know anyone from finance. Since I bumped into her, I asked her. Nothing more, nothing less."

He stared at her for a while. "You may go." He called her something at the end of it, but she didn't hear it clearly. It wasn't her name though. She would know it if it was her name. What did he call me though? No. Not going to ask. Then Stella was let go.

Nowadays, she felt scared every time she went to see Miles. She had a feeling Miles was taking everything from her, and he could see her every thought.

It was lunch time when Stella came back. She brought her own lunch and heated it with a microwave oven. There were a few in the corridor, but most of the employees brought their own lunch, so there was a line. When it was her turn, she set it to five minutes.

Waiting was boring. She scrolled through her phone to stave off boredom, but the signal in the corridor was bad. Wi-Fi was weak, and 4G was unusable. Her app kept telling her there was no network connection, so she could see nothing. Left with nothing to do, Stella opened her photos app.

She seldom took selfies, so most of the photos were of scenery. And all of them were just on-site visits for their workshop. Nobody was there, and the scenery wasn't pretty either. However, as she scrolled further, she then saw the photo of a man—and not just any man—but Matthew. It was a clear photo of him smiling radiantly. She frowned. When did I take this photo? Then the microwave dinged, and her lunch was ready.

She stuffed her phone in her pocket before taking her lunch. When she bent over, her phone slipped out of her pocket, and one of her female colleagues picked it up for her. Her seat was right beside Stella's, and they chatted quite a lot usually. Her gaze merely swept across Stella's phone before she saw the photo in it.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

She beamed, as if finding a great discovery. The colleagues knew what happened to Stella, and they knew about Zane's incarceration. Stella didn't tell them the reason, but everyone had their own guesses. You can't keep a secret forever. Everyone was telling her to date a new guy, since she was effectively single. "Oh, so is this the guy you like, Stella? Not bad. He's sunny, ooh, and handsome too." Her colleague teased Stella, and she looked at the photo with interest.

But then she shut up, for she saw someone going past her. She thought it was weird that Miles kept coming to their department despite it not being on the same floor as his office. She stood there, stunned, neglecting to put the phone down. Then she greeted, "Hello, President Grant."

Miles grunted before going into the design department's office.

Stella was fiddling with her lunch box. It was piping hot. She thought she heard her colleague greeting Miles, and she asked, "Was I hearing things? Did you call out to someone?"

"Yeah. The president. He just went into our department's office. Maybe he's there to talk about a project with Mr. Moore." Stella's colleague still wanted to talk about Matthew, and she grinned. "So tell me, you ditched your husband because you like this handsome chap? Going to date him once the divorce is done?"

"Oh my god, no." Stella took her lunch box. Matthew was a married man, and he was Miles' friend. She wondered why Miles came to their office though. "Doesn't President Grant get hungry? He never eats, and he keeps coming to our department."

Then she went back to the office and almost bumped into someone. She looked up to see who it was just to meet Miles' eyes. Oops. Awkward.

"I've had my lunch. I'm here for an important design," Miles answered her coldly.

Stella stared at him, and a while later, she said, "Oh." Then she left with her colleague, feeling awkward.

"So tell me. Do you like this guy?" The colleague was relentless.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

Lisa came over at that moment. She was having her lunch in the company too. Stella's seat was near the window, and it was warm and fuzzy, so everyone loved to huddle closer when it was lunch time. "No. Miss Johansson likes someone else," Lisa quipped.

The colleague teased, "Oh, so you really like someone else, huh?"

Stella felt awkward, worried that Lisa might tell her colleague about what she saw. It was time to work after lunch, but Stella received a text. 'The man you like is divorced.' She couldn't believe Miles sent that. He heard everything we talked about just now?

Oh no. This is all because of that photo. When she looked at it, Stella recalled that she put her phone on Miles' sofa during New Year's Eve. It must be Zack. He must have been the one who took his dad's photo and caused this. She didn't reply to Miles.

But he was fine a few days ago. Now Matthew's divorced? That's quick. Stella thought it was inappropriate to have a man's photo in her phone. If someone else misunderstood her again, she would never live it down. She wanted to delete it, but the photo was taken at a good angle, and Matthew had that fatherly smile on him. It's a pity if I delete it just like this.

She then sent the picture to Matthew, since Zachariah was the one who took it. She texted, 'Your son took a photo of you with my phone. I think I should send this to you.' She deleted the photo after sending it.

A while later, Matthew replied, 'I like it. Brings tears to my eyes.'

Stella smiled. That's him alright. She couldn't understand their relationship though. Brings tears to my eyes? That's some hyperbole.

Korbin asked her over for dinner that night, much to Stella's unrest. He must have something to ask from me. She seldom saw her father after Zane's incarceration, and she wondered what he would ask from her.

When she saw that Korbin had ordered her favorite food, she knew her father's request would be hard to accomplish.

A while of small chat later, he told her why he asked her over for dinner. Korbin wanted her to ask Miles to take out all the money he invested in Zane's company. Since Zane was in jail,

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

he couldn't manage the company, and that affected Korbin's profit. He wanted to cut his losses before everything went bust. After all, he had most of his money in there.

Stella was stupefied. "Why should I ask for his help? He's just my boss."

Korbin looked at her. "I had a guess about your relationship with him, and Lizbeth had asked me to keep an eye on you. I know what my daughter is like, so I know that you have an affair with him." He sipped his wine.

Stella was embarrassed and also angered by her father's lack of backbone. Is money that important? Because of money, he had Miles watch as Zane and I toasted each other, and now after Zane's jailed, he wants me to ask for Miles' help? Doesn't he know this makes things awkward? "I can't do it." Stella picked up her bag and left. Her father kept toeing the line after her mother's death. When she was alive, he wouldn't go that far.

"I'll do it if you won't. I've looked into the relationship between the Norths and Miles Grant. Miles Grant and Yvonne North have a marriage contract. I know he'll help me if I ask for it. No, wait, I'm not asking him. I'm threatening him," Korbin mocked, and Stella closed her eyes.

Why do I have a father like this? She thought her father was just making empty threats and wouldn't come through with it.

But everything he said stabbed at her heart, putting her in agony, numbing her mind. He has a marriage contract? If he does, then why is he even having an affair with me?

Love at the Next Stop Chapter 56

Chapter 56 Like So Many Men

Stella thought wrong about her father. It was a week later when she found out he went to see Miles. Miles called for her and handed her a check that amounted to three million six hundred and eighty thousand, much to her shock. The amount alone told her her father had something to do with it, but she didn't know when or where her father had met Miles. He's fast. Did Dad manage to threaten him? So he's worried that the marriage contract would be void, huh?

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

"Here's your father's money. Take it to him," he told her in nonchalance while writing on a document.

"How could you help him?" She gritted her teeth. "He's desperate. Obviously he doesn't care about Zane's company anymore. How can you help his betrayal?"

"He asked for help. I can't refuse, can I?" He looked up at her quizzically, dousing her anger.

"This is my family's problem, and I'll handle it myself. Perfectly, if I may add," she spat. She was planning on going to Murdough to tell Zane about her father's request. She thought he would agree, since he shared a decent relationship with her father, even if he and Stella's marriage wasn't. She had thought about it. Since Zane couldn't manage the company, it would be dangerous if too much money was in it. If Stella understood it, then Zane would, too. There wouldn't be any conflict.

She shouldn't be angry, but she was, and only she knew the reason for that.

"Your family's problem?" Miles gave her a cold look and leaned back against his chair. "Your father said I'm his family when he came begging for help," he drawled.

Stella noticed the mockery in his voice, and she sneered. "Principles, President Grant. Kicking someone while he's down is immoral. He should've at least talked to Zane if he wanted his money back. This is just nefarious, and he had no reason to ask for your help!"

Tears welled up in Stella's eyes because of anger and shame.

Miles slowly went up to her. "I didn't know you're such a moral character, Miss Johansson. But he had a reason," Miles said darkly. He stared into her eyes, piercing through her.

"And what was it?" Stella's obstinance flared, and she looked up at him, questioning him.

Miles was angered too. "Because I f*cked you," he answered, his voice as cold as arctic.

Stella's face paled, then it turned scarlet. Miles having sex with her was the best way to threaten him. She didn't know how her father found out about the affair, but using her private issue as a reason for him to get his money back was no better than someone in the ancient times pimping out their daughter for cash.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

Stella was ashamed, but also infuriated. She didn't ask how he managed to get so much money, since he could do anything. If he wanted Zane's company, he could take it at any time. Overwhelmed by rage, she took the check and went back to her office.

She sat down angrily, but after she calmed down, she thought she had been impulsive. Why did I fight my own boss? She would have been fired in any other company, for she hurled all her anger at him. Aside from her lack of experience, the reason for her bravado was the fact she had sex with Miles. She was sure he wouldn't fire her because of that reason.

She was immersed in her thoughts when her phone rang. It was from Matthew, and he sounded panicked. "Do you have time right now, Stella? Zack's teacher called me and said he fainted. Can you take him to the hospital if you're free? The servant's there already. I'm on a business trip, and it'd take two hours for me to reach the hospital. I won't make it in time."

The news came as a shock to Stella. Children fainting was a serious matter, and she quickly asked which kindergarten Zachariah was in. When he sent her the location, she looked at the time. There was half an hour left until clock out, but she couldn't care that much and rushed to Zachariah's kindergarten.

The teacher told her he probably fainted because of a high fever, and an immediate hospitalization was needed. Since it was a serious matter, they had to talk to Zachariah's guardian. Stella and Zachariah's nanny sent the boy to the hospital as soon as they could, registering him under pediatrics. The boy went for a checkup and had an IV drip administered, then Stella paid the hospitalization fees for them.

Stella was in panic mode, for it was the first time she was handling a sick child. His parents were absent, and she was worried she might do anything wrong. She didn't know if Zachariah was allergic to any meds, nor did she know if he had been administered an IV drip before. They wasted a lot of time there, since the doctor had to see if Zachariah was allergic to anything before they gave him the drip.

Stella was worried that the signs of allergy wouldn't show that soon, and she was worried something would go wrong. Trepidation welled up within her.

The nanny wasn't experienced in these either. Even though she had taken care of the boy for a while, she never took him to the hospital, so she knew nothing about his medical history.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

Matthew's phone was turned off, and Stella knew he had to be on a plane. She wanted to let him see the details of Zachariah's meds, but she had to wait, thus sat before the boy's bed like a cat on hot bricks.

Matthew came in a rush two hours later, and Stella went up to him. "Here's the details of the IV drip. See if anything's not supposed to be there."

They looked at the details together nervously, and Matthew said, "It's fine. Nothing's wrong here. He's not allergic to any of these."

Stella could finally heave a sigh of relief. "I was worried sick." She patted her chest, then someone came to see Zachariah. He was about to knock on the door when he saw them standing together. From the corner of her eye, she noticed someone in a green suit at the door. Her nerves still tense, however, she didn't notice who it was. When she did, though, she started sweating.

Matthew was the first to see Miles at the ward's doorstep. He turned to him. "You're here, Miles. Come in."

Miles went past Stella and sat in front of Zachariah's bed, looking at the pale boy.

Stella felt awkward with Miles' appearance, and she told Matthew, "The drip's almost finished. I'll get the nurse at the reception." Then she left, but she didn't come back even after the nurse had changed the drip.

Matthew and Miles sat beside Zachariah. Matthew mumbled, "She couldn't have run into trouble, could she? I'll text her." He whipped out his phone and started texting Stella. Miles glanced at it and saw the photo she sent Matthew, letting out a sneer afterward.

'Are you occupied by something?' Matthew asked her.

'I'm getting something for Zack. He'll forget all the pain once he sees these when he wakes up,' she replied. She went to the grocery store across the hospital after ringing up the nurse.

In fact, she wanted to stay away from Miles too. His arrival was unexpected, but she thought Matthew must have been the one who called, since they were friends. Stella came back to the ward with a lot of good food in her hands. They kept watch over Zachariah, but she said nothing to Miles. She didn't know why, but she just didn't want to talk to him.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

When the clock showed nine, Matthew asked Stella to go home first, and to get a ride, because it was dangerous for a woman to go home alone. "You still need to work tomorrow." Stella thought Matthew was a nice man, since nobody told her that before. Miles would just send her home without asking any questions.

Subsequently, Stella said yes and left. She pulled her coat tighter when she went down, then got a taxi back home. Her face turned scarlet when she thought about the argument she had with Miles that day. Why'd I do that? He has a marriage contract, and I'm not divorced yet. All I want is the Miles Grant in bed, and all he wants is my body and someone to call his own.

Stella watched as the neon lights zoomed past her, and she was home a short while later. Immersed in her own thoughts, she came to her doorstep in a daze, noticing that the lights were twinkling. When she got near, she saw who it was that stood in the way of the lights. She took out her keys and opened the door. "Why are you here?" I came back earlier than he did, but he's here before me?

"Why can't I come?" Miles went inside with her.

The moment they went inside, he hugged her before she could turn on the lights. She could hear nothing but his heavy breathing in the darkness. "Saw the man you like, huh?" He wrapped his arms around her torso, and she reflexively went backward.

She knew he was referring to Matthew, but she wondered why he had that misunderstanding. "I don't know what you're talking about." She looked away.

Miles snorted in response. "Right. He's divorced, and you're about to be, too. I'm the matchmaker here, aren't I?"

"Looks like you have a high standard for your partner in bed, President Grant. Not only does she need to have an untainted body, but also a pure heart," she mocked.

"You were defending your husband just earlier, Mrs. Levitt, and now you're helping your lover. Aren't you exhausted, having to work around so many men?" He went ahead, backing her against the wall, inching closer to her.

Stella was enraged, but she remained silent.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

Love at the Next Stop Chapter 57

Chapter 57 Let Loose, Adult

He picked her up all of a sudden and kicked her bedroom's door open. Then he tossed her onto the bed and tore her clothes apart. Stella went along. Since he would do it every time anyway, she'd play along with him and take her clothes off. Miles and her made the six-foot bed creak loudly, and she could feel herself breaking every time he thrust it into her.

She knew he was a great lover in bed, and she was used to it. I wonder if I'll be disappointed if my next boyfriend isn't as good as him in bed.

Miles kissed her neck, nibbling into it. After a few times of sex, she noticed he'd nibble on her neck whenever he would thrust hard. A long while later, they drifted into sleep.

Stella woke up first the next day. When she was done washing up, she sat before her dressing table, combing her hair and dressing herself up. As she looked into the mirror while combing her hair, she saw that Miles had woken up. He was naked from the waist up, smoking on the bedside and looking at Stella.

Their gazes met through the mirror, and he tilted his head, looking at her with interest. Distracted, Stella's movement slowed.

"Well, go on," he teased with his deep, manly voice.

Stella couldn't understand how he could be so calm about it, as if the sex the night before took no toll on him. He was still so relaxed, and still so mysterious. Stella said nothing. She went on combing her hair, applying her foundation, drawing her eyebrow, and applying her lipstick. She didn't look at Miles the whole way.

Miles had changed into a new set of clothes, and he went up to her, pulling her into his embrace. He kissed her on the lips, which she just made lustrous. He wasn't hard with the kiss, and her lipstick was waterproof. Even after the kiss, the lipstick didn't fall off one bit. Someone might see his kiss mark, but only under a microscope. Miles was going to leave after the kiss.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

When he was at the doorstep, she asked, "Aren't you worried someone might slam you for sleeping with a married woman multiple times?"

Miles slowly turned around. "Up until now, only I get to slam people, not the other way around."

Stella froze. She wasn't trying to say that. She was referring to their conscience. He knows it, so why is he twisting my words? Miles opened the door and left.

Stella got up after she was done with the lipstick. She was in her pajamas, and she wanted to change into her work attire. She slept on the inner part of the bed the night before, while Miles slept on the outer part. Before she could take her clothes, she saw the mark of Miles on the pillow, and the bed was filled with his scent. She even saw a strand of his hair on the bed sheet. It wasn't long, but it was hard and black. The discovery of his hair made her heart race.

Women were bizarre creatures. She could feel touched at any random instant when men were exuding their charisma. Maybe it was the way he talked, the way his hair looked, or the way he moved. She stared at the strand of hair for a moment before picking it up and keeping it in her makeup box.

On the way to work, Stella asked about Zachariah's condition. Matthew said he was much better and could be discharged that day. Stella grunted.

Her work was delayed because of her early departure the day before, and she worked overtime that day, trying to cover for her work the day before. It was almost ten when she was done, and nobody was left in the department. She turned off the lights before she left, then she closed the door.

The moment she came out, she almost bumped into someone. When she looked up to see who it was, unsurprisingly, it was Miles again. Why do I bump into him everywhere?

She looked at him, but he said nothing. Then he grabbed her hand and put it in his coat's pocket. Both of his hands were in his pockets, and he was walking fast. Stella hastened because her hand was in his pocket, but she was confused why he was going so fast. When they came to the elevator, she saw that Matthew was in there.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," Miles told Matthew.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

"It's fine," Matthew replied, then they entered the elevator. Stella was still confused about what had happened.

When she sent the report to Miles last time, he touched her hand in front of Matthew, and he did the same thing again, much to her embarrassment. She tried to pull her hand out, but he wouldn't let go no matter how hard she pulled. In the end, she gave up when they came to the first floor.

Matthew and Miles went their separate ways after exiting the company, and they got into their cars. Instead of driving away immediately, Miles took Stella behind a great building. The wind couldn't reach them there, and it was dark. Miles lit up a cigarette, leaned back against the wall, and smoked. "Did I do fine?" he asked.

"Sorry?" Stella queried, still flummoxed.

"I let him know we're seeing each other. Shouldn't you give up on him?" He looked at her calmly. "He seems to like you too. Do you think it's cruel of me?"

Stella was dumbfounded. She didn't know why Miles thought she liked Matthew, but she knew it was cruel of him to do what he did. She could see that from how he made his business decisions. Stella turned her head aside, refusing to speak. The wind made a mess of her hair, and she asked, "Can you control yourself, President Grant? I'm still married, you know?"

Miles squinted at her. "But you didn't say no when we slept." That embarrassed Stella, and she retorted in anger, "But that doesn't mean you shouldn't control yourself."

"I can't, and I'm an adult, so I don't have to," he answered matter-of-factly. Miles kept squinting at her, as if he couldn't see through her.

So is that why he wants to f*ck me so much? Because he doesn't have to take responsibility since I'm married? He doesn't care even if I'm pregnant with his kid. Was that whole thing with Matthew him failing to control himself? Miles wasn't someone she could understand. Pivoting, she left, and since a taxi appeared, she took the ride home.

On the way back, Matthew texted her, 'I went to take some stuff at Miles' company today, since our companies have business dealings. I saw what he did, and he's probably telling

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

me to stay away from you. I don't know what he's thinking, but I'll look out in the future. I hope this hasn't troubled you.'

I knew it. He was reminding the both of us. 'You're reading too much into this.'

He replied, 'You don't have to console me. I know Miles. He's very territorial about his woman.'

Stella didn't continue the conversation, for her heart raced at the mention of 'his woman.' Am I his woman? In bed?

Everyone in the design department was in discussion when she went to work the next day, as if something had happened. After asking around, Stella found out that the sales department lost a big deal Miles wanted. Losing that deal would cost the company three percent of sales profit. They heard Miles was furious.

Stella had seen him looking distant, mocking, and lustful, but never angry. Cold as ice, yes, but seldom angry. At three that afternoon, Miles said he would call a meeting to talk about sales techniques. That was the first time she would see him giving a speech, and she was curious.

Miles was the only one on the lectern in the lobby. He was a tall man, and his looks were seductive. Stella was drawn in for a moment, but she knew what she was there for. She and Lisa were sitting in the middle with notebooks in their hands. Since they weren't part of the sales department, they weren't going to pay too much attention.

Miles was furious, and he sounded imperious then. He said that it was imperative for a salesperson to know what the client needed so they could build rapport, and that it was also important to know about the client's family. The deal was messed up because of the sales manager. He sent child products to the client without knowing that their youngest son had died. The client's wife was a harsh, sensitive person, and that was why the deal went bust.

Stella wasn't going to listen, but then she started paying attention. It was as if Miles had a magical tongue that could draw people in, just like his charisma.

The more she listened, the more she felt that she knew about sales. It was like she knew what Miles would say. For example, when Miles was talking about judging a client's personality and preferences, Stella would already be thinking what she should do, and then

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

Miles would say the exact same thing she had in mind. Stella whispered what she found out to Lisa.

Lisa smiled. "You're beautiful, know how to speak, and you're a good designer. You're proficient in English, which is a boon because our clients are the high end ones. You come from a good background, and you can hold your own. I think you can be a good salesperson."

Stella beamed. She was young, and nobody had praised her that way before. Lisa's compliments understandably made her happy. "Really?" she asked sincerely.

"Of course," Lisa answered in earnest.

Miles' glance seemingly swept across Stella and Lisa, then he stopped talking for a moment.

Love at the Next Stop Chapter 58

Chapter 58 I Want Him

Lisa said, "We should stop now. The president's looking at us."

Stella wasn't sure if he was looking at them when there were so many people around them. When she looked up, she saw everyone around them listening intently, with her being the only one talking, so it seemed like he really was looking at her.

As the PowerPoint slides went on, Miles said that a good salesperson should shoot their shot when they had a target. Before they even started the sales, they had to know the client's preference, family, and personality. He made himself look like a sales guru.

But from what she knew about him, Stella thought he wouldn't deign to do sales work. Relying on someone else wasn't his style. He was and always would be someone's boss. The meeting took up the whole afternoon, and after work, Stella went to have dinner with Lisa before going home. When she was on the way to the bus stop, she saw Miles driving toward her. He looked like he just got off work, so it was a coincidence this time.

"Get in," he said imperiously, just like how he was doing that afternoon.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

She knew he was in a bad mood, so she went in without provoking him. He drove slowly, quietly, and it was the way to Stella's home. She heaved a sigh of relief, thankful that he wasn't in the mood for any outrageous stuff. Then he stopped at her place.

Suddenly, there was a question Stella wanted to know the answer to. It haunted her, and she had to ask, or she wouldn't be able to sleep that night. Thus, she licked her lips and asked, "Who am I to you, President Grant?" She got that from the meeting earlier. Since Miles said they should treat each client on a case by case basis, she wanted to know who she was to him and the strategy he used when he was facing her.

Oddly enough, Miles' expression softened after hearing that question, seemingly interested in her query. He killed the engine.

Stella panicked again. She thought he would just leave, but that didn't seem to be the case anymore. This is going to be long. He slowly inched closer, backing her up against the door. She looked at him, perplexed. "W-What's the matter, President Grant?"

He answered quietly, "Didn't you ask what you are to me? Well, I can tell you what you remind me of."

She nodded fearfully.

He inched even closer to her, nibbling her ear and burning her up with lust. "You are a woman among women, the embodiment of lust, the object of my wildest sexual fantasy, and..."

His voice was magical. There was the sexy allure of a man and the hypnotic magic exclusive to him. She blushed, her heart raced, and she was getting fidgety. She could feel his tongue in her ear, and it electrified her. "And what?" Her voice trembled.

"And I want to be with you for the rest of my life."

That simple sentence made her heart pound. She had always known how Miles saw her. His first sentence, while explicit and erotic, was what every man thought of her, but the last sentence was an obvious confession, and it touched her.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

Her heart was almost bursting out of her chest, but she remembered she was in her neighborhood. Worried that someone might see her flirting with someone aside from Zane, she opened the door and scrambled out.

After he saw her off, Miles stared down and laughed. Well then, I didn't expect myself to laugh when those guys messed things up.

The moment Stella went in, she bumped into Lizbeth, who was snooping around her house. Stella froze in abject terror. Matthew was there to help her when she stayed the night at Miles' place back then, but she knew Miles didn't expect Lizbeth to be in the house this time.

Lizbeth said coldly, "Since you've had sex with another man, I won't be holding back."

Stella was horrified. She wanted to ask how Lizbeth found out about it, but it would be incriminating if she did.

"There are two pillows on your bed, and there are traces on his. The evidence is all there, so don't tell me it's just rumors. Also, I saw you two down there. I do not have a daughter-in-law like you, but you can't get a divorce before Zane comes back. There's no way I can tell everyone my son is dumped by his wife. I'll be meeting the Norths now." After that, Lizbeth left.

Stella's palms were sweating. She wondered what Lizbeth would do when she met the Norths, but Yvonne knew about the affair already, and she knew Stella had slept with Miles. She clenched her fists, wondering what everyone would call her after the scandal's breakout.

Lizbeth told her soon enough though. When she was at the doorstep, she turned around and said, "You're just a shameless slut."

Stella felt her face burning up—because Lizbeth was right. That night, she lay on her bed, staring at the ceiling. All she could think of was Lizbeth's face of disgust, and also Yvonne's. She didn't know what would happen tomorrow; she was afraid of its coming, but she also hoped for it.

The next day, it was a quiet morning, but someone called her that afternoon. She didn't register that number, but when she took the call, she knew it was from Yvonne. Yvonne

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

asked to meet her in the café across the company. It was a quieter affair than she had expected. She thought Yvonne would come to the company and slap her, but she didn't.

In the café, Yvonne was facing Stella imperiously. "I'm not saying that you should leave him, but look at yourself. You're a married woman who comes from a normal family, and you're just a normal employee, while I'm a doctor who came back from America. My net worth is worth billions, and I have a marriage contract with him. Who would you choose to be your partner if you're a man?" Yvonne was an elegant woman. She spoke calmly, but Stella could still feel the pressure.

"I know you've slept with him, but well, men will be men. So what if they have sex with a few women? I can take it as long as he comes to the wedding. But you'd better stay back. You think you can cheat just because you're a master of seduction? Take my advice and stop." She flicked her hair back, looking at her in disdain, as if she was just another one among Miles' countless mistresses.

Stella looked down at her hands. When Yvonne was about to leave, she whispered, "I'm sorry, Miss North. I didn't know he had a girlfriend. I tried to escape, but I couldn't."

"You couldn't?" Yvonne repeated mockingly. "You couldn't escape him in bed, you mean."

Stella didn't answer. It was true she couldn't escape him, but she was also one to initiate sex, just like what Miles had said, so that was just an excuse. She calmed herself down before answering, "I want him."

"You what?" Yvonne thought she heard it wrong, but she knew she didn't. And she was incredulous.

"I said, I want him. I know saying this as a married woman is absurd, but you don't know anything about my marriage with Zane, nor do you know my past with President Grant." She looked ahead dumbly. If she could choose again, Stella would wish she was never reunited with Miles. She'd just accept her broken marriage with Zane, since they could find love if they persevered. Alas, on the day before Zane had sex with her, he noticed she was pregnant with Miles' baby, and things took a turn for the worse. It was a cruel joke.

Yvonne snorted and left.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

Stella felt like a criminal for challenging Miles' girlfriend that way. She buried her face in her hand. Her plan was to live out her life in peace, get a man, and have some children, but who knew, everything veered off course. What does Miles want anyway? She wasn't in the mood for work that afternoon, and she only stared at the calendar on her desk. When she was about to clock off, her phone dinged—a message came in.

It was Miles. 'Come to my office.' She wondered if she should, but then Stella thought Yvonne wouldn't tell him about their negotiation. Maybe it's about work. Thus, she went to his office and knocked on the door, then she went in after getting permission.

Miles was writing, and quite seriously too. He was serious and demanding when he was in a suit, but he was a different character in bed. In bed, he was a beast, but in suit, he was a capitalist pig.

Stella fell into a trance as she stared at him. He looked up at her. "Why are you spacing out?"

"Nothing," she answered, but it didn't answer his question.

"Someone told me a lady 'wants' me. Well, now I'm asking that lady a question: how does she want me?" He put his hands behind his head, leaning languidly against the chair, looking into her eyes.

Stella was stupefied. How am I supposed to answer that? She thought he called her for work, but she didn't expect Yvonne to tell him what she told her. Stella wondered how she told Miles about their conversation. Did she interrogate him? Or was she furious? Or did she ask about my details? She felt her face burning up. It was the first time she was backed into such a corner by a man. She did say she wanted Miles in the afternoon, but she couldn't say that in his face. Why could I tell that to Yvonne in her face, but not him?

Love at the Next Stop Chapter 59

Chapter 59 Divorce Agreement

Stella was ashamed, and she was on the verge of tears. "Um, I didn't expect the conversation to go around quickly."

"Is that so? Of course it'll go around quickly. You're not that far from me," he answered.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

Dammit. There's no end to this. Stella found the situation to be problematic. She wanted to leave the place that was making her head hurt.

When he noticed she was looking shy and awkward, he said, "She's not my girlfriend."

She replied, "Does that have anything to do with me?" She then left the office, but on the way back, she inexplicably cheered up.

When she just came back to the office, Kevin came to her in a hurry. "Well, you seem capricious today, Stella, but no time for a chat. Get prepared."

When she asked what they were preparing for, Kevin said the client from America had come for an on-site visit, and she would be welcoming them. The news surprised her, since she didn't expect them to come so soon after accepting Miles' invite.

She was getting nervous though. Since she was the one who went on the trip with Miles, she had the duty to welcome them. Luckily, some of her design department colleagues went with her, and the administrative department was responsible for the itinerary. Everyone was working hard so they could penetrate the American market, since they just lost a big client a few days ago.

Kevin asked Stella and Lisa to welcome the clients, and that night, the three of them were the welcoming committee. Miles wasn't there though, and Stella wondered why. Maybe he doesn't need to take part in this personally.

Since they knew Stella, the Americans kept asking her questions and gave her toasts. Stella wasn't a good drinker, and she got drunk after two glasses of beer. Someone then mentioned Miles, but Stella didn't know who. Maybe it's the Americans.

"I heard Grant is famous for being strict and unforgiving of his employees. He's a bona fide capitalist who doesn't respect the people who work for him." Everyone let loose after a few glasses of wine.

Kevin was about to say something when Stella interrupted. "Not at all. Our President Grant is a gentleman. A very gentle one, if I might add. Of course he can be unforgiving at times."

Even though she was drunk, she knew she couldn't tell them when he was unforgiving. She was talking in Mandarin, so Lisa translated it for her, and the clients nodded.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

The Americans asked again, "I heard Grant's girlfriend is a North, and their relationship is an arranged one. Are they an item now?" Even Americans would tend to be gossipy once they got drunk.

Kevin was about to say it was Miles' secret, and they didn't know, but Stella interjected, "No, she's not his girlfriend." She was obviously drunk.

Kevin frowned at Stella. She's drunk alright. Everyone loses their image once they get drunk. Stella's mostly a proper lady.

They had a good chat, and once they arranged the Americans' accommodation, the trio went back home. Kevin asked Lisa to take Stella home, and Stella slept the whole way, oblivious of what happened around her. She couldn't even recognize her house when she came home, nor could she take her keys out.

Lisa noticed someone standing outside Stella's house, and it was Miles. Miles frowned when he saw how drunk Stella was. After Lisa handed Stella to him, Stella reflexively held his arm, leaning against him, her eyes closed.

"Tell me about the negotiation," Miles told Lisa.

Lisa told him everything, emphasizing on what Stella told them, then she said goodbye. "I'll be leaving now, President Grant."

Miles held Stella, who was about to fall. "You may leave." Then he patted Stella's face. "Get the keys and open the door."

"No way." She gripped his arm. "This is not my home. It's Zane's. I wouldn't even stay here if not for Lizbeth. Sit with me." She sat on the doorstep, still wobbly and still grabbing Miles' arm. Her eyes were still closed.

Miles obliged. The sky was gorgeous that night though. "So you see me that way, huh?" he said gently, looking up at the stars. "When have I been unforgiving? And to whom?"

"In the bed. To me," she grumbled.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

That melted his heart. He might be the president of Miles Conglomerate, but almost nobody tried to understand him, nor had they ever tried to. All they did was spread rumors about him, and all they saw was his cold, calculative side. Only the woman beside him had ever walked into his heart and saw his true self.

She even said that Yvonne wasn't his girlfriend. If she already knows, then why is she running? Not bad though. At least she defended me in front of those guys. He lifted her chin, but she swatted his hand away in disgust. "If you're not getting the door open, are you planning to sleep on the streets?" he asked.

Stella was in a drunken stupor, not knowing what was happening. Subsequently, Miles took the keys out of her handbag and took her to her bed. By instinct, Stella wrapped her arms around his neck. "Don't go."

Her actions took him back to the first time they met each other again six months ago. She wrapped her arms around his neck back then, too, looking drunkenly sexy like how she was now.

Tonight, he didn't leave, nor did they do anything, and Stella slept soundly.

She woke up groggily on the next day, staring into his eyes. She reflexively frowned as she attempted to recall what happened the night before. She vaguely recalled Lisa, then Miles. Oh man. I'm still using his arm as a pillow. He's still sleeping. She turned around quietly, facing him with her back.

But his voice then sounded from behind. "You're awake?"

A short while later, she grunted. Stella thought about it for a long time before finally saying, "President Grant, since you know how I feel about you, I have a request. Whatever you want with me will have to wait until after the divorce. I'm really pressured now by the depravity of it all."

"Your feelings about me?" There was a drawl in his voice as he spoke from behind. "What kind of feelings?"

"I—" She was vexed. You know it! Don't play dumb.

"The feelings of wanting me?" he asked.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

Her face turned scarlet. She bit her lip and nodded.

“How do you want me? In the bed, or in your heart? What’s your plan?”

The barrage of questions stopped her from answering. She was hurt when Yvonne confronted her back then, and she reacted in reflex, thus spoke without much thought. Flicking her hair, she got up from the bed. “I’m trying to get a divorce with Zane. I can’t wait for eight months. It’s going to be a nightmare.”

Since Yvonne already knows, then I have nothing to fear. I don’t need this mansion. I have to get out of his house even if I get nothing. The moment she got up, someone knocked on the door, much to her panic. It couldn’t be Lizbeth, could it? Miles is still in the bed.

She gave Miles a worried look, but he replied calmly, “Open the door.” When she went to ask who the person was, he said he was the courier, and Stella opened the door. She tried to think of the things she bought recently, but nothing came to mind. I bought nothing. Is this a mistake?

After she opened the door, the courier handed her a document and asked her to sign it. When she took it, she was shocked, for it was a divorce agreement. The document flummoxed her. It had been a long while since she wanted to get a divorce, and she thought it’d be a lot of trouble, but she didn’t expect it to come so suddenly. According to the agreement, the mansion and properties would go to her after the divorce. They’d get divorced immediately, and she was required in Murdough.

Stella wanted to ask Lizbeth about it, but she was too ashamed to. At this time, Miles had gotten up and saw the agreement she was holding, but he said nothing. Stella stared at him. “Do you know why this is happening?”

“His cash flow broke, and the company’s bankrupt. His family’s dragged into it, so he chose to go through with the divorce to give you his assets so it wouldn’t be counted as bankruptcy estate. Also, he knows you’ll give these back to him eventually.” Miles changed into his suit as he spoke.

Stella frowned. She didn’t want the mansion. Even though it was counted as shared property because he bought it after the marriage, she felt guilty taking it because she contributed nothing to the family. Miles knew exactly what she was thinking though, for he could see through her.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

Then she remembered the time her father told her to ask Miles to get his money back. Back then, she knew pulling funds out would put Zane's company in trouble. She knew nothing about managing a business, but she knew that much.

Staring at him, she asked, "You knew this would happen, didn't you? You can see ten steps ahead. It's impossible you don't know what will happen to Zane's company if my father took his stakes out."

Stella thought he agreed for the sake of Yvonne when her father went to threaten him. However, she realized that wasn't the case. She was being short-sighted. His real goal was to get Zane bankrupt. At the end of the day, it was for the sake of her.

Love at the Next Stop Chapter 60

Chapter 60 Do Not Smile Like That

A chill crept down her spine, for she realized she didn't know Miles at all.

"What? I helped you get your divorce. Is that wrong?" Miles pretended he didn't notice her interrogatory tone. "You want to escape this home, don't you?"

"Yes, but not like this. There's a hundred ways to get a divorce, but bankrupting him is not what I want." She didn't think ruining Zane's company was a smart move. She might not have been directly involved in Zane's ruination, but she was indirectly involved. "I need to take a day off today, President Grant. I need to go to Murdough," she told Miles.

"I'll tell the HR about it."

Stella leaned against the sofa, frowning. We were fine up until morning, so what happened? Miles left her alone, knowing that she was angry about him bankrupting Zane.

Then, Stella went to Murdough. Zane told her that he knew the bankruptcy was going to happen since nobody was managing the company, and that the cash flow was broken. He didn't tell her the reason he gave her the mansion. All he wanted was for her to keep it safe for him.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

She asked why he didn't give it to Ximena, and he snorted. Oh, right. She faked the pregnancy so she could marry him. Someone like her can't be trusted. "But why me?" She wanted to ask how he knew she would give him back his mansion and estate.

"By instinct, I suppose. I've thought about it a lot, and I realized you weren't in the wrong. I was at fault in the first place. If you want to get a divorce, then let's get it. You can take the estate. I cheated first, and I shouldn't have dwelled on your past before the marriage." Stella was surprised Zane would say that.

When death approached, kindness shined, as they would say. Zane's bankruptcy changed him. At this, Stella felt melancholic. She hated him at first, but her attitude started to change as well. Neither of them talked about when Stella would give him back the mansion, but she had decided not to live in it.

Stella was a married woman when she went to Murdough, but she was a divorcee after coming back, and being single felt magical. She didn't expect Yulia to treat her to a meal the moment she came back to Hollowcrest, and at a famous restaurant too. It was called The Sumptuous Place.

The prices there were exorbitant, of course, but more than that, Stella thought the place was too formal. After all, most people went there to talk about business, and the customers were the rich and powerful of Hollowcrest. Stella had to know what was going on, but Yulia only answered mysteriously, "I'm gonna introduce someone to you."

"A guy?"

Yulia grunted.

Oh, she's finally giving up. She knows she can't go for Miles, so she's choosing someone else. It's a good thing though. This is a formal place. I guess they're almost getting married, then. Since he was Yulia's boyfriend, Stella couldn't be too outstanding in case she overshadowed Yulia, but she couldn't be too casual about it. She was going to meet her future cousin-in-law, after all.

Upon consideration, Stella decided to go with a dark green coat, a pair of harem pants, and a yellow turtleneck shirt. She tied her hair in a ponytail, making her look young and fresh. Well, she was young anyway.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

Yulia and the man weren't holding hands. Aren't they a couple? Shouldn't they be holding hands? Maybe she can't let herself go. The man was handsome and tall, probably around six feet or so, looking young and energetic, about twenty-nine at most. His eyes were gleaming, and Stella thought they looked nice.

This guy is going to be my relative soon. And he's handsome too. She couldn't help smiling. Her smile had always been sweet, and it gleamed more dazzlingly under the restaurant's lights. The pearl earrings she wore reflected the gleam too. She tilted her head at the couple, and she beamed.

Soon, they sat down.

"Stella, this is Xavier Daniels, the CEO of Sino Corporation. He just got transferred here. Xavier has a house and a car, and his family's nice too." Yulia looked at Stella, and when she saw the interest in her eyes, Yulia thought the matchmake would be a success.

"Not bad," Stella answered. Such a good couple. He's young and successful, while she's gorgeous and elegant. You can't find a better couple.

Xavier had a way with words, but that was to be expected, since he was the CEO of Sino Corporation. He could make everything sound magical, and Stella smiled.

They were sitting beside the staircase, or to be exact, they were facing it. When Stella was still beaming, she saw a group of people coming down. She didn't pay attention to them, until she saw the one in the lead—Miles. The people behind him seemed to be Hollowcrest's bureaucrats, and her smile froze.

Obviously, Miles saw her, as well as the man beside her.

She wondered if she should say hi, but then she realized the bureaucrats were behind him. That's going to be redundant. I'll pretend I don't know him. Thus, she looked back and kept on chatting with a smile.

The dinner went smoothly. Xavier offered to send Stella home after that, but she asked him to send Yulia home instead. Yulia then told him to leave first because she had something to say to Stella. Afterward, Xavier said goodbye politely.

"What do you think, Stella?" Yulia asked.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

"He's good. When's the wedding?" Stella returned the question. They were standing outside the restaurant.

Yulia looked shocked. "I was gonna introduce him to you. Why are you asking me about my wedding? I thought I said I'd introduce a guy to you."

Stella was stupefied, but also angered. "I just got a divorce. I can't just go on a matchmaking session the day after that. Of course I thought he was your boyfriend." She bit her lip. This is awkward. I was smiling all the way. He must think I like him. Damn, I can't be having him sending me bouquets of flowers or boxes of Pandora after this.

"So what? There's no rule stating you can't date right after that. Stella, your dad hasn't been nice to you. I don't know about your marriage with Zane, but I know he was mean to you, too. Now that you're divorced, you should get someone who knows you to love you. Xavier's that guy. Can't you see it?" Yulia shook her shoulders.

Tears welled up in Stella's eyes. Yulia had always been nice to her, and because of that, she felt even guiltier. Miles...

Stella said, "I already have his contact, so let me tell him."

She got his contact because she thought he would be Yulia's husband, but she didn't expect him to be her blind date. Awkward. Stella's good mood from the divorce was marred by that botched up matchmaking. She texted Xavier on her way back, 'Sorry, I thought you were Yulia's boyfriend, so I was happy for her. I didn't know she was trying to matchmake us. I just got a divorce, and I don't want to think about dating for the time being.'

He replied, 'It's fine. We can be friends. Tell me if you need any help.'

She was going to block him, but she couldn't do it after his polite reply, so she kept his number.

When she came back to the mansion and was about to open the door, she saw that man again. He was standing tall in the darkness, bestowing the shadows the grace of his looks, and he was smoking. Stella opened the door in silence. Even though she was divorced, she reflexively felt guilty about him being there.

Miles went in, too.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

Stella felt vexed, and she looked at him.

“Divorced?” he asked.

“Yes.” She nodded.

As if the day he waited had finally come, Miles went up to her and pulled her into his embrace. He started kissing her on the forehead, then her cheek. As he kissed, he said, “Don’t beam at any other guys from now on.”

Was I beaming? I thought it was a polite smile. “I wasn’t beaming.”

“Yeah? But I’m jealous.”

He’s jealous? Stella’s heart started racing. She once told him he’d have to wait until she was divorced before they could move on to the next step. Well, the divorce had happened, which meant it was time to move on to the next step.

“Yulia introduced a good boyfriend to you.” He leaned over and kissed her.

Stella wondered what he meant by that. Was that validation? Or mockery? She didn’t know. She didn’t know about his schemes. “And how do you know he’s my blind date? I thought he’s her boyfriend.” She leaned against his chest. Before that, all she felt was struggle when he hugged her, but that night, she felt warmth. She felt like she could let everything go when she was in his arms.

“Only an idiot would think so,” he teased, seemingly in a good mood. That was the first time they were so relaxed.

She protested, “I am not an idiot.”

Miles smiled, and he pinched her cheek. He stayed over at her house that night. And that night, Miles wanted nothing more than to fuse her with himself. They spent hours frolicking on the bed. There was no hate, no guilt, and no worries.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>

Read full novel here <https://myfinder.live/>

Stella was still sleeping when he left the next day. She wanted to send him off, but he told her to sleep in. She had been thinking about renting a house, but she couldn't ask for his help for that, since there were some things she had to do herself.

It was ten days later when she found herself a house. It was a one-bedroom unit near the company. The rent wasn't expensive, and the house was cozy. The renovation was great, and when she looked at the divorce agreement in her hand, Stella felt like a human again. But she never expected Zane's lenders to come knocking the next day after she moved in.

JOIN OUR FACEBOOK GROUP FOR MORE UPDATES

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/214602727410863/>