

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1091-1095

Chapter 1091

Yvonne said so much that she got angry again. She was so furious, she had to drink ice water to calm down.

Lucas grabbed her wrist and stopped her from leaving. He pulled her into his arms and said, "You've been talking about Stella lately. Why are you so mad? Don't you care about your body? Have I been too indulgent with you lately, Yvonne?"

"I'm worried about my friend. What's wrong with that?"

Yvonne gave him an angry thump on the shoulder. She did not use much force. Instead, it seemed like she was throwing a tantrum and whining at him.

Lucas grabbed her hand and kissed the back of her hand. "Since you're here, stay with me on my business trip. I have to go to the hospital later. Will you wait here for me or come with me?"

Yvonne legend on his shoulder. "Well, you're quite sincere, so I'll accompany you to the hospital."

Lucas smiled. "I knew it. You're just so clingy."

Yvonne said she would not miss him whenever he went on a business trip. Even so, she would always sneak over to him after two days.

Perhaps Yvonne had displayed her aggressiveness earlier

as an excuse to cling to him.

Yvonne suddenly asked with some concern, "Will you get tired of me one day?"

The two had been very close since they were young, and Yvonne would always follow Lucas around.

Lucas pretended to think about it and then told her with a serious face, "It's possible . So behave and don't annoy

me."

Yvonne immediately put on a face and grunted. " Whatever! I don't care!"

Lucas's eyes gradually darkened without her noticing. He sighed in his heart. Somehow, she would never understand that he was deliberately making her cling to him like this.

The next day, at the Ford Corporation building.

The incident yesterday did not affect the work, but there were still some rumors.

Even Ben asked Weston tentatively about the rumors. “Are the rumors true?”

Weston replied with a cold stare. Ben did not dare to ask any more questions and concentrated on the investment work.

Weston was in his office. He looked at his phone and saw

no message from Stella. When he realized what he was waiting for, he felt silly.

He should have seen through her acting. Why would he think she would be jealous?

Stella would only act in front of him. She thought she could fool him. Stella did not even bother to act whenever he was absent. Perhaps, she did not care at all. Maybe his absence from home for a few days was what she wanted.

When Weston was about to tell Daisy to bring in the files, his phone rang suddenly. He glanced at the screen, and his gaze stopped. It was a call from the mansion.

Weston did not want to answer it at first.

Perhaps Stella realized that he had not been back in the last few days, which made her reflect on her acting. She should not just stop her acting on the surface. Perhaps she should also use those skills in his absence, so she called to act out her jealousy and envy.

Weston believed that everything Stella said was untrue, especially when she said she loved him. Even so, he picked up the call anyway. He said nothing and waited for Stella to speak on the other end of the call.

“Weston...”

“Hey.”

“Do you not want me anymore?”

Chapter 1092

Weston drove home at breakneck speed. The black Maybach raced to its top speed on the highway.

After what Stella said, Weston hung up the phone and headed straight for the mansion. The one sentence she said hit him hard.

Weston rested his wrist on the steering wheel as a hint of self-deprecating emotion flashed in his eyes. Since when could Stella easily affect his emotions?

Ben called on the phone. “Mr. Ford, the foreign business attaches are waiting for you in the meeting room.”

“Push it back. We’ll start by showing them a preview of the plan.”

“When will you officially meet them?”

Weston glanced at the time. "Tomorrow afternoon."

Ben's heart thumped. It seems Stella will suffer today, he thought.

"Okay, Mr. Ford."

Ben was about to go out after ending the call when he saw Daisy glancing around in the hallway.

As Ben came out, Daisy hesitated before she went up to him. She asked, "Mr. Sullivan, does Mr. Ford have

something urgent?"

She had never seen Weston so anxious before, especially in the company. He was always at ease and rarely lost his cool like earlier.

Ben sighed a little and said nothing about Weston's matter. He only told Daisy about Weston's orders.

Daisy noted it down. She could not help but ask him, "Did Mr. Ford leave to meet Ms. Cohen... or Ms. Sealey?"

Ben furrowed his brow a little, thinking Daisy's question sounded inappropriate. She had overstepped the bounds, so he politely reminded her, "How's your relationship with... How are you with Mr. Xavier lately?"

Daisy froze a little. She did not expect Ben to ask that. Ben had always been slow on such matters. He was good at his job and social networking, but he was almost clueless regarding relationships.

"Mr. Sullivan, I didn't mean anything. I'm just..." Daisy paused a little. Then, she smiled apologetically.

"It's just the rumors I heard in the past two days... I thought it would do some damage to Mr. Ford's image, so I asked you the question. Maybe I sounded a little unprofessional. Sorry." Daisy's apology was sincere, and Ben believed her. He nodded. "It makes sense that you are worried. Mr. Ford should be able to handle it."

"That's great," Daisy exhaled and said. "If there's nothing else, I'll go back to work?"

"Go ahead."

As soon as Daisy turned around, her expression changed. After that, she returned to her workstation without any expression on her face. Then, her colleague came over and said, "Ms. Daisy, a woman was looking for you. She claims to be your younger sister!"

Daisy rubbed her brow and stood up. "I see. Where is she now?"

"The receptionist told her to wait for you in the lobby."

Daisy responded with a hum and hurried there. She could see Nicole sitting in the lobby with a childish-looking shoulder bag from a distance. Nicole looked nervous and insignificant but straightened her back, not wanting to be looked down upon.

A hint of annoyance flashed in Daisy's eyes. She strode up to her and lowered her voice as she said in Nicole's ear, "This isn't the right place to talk. Come with me."

Nicole stood. Before she could say anything, Daisy had turned to leave.

When Nicole saw Daisy's determined back, her eyes darkened a little. She followed her in stride anyway. Then, the two walked into a storeroom.

Daisy glanced out and closed the door. "Say it. What do you want?"

Chapter 1093

Nicole watched Daisy's actions and smiled sarcastically.

"Am I such an embarrassment? Are you so afraid that others will look at me as your younger sister?"

"Don't waste my time by saying such meaningless things."

Daisy cut her off and said, "I have work to do. Just say what you want."

With that, she paused a little and gave her a meaningful look. "I didn't think you'd find out where I work."

"That's because you even blocked my phone number!" Nicole clenched her fist for a moment. Nicole saw Daisy's expression turn obscure. She exhaled and calmed down, not wanting to bring up their old scores at such a time. "I'm not looking for you this time. I'm looking for a man."

"Who?"

"His name is Weston."

Daisy froze for a moment. Then, she looked at her intently and showed a helpless, amused, and sarcastic face. "Why are you still the same as before? Are you daydreaming again?"

'How could Nicole meet Weston so casually? Is he that kind of man?' Daisy wondered.

"No. I just want to thank him..."

Nicole lowered her head and said in a low voice, "He helped me a lot. He paid off my family's debts and allowed me to return to school." Nicole sounded very sincere.

Daisy gathered her composure and looked at Nicole in silence.

Nicole looked up into Daisy's eyes. "Daisy. I found out that you're Mr. Ford's secretary. Can you pass the message on to him? I would like to thank him personally."

Seeing Daisy's look of disbelief, Nicole took out something from her bag. "Mr. Ford left this watch at my place last time, but it broke accidentally. I've repaired it for him. Can I give it to him in person?"

Daisy inhaled sharply. Then, she looked at the young girl seriously. "When did you meet him?"

"1..." Nicole refused to say.

"If you don't tell me, I won't pass the message."

Nicole then stammered and told her the story.

Daisy's face changed. "How dare you! How dare you sell yourself at such a place?"

"Don't be so nasty. I just play the piano there... Don't forget. You're the one who left our grandparents and me behind!"

Daisy took a deep breath as the past was brought up again. She snatched the watch away from Nicole and warned her, "Anyway, you can't afford to mess with someone like Weston. If you see him again, stay away from him. Otherwise, I can't help you if something happens."

Meanwhile, at the Stardust Mansion.

Weston drove his Maybach through the gate and saw Stella standing on the front lawn. She was tending to a flowering tree.

When Stella saw the car coming in, she stopped what she was doing and looked at him from a distance.

Weston got out of the car and walked in.

Joan was not expecting Weston to come back suddenly. She was a little excited and went forward. Before she could say anything, Weston walked right past her to Stella. He picked Stella up and walked towards the door.

"Ah..." Stella gasped as her feet dangled in the air. She

reflexively wrapped her arms around his neck. "Mister!" Joan followed behind him. When she saw Weston's eagerness, she rubbed her nose a little uncomfortable and averted her gaze. She would not have to enter the mansion for the next few hours.

Weston pinned Stella to the sofa in the living room. He placed his hands around her waist and tightened his grip. Then, he kissed her fiercely, overwhelming her. Stella pressed her hands against his chest and resisted weakly.

"Weston ..." Stella called his name in between breaths.

Weston did not seem to hear it. He clutched her hands hard and above her head to restrain her from struggling. "Yes. I'm right here."

Chapter 1094

Weston looked up and down at her.

Stella had gotten used to wearing a nightgown at home. The light pink cotton fabric gave her a docile disposition.

At least, there was nothing to suggest that she could have hurt, poisoned, or killed him.

Weston cupped her chin and made her look into his eyes. "Did you miss me?"

Stella's nose suddenly felt sore. With an aggrieved face, she asked, "Have you deliberately stayed away from home?"

She hooked onto his neck with her arms and buried her head in his arms.

"I've heard it all. All those rumors out there are..."

Stella slowly tightened her fingers and clutched the hem of his shirt. "Are the rumors true? Are you going to reconcile with Guinevere..."

"Who told you that?" Weston frowned and pulled her out of his arms. He wanted to see her full face.

Stella's eyes were a bit red. Weston could not tell if her sad look was real or fake. He was unsure if she was really sad or if it was all an act.

"No one told me." Stella shook her head. "Is it true? You don't want me anymore?"

Her question seemed to hit him harder than the words he had heard on the phone earlier.

Weston had to grit his teeth hard to suppress the raging emotions in him. The veins on his forehead and the backs of his hands were bulging. He propped himself above her, tipped her chin, and kissed her without a word.

The sound of their passionate kisses could make hearts

race.

Weston kissed her so hard, like he was trying to eat her up. His possessive aura was dense in the air.

"I won't leave you." Weston rasped and whispered in her ear, "I'll never leave you."

Weston had resigned to his fate. Even if it were all an act, he would take it.

It turned out that hungry men who hadn't satisfied their urges for days were the worst. Stella often admired Weston's self-control. He could go a long time without touching her, but whenever the fire ignited, he would devour her like an insatiable and unstoppable beast. They went from the sofa in the living room to the stairs and then to the bedroom. Weston did not bother restraining himself when they moved to the bathroom.

Even during the heat of the moment, Weston didn't forget to take out a box of condoms from a nearby cabinet.

Stella pressed his arm with slightly red eyes. She asked, "You didn't use it the last time. Why are you using it this time..."

Weston looked down at her and pressed a kiss on her

forehead. "You're about to have your period. It's not a good time to go straight in."

He leaned into her ears and said slowly, "You're too weak."

Stella paused a little and blushed. Then, she said helplessly, "What's the point of caring about this? I'm not going to get pregnant anyway." Weston froze a little. Then, he wrapped his arms around his waist tightly, sweeping her up like a storm.

He kissed her hard on the lips, making her unable to speak. Naturally, he did not want her to repeat such things.

Stella soon drowned in the whirlpool of his fiery passion.

The two of them had not spoken for days, and they seemed to have grown a little distant because of the cold war, though everything seemed to have faded.

No one knew how long it took before the intimate moments inside the mansion calmed down.

Joan had taken care of them for a period. She was experienced enough and knew not to disturb them at such a moment. Otherwise, they would end up in an awkward situation.

Joan went out to do some shopping, leaving the two alone in the mansion.

Stella was covered in sweat as if she had just been fished out of the water. She lay on Weston's chest and panted hard as she curled her fingers weakly.

"Didn't those women out there satisfy you?"

Weston furrowed his brow slightly. The lust in his eyes remained burning

Chapter 1095

When Weston heard what Stella said, he rolled over and pinned her on the bed.

"Are you still thinking about that? It seems I didn't try hard enough just now."

Stella closed her eyes. Her eyelashes fluttered a little. She pleaded, "I really can't..." Her tone was thick with fatigue.

Stella was so tired that her hands were shaking. Her skin was still red and covered in marks. She looked somewhat pitiful.

Weston's heart softened at her look. He pecked her on the cheek and lay on the bed again.

After that, he turned on his side and hugged her. "From now on, you won't have to worry about anything outside."

He said, "You're my only one. You're the only one I'll ever have. Don't listen to the rumors. I'll take care of them."

Stella rested her hands on his waist and stomach. She quietly ran her fingers through his beautiful toned muscles. When she heard the heavy breathing above her, she immediately retracted her hand. "Can I trust you?" She looked up at him with an innocent

look and hesitation.

Weston knew she made that face on purpose, but she did not seem to understand how tempting it looked to a man.

Weston kissed her on the forehead.

Stella could not breathe and tried to retreat, but Weston cupped her chin and demanded a deeper kiss.

This day, he tasted all the sweetness in her mouth. At last, Stella was so exhausted that she drifted off to sleep.

Weston got up and lit a cigarette. He looked at the sleeping face next to him. After a short silence, he put out the cigarette.

Weston never thought he could be so childish at times. He never thought that he would be so insecure with a woman one day and not stop until he saw her jealous side. His feelings were spiraling out of control.

Joan sighed after seeing Weston's deep affection for Stella, relieved to see that he still had Stella in his heart despite the troubles out there.

A storm of rumors was swirling out there. They said that Warren had found strong evidence. Many reputable lawyers analyzed the case and said that Stella would definitely go to jail this time.

There were all sorts of claims, and all of them were not

optimistic. Unlike Stella, Joan was still anxious.

Stella, on the other hand, had just stayed at home and did not seem to care about anything. However, Joan could not help but look for more updates, which made her more worried.

She had heard nothing of the two women from Lowe Garden in the past two days, so she was unsure if those scandals had calmed down. Or could there perhaps be bigger trouble in waiting?

Meanwhile, at the Ford Corporation towers.

Weston had postponed the meeting with the foreign businessman, so the details would be confirmed in a meeting later. The negotiation couldn't be completed due to Weston's absence yesterday, so the foreigners decided on the meeting location.

The foreigners who came to do business here had obviously prepared ahead and were aware of Weston's reputation. Many came because they were interested in the benefit of working with Weston.

These people knew Weston would definitely open overseas branches in the future, so they wanted to work with him first.

The entire process went without a hitch.

The discussion was about to conclude after three rounds of wine. After the business partners left the room, Ben suddenly came over and whispered in Weston's ear.

"Mr. Ford, bad news... Ms. Cohen is here too. She seems to have done something."