

Read Novel Mr. Ford Is Jealous By Boat Of Peaches Chapter 1231

Chapter 1231

Stella spoke nonchalantly. She had, after all, waited for him longer than she ever did.

Stella was dealing with the matter at hand all afternoon.

She did not even notice when it was almost time to get off work.

The receptionist came by again and whispered in her ear. "Ms. Cicily, there's someone downstairs who wants to see you."

Stella thought it was Weston again. "Tell him I am not seeing anyone now."

The receptionist was troubled, and said, "But he also brought the young master and young miss over..."

When she heard that, she asked, "Who?"

"It's Mr. Miguel."

She then put down the things in her hand. "You can go out first, I'll be right down."

"Yes, Ms. Cicily."

She quickly gathered the papers on her desk and went downstairs, and saw Miguel with Elias and Emma from afar, sitting on the sofa in the parlor waiting for her.

She was just about to stride over when she saw Weston sitting quietly on the other side of the couch.

His eyes were on Elias and Emma, with a tenderness he had never realized himself.

The only thing was that Miguel over there was a bit of an eyesore, but Weston did not care.

When he heard the noise, he raised his head and looked over toward Stella.

His eyes lit up the moment she appeared. He stood up and walked up to her. "Done with your work?"

She ignored him and walked right past him to Miguel. "What brings you here, guys?"

Elias and Emma plunged into her arms-

"Mommy!"

She squatted down and stroked both of their heads. "Did you behave yourselves?"

"Yes!"

Miguel gave Weston a provocative look. "They are with me, of course, they will listen to me."

Weston stood alone, looking a bit forlorn.

They looked like a family of four when standing there

while he was an outsider excluded from the circle.

In the end, it was Emma who felt that he looked pitiful standing alone there with no one talking to him. She said, "Unkie!"

He gathered his composure and looked at her with a light smile. "Hi."

Miguel was a little upset and pinched Emma's face. "Why are you greeting random strangers? That's inappropriate, do you know that?"

Emma ran to Weston and hugged his leg instead. "Unkie is not a bad guy!"

She said with certainty, "Unkie is good-looking."

Miguel and Stella were speechless.

Stella held her forehead. "You are such a face-judger. What would become of you when you grow up?"

Weston, on the other hand, lifted the corner of his mouth. "It's not a bad thing to be a face-judger, at least he wouldn't be deceived by some ugly man."

After all, handsome men were a minority, so the probability of her getting cheated would be smaller.

Stella could not help but glare at him. "Can you not say such a thing in front of the children? They don't understand anything yet."

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Chapter 1232

Even if she was condemning him, Miguel still did not want her to talk too much to Weston.

So, he simply stood between them and said to Emma, "The nanny made you your favorite dish tonight. Let's go home early, okay?"

Emma's eyes lit up instantly. She let go of Weston and hopped toward Miguel. "Okay!"

"Little foodie."

Stella laughed and glanced at her when holding Elias.

Emma was held by Miguel, and they got directly into the car.

Once in the car, Miguel looked to the back and said, "That man is really persistent."

She knew that Weston was probably trailing them. She pinched her glabella, her head aching. "I thought he would give up..."

"How can he give up so easily? He had not been dissuaded after three years. Such a small setback shouldn't defeat him."

His words were sour, carrying his emotions.

People who started a business in this business complex during this period mostly heard of Weston.

Only then did he truly realize how terrifying this man, Weston, was in Ahn City.

Wherever he went, he could hear undisguised admiration for Weston.

He never seemed to fail in every venture and was named a legendary investor.

Miguel could still pretend to admire Weston in front of those investors.

However, he could not help himself when he was with Stella. He did not want to listen to any good thing about that man anymore.

Stella also heard the hidden meaning in his words and ignored him.

Her mind was a mess, not knowing how to face Miguel.

Seeing her not showing interest, he knew she must have sensed something, so he stopped talking.

Miguel seemed to remember something when they got to the apartment downstairs and saw the property manager come over. He pressed the elevator button while holding Emma and said, "It seems a new neighbor has moved in upstairs. I heard from the property that that person is so wealthy that he seems to have spent several million on the apartment here..."

Stella stopped dead in her track. "Is he crazy? The apartment here is only worth a few hundred thousand. What kind of brain-dead is using millions to buy it?"

He shook his head and did not quite understand it as well. "It was occupied, and he was unwilling to move, so that man spent some money to get it. Anyway, it has nothing to do with us. He can spend his money however he likes."

The Gracia family was equally wealthy. A few million were nothing to fuss about.

She shook her head. Even though she earned a lot now, she still could not comprehend this kind of reckless spending.

After they entered the elevator, a big palm reached out to the door out of nowhere.

The bony wrist blocked the elevator door, and Stella's face stiffened the moment she saw the man's face- he was Weston.

It was still fine if he only followed them, but he actually followed them into the elevator...

She said impatiently, "We won't let you in even if you follow us. Why bother?"

Weston glanced at her, stood beside her, and said in a faint voice, "I didn't come here to visit you. I live here as well."

She was startled, but then she recalled what Miguel had said and immediately figured out the situation. "Are you the idiot who spent millions on the apartment upstairs?"

Hearing what she said about him, Weston frowned slightly. "Not just the one upstairs and several other properties."

"Still, you are an idiot..."

Not bothering to look at him, she squatted down and said to Elias and Emma, "Children, you cannot splurge, you hear me? You have to practice good spending habits."

Weston was speechless.

"Yes!" Elias and Emma yelled in unison.

She then patted their heads with satisfaction and led them out.

When the door of the elevator closed, Weston withdrew his eyes.

It was far from enough. Even living upstairs, it did not seem to be enough.

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Chapter 1233

He wanted to live with them, to be in close contact with them. He wanted to get along with the two children. He wanted to hug her, to kiss her...

Weston closed his eyes, opened the door, and walked in. He had never lived where anyone else had lived before, but this was an exception he made for all of them.

Although he had had the entire house remodeled, it still felt a little awkward. He walked to the kitchen island and poured himself a glass of whisky, and imagined what it would be like for them to live downstairs.

Was Stella cuddling with Elias and Emma?

Or maybe the two little ones were playing games, and Stella was washing up.

Would she be in the master bathroom or the shared bathroom...

His eyes slowly darkened as he thought about it.

Even though he added ice cubes to his glass, they could not extinguish the fire in his heart.

The sound of water in the bathroom stopped only after a while.

Stella casually took a bath towel, wiped her hair, and walked out.

This was her bedroom. Normally, no one would come in. Even Elias and Emma were taught not to enter her room casually, so the children understood privacy and courtesy at a very young age.

As soon as she came out of the bathroom, she heard her cell phone on the bedside table ringing. She walked over to see a string of unfamiliar numbers and frowned.

Before she could react, she had already pressed the answer button. "Hello?"

After hearing a brief silence on the other end, she regretted it.

The man's low and husky voice came through the receiver. He did not say anything, there was only his heavy breathing peppered with undulating longing.

Even a fool was able to hear what was really going on over there.

She instantly guessed that the man who now lived upstairs had held back for a long time, and interrupted him. "Are you a per-pervert?"

He paused and then said with a hoarse voice, "Let me hear your voice..."

She rubbed her temples. "Are you sick? I don't have time to play with you here!"

After that, she hung up the phone.

"Don't-"

His voice become huskier and shorter, and he said, "Call my name."

She could not help but curse at him. "You are crazy!"

Then she hung up the phone fiercely.

When she came out of her bedroom, Miguel saw the redness on her face and asked, "What's wrong with you?"

"Nothing, it's probably because I got too hot in the shower just now..."

She could not tell him that there was a pervert calling her, wanting to hear her voice.

"You are hot?"

He frowned. "Do you want me to lower the temperature of the..."

"No."

She interrupted him directly, but for some reason, her tone carried a hint of frustration.

He froze in place, thinking she was still angry with him

After a while, he could not help but come up behind her and whisper. "Are you tired? You've worked all day today. do you want your shoulders massaged?"

Looking at the way he looked when trying to please her, she let out a laugh. "No, just stay there and keep an eye on Elias and Emma."

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Chapter 1234

Miguel found her to be in a bit of a strange state. He rubbed her nose, and said, "They both got tired as soon as they came back, they are sleeping now."

Stella frowned. "No, they should not be sleeping now. If they sleep too long now, they will not be able to sleep at night. Wake them up, it's time to eat dinner anyway."

He was relieved that she was still able to talk to him casually.

After dinner, they went downstairs for their usual stroll.

Miguel kept monitoring Stella's emotions. It only made him less nervous when he saw that she seemed the same as before, without any major mood swings.

However, there was still a boulder lying on his heart.

She seemed to know something, but at the same time, she did not seem to know anything.

This made him suffer immensely, and he didn't know how to cope with it.

If she did know...

Miguel did not dare to imagine how angry she would be by then.

Downstairs, the two had only just walked out when they ran into someone, as expected.

Weston had changed into a casual outfit. The gray clothing set off his tall, elegant aura. It was different from his usual appearance exuding an aura of rejection when he was wearing a black suit.

Now, he looked gentler than usual, more like a refined scoundrel.

When Emma saw him, her eyes lit up. "Unkie!"

She spread her arms, asking for a hug.

Perhaps Emma was so familiar with him because Weston kept appearing in front of them... or it was because she naturally had little resistance to handsome men that she was very unsuspecting of Weston?

Weston picked her up with a smile. "Are you coming out to play?"

Emma nodded, hugging his neck.

The soft creamy scent lingered at the tip of her nose, making the man's eyes soften a bit.

Emma touched her stomach. "I'm too full, so I came for a walk."

She asked, "Has Unkie eaten yet?"

"Yes."

He looked at her round stomach. "Don't you ever feel stuffed after eating so much?"

She blinked her eyes and stared at his face.

He found her funny and pinched her on her round cheeks. "Am I that good-looking?"

"Yes. You are especially good-looking!"

Miguel felt sour when he saw them getting along so well. "Emma, don't talk to strangers!"

She was still hugging his neck, blinking at him and laughing happily. "Unkie is not a bad guy!"

Elias sighed like an adult beside them. "Ugh, it's so unsettling..."

Stella felt amused and pinched his cheek. "Where did you learn this from, sighing so awkwardly?"

Elias would only act like a child only when he was with Stella. He giggled and held her hand. "I learned it from you, Mommy."

She suddenly became wary and said, "Do I sigh a lot in front of you guys?"

That was something worthy of note.

If she really did that, she should still refrain from giving such negative hints to small children in the future.

“Not that often, It’s just that I’m a good learner,” Elias reassured her.

So what started out as an after–dinner walk for a family of four turned into this strange sight.

In the small garden, there were three adults and two children. They were all in pairs, only Miguel was left alone.

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Chapter 1235

When Stella was around, the two little ones would naturally want to cling to her.

However, Miguel did not expect that Emma would cling to Weston.

It made him look even lonelier.

Stella obviously did not want to walk with Weston, but Emma liked him, so she had no choice but to let them be. She could not simply snatch Emma over.

After walking for a while, she suggested. “It’s about time. Let’s go back, shall we?”

Emma obviously had not had enough and frowned a little.

After all, she was being carried by Weston the whole time. “Let’s go for another walk in the back. There are big dogs in the back! And big swans!”

There was an artificial lake in the park behind the apartment, with a well–designed green landscape.

The two little ones had wanted to see the big swans since they moved in here the first day. However, the weather was bad, and it was raining that day, so Stella did not take them there.

Later on, she was busy with work and forgot about this.

She did not expect that Emma still remembered it.

Weston changed his way of holding her once he heard that and said, "Let's go to see the swans then."

Emma said immediately, "Yeah!"

Stella simply had no room to argue, and again had to follow them to the pavilion on the artificial lake.

Weston also got a handful of feed from somewhere and fed the swans together with Emma.

For a moment, Stella did not know what to say when seeing them getting along so harmoniously.

Even Elias put aside his reserve and joined them.

Was this the power of blood ties?

There were no barriers that existed between the father and the daughter.

Miguel could not bear to see it any longer. "I don't even remember how long it took me to get them to get closer to me when I raised them and took care of them. This world is so unfair... He did not do anything. He just played with her for a while and could already get her so dependent on him."

Stella felt equally unbalanced as well.

Thinking back on the past, she suffered so much for the twins. In the end, Weston simply sat there and peeled the fruit without doing anything.

Weston went round and round with the two kids and stopped only when they were tired and yawning.

Stella looked at him. "You are quite patient."

If he had not seen her children for so many years, he would have been able to pretend to be so patient, even if he was just pretending.

Unlike her, she had been with these two children every day for three full years. Even if she was sometimes on the verge of freaking out, she still had to be patient.

Undoubtedly, her face revealed a hint of anger when she took Emma from him.

Weston was a bit confused, unable to fathom the cause of her unhappiness.

Emma, keenly aware that Stella's face was not right, softly hugged her neck and gave her a kiss on the cheek. " Mommy, what's wrong with you?"

Who could be angry with such a chubby girl with a creamy scent?

Stella lowered her head, pecked her cheek, and said,

Mommy is not angry with you.

So it meant she was angry with some man.

Weston heard the hidden meaning of her words, so he did not mess with her. He walked to Emma and rubbed her head.

Emma also obediently kissed him on his cheek.

Stella was now even angrier, and there was unspeakable jealousy and envy.

She only got them calling her lovingly, kissing and hugging her in return after taking care of them for so many days and nights!

But now, Weston could already get a kiss from her after only taking care of her for a short while.

What kind of world was this?

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Chapter 1236

Weston withdrew his hand and looked at the boy beside him "Can you say goodnight to me?"

Elias, being a boy, didn't express his emotions as freely as Emma.

He scratched his cheek shyly and said nothing while holding Stella's hand.

Weston did not force him either. He rubbed his head and said, "Rest well tonight."

Elias nodded.

He seemed to be at least not averse to Weston. Elias would have hidden behind Stella and not even looked at him if it were an ordinary stranger.

When they got home, Stella could not help but comment. "Is this the power of blood ties?"

Miguel pulled a long face in silence and glanced at the two children. "How ungrateful."

He harrumphed. "He just played with you guys for a while, and you already like him so much. What do you think about me, who has been taking care of you for so long?"

Stella could not help but roll her eyes as well. "Well, I gave birth to and raised them, and that's how they treat me."

Elias and Emma sniffed, and both stood up, each hugging one of Stella's legs and leaning on her body. "Sorry Mommy, we know we were wrong..."

In fact, they did nothing wrong. They just liked a handsome man and liked to play with him.

Stella rubbed their heads and sighed.

After putting them to bed, she walked out of their bedroom and closed the door.

Miguel looked at her. "What's your plan now?"

She pretended not to comprehend his question. "I don't know what you are talking about."

She walked to the living room and poured herself a glass of wine.

The ice cube dropped into the glass with a sharp clink.

But he took away the glass of wine from her hand. "Now that they seem to be in a state to accept Weston, are you going to let them recognize him?"

She was equally confused. "I have not thought about it..."

They were her children. No matter if they recognized Weston or not, they would always be her children.

There was no doubt about it.

However, was it really good for them to grow up in an environment without a father?

She was hesitant.

She knew that she would be able to give them a good upbringing and a high standard of living even without Weston.

However, after having children, one would want to give them better, give them the best.

Even though they were doing well now, she would still reflect on whether there was anything she had not been able to give them...

Miguel saw her hesitation instantly and said anxiously, You must not be too lenient! He has only been with them for several hours. Don't forget how much damage he has done to you. He even forced you to become his mistress. Have you forgotten?"

She put down her glass and stared at him.

She did not want to avoid it anymore this time. "Why do you know so much about our previous affairs? Even if you have done the investigation, there are some details that only those involved know. Why do you know everything?"

Her question was clear enough.

Miguel knew she must have noticed something.

However, he refused to face it and lowered his head. " Haven't I explained it clearly enough in the beginning? I don't understand why you have been saying these strange things lately..."

"Roger, do I have to make it sound hard?"

Stella suddenly spoke.

Miguel instantly stared at her in disbelief, his pupils constricted, unable to speak for a long time.

"I don't know what you're talking about..."

"Roger, I don't know why you're doing this to me either. You know very well that I hate deception the most!"

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Chapter 1237

Stella jumped to her feet, feeling a little emotional. "Do you have any idea how upset I was when I thought you were dead?"

Miguel shouted immediately, "I can accept that you treat me as Roger, but I cannot accept that you take me as him! I am not him. Look at my face! I have no blood relationship with you. I am only taking care of you in his place!"

He raised his volume all of a sudden and was on the verge of an emotional breakdown.

Stella closed her eyes with a headache coming on. "You still refuse to swallow it, until now?"

She suddenly thought of something and curved the corners of her lips upward. "This should be the tradition of the Gracia family. After all, it is you who helped me, and this is how I escaped Weston in the first place. Faking your own death should be a method you never get tired of using, right?"

Miguel clenched his fists instantly and looked at her gloomily.

In the end, he turned around and left without saying anything.

“I don’t want to use that identity anymore.”

As he walked to the door, he suddenly stopped and looked at Stella. “So, don’t bring it up again. I’m Miguel now.”

After that, he closed the door.

Bang!

She was the only one left in the room.

Stella sighed and looked at the time. She wanted to sleep but could not, no matter how she tried. So she simply took a bottle of whiskey, sat on the balcony, and started sipping it.

Suddenly there was a loud noise upstairs.

Stella froze and looked up in a hurry to find that Weston had appeared from nowhere, leaping from the upstairs balcony directly onto hers in one leap-

“Ah!”

She screamed in surprise and sprang out of her wicker chair. “Are you crazy?”

After seeing the man in front of her clearly, she breathed a sigh of relief, then glared at him furiously. “Do you know what you are doing?”

Seeing her shocked face, Weston did not say anything and put her head on his shoulder. “I’m sorry. I did not think I’d scare you.”

He turned his head sideways and kissed her hair, but Stella pushed him away. She took a deep breath and looked at him. “Don’t tell me you fell off by accident.”

“No.”

He admitted it with alacrity. “I heard you guys arguing, so I thought I’d come over and check it out.”

“Don’t you know how to knock on the door? Must you use this method?”

“Would you have opened if I knocked?”

Stella was speechless.

She wouldn't have opened it and would even pretend she did not hear it.

Weston took out his phone and shook it in front of her. "I called you so many times and sent you so many messages, but I did not get a word from you."

"Must I reply to you?"

She glanced at him blandly and sat down again on the wicker chair.

Weston looked at the bottle of wine lying on her table and frowned. "Why are you drinking so much?"

The lingering smell of alcohol all over her body was unmistakable.

He moved over and sniffed at her face. "It's late, and

drinking this much will give you a hangover and a headache in the morning."

"That's none of your business either!"

She pushed him away. "Will you please leave my house?"

Weston did not say anything and sat down next to her. "Then I will drink with you."

"Are you sick?"

She could not help but scold him. "Don't you have anything to do tomorrow? As the president of such a big company, don't you feel ashamed of running here all the time?"

"Chasing my wife is nothing to be ashamed of."

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Chapter 1238

Stella couldn't believe how shameless this man could get. "Who's your wife again?"

Her tone was full of undisguised disgust. "Do you need me to remind you that we divorced a long time ago?"

"Then I shall remind you this. You divorced me as Ella, but now, you are Stella."

She sneered and gave him a scornful look. "I also divorced you when I was Stella. You are such a forgetful man, Mr. Ford."

"Then let's tie the knot once more."

Weston suddenly clasped her wrist with a slight amount of force. "I am fine with any kind of condition you want."

She jerked her hands out. "Sure, I only have one condition."

"What is it?" The man fixated his eyes on her, the knot of his throat rolling up and down.

She could see a faint nervousness in the inky black eyes.

She smiled and wiggled her finger. "That is, you stay away from me and never appear in front of me again."

She thought he would never appear again after telling him such harsh words.

But unexpectedly, he seemed to get more fired up instead.

She still remembered his forlorn and somewhat lonely back as he left when she said those words last night.

But she did not care about it.

It was nothing compared to what she had suffered in the past.

The next day, before she went to the studio, the receptionist brought her a bouquet, saying it was from Weston.

Stella took a deep breath. "Throw it away."

She said, "I don't want anything from that man."

The receptionist looked troubled. "But Mr. Ford named you to sign for the delivery. If you don't..."

Looking at her in distress, Stella said, "Alright. You just sign for me. If he sends any presents, you can take them back directly."

"This does not seem appropriate..."

There is nothing wrong with it.'

Stella said, "Just think of it as I who gave it to you. Since it is a present from him, I have the right to dispose of it, right?"

The receptionist had no choice but to nod.

Soon, Weston found that everything he had sent over had gone into someone else's hand.

Seeing him in a low mood all day, he could not help but suggest, "Mr. Ford, this is not how we woo women. You send flowers over every day, but she doesn't want to receive them, so what's the use of it?"

"You are talking as if you have chased a woman before." Weston swept a glance at him.

Ben was overwhelmed by his glance.

It was true that he had never chased a woman, but had Weston done it?

Weston was surrounded by women since young.

Even Guinevere, a woman seen as the perfect goddess by many men for years, was chasing after him. He never had to take the initiative.

It was understandable that he did not know how to

pursue a woman, but was he in the position to mock him?

"Why don't you go find an experienced one and ask?"

Weston held his hand to his forehead. "She is not just any woman. What's the use of asking even when you have all that worldly experience?"

Ben stopped talking.

Weston had a headache.

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Chapter 1239

There was a sudden knock on the door.

Daisy came in. "Mr. Ford, here is the latest contract. Please look through them."

Weston glanced at her and let her put the contract on the table.

Daisy's eyes fluttered. She stood in place without leaving immediately but asked softly, "Are you having a

problem? I heard that she seems reluctant to accept your flowers..."

Being a woman herself, she could comment on it from the perspective of a woman.

Weston glanced at her. "What do you think?"

Daisy sighed and said to him, "It's true that women are fond of romance, but untimely romance can be counterproductive. Not to mention that she now has a grudge against you. If you don't settle all these things, it is useless to send flowers and jewelry or whatever..."

Ben could not help but exclaim. Women indeed understood women best.

Although they were unsure if what Daisy said was helpful, they knew it was reliable once they heard it.

At least it was more reliable than how Weston threw his money around.

After a few days, the flowers and jewelry delivery stopped, much to Stella's relief.

She thought Weston had figured it out, but little did she expect to see him pull up in front of their studio after work in a brand new Maybach Pullman, drawing a crowd of employees-

“Oh my God, what am I seeing?”

“It is rare to see such an expensive luxury car!”

“This is a post-opulent car that only appears in magazines. You may not necessarily be able to buy it even if you have the money!”

“You rarely see it even in the magazine, okay? Who can afford this kind of car?”

“Apart from Weston, no one in Ahn City is this rich, right?”

“But the Gracia family behind our boss may have the financial strength. Anyway, our boss has always been keeping a low profile and would not drive this kind of car to work...”

At this point, their discussion came to an abrupt halt.

The car door was pushed open, and the first thing that caught their eyes was a pair of very attention-grabbing

long legs in the suit pants.

It made the staff drooling over the handsome men look straight at him at once.

“I knew it was him...”

“I can’t mistake a face as handsome as Weston’s!”

“It seems he has been pursuing our boss these days. He had been sending flowers and jewelry every day and stopped only a few days ago, so I thought it was because he had given up.”

“I heard that our boss is Weston’s ex-wife.”

Those gossips had long been swirling around.

But they would still be amazed every time they saw Weston’s face. “What a waste that such a face doesn’t appear in the entertainment industry!”

He rarely showed his face, even in the newspaper. Getting a side face of his was already considered good enough.

Regardless, his side profile was enough for widespread discussion throughout the entertainment industry, and it was not too much to say he was an A–lister in his own right.

Stella looked at the man standing there and the staff who were obviously attracted to him, and rubbed her glabella helplessly.

She saw Weston striding toward her with a stern face. “

Do you not understand what a nuisance means?”

Weston did not say anything. He lowered his eyes and took her bag from her hands. “I came to pick you up from work.”

“You are the president of a company. Can you not be so idle?”

She crossed her arms over her chest and showed no intention of going with him. “I have my own car and don’t need you to pick me up.”

Weston did not say anything but just looked at her stubbornly and blocked her.

The tall figure hidden in the crowd looked surprisingly aggrieved.

Stella could not help but glare at him. “Stop acting pathetic and get out of my way!”

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Chapter 1240

Weston moved out of her way but did not return her bag.

He followed behind Stella and waited for her to walk to his car.

She turned around and looked at him. “Return my bag.

Before she could finish her sentence, he stepped right up and pushed her against the car door, hugging her tightly.

“Weston, are you crazy...”

She couldn't finish her sentence. As soon as she raised her head, her lips were stolen by the man in front of her.

It was a kiss that came like a storm, though with a careful and tentative touch.

He held her down so tightly it was almost airtight.

The kiss was overwhelming, as if to drown her in his tenderness.

He kissed her lips, turned his head, and then wrapped his lips around hers.

From the corner of her lips to her face, cheek, and slowly down to her chin, it was cautious yet passionate, not allowing her to reject it.

She struggled with all her might, but her strength was insignificant in the face of his overwhelming strength.

She did not know how long it took, but the only sound in the parking lot was the exchange among the crowd.

And then it gradually subsided.

He stopped and gazed at the woman in front of him.

Slap!

Before he could react, he received a direct slap.

There was a bright red palm mark on his face. He did not react much and wiped the water stains at the corner of his mouth. His eyes contained a silent warmth when he looked at her. “Does your hand hurt?”

He held her hand and looked at her red palm. Then, he rubbed her palm and kissed her lightly on her lip again. ” You don't have to do it yourself next time. It will hurt.”

She fixated her eyes on the man and uttered word by word. “You look a lot like a damn pervert right now!” “Is that so?”

He gave a low laugh. "I'm sorry, I just couldn't resist. I originally wanted to pursue you properly."

She took a deep breath. "Didn't you understand what I said? Can't we just live our separate lives in peace?"

"No."

He interrupted him directly.

His throat rolled up and down, but the words coming out of his mouth were firm and unquestionable. "I can accept anything but this."

She closed her eyes, and her eyelashes fluttered.

Her lipstick was smeared.

She said, "But that is the only thing I want."

The two were at a standstill, and Weston looked at her, only silent, not saying anything.

They were at a stalemate. He stared at her in silence, not saying anything.

Stella looked at him in annoyance. "Can you get out of the way?"

He avoided her eyes, picked her up directly, put her in the car, and sped home almost at a racing speed.

If she did not want to say a word to him right now, she would have cursed at him in the middle of the drive.

Once they arrived at the apartment, she marched right into the elevator.

Seeing Weston follow him in, she glared at him. "Don't follow me."

"You must have forgotten that my house is here too."

Stella was so angry with him that she could not say a word.

When the elevator arrived, she walked straight out.

Weston followed her from behind.

