

## **Read Novel Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches**

### **Chapter 1241**

#### Chapter 1241

Stella stopped dead in her tracks. She turned back and glanced at him.

“Isn’t your place upstairs?”

“Your bag is still with me.” Weston handed it to her.

Stella reached out and took her bag.

Seeing that Weston had no intention of leaving, she stopped and gave him a strange look.

“You’re not going to follow me shamelessly, are you?”

“I want to see them both.”

Stella said, “You met them yesterday. Please go back.”

Weston stood in front of her and refused to budge. He suddenly hugged her and showed his vulnerable side, pleading as he rested his chin on her shoulder, “Stella, have mercy on me...”

Stella froze a little.

Weston’s voice rang in her ear with a little warm breath.

After a long silence, Stella asked him, “Who’d have mercy on me back then?”

That one sentence completely defeated Weston.

Later that night, there was an unexpected knock on the door after Stella bathed Elias and Emma separately and put them in bed.

Thinking it was Weston, Stella opened the door in annoyance.

“Are you done yet?”

However, it was not Weston. The guy in front of her was Miguel, who reeked of alcohol.

Stella hesitated slightly and asked, "Why did you drink so much? You're reeking."

Stella frowned and turned to her side to let him in.

Miguel did not move. He just looked at her obsessively.

"When did you know who I really was?"

Stella was slightly startled.

Seeing his state, she knew he was drunk.

"Let's not talk about that now. Come in. I'll make you something to sober up," she said as she went to get him a pair of slippers.

Miguel watched Stella's natural movements and knew she still treated him as Roger.

A sudden rush of impulse swayed him.

Miguel closed the door and pinned Stella between his arms.

Before Stella could react, she looked up and froze when she saw Miguel's handsome face so close to her.

Miguel leaned down and put his ear to hers.

He muttered, "I like you... I really like you... I've liked you for years. Do you know?"

Miguel stroked her hair with dazed eyes, looking drunk.

Feeling disgusted, Stella tried to push him away.

"You're drunk. Go have tea and sober up..."

"I'm not drunk. I really like you"

Miguel insisted that he was not drunk but behaved like a drunken man.

“Why can’t you look at me? It’s been years! Do you only have Weston in your heart?”

“I don’t, but I don’t think of you either!”

Stella suppressed her temper and took a deep breath.

“You’re drunk. Elias and Emma are sleeping already. We’ll wake them up…”

“We won’t!”

Miguel lowered his voice and said in her ear, “I’ve held back long enough. I just want you to accept my feelings. Why is it so hard?”

His voice began to take on a tremor while his eyes were glowing red with a touch of madness.

“What do I have to do for you to see me? Do you know how sad I am at how you’re treating me? Why…”

“Did you get it wrongly? You’re the one who’s been avoiding me these days!”

Stella deliberately said this to him. She wanted to distract him and change the topic.

“Did you go drinking? Why did you drink so much? Is there a new project?”

“Don’t change the topic!”

Miguel suddenly cut her off.

Miguel held her face and made her look into his eyes.

“Are you in this painful cycle because you still treat me as Roger? What should I do? You can treat me like a man, you know!”

Stella sensed a hint of danger from Miguel’s sudden rasp.

Chapter 1242

Stella widened her eyes in shock.

“Please, stop it. Don’t make things between us worse.”

“Isn’t it pretty bad?”

Miguel let out a bitter laugh.

“You won’t even look at me. You refuse to see me. You’re impatient, but you let that guy hang around... Why don’t you ever consider me? Is it because you’ve treated me like Roger from the beginning?”

Miguel sounded crazier and crazier.

Stella vaguely sensed what Miguel was doing. She tried to push him away, but he grabbed her wrist swiftly.

“I really like you. Will you look at me? Please...”

Miguel’s tone was pleading, but his actions were aggressive and unquestionable. He grabbed her wrist hard and forced her to the corner of the entrance little by little.

“Let me kiss you, please?”

Miguel looked at Stella’s smudged lipstick and rubbed his fingertips hard against it. He rubbed Stella’s lips back and forth and muttered, “Did he kiss you?”

Miguel could tell.

Weston had been following her earlier to the entrance. He could not understand why Stella would not look at him despite the years he had stayed with her.

Meanwhile, she allowed Weston to have her all he wanted.

Miguel lowered his head and tried to kiss her.

Stella jerked away from him and said incredulously, “What the hell do you want?”

“I want you, Sis... Don’t think of me as family. Think of me as your man, please?”

“I know you’re used to seeing me as family... Once you take the plunge, you’ll know who loves you the most...”

Stella widened her eyes at the way Miguel called out to her as Sis like a habit.

“You finally admitted it!”

Miguel widened his eyes slightly too. He realized he might have revealed something when he accidentally blurted out, ‘Sis’

Miguel had suppressed his feelings long enough. He decided to admit it all with a red face and unclear mind.

“Yes. It’s me. I didn’t die...”

Stella’s heart trembled uncontrollably. She knew the truth, but her heart still trembled when she heard him admit it himself.

“Do you know how much despair I was in when you died?”

A large part of the reason that led to Stella’s suicide in prison was due to Roger. She had no more love for the world.

Roger’s death was the final nail in the coffin, leading to her suicide.

Stella didn’t expect Miguel to admit it so easily.

Miguel did not notice the change in her emotions. He just kept venting his sadness.

“I didn’t want him to threaten you anymore, so I pretended to kill myself. I thought he would never threaten you with me again when everyone thought I was dead, but then I thought about it again. Why should I stay by your side as Roger? Was there another way?”

“As long as I stayed as Roger, I’d stay as your brother forever. I want you! I want you as a man! That’s why I’m Miguel now. Even after changing my identity, I didn’t expect you to treat me as a brother. Do you know how much pain I feel inside?”

While Miguel was crying in despair, Stella pushed him away angrily.

“You lied to me! I hate it when people lie to me! How could you do this to me? I trusted you the most!”

Miguel stumbled from the ground and looked at her with a twisted smile.

Miguel's face suddenly flushed. He embraced her in his arms tightly and kissed her cheeks.

"Whatever. I don't care anymore. I don't want to be your family. I want to be your man!"

"I've done so much just to stay by your side!" He said in anguish and thought, 'But now, Weston wants to take it all away!' Miguel had wanted to hold back. He wanted to continue to get along with Stella just like before.

Miguel thought there was no rush.

Everything was possible as long as he stayed by her side, but he panicked when he saw her come back with Weston.

He panicked when he saw Elias and Emma getting along so well with Weston.

Chapter 1243

Miguel lost all his confidence and panicked. He did not want to be excluded from Stella's world as he was before.

"Please... Will you be with me?"

"Sis, we'll be together forever. We'll raise Elias and Emma together. We'll be their parents, okay?"

"You're crazy! You've gone mad!"

Stella's hands and feet went cold as she watched him lose his mind completely.

Stella tried to push him away and crawl out from under him, but Roger only clasped her harder, like a madman.

As though chanting a magic spell, he whispered into her ear, "Stay with me... We're supposed to be a family... We're supposed to be together, forever and ever..."

"You're crazy! You're really crazy!"

"Yes! I'm mad!"

Miguel's eyes suddenly glowed.

"You wouldn't know until you try it with me once. Will you'll still see me only as a brother after that?"

Stella closed her eyes as tears fell down her cheeks.

As she his kiss touched her skin, an overpowering sensation of rejection and disgust engulfed her, and she shuddered.

"Please, don't do this..."

Stella never imagined Miguel, who was Roger to force himself on her. He trusted him the most! When her tears fell, Miguel was stunned for a moment. He unbuttoned her shirt and put his hand on her neck but did not inch lower.

"Sis, do you hate me that much? Must you reject me?"

Stella saw him let go and quickly pushed him away, which provoked Miguel.

Miguel immediately pinned her down hard.

"Even if you hate me, I can't stop now! To hell with it. I want you with me!"

After saying that, he kissed her neck Stella felt so nauseous from his disgusting behavior.

Just as she was on the verge of losing her mind, the force on her body suddenly felt lighter...

"Bish!"

The sound of a violent bang could be heard.

Stella saw Weston's grim face flash past her. He went straight to Miguel, who had just been punched to the ground.

"Bish!"

Weston picked Miguel up and punched him hard in the face again.

Miguel was beaten to the ground and spat out some blood.

“Stand up,”

Weston ordered as he looked at Miguel on the floor. His voice was cold and fearful.

“You b\*stard! Get up!”

Miguel heard Weston yelling and gave him a cold glare. He braced himself on the ground and barely steadied himself gloomily.

Just as he stood up and tried to fight back, Weston punched him in the face again.

Miguel paled and spat out a mouthful of blood again.

“Useless b\*stard!”

Weston grabbed Miguel by the collar with a murderous look in his eyes.

Stella finally reacted and instantly grabbed Weston by the arm.

“Weston...”

## Chapter 1244

Stella was stunned. She did not expect Roger to hurt her. She froze in place, unable to react even when she saw Weston suddenly appear out of the blue and hit Roger.

Weston continuously socked Roger in full fury.

He turned his head when he heard the familiar voice calling him and saw Stella’s frightened look.

Then, he stopped beating Roger.

Weston gave the man on the ground a cold glare.

“If you don’t want to die, get lost now.”

Roger stumbled to his feet.

He was clearly bruised on the corner of his mouth.



There were some minor wounds on his face too.

Weston was not messing around when he beat Roger.

The onslaught left Roger with a few missing teeth, that now laid bloodied on his palm.

“You got here quick...”

Weston was in no mood to hear a word from Roger.

As soon as he spoke, he felt an inexplicable anger and wanted to punch him again.

Stella was that afraid that the scene would be out of control. She took a deep breath and told Roger, “You should head back first...”

Roger hesitated a little and gazed at her with trembling eyes.

He felt a little depressed, seeing Stella take Weston’s side.

After a long time, he whispered an apology and turned to leave.

When Roger was gone, Weston walked to Stella and grabbed her by the shoulder.

He looked her up and down, making sure she was fine.

“Are you okay?”

Feeling a little weak, Stella frowned in annoyance and pushed his hand away.

“I’m fine.”

Stella leaned back against the entrance and sat down slowly. She sat on the floor and gazed into space blankly.

Weston could not stand Stella behaving like this. He pulled her to her feet.

“He’s gone.”

Stella shook him off suddenly.

"I know.Thanks."

She looked him in the eye.

"Will you leave me alone?"

She was trying to make him leave.

Weston remained silent.He continued looking at her and sat before her without saying anything.

Stella frowned and shifted her gaze away.She did not want to talk to him.

Weston seemed unbothered and accompanied her in silence.

He sat there the whole time until Stella got a little annoyed and looked at him.

"It's late.Aren't you going to leave?"

"what if he suddenly comes back?" Weston asked.

"He won't," Stella said.

"Remember what he just did to you? Do you think he won't do anything after all that?"

Stella was dumbfounded for a moment, not knowing what to say.

After a long silence, she said in exhaustion, "I don't want you to see me like this..."

It was too embarrassing.

Weston sighed.

"You don't always have to be so tough in front of me."

He promised, "I won't laugh at you."

"I'm not afraid of that.It's just..."

Stella rubbed her brows hard and fell silent.

The two looked at each other without saying anything.

There was a dead silence between the two of them.

No one spoke first.

After that, Stella looked at the time.

She was glad that the commotion did not wake Elias and Emma up.

Otherwise, she would have to coax them again.

Weston noticed her action and asked, "Can I see them?"

"They're asleep."

Chapter 1245

"I'll be very quiet. I won't disturb them."

Stella was silent for a long time.

After that, she asked, "Do you still think they're your children?"

Weston continued looking at her without answering.

Stella saw the scrutiny in his eyes and turned her head to the other side slightly.

"Don't look at me like that. I'm asking you a question."

"I know. Aren't you the one who decides whether they're my children?"

Stella sneered, "You seem very confident."

If it were not for that confidence.

Weston would've never left the decision in her hands entirely. He knew Elias and Emma were his.

Both of them knew it.

Fortunately, Weston would no longer force Stella to do things against her will.

If she didn't want Elias and Emma to take him as their father, he would not do anything about it.

Stella was already annoyed before.

The way Weston guarded her tirelessly only irritated her more.

Weston was really thick-skinned and would not stop until he got what he wanted.

Stella could only compromise.

"Go in and see them, but don't wake them. It'll be hard to coax them back to sleep."

A faint glint flashed in Weston's eyes.

Then, he stood up. He walked to the children's room with light footsteps.

Elias and Emma were each sleeping on a crib.

He went over to see Emma first.

Emma was sleeping soundly while clenching her two little fists.

Weston leaned over and gave her a kiss on the cheek.

Emma did not wake up from the kiss.

After that, Weston went to Elias's side.

Emma liked him more during the day and was quite clingy.

As a result, he couldn't spend much time with Elias.

Weston observed Elias's face.

A strange feeling grew as he saw the resemblance of Elias's features to his own.

The realization moved Weston.

He would never forget how he felt the first time he saw them both, The feeling he had during the reunion in the restaurants was inexplicable.

The moment he saw Elias and Emma with Stella might be the most unforgettable in his life.

Weston reached out and tried to touch Elias, but the child suddenly clenched his fist and grabbed Weston's fingers.

Weston saw Elias gripping his finger and tried to pull his hand out gently.

However, Elias tightened his grip and mumbled something he did not understand.

Stella came in softly, and when she saw what was happening, she explained, "He's probably dreaming."

She complained in annoyance, "I've told you don't come in when they're asleep. Great. What if you wake them up?"

Weston listened to her lecture without saying a word.

After all these years, no one dared lecture or speak to him in this manner and tone. He had always been the one to reprimand others, not the other way around.

Even so, he felt comfortable this time.

It was a feeling Weston rarely experienced.

Stella gently broke Elias's hand away.

Then, the two walked out together with a sigh of relief.

Weston's emotions were in turmoil as a tender, and strange feeling tugged on his heart.

He asked, "Can I come and see them more often?"

Stella rejected him indifferently, "No."

Weston was not disappointed by her rejection. He knew that was the only answer she would give.

Weston patted her head and asked, "Where am I going to sleep tonight?"

Stella glared at him.

"Go back to your own place!"

Weston said, "What if he comes for you once I go home? He's dangerous. I don't want to leave you here alone."

Stella sneered again. She crossed her arms and gave him a mocking look. She said sarcastically, "Did you forget? You're no better than him."

Chapter 1246

Stella didn't expect Roger's sudden intention to force himself on her.

Despite that, the man in front of her had forced her countless times in the past.

Stella glared at Weston.

"Do I have to remind you? Mr. Ford, what did you do to me when you kept me at Stardust Mansion?"

Weston had a bad track record and no chance of arguing with her. She wondered where he got his confidence from and thought he was no better than Roger.

Weston's face remained unchanged, though.

Right, it would take some mental qualities for a man like him to be in his position.

Weston said frankly, "I won't do that to you again."

"Don't you forget what you did to me in the parking lot!"

Stella undressed him mercilessly.

Weston raised his hand and caressed her cheek.

"I'm sorry. I lost control then."

“Stay away from me!” Stella hissed.

Roger did not show up in the following days.

Even Elias and Emma felt a little uncomfortable from their Uncle Miguel’s absence.

They asked, “Why didn’t Miguel come to see us?”

Stella rubbed their heads and said, “Miguel has been very busy with work lately.”

Elias and Emma seemed dispirited and missed Miguel a lot.

Stella thought about their current age. It was unrealistic to continue their studies, not to mention being increasingly busy with work.

She would have to go to the snow mountains in a few days, but she could not bring Elias and Emma with her.

Elias and Emma were still too young.

Even if she got a few nannies over, they might possibly go down with altitude sickness.

Hence, after much consideration, she decided to leave them at home and find someone trustworthy to take care of them.

However, who else but Roger could be trusted around here? Stella rubbed her brow, feeling troubled.

Later, in a cafe.

Yvonne sat across Stella and widened her eyes at Stella’s words.

“I can’t take care of children!”

She added, “I feel like I’m a kid myself.”

Stella sighed at Yvonne’s reply.

“You and Lucas are so stable. Haven’t you ever thought about having a child? How about trying to take care of them first?”

Yvonne shook her head frantically.

“We’re still young! I still want to spend a few more honeymoon years with Lucas! Besides, once we have a child, we’ll have to put most of our energy there. I haven’t had enough fun!”

Yvonne was the first to get married, but she was the most childish. It seemed Lucas had protected her well.

The three friends had not been out together for a long time.

For the past three years, Stella could only send them some private messages. She was afraid that Weston would notice her whereabouts, so she had not contacted them much. She only let them know that she was still alive.

Speaking of which, Yvonne could not help but complain a little.

“Because of you, Lucas thought I cheated him and exploited me for a while!”

When she said exploiting, she meant in bed.

Stella felt bad knowing the real meaning behind Yvonne’s statement.

“Fine. I’ll figure it out. I don’t know who can take care of these two kids...” Yvonne frowned.

“That’s the downside of having kids too early. Whenever you want to go out and play or travel, you can’t stop worrying about them.”

“You’re different. You have Lucas. With his character and temperament, he’ll certainly arrange everything for you.”

Chapter 1247

“Indeed.” Yvonne smiled smugly. Stella and

Angelina unanimously disapproved of

Yvonne’s constant display of love and affection for Lucas.

“By the way, Angelina, are you going to start dating someone soon?” Yvonne looked over at Angelina.



Angelina hurriedly shook her head. "I'm a popular celeb now. I'm not going to date anytime soon."

After Guinevere's departure from the entertainment industry, the power in the circle had been reshuffled and was no longer the same as before.

Angelina was increasingly popular in the current scene. Guinevere used to be dominant in the circle because of her strong backing, and thus, hard to take her down. Besides,

Weston indulged her so much that she could leverage his influence and take down any enemy at will.

Indeed, many in the entertainment circle had strong opinions about her. People were glad to see the fall of Guinevere after her embroilment in the big scandal, and they didn't expect to find so much potential to grow her fall.

"Did you know? Yates broke up recently."

'Yates?' Stella went into a trance as she heard that name again. It felt like a lifetime ago.

Yates was actually interested in her when they worked on the movie set together. However, Stella rejected him.

Yates was good at reading the situation. He stopped pursuing Stella after learning about her relationship with Weston.

Stella had not heard any news about Yates for years. She felt a little emotional. "I remember him as a rising artist who can't afford to get into love scandals. Now, he can finally date someone."

Time flew by as the three women happily chatted.

Yvonne suddenly thought of someone. "By the way, don't you have an aunt who's gotten pregnant before? She should be able to take care of the children, right?"

Stella fell silent when Yvonne spoke of Diana.

Stella had no contact with anyone in Ahn City after she faked her death, but she knew Diana had learned of Michael's affair on the day of her trial.

After that, Diana and Michael got into a terrible fight. Diana was so angry that she almost aborted her baby.

Stella was unable to do anything at that time. Besides, she had her fair share of trouble and needed to take care of her pregnancy abroad.

Therefore, she could not contact Diana.

Stella did not know what identity she should use to contact Diana either.

Later, she learned that Diana had divorced Michael. Although she planned to give birth to the child, she never forgave him.

Diana was doing well, so Stella didn't want to disturb her life.

Seeing Stella's expression, Yvonne stopped talking about Diana.

When they were about to leave separately, Angelina suddenly raised her hand weakly. "Um, what about me? I can take care of the children."

Stella was startled. She turned to Angelina. "Can you?"

Angelina was still a child herself.

Angelina stuck out her tongue playfully. "I don't think I told you guys... I have a daughter."

Stella and Yvonne were stunned and looked at her in shock.

Angelina said embarrassedly, "My child may be a little older than yours. I only learned about her later. I seem to have lost my memory before."

"Huh?"

"My parents now lost their biological daughter before. After that, they met me in an accident and saved me. They didn't expect me to lose my past memories, so they treated me as their own child."

"I was already pregnant at that time. Soon, I gave birth to a child. They considered me in an unsuitable state to raise a child, so they didn't tell me. After that, they gradually told me the truth.

“They saw me remembering the past little by little, so they simply told me the whole truth

## Chapter 1248

Stella and Yvonne were still shocked. They found it unbelievable!

Angelina laughed and said, “I haven’t found the opportunity to tell you, but I feel so much better after sharing it. I’ve been keeping it to myself for very long.”

She sighed. “I’ve never looked after infants before, but I have experience with toddlers around three to four years old. If you’re comfortable with me, you can leave Elias and Emma to me.”

Before going to the snowy mountains, Stella took Elias and Emma to get acquainted with Angelina. Elias and Emma liked Angelina a lot since she was a child at heart herself, so they got along very well.

Stella could not imagine that Angelina was already a mother of a child.

Angelina had gotten a bigger house for herself, and when Stella went over, she met Angelina’s daughter, a very docile and obedient girl.

A year older than Elias and Emma, she had that ‘big sister’ look about her.

Stella saw the three children got along very well. Then, she quietly called Angelina to the side and asked her, “Who’s the father? Do you remember?”

Angelina looked lost. “I don’t quite remember... I don’t know who the child’s father is, but...”

Angelina wore a sad smile. “I’ve been missing for so long, but the child’s father never came for me. I’m probably not very important to him, am I? Oh well. I’m doing fine now, so I don’t really want to find my old memories anymore.

Stella empathized with Angelina, and her eyes softened as she saw the three children playing not far away.

The people from their studio were not the only ones on the trip to the snowy mountains . A film crew had also tagged along to shoot some scenes at the location.

As expected, she saw a close friend there- Bradley.

Bradley was not surprised to see Stella, and he approached her with a smile. "I thought you weren't going to leave home for a while."

"I still have to go out for social reasons."

Stella saw Bradley carrying some camera equipment and said with a smile, "I plan to grow my career in Ahn City eventually, so I'll have to make some contacts."

"If you need some, I can hook you up."

Stella nodded. "I'll let you know."

She saw an unexpected acquaintance among the group—Yates.

Yates was quite surprised to see Stella too. "Ella!" He had heard rumors that Stella was not dead and returned with two children. Although he heard the gossip, he had some doubts because he had not seen Stella in person yet.

He could not believe the news until he finally saw Stella in person. He was a bit excited at their reunion. "I didn't think you were really alive..."

Stella smiled. "Well, yeah."

When Yates met her again, he showed only joy and no other special feelings to her in his eyes. He was just emotional about meeting an old friend again. "It's been three years. I never thought I'd see you again."

"It is an unpredictable world," Stella replied, smiling

Stella became more a man of the world than before. Yates talked to her a lot. They had worked together as actors before, so they got reacquainted in no time.

Soon, the car arrived at the foot of the mountain, with the faraway snow-capped peaks in sight.

Chapter 1249

Stella said, "It's beautiful up here."

“Of course. After all, it’s a shooting location. The results have to be worth the investment.”

Stella saw the crew setting up the tent and was about to go over and help when Yates pulled her arm and said to her, “It’s dangerous there. You don’t have to help. Let the

professionals set up the tent. Amateurs like us shouldn’t get involved. We’ll only be in their way.”

Stella thought it was reasonable and agreed. Then, she walked back. Yates was still holding her arms. He was not thinking of anything, just afraid that she would fall.

The two were very open with each other.

Yates had been in two relationships within the past few years, and whatever affection he used to have for Stella had long faded.

Yates simply treated Stella like an old friend. However, this scene was very unpleasant in another man’s eyes.

Stella was completely unaware of the gloomy glances coming from the other side.

A Maybach Pullman was parked across the road from the tent. As the car came by, it quickly attracted a lot of attention. Then, everyone could not help but keep staring at the tall figure who stepped out of the car.

Weston was used to being in the limelight and did not feel the stares. However, when he saw Stella talking and laughing with a man from afar, his eyes turned grim.

Stella didn’t notice Weston at first, but a moment later, a tall figure appeared in front of her. He silently pulled Yates’s hand away from Stella. Then, he familiarly clasped her shoulder and said in her ear intimately, “We’ve set up the tent. Do you want to go over and take a look?”

Weston sounded incredibly close to her and spoke to Stella like an old married couple.

Stella frowned immediately and pushed him away. "What are you doing here?"

Weston seemed unruffled by her coldness and stranger-like treatment. He seemed used to her resistance and rejection.

"You're at such a dangerous place. I'm worried about you."

Stella frowned and refused to look at him. "Do you know how annoying you can get?."

Yates watched the two interact with mixed feelings.

After a little thought, Yates found that it made sense. Everyone in Ahn City knew about Stella and Weston's relationship and story three years ago. Yates simply didn't expect them to be still together after three years.

Yates even felt that the bond of bad blood seemed an unbreakable one.

As a man, he could sense Weston's hostility to him. He did not want to get into trouble, so he made a casual excuse and left.

Weston forcibly took Stella in his arms and coaxed her into the tent, to her obvious displeasure.

Stella was ashamed. So many people were watching them, and if she continued to refuse, Weston would have embraced her right there.

Stella had no choice, so she went over to Weston in annoyance. She demanded impatiently, "Weston, what the hell do you want?"

"The tents they set up aren't good enough. Why don't you stay here with me tonight?"

Stella gave him a cold glare. "No." Then, she lifted the tent door and walked away.

Weston's face sank. Quickly, he took her wrist from behind and questioned, "Where are you seemed an unbreakable one."

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Weston's face sank. Quickly, he took her wrist from behind and questioned, "Where are you going then? Are you going to that man?"

"What does it have to do with you?" Stella shook off his hand fiercely. "Are you aware of your position? Who are you to be in charge of me now?"

Seeing the undisguised dislike and disgust in her eyes, Weston took a deep breath and calmed down.

"Don't go..." Weston muffled his voice as he took her in his arms. He seemed more petty and low than ever as he pleaded, "I just don't want to see you with him."

Weston kissed Stella's face and her cheeks gently. The way he kissed her was so gentle. His effort to please and coax her was obvious.

"Don't get mad at me, please?"

## Chapter 1250

Stella had rarely seen Weston acting so lowly. She was stunned for a moment but quickly regained her composure and pushed him away in annoyance.

"My relationship with him has nothing to do with you. Don't forget who you are. You have no right to be pointing fingers."

"I'm not pointing fingers at you. I'm just..." Weston paused slightly.

Stella was annoyed at his sudden low tone. She pushed him away in irritation, "If that's all you have to say, you can stop. Don't bother me anymore. "

Stella was a little displeased at how he followed her here. She turned away and left without thinking twice.

Weston watched Stella walk out but did not go after her. He knew it would only make her hate him more.

The tents on the camp outside were set up and ready. When Yates saw Stella coming out, he was the first to go over to her.

Yates glanced behind Stella but saw no sign of Weston. He asked, "You're done?"

Stella responded with a light hum. When she noticed how he was looking behind her, she blocked his line of sight and asked, "What are you looking at?"

Stella saw right through him, which made Yates feel a little embarrassed. "Nothing," he said, rubbing his nose. Then, he asked, "Why didn't Mr. Ford come out with you?"

Stella frowned. She clearly did not want to talk about that man.

Yates read her face and understood. "Sorry."

Yates said to her with a smile, "You two haven't made up?"

Stella was a little displeased. She said, "Things between us had ended years ago. There's nothing like making up again or reconciliation."

There was a sudden silence between Stella and Yates. Just as Yates was about to find something to talk about, he noticed an unfriendly look coming his way.

When he looked up, he met a pair of cold and indifferent eyes.

Weston came out of the tent. He no longer showed the aggrieved look with Stella alone and returned to his usual indifference.



The crew was afraid to approach him, mainly from the cold aura he exuded. Even so, they couldn't ignore or be cold to Weston due to his status and power. Thus, they had to bite the bullet and please him anyway.

Soon, a group of people surrounded him.

Stella was no stranger to seeing that and turned around to leave.

Weston looked over. He avoided the producers and staff around him and followed Stella.

Stella remained silent the whole time. Weston followed in silence and kept a close distance behind her.

Bradley wanted to invite Stella to check out the other side of the snowy mountain. When he came over and saw Weston following closely behind her, he rubbed his brow a little helplessly and did not want to go over anymore.

Stella saw Bradley first and strode to him." Bradley, take me around. I want to see the place."

"Of course." Bradley nodded and glanced at the man behind her.

Seeing how Stella completely ignored Weston, Bradley went along with her and pretended he did not see Weston.

"Where do you want to go?"

"I heard that there are herders over there. I want to go there and see."

"Sure. I'll have the support team get ready. They're very experienced and familiar with this area. They've led a lot of tourists around the snow mountains safely."

Stella listened to Bradley's introduction while looking around at the scenery.

Bradley told her, "There are some highland yak over there. We can go and have a look."

It was Stella's first time at a place like this.

## **Read Novel Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches**

### **Chapter 1251**

#### Chapter 1251

Back when she was young, every time she was on holiday with her parents, they would always travel to tourist spots where the climate was mild and temperate. They had never gone to places as biting cold and extreme as this.

In the three years that she was abroad, she had basically spent all of her time with her children. She practiced playing the piano in the remaining time she had left. All in all, it had almost been forever since she last enjoyed herself, which was why this place filled her with a sense of wonder and excitement.

“It’s so cold here, and even grass doesn’t grow. What do those cows and sheep eat?”

“There is a layer of vegetation under the snow and ice, enough for the livestock to keep themselves full even during winter, although the conditions are obviously very severe.”

They continued until suddenly; they saw a sheet of melting ice.

Bradley stopped in his tracks.

“What’s wrong?” Stella asked when she noticed his reaction.

“Nothing,” Bradley frowned. He turned to the shepherd beside him and asked, “I remember being here last year, and the ice and snow were still frozen. Why is it thawing so early?”

“Climate change,” replied the shepherd who had been their guide during the tour in a thick local accent. “The ice and snow melt a lot earlier now. Usually, it would be quite cold this time of year, but it’s much colder than usual now.”

With some effort, Stella somewhat understood what he was saying.

The melting of ice and snow actually cooled the air, making it much colder than when everything was still frozen. No wonder the further they walked, the more the down jacket she was wearing seemed insufficient to protect her from the cold.

Bradley noticed her looking a little off, so he asked, "Why don't we head back for now?"

Stella still wanted to go a little further. After all, she had never been to a place like this before. But suddenly, she felt a big hand wrapped around her waist. Weston quickly pulled her into his arms, preventing her from taking a step further.

"It appears the conditions today are unsuitable to proceed," he whispered in her ear. "You should head back and rest in your condition."

If he had not suddenly appeared, Stella would have forgotten that he'd been following her all this time.

"If you can't bear it, you can go ahead and leave," she argued. "Don't mind me."

She had planned to head back initially, but when she heard what Weston was saying, she simply couldn't help but feel the urge to rebel.

What right did he have to expect her to listen to him?

She brushed his hands off and walked defiantly ahead.

Weston frowned at the sight of her walking away, looking as if he had something to say. But when he saw Stella's stubborn and determined look, he swallowed all his words and just quietly followed her.

Because they were surrounded by other professionals, Bradley decided not to say anything. Besides, they were still very far from the danger zone and still had time anyway, so there should be no problem, even if Stella wanted to go a little further.

They hadn't walked on very far when Stella suddenly stopped and turned to Bradley, asking him, "Are you okay?"

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing," said Stella. "But if you're tired, then we should probably head back."

Bradley chuckled when he realized that Stella was looking for an excuse to return to the tents.

“Now that you mention it,” he nodded, “I do feel a little unwell. Perhaps it’s altitude sickness. Why don’t we go back for now?”

Stella sighed in relief. She turned to Weston with a stern look on her face and said, “Someone’s feeling unwell, so we should head back now, but if you still want to continue on, then go on ahead.”

She then turned away from him as soon as she finished speaking.

Weston had no other choice but to hurry after her and say, “Why would I go on if you’re leaving now?”

“It sounds like you’re only here because of me,” she scoffed. “So you’re saying that you’ll do whatever I do and go wherever I go?”

Weston stood in front of her, looking into her eyes as he said, “Yes.”

## Chapter 1252

For a long time, Weston just stared at Stella as if he’d never gotten tired of her face.

“I thought it was pretty obvious,” he said.

Like Stella, he was also wearing a thick padded ski jacket plus a few more layers of clothes underneath it, yet even when he was dressed like that, he still seemed to be towering over everyone else around him.

He reached out his hand to adjust Stella’s collar to cover her up more snugly so she was more protected from the cold, and with a helpless tone, he asked, “Haven’t my actions been obvious enough to you yet?”

He would never have decided to come to such a place had it not been for Stella. He wasn’t a man who wasted his time with leisurely activities. In fact, traveling had never interested him at all. With his skills and talents, he could use the time he had to go through some more documents or sign a few more contracts, earning him millions more, instead of throwing precious time away by traveling.

Why else would he set aside such a huge potential to come to such a harsh and inhospitable place that not even birds laid their eggs?

Stella perfectly understood what he was implying, but she had no desire to talk to him, so she just glared at him and walked alongside Bradley back to the tents.

The crew had already set up their tents. Among them was Caspian Yates, who noticed Stella from a distance, and he went over to say hello.

He had initially wanted to have a little chat with her, but he decided against it when he noticed the glum-faced man following her from behind. And so, after a short greeting, Caspian quickly left her and just went about his own business.

He loved nothing more than to catch up with Stella, of course, but he knew they still had a lot of time in the future, so there was no need to be too hasty about it.

After all, Caspian had no desire to go up against such a man as Weston Ford. By the looks of it, it seemed Weston had a new terrifying level of possessiveness over Stella, and putting himself into hot soup for no reason by crossing him would be foolish.

The others who were there seemed to agree with Caspian. Almost no one came up to talk to Stella at all. Most simply kept quiet, while some were even too afraid to look at them.

Stella could clearly sense what was happening as she sat there. Ever since Weston showed up, almost no one came up to chat with her at all. She turned to the man beside her, whose presence was as intimidating as that of a god and could not help but blurted out, "Can't you just leave me alone?"

Weston swept a glance around them and nonchalantly responded, "But this place is huge. Why should you be the only one who can stay here?"

"But if you're here," Stella argued angrily, "everyone's going to be too afraid to talk to me!"

"How is it my fault that everyone here is a coward?"

Speechless, Stella glared at him coldly before getting up and finding someone else to talk to.

Weston chuckled as he watched her angrily stomping away, and his eyes even lit up slightly.

The first person Stella went to was Caspian. He stopped what he was doing as he listened to her talking to himself, but then he suddenly glanced in a certain direction.

Seeing that Weston was staring at them, he paused and asked Stella, "Are you in a row with Weston Ford?"

"Can you not mention him?" Stella replied unhappily, not least because Caspian suddenly interrupted her while she was still talking. "You're spoiling my mood."

"If you are quarreling, I suggest you clear everything up with him; otherwise, the whole crew would never be at ease."

Caspian spoke in a joking tone, but Stella could still tell

that there was some truth in his words. She was fully aware of how much Weston was capable of making everyone there feel anxious.

"I'm sorry," she smiled at Caspian. "It looks like I've troubled you."

"You don't have to apologize," Caspian shook his head. If anything, it's all just because that man over there is too powerful. Even if he did nothing and just stood there, everyone would still be worried that they might have slighted him somehow."

Stella thought about it for a while, then she said nothing more to Caspian and turned to leave.

She had no intention of dragging anybody else into the mess between her and Weston, so she went through today's schedule before deciding to chat with Bradley about tomorrow's plans. She would go straight back to her tent afterward to practice the piano by herself.

When Bradley saw her approaching, he stopped what he was doing and whispered something to the person beside him.

Chapter 1253

The minute Stella walked up to him, the person beside Bradley nodded at her. She gave a brief greeting before turning and leaving.

“I’ll just say something and leave,” she hurriedly told Bradley.

“It’s fine,” said Bradley.

“My work here is done anyway.”

Seeing this, Stella nodded and told him about her intentions.

Bradley took out a form and let her take a look at it. “There should be a soft copy of this. We’ll send it to your email later. The signal up here isn’t very good, but I’ve brought some professionals along with me. They’ll fix everything up, so you’ll be able to see it soon, I’m sure.”

As the two talked, Stella noticed a tall and well-built figure walking towards them. She frowned and began to feel irritated.

It was Weston again. Couldn’t he see that they were busy here? Why was he always following her around? Did he never get tired of doing this?

Just as she was about to suggest to Bradley that they talk somewhere else, she saw Weston stop in his tracks, and instead of heading towards her, he stopped and chatted with a producer.

The look on Stella’s face changed. She suddenly felt as if she’d been flattering herself all along.

Bradley noticed the changes in her expressions. A complicated look flashed across his face, but he said nothing.

Weston stood not far from them, looking as if he was in deep conversation with the producer.

Seeing this, Stella retracted her gaze and just ignored him from then on. She then continued to discuss her schedule with Bradley.

Soon, two more cars came halfway up the mountainside and parked near the tents. The doors opened, and out came two women.

Stella felt that one of them sounded very familiar. She looked over, and her eyes gleamed with a look of surprise.

It was Nicole Douglas.

She was wearing much fewer layers than everyone else there. Her thin coat made her look tall and slender, but as soon as she got out of the car, she instantly went into a sneezing fit.

Stella looked away, still wondering what that woman was doing here.

Bradley noticed the newcomers and told Stella, "Those are probably the last-minute additions to the crew."

As soon as she got out of the car, all of Nicole's attention turned to Weston Ford.

That man stood out so much, even though he stood in the middle of a group of old men clad in thick layers of jackets. With a single glance, she easily spotted that handsome face of his, as if there was an invisible wall between him and other mere mortals.

For that reason, Nicole did not notice that Stella was there too.

"Excuse me!" Nicole heard someone behind her say. Mind moving aside? We're trying to bring this equipment in!"

"I'm sorry," she said, finally waking up from a daze.

She stepped aside to give way to the crew. When she turned to look at Weston again, she noticed him staring fixedly in a certain direction, although she was unsure what he was looking at.

She pursed her lips. The air didn't seem so cold anymore. She quickly pulled out a small mirror to fix her makeup and adjust her clothes, then made sure that her smile did not look fake and stiff.

Having done all that, she slowly approached Weston and, with a sweet smile, chirped, "Mr. Ford, what a coincidence! What are you doing here?"

Her timely interruption made the producer pause and glance at her before asking, "And you are...?"

"Hi, my name is Nicole Douglas. I'm an actress who came along with the crew."



All the producer thought was how unfamiliar he found her name to be. He thought it was uncommonly bold of this unknown actress to come up and strike up a conversation with Weston Ford.

Could it be that they actually knew each other?

Chapter 1254

As he was thinking about it, he glanced at the two people in front of him, trying to find some clues in their expressions.

If this actress was really in a close relationship with Weston Ford, he had to make sure he didn't offend her in the slightest way.

However, he noticed that Weston did not even bother to look at her. All he did was give her brief and polite responses.

This cold and distant expression by Weston Ford made the producer wonder to himself whether these two were even in a relationship or if they were trying to conceal their affection to the public.

Still, it would be best to be careful in cases like this, so the producer opted to start chatting with Nicole in a friendly manner.

But this only caused Nicole to misunderstand that the producer's changed attitude was a sign of Weston's approval of her. She was flattered and so tried to turn the subject of their conversation to Weston from time to time.

With a single glance, Bradley could see through Nicole's true intentions.

"A man like Weston Ford would only attract actresses who would throw themselves at him like flies to rotten flesh," he warned Stella. "Just like that one over there. If you don't keep an eye on things, I'm afraid..."

"Don't be silly," Stella cut him off. She looked at him with displeasure and asserted, "I don't care if anyone wants to throw themselves at him. He's nothing to me."

Bradley instantly realized that he shouldn't have said what he said.

"I'm sorry," he apologized and kept his mouth shut after that.

Stella quickly dropped the subject. "I'll be waiting for the email then. If there's nothing else, I'll be leaving."

She then turned around and returned to her own tent.

Weston had been watching her every move the whole time, but then he suddenly noticed that she had turned and walked away. Excusing himself, he quickly left the producer and hurried after her.

Nicole had wanted to chat with him for a little longer, so when she saw that he was leaving, she tried to follow him, calling out, "Mr. Ford! Mr. Ford!"

She kept calling his name, but Weston did not respond at all. Her heart sank instantly, and she was a picture of disappointment.

Her dejected looks alone were enough to help the producer understand what kind of relationship she had with Weston Ford. He could not help but comfort her, Men like him only pay attention to women that they are interested in. Don't be too upset. It's not that you're not good enough, you might just not be his type."

Nicole understood what the producer was implying, and she quickly asked him, "Is there anyone else in this crew apart from me?"

"There's a pianist named Cicily," the producer replied. "I'm not sure if you've heard of her, but she's actually famous all over the world."

The producer had never been interested in classical music, but even he had heard of this pianist before. He had also heard that she was Weston Ford's wife, who had died three years ago, but that sounded too ridiculous to be true, so he remained skeptical about this particular rumor's veracity.

But Nicole reacted to his words instantly. She knew that the woman was Stella Sealey...

Her face was suddenly drained of blood.

She had found it dubious and quizzical when she heard that Weston had gone to such an isolated place as Snow Mountain, especially since there was not much potential for this place apart from developing it into a tourist spot, seeing that there were no precious natural resources to be found here.

This was exactly why Ford Corporation had always steered clear of locations like this.

At first, she assumed that Weston might be planning to invest in the film industry, but it became clear that he was only here because of Stella Sealey...

This came as a shock to her, yet it was also simultaneously unsurprising.

No other woman apart from Stella Sealey could ever make Weston act so out of the ordinary.

This realization brought excruciating pain to her heart, but at the same time, made her yearn for him even more.

If she could somehow take Stella's place someday, she would become the most special woman in his life... 1

The possibility of this was just too tantalizing. She knew that it would be nigh impossible for her to get what she wanted, but she just could not give it up.

To her, Weston was like the big bright moon in the night sky. She knew that an insurmountable obstacle lay between her and the man, but she just could not help but wish to bathe herself in his brilliance, dreaming that one day he would shine all his light onto her alone and no one else.

What if she got a chance one day?

What if...?

Those were the thoughts that filled Nicole's head.

Meanwhile, Stella was already inside her own tent.

She took off her thick heavy coat. The air inside was warm and cozy, unlike the biting cold air outside. It was so different that it felt as if she had been on two different planets.

After only staying in there for a few minutes, her face was already starting to sweat slightly.

Chapter 1255

Stella was just thinking about taking off her wool sweater when she noticed a black shadow in her tent.

It was Weston. She did not know when he got there, but he suddenly appeared behind her out of nowhere, holding her hand and telling her, "Don't take too many layers off. You'll catch a cold."

"How did you get in?" asked Stella as she sprang up on her feet.

With widened eyes, she turned to look at the entrance of her tent. It was still closed and hidden, but she could see now how fragile of a barrier it was. Still, there was so many crew, and everyone knew and respected the rules of not opening anyone's door or entering tents without permission.

Everyone, that was, except for Weston, who seemed to think that he was above this rule.

In fact, even if anybody saw him coming into Stella's tent, she was sure no one would've dared raise concern or say anything to him.

Knowing this, Stella took a deep breath as she found herself seething with anger.

"If you keep on acting like this, I'm going to pack my stuff and leave right away."

Weston paused. He was intending to touch her, but he quickly withdrew his hand away from her.

"You know more than anyone else," he said, "that I can do anything in this world, except for leaving you alone."

He stood there, his gaze fixed on her, his eyes showing a pained expression.

"Even if you pack up and leave now," he added, "I'll only leave with you anyway, so are you sure you're going to waste your time doing such a useless thing?"

Stella never thought that he could be this shameless. For a while, she was rendered speechless. After a long silence, she finally massaged her temples and said, "Fine."

She just could not believe that Weston would really endure all the troubles that she could bring him. Since she could not persuade him to leave, then she would use another tactic to chase him away.

She glanced at him and asked, "You want to be by my side, don't you?"

"Yes."

"So no matter what I say to you, you'll never leave, right?"

"That's right."

"Fine," Stella sat down in front of her laptop. "In that case, go get me a basin of water. I want to wash my face."

Since it was right in the middle of the day, Weston instantly knew that the only reason she wanted to wash her face was to give him a hard time.

Nevertheless, Weston rushed out of the tent without uttering a single complaint.

Soon, he returned with a big tub of hot water.

The amenities available on Snow Mountain were quite simple and rudimentary, but the tent where Weston was staying was much more luxurious and it even came with all sorts of convenience.

Stella flat out refused to stay there with him, though. She would only stay where the rest of the crew was staying. Even though the facilities here were slightly worse than the ones outside, it was still not so bad as to make it unendurable.

"Why don't you take a bath?" Weston suggested. "You took a long walk outside just now and it was very cold."

"Sure," Stella replied through gritted teeth.

This was only her first test. She was convinced that he would not last that long if she gave him one trouble after another!

"This is no good at all!" she complained. "The water's scalding hot!"

“It just looks too hot,” he stood up and assured her. ” Why don’t you give it a try and dip your toes in? It’s really not that hot at all.”

“But it’s clearly steaming!” she argued. “How can you say that it’s not too hot?”

“Change the water,” she instructed him.

She was not even willing to test the water at all. It was obvious that she was trying to give him a hard time.

But Weston stayed silent and just brought her another tub of water. This time, though, he did not give her the time to complain. He swiftly picked her up in his arms and without saying a word, took off her socks, sweater, and pants before placing her inside the tub.

The warm water flooded Stella’s body. She wanted to struggle and push him away, but it was just too comfortable, so she just lay still in the tub.

Then she turned to him and said, “I’m hungry. I want something to eat.”

“What do you want to eat?” he asked. “I’ll go get it for you.”

Stella’s eyes rolled as she thought about it before she answered, “I want something icy.”

## Chapter 1256

The man’s movements stopped abruptly. His disapproving, gloomy eyes fixed themselves on her.

“Why would you eat something icy now? Are you trying to catch a cold?”

Stella said nothing. She looked annoyed as she

impatiently tapped her fingers on the side of the tub, saying, “Get out and leave me alone then. I want to enjoy my bath in peace.”

Weston stared fixedly at her in silence before kneeling down beside her, saying, “Let me help you.”

“Get out,” Stella’s eyes widened, glaring at him, “you pervert!”

Weston was completely unruffled. He picked up a cloth nearby and placed it on her back, and began to gently rub

Stella's body instantly stiffened, and she swatted his hand away.

"Don't you even try!" she yelled.

"I just want to wait on you while you soak," he said, gazing at her while looking innocent.

"You wish!" she snapped.

Seeing that she was really getting angry, he withdrew his hand and told her, "I'll be right outside. You can call for me whenever you need me."

Stella scowled at him and said nothing.

Once she was sure that he had gone outside, she finally let her guard down and properly enjoyed the bath.

A long time had passed, and Stella had completely forgotten that there was someone waiting for her outside. She picked up the script that Bradley gave her and began skimming through it.

This time, the crew had set up a shooting location on Snow Mountain, where most of the plot involved the characters being around nature. Even though Stella was only reading the script, she could already feel relaxed, and her mood lifted.

As she kept on reading, she was so immersed in it that she forgot the time. It was now getting quite late.

The door to her tent was lifted open from the outside, and Weston walked in and said, "You should eat something now."

It was only then that Stella realized she was getting quite peckish.

"Help me get rid of the tub," she said.

She was already done soaking in the bath and was only waiting for Weston to come in and clean everything up. Hearing this, Weston gave her a long, meaningful look. He did not say anything, he just set the things in his hands down on a table in front of her and got rid of the bathwater without complaint.

Meanwhile, outside the tent, Nicole was getting ready to eat, so she looked for Weston all over the place, yet no one knew where he was.

She was not sure if any of the food served here was to Weston's taste, and she got quite worried about it. Just as she was lost in thoughts, she turned around and bumped into Weston, who was just coming out from another tent.

She smiled and walked up to him, saying, "It's almost time for dinner, Mr. Ford. Can you eat the food served here? If you don't like it, I can prepare something else for you..."

She then suddenly paused in the middle of her sentence when she noticed that Weston was carrying a big tub of bathwater. He just walked past her with a distant look on his face, completely ignoring her. Nicole couldn't believe her eyes and was frozen in place.

She then hurried after him and cried, "You don't have to do these things yourself, Mr. Ford! Let me help you! Or maybe I can ask someone else..."

"There's no need," said Weston without even looking at her. "Just don't get in my way."

His cold and icy response made her step aside, although she just stood there, neither walking away nor approaching him.

Weston acted as if he didn't even see her. After getting rid of the bathwater, he quickly hurried back into the same tent.

In the brief moment that he raised the tent door, Nicole instinctively tried to take a peek. All she saw was a slender figure flashing past her view before it was completely blocked.

Nicole clenched her fists. She knew that the woman inside couldn't be anyone else but Stella Sealey.

She simply couldn't understand why Weston would be so willing to do anything for that woman. Everything that happened three years ago was all Stella's fault after all, and Weston had spared no effort going to extreme lengths just to save her.

After all that he had done for her, how could she still treat him so poorly? How could she let him do such lowly chores for her?



She clearly didn't have an ounce of love for him!

## Chapter 1257

Meanwhile, because there was a heater in the tent, the air was warm and cozy, and Stella had settled in snugly.

However, when she saw Weston come in again, bringing with him a gust of frosty air, she frowned, annoyance written all over her face. "Stop. Stay there. Don't come any closer."

Weston stopped in his tracks. He remained unfazed by her bossy haughtiness, though he was bothered by how she was looking at him as if he disgusted her.

And thus, he walked up to her and held her chin up with his hand. Before she had the time to react, he swiftly swooped down and kissed her lips.

"Mmm..." Stella's eyes widened in shock. The script slipped through her fingers, and she hit Weston hard on his shoulders to make him stop.

But her resistance did not deter Weston in the slightest bit. Far from being hurt, it merely felt like a tickle.

He clasped her hands together and, without any hesitation, dove right in and gave her a deeper kiss.

Stella kept on resisting, albeit helplessly, as she did not manage to make him budge at all.

Weston only let go of her when he was done kissing her. He leaned down on her forehead, still panting a little, and whispered in her ear, "You've been bossing me for long enough now, it's only fair that you reward me a little, right...?"

"You can leave whenever you like, if you can't bear it," she pushed him away. "I'm not forcing you to be here."

"Just think of it as me forcing you," he replied.

As he parted his lips, his warm breath turned into white clouds of fog, giving the air in the tent an indescribably sensuous atmosphere.

But he only kissed her that one time and then released her.

Stella took a deep breath. Her eyes were cold and

crystalline. She picked up the script on the floor, but she was no longer in the mood to read it.

Undeterred, Weston presented the dishes he brought with him to her, telling her, "The food up here tastes a little different. I asked the kitchen to cook up a variety for you, so why don't you try and see if you like any?"

"I'm not eating any of that," she refused, not even looking at the dishes.

Weston paused, then asked her, "Which one do you dislike?"

"All of them," she replied while looking straight into his eyes, obviously taunting him.

"What do you want to eat then?" he asked patiently. "I'll go get it for you."

"I told you—I want something icy."

'Anything but that," he said, reaching out his hand to pinch her nose. He chuckled and asked her, "Do you really want something icy?"

"Yes! How many times do I have to tell you? Stop asking me the same question! You're clearly trying to annoy me."

"Okay, then."

Weston turned and left the tent without saying another word.

When he returned, he really did bring her some ice cubes, but he also brought along a bottle of fine red wine. Calmly, he walked up to her and set a tall glass in front of her.

Stella took a step back and stared at him, wondering what he was going to do.

Weston opened the bottle and filled a glass with wine before dropping some ice cubes into it.

"Didn't you say you wanted something icy?" he asked.

“I said I wanted to eat something icy,” she argued. “I never said I wanted to drink wine.”

“You don’t have to drink if you don’t want to,” he said, then he suddenly took a sip of the wine. An ice cube slid into his mouth, and he swiftly held Stella’s chin in place before kissing her lips again.

An icy cold sensation passed between their lips. Stella was shocked by the coldness of the ice and wanted to push him away, only for him to hold her tightly in place and kiss her even more deeply.

This kiss felt different from the previous one.

She kept trying to push him away and resist him, but the ice started to mix with her saliva, merging and mingling together in their stickiness until it started to melt little by little.

The alcohol filled their mouths. Stella was feeling a little light-headed now.

Slowly, he managed to dissolve the strength of her resistance.

## Chapter 1258

Stella couldn’t tell how long Weston’s kiss was before he finally released her.

He was still breathing heavily when he planted another kiss on the top of her cupid’s bow and asked her, “Do you want another one?”

Stella’s mind was completely blank at this point. The alcohol content of the wine was too high and she was feeling quite dizzy now.

Gettin no answer, Weston put another ice cube into his mouth and kissed her again.

Her lips were so numb now that she couldn’t feel them. She simply couldn’t believe how brazenly shameless this man could get...

Meanwhile, Nicole was pacing back and forth restlessly outside the tent.

A member of the crew informed her that dinner was served, but she had no choice but to reluctantly refuse.

“I’ll be there in a minute,” she said.

She wanted to stay there and wait for Weston to come out. She had heard some noises emerging from inside the tent that made her blush and her heart race. She clenched her fists, but she had no courage to barge in there.

Slap!

When the kiss ended, Stella struck him right away.

But Weston was used to her slaps by now. Without a change in his expressions, he asked her, "Did you hurt your hand slapping me?"

As he spoke, he lifted up her hand and kissed the spot on her palm that had gotten red from striking him.

Stella quickly yanked her hand away from him as if she had just gotten an electric shock. She stared at him incredulously and said, "You've become so... So..."

She thought that even the word "perverted" was too kind for a man like him. In that instant, she couldn't think of a vicious enough word to hurl at him.

Weston chuckled under his breath and stroked her hair lovingly. "If you can't think of a word, then just forget it and eat something instead, okay? You took a long walk today. You must be tired."

"I'll have no appetite so long as you're still here," she spat ruthlessly.

"You can turn away when you eat."

Stella had nothing more to say to him, though she still hadn't touched any of the food he brought her.

"I'm serious," she said. "I don't want to eat anything right now."

"But it's time for dinner," he insisted. "You should at least take a few bites."

He looked at her bony shoulders and reached out his hand to caress them.

"You're so skinny now," he said. "How can you stay healthy if you don't eat something?"

"That's none of your business," she told him irritably. "Stop being so nosy."

"I'm not being nosy," he argued. "I just want you to take good care of yourself. Only then can I stop worrying."

"In the past three years, not only have I been taking good care of myself, but I've raised my two children at the same time, so don't bother worrying about me. I don't need it. If there's nothing else, can you please get out of my sight? You're disturbing my work!"

Weston said nothing. He sat down beside her and told her, "If you're not eating, then I'm not either:"

"Do whatever you want! Why would I care?"

Stella scowled at him, slightly amused by what he said just now.

He could not still be thinking that she cared about him, could he?

They both fell silent.

But the silence was soon broken by Nicole's voice coming from outside.

"Ms. Sealey! Are you in there?"

She was clever this time. She did not call out Weston's name right away, but decided to call for Stella instead.

Stella froze for a moment. She recognized the voice to be Nicole's.

"Yes," she answered, her eyes filled with interest. "What's the matter?"

"Dinner is ready now, and everyone's waiting for you..."

She did not say it explicitly, but it was clear that she wanted Stella to join the crew for dinner.

Stella tapped her fingers on the table. She glanced at the hefty dinner that Weston had brought to her, yet she turned around and quickly agreed to go out.

"Okay," she told Nicole. "I'm going out in a moment."

Nicole was shocked. She did not expect Stella to agree so easily.

Stella then got up and headed out of the tent right away, but Weston hurried after her, then grabbed her wrist, and stopped her with a look of disapproval in his eyes.

“I’ve seen the food they serve out there,” he said. “They don’t look that tasty at all. Why don’t you just eat here instead?”

## Chapter 1259

Stella brushed his hand off and said, “But I want to have dinner with everyone. Do you have a problem with that?”

Weston sighed, having no choice but to relent to her.

“I’ll go with you then...”

“No,” she stood in front of him, blocking his way. “If you’re there, I’ll lose all my appetite.”

Weston pursed his lips till they became a thin straight line. His face turned gloomy.

Seeing this, Stella smiled and told him, “I’m sorry, but this is my usual temper. If you can’t bear it, you’re free to stay away from me now.”

Weston pressed his eyebrows hard, trying to suppress the burning anger inside him.

“Okay,” he said, returning to his usual nonchalant demeanor, “I’ll go with you, but I’ll make sure you see me.”

Nicole was waiting outside the tent, and when she saw them both coming out, her gaze fell solely on Weston’s body.

“Mr. Ford!” she cried, her eyes lighting up. She pretended she had not met him yet and greeted him, “I didn’t expect to see you here... with Ms. Sealey...”

Weston glanced furtively at her before completely ignoring her. He then hurried after Stella.

Stella stopped abruptly when she saw him behind her. She looked at him and asked, “Didn’t I tell you to stay here?”

Hearing this, Nicole turned around and asked, "But why? Isn't Mr. Ford having dinner with us too...?"

"He's not hungry yet," Stella said before turning to

Weston with a smile and asl

"Isn't that right?"

Weston pressed the point between his brows, knowing he had no choice but to agree.

"I'm not hungry yet," he echoed.

Stella smiled devilishly and told him, "I just took a bath, so I've got a lot of dirty laundry..."

She paused and did not finish her sentence.

Weston looked at her with dark, inscrutable eyes before his lips parted to say, "I'll help you clean them."

Nicole froze on the spot. She stared at Weston with disbelief and said, "But we have our crew to specially do these chores, Mr. Ford! You..."

"I don't trust others to do this," he bluntly interrupted her, then turned to Stella and casually added, "These are clothes that will touch your skin after all, so it would be best if I wash them myself."

Stella nodded, signifying that she agreed.

"I'll leave it to you then," she said. "I'm joining the others for dinner now."

She was only saying that to tease him, of course. Little did she expect that Weston would actually do her laundry. Besides, she wondered if a man like him even knew what the words "doing laundry" meant.

The whole crew was already seated when she got to the dining table. Bradley looked around, pulled up a chair for her, and then asked her, "Wh in't Mr. Ford come along with you?"

"He's probably busy with something," she replied vaguely.

Some people who had accompanied Weston there also noticed Weston's absence and were about to get him, but Stella stopped them.

"There's no need," she said. "He's busy with something right now."

Since she said he was busy, the others had nothing more to say, so they just sat back down, even though they were quietly wondering what was going on.

It irked Nicole to no end that Stella could just sit there happily, enjoying her dinner, while Weston stayed in her tent, not coming out for dinner because he was doing her laundry.

It had been a long day, and he had not eaten anything yet –would he be alright? Could his body endure it?

What a wicked woman!

She couldn't take it any longer. She rose to her feet and announced, "Since it looks like Mr. Ford is busy with something, I'd better bring him his food later."

When she finished speaking, everyone there fell silent. Their heads turned towards the two women. None of them knew what to say.

Anyone who was not blind could tell what kind of feelings Weston Ford harbored for Stella Sealey.

But what was just as obvious was Nicole's feelings towards Weston. In a situation as such, everyone decided that it would be best not to interfere.

## Chapter 1260

Bradley put some food on Stella's plate and told her, "I'm not sure if any of these are to your taste..."

Stella looked around and seemed to be pleased with all the dishes she saw. She smiled and replied, "Thanks, Bradley! These are all my favorites."

Nicole was annoyed when she heard this. She could not help herself from commenting in a meaningful tone, "I must say that no other woman can beat your charm, Ms. Sealey. Everyone seems to be waiting on you hand and foot!"



Stella smirked before turning to Nicole and answered, " You're not bad yourself! You weren't part of the crew at all, but you somehow found a way to follow us here. I'm sure you must've made some important friends haven't you?"

Stella had put it so bluntly that Nicole's face turned a sickly shade of green.

Stella was right that Nicole had cozied up with two producers, and they were the reason why she managed to get here. But it was nothing like what Stella was implying because her relationship with the producers had been purely platonic!

"Have you misunderstood something, Ms. Sealey? I earned everything through my own hard work, and I've never done anything wrong or been involved in anything shady before, but what you said just now sounded like you were trying to mislead people into thinking ill of me!"

"But I didn't mean to imply anything," Stella shrugged. " If you think that I've insinuated you, then I owe you an apology. I'm really sorry."

Hearing Stella apologizing so frankly threw Nicole off, but her anger would not dissipate so easily. Her eyes rolled as she paused to think for a while, then she asked Stella right there in front everyone, "I've heard that a flock of young men in Ahn ny is now trying to woo you, Ms. Sealey. I wonder if you've got your heart set on any of them yet?"

Nicole changed the subject all of a sudden, but Stella was still unfazed as she smiled at her and asked, "Where did you hear this from? Who are these men that are wooing me? Why don't I know anything about this?"

And just like that, she calmly threw the question back at Nicole.

Nicole was speechless for a while, but she had no choice but to stumble ahead and say, "Oh, it's just rumors that have been spreading around. But there wouldn't be any smoke without fire, would there? I'm just really curious if there's any man in this world who could beat our own Mr. Ford in stealing your heart..."

The longer she spoke, the bolder she got. She continued, " If I'm not mistaken, I think there was a man who's been following you around when you were abroad, a man named Edward. He'd go to every concert of yours, and you were even on the news together too. Is that true?"

“That is true,” Stella replied. “But he was just my fan. With so many fans that I have, they can’t all be wooing me, can they? We’re all in this industry, so I’m sure you’d know that as long as you gained the slightest bit of popularity, all of this is just ridiculous, right?” use Nicole was not that

She was clearly implying that famous, she could not possibly understand this. After all, the most Nicole had ever done was sing and play the piano at places like Lowe Garden to entertain the guests. Although she had formally entered the entertainment industry now, she still struggled to gain much fame or success.

In the past three years, she had been just like Daisy, focusing all her thoughts and efforts on Weston Ford, trying to figure out how to take Stella’s place after she died.

But Daisy was not exactly like Nicole in every way.

At least for Daisy, no matter how much she wanted to be with Weston Ford, she would never neglect her own job because she knew that the only way she could distinguish herself from the other women in Weston’s eyes was to be impeccably efficient in her job. That was the only way that she could stand out from the other frivolous women around him.

In fact, it was precisely because Daisy was phenomenal at doing her job that she knew Weston would not get rid of her so easily as long as she never caused him any trouble.

But Nicole was not like that at all. She still had the attitude of a naive and immature young woman. She had no idea what her strengths and her weaknesses were.

All she wanted to do was show up everywhere that Weston went without consider sick of seeing her. whether or not he was With that naive mindset of hers, she assumed that by bringing up all those rumors about Stella, she would be able to embarrass her.

Besides, she had even heard of a rumor about Stella having hooked up with Caspian Yates in the past.

How could such a wanton woman ever be worthy of a man like Weston Ford?

"I think I've heard scandalous gossip about Mr. Caspian Yates and Ms. Sealey hooking up with each other in the past. I wonder if that's true or if it's all just a lie?"

"Well," Stella effortlessly retorted, "you said it yourself that it's just gossip, didn't you? So, of course, it's all a lie. Caspian was very popular back then, and he's still popular now too. It's not surprising that people would gossip about a celebrity like him, right?"

## **Read Novel Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches**

### **Chapter 1261**

#### Chapter 1261

Caspian naturally knew Nicole's intention.

After all, he had spent so much time in this circle. When facing these two-faced women, he could see through their minds at a glance. So, he aimed directly at Nicole. "I heard that the list of actors this time was decided long ago, and your name is not on the list. Why are you here?"

His words were much blunter, and it was difficult to answer.

Nicole's face turned ugly. "Because there was an actress not feeling well and withdrew at the last minute, so I came as her substitute."

"I see."

Caspian nodded with an ambiguous smile. He paused for a long time without saying anything, but it felt like he had said everything.

It was just that he did not make it apparent.

She clenched her fists instantly, resenting the feeling she had when everyone was speaking for Stella.

Halfway through her meal, a tall figure came toward them from a distance.

Her eyes lit up, and she stood up immediately. "Mr. Ford!"

Stella heard the familiar footsteps behind her, but she kept eating her food with her head lowered.

After a short while, the actress beside her suddenly stood up and said to Weston, "Mr. Ford, please have a seat."

She was a quick-witted one.

Weston nodded and sat beside Stella.

The group spoke a little less loudly.

Stella could obviously sense.

Weston would become the center of attraction as soon as he appeared.

His every move would observe his every move, trying to please him, putting him as the first priority.

She hated this feeling, so she put down her cutlery and asked coldly, "Why did you come over?"

"I came to see you," said Weston calmly.

She asked with a straight face, "Have you done the laundry?"

"Of course. I came after doing it." He looked at her eyes, reached out to help her tuck her hair beside her cheek behind her ear, and lowered his head to peck her cheek. Don't worry. I have washed all your clothes, including your..."

He paused abruptly, moved closer to her, and whispered into her ear, "... under-gar-ments."

He purposely pronounced the word syllable by syllable, ensuring the words entered her ears clearly.

She was startled, her face flushed instantly, and she glared at him.

But her gaze was so charming in his eyes.

He chuckled, without feeling the slightest bit of anger and shame that Stella had made him do the laundry, but rather enjoyed it.

“Your taste hasn’t changed at all. What you liked a few years ago is still the same a few years later...”

“You shut up!”

Stella bit her spoon, and her face was red.

He purposely lowered his voice when he said that in her ear.

But she was still worried that the people around them could hear his extremely shameless words!

Chapter 1262

Stella’s intention was to get Weston to back off, but she did not expect the man to be enjoying it.

She began to think that her approach might not be suitable for dealing with a resilient man like Weston. He might even take this kind of difficulty as something fun.

After the meal, Stella planned to go to Bradley’s scene. Her face was still as stern as she ignored Weston.

At the table, Bradley saw that Weston only followed Stella from a distance and did not bother. It made him chuckle, and he whispered in her ear. “I didn’t expect Mr. Ford to be so unoccupied and will help you wash clothes. There are not many virtuous men like him in this era.”

Stella was speechless.

She had a headache. “Can you not talk about this?”

She was very annoyed at the moment.

Caspian also came over. As if shocked by the incident just now, his face didn’t look good, though his eyes were full of mischievousness. “I have never seen Weston like that. Did he really just do your laundry?”

Stella was noncommittal, not willing to talk about him.

Caspian was getting excited. “No way. Is it true that this man, Weston, washes your clothes? He probably doesn’t even know how to operate a washing machine.”

It was not like what he had exaggerated.

Stella said, “He simply does not need to do all these. He is not stupid.”

“In that case, then what just happened was all true. He really washed your undergarments?”

She was speechless.

Seeing her in embarrassment, Caspian did not stop but got more excited instead.

Stella felt helpless, but Bradley, who was beside them, supported him and said, “Didn’t you see the faces of the people at the table just now? They were all shocked. You are really something, Stella, for having someone like Weston to wash the clothes for you. I bet everyone would feel that it was like a dream, or it might be a nightmare...”

Originally, Stella did not go back to face Weston, and this was why she came to chat with them. But unexpectedly, they kept on talking about Weston. This irritated her very much.

“If you still want to talk about him, I’ll be leaving.”

Caspian and Bradley exchanged glances. Bradley’s eyes flashed with obscurity, but he did not say anything. ” Then let’s talk about the script.”

Stella was a special guest star this time to play in the show.

She was now famous abroad, but only her name was known in the country, and she had nothing that could make her stand out in a show.

Getting this invitation to be a special guest star might be a good start for her.

Weston had been guarding her not far from her. Since he was not leaving, Nicole naturally would not want to leave. She used an excuse to pretend to ask other people for advice on lines, but she kept! ing in Weston’s direction, paying attention to his every move.

So, Stella felt that two people were watching her at the same time. Without saying much, she had already planned to leave in a hurry.

When seeing Stella returned to her place, Weston stood up and followed her.

Stella stopped in annoyance after taking a few steps. She looked at him. "Can you stop following me?"

Weston said, "I am just going back to my tent."

She was speechless.

"Your tent is over there." She pointed to where he was staying.

He withdrew his gaze. "Your place is where I want to go to."

"Can you not be this shameless?" Stella snapped.

Chapter 1263

"I will lose my wife if I want my face, my wife is more important."

Stella said, "Who is your wife?"

She glared at him. "Don't forget that we've been divorced a long time ago, in fact, twice."

"We were married in front of everyone in Ahn City, and don't you forget that either," Weston reminded. He looked serious, though he showed no awareness that he was actually forcing her to complete the wedding. "You took a vow in front of the priest, and me, too. Besides, we did not dissolve the marriage three years ago.. it is you who unilaterally declared your death. Even after your death, you are still my wife."

Stella could only remain silent for a moment. She could never win against this man when it came to

shamelessness. He could say such things so righteously.

She walked into her tent without looking at him.

He followed her into the tent. She looked at the clothes he had washed. They had all been hung up properly for drying.

She walked over to inspect his work and suddenly frowned. "This is the laundry you did?"

"What's wrong with it?"

"It's not clean here."

Stella pointed to the spot on her shirt where it was originally printed with a pattern. "How is it still so dirty?"

Weston knew she was deliberately picking a fight just by taking a look at it and said to her, "You just might not be able to clean this thing even with disinfectant."

"Are you talking back now? If you don't want to wash it, just don't. Is it necessary to be so stubborn after you did a bad job?"

Weston was silent.

Indeed, he should not have refuted her just now.

He knew that Stella was deliberately picking a fight, so he should not have gone against her wishes.

"Okay, I will wash it again."

Stella just pointed to a top but did not expect him to reach out and remove all her undergarments as well.

Her eyes widened at once. "I'm talking about the knit shirt!"

"I know. Since it's not clean enough, the others must be more or less the same. I'll re-wash them for you."

Stella was so angry that her face turned a little red, or perhaps she was a little shy. "No need for the undergarments. I'll wash them myself later."

"How can I let you do it? It's so cold now."

Weston frowned and said to her, "Good girl, go and sit for a while, I will be back soon."



So that night, the whole crew witnessed Weston going to the house of a local herder to borrow a basin and ask for some soap in order to wash the clothes for Stella. He washed them thoroughly, making sure they were clean.

He looked as serious as getting a business deal worth millions of dollars.

Nicole could not stand it anymore and walked over to him. “Mr. Ford, stop it. Can’t you see that Stella is doing it on purpose?”

He ignored her remark and gave her an indifferent look instead. “Get out of the way.”

Nicole paled a little, not expecting him to side with Stella even at this point.

She stood in front of him and refused to leave. “I can’t watch you suffer like this anymore. You want to wash her clothes, don’t you? Okay, I’ll help you wash them together!”

After she said that, she took a small bench over and sat in front of him, attempting to get the clothes in his hands.

## Chapter 1264

Weston blocked her hands with his bony wrist that emitted a faint elegance, showing off the precious chronometer he wore.

However, he seemed to completely ignore that fact and put his hand into the water directly. Then, as if feeling it was getting in the way, he took the watch off and tossed it aside.

Nicole could not understand at all. “Why do you treat her so well when she does this to you?”

She did not get a reply from Weston, who seemed to be completely oblivious to her.

Her eyes slowly fell on the wound on the back of his hand, and her pupils contracted. “Mr. Ford, you’re hurt, what happened?”

His wound was soaked in the water until it turned a little white.

Nicole’s heart sank as she looked at his wound. “You don’t have to do this, Mr. Ford. Let me help you, or the wound will be infected...”

“I’ll say it again, don’t meddle with my matters.”

The man’s patience finally ran out, and he looked at her with cold eyes. His eyes were full of impatience and rejection.

Her eyes fluttered, and she suddenly stood up as if thinking of something. “Is this from the last time you cooked for Stella?”

Apart from that, she really could not think of any other place where this man could have been injured except in the kitchen.

She had also heard that he had borrowed the kitchen here before. He must have been for cooking for Stella.

But Stella always had dinner with everyone else. This meant she had never touched the food Weston made for her.

She was just torturing him on purpose!

The more Nicole thought about it, the angrier she became, but Weston simply ignored her.

She stood there for a long time and then ran furiously to Stella. Stella was preparing to rest and raised her eyebrow when she saw Nicole coming. “What’s the matter?”

She held the glass of red wine that Weston had sent over during the day and took a gentle sip.

As expected of Weston’s taste, it was pretty good.

If the way he fed it to her before had not been too offensive, she might have been able to enjoy the taste of this red wine properly.

“Do you know that Mr. Ford’s washing your clothes? Haven’t they been washed? Why ask him to wash them again? You are deliberately torturing him, aren’t you?”

“It’s not. He did it of his own free will.”

Stella slowly sat on the makeshift chair. She had already changed into her pajamas. It seemed like she was planning to rest.

Nicole took a deep breath. "Do you not think about Mr. Ford's situation at all? Do you know what those people in the crew are saying about him? They said that he is licking your boots and he is your fawner!"

"What people say and do have got nothing to do with me, besides-"

Stella raised her glass and smiled at her. "I'd appreciate it if you could find a way to get Weston to stop doing that."

Nicole could not listen any longer. "You are clearly emboldened because of his love for you! Why would you do that to someone who loves you?"

"Because I've been trampled before."

Stella said, "Love is not a big deal. I have devoted to it before, but I didn't get such a good ending and lost the most important thing."

She said it in a light-hearted way, briefly mentioning the pain of the past.

Chapter 1265

Nicole obviously would not understand her and would only question her.

"Whatever. The past is in the past. You will regret treating Mr. Ford like that!"

"Is that so?"

Stella laughed, not taking her words seriously. "If that's all you came here to say, then please go back."

Nicole refused to leave. "Do you know that he has wounds all over his hands in order to cook for you? And yet you call him over to do the laundry. His wounds are soaked white. Don't you have any feelings? You are really a cold-blooded woman!"

After saying that, she suddenly saw a completely untouched meal on a table inside the tent. She recognized that they were Weston's cooking at first glance. "He has done so much for you, and you refuse to even take a bite. How can you be so cruel?"

"I just don't eat his food. Is that considered cruel?"

Stella found her incredibly funny, so she stood up and sauntered to her.

The red wine in the glass swirl with her movement, making her look enchanting.

“I once had a marriage. I have prepared meals waiting for a man to return for countless days and nights, but he only returned occasionally. He did not return most of the time, to which I would be looking at the table of cold food. I do not know how much disappointment I experienced... You are heartbroken for him just because of this once. Is it not a little too exaggerated?”

Nicole paled, knowing what she was implying.

But she still felt pitiful for him. As for what sacrifices

Stella had made, they were not within her consideration.

“If you don’t like him this much, go and tell him properly. I really cannot stand watching anymore! He treats you so well, yet you are unmoved!”

“Sure. Since you asked for it, I’ll talk to Weston and tell him not to bother me anymore. How does that sound?”

Nicole was at a complete loss for words at Stella’s quick decision.

Just as she was about to speak, she heard an icy voice from behind her. “I told you. Don’t meddle with my business.”

Nicole felt a chill going down her spine immediately. She dared not turn around.

Weston walked up to Stella. His tone softened a lot. “I apologize for the interference. I’ll get rid of her right away.”

Nicole’s heart went completely cold, and she took a step back when she saw that his first reaction was actually telling Stella not to be angry. “Mr. Ford, she is clearly playing with you. Why are you...”

“This is my business. It has nothing to do with you. “f you don’t know what it means to mind your own business, I will show you what those words mean.”

He rarely said so much to her and was ignoring her most of the time.

Nicole only felt a bone-chilling coldness that spread from the soles of her feet to her limbs. Even her veins froze.

With her eyes red, she turned her head and ran out.

Stella looked at her back with boredom, thinking she was too weak to fight, and said to Weston, “Why don’t you follow along and chase after her?”

Weston frowned immediately and looked at her. His tone was a little displeased. “Don’t make this kind of joke.”

He could see that Stella did not care much. She did not show any hint of jealousy.

His face turned gloomy, but still, he said to her, “Don’t worry. I won’t let her bother you again.”

He did not have the intention to blame her even at this point.

Sadly, however, she could no longer feel jealous because of him.

Weston sadly found that he could no longer stir Stella’s emotions, save for that of annoyance.

## Chapter 1266

Stella looked at Weston, who was standing in front of her. When she recalled the scene she had just seen, she suddenly felt a little discouraged.

She was thinking of tormenting him for a long time but suddenly found it to be pointless.

She told him, “Nicole is not the first person to trouble me, and she will not be the last. Whether it is the past or the future, I have no way to be optimistic about the consequences of you staying by my side. Weston, have you noticed that...”

Her tone suddenly became calm, unlike her previous attitude of deliberately finding fault with him, but more like telling him very seriously and earnestly. “Nothing good happens to me as long as you stay by my side. Your presence has brought me nothing but trouble, non-stop trouble, and the malice of others. I’ve had a good time without you for the past three years.”

The way she had treated him so severely earlier, deliberately trying to torment him, didn’t cause Weston even a moment of heartache.

He thought that as long as she was still willing to make things difficult for him, that was his chance.

But now that Stella was telling him calmly that his existence would only bring trouble to her and that he was the source of her unhappiness-

This made him unsettled, and he started to question the meaning of his existence.

Seeing the sudden change in his face, Stella continued without any qualms. "Have you ever thought that all your self-righteous attempts to redeem yourself are a new pain to me?"

"My feelings for you have worn out long ago. It is you who destroyed it with your own hands, and you want to restore it now. How could such a good thing exist? You have already got so many things in this world, but still want what you can't get. How can there be such a good thing in this world..."

As she spoke each word, the man's face turned grey bit by bit until it finally went completely lifeless.

Nicole did not know what they had talked about. She only knew that when Weston came out, he seemed to be drained of energy, like a walking dead.

She knew it. It must be Stella telling him something excessive to him again!

She really could not understand why such a good man had to be let down.

That woman was just doing whatever she wanted on the basis of his fondness!

She simply couldn't stand it anymore. "Mr. Ford..."

"Go away."

She had just gathered the courage to take a step forward when she heard Weston's cold words.

He was always like this with others, unthinking and cold and somewhat heartless.

After that night, everyone in the crew sensed something was not right.

Weston seemed to have stopped appearing around Stella.

The people he got into the crew also quit. Stella also learned about Weston's departure from the other member.

She did not react much when Bradley told her about it and simply responded, "Mmm."

So he had left. It had nothing to do with her.

Bradley speculated from her expression. "He left just like that. Do you really not feel anything in your heart?"

"I do."

Stella looked at him and smiled. "I felt much of a relief."

Hearing her say so, Nicole, who had been quiet, commented nonchalantly. "I didn't expect Miss Sealey to be so heartless. Mr. Ford still thought about you when he left. He ordered the kitchen to cook your favorite dishes and bolster your ten's security, but all his doings only get you to say such a thing! If he heard it, I do not know how disappointed..."

"You can just tell him."

Chapter 1267

Stella curled her long hair and said to her with a smile. "Since you are fighting for him so much, go and tell him what I just said. You should have his number, right? He will know just how vicious a woman I can be. He won't come back to haunt me in the future, and you'll have a chance to be with him."

She mercilessly revealed Nicole's intention, making Nicole pale and stand up.

In the end, Nicole could only glare at her and then turn around and leave the place.

Looking at Stella's face, which rapidly turned gloomy, Bradley asked, "Are you punishing Weston, or are you punishing yourself now?"

She did not say anything.

She stared into the space and said, “I just don’t want to suffer like how I used to.”

She was doing just fine now. In the days without Weston, she had her own family and a career that she could earn a living.

Since everything was going well, the last thing she wanted was to revert to her old life.

“But he may not be the same as he used to be, and he’ll give you everything you want...”

“I can give what he can myself.”

She interrupted, knowing what he wanted to say, but she shook her head and said, “When you learn how big the world actually is, you’ll never want to return to the cage you were in. So what if he’s changed? I’m not going to gamble on a possibility with my current happiness, and I’m not going to depend on a man for all I have.”

After saying that, she stood up and left.

In the next few days, perhaps they had sensed Stella’s attitude that no one mentioned Weston in front of her.

When they were nearing the end of the filming stage, they needed to go to Snow Mountain to shoot some scenes.

It was a bit dangerous. At first, Bradley didn’t plan to let Stella go since the professional they brought along said so. “Women are not suitable to go to the mountain. Their bodies are delicate and may get cold womb syndrome easily...”

He said a lot more stuff, and the point was that he did not allow Stella to go.

Stella felt something was off. The tone of this person’s speech kept reminding her of a man.

Sure enough, she saw traces of Weston’s men halfway up the mountain.

Weston had not left in the past few days but was waiting on the mountainside.



When he saw Stella coming, he was surprisingly a bit flustered. "... Why are you here?"

She gave him a cold look. "I thought I had made myself clear enough."

"I know."

His voice was hoarse, and he stood in front of her like a child who had done something wrong. "I just don't want you to get hurt, I just want to see you from afar."

"I don't need you to watch me, don't you understand?"

She inhaled deeply and said to him, "I do not need your self-righteous protection, even less I need you to create a cage in the name of love, now you are a burden to me."

When she finished, she saw the fire in the man's eyes suddenly extinguished.

His throat rolled up and down as if wanting to say something to her, but no word was said in the end.

"I understand. I will leave."

She nodded and turned around without saying anything.

She knew he was not a stupid man.

This time, it should be a proper goodbye.

Chapter 1268

The next day, the weather cleared up completely.

Stella felt much more relaxed, perhaps because the remaining problems had been resolved.

However, Nicole's gaze became much more resentful, she kept hiding in a corner and glaring at her fiercely.

Stella didn't mind. As long as Nicole didn't do anything, she would not bother with such a woman much.

It was sunny, and some snow melted.

Stella came out with her boots on. Walking on the snow, feeling her feet crunching across the bottom of deep snow, felt great.

Bradley came over and said to her. "You said that you want to go up the mountain. Are you sure about it?"

She nodded.

Although they had talked it over last night, Weston should still be halfway up the mountain at this moment.

There were so many of them, and it would take time to evacuate them all at once.

She thought that Weston should have left when she returned from the trip to the mountain, so this would be the best arrangement.

And so the crew get the equipment and were ready to depart. The signal here was not very good, but just as

Stella had had her breakfast, she received a call from Ahn City.

On the other end of the phone, Roger's voice was a bit hoarse. "It has been days. Are you still not coming back?"

He still sounded a bit irritated, as if he made this call unwillingly.

Stella walked to a quiet place and said. "I am m just going out for a break. I'll be back in a few days."

"Is that so? I thought you weren't going to see me again, leaving Elias and Emma with your friends."

She held her breath for a long moment before she said to him, "Will you grow up already?"

When she thought she was Miguel, he had just turned twenty.

She had always thought he was not mature enough, so she did not bother with him.

But if he was Roger, he was no more than a few years

younger than she was, and could no longer use the word "childish" to excuse his action.

"Are you that mature then?"

Roger interrupted her without hesitation and said with dissatisfaction. "You run away as soon as you encounter a problem. You did not even come to me and leave Elias and Emma with someone else. Why can't you solve this problem with me?"

"Who was the one who ran away?"

Stella's tone turned cold. "It is you who have been in the run in these three years. You never want to face the problems between us and only want to escape, change, hide and lie. I just feel tired, I want to come out to take a break."

"So when are you coming back?"

He seemed dumbfounded, and only asked this after a long time, "Can I pick you up?"

She said, "No, I will go to you later."

She hung up after saying that, and her mood became heavy again.

On the other hand, Roger stared at the screen of the phone in silence for a long time before he called Stella's assistant.

The staff members at Stella's studio were very familiar with Roger. They knew they had a very good relationship, just like a family.

He asked them where she was and they all told him the truth. He then searched directly online for the location of Snow Mountain, only to see that there was a weather

warning today about the possibility of snow storms and mudslides.

He hurriedly called Stella again, but she was no longer available.

Stella did not want to waste time on these things either. She just wanted to have a good time.

## Chapter 1269

The people Bradley hired were true professionals, and they had no accidents so far. They grabbed the equipment and headed to Snow Mountain while one of them gave Stella a crash course on first aid.

They were the first group to go up the mountain. Now that the weather was very good, the visibility was good, and there was a high degree of safety.

So Stella said to Bradley, "It's alright. I will be fine going with them."

The staff members were old friends who have worked together for many years, so Bradley was also very unworried. They instructed Stella on a few things and went to point direct the actors.

She took the protective gear and, with that group of people, set off into the mountain.

Under the mountain, Weston's men had already left.

When they heard about Stella going up Snow Mountain with the professional, Weston's face turned blue.

"Didn't I tell you not to let her go?"

"No accident happens all these years. Besides, Miss Sealey wanted to go and take a look as well, so..."

One of the crew members explained, "Nothing will happen, Mr. Ford. Don't worry."

The man's face was already very sick. "She can't be allowed to go even if there is the slightest possibility of danger."

"But Ms. Sealey said that already, we could not just stop

They did not know what to say. Even Weston could not change Stella's mind, let alone theirs.

Weston pressed his glabella and said nothing. "Cancel all the schedule and go to the mountain now."

Ben was shocked when he heard that and said, "Mr. Ford, there is a summit that cannot be declined, or we may lose the collaboration project."

Weston said, "It does not matter losing this project, they will still approach Ford Corporation next quarter."

"But..."

Although it was, in fact, true, Ben still felt that it was inappropriate.

With the current reputation of Ford Corporation, they indeed were not short of business projects. However, their reputation was gained slowly, if they found that it was the same working with other companies after the project this time, it would put the company at a disadvantage.

Weston picked up the phone directly with a solemn face. "I want to go now."

His tone was unquestionable.

Stella and the rest had gone up the mountain for quite some time. Even if he rushed there now, he could only follow them in the distance.

It was still sunny in the morning, but the sky was covered with dark clouds at noon.

Stella took her glasses off and glanced back to find that they had unknowingly reached the deep mountains.

The few staff members around her, who had not spoken, could not help but ask, "How long before we reach the garrison?"

The people next to her did not say anything, so she increased the volume. Only then did she hear a man say in a hoarse voice, "Keep going, we should be there soon."

His voice was as if he could not breathe.

Stella frowned and asked, "Are you okay? Did you feel any discomfort?"

The man shook his head. His face was covered by the large glasses, so she could not see his face clearly.

After a while, he took off the goggles.

Stella was startled when she saw his face was blue and called for help. "He seems to be feeling a little uncomfortable. Can anyone take a look?"

But her voice was not answered, and the people next to her continued on as if they did not hear it and continued climbing.

## Chapter 1270

The terrifying howl of the blinding blizzard only got louder. Stella sensed something wrong and stepped in front of the men. "What's wrong with you?"

Only then did the man seem to realize something and took off their masks.

One of them said intermittently, "I don't feel right. It is as if the further you walk in, the more difficult it is to breathe."

Stella, too, noticed that it was a little hard to breathe, so she called them off.

They unexpectedly had the same feeling as Stella, so it meant the situation wasn't good.

"We came here many times. These things don't normally happen."

The leader said to Stella, "Let's keep going. We will be fine once we get to the resupply point."

Battered by heavy winds and snow, Stella hesitated a bit." Or we should go back."

But some of them insisted on going forward. "If we go back now, the path might already be blocked by the snow, and we may encounter danger. Let's just continue on. At least there is a supply point up ahead. We can go there to rest."

There were different opinions among the members. A few of them insisted to keep going, thinking that they would be fine as long as they took the path they had taken before. However, another group thought that they were aware of

the danger. They thought that if they continued their journey, they might still need to return to the original path if they faced any unpredictable problems.

However, if they went back using the same route, there was no guarantee that they'd safely return to the shoulder.

Stella had a bad feeling when she saw them arguing.

The changes in the weather caught them off-guard.

When Roger drove to Snow Mountain, he heard the weather forecast in the car. An unusual snowstorm was apparently about to hit them, and travelers were reminded to take note of their safety.

He kept calling Stella, but the call did not get through.

He reassured himself that it could not be such a coincidence. Maybe it was just a momentary bad signal, but since he couldn't get through, he couldn't just stand by and watch.

After visiting Elias and Emma at Angelina's place, he drove straight to Snow Mountain, where Stella was.

Just as he got on the road, he heard the weather broadcast. His eyes were covered in fog, and he stepped on the gas to accelerate.

Weston's men arrived at the resupply point in a short time. They sped up a bit when taking the original path. However, Stella and the rest who should already be there were nowhere to be seen. Not even the first batch of people were in sight.

When Weston arrived, the group leader told him a little uneasily, "There is heavy fog in the mountains, and the wind and snow have intensified a lot. They may have gotten lost."

The man's face turned gloomy immediately. "Didn't they say that there were many experienced on the team? How could this happen?"

"Perhaps it was because they haven't met with an accident in the past few years, so everyone's become overconfident. That's why..."

Nobody imagined that the weather would change so quickly, and no one anticipated that such a situation would occur to them.

“But it’s still early. It’s likely they have not arrived just yet and are resting on the road for a while.”

Someone comforted Weston as well. “Let’s wait for a bit more, I guess they will come back in a short time.”

After all, they were professional, so Weston did not say much.

His face was horribly dark. Ben did not dare speak so much in front of him, fearing he might step on his land mines.

Half an hour later, there was still no sight of Stella.

## **Read Novel Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches**

### **Chapter 1271**

#### Chapter 1271

Weston’s face turned grim. He picked up the protective gear and headed out without saying anything.

The captain hurriedly stopped him. “Mr. Ford, what are you doing?”

“I’m finding her.”

“No. You’re not an expert. With all this snow, you could get lost.”

“Are we just going to sit here and do nothing?”

“We’ve already sent a search team...”

Earlier, they had only sent out two men to search for Stella’s group. Should they encounter difficulties, two men would not be able to help much.

“Gather all the men immediately. Get all the experts and begin the search. They might be lost or just resting halfway. Anyway, I want to know that they are safe.

The captain knew that the woman Weston cared about was in the group. Saying nothing more, he rushed to arrange a few search teams as quickly as possible.



Weston followed them, intending to join the search for Stella.

The captain, however, hesitated a little. “Mr. Ford, it may get dangerous. We can’t guarantee your safety if you insist on following us. You should stay at base camp and wait for us...”

Weston did not say anything and put on the protective gear, then looked at the whistling snow ahead with a cold face. He told the captain, “Stop wasting time here. Go straight in to find them.”

The captain fell into a long silence while staring at Weston’s back. For the first time, he saw that Weston was deadly serious about Stella.

There were many rumors about Weston’s relationship with Stella, but nothing was as genuine as what he saw with his own eyes. In his opinion, a man’s willingness to sacrifice his own life for a woman was the ultimate expression of love.

Meanwhile, Stella and the group were still in the mountains. Stella observed the worsening blizzard and looked around. As the people on her team stopped one after another, she had a bad feeling.

“Are we lost?”

There was dead silence when Stella mentioned the word. The rest of the group had little to say previously, but they were finally willing to face their mistakes. All fell into a dead silence.

It was a long time before someone muttered, “Maybe...”

The road ahead was blocked. With the ice and snow covering everything, it all looked the same.

Stella knew they were in a bad situation. The atmosphere was grim, and saying something ungainly at this moment would only increase pressure. Surely, that wouldn’t be of much help.

Stella stood up and asked the most experienced in the group. “Do we have a better hope of finding our way out now, or should we just wait for the rescue team?”

“The blizzard is starting to get out of hand. I guess there’s probably no one over there. Maybe they don’t even know we’re lost in the snow...”

Their overconfidence drove them to leave with only one team. It meant they had no backup plan.

Stella felt the piercing cold seeping through her limbs, and she asked him, “Are we going to wait here to die now?”

The leader of the group shook his head. “I can walk no further...”

He looked at Stella with a pale face and said, “If you still have strength, push a little further ahead. You may see the supply station, depending on your luck.”

## Chapter 1272

“But if we stay here, we’re doomed to die...”

No one responded to Stella’s words. The rest of the group had no energy to move forward anymore. Perhaps it was due to the big mental blow because of their lapse in judgment. None of them were confident to rescue themselves.

Stella could only save herself. “We don’t know where we are. No one else knows either. If you’re going to stay here, give me the compass. I want to get out.”

Rather than staying here and waiting for death, she could increase her chance of survival by searching outside. However, the rest of the group was down in the dumps and had no energy to refute her words.

Stella pursed her lips. She left one compass for them and took the other one, and got ready to leave.

At the same time, at the foot of the mountain...

Roger arrived at the camp by car. As soon as he came down, he went to Bradley and asked him, “Where is Stella?”

Bradley recognized Roger, who came to him in anger and demanded Stella’s whereabouts. From the reaction, he knew Roger was extremely anxious due to the severe weather.

He reassured him, "Don't worry. The survey team that when in with her is the most experienced in the area. They'll be fine."

"I've lost contact with her for four hours. Are you telling me that she's fine?!" Roger was a little agitated.

"It's snowing heavily in the mountains. The signal here is bad, let alone the mountains... Don't worry too much. She'll be fine."

Although saying that, even Bradley himself was a little anxious. "We've gathered several search teams to go in. Weston's men have gone with them too. It'll be fine ....."

Hearing that, Roger stopped dead in his track and looked him straight in the eyes. "Weston is here?"

There was a flash of hostility in his eyes. Even so, he knew it was not the time to be jealous.

The new team was about to go into the mountains to search. Roger did not think twice about following them.

Seeing that, Bradley and Caspian stopped him. "You're not an expert. If you follow them, you'll only add to the team's burden..."

"My sister is still in the mountain. I don't know if she's dead or alive. Are you expecting me to wait here and do nothing?"

"I know you're anxious. So am I." Bradley said, "But have you ever thought about it? What if something happens if you follow them recklessly? You'll be a distraction. The rescue team will have to rescue you instead! That'll make Stella's situation even more dangerous!"

Roger's face turned cold at that. "You know she may be in danger. Why don't you understand me? I can't just wait around!"

Because Roger was too stubborn to listen, Bradley gestured to Caspian to let the rescue team go first while he stalled Roger.

Another two hours passed, and there was still no news. Even Bradley was getting a little restless.

Bradley wanted to speak to Roger and reassure him, only to find the tent empty. He hurriedly called Caspian over. Where is he?"

Caspian was startled too. When he saw the empty tent, he said, "I had someone watch him earlier. He must have gone to the mountains..."

"Find him!"

Stella had no idea how long she walked. She was already feeling a little exhausted when she saw the cave in front. Using the stick to navigate, she trundled forward through the thick snow.

### Chapter 1273

Though the cave was warmer than the frozen wasteland outside, she was still shivering with cold.

Stella found some dry branches and tried to start a fire, but she was running low on resources.

Stella took a look at the snowstorm outside and let off a flare. She had set off a few along the way, but no one had found her.

Stella observed the surroundings and calculated that she could still last another night.

After some time, however, she suddenly felt something moving outside and was immediately alerted.

Stella heard about the possibility of encountering wild animals in the mountains at night. Could it be a wolf or something?

Stella's heart pounded anxiously at that thought. She grabbed the wooden stick, wanting to explore outside.

At the same time, the snow above the cave suddenly collapses. The rocks and soil were falling inside.

The blizzard outside was getting worse. Seeing that the cave entrance was about to be blocked, she had no choice but to force herself to crawl out.

Stuck, she tried to crawl her way out when she suddenly met a pair of green eyes that shocked her to the core. She was about to scream, but she quickly

covered her mouth. After a long silence, she finally put down her trembling hands. Then, she heard a familiar, hoarse voice.

“It’s me... Stella...”

Stella froze and held her breath. She looked back to see Weston, who appeared at some point.

Weston, wearing the same professional ski clothes as Stella, was fully covered in snow. He looked straight at her with his deep eyes.

He shoveled the snow away from the outside and walked straight to her, then grabbed her by her arms and lifted her out of the cave.

Stella grabbed onto Weston’s shoulder. With his help, she could finally get out to safety.

Weston patted the snow on her body and was a little nervous about her condition. He embraced her in his arms after he made sure she was unharmed.

Stella was still a little breathless. The hot breath that she exhaled turned into a white mist that lingered in the air. The two just hugged each other quietly for a while.

After a short silence, Weston pushed her away and looked her in the eyes. “How many times have I told you? Don’t go to dangerous places like this! You always take my words for granted!”

Stella was still panting and a little dazed. She frowned a little at his reprimand and said nothing.

Weston knew it was pointless lecturing her in times like these. He could only suppress his anger and said, “I’ll take you out first.”

He held Stella’s hand. Seeing that, Stella held his hand anyway. The two wanted to follow the original road back, only to find that the road was blocked.

It was snowing too heavily. Soon, the sky was dark again. The visibility in the snow was so low. Stella shook her head, feeling a little dizzy from the reflective snow.

Weston stopped walking and glanced at her. “Are you feeling unwell?”

Stella knew that if she said she was not feeling well,

Weston would stop again, which would be nothing but a waste of time. Thus, she braced herself, saying, "I'm fine. We should hurry..."

The light that reflected off the snow was so strong that it burned her eyes, and she could barely see the road in front of her. Then, she suddenly let go of Weston's hand.

"Stella!" Weston's heart jumped in fear. When he looked back, he saw Stella falling into the endless pile of snow. His eyes turned red instantly.

Weston turned back to her and urged, "Stella, take my hand!"

## Chapter 1274

Stella saw nothing but blinding white. She also seemed not to hear a single word that Weston said.

As her vision blurred, her senses of the surrounding deteriorated.

Weston moved the snow away and found where she had fallen. When he pulled her up, he realized something was wrong with her. "What's wrong with your eyes?"

Stella's eyes were blank. She was looking ahead with an unfocused gaze. After a short silence, she shook her head again.

"I'm fine. Let's keep going."

Weston frowned at her. When he was about to say something, he heard a sharp voice from the other side.

"Sis!"

Stella turned in the direction of the voice incredulously, but she could not see anything but white. It was not until a tall shadow appeared in front of her that she felt a familiar feeling come over her.

"Roger, is that you?"

Roger could not be bothered with his former identity as Miguel. He grabbed Stella's hand at once. "It's me... Are you alright?"

His anxiousness was all over his face. It was as if the cold war between them that had broken out for a few days never existed.

Weston stood aside and looked at the two with cold eyes. He asked plainly, "How did you get here?"

Roger finally returned to his senses and looked at the man ahead. "She's in trouble. Of course, I had to come over. Why are you here?"

Seeing that the two were about to argue, Stella could only interrupt them. "Stop arguing in this situation. Let's find a way to get out first."

Weston calmed down and held her hand. "Do you remember the original way? It's safest if you return the same way you came in."

Roger, however, grabbed Stella's hand and would not let go. "I think we should wait for help to come."

Weston frowned and interrupted him, "With the situation now, staying here is the same as waiting for death. We'll lose heat rapidly. Besides, the snow hasn't stopped. If we stay in place, we'll end up buried in snow."

Stella agreed with Weston. When she just fell earlier, the snow had covered her immediately. Waiting in place would be a greater danger.

Roger disagreed. "Continue to walk will only consume our energy. When I came over, I saw the rescue team heading this way. They should be able to find us soon."

Weston paused and looked at him with impatience in his eyes. "You're looking down the hill from here in a straight line. It'll take them much longer to find us. We can't just sit here and wait for death."

He did not bother to give Roger another look. He told Stella directly, "Come with me."

Roger insisted on his suggestion. Stella had no choice but to tell him, "Let's keep going down. We may meet the rescue team on the way. It's snowing so heavily now. Even if we keep going, we may not be able to see clearly."

Roger said to her sternly, "I've checked before coming over. The snow will stop in another half hour or so. By then, they'll be able to find us..."

“It’s still snowing now. We’ll end up buried under the snow within half an hour. Then, we’ll suffocate.”

While they were arguing, there was a sudden clicking sound from the top of the branch.

Weston reacted quickly by hugging Stella and rolling over on the ground. A massive ball of snow had crushed the place they had stood earlier.

It turned out that they had stood beneath a pine tree. With the snow pile that grew heavier, it crushed the tree.

## Chapter 1275

They did not see clearly at first. “Boom!” A noise sounded as the place they were standing before collapsed, revealing sharp protruding stones underneath. If they had reacted a little slower, they would’ve been buried under the snow pile.

Stella was still in shock. When she saw Roger disappear from where he was standing, she asked, “Where’s Roger?”

Stella was in a daze. Her vision was very blurry, so she was unable to see sometimes. She lost sight of Roger after all that happened in a flash.

Weston held her waist. “Don’t go there yet. There’s a good chance that he fell inside...”

“If we go there now, we’ll fall with him.”

Stella refused to listen. “But Roger is still there...”

Weston held her firmly. When he saw her blank eyes, he observed her closely. “What’s wrong with your eyes?”

He had noticed something was wrong with her, but his priority was to get her out. There was clearly something wrong with her eyes.

Weston lifted his hand and waved it in front of her eyes, but she did not respond. “You can’t see?”

Stella took a deep breath and avoided his question. “Where’s Roger? I’ll go with him...”



“Are you crazy?” Weston lowered his voice and said to her, “Going now is the same as asking for death. We should go out and find the rescuers now. Go down the mountain with them, and then send a team in to find him. We aren’t professionals. We’ll only drag each other’s feet here.”

“In that case, then why don’t you go?” Stella pushed his hand away. “I won’t leave him behind again...”

She had separated from Roger three years ago. This time, she wasn’t about to leave her family behind again.

Stella’s reaction was not surprising to Weston. He knew she would react this way after knowing Roger’s identity, but he could not just stand by and watch her die.

“Trust me. I’ll bring Roger back. I’ll bring him safely to you...”

“You should go first.” Stella suddenly let go of him and said to Weston, “I know you’re here to find me. I know you want to save me too. Just let the past go. We don’t owe each other anything anymore...”

“Stella!” Weston suddenly cut her up in irritation. “Are you deliberately saying this to piss me off?”

Stella’s eyes remained blank. “If Roger was really dead, I would never forgive you in my life. But I’m tired now. I don’t want to continue to hate...”

“Weston, you should go. I failed to protect him three years ago. This time, I must protect him.”

The sound of the whistling wind passed between them in the snowy mountains.

Weston heard the slight tremor in Stella’s voice and took a deep breath. He said to her. “You protect him, and I’ll protect you.”

Stella found her way to the place where Roger had rolled down earlier. Both of them were calling out to him, but their voices were covered by the sound of the snow.

After some time, a hoarse and weak voice finally came. “Sis, leave me alone. Go...”

## Chapter 1276

Stella's eyes lit up for a moment. However, her vision was still blurry. "He's here! He's here!"

Hearing that, Weston came to her side. "Roger, are you in there? What's the situation?"

Roger calmed down at Weston's voice and said to him, I'm fine. I'm inside a cave. It won't collapse for a while, so I shouldn't freeze. Take my sister to safety first!"

He had to admit that Weston was right. Staying in place would only lead to death. Going outside was the only hope.

Weston's face sank at Roger's reply. He told Stella directly, "You heard him. I'll take you out first."

"No. I won't go. Stella said through her gritted teeth, "I would never leave him behind."

Weston's face turned grim. "He's stuck inside. We can't save him at all. He can stay safely inside, but it'll be hard for us to protect ourselves."

"I can go down there with him!" Stella insisted. "He said there's a cave inside. We can wait for help there..."

"You can't!" Roger interrupted her suddenly. "There's

only enough room for one person in here, so go ahead, Sis ... Let him take you out..."

Roger finally came to his senses at that moment. The mountains were not safe at all. He did not want Stella to risk her life by accompanying him there.

Weston grabbed Stella by the collar and dragged her away without saying a word.

Stella could not see. Without her vision, she could only feel the stones and sand rubbing her face. It hurt a little, but she gritted her teeth and did not make a sound.

Weston stopped after noticing Stella's silence and how she looked like she had lost all her energy.

"Do you really want to die with him?" Weston said to her and suddenly got a little angry. "Are you going to die with him here? Have you thought of your children? What about Emma and Elias?"

Stella moved her fingers a little before looking at him somewhat blankly.

Seeing her reaction, Weston continued, "You're the only family. If all three of us die here, do you know what will happen to them? Even if the Garcias would take them in, would they be okay with their parents?"

Stella seemed to regain some strength and stood up slowly. "You said you would let someone save him..."

"I promise you," Weston told her. "I won't give up on him, okay? As long as you come with me."

Stella nodded.

Weston looked into her eyes and asked her abruptly, "You can't see, can you? Be honest with me."

"Yes. When I came out of the cave, my vision went white. I could see clearly sometimes, but I couldn't sometimes

"It may be snow blindness." Weston told her, "This isn't uncommon in the snow. Come up. I'll carry you out."

Stella shook her head. "I can still see a little light. I'll walk by myself. Besides, you don't have much strength left..."

Weston hesitated a little and asked her again, "Can you walk?"

"Yes."

"Good."

After that, Weston led the way while Stella followed behind. Stella had always known about Weston's physical strength but did not expect him to be this strong. He was more durable than the specialists who had brought them into the mountains earlier. Even so, Weston's strength was not unbreakable.

Stella could feel Weston's strength slipping away. "If I can't make it out later, you can continue alone..."

Weston cut her off at once with a slightly hoarse and irritated voice, "Don't say that again."

"I'm serious..."

Chapter 1277

Stella said, "At least you'll get out and hopefully come back to save us. I'll just slow you down."

"Never say that again." Weston hugged her and kissed her face. His lips were devoid of any warmth.

Stella only felt the friction from the kiss and heard the man's voice trembling slightly above her. "If you want to die, we'll go together. I'll never let go of you."

Stella couldn't tell what she was feeling. The mixed emotions were like a snowstorm that rumbled inside.

She took a deep breath and said to him, "Don't you know? It's too late..."

"It's too late..." What she said sounded incoherent, but Weston understood her anyway. He froze a little before he hugged her hard.

"I know. Even so, I still want to try..."

There was a sudden rumbling sound in the distance.

Stella became nervous and looked up at him in his arms.

"What's going on?"

"It's probably the snowstorm."

Weston told her, "Don't stop and keep going. There will be a platform ahead. You can set off another flare. They'll see you."

"What about you?"

Weston paused a little and reassured her, "I'll be right behind you. Just don't look back. The snowstorm is too strong. Even if you look back, you won't be able to see me. I'll always be right behind."

"Okay." Stella nodded without pondering the meaning behind his words and missed the flash of meaningful expression on his face. She was unable to see, and her other senses felt dull. All she could hear was the howling of the merciless wind.

As she moved forward slowly, Weston's voice rang behind her. He told her, "Don't look back."

"Okay."

"Don't look back. Just keep going." Stella stumbled and reached the platform Weston mentioned. She set off a flare, but when she looked back, there was no sound behind her except the whistling wind.

"Weston! Weston!"

She shouted his name, but no one answered her. Her cry was muted in the whistling wind of the snow mountains.

The rescue team soon found Stella lying on the platform. The footprints behind her had been long covered by the snow and wind. It seemed like she had walked a long way.

When she woke up, her first reaction was to ask them to rescue the others. "Both of them are still inside..."

"Both of them? Who else?"

Bradley and Caspian came to the party. When they heard her, they came over and told the rescue team, "There's a man named Roger. He went into the mountains too."

"Isn't he causing more trouble?" The man from the rescue team frowned.

Stella said, "Weston... and Roger... They are stuck inside

She pointed to a spot. "Weston's that way. Roger's on the other side."

She pleaded, "You must save them all."

“But...” The rescue team looked at each other in dismay and hesitation.

Stella noticed something wrong and asked them, “What’s wrong?”

## Chapter 1278

Stella barely had any strength left. She had to lean on one of the rescuers before she could even manage to speak.

“We can only rescue one person in the current situation. We may have to go to the other person a little later...”

“But then... Wouldn’t the other person be left there to die?”

The rescuer fed Stella some water, but she coughed so hard that he accidentally let go of the water, spilling it all over the ground.

She looked at them anxiously. “Please save both of them!”

“Sorry. With our current manpower... We can only save one person.”

Bradley walked to Stella, held her shoulders firmly, and made her look into his eyes. “Calm down. Try to remember their last location. We should be able to save one of them... But if you continue to hesitate, we may not be able to save any of them!”

“Yes,”

“But...” Stella saw the worsening conditions and heavy snow. The snow hadn’t stopped after half an hour but had instead intensified.

Bradley said to Stella, “We have to hurry. If we waste more time, the rescuers may not be able to get back in.”

‘Only one person can be rescued... Only one...’ The thought haunted Stella like a spell. They could only save one of the two. At this point, she finally realized how difficult it was to make such a choice.

Stella clenched her fists hard. She already had an answer in her mind, but it was hard to say it. After a long while, she finally said slowly, “Roger is inside a cave. He should be able to hold on for a while inside. You must find him.”

Bradley froze for a moment. Although he knew her answer, he still fell into a long silence when he heard her. After that, he stood up and said to the rescue team, Rescue Roger first.”

As the whistling mountain wind arrived, the snow got heavier.

Stella could not see, so she closed her eyes. However, the image of Weston telling her to keep going and not look back kept appearing in her head.

She wrapped the blanket tightly around her body. Her eyes were red with tears but she couldn’t cry. It was as if all her tears had frozen in the frigid, unforgiving snowy mountains.

Later, the snow and wind outside had finally stopped for a while. Stella was resting inside the camp halfway up the mountain.

Stella sat by the campfire and gradually recovered.

Someone came in and told her, “We found Roger, but he was a little hypothermic when we found him.

Fortunately, his life isn’t in danger. He’s in the ambulance

Stella let out a sigh of relief and nodded. “I see. Thank you.”

She stood up and bowed to the messenger. “Thank you so much.”

The man was surprised to see Stella bowing in the wrong direction. She was not facing him. Then, he realized that

Stella might have difficulty seeing.

He walked to Stella and waved his hand in front of her.

Knowing that he had noticed her condition, she lowered her eyes and asked, “What about Weston?”

The man stopped dead in his tracks and remembered that there was still one person left to rescue. He said to her, The rescue team is still searching the mountain.

However, the snow is getting heavier. There are mudslides too, so we may have to delay the rescue progress a little...‘

Stella stumbled a step back and held onto a table to keep herself from falling over.

She heard herself asking him with a hoarse voice, "What are his chances of being saved?"

There was a long silence. The man knew she was asking about Weston and did not answer. However, his silence was already an answer to her.

Stella suddenly blacked out and fainted. The noisy blizzard, winds, and snow turned to silence.

## Chapter 1279

Stella heard nothing.

When she woke up again, all she saw was a world of darkness. There was no hint of light for a long time.

It took her a long time to realize that she was blind.

When she opened her eyes, she heard some anxious voices around her.

"Stella, you're awake! You scared me..."

It was Yvonne's voice.

Stella paused a little before asking Yvonne with a hoarse voice, "Where am I?"

"You're in the hospital. You were saved from the snowing mountains. Don't worry. You're fine now. Oh, right. Roger was in intensive care for two days, but he's fine now. I guess he'll be able to see you soon..."

Stella listened and interrupted her, "How long have I been asleep?"

"You were unconscious for almost three days. I was so anxious about you that I jumped when I saw the news. Fortunately, Angelina is there to help with Emma and Elias, or I'd be even more anxious..."

Yvonne kept talking about the same thing back and forth. Stella roughly understood the events of the past two days, but she did not hear a certain someone's name from her story.



Stella did not ask. She fumbled around and struggled to sit up.

Yvonne helped her up and urged her, “Be careful.”

Someone suddenly pushed open the door to the ward. Then, Stella heard the sound of footsteps that followed.

Stella was on edge, a little nervous.

“You may have snow blindness. We’ve checked. It didn’t hurt your eyes and your vision will probably heal in time.”

When the man spoke, Stella immediately knew it was someone else. She was a little disappointed that it was not Weston’s voice.

Lucas saw her face fall instantly and asked her, “Is something wrong?”

“No.” Stella shook her head.

However, Yvonne saw what was on Stella’s mind and asked her, “Are you worried about Weston?”

The ward fell into a dead silence after the question. No one spoke first. At last, Stella heard Lucas let out a laugh. His sneer consisted of many complex meanings. Stella could recognize the mockery, sarcasm, and other emotions she feared thinking about.

She asked in a trembling voice, “How is he?”

“He’s fine. It’s just that when they found him, he was frozen to the ground.”

Lucas said indifferently, “I heard about the rescue. When the rescue team said you can only pick one, did you choose Roger without hesitation?”

Stella pursed her lips tightly and remained silent.

“Well, I can understand. One is your ex–husband who’s

stalking you, while the other is your cherished family member. It’s normal to choose family.”

Lucas was just a little upset with Weston’s situation, but he understood Stella’s decision.

Yvonne could not help but glare at Lucas. "What nonsense are you saying? Weston also chose Guinevere before!"

"So they're even." Lucas closed the file in his hands and patted Yvonne's head. "If you have any problems, come straight to me. Now that she's alright, can you relax?"

"You should leave. Don't disturb us."

After Lucas left, Yvonne quickly told Stella, "Don't listen to him. He always talks like that. It's not nice..."

Stella nodded. After a long time, she slowly looked up at Yvonne. She was not looking in Yvonne's direction but somewhere else and stared into the space blankly. "He..."

How is he now?"

Yvonne did not answer. After a long silence, she let out a weak sigh.

Stella twisted the blanket beneath her at once. "Is... he dead?"

## Chapter 1280

The days passed by as if it was no different from before.

After Stella's condition stabilized on the third day, Emma and Elias came to see her in the ward, accompanied by Angelina. As soon as they opened the door, they rushed into the room.

Emma and Elias went to Stella's bed and kept calling out to her.

"Mommy, mommy."

Stella's eyes reddened as she looked at the children, overwhelmed by the turbulent mix of the joys and sorrows of human emotion.

Stella picked up Emma and let her lie in front of her. She kissed her cheek and squeezed Elias's hand. "Mommy missed you guys so much..."

"I've been so worried, Mommy!"

Emma lay on Stella's chest and was very talkative for once. Emma was usually a very timid and introverted girl. She was only outgoing with her family and very quiet. Although an intelligent girl, Emma was sometimes mistaken to be intellectually underdeveloped compared to Elias.

Elias seemed to be a little calmer. He sat next to the bed

and stared at Stella intently as if afraid that she would be gone again if he blinked.

Yvonne was a little touched to see the family of three hugging each other. She could not help but think about what it would be like if she had a child.

It took a long time before the sounds of sobbing settled down.

Elias suddenly asked, "How's Miguel?"

Stella patted his head and told him, "Miguel's injuries are a little more serious. Fortunately, he's not in a life-threatening situation. We'll see him when he's better, okay?"

Elias nodded.

Children were always quite forgetful at a young age. In normal times, the two little ones might have asked about

Weston. However, they had completely left Weston at the back of their mind when such a big deal happened. Although they had met Weston a few times and liked him, he was less important.

Emma and Elias's world was still small. There was only room for Stella and Roger at the moment.

A few days later, Roger's condition had considerably improved. None of them mentioned Weston's name again.

While watching Emma and Elias building blocks in the ward, Roger suddenly turned to Stella.

"I asked. His life isn't in danger," Roger said and added, "But he's still unconscious."

Stella nodded. She guessed that the rescue team might have found Weston very late, which was why he was not out of danger yet. Stella knew it.

Yvonne could not convince her. After Stella's persistent questioning, she finally told Stella about Weston's situation.

"Do you want to go over and visit him?" Roger asked her.

Stella shook her head. "I'm not the doctor. What's the point of seeing him?"

Stella thought of it as the chance to cut contact with

Weston for good. In the past, he had chosen Guinevere between her and Guinevere. Meanwhile, Stella chose Roger instead of Weston.

It now seemed like a tie. They owed each other nothing.

Roger saw that Stella was behaving the same as usual these days. However, he was a little lost about her real thought..

Stella was not seriously hurt, but she had snow blindness due to prolonged exposure to ultraviolet light. While unable to see clearly for some time, she needed accompaniment.

Angelina happened to have finished her work and kindly took time off to accompany Stella. Yvonne also came to visit her from time to time. With Lucas around, everything became a lot more convenient.

## **Read Novel Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1281**

### Chapter 1281

Bradley and Caspian had been here to visit her once. Bradley tried several times to ask her about Weston's conditions, but in the end he just decided to keep his mouth shut and never brought up that name in front of her ever again.

It was as if someone had instructed them not to disturb

Stella's life with any questions about Weston Ford.

Every once in a while, Elias and Emma would ask Stella,

Where is that man called Weston Ford? Why don't we see him anymore?"

Stella did not quite know how **to** explain it to them, so in the end she just said, "Fate is a curious thing. Sometimes you would get along very well with someone for a while, but the next thing you know, they just disappear from your life and you never see them again..."

"What does fate mean?" Emma asked her, blinking innocently.

"It means the chances you have for meeting someone. You don't have many chances, so it's important that you cherish your time with everyone you meet."

\*\*

Emma tilted her head sideways with confusion written all over her tiny face.

But Stella said nothing more, she just gently stroked her daughter's hair.

She had been receiving many visitors in the past few days. They all came and went, where most offered kind words of comfort. Stella was used to hearing them by now, but she did notice that they all shared one curious similarity - they all hemmed and hawed as if they wanted to say something but would later decide against it.

She could tell very easily that they were actually trying to ask her about Weston, perhaps out of curiosity about his current conditions, or perhaps they wanted to see if they could learn about the status of Stella and Weston's relationship.

But never once did she satisfy any of their curiosities. It did not matter whether their true intentions were to laugh and mock her or if they were genuinely concerned; she remained silent and said nothing about the matter and explained nothing to anyone.

And so the days went by quietly, just as if her life had returned to the peaceful rhythms in those three years when Weston Ford was completely absent in her life—the days might be monotonous and uneventful, but she was content.

On the day that she was discharged from the hospital, Angelina came to give Stella a crutch specially made for her.

In her current condition, Stella had no need for wheelchair since only her eyes were damaged. And besides, she should be able to see again in a few months.

Henry Moore had come along with Angelina too. Stella had no idea when these two had gotten so close, but it was obvious at a glance that Henry's attitude toward Angelina had made a one-eighty turn. He kept following her around everywhere, attending to her every need.

At the moment, he had made a complete recovery and no longer needed the wheelchair.

In fact, even when she first saw him again after coming back to Ahn City when he was celebrating Weston's birthday at the restaurant alongside Daisy and Nicole, she had noticed that he no longer needed a wheelchair even then...

Stella was suddenly reminded of Weston, which abruptly halted her train of thought.

Thoughts of him kept popping up in her mind these past few days, but they did not linger for long. Stella had the ability to keep her own feelings in check, then discard those thoughts from her mind.

This was just as it should be, she told herself. They should remain as strangers. Being together would only bring more pain and suffering, making life unbearable for them both.

It did not matter to her how he was doing. None of that was any of her business now.

Angelina appeared out of the end of the hallway with Henry following close on her heels. Noticing that she had been ignoring him and not even willing to look at him the whole time, he walked up to her and stopped in front of her, asking her, "How long are you going to be angry with me?"

"I wouldn't dare to be angry with you, Mr. Moore."

Angelina paused and added in a meaningful tone, "After all, I'm just someone who means nothing to you, so why would it matter to me that you've gone to see Guinevere Cohen?"

After all of Guinevere's deeds had been exposed, she became the number one target of derision of Ahn City. Her crimes had truly been appalling—she actually killed her own son just so she could frame Stella Sealey.

Once her crimes came to light, even Chris Ford was no longer willing to see her.

Everyone else who had been trying to help her or at least keep her alive had all but abandoned her.

Only Henry would go to see her... for one last time.

## Chapter 1282

Regardless of what had happened, Guinevere Cohen was still someone that Henry had loved ever since he was a young boy, so he couldn't simply stand aside and ignore her.

Because Guinevere had been kind to him when he was young, he then began to follow her around everywhere, completely smitten and in love. But Guinevere had always had her heart set on Weston from the start, so even after all those years of growing up together, they never ended up in a relationship.

But in fact, three years ago, when Weston was hellbent on destroying the Cohen family, Guinevere realized that she would never ever be together with Weston. At that moment, she tried to turn to Henry Moore and attempted to get together with him.

But by then, Angelina Thompson, the woman who looked just like Faye, was already by Henry's side.

Still, Guinevere never thought of Angelina as a worthy rival. After all, she had a deep and long history with Henry, and in fact, back then, Henry Moore had even broken up with Faye because he cared too much about

Guinevere's feelings, and in the end, Faye totally disappeared from his life, never to come back again.

That was why Guinevere completely ignored Angelina, thinking she could never pose any threat to her.

Surprisingly, though, after helping her once, Angelina refused to ever see Henry ever again.

In order to make it up to her, Henry discarded all his past feelings towards Guinevere, just like that. From then on, he was no longer willing to help Guinevere, save for seeing her for the last time before she was sentenced to death.

But even with that one last meeting, Angelina became extremely enraged. She declared that from then on, she would sever all ties with Henry Moore, and they would forever be strangers to each other.

Nevertheless, they limited their fighting and disagreements in private and showed no signs of it as they appeared in front of Stella.

Still, Angelina did not seem so pleased to be around Henry Moore. She kept silent and refused to talk to Henry, so he had no choice but to keep silent himself. Instead, he glanced at Stella and coldly commented, "You seem pretty carefree."

Stella had changed into her own clothes by now, so when she heard what Henry said, she chuckled and replied, "You're right, I am feeling quite carefree. I did little these past few days, but I'll be back to my office tomorrow, and I'll be busy with work."

Her response was so calm and casual that it was obvious she took none of his words to heart. This made Henry pause. He turned his head away, looking slightly displeased.

Angelina had no idea why he was here in the first place. Since no one wanted him here anyway. She glared at him, then walked up to Stella and told her, "Just ignore him, Stella. By the way, do you need help with anything else?"

"No," she replied. "Everything's been prepared. Roger helped me a lot. We'll be meeting up at the parking lot later. Do you need us to give you a ride?"

"That won't be necessary," Henry interrupted her. "I'm still here after all. At least I'll be of some use."

He spoke with a weird tone, and Stella could sense that he was implying something more, so she said nothing and just lowered her eyes, telling Angelina, "I'd better get going then."



“But Yvonne and her husband are on the way,” said Angelina. “Don’t you want to wait for them?”

“No, I just talked to them on the phone. We’ll all meet up tonight for dinner since it’s been so long since we last got together. How does that sound?”

“Okay,” Angelina nodded, then watched as Stella walked away.

Stella had just walked out of the door when she bumped into a woman she hadn’t seen in a while—Nicole Douglas.

She had come to the hospital to visit Weston, but when she noticed that the door to Stella’s ward was open, she just could not help but storm to it, unable to control her anger from erupting.

“I can’t believe you’re getting discharged! Looks like you made a quick recovery, huh?”

Stella completely ignored her, her eyes looking somewhat cold.

Elias and Emma were still playing with Legos in Roger’s room, waiting for her to meet up with them. She really had no time to waste.

## Chapter 1283

“Get out of my way,” Stella sternly told Nicole.

But Nicole wouldn’t budge. Blocking her way, her eyes glinted red with anger as she hissed, “I really can’t believe how vicious a woman you actually are! He went in to save you, yet you cruelly left him there all alone on that mountain to die! He’s critical right now, and he’ll likely never wake up again! How can you be so heartless?”

Stella merely frowned slightly as Nicole hurled a barrage of accusations. Apart from that, she seemed practically unflustered.

“If you feel so sorry for him, why don’t you go to him and nurse him to health?” she asked Nicole.

“You-”

Nicole was so enraged she was rendered speechless. She raised her hand, ready to slap Stella, but Daisy suddenly rushed from behind and shoved her aside.

“Stop it!” she yelled. “Don’t cause any trouble!”

Her eyes were bloodshot. She looked exhausted, as though she hadn’t slept a wink in the past week.

When she first noticed Stella, a look of hatred flashed in her eyes, but she maintained a secretary’s professionalism and told Stella, “Please excuse us. We’re only here to visit Mr. Ford. My cousin’s emotions are a little out of control right now.”

She spoke in an icy tone. While she maintained a polite and formal demeanor, the undercurrent of cold contempt in her voice was undeniable.

With regard to the accident that befell Weston, Daisy and Nicole were united in their opinions that what Stella did was completely beyond the pale.

It had been Stella’s exceedingly good fortune to have the honor of catching the eye of someone like Weston Ford. He even went so far as to risk his own life to save her, only for her to be completely unmoved. Not only that, but she even unhesitatingly left him for dead when his life was in peril. And now she was not even willing to visit him!

“I regret having once regarded you as my rival,” said Daisy. “A cold-blooded woman like you could never be worthy of Mr. Ford.”

“I’ve never regarded you as my rival,” Stella retorted, completely unperturbed by Daisy’s words. Then, without any expressions on her face, she added, “I wish you success in your endeavor.”

Her calm and unbothered tone of voice further enraged the two women. Nicole wished for nothing more than to kill her right now, but Daisy still managed to keep her composure as she told Stella, “Hopefully, you’ll remember what you said today. When Mr Ford wakes up, please don’t ever come to him and bother him anymore...”

She paused, then with a change in her voice that made her sound weak and helpless, she added, “In his current state, he won’t be able to withstand any more harm.”

Later, when Daisy entered the private ward, she saw Wendy staying by Weston's side.

She had bumped into Chris Ford outside, but he just kept pacing back and forth at the door, reluctant to come in. After nodding at her briefly, he just watched as Daisy came into the room.

"So you're here, Madam?"

Wendy nodded her head. Knowing that Daisy was Weston's secretary, she asked her, "How's everything going at the company? Is everything in order?"

"Everything's in order, Madam. With Mr Xavier Ford's help, all the important projects in progress can still run smoothly without any problems."

Wendy nodded. Like Daisy, she also looked a little haggard. Everything that had transpired in the last two years had taken a heavy toll on her. She managed to walk away from it all a few years ago and started her life anew, working in the entertainment industry just as she used to do all those years ago and finally managing to carve out her own independent life.

She just wanted to leave all the bad things that had happened behind her. Right now, what she wished to do was to make it up to Weston for neglecting him all these years, for failing to fulfill her responsibilities as his mother.

But it seemed that it was all too late for that.

In some matters, once you were too late, then there really was not much to do about it. No matter how much you tried to make it up to someone, trying your best to right your past wrongs, nothing would come of it and you just could not improve the situation at all.

In fact, you might even end up not being needed anymore.

It was precisely because of this reason that she was still unable to forgive Chris Ford for what he had done.

Ever since his scandalous secret was exposed, it seemed Chris had finally realized his past mistakes. He started to go to Wendy and beg for her forgiveness, asking her to get back together with him.

Chapter 1284

Chris Ford's words sounded sincere, and his actions toward Wendy seemed much more heartfelt and earnest than ever.

For this reason, even Wendy's close friends, who had been supporting her decision to divorce Chris, started to change their tunes and even persuaded her to get back together with him.

After all, it really did seem that Chris had truly learned his lessons and was genuinely repentant.

But Wendy remained unmoved. Save for appearing in Weston's life only when he was in deep trouble, she usually minded her own business and lived her own life.

"I just bumped into Mr. Chris Ford outside..." Daisy tried to remind her.

"I know," Wendy cut her off. "Have you seen Stella?"

"Yes," Daisy replied. She realized that Wendy did not want to talk about Chris Ford, so she instantly dropped the subject before turning the topic to the task that

Wendy had assigned to her. "Ms. Sealey refused to come "

"Did she say so herself?" Wendy frowned.

"Yes. I told her that Mr. Ford is in a critical condition

right now and that things don't look so good for him, so we might need her help. Otherwise, he might end up a vegetable for the rest of his life. I told her that perhaps if she talked to him every once in a while, his condition might improve..."

Daisy then paused and seemed to find it difficult to continue, she even looked slightly indignant when she finally added, "But Ms. Sealey told me that none of this is her concern. It was Mr. Ford's own decision to save her, so ..."

"That's enough!" Wendy interrupted her. She heaved a heavy sigh and added, "I've heard enough."

Her expressions were inscrutable, it was hard to discern what she was feeling at the moment.

Daisy let out a long sigh, walked up to Wendy and stopped in front of her, and told her in a much gentler voice than before, "Madam, no matter what happens, I promise that I will always stay by Mr. Ford's side... I am his secretary, so I will deal with his problems, whether it's with his work at the company or his personal life. I will never leave his side, not until he wakes up!"

Hearing this, Wendy looked at her with a complicated expression and asked, "What if he never wakes up again?"

"Then I'll stay by his side for the rest of his life!" Daisy replied resolutely. "After what's happened in the past three years, you must've been able to guess my true feelings for him..."

"But you were Xavier Ford's..."

"That was all in the past now!" Daisy's eyes suddenly reddened. She lowered her head and continued, "You might think that I'm a cunning woman when I tell you this, but the truth is that I only got together with Xavier

Ford back then just so I could get closer to Mr. Weston

Ford because he was the one that I fell in love with. I have always been in love with him and him alone."

Daisy knew that the true reason why Guinevere Cohen totally failed in obtaining Weston's heart was that she did not know how to be subtle, how to be secretive, and, worst of all, she did not know how to please other people.

Guinevere should have known that Stella Sealey held a special place in Weston Ford's heart, yet she still was adamant in trying to find ways to harm her. This could only do nothing but make the distance between her and Weston grow further and further.

It was precisely because she was always at odds with Stella that she failed to capture Weston's heart or remain by his side.

But Daisy was not like that at all. She knew very well that

Weston loved Stella, and she readily admitted to the fact. She had always acknowledged this truth and recognized how important Stella was to Weston.

But she knew that no matter how deep the love was, there was always a chance that it might one day fade away.

She refused to believe that when Weston woke up, he'd still love Stella while harboring no grudges, even after how cruel she had been to him. Meanwhile, Daisy had never left his side.

Weston just lay there on the hospital bed, silent and still. Daisy couldn't even bear to see his handsome profile.

She could not imagine Weston left there all alone on Snow Mountain, waiting helplessly for someone to come rescue him.

If they had been just a minute too late... If they had found him just a minute too late, he might have just come back without his life. Even now that he managed to return alive, he might end up being a vegetable for the rest of his life.

## Chapter 1285

Daisy sat by Weston's side, holding his hand and gazing affectionately at him. These were the only times she could stay by his side quietly without him getting up and leaving her.

It was also her only chance to be so close to him.

When Nicole walked in and saw this, she immediately frowned and asked, "What are you doing, Daisy?!"

Hearing her voice, Wendy quickly turned to her and coldly snarled, "Be quiet! This is a hospital!"

In the first few moments, Nicole didn't recognize Wendy. All she knew was that she was quite good-looking even though she had aged quite a bit. Knowing this, she assumed that Wendy must be somehow related to Weston.

"I'm Daisy's cousin," she told Wendy, pursing her lips, "and Mr. Ford's..."

She froze, realizing that she had no idea how to explain her relationship with Weston Ford.

Wendy had a lengthy experience in the entertainment industry, and she could tell at a glance the kind of woman

Nicole was, so she just waved her hand and said, "I have no objections to you both caring for him, but please don't cause a commotion."

Since Stella was not willing to see him, she naturally wouldn't leave him lying there without anyone accompanying him.

When she suddenly remembered that Chris Ford was still waiting for her outside, she turned to the two women and said, "I'll leave him to you. Please take care of him while I'm away. I have some business to attend to."

"Yes, Ma'am."

Chris was standing in the hallway when he noticed Wendy coming out. His eyes lit up, and he asked her, "How's Weston doing?"

"Let's talk somewhere else," Wendy said, glancing at him with a plain expression. "We better not disturb them."

"Okay."

When they got inside the car, Chris very eagerly told her, "I just talked to the doctor. He said Weston is out of danger..."

"Just get to the point and say what you want to say,"

Wendy interrupted. "Stop pretending you're actually worried about Weston."

Chris got all choked up by her response. He lowered his eyes and told her, "I'm still his father no matter what,

you know. How could I not be worried?"

"Perhaps you are worried, but that concern of yours is limited in nature."

Wendy looked into his eyes and bluntly told him, "You and I are both fully aware of how we treated him. We used him to maintain our family's reputation, but we never loved him genuinely or cared for him. We put up an act of being a loving family, but it was all fake, just like the feelings we have for each other. We've been trapped in this charade of pretending to love each other for so long that even we ourselves had completely forgotten what true love actually feels like..."

On the day that Stella was discharged from the hospital, Roger brought Elias and Emma along to pick her up.

Once they had said goodbye to Angelina and Henry, they got into the car and left.

Roger had made a good recovery, but he never once mentioned the incident on Snow Mountain ever since it happened.

And so time passed, and it seemed that Weston had really faded out of Stella's life completely.

Stella and Roger began to look around for a school to send Elias and Emma to where they would spend their whole day.

At this point, they were still too young to go to a kindergarten, but being brilliant kids, Stella had hired tutors to teach them at home.

This freed up a lot of time for Stella, giving her a chance to live a more leisurely life.

Occasionally, she would hear rumors being spread in the outside world about the head of the Ford family being in a critical state where it was uncertain if he would live or die and how no one had ever seen him anywhere for a long time now.

Such rumors would undoubtedly deal a great blow to the Ford family, not to mention the severe effect it would have on the Ford Corporation. Even the directors were starting to feel uneasy.

If Weston's life really was still in danger, then the whole

company might be in danger too. Their competitors were keeping a close eye, hovering above them like hungry vultures. In the past, it had been Weston's unbeatable talents and capabilities that made it impossible for anyone to steal his powerful position, but now that the tiger had left the mountain, the wolves and the leopards had come out of hiding; their eyes set on that juicy piece of meat that was Ford Corporation.

Just then, news broke that Weston Ford had issued a will.

Chapter 1286



The news of the will took everyone by utter surprise.

Directors that had ulterior motives had originally tried to confirm if Weston Ford's life was in critical danger so as to divide the Ford family.

They initially thought that Weston's family would do anything to deny this rumor, but to their surprise, Weston had suddenly issued his will.

In the will, Daisy Douglas was stipulated to be the acting president of Ford Corporation.

This revelation astounded everyone, initially assuming that Xavier Ford was the most likely successor, or, perhaps, Chris Ford, at the very least.

No one would ever think that he would actually let his secretary take the helm.

But when Stella heard of the news, she barely showed a reaction.

Roger, who was beside her, frowned and asked, "Do you want to visit him? I heard he's finally woken up."

"No," she replied. "If he wants to see me, he'll come himself."

Since he had done no such thing, it was clear that their relationship had been completely severed.

"Not everyone can forget the sting of abandonment," she said. "He had discarded me once, and I've abandoned him once, so we're fair and square now. I'm sure he would never bother me anymore."

She spoke very calmly and casually, as if she had taken nothing to heart at all.

But Roger fell silent for a long time before he chuckled as if mocking himself. "If it weren't for me, your relationship with him wouldn't have come to this point..."

Stella found those words rather amusing. She walked up to him and poured him a glass of water, then asked him, "Why are you beating yourself up about it now? Didn't you always dread that I might end up together with Weston again?"

Roger was not sure how to describe his own feelings at that point. Perhaps it was because he had seen with his own eyes that Weston was willing to risk his life to save Stella, and that filled him with a sense of regret.

It had been his own willfulness that had ultimately harmed Weston on Snow Mountain. He had almost lost his own life there.

It was then that he realized perhaps the feelings Weston had for Stella might be real and genuine love.

Roger was not dumb. Of course, he knew that this might be the case, but he was still unwilling to admit to the fact.

After all, Weston did, in fact, hurt Stella deeply in the past, even though he could not deny that he was sincere in his affection for Stella right now.

Roger was terribly conflicted. He found himself unable to make up his mind about the matter.

“Why am I thinking about this now...?” he chuckled wryly at himself and, with a voice laced with impatience, told Stella, “Even if you want to take him back now, it might just be too late. I heard that his condition is still pretty critical. It’s still unclear if he might live. Even if he does end up living, he might suffer a serious side-effect from the injury. It’s likely that the rumors that he has woken up might all be false. After all, this news about his will sounds a bit fishy to me.”

Roger thought it was more likely that this news of Weston Ford issuing a will might just be something they released just to make the people in his company feel more at ease and might not have anything to do with

Weston Ford at all.

But then again, none of this concerned them anymore.

And so Stella stopped paying any attention to any news about Weston from then on as if she wanted to completely remove him from her world.

And just like that, several months passed without any incident.

But Roger noticed that Stella’s eyes still had not recovered yet.

He had a doctor examine her eyes before and she was confirmed to suffer from snow blindness, which was not a serious condition. However, in some rare cases, it might lead to permanent loss of sight. Nevertheless, based on Stella's condition, she should recover within a few months.

But it had been four months, and Stella showed no signs of getting better. In fact, all she could see now was but a blur.

Worst of all, she could not return to work in this state, severely affecting her lifestyle.

## Chapter 1287

They had assumed that she would have recovered after a short while, but the way things were now, there was no other choice but to look for another person to take care of her.

But Roger would never agree to this.

"I can take care of you myself," he said. "I've been taking care of you these past few months anyway. There's no

need to look for someone else!"

The truth was, Roger simply couldn't trust anyone else.

"No," Stella argued, "your grandfather suddenly wants you to go home. Something must've happened there. Don't worry. I'll take good care of myself."

These days, Stella and Roger had returned to treating each other like brother and sister. There was a tacit agreement between them to never again bring up Roger's incestuous feelings.

"He knows that you're here to learn and improve yourself," continued Stella, her tone becoming stern and serious regarding tasks assigned to them by Marcus. Garcia. "If something important hadn't come up, he wouldn't have asked you to go back. Listen to him.

Grandpa Marcus would never trouble you without a good reason. He's always done everything for your own good."

Roger fell silent for a long time.

If it had not been for Marcus Garcia, there was no way te would ever get to where he was, much less help Stella get away from Weston Ford's iron grip back then.

"Even so, I must find someone I can trust to be with you. I wouldn't be able to leave you here alone otherwise."

"Don't worry," Stella chuckled. "I've found the perfect person."

"Who is it?"

Joan could not keep herself from tearing up when she finally saw Stella again.

"Madam..."

She simply could not believe they would ever meet again after all these years.

Three years had passed, but Joan did not look like she had changed much.

"Thank you for helping me three years ago," Stella said. with a smile. "Without you, I'd never be able to escape Weston Ford."

This matter still filled Joan with guilt and regret.

"I just couldn't stand aside without doing anything back then," she told Stella. "I was afraid that you might end up totally consumed by depression, and even more terrified that you might commit suicide, so I decided to betray Mr. Ford in the end..."

Although Stella was grateful to her, the truth was Joan had always felt guilty for what she did to Weston Ford. After all, he was the one who paid her salary. That was why she was too ashamed to remain working for him and had to rush back to her hometown. No matter how much money he offered to pay her, she just could not stay in Stardust Mansion anymore because she felt that she had wronged him.

The plan to whisk Stella away from Weston Ford had certainly been cooked up by the Garcia family, but

without Joan's help as an insider, Weston would never let his guard down enough to make it possible for Stella to slip through his fingers right from under his nose.

Joan had hesitated for a long time before she made that decision.

She had always believed that they would never meet each other again, but to her surprise, Stella actually returned to Ahn City three years later.

“Madam,” she asked her cautiously, “did you come back to set things straight with Mr. Ford?”

Considering Weston Ford’s powerful status, it was impossible that he didn’t hear about Stella’s return. Stella nodded.

“He already knows...”

She noticed that Joan looked like she was still unaware of what had happened recently, so she briefly told her the whole story.

Joan’s whole body was in shock after hearing what Stella told her.

“Are you saying that Mr. Ford’s life might be in danger?”

“Yes,” replied Stella with an expressionless face, resting her arms on the table. “So you don’t have to worry that he’ll cause you trouble now.”

Joan needed a long time to digest all the new information she had just received. Then she finally let out a heavy sigh and asked, “So you can’t see now, Madam?”

She had noticed the first moment she got here that there was something wrong with Stella’s eyes. They looked as if they were glazed over and unable to focus.

## Chapter 1288

Ever since Joan got there, she noticed that Stella’s gaze was fixed on a certain point, and she hardly ever moved her eyes, regardless of what she said.

It was a clear sign that she was blind.

“Yes,” Stella replied. “My eyes were injured, and I got snow blindness a while ago. The doctor said I should get better in a few months, but my eyes show no signs of getting better yet. I might stay blind for a long time, so I’d like to ask if

you'd be willing to come and take care of me for a while. I'll pay you, of course, so don't worry about that."

Joan considered her offer for a long time, but in the end, she refused.

"I know you mean well, Madam, and I know that we've always gotten along very well in the past, but I can't work with you in good conscience anymore..."

"I understand," Stella sighed, then added regretfully, "I was only asking, but since you're not willing to do it, just think of it as coming out to meet an old friend."

Joan sighed in relief, "Thank you, Madam. Thank you for not making it harder for me."

No matter how Joan looked at it, she still felt that what she did was a betrayal to Weston Ford, her own employer. It was a matter that had weighed heavily on her heart the whole time, so much that it was almost unbearable for her.

After all, Weston had always treated her kindly, yet she still chose to help Stella in the end.

During her time working in Stardust Mansion, she could tell that Weston was terrifyingly possessive of Stella.

But even though he did not love her properly, he still loved her very much nonetheless.

Since Joan had refused her offer, Stella had no choice but to find someone else to care for her.

Roger was too worried to leave her now, so he postponed his return trip to Compassvale.

To their surprise, a few days later, Joan contacted Stella herself and told her that she would be glad to work with her and take care of her again.

Stella was initially slightly baffled by Joan's sudden change of heart, but Joan gave her a reasonable explanation. She told her that since Weston's condition was uncertain now, even if he did wake up, he would probably never know that Joan was working with Stella again. After all, they had not

seen each other in a long time, so perhaps Weston might even have forgiven her and let go of any grievances between them.

Furthermore, Joan's son was going to college soon, so she desperately needed some money. She could not possibly refuse Stella since she was offering to pay her a hefty salary.

And so Stella thought nothing more of it and just agreed to let Joan take care of her.

Now that there was someone he trusted by Stella's side, Roger was finally relieved. He packed up his things the very next day to return to Compassvale. He also decided to take Elias and Emma along with him so Marcus Garcia could see them again since the old man had missed the two children very much.

This would be the first time Elias and Emma would be separated from their mother for so long, ever since they were born. However, since Stella was blind now, she could not possibly take care of them, so she had to let Roger take them back with him to Compassvale.

Stella now lived in a large apartment with Joan.

As she was taking care of Stella, Joan suddenly said, "Madam, my son is going to college soon, and he's got no place to stay. Would you mind if he comes over and stays here for a while?"

Stella knew what Joan was trying to ask her, and she frowned.

She was quite reluctant to let Joan's son live with them. He was an adult, after all, seeing that he was already a college student. Stella was not comfortable with the thought of sharing her house with a man.

Besides, she had no idea what Joan's son was like. Even though she might have heard from her that he was a good son, she still had some reservations because mothers were always biased in thinking that their children were better than they actually were.

And so she tactfully expressed her refusal.

"If it had been your daughter, I would've had no objections. In fact, I would've loved to have a companion

Joan understood, but she still tried to persuade her, saying, “I know it might not be such a good idea since he’s a man, but...”

Her voice suddenly turned a little weak and helpless when she added, “He’s not in the best health. I worry that he might affect his friends if he stays in the dorm, but if he rents his own place outside of campus, he’d be staying on his own, and that worries me too, so...”

Stella, who was always soft-hearted when people were in need, could not help but concede to Joan when she heard her feeble and helpless voice. 1

“If you’re sure we can get along, then you can bring him over.”

## **Read Novel Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches**

### **Chapter 1289**

#### Chapter 1289

“I think I can trust the character of someone you raised,” Stella told Joan.

Joan breathed a sigh of relief, “Thank you, Madam.”

Stella paused before she corrected her, “I’ve nothing to do with Weston anymore, so you don’t need to call me Madam now. Just call me Stella.”

“Okay, Stella.”

Joan’s son moved in that very evening. Because Stella could not see, she had no idea what he looked like. All she knew was that he was reticent and introverted.

His room was right across Stella’s and next to Joan’s.

From the time they first met, he had not said much to Stella. All he did was answer her questions in simple, monosyllabic responses.

At first, Stella believed he might have difficulty speaking, and she politely asked Joan about it.

Joan paused after hearing her question, then chuckled and replied, “No, he just doesn’t like to talk, that’s all.”



Stella nodded. Then she thought about how he was sick and therefore could not stay in the dorm on campus, so she asked her, "Can you tell me what kind of illness he has? Perhaps I can help you somehow."

"Oh!" Joan quickly replied. "There's no need for that! I've saved up enough over the years, and he's been sick for a long time. We even had help from a charity group, so we didn't need any help. It's just that he still has some small difficulties in his daily life, and the fact that you could provide us with a place to stay is more than enough. for us..."

Her speech flowed smoothly out of her mouth, just as if she had rehearsed her lines. Stella could not help but sense that something about her demeanor was fishy.

But then she reminded herself that this was Joan, after all. Joan would never do anything to harm her, so she quickly dismissed her suspicions.

Joan's son turned out to be an extremely quiet and introverted man. He had been living with Stella for a while now, but overall, he made almost no noise. Even his footsteps were hushed and restrained.

But Stella could always feel his presence.

When she got up from her bed in the morning, she could distinctly feel him standing by the bathroom door, looking at her.

"Are you coming in?" she asked, turning slightly sideways to make way for him.

In fact, each bedroom in her apartment came with its own bathroom, but the heater in her bathroom was broken, so

she had to use the common one near the living room. She did not expect to bump into the man here.

She was blind, but she could still perceive the difference between light and darkness, so she could tell that the man in front of her was quite tall and well-built.

She had been abroad, so she was used to seeing tall people, but she still felt that someone this tall was quite rare in this country. Most people were not nearly as tall as Weston.

Weston...

Stella frowned. Why was she thinking about that man again?

The man in front of her shook his head, but then he remembered that she could not see him, so he took her hand and gently pulled her towards him.

His extremely measured gestures were gentle and cautious.

Chapter 1290

Stella followed him out of the bathroom but then suddenly stopped and looked at him, asking, "Can you speak at all?"

Joan did tell her that it was only because he was a quiet person, but Stella still found his behavior too suspicious.

How could someone who could speak be this quiet?

The man said nothing. He approached her, gently took her hand, and tried to scribble a word on her palm.

Stella found it too ticklish, so she quickly withdrew her hand.

The man seemed to realize that he had offended her somehow, so he did nothing after that.

Stella rubbed her wrists as she continued to observe him, but all she could see was a blurry shadow.

"If you don't want to speak," she told him, "I'll try to minimize my interactions with you... I hope I didn't offend you, but I just don't feel comfortable about this."

After a long while, she could hear the man softly mumbling, "Mm."

Stella froze for a moment. She turned her gaze toward the blurry figure of the man.

Stella had always been perceptive to sounds. She was a musician, after all and she could easily distinguish the difference in everyone's voices.

And the man's voice reminded her of a certain someone.

But she shook her head and discarded these thoughts from her mind.

Perhaps she was only reminded of him because thoughts about him had been popping up in her mind quite often in the past couple of days.

This man was Joan's son. How could he have anything to do with Weston?

Having lived together for a few days, the two eventually got along.

The man would use a special device to communicate with Stella. He would type the words that he wanted to say, and the software of the device would speak the words for him. This way, he managed to communicate pretty smoothly with Stella.

[I'm sorry, I can't speak to you for some reason, so I have to resort to this. I hope it's not too inconvenient.

The device had a deep, cold, and mechanical voice of an unemotional male.

"It's fine," Stella nodded. "You're Joan's son, and she used to take very good care of me."

[But I still want to thank you for causing you trouble.

And so that was how they communicated, and it went surprisingly smoothly too. Stella could not see, and he could not speak, yet their interaction was strangely effective.

Gradually, Stella even started to have casual chats with him.

She could not go anywhere now, so she had to spend all her time playing the piano at home. But though she could not see now, she had long been familiar with the keys on the piano and had no problem playing beautiful music without using her sight.

The man would stand beside her, appreciating the music without making a noise and not doing anything to disrupt such a beautiful scene.

He would stay that way until she was done playing when he would approach her and use his device to ask her, [Do

you need my help to get up?

Stella would nod and lean against him to stand up, and they would then take a walk in the garden.

They had started to chat freely with each other now, but most of the time, it would be the man asking Stella a question and her replying to him.

Perhaps it was because she had lost her sight, but her other senses had become sharper now. At times like these, she had a sudden urge to talk to someone about what had happened to her in the past.

It was only natural for human beings to desire to speak with someone.

Now that she had a companion who was quiet and eager to listen, Stella felt that getting along with this man was a breeze, and she began to talk freely about her past with him.

After a while, the man used the cold, mechanical voice of his device to ask her, [So, have you completely moved on from Weston Ford?

She guessed that he must have heard about what happened between her and Weston from Joan, so she did not shy away from the subject and bluntly answered,

It's all in the past now anyway, so why shouldn't I move on from him?"

The man made no response. After a long silence, he finally replied, "Okay."

Night fell quickly after that

## **Read Novel Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1291**

Chapter 1291

Stella sat on the sofa and listened to the radio station.

Since she could not see, she had gotten hooked on the radio and considered it quite interesting.

Joan suddenly called. "I am very sorry, Mrs. Ford. There is a situation here. I got into an accident and might come back a little late."

Stella frowned instantly and sat up. "Are you alright?"

"I am fine. It's just that the police are here, and I may be delayed. But I have to go back and cook. What should I do?"

Stella could hear the uneasiness in her voice and said to her, "It's alright. Take your time. Don't rush. Your safety is the most important."

She continued, "There is still some food in the fridge. I can make a simple meal myself."

Joan was still a little troubled. "You purposely hire me to care for you, but I keep making mistakes..."

Stella comforted her. "It's not your fault. It was an accident, and it had nothing to do with you. Just

cooperate with the police. It's okay."

After that, Stella hung up the phone and heard the sound of footsteps coming from the direction of the guestroom.

Then, a tall figure stood beside her. She could sense the man's finger tapping on the screen before the familiar mechanical voice entered her ears.

Is Joan not coming home tonight?

She nodded but later found it odd. "Isn't she your mother? Why do you call her by her name?"

She felt the man seemed to pause and stiffen a bit.

After a while, he said, [I got used to saying that because of you.

She nodded. Though she thought it sounded a little far- fetched, she didn't think much of it.

Then, the man played another electronic voice clip. "What do you want to eat? There are still some ingredients in the fridge. I can make something for you."

She was a bit surprised. "You know how to cook?"

According to Joan's description of her son, he should be a nerd who did no housework and only cared about getting

good grades. He should be spoiled and not very good at housework. How could he cook?

I can make simple dishes,] said the man. [What do you want to eat?

She was a bit undecided. "I don't know..."

[Noodles?]

Her eyes lit up. "I like noodles. Can you make them?"

Yes, but my cooking is not very good. I can barely fill my stomach.

"It'll be fine as long as it can fill mine."

The man sniffed, then turned around and went into the kitchen.

Stella originally wanted to fumble over to take a look but was worried about causing him trouble, so she did not

move and sat on the sofa.

Not long after that, the man brought two bowls of noodles and served them on the table.

Stella stood up and started to feel her way to the table.

The man reached out. He thought of holding her but withdrew his hands.

He only let Stella feel the edge of the sofa and walked to the table just because she said she could.

The next moment, she accidentally hit the corner of the table and fell to the side.

The man beside her immediately stepped forward and picked her up directly.

The familiar fragrance filled her nose. Stella was stunned for a moment and subconsciously grabbed the hem of his shirt. It smelled very much like a man she knew very well.

Almost subconsciously, she called out his name.” Weston?”

The man’s body stiffened abruptly.

The muscles beneath his shirt were tense to the extreme.

He didn’t respond, desperately trying to hold himself back.

## Chapter 1292

The man’s movement slowed down for a moment, but he did not stop as if he didn’t hear her call.

He picked her up and helped her sit comfortably at the table. Then, with a cold mechanical voice, he said, [Why did you suddenly call his name?

Stella’s heart was still thumping. She still did not come back to her senses.

Hearing his question, she only gave a one-syllable response. “Mm.”

[Why did you call his name?] he asked again.

She paused and her heartbeat slowly normalized. “It’s nothing. I just feel that you are kinda like him.”

Am I?

“You smell very much like him.”

The man seemed to hesitate for a while and asked, [What kind of smell?

“I can’t be sure, but it’s awfully familiar.”

He did not speak for a long time before he said, [Let’s eat the noodles.

“Okay.”

Stella’s suspicion of him was only limited to that moment, and she quickly dismissed the idea.

Weston was now lying in the hospital, and his condition was uncertain. If he were to wake up, he would’ve definitely dealt with Ford Corporation’s crisis instead of coming over to act with her.

Even if he had this leisure, the people of Ford Corporation would not let him do so.

Even with his will disclosed, she could bet things were a royal mess over there. Besides, with Daisy taking over the company, Stella believed this feeling was just an illusion, which meant he couldn’t possibly be Weston.

After eating, the man stood up and washed the dishes skillfully.

Stella wanted to call out to him but suddenly realized that she did not even know his name.

“By the way, what’s your name?” she asked.

The man’s hands suddenly twitched, and he looked at her. [Does it matter?

The flat tone made Stella frown. “You cannot even tell me your name?”

She should have told you before.

Stella was startled for a moment, then she realized that he was referring to Joan.

Now, her suspicion of the man only grew.

First, he was not willing to address Joan as his mother. Second, he would not talk and even tell her his name.

“Has anyone ever said you’re weird?”

[That’s why I don’t live in the school dormitory.] He answered quickly.

Stella was speechless.



She propped up her chin and looked blankly at the void. “ How old are you?”

He hesitated. Twenty.

“Then you are about the same age as my brother.”

He did not seem interested in Stella talking about her brother and said to her, [I’m going to wash the dishes.

With that, he went into the kitchen.

When he came out, he saw that Stella was still sitting at the table, so he stepped forward and picked her up in his

arms.

Stella felt a hover underneath her and subconsciously exclaimed. “What are you doing?”

Since the man’s hands were full, he couldn’t speak and could only carry her to the couch silently.

The familiar touch startled her, and she said, “Tell me first the next time you want to hug me.”

Wait...

Why should he tell her?

She corrected herself. “You don’t have to hug me next time. I can walk on my own.”

Chapter 1293

The man did not say anything. Stella frowned and smiled ambiguously. “You know what? Your action of holding me suddenly just now is really like a person.”

[Is he your husband?] asked the man.

She shook her head very calmly. “He is just my ex- husband, at best.”

“At best?”

She did not want to talk about Weston much, so she changed the topic. “Your cooking skill is not bad.”

The man suddenly grew interested in Weston. [Why did you divorce him?

“Haven’t I told you enough today?”

She shrugged nonchalantly. “I have no feelings for him anymore.”

You can actually get over him so easily after so many years of affection?

Stella laughed. “Even the deepest feelings wear out one day. Not to mention the last three years, I loved him for

too long in the past, so I really could not hold on...”

Clink!

She heard the glass hitting the table’s surface and asked him hurriedly in shock, “What’s wrong?”

Nothing.

My hands slipped. Do you want some fruit?

“Sure. Wash an apple for me.”

The man stood up and went off with big strides.

By the time he returned, he had a fruit plate in his hand. [ Do you want me to feed you?]

Stella said, “No, give me the plate. I’ll hold it myself.”

He had been rather meticulous. He peeled the fruit and cut it into small pieces for her.

Although she could not see, it was very convenient for her to eat them.

She could feel the man’s eyes on her face all the time and was a little uncomfortable being looked at. “You should wash one for yourself.”

“No, I don’t like fruit.”

This was also very similar to Weston.

She frowned for a moment, suppressing the strange feeling in her heart, and said nothing.

After a while, the mechanical voice rang again. “What were you thinking? Did you think of him again?”

The corners of her eyes twitched. “Can you please stop talking about him?”

“Why?”

You just said you loved him for many years. Why did you suddenly stop loving him? Did you know each other since your school days?

She said unhurriedly, “What else could be the reason for not loving him anymore? I feel tired and don’t want to love anymore.”

It was as if she was speaking about someone else when she spoke about the past. She then said casually, “I’ve been in love with him since my student days.”

She had already said it earlier, so the man did not find it surprising. Moreover, he had already been surprised.

“So what?”

“When he did not know it, I kept chasing him. I used to think that there would never be a day when my passion for him would subside, yet I didn’t expect that marrying him would be the beginning of my fading love.

“I knew about his relationship with Guinevere,” she said. with a chuckle. “They are a beautiful couple. Anyone would say that they are a lovely couple. I did not think at that time that he would want to marry me. Only later did I realize that he was using me as a stepping stone between him and Guinevere...”

“That is not what I saw.”

The man interrupted her.

He said, "He has nothing to do with Guinevere and has always had to be with her because of his family."

"I know."

Her smile faded. "After learning the truth, I did think about forgiving him, but..."

She suddenly raised her eyes. She looked pitiful, and her beautiful eyes weren't focused and were covered with a layer of fog. "Even if the truth is out, I really felt the taste of being used. So what if he had his reason? The pain I felt was real. At that time, I must not be that important to him. Otherwise, he would not have chosen her between the two of us without hesitation. Even if it was not because of love, it was also because he had too many other things in his heart that were more important than me."

## Chapter 1294

She did not know why, but though she clearly couldn't see this man and didn't know what he looked like, she felt unusually relaxed when interacting with him.

"This is not a secret anyway. The entire city knows about it."

Weston held a press conference three years ago in order to clear her name and make these details known to the public.

[I heard rumors that he had a very painful time in the past three years.] The man paused for a moment and looked at her.

Stella laughed. "You do know a lot about him."

After pausing for a moment, the man said, [Not really. It's just that basically all the people in Ahn City know about him.]

"Indeed. His every action is watched and exaggerated."

She no longer had any particular emotion when she talked about this matter.

It was just that...

She suddenly stared at the man beside her. "Why do you care about him so much?"

Do I?

“Of course. Don’t you think you care too much about my ex–husband? Those who don’t know you will think you’re interested in him.”

I’m not interested in him. I just want to know the details of my rival and the key to winning this battle.

His carefree remark caught her.

The apple in her hand dropped into the plate, making a soft sound.

She thought she heard it wrongly and asked in embarrassment, “What did you say just now?”

The man seemed to enjoy looking at her surprised face.

Even though the machine could not voice any emotion, she could still feel his eyes smiling. “I said that I wanted to know more about my rival. Is there anything wrong with it?”

Seeing her hands remain motionless and a bit stiff, he took the plate in her hands, prodded a piece of apple, and

sent it to her mouth.

She did not open her mouth, so he gently pried open her mouth and shoved the apple in. “Eat it.”

She chewed it, and the sweetness of the apple filled her mouth.

She was a bit overwhelmed. “Is that what I think it means?”

It means what you think it means.

The man said, [My ability to express myself should be considered clear, right?

“You...”

Stella was a bit perplexed, never to have predicted such a scene.

[I know you will not believe it. But there is one thing I must tell you clearly. I want to pursue you. I want to be with you.]

She was as if hearing a funny joke. "You don't even dare to talk to me in your real voice."

I told you, it's because I'm sick.

"What kind of sickness is it? If you can talk, why don't you talk to me?"

I will tell you when the time comes.

He said, "I shall leave you in suspense for now."

She sneered. "You've only met me for just a few days, and you already fallen in love with me. I didn't expect you to be so frivolous. You don't look like Joan's son at all."

Chapter 1295

"Do you consider love at first sight as something frivolous?"

The man said, [You've loved Weston for so many years. Didn't you fall in love with him at first sight?

Stella said, "Of course not."

She recalled the past. "I only liked him because he helped me."

Did he? Tell me about it.

She pinched her glabella. "I didn't have a deep connection with him at that time. I didn't even talk to him. He and Guinevere are people of the same world, one that does not intersect with the world of people like us. Our worlds were like two parallel lines. I was a little high-minded when studying, so maybe some people did not like me. At that time, a dropout liked me. He confessed to me, but I rejected him. So he and his friends blocked me on my way from school. I was alone and was almost dragged by them to the alley. Weston saw it and helped me..."

The man did not seem to think there was such a thing and slightly raised his eyebrows. "I didn't expect this."

"Yes. I also did not expect that a man like him would actually help me.

She thought he was talking about not expecting Weston to be so warm-hearted and said, "He is always so cold and looked aloof. That is why not many girls dared to confess to him even though he was handsome and had good grades and a good family background. Only Guinevere was around him all the time."

She did not expect that she would talk about her past with this man.

Perhaps it was because he was Joan's son that she was not wary of him.

The man chuckled and said gently, [So, you loved him for so many years because of this?

"Yes."

She propped up her chin and stared forward blankly. "It feels like you're listening to it with great interest. If you really like me, shouldn't you be jealous when you hear me talking about another man's past?

"That's a trick only young boys use."

The man said calmly, [Men would be more tolerant. Moreover, you are single now and have no one in your heart. So I can, of course, treat your past with tolerance.

She could not help but laugh. "You must be a few years younger than me, but you are talking like my elder. Not even a thirty-year-old would look more mature than you."

She only felt that his words were a joke.

After the meal, the man stood up automatically and walked to her side to pick her up.

Stella was surprised. She wanted to push him away, but he held her by the waist.

Although he did not speak, she could feel his body's dominant and irresistible aura.

"If I remember correctly, I think I just said that you are not allowed to hug me casually, right?" She was a bit annoyed.

But she was still blind and could not just push him away.

The man walked to the bathroom with her still in his arms. He turned on the tap and put her hands into the running water to wash her fingers.

He felt a distinct sense of detachment as he pinched her bony fingers.

Stella intuited that it was a lovely pair of hands, just like Weston's.

The rubbing of skin was somehow electrifying. After washing her hands, the man pulled another piece of paper towel and scrubbed her clean before typing a line and playing it with a mechanical voice-

You did say that, but I also just made my attitude clear that I want to pursue you.

She frowned, and her face turned gloomy. "I thought you were joking just now, so I did not bother with you. You are Joan's son, so I hope I would need to say it too harshly. I am single now, but it does not mean I need a man. Can you understand what I said?"

Yes.

The man looked at her. I just want to pursue you. I don't mean for you to say yes to me right away.

Stella took a deep breath. "Don't give me that reason about how you like me is your business alone. It has nothing to do with you, but your liking has affected me."

"What then? I can't control it. Are you able to control your feelings?"

Chapter 1296

Stella was taken aback a little, not knowing what to say for a moment.

After a while, the man picked her up again and headed outside.

What else do you want to do? Want to go out for a stroll in the park?

She shook her head. "No. I want to listen to a podcast and go to bed later."

He knew she was unwilling to be with him.



So he nodded. Okay. I will stay here. Call me if you need me.

“Aren’t you studying at university now? Don’t you have anything else to do?”  
She frowned.

Nothing is more important than you.

She was speechless.

Joan returned only after sunset.

She was relieved to hear that Stella had had her meal. “

It’s a relief that I did not starve you, Mrs. Ford.”

Stella wanted to correct the way she addressed her, but the man stood up and said, [Did you get all the ingredients?

“Yes.”

Joan said, “They are all Mrs. Ford’s favorite. I traveled miles to the suburb to get this fresh sea bass.”

The man nodded and took the live fish to the kitchen to clean them.

Stella always had a strange feeling when listening to the conversation between the two.

Were this mother and son always so polite when they talked to each other?

Before she could think deeply about the matter, Joan went off to do her own work.

For the next few days, the two got along quite well.

The man did not cross the line much, but he was always going back and forth the line, tempting her.

Stella asked, “Have you had a lot of girlfriends? Why are you so comfortable with flirting?”

The man was startled and then said, [I had one before.

“One?”

She pondered. “You are only twenty now. One is normal, not too many and not too few.”

She asked again, “Then why did you break up with her?”

I did not cherish her properly.

She laughed at his answer. “You are rather conscious of yourself.”

She had seen too many men blaming their exes once they broke up. The sweet love no longer existed, with only ugly faces left when they blamed each other.

He was rather honest.

It was indeed my fault.

The man continued, [She was very nice and loved me very much. I did not realize my own feelings at that time, so I thought that she was not important. By the time she left, only then I realized that I simply could not live without her.]

“Why don’t you go and get her back then?”

Because I don’t want to trouble her again, so I just watch her from afar.

She nodded and asked him indifferently, “Since that’s the case, why did you come and mess with me?”

He sounded to be obsessed with his ex-girlfriend, yet he still said he wanted to pursue her and fell in love with her at first sight.

This would suggest that his deep love could also be an act, just a means to attract the next woman.

As expected, the man did not speak anymore.

Stella was too lazy to point that out and lost interest. So she stood up and said, “I want to go to the hospital.”

I will come with you.

“Suit yourself.”

After seeing through his mind, Stella’s attitude towards him became a lot more indifferent.

Chapter 1297

Weston saw the change but did not say anything about it.

Stella felt her way to the bed to take the outfit Joan had prepared for her in advance. Just as she wanted to get dressed, she heard a knock at the door. “Do you need my help?”

“I am not so blind that I need help to get dressed.”

She scolded him. “You’d better not come in.”

The man knew she meant it and closed the door quietly.

When they arrived at the hospital, he told her to sit down first and went to the registration counter.

Stella stayed in the long corridor, feeling bored, then she suddenly heard a voice in her ear that she had not heard in a long time-

“Aren’t you Stella? Why are you sitting here alone?”

The old memory surfaced instantly in her mind, and her body froze.

The bleached hair man in front teased her. “I heard you split up with Weston for good some time ago. He is the richest man in Ahn City. What do you have in your mind in doing so?”

They were high school classmates and had not seen each other for many years.

Stella put on a stern face and ignored him.

The man sensed her rejection and whistled. “What’s wrong with you? I’m talking to you. Don’t you recognize me?”

He suddenly noticed something and looked into her eyes. slowly. “Don’t tell me you are blind.”

She stood up. "As you can see."

After saying that, she wanted to walk away.

But the man blocked her. "Not so fast. We are old classmates. Let's catch up a bit."

"There is nothing to catch up on."

He rolled his eyes and said to her in disbelief. "No way. Are you still holding a grudge against me?"

Stella did not forget this voice though many years had passed. He was the very punk who nearly dragged her into the alley.

She did not expect they would bump into each other after so many years.

If it were not Weston who came and rescued her, the consequence would be unthinkable.

However, this man did not seem to have the slightest guilt for what he had done to her back then. On the contrary, he looked at her with interest. "You still look hot. I saw your news on the Internet in the past few years and thought you were definitely going to be Mrs. Ford when you came back this time, but I did not expect you to be blind and here alone to see a doctor. Why is your life in a downward spiral?"

He asked, "Aren't you a famous pianist? You should be wealthy. Why are you here alone?"

She looked away coldly. "It has nothing to do with you."

After saying that, she turned around.

The man did not relent, and his face turned ugly. "Hey, don't show that kind of face when you see an old acquaintance. You really think you are something?"

Then, his tone suddenly turned derisive. "Could Weston have abandoned you because you became blind? No, I heard he is also on the verge of death. He is indeed now useless. What can a man lying on the bed give you even though he has money and is handsome? Why don't you be with me instead?"

She thought she had misheard him. "You're crazy."

“Who are you calling crazy?”

His face changed immediately. “I am giving you face that I am still willing to take you in. Why don’t you recognize your old classmates as soon as you become famous?”

“Who is your old classmate? You were expelled long ago, and we were not even that close then!”

“Were we not close? I even pulled your bra strap!”

“You-”

Suddenly, there was a loud bang.

A fist came at full tilt and landed right on his face.

The man was smashed hard on the ground, spitting out a mouthful of blood and whimpering. He could not move, and his limbs all felt like they were being taken apart, and it hurt like hell.

He howled in pain. Just as he wanted to get up, he saw the man who suddenly appeared in front of him and froze. ” Mr. F-”

Shut up, or I will cut your tongue.

The man interrupted. The cold mechanical voice was full of gut-wrenching hostility.

Chapter 1298

The man lying on the floor was still immersed in shock. The moment he looked up, he saw the man surrounded with a killing intent- he was Weston.

Weston was no stranger to him. He was beaten up by him back then when he was a student.

Besides, Weston was very famous. And after the incident, he knew him even better, but he did not expect him to appear here.

He looked at Weston, and then at Stella, and widened his eyes. “Aren’t you...”

Before he could say it, Weston landed another punch on his face.

“Ow...”

Lying on the floor of the hospital, the man spat out another mouthful of blood. He could not get up no matter how he tried.

The doctors, nurses, and patients nearby all stopped in their tracks and looked over in some surprise.

Then, someone reacted and said to call the police.

Weston then withdrew his hand, glanced at him coldly, then walked to Stella and picked her up. “Are you okay?”

Stella heard his low voice and shook her head. “I am fine.”

She inhaled deeply and looked blankly at the man on the floor. “How are you going to take care of him?”

“This place is surveilled, so we can prove that he is the one who started it. The first punch is considered self- defense, and you can consider the second a gift from me.”

When the man heard him, his eyes lit up. “It’s you who hit me! Do you know that you have to pay for beating people up now?”

Weston was damn rich, and he wasn’t about to let the chance of blackmailing him go!

Weston sneered. He walked to him and kicked him hard. ” Even if I smashed you to death with money, there won’t be much change in my bank account.”

After he said that, he stepped right over him with Stella in his hands.

The man curled like a worm on the ground, unable to get up as he stared at Weston from his back.

After a while, a man in a suit approached him. “Hello, I’m Mr. Ford’s assistant.”

Ben sighed. Since Weston had left, he could only clean up this mess for him.

He previously thought that Weston would get over her after he regained consciousness. What he did not expect was that Weston would become more obsessed with her, completely disregarding his health.

He did not what trick Weston used to make Joan agree to his request and let him stay by Stella's side as her son.

Now that Stella could not see, he did not speak and simply stayed by her side.

Regardless, her eyes would one day recover, but he could not be mute for the rest of his life.

Moreover, there was so much work in the company and even a blunder of the will. Ben was very worried that the company might collapse one day.

What's more, Weston even learned how to change his voice to prevent Stella from recognizing him.

This was really causing Ben a headache.

The man was still twitching on the floor.

The kicks Weston gave him had immobilized him. He did not expect that his action of teasing Stella years ago would lead to a mighty bludgeoning, and it happened again years later-

Ben smiled at him indifferently. "Mr. Ford does not want to reveal his identity now. If you do not wish to lie in the sickbed next time and not be able to get up, then shut your damn mouth."

What else would the man dare to say? He could only nod blankly, his face covered in blood.

Stella was carried by Weston as he was striding down the hallway.

She wrapped her arms around his neck, feeling a little worried. "Is that guy just now okay?"

"You don't care about me, but care about him instead? How peculiar."

Stella said, "I'm not concerned about him. I'm just afraid that if he really gets hurt, you'll be involved in a lawsuit."

“I’m not that powerless.

He held her with one arm with strength that was more than enough.

Chapter 1299

Stella whispered in his ear. “Thank you.”

At that moment, she felt like she was back in the old days, when some punks blocked her in an alley, and Weston descended from the sky and saved her like a god. It carved a profound mark on her heart.

Weston seemed to read her mind at once and asked her, “Are you thinking of that man?”

Stella smiled at him. “It’s you that’s on my mind right now.”

The man’s movements suddenly lurched, and his pace slowed considerably.

He knew it was stupid, but he suddenly minded his identity as Joan’s son.

He was jealous of himself.

Stella had her eyes checked according to the procedure.

The doctor said, “It’s nothing serious, but it depends on her immunity when she can regain her sight and how well she recovers.”

It’s the same as not saying anything. It meant everything depended on her luck.

Weston could not help but ask, “Will her eyes be okay?”

The doctor looked at the tall and handsome man in front of him and immediately recognized him. He was the famous Weston Ford.

The youngest and richest man in the nation and was also internationally famous.

All men were interested in his status and his ability to manage a company. And all women were interested in his face, body, and his charming aura.



Anyway, from the news some time ago, wasn't he supposed to be walking on the thin line between life and death after the snowstorm accident?

Why was he standing here intact and not talking but using a translator instead?

Could he be injured after the snowstorm and could not speak?

"Mr. F-"

The moment he said that, Weston glared at him with a sharp gaze like a hammer, smashing his word.

The doctor was stunned and suddenly realized something. It seemed like he did not want him to call him by his name. Did he not want Stella to know it was him?

But wasn't Stella his ex-wife?

His mind was filled with questions, but he did not dare to ask them. So he only followed the procedure and examined Stella's eyes, and then informed her of the precautions.

After that, the man picked her up and walked out directly.

Stella could not help but say, "Were you being too aggressive just now? My doctor did not seem to talk much to me."

Weston did not answer. He simply put her into the car and said, "I treat everyone the same. You are the only exception."

The candid confession caught Stella by surprise.

She had only been with Weston after all these years.

However, Weston would never say such sweet words to her.

She felt a little uncomfortable with this.

She did not react until the car started. It was then that she caught a faint whiff of blood coming from the man. "Are you hurt?"

He snorted. "He's not strong enough to hurt me."

But he ate his words soon after.

After arriving home, Weston sat down on the couch with Stella in his arms. Seeing Stella get up to leave, he quickly took her hand. "Where are you going?"

"Going back to my room to wash up and sleep."

"Wait."

He hesitated, thinking of what to say to make her stay.

After a long thought, he said, "I'm hurt."

Chapter 1300

Stella was shocked. "Didn't you tell me in the car that you are not hurt."

"That was that. I didn't want to say it with the chauffeur around."

"Why do you even care for your image? Just say it if you are hurt. There is nothing proud about hiding."

Stella knitted her brows and sat in front of him. "Where are you hurt?"

He pulled her hand and put it on his chest. "Here."

She withdrew her hand immediately. "If I didn't mishear it, you are the one who beat him. How could you be so badly injured?"

"He is also a grown man. It's impossible that I remain unscathed."

Then, he put her finger on the corner of his mouth. The moment she touched it, he hissed and drew a breath of cold air.

She was speechless and said helplessly, "Wait for Joan to come back and treat you."

The man grabbed her hand immediately and rubbed it in his palm. "No, I don't want another woman to touch me."

She was dumbfounded and said, "But she is your mother."

“So what? I am a grown man and don’t want my mother to touch me.”

He justified, “I got wounded because of you. You can’t be this heartless.”

She was silent for a long time.

Seeing that she did not say anything and did not object, the man said directly, “Help me unbutton my shirt.”

He pulled her hands and put them on his shirt. “My chest hurts as well.”

She knew he did it on purpose, or maybe he was exaggerating, but he had just helped her after all...

Thus, she sighed, then fumbled to unbutton his shirt.

Just as she started to move, she suddenly feel a shadow in front of her.

The man lifted her chin, and her lips were stolen by him.

Her eyes went wide at once, and she pushed him away.

What are you doing!”

“Sorry. I couldn’t hold back when you were pawing at me earlier.”

She glared at him. “I was just unbuttoning your shirt! I thought you said you were injured and couldn’t lift your hand?”

“Yes. I just let you unbutton the shirt, but I did not ask you to seduce me.”

“Did I?”

“Aren’t you seducing me when you touch me?”

“I—”

She was too angry to talk to him. “Do it yourself.”

He looked at her obscurely, his throat rolling up and down.

After a long time, he said to her, “I won’t tease you anymore, go on.”

She refused to touch him again.

She thought about the touch on her hand just now and said, out of nowhere. "You like wearing shirts as much as he does."

"Yeah."

The man suddenly laughed and said ambiguously, "Since you cannot get your ex-husband out of your mind, I inquired about his dressing style, thinking that if you could like him, there should be something in him that I could learn from."

She paused for a moment and said to him, "It doesn't have to be in such a way, everyone is different, you should not imitate him."

"Really? I'm just trying to get you to like me."

She shook her head and said, "It's because of liking him that I liked him wearing shirts. It's not because of him wearing shirts that I liked him. You got it the other way around."

The man was taken aback as if not expecting her to say that.

He looked at her sitting on the sofa. She looked particularly demure in that amber nightgown she wore.

Her hair had grown quite a bit, hanging softly down to her waist. Not permed or dyed, it looked fresh and naturally beautiful.