

Read Novel *Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches* Chapter 1301-1435

Chapter 1301

Unable to resist, Weston reached out to touch her hair. However, Stella instantly smacked his hand away with a deep frown. "Don't touch me!"

"Why are you turning your back on me?" Weston asked, resisting the urge to embrace her. "Do you still have him in your heart?"

"Don't ask such a frivolous question."

"Have you ever thought about starting a new relationship?"

"Yes, I have," Stella replied indifferently. "But as you know, I have two children. Although they are abroad now, they've been with me all the while, never apart until now.

I desire to stay with my children more than I desire to find a man."

"They're all grown up and can be away from you. When they start school, you'll have your own time. There are still long days ahead. Don't you want to find a new man?"

He asked a rather pragmatic question, to which Stella gave some serious thought. "You're right, but I shouldn't be looking for someone as young as you."

Weston chuckled. "How do you know I'm young?"

"You've just begun college. Surely you must be in your early twenties."

"Even so, my mind may be very mature."

"Come on. Men generally mature later than women."

Weston's smile suddenly faded, and he looked at her gravely. "Give me a chance. I'll do better than him."

Stella gave no answer, but she did ponder about his suggestion. Emma and Elias were grown up. It was time for her to have a life of her own.

Blessed with a promising career and not short of money, she had two smart and understanding children. Life ahead was long, and there was no need to live out the rest

in chastity . If anyone suitable happened to come along the way, starting a new relationship did seem like a good idea.

Nonetheless, despite that, the failed relationship with Weston was so traumatic that it took her the better part of three years to move on. With the constantly looming fear of getting hurt beyond redemption, the last thing she wanted was to barge head-first into another relationship.

Fearing another repeat of the same situation, she was simply unable to open up her heart that quickly anymore.

After dinner, Stella relaxed on the swing in the back garden with her earphones plugged in.

The music in her ears suddenly disappeared as a figure appeared in front of her. Although unable to see, Stella knew the man was standing in front of her. Before she could say anything, he had taken off her earphones.

Stella asked in displeasure, "What are you doing?"

"What are you listening to? You're so engrossed."

"Piano music."

Weston smiled. "I almost forgot. You're a great pianist now."

"I'm glad you know. Now return my earphones to me." Stella seemed extraordinarily relaxed in his presence.

She did not know his name, but she was very comfortable with him throughout the time she spent with him.

Weston put an earphone on himself and told her, "Let's listen together."

He listened awhile and asked, "Is this the Maiden's Prayer?"

"Do you listen to piano music?"

"Of course. I had some artistic training.

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"That's a surprise." Stella shook her head and said with a smile. "Joan seems to value your education enough to send you to piano lessons."

"Yeah, but I let her down," Weston said. "I'm not really interested in arts."

"What are you interested in then?"

"Making money," Weston said. "Learning how to make money was the most important lesson I had growing up."

Chapter 1302

"Seriously..."

Stella pondered about it and thought something was wrong. "I heard you're studying engineering?"

Joan had taken care of her for several years now, and during that time, she did hear a little about him.

Stella wondered if she remembered wrongly. She remembered that Joan's son was studying civil engineering, not finance.

Weston stopped talking and looked down. He patted her head. "Are you tired?"

Stella nodded in reply. The two subsequently listened to the song in silence. After that, Weston tried to carry her to her room, but Stella pushed him away. "I'll walk on my own."

With that, she propped herself up and went to find her shoes.

Stella disliked wearing shoes while on the swing. She loved swinging her little bare feet around.

She always liked doing this. In the past, Weston

reprimanded her many times for going around barefoot, insisting that she wear shoes so she wouldn't catch a cold.

Seeing that Stella had picked up the bad habit again, Weston rubbed his temples. He squatted in front of her, found the missing shoes, and put them on her feet.

"Thank you." Stella stood up, using his shoulder as support.

Weston glanced at her and decisively scooped her up, which made Stella frown. "Let me go!" she shouted.

Although complaining, Stella subconsciously wrapped her arms around Weston's neck. When Weston lifted her

upward, Stella was caught off guard by a soft touch on her forehead.

"Are you taking advantage of me again?" she asked, slightly startled. The word 'again' was very well used at

this moment.

A low and muffled laugh resonated from Weston's chest. Stella could feel the tremor of his laughter as she pressed

her head on it.

Stella instantly clutched the hem of his shirt. Somehow,

the man reminded her so much of Weston. How could such an uncanny resemblance exist?

The man spoke little and refused to tell her his name. Now, Stella could barely calm down as her suspicion

grew. As soon as she had her doubts, she could no longer face him calmly.

In the past two days, they had drawn much closer to each other than before.

Weston carried Stella back to the bedroom. "Do you want to take another shower?" he asked as he took off her

shoes.

Stella nodded. "You may leave now."

Weston got up and turned away immediately.

To stay by her side was all he wanted. He did not want to

go any further, and he did not want to disturb her again.

Stella could not see. She only heard his footsteps and had no idea where he had gone. When she thought he must've

left, she tried to take off her bra but was unable to pull off

the clasp that got stuck on her sleeve. As a result, she

started to suffocate with her head in her knitted shirt.

Stella tugged hard and muffled a few times until she was sweating. However, she just could not pull it off. A few moments later, she heard the man's voice at the door.

"What's wrong?"

Stella found it embarrassing to say that her undergarment was stuck and she needed help, so she said, sullenly, "I ran into an issue."

"Do you need help?"

Stella responded with a muffled voice, “Yes.”

When Weston came in and saw Stella’s head stuck in the collar of her knitted shirt, he chuckled softly.

“What are you laughing at?” Stella was a little annoyed. Are you laughing at me?”

Weston said naturally, “No. How could I.”

After that, he reached out to help her remove the clothes, only to find the clasp stuck on top.

Chapter 1303

Weston looked down and observed the metal hooks stuck

to the knitted shirt for a few moments. Then, he reached for her bra and unhooked it in a flash.

There was a snap. Stella felt a relief off her chest and froze for a moment.

“Rascal!” she blurted.

Weston paused, surprised by her overreaction. In fact, he was more familiar than her when it came to this,

especially since they had been together before.

Stella hurriedly turned her back. Weston turned around and stopped staring at her. He waited until Stella was done and apologized for his action earlier. “Sorry. Your clothes and the clasp were stuck. I had no choice.”

Stella could not help but glare at him. “You obviously did that on purpose. Besides, how are you so good at this?”

Stella had only been with Weston – the only man in her life. On their first night together, Weston clearly couldn’t unhook her bra. Instead, he ripped the entire piece and even tore several new ones she had. Weston only got better at it later. Judging by his dextrous moves, she

believed that this man must be very experienced in sex!

Stella didn't expect that he could be so experienced at such a young age. She couldn't believe that she almost fell for his flirting in the past few days!

As the thoughts crossed Stella's mind, her mood immediately went sour. "You should leave," she snapped

coldly.

"Did you misunderstand something?" Weston walked to her from behind and suddenly took her into his arms.

I've never had another woman.

"Then how were you so good?"

"Perhaps men are naturally talented when it comes to these."

"Enough of your nonsense!" Stella said. "I don't believe a word you say."

"Then who would you believe in?"

Weston kissed her on the cheek and moved up little by little. He was so familiar with the move that Stella

immediately thought he must be a lothario.

Stella struggled twice, but Weston held her tighter.

He whispered in her ears, "Don't push me away..."

Stella could feel his hot breath on the skin of her ear. Somehow, it gave her a sense of familiarity. As the feeling inside her grew stronger, she suddenly softened and said to him, "Do you really like me that much?"

Weston hesitated a little before he rasped, "Yes. Very much. So much that I want to fill my heart with you."

Stella chuckled. She did not take him seriously. "If you really like me that much, prove it."

"How?" Weston's voice rasped as he swallowed

nervously.

Stella suddenly turned around and pulled his collar. She pressed him against the wall and looked at him steadily. Didn't you say you like me? Isn't it normal for a man to lose control in front of his favorite woman?"

Stella pulled the hem of his shirt from his pants as she spoke, letting it hang at the waist. Then, she touched him and felt his perfectly toned abs. Clearly, he had been working out for years. Somehow, this reminded her of Weston again.

Stella paused for a moment and suddenly threw him
down on the bed.

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Weston wrapped his arms around her carefully. He put one arm behind her head and protected her from the hard bounce of the mattress. Then, he rasped to her, "You're giving me the wrong idea by throwing yourself at me like that."

"It's not the wrong idea." Stella looked at him steadily. Then, she pressed her lips to his ear and rubbed against it gently.

Although unable to see, she could get to all his sensitive spots by memory. Soon, Weston gradually lost control.

He could never resist her.

Stella suddenly ripped his belt off in the middle of it and slowly moved her hands upward. When he was

completely out of control, she carefully ran her fingers on his shoulder blades. As she expected, there was an obvious scar there.

Stella instantly grimaced. "You're Weston!"

Chapter 1304

A dead silence loomed in the air despite a lingering
amorous aura.

Time seemed to have stopped at Stella and Weston's confrontation.

Stella was on her knees at his side. Although unable to see, her gaze was sharp. She clutched his collar and

touched his Adam's apple with her fingertips. Then, she pressed down hard.

When she heard Weston's breathless voice, she let go of her grip slightly.

"Don't deny it. I know it's you," Stella said in a cold voice.

Weston held her hand and looked at her steadily. Then, he let out a low laugh and asked, "When did you notice?"

"I always felt like something was wrong. Besides, you didn't disguise yourself well. I trusted you. That's why I waited until now before exposing you."

"Sorry," Weston confessed. "I didn't mean to hide from you."

"Your apology sounds so insincere." Stella cut him off

and suddenly tightened her grip. Then, she heard Weston's choking voice.

"Ugh..."

Completely under the grasp of her control, he was not resisting and remained still, allowing her to do whatever she wanted.

Stella knew the man could easily resist with just a little force. He could've pinned her down with his body, but he made no move.

Perhaps it was his guilt or some other unspoken reason, but in any case, he had still lied to her.

Stella's mood got worse at the thoughts in her head. Just mere questioning was no longer enough to satisfy her.

Stella lost control of her emotions. She got up from him and threw everything she could find at Weston. She threw the pillows, the humidifier on the side of the bed, and the cell phone at him. Whatever she could get her hands on

was thrown at him.

The noises of things crashing and banging continued. Weston lay in bed and let her vent all she wanted.

After some time, Stella finally let go of her hand in some dismay. She was panting hard.

Stella was unable to see. In her vision, only a blurred shadow was in front of her. She could not find anything else around her to throw at him.

At last, Stella fell to the floor weakly. She noticed the

movements as Weston got up and squatted in front of her slowly. He grabbed her smooth ankles and rasped, "Sit up. You'll catch a cold."

"You're finally willing to speak to me in your normal voice."

Stella looked at him and snorted. "Why don't you keep pretending?"

Weston did not say anything back to her harsh

questioning. Instead, he gently picked her up and put her on the bed again. He moved away all the messy clutter on the bed.

Weston was moving carefully and gently as if trying to touch a butterfly that was about to fly away, but Stella only found his actions ironic.

"You were so bold when you deceived me. Why are you acting like this? Are you putting on a show?"

Stella slapped him hard as her anger flared up abruptly. Weston knew her anger would not fade easily and let her

slap him without saying a word.

Stella suddenly heard Weston let out a soft moan in pain

while slapping him. Startled, she withdrew her hand and glared at him.

"Don't you put on an act again! I can't hurt you with that little strength!"

Chapter 1305

Weston's innate silence only confirmed Stella's suspicions. Nonetheless, she forgot that Weston had also gotten hurt in the snowy mountains.

Perhaps it was his behavior for the past few days and how he acted like a normal person, coupled with blindness, that she forgot how badly Weston was hurt. She even felt that God was unfair. Weston actually survived in such extreme circumstances. Not only did he survive, but he appeared in front of her alive and well. He was just like the chosen one!

Stella's guilt about Weston disappeared at that thought. She immediately reverted to her disgusted self and looked at him with her eyes full of coldness.

Weston could tell what she was feeling from the look in her eyes, but he held her hand and refused to let go anyway. After a long silence, he rasped, "Don't you understand why? I'm doing this just to see you one more time.

"Stella, I would do anything to see you again."

Stella froze for a moment and thought Weston was really

crazy. However, she soon discarded the thought in her mind and said to him, "So, are you admitting that you were deceiving me earlier? Just to get my sympathy?"

"You can think what you like. I would do anything to have you again. If only you knew how much I wanted you."

"How can you be so shameless? Does everyone have to submit to your whims and demands?"

"Of course not. I have a lot of things I want but can't accomplish." Weston walked to her slowly. "It isn't just about not having you."

As Weston got closer, Stella frowned at the faint scent of blood on him. When she was about to ask something, he tipped her chin and nibbled the corner of her lips.

Stella hissed a little and turned her head away

immediately.

Weston turned her face to him and nibbled on her lips

again before gently releasing her.

“You think I have everything I want, but no. I never had some of the simplest things... but you’re different. I’m madly obsessed with you. I’m trying not to lose control, but I fear there is little I can do.”

Weston looked deeply into her eyes. “Do you know?

You’re hurting me by appearing in front of me.”

Stella paused and slapped his hand away. “If you think I’m hurting you, leave me alone!”

“I’m willing to be hurt by you.” Weston told her, “I’m willing.”

Stella took a deep breath. “I detest clingy men. I used to like you because I thought you were unattainable. You

seemed perfect because of the distance between us. However, I find it difficult to feel good about you when you cling to me like a stalker.”

“How else can I make you look at me? Tell me. I’ll try it.”

“Nothing! I’m never starting over with you!”

“That’s why-” Weston told her, “You’ve said it yourself. Nothing will work. That means I can use any move I

want.”

Weston put his forehead against hers and whispered, “You know I’ll do whatever it takes. For you, I’ll do whatever it takes to have you.”

Stella exhaled again. She was so angry that her head

started to throb, unsure what else she could say to refute

him. Weston seemed to be born with the ability to anger her at ease.

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Stella shook in anger for a long time. After calming down, she suddenly asked him an incoherent question. “How did you escape the snowy mountain?”

Weston seemed reluctant to recall the scene.

“The rescue team,” he replied indifferently.

Chapter 1306

Stella unceremoniously destroyed the facade Weston tried so hard to maintain. “I didn’t hesitate when I chose Roger in the snowy mountains. I left you to die. I didn’t think you’d have a problem with that.”

“What if it just didn’t give me any hard feelings?”

Weston looked her straight in the eye. He kneeled a little in front of her as if in total submission. “I wouldn’t complain even if you stabbed me in the heart with a knife.”

“I don’t believe it.” Stella frowned and said to him, “I tried to convince myself. You didn’t save me, but you didn’t harm me either. However, I found that whenever I truly love someone, I can never heal the pain or forget...”

“Because I love you more than it hurts.”

Weston said, “Just the thought of you leaving makes me think that the pain is nothing. Indeed, when you left with Roger and chose to save him, it hurt like death, but death is still better than losing you.”

“That’s

easy for

you to say!” Stella sneered in disbelief.” You made it sound like you’d die without me, but for the

three years I was dead, you were alive and well!”

Weston suddenly lost his strength and rubbed her chin lightly. “Do you think I haven’t thought of dying?” The tone of his voice was light.

He hugged her and gently rubbed her ear. Weston wasn’t even willing to think about the nightmare he had endured in the past three years. He actually thought of joining her in death. When all was said and done, he was ready to commit suicide after avenging her death.

Weston went as far as to consult priests about meeting the dead, in his case, Stella, in the other world and how not to forget her. He never thought someone like him would believe in such superstition, but he did.

He would do whatever it took to meet her again. However, the priest told him that he couldn't commit suicide. Suicide would create karma and, as a result, would never allow him to see the person he wanted to meet again.

After hearing such a thing, how could he even dare to think about suicide?

After that, Weston began a life devoid of hope. He would drive around absent-mindedly and drown himself in alcohol like a desperate man. He chain-smoked, hoping

he might die by accident and meet her again.

He must admit that the priest's words alone scared him to the core. There was a time when he lived so aimlessly that everyone around him could bear it no longer. Even Ben felt like beating him up to get him to snap out of it.

Weston did not want to look back on the hopeless days he lived. He did not want to tell Stella about it either. He didn't want her to feel differently about him because of guilt.

All Weston wanted to tell her was that he could never

leave her. No matter her words or actions, he would never leave her again.

Stella took a deep breath and clenched her fist. "Does that

mean I can't get rid of you now no matter what I say or

do?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to haunt me no matter what? Are you going to do it until you die in front of me?"

"That's right."

"And you're not going to give up, no matter what?"

“Yes.”

“Do you want to be with me no matter what? Would you do anything to be with me? Are you willing to die just to be with me?”

“Yes.”

Stella had nothing more to say. Her eyes trembled a little, and she felt dizzy. Then, she swayed slightly and suddenly tumbled backward as all strength left her.

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Chapter 1307

Weston instantly stepped forward to help her. “What’s wrong?”

He asked with concern, “Are you feeling unwell?”

His frantic possessiveness had now morphed into cautiousness and worry.

Stella flicked his hand away. “I’m fine. It’s just a slight headache.”

“Is it because of your eyes?”

Weston saw Stella pressing at the spot on her temple near her eyes. She probably had a headache because of the optic nerve.

His face turned dark at that thought. “Let’s go to the hospital,” Weston said and picked her up immediately.

“No. It’s late already. Besides, I’m not in a lot of pain...”

Stella tugged the hem of his shirt and tried to stop him by instinct, but Weston was so anxious that he simply ignored her and summoned Joan directly. “Get the car right away.”

Joan was startled to see Weston speaking suddenly, not knowing how to react.

Weston explained with a frown, “She knows.”

Joan's face changed at once. She glanced at Stella with some apprehension and contacted the driver without questioning further.

Soon, Weston and Stella arrived at the hospital. Weston strode into the doctor's office and followed Stella closely.

The doctor examined Stella and explained, "She'll likely regain her sight soon. I've just checked the blood clots in her brain. They're dissipating. If we observe for a little while longer, we may be able to perform the operation and help her see again."

Stella trembled slightly. Weston sensed the change in her emotions and put his arm around her waist to reassure her. "What's the matter? Are you scared?"

Stella shook her head. "I'm not. I just never thought this day would come so soon."

Being blind was not easy. The feeling of being unable to see was something only Stella understood.

Stella was already disappointed with her condition and thought it would take a long time before she could regain her sight, but she did not expect this day to come so soon. Although a little unprepared, she looked forward to it very much.

The operation was scheduled quickly. Stella was so caught up in the excitement of seeing Emma and Elias again that she failed to notice anything wrong with the man beside her.

Soon, Stella was wheeled into the operating room. Weston waited outside the whole time.

Ben rushed over as soon as he got the news. He was keen to sense Weston's paleness. When he came over and noticed a strong smell of blood, his face changed. "Mr. Ford, are you okay?"

Weston frowned and gestured to him to keep quiet.

Ben was a little anxious. "You're not entirely recovered. Did it get worse?"

Weston raised his eyebrows and warned him, "Keep quiet. Wait until her surgery is over."

Seeing that, Ben knew Weston's stubbornness and had no choice but to wait. Hence, after a good while, Stella was finally wheeled out of the operating room. Weston had stayed outside throughout the entire three-hour operation.

Ben found it hard to believe. He knew Weston loved Stella a lot, but it was a little unbelievable knowing his love for her had gone to such a crazy extent.

Ben watched Weston stand up. His first reaction was to ask the doctor, "How is she doing?"

"The patient is recovering well. She'll be awake once the anesthesia wears off."

Weston finally opened his hands and let out a relieved sigh.

Chapter 1308

Ben stepped forward and told Weston, "You should let the doctor examine you too. Your wound might be open."

Weston remained silent.

The doctor finally noticed something was wrong with Weston. "Mr. Ford, are you alright?"

Weston shook his head. Before he could say anything, he suddenly stumbled forward a little. His lips were very pale and his white shirt was stained with a large bloodstain that was gradually spreading.

Ben widened his eyes when he noticed Weston's condition. "Mr. Ford!"

"Get him to the emergency ward! His wound must have opened up again!" Ben screamed to the doctor bedside.

Weston was not as lucky as Stella thought during the hours he was stuck in the snowy mountains. She thought he stayed where he was and waited for the rescue team to come for him.

Heavy logs and rocks lay scattered in the snowy mountains, and those who found themselves buried under the snow would suffocate quickly.

Weston struggled to push away the obstruction, leaving just a small gap to breathe. However, a tree branch buried under the snow pierced through his chest, narrowly missing his heart. He came that close to an instant death.

Perhaps he was indeed lucky. Doctors predicted that he might stay in a coma forever, but he woke up the moment Ben reported that Stella had lost her sight due to snow blindness.

Weston had to take care of Stella and could not leave her alone while unable to see. However, his bodily functions were impaired. There was no way for him to see her immediately. Therefore, he could only spread the news to the outside world that he was in a coma.

In his current state, Weston couldn't deal with both the company and taking good care of Stella. Thus, he decided to use this pretext as a time to rest, while at the same time, digging out moles and traitors in the company and eliminating them.

In the meantime, Weston could also arrange a way out for Stella. What he did not expect was that Stella was doing well without him. She was living an even more peaceful life than before.

She was blind, but she was much more at ease.

Weston suddenly lost his energy. He wanted to see her but he was afraid of her disgust.

What Stella said earlier was right. After all, he was the cause of her unhappiness.

Weston had that thought for the first time. He thought, 'What if I just let her go?'

Stella didn't want to see him, so he would never appear in front of her again. That was what he had planned and decided to do.

Weston transferred his authority in the company to Daisy. He wanted to let go, but when he saw Stella with Emma and Elias, whatever determination he had

fell apart at once. All that faith he had built up crumbled in an instant. He was sure that he wanted her. He wanted to be with her, no matter the cost.

When Stella got up, she felt a little strange. Her vision was unlike before. Usually, whenever she opened her eyes, she saw nothing but a little dim light and blurred shadows in front of her.

This time, she actually saw the ceiling clearly. She saw the lamp hanging overhead, the blue and white sheets on the bed, the IV drip on her hand, and the man sleeping beside her while holding her hand.

Stella was slightly startled before returning to her senses.

As she moved, Weston woke up abruptly and looked at her with his bloodshot eyes. "Awake?" His voice was very hoarse.

Stella nodded. When she propped herself and sat up, she noticed that Weston was covered in bandages.

The smell of blood was getting stronger. She frowned at him. "What's wrong with you?"

Ben happened to open the door and came into the ward at the same time. He let out a meaningful laugh at Stella's question. "Mr. Ford disregarded his injuries to see you..."

"Ben." Weston shot him a cold glare that suggested he should be shutting up.

Chapter 1309

Ben stopped talking. Instead, he went to Weston and whispered something to him.

Stella looked at Weston without saying a word the whole time. After Ben went out, Stella asked him, "Ben said you're hurt. Is it true?"

Weston looked at her expressionless. "Don't listen to him. He likes to exaggerate."

"I'm just asking. Are you hurt?"

"Yes."

“Did you get hurt in the snow mountains?”

Weston hesitated a little before nodding in reply.

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

“There was no need, “Weston told her. “I’m here alive and well now...”

“Do you think I’m concerned about you?” Stella was suddenly agitated and interrupted him.

Stella had just woken up and finally regained her vision, but he had to put her through such intense emotions.

Weston tried to calm her. “Don’t be angry. It’s my fault...”

“I’m not asking you to admit you’re wrong. I just-”

Stella was suddenly lost for words. She took a deep breath and tried to calm herself down.

Weston noticed her strange behavior and rushed to ring the nurse’s bell at the bedside.

Soon, the doctor came in and examined Stella again. The doctor said to Weston, “Don’t worry. She’s fine. She probably got a little emotional because she can finally see again.”

Weston was relieved to hear that.

After that, the two were alone in the ward again. Weston did not say anything for a long time, accompanying her in silence.

Stella gradually calmed down and kept staring elsewhere instead. After a long silence, she rubbed her temple, feeling a little troubled. “Can I see your wound?”

Weston did not move and remained silent, so Stella pursed her lips and reached out to grab his shirt without saying a word.

Weston grabbed her wrist swiftly. “What are you doing?”

“I want to see your wound,” Stella said. “After all, you were trying to save me.”

“I don’t need your guilt or sympathy.”

“What about you? Did you consider my feelings while pestering me? Why should I consider yours?!”

With that, Stella tried to rip the buttons straight off his shirt but lacked the strength. She tugged twice, but nothing happened.

Weston let out a sigh. He had no choice but to take her hands away and unbutton his shirt himself.

Soon, Weston’s bandaged chest came into Stella’s sight.

He showed her the blood–stained area and asked her, Satisfied?”

“Why are you hurt so bad?!”

Stella’s eyes darkened for a moment. She wondered why she hadn’t noticed it at all.

Weston had a massive gash that had almost pierced his heart. This would explain the rumor going on in the outside world. Everyone said Weston was in a coma.

Stella thought Weston was probably fine because he woke up. She did not expect this.

“How did you manage the pain?”

Weston panicked a little at her slightly red eyes. He hurriedly hugged her. “It doesn’t hurt. Really. It doesn’t hurt at all.”

He took her hand and made her hug his waist. “If you kiss it, it won’t hurt anymore.”

Chapter 1310

Stella furrowed her brows at Weston’s ridiculous

proposal. She to push him away, but as soon as her hand touched his chest, he grabbed her wrist, pulled her closer, and kissed her.

It was a long kiss. Weston kissed her so hard that she could hear the sound of their movements ringing in her ears.

Stella's eyes were open at first. She tried to push him away, but he wrapped his arms around her domineeringly and kissed her until she melted in his arms.

Stella could not break away. Weston was too strong, so strong that she could not escape.

He wrapped his arms around her waist. His lips traveled from the corner of her mouth to the nape of her neck, eventually moving downward as it left a moist trail on her collarbone.

He kept kissing her until he finally returned to her lips, where he kissed them again.

Stella took a deep breath, but it was not long before Weston inched closer once more, leaving her breathless.

She was about to suffocate from his intense kisses. He finally let go a little after she pounded his chest hard.

“Slap!”

There was the sound of a loud slap. Stella had slapped him hard on his face. She had slapped him so much that Weston was already numbed to it.

Stella glared at him coldly. “Get out.”

Weston just looked at her and did not move.

“Don't you think it's funny? You keep saying sorry and how much you love me, but you still force yourself on me.”

Weston looked at her steadily and rasped. “I can do anything but this... Sorry...”

Weston had figured it out. There was no way he would ever let go of her again.

Stella could do whatever she wanted to do to him. She could scold him all she wanted, but he didn't care. It was already impossible for him to let go.

Stella could hear the unwavering determination in his words. She closed her eyes with her eyelashes trembling.

“I don’t know what sins I’ve done in my last life... Why did I have to meet you in this life...”

“Consider it your way of paying for the mistakes you made in your last,” Weston went along with her words, saying, “If it makes you feel any better.”

Weston’s shocking and shameless words rendered Stella speechless. After a long silence, she asked him calmly,

Do you want to be with me that much?”

“Yes. I’m willing to pay any price.”

“What if I forbid you from having contact with other women again?”

“Sure.”

“Including the female colleagues and subordinates around you.”

“Yes.” Weston said, “I don’t have a reason to keep them to make things happen.”

Stella paused for a moment, feeling speechless. It took a long time before she finally said, “I randomly said that out in the heat of the moment. I don’t need you to do something like that. I don’t want the hardworking ladies to lose their job for such a ridiculous reason either.”

“I know you’re just trying to spite me.” Weston looked at her seriously.

“Even so, I want to show you my determination. I want to let you know that nothing else is important to me. Perhaps you don’t drag others down when it comes to these things, but I don’t have such concerns. I do have low morality, but I’ll change for you.” 1

Stella said, “Do I have to praise you for that?”

“No.”

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Chapter 1311

Weston leaned closer to her ear and murmured, “But it would be best if you could kiss me, of course.”

“Get out of here!” Stella shoved him away.

“If you want anything else from me, just say the word, and it’s yours.”

Stella looked straight at him and asked, “What if I tell you that I want Ford Corporation in its entirety?”

She simply refused to trust a man’s sweet promises in the heat of the moment, certain that most of them would never be willing to do anything that would hurt their interests.

After all, men tended to sweet-talk their way into promising the moon, but their actions rarely ever matched their words.

Weston smirked, then looked at her plainly and asked, “So it’s that simple, huh?”

“What do you mean?” Stella asked, suddenly getting a bad feeling.

“I agree,” Weston said, springing up to his feet. “So now

it’s your turn to deliver what you promised me—I’ll give you Ford Corporation, and you’ll be with me.”

It completely escaped Stella’s imagination that he’d agree so easily and casually. She was about to say something, but Weston had turned and left before she could utter a word.

He had just exited the door when he bumped into Lucas Quirk.

Lucas’s face darkened when he saw Weston’s mighty rush. He grabbed his shoulder, pushing him back. “What are you doing, running around like that? Have you forgotten how seriously injured you are?”

When the rescuers dug Weston out of Snow Mountain, Lucas found him on the brink of death.

How could he act so carelessly after such an incident? Why was he not taking better care of himself to let his body recover properly? Or did this man actually have a death wish?

But Weston did not even bother to look at him as he pushed him out of his way. "I've got something to do."

"Is that thing more important than your own damn life?!"

Weston raised his chin and gazed in the direction of the ward.

Lucas instantly understood what was going on.

"Of course," he sneered. "I almost forgot that your life is lying on the hospital bed in that room. Your own life means nothing to you now. That woman has completely possessed your heart, body, and soul."

"I don't have the time to quarrel with you right now," Weston sighed. "I must go."

Lucas had to chuckle and grit his teeth as he spoke while Weston was hurrying away. "Wherever you're going, just make sure you don't end up dead on your way! You can't blame my medical skills when that happens! You can kill yourself for all I care, but don't you tarnish my

reputation as a doctor!"

Yvonne was now behind him. She could not help but glance at Weston who was rushing away, and asked her husband, "What's gotten to him? Why is he in such a hurry?"

"Who knows?" Lucas answered, massaging his temples as he was feeling a headache coming on. "In any case,

he

does look like he's gotten much better. He never used to care about his body, and his condition has only gotten worse and worse. But now that he's seen Stella Sealey for

a while, he seems to have found his vitality again. That woman really is his miracle drug.”

“Why do you sound like you’re bitter about it?” asked

Yvonne. “Don’t tell me that you actually harbor feelings for…”

Before she could finish, she suddenly yelped.

Lucas had picked her up in his arms and pinned her against the wall.

“Thought about the consequences before you started making wild accusations about your husband?” he asked as he looked straight at her.

“I wasn’t making any wild accusations! You clearly do care a lot about Weston Ford!”

Lucas raised her chin and forced her to look into his eyes. “Is it because I haven’t been punishing you for a while now? Do you miss my punishments?”

Yvonne giggled, but they were then interrupted by the sound of Stella coughing in the room, so she quickly lowered her voice and told Lucas, “Let’s go inside before we make a fool of ourselves in front of Stella…”

Lucas chuckled before he let go of her, then he nibbled her earlobe and told her, “Tonight then. I’ll show you how wrong your accusation was.”

“You’ve been ridiculously horny lately. Can you stop being so…”

Yvonne glared at him but hesitated to finish her sentence.

The two then pushed the door to the ward and walked in.

Yvonne completely dropped the subject and mentioned nothing about what they had been quarreling about.

“We’re here to see you,” she announced while smiling at Stella

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Chapter 1312

“How are you feeling?” Yvonne smiled and asked Stella as she tried her best to keep her composure.

“Much better,” Stella nodded. “My eyes are still a little

sensitive to light, though, and it feels uncomfortable sometimes.”

Seeing that Yvonne’s husband had come along, she invited the two to take a seat.

It had been a long time since she last saw the world so clearly. She had been missing this feeling for ages now. Delighted at the return of her sight, she fixated her gaze

on Yvonne.

“If you keep on staring at my wife like that,” Lucas

interjected, blocking her sight all of a sudden, “I’ll suspect that you’ve become a lesbian.”

“So what?” Stella raised her brows. “Perhaps if I do decide to pursue your wife now, she might even prefer me

over you.”

Lucas knitted his brows. Though he knew that she was only teasing, he was still unamused by that kind of joke. To him, Yvonne was his and his only, and it had been that

way since they were children. She had always followed him around, completely in love with him and no one else. He was sure that nothing could ever change that.

But Yvonne still played along with Stella and replied with a smile, “That’s right. Maybe I’m done putting up with your rotten temper and started to like women. What’s wrong with that?”

“Why don’t you try and see what happens?” Lucas warned, glaring at her severely.

Seeing that Lucas was really starting to get angry, Stella quickly changed the subject and asked, “Was Weston hurt? I asked, but he wouldn’t tell me.”

Only then did Lucas look away from his wife to sweep a cool glance at Stella. “Don’t worry. He won’t die.”

“Why are you acting so weird?” asked Yvonne, pinching his waist. “Stella asked you a question. Why can’t you just give her a straight answer?”

“Are you my wife or hers?” argued Lucas, still upset and moping about what just happened. “How can you defend someone else instead of your own husband?”

Stella was beginning to suspect that these two were visiting her because it gave an excuse for them to display

their mushy affection for each other.

She also had no idea why the couple still acted as if they were a young lovesick teenage couple with their

ridiculous lovers’ quarrel when in fact, the two had been with each other for so many years.

Stella coughed lightly. Hearing this, Yvonne suddenly pulled herself away from Lucas.

“I’m glad that you can see now,” Yvonne said. “But do you still feel any discomfort?”

“No,” Stella replied. “All thanks to your husband for taking such good care of me all this time.”

“You don’t have to thank him. He’s only doing his job.

He’s my husband, after all, so it’s only right that he makes himself useful.”

Stella had no idea what to say to that.

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Lucas glanced at her furtively and stood up, saying, "Since you've seen her, I'm sure we can leave now, right?"

As he spoke, he pulled Yvonne up to her feet. She initially thought he would leave alone, but to her surprise, he was also trying to drag her away.

"But I'm not done chatting with Stella!" she protested.

"What else do you have to talk about? You can always meet her anytime."

It was clear that Lucas was extremely possessive of Yvonne from the way he tried to stop her from spending

too much time with a friend, even if it was alone with another woman.

Stella sighed, oblivious if it was a good or bad sign.

Yvonne had no choice but to leave with her husband since

he was adamant about dragging her away with him, but before they left, she clung to the door frame and told Stella, "I'll visit you again soon, but meanwhile, call Angelina to keep you company, okay?"

Stella nodded.

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Chapter 1313

Soon afterward, Angelina found out that Stella's surgery was successful, and she rushed over to visit her.

She then arrived with Henry Moore following closely behind her.

Angelina seemed to pay little attention to him. She just sat down in front of Stella and sighed. "I've been so worried about you! I was relieved to find out that you were safe, but it turned out that you'd gone blind! I'm so glad everything turned out well in the end. Oh... when will Elias and Emma be back?"

She had been babysitting the kids for a while and had grown quite attached to them.

“They won’t be back for a while still,” Stella replied, smiling. “Once my eyes have healed completely, I’ll bring them home as soon as I can. In the meantime, though, I’m sure the Garcia family is taking very good care of them, so don’t worry.”

“That’s good to know,” said Angelina. She was just about to say something else when she noticed that Henry was listlessly toying with her hair.

“Stay away from me!” she snapped, swatting his hand away from her.

“How long are you going to stay mad at me?” asked Henry as he looked at her helplessly. “You know well enough that I’ve cut all contact with Guinevere Cohen!”

Stella froze a little when she heard the name, hit by a sudden realization of just how far she’d come since everything that had happened to her in the past.

Angelina quickly covered Henry’s mouth and glared at him. How could he not know how inappropriate it is to mention that name? Has he forgotten what happened between Guinevere and Stella? Unbelievable!

Henry took her hand and pulled it down, then gave her a meaningful look. “Don’t worry. Stella is not as fragile as you might think.”

He then glanced at Stella and added, “Am I right?”

The corners of Stella’s mouth twitched. Ignoring his obvious jibe, she merely said, “It looks like you get along with Guinevere really well. You seem to know everything about her. It seems that even the slightest thing about her can’t escape you.”

“Can you not ruin everything for me?” snapped Henry,

his face darkening as soon as he heard her. “Do you know

how hard it was for me to coax this stubborn woman?”

Angelina completely lost her patience when she heard this and didn’t want him there for a second longer. She looked downtrodden as if genuinely losing her temper

now.

“If you don’t leave now, then I’ll leave myself! I just can’t let you stay here and be an eyesore to Stella!” she yelled.

Sensing that she was serious from her tone, Henry slowly stood up. “Fine.”

He then snatched her handbag and told her, “I’ll be waiting for you outside.”

“Why are you taking my handbag?” she asked as she shot up to her feet.

“I don’t want you sneaking out without me behind my back, leaving me alone out there waiting for you like an idiot. So I’m taking your stuff as collateral so you won’t

bail on me.”

“You-”

Angelina was speechless, but she had no other choice but to just watch him as he walked out of the room.

Stella sighed as she observed her friend being visibly upset before she asked her, “What is going on between you and Henry Moore exactly?”

“Nothing,” Angelina replied. “He seems to be pursuing me, though.”

She then casually added, “I’m wondering if there’s something seriously wrong with him. He used to despise me in the past, but as soon as he found out that I have a child, he changed completely and started to follow me around everywhere, trying to woo me...”

She found his behavior very strange indeed, and it completely changed her impression of him. He couldn’t

possibly want her because he liked the fact that she had a child, could he?

Or perhaps he had a secret medical condition that made it

impossible for him to have his own children, so now that

he found out Angelina was a single mother with a child, could he be planning to seduce her so her child would be

his?

But none of that made sense to Angelina.

Stella felt conflicted. After a while, she reminded her

friend, "Do you remember the woman named Faye that I

told you about?"

Angelina paused, then said, "Yeah."

"They say you look exactly like her... I'm just worried that Henry Moore might use you as a substitute..."

Angelina's expression changed drastically, but she smiled and tapped her fingers on the table. "Actually, I have considered this, but didn't they also say that the woman is already dead?"

Chapter 1314

After hearing Angelina's reply, Stella realized that no matter how much Angelina said she hated Henry Moore, the truth was that she had most likely developed feelings for the man, especially considering how calm she was even when told Henry might be using her as a substitute. This clearly indicated that Angelina had made up her mind about Henry.

And so, Stella dropped the subject and started talking about something else instead.

Not long after that, Henry knocked on the door and told Stella, "Someone's looking for you."

He glanced at them and saw that they were still chatting happily. It was a sight that left him feeling bitter.

"It's been over an hour now," he grumbled. "Aren't you leaving yet?"

"Why should I?" Angelina scowled. "It's been so long since I've chatted so nicely with someone. If you can't wait, you're free to leave without me."

Naturally, Henry wasn't willing to, so after stepping aside for a woman clad in a neat power suit to go into the room,

he waited patiently by the door. The woman glanced at him as she passed him by, wondering why he would stand at attention at the door like some security guard...

"Good afternoon, Madam."

Stella froze. She instantly recognized the woman as Tina Hampton.

"Ms. Hampton..." she watched in surprise as Tina took a seat in front of her, pulling out a stack of documents from her bag.

"Excuse me, Madam, but I need your cooperation with something. These are the details of Mr. Ford's assets..."

As soon as she spoke, Stella stared incredulously at her and asked, "What's going on here?"

She had assumed that Tina was here to visit her, but then

again, they were never even that close, to begin with. Tina was her lawyer three years ago, but it was also because of her that Stella realized she was fighting a losing battle. Due to that reason, she was led to confess to

a crime she did not commit.

Now, three years later, she never thought that she would ever meet her again, much less in this kind of situation.

"Hasn't Mr. Ford talked to you about this?" Tina asked,

somewhat surprised to see Stella looking all confused.

It had been three years since the last time she took Weston Ford's case. She had actually decided never to take on the man's case ever again after what happened the last time, but he insisted that because Stella knew her, perhaps she would be more comfortable around her, so Tina decided to come over.

Besides, Weston had also paid her very generously.

The case three years ago had damaged her reputation slightly, but she managed to salvage it over time, so now that she was meeting Stella again, she decided to muster up her spirits and do her job.

“Mr. Ford told me,” she explained patiently after noticing her look of confusion, “that he is going to turn Ford Corporation over to you...”

As soon as she finished her sentence, Henry, who was standing at the door, jerked his head towards Tina and exclaimed, “Has he lost his mind?!”

Even Angelina was shocked. She quietly turned to Stella and stared at her face without blinking.

The tension in the silent room grew palpable.

Stella did not even dare to breathe out. After a long while, she finally asked in a hoarse voice, “...what did you say?”

“Mr. Ford has given the order to transfer the whole of Ford Corporation’s ownership to you. Most of the properties in his name are here, but there are many more in my office because the number of properties owned by Ford Corporation is quite... substantial, so I’ve chosen the key properties for you to browse through. Then we can sign the papers for the rest later.”

Tina then casually set down the huge stack of documents on the table in front of Stella.

Stella’s whole body stiffened up as she looked at the thick stack of paper in front of her. [1

“Is he out of his mind? When did I ever...”

She then froze, unable to finish her sentence.

Chapter 1315

Stella had indeed told him that if he gave her the entirety of Ford Corporation, she would get back together with him...

Realizing this, her countenance drastically changed.

She did not mean what she said. Besides, it should have been obvious that she was only joking and that she was only giving him a hard time to make him give up on her.

Who would have thought that Weston would take her so seriously?

Why did none of Ford Corporation's execs stop him when he called Tina Hampton over to discuss the transferral of property ownership to Stella?

How could he be so impulsive?!

Seeing Stella's shocked face, Tina knew that Weston must've not had her complete agreement before he did this. She heaved a sigh before telling her, "Mr. Ford had given the order to transfer everything to you, so why don't we just move on with the process...?"

After all, this matter would greatly benefit Stella anyway,

so regardless of the grievances between Weston and Stella, Tina was sure that Stella could have no reason to reject the deal.

But Stella ended up shaking her head in refusal without even thinking about it.

"No, I never agreed to this. Just because he wants to give it to me doesn't mean that I have to accept it. No, I don't want any of this."

"But Mr Ford has given me the orders, and he said that this is your own request..."

"It was my request, but I didn't think that he would do it. I was only trying to make him give up on me."

agree

"Even so," Tina frowned, "accepting it won't do you any harm, will it? In fact, it would only bring you incredible benefits. You must realize how many people would do anything to get Weston Ford's shares..."

"I really have to hand it to you," Henry suddenly interrupted her before she could finish her sentence, striding into the room suddenly and standing over Stella, peering down at her as he added, "Do you know how hard Xavier Ford and all those other directors fought to get the shares Weston owns? Yet each

and every one of them failed. Meanwhile, all you had to do was say a few words and he instantly gave it all up to you...”

He spoke as if she had done something utterly unforgivable.

“Then go and tell him that I never wanted Ford Corporation, and that I never meant what I said,” Stella interrupted.

“Do you think he’ll stop just because you say you didn’t mean it? Weston has always been a serious man, you know. Since you’ve already made the request, he would stop at nothing to deliver you your desire.”

“Is there something seriously wrong with him?” Stella asked, clenching her fists tightly. “You’ve been his best friend all his life. Can’t you persuade him?”

“If I could persuade him,” he replied, “I would’ve persuaded him to be with another woman in the past three years. I wouldn’t have just sat idly, watching his life turn into hell because of you. Did you know that you almost killed him?”

“What are you talking about?”

Henry rubbed his forehead in exasperation, then turned to Tina and told her, “I think you’d better go back for now. She probably wouldn’t sign the documents today.”

“Sure,” replied Tina with impatience written all over her face, but she still managed to suppress her emotions and maintain a professional attitude. “In that case, I’ll go back and report Mr Ford about what happened and then we’ll see what we should do next.”

After that, she turned and left.

Henry closed the door and asked Stella, “Do you have any idea what Weston’s life was like in those three years when you were dead?”

“I don’t know,” Stella gripped at her blanket, looking visibly irritable and exasperated, “and I don’t want to know...”

The more annoyed she looked, the more Henry wanted to tell her, so he continued, “In those three years, at first he simply couldn’t face the fact that you were dead, and he even wanted to die with you. I once found him locked inside the house with all the gas hobs turned on... I rushed him to the hospital

and they managed to save his life, but after that I noticed that he bought bottles of sleeping pills, so we had to have his stomach flushed, but then later we found him cutting his wrist in the bathroom

As he spoke, his eyes began to redden. He continued, "Do you know what eventually stopped him in the end? It was when a priest told him that committing suicide is a terrible sin. If he killed himself, he would never be able to see you again even in the afterlife. That scared him straight."

"He's never been religious," Henry added. "But he was terrified that he might never see you again after his death ... From then on, he started chain smoking and drinking heavily while occupying himself with work around the clock, all in the hope that he might destroy his health and see you sooner."

Chapter 1316

Weston had never once mentioned those things to her at all.

Stella fell silent for a long time.

Henry said nothing more after that. He noticed that Angelina had been staring gravely at him the whole time, but in the end, he managed to blurt out everything that was on his mind.

Angelina had simply turned away from him now, no longer in the mood to pay any attention to him.

The atmosphere grew tense and heavy.

In the end, it was Angelina who broke the silence and said, "Okay, let's stop talking about these unhappy things. You're getting discharged today, aren't you?"

Stella nodded.

"The doctor said he wanted to observe my condition for a little longer, but I'll be able to leave this evening."

"Then why don't we go out for dinner together later? Yvonne just sent me a message telling me she'd reserved a table at a restaurant."

"Okay," Stella replied simply.

Angelina was then satisfied enough to stand up and walk towards Henry, telling him, "Okay, we can go now."

As she spoke, she grabbed his arm and tried to pull him out of the room.

As they passed the bed, Stella sat up and asked Henry coldly, "Was everything you've told me just now true?"

"Do I have any reason to lie?" Henry argued, pausing to shoot a glance at her. Stella's empty eyes gazed vacantly at the blanket. He added, "I know many things have happened between you two, and I know he's done so much to hurt you. But think about it, what would you have done if you were in his shoes?"

"I'm not trying to help him here, but I just want to point out that perhaps he might not be the evil monster you think he is. At the very least, his feelings for you are genuine."

After that, he quickly strode out of the room and left.

Though Angelina glared at him the whole time, he acted as if he didn't see her. When they reached the hallway, Angeline shook his hand off unhappily and snapped, "I've been shooting you looks, telling you to stop! Why did you have to tell Stella all those things about Weston Ford?"

"Because apart from you, there are others who are also important to me."

He looked straight into her eyes and said, "Weston is the closest friend I ever had. I didn't do anything that you wouldn't want me to do. Besides, I've watched Weston waste away for years, and I can't go on without doing anything..."

""

"Of course, you've always been such a loyal friend," Angelina said. "Just as you are with Guinevere Cohen. You failed to win her heart, so you loved her like a sister instead, didn't you?"

Henry's face turned sullen. Angelina had once again brought up Guinevere.

“Haven’t you moved on?” he asked her. “I’ve completely severed ties with her. I didn’t see her even after her fall from grace. What else do you want me to do?”

“I don’t want you to do anything!” Angelina shoved his hand away, her face twisted with rage. “You did all that on your own accord! If you are unwilling to, however, you’re always free to stop!”

She then turned on her heels and left him.

Henry watched as she stomped away, himself accosted by a throbbing headache.

He had been too agitated just now and said something that he regretted.

“Wait!” he said, running after Angelina. “I didn’t mean it that way... “

Meanwhile, Stella lay in the private ward with her eyes closed, though Henry’s words wouldn’t stop swirling around her head.

She had never expected Weston’s life to be so miserable during the past three years. She had always assumed that his passionate feelings for her were all talk, that his life had been completely unaffected, and that he had moved on after her death without difficulty.

Never would she have thought that, in those three years, Weston had really fallen in love with her.

The corners of her mouth twitched. She chuckled wryly, as if she was mocking herself.

If only he had fallen in love with her sooner, they would never have ended up this way.

Chapter 1317

What was the point of letting her know all those things after she had suffered so much pain and suffering at his hands?

Right now, she had no desire to love anyone or to even approach this painful emotion.

She had been through too much excruciating pain in the past, losing her first child and even almost losing her own life.

Stella was not sure if she could trust anything Weston

Ford said anymore. Perhaps it was best to just go with the flow and let nature take its course.

She was just too exhausted to think of these things now.

Yvonne had agreed to meet up with Stella at the shopping mall later that evening, but because Stella had just regained her sight, she decided to be there a little earlier to look around.

The mall was located in a new commercial district. After giving up on her training center, Yvonne changed course and opened a new mall in Fern City with her family's financial backing. Surprisingly adept in managing the business, the mall became successful in no time, enough for her to expand into a chain.

One of the main reasons Stella wanted to come earlier was so she could see her friend's achievements with her own eyes.

It seemed that there was an event going on here today. Wearing a mask and hat, she spotted the stage from a distance. Although she was not that well-known in Ahn City, she still took no chances in case someone might recognize her.

There was a cleared space near the stage, so Stella decided to turn around and walk in another direction, but then the place was gradually crowding up. Crowds of people had suddenly headed her way as if something interesting was happening. She turned around to see a grand piano on the stage. This piqued her interest. She stopped there, eager to see what kind of performance there would be.

Behind the simple stage was a tiny dressing room. The door to the room was closed, but it was not enough to mask the noise of the crowd coming from the outside.

Nicole Douglas was sitting there while a makeup artist was frantically doing her makeup.

“Why on earth would they send me to such a cheap place?” she grumbled with discontent. “I’m too good to be performing here!”

Now a minor celebrity, her management company had often assigned her to performances at a variety of events, but she would always complain that they were beneath her.

The last time when she returned from Snow Mountain, her management company had warned her to watch her behavior, and since then, she did actually listen to them and calmed her antics. Hence, she obediently decided to come here after being ordered to. After the cutting of the ribbon, she was scheduled to perform on the piano.

Still, Nicole did not even bother to find out about the event’s organizer. She believed it might have something to do with a piano shop and treated the job as a sort of extra–curricular activity. The truth, however, was that she was never that good at playing the piano in the first place.

Her management company had promoted her as a musically talented entertainer, but it was all just marketing, and Nicole was often sent to classes to brush up on her skills at the last minute. She only needed to appear talented anyway.

After all, the most important thing was to get her famous first, and even if she’d be criticized for her lack of talent, they could always remedy that by running a few PR exercises.

The organizer was now rushing her to get on stage. Reluctantly, she dragged her feet out of the dressing room and out into the crowd.

The sight of people moving freely in the mall solidified her opinion that this event was just not worth her time, considering her fame and talents.

She took a few steps further before her eyes latched on a very familiar figure in the crowd–Stella Sealey.

Nicole frowned. She followed her assistant as they walked toward the spot where Stella was standing.

Stella was a little surprised to see Nicole there. She pulled her hat down to hide her face and tried to leave, but then suddenly Nicole bumped into her-

“Ah!” Nicole squealed. “Excuse me, but I didn’t see you just now. Are you okay?”

“What is wrong with you?!” Stella grimaced and glared at her.

The smug, gloating smile on Nicole’s instantly vanished. Her expression changed as she petulantly complained to her manager, “That woman just yelled at me!”

“Forget it,” her manager replied. “It’s almost time to go on stage. Come on, let’s hurry...”

Chapter 1318

“What do you mean?! She just yelled at me! How can you just leave it alone?!”

Nicole was losing her temper. She glared at her assistant and continued her rampage. “Do you know how much I’ve put up with you backstage? I rushed over to this worthless event hours before it started, yet I had to wait till almost dinner before they let me come on! I’ve wasted the entire day here, and now, this blind woman just bumps into me, and you do nothing? How useless of an assistant are you?”

The assistant was speechless at Nicole’s merciless undressing. She clearly saw how Nicole herself had accidentally bumped into the woman, so how shameless must she have to be to trouble the other woman for it?

“I’m sorry,” she told Nicole with a pleading look in her eyes. “But can’t we talk about this after the event? It’s almost time for you to go on stage... Let’s just get the job done first, then we’ll talk about this...”

“I’m not going!” Nicole snapped, turning around. “ They’ve been keeping me waiting for the whole day, so why should I just go on stage so easily?”

Her assistant had started panicking and was at a complete loss. She had no idea why she had to work with such a

megalomaniac that would throw tantrums at the worst of times. With much effort, she had finally managed to persuade her to perform today, yet now she just changed her mind again at the drop of a hat and refused to go on stage.

If Nicole ended up not performing today, the whole event would not be able to continue, and if that happened, her bonus would be deducted again, not to mention she might even lose her pay for the day.

Unlike Nicole, who could earn thousands of dollars even from a small performance like this one, she could

probably only earn a few hundred in expenses today at the very best, but even that would depend on how the entertainer performed. If the entertainer were dissatisfied with her, or made a complaint about her, then her pay would be cut in half. If the entertainer refused to go on stage, then it was highly likely that she would not receive a dime for her work at all.

“Why don’t you just go finish your job for now?” Stella asked Nicole while feeling very sorry for the assistant.” You’ve got no reason to trouble her, you know.”

“Ha!” Nicole paused and sniggered. “If you’re so kind, then why don’t you just replace her and be my assistant yourself?!”

Nicole despised Stella for her fake pretensions and hypocritical behavior.

“Didn’t you want to show that you’re a kind person?” she added. “I just can’t believe how fake you are! I’ve long known how cruel and heartless you actually are from the way you treated Weston. I simply refuse to believe that you have a single kind bone in your body! You’re just trying to fool these people, aren’t you?”

“Just think of it as an act, then,” Stella replied while glaring coldly. “What difference would it make if I pretended to be a good person my whole life? It might be fake, but unlike you, I still end up harming no one. So what if it was all just an act?”

Stella could not help but find Nicole’s mentality extremely laughable.

“Is someone of your type really better?” she asked Nicole. “Someone like you who’s so openly hostile and vicious towards others? Do you actually believe that just because you freely admit that you’re a horrible person, it’ll absolve all the harm you caused and that everything will be all right?”

If they had not been on a tight schedule, the assistant would have given Stella a hearty applause for taking her words right out of her mouth!

Everyone was an adult here, so why should Nicole be so mean when she could be considerate instead?

Besides, she had always done her job well, so she simply could not understand why Nicole liked to treat her so badly and make things so difficult for her, yet at the same time, never uttering a word of complaint when facing those of a higher position.

Had she not done her job well, it would make sense that Nicole would lose her temper. She would have even conceded, even if Nicole wanted to make things difficult.

She had clearly done everything in her power to make everything run smoothly for Nicole, but all she got in return was such horrible treatment!

All these thoughts ran through the assistant's mind, but she dared not voice any of them.

"Fine!" Nicole stomped and gritted her teeth, realizing that everyone was against her now. "You think that she's on your side, don't you? Okay, I'm not going on stage then!"

"Please," the assistant was on the verge of tears. "Don't do that. Everything's been set. If you don't perform, I'd be the one to bear the consequences..."

"But it's all your fault anyway! You shouldn't have taken someone else's side!"

"I wasn't taking her side," the assistant argued anxiously, so distressed that she could not stand still. "I was just..." "Hergh!"

Chapter 1319

Nicole dumped everything in her hand and, without even looking at her assistant, stomped away from the stage.

The young assistant instantly burst into tears. She was at a complete loss of what to do.

Stella closed her eyes and sighed.

"What is the situation?" she asked.

“The organizer wanted her to give a short performance,” the assistant replied.
“She was supposed to play the piano

Her words were interrupted by brief pauses because she was sobbing so hard, but Stella still managed to grasp the gist of what she said.

“So you’ll be alright as long as you get someone to go up there and play the piano, right?”

“Well, I guess...

>>

Nicole was not that famous after all, so it didn’t matter much if someone else performed in her place. But where on earth could she find another gorgeous lass who doubled as a piano player to replace Nicole?

“Do you have a dress or some other kind of costume?” Stella asked. “I’ll quickly change into it and play in her

place.”

“You?” the young woman looked at Stella with surprise.

She went on to observe Stella more closely and was a little

stunned. There was no doubt that this woman was very

beautiful indeed. She might not even need the makeup

because she was such a natural beauty, and her facial features were definitely superior to those of Nicole Douglas.

“But...” the young woman hesitated. “Can you actually play the piano?”

Evidently, she had been paying little attention to the classical music scene.

Stella felt a little helpless. She was indeed not so famous that everyone in this city could recognize her.

“Yes,” Stella assured her. “Just tell me what she was going to play.”

The young woman realized that she had no other choice but to give it a try since she desperately needed someone

to replace Nicole Douglas right now. At the very least, it would be better than being publicly mocked and criticized.

And so she decided to agree to Stella's plan.

"Okay," she reluctantly replied through gritted teeth. The dressing room is backstage. Follow me."

When Nicole noticed that Stella really was going to perform in her place, the anger that had accumulated inside her almost exploded. She scowled at Stella, anticipating for her to make a fool of herself.

"(

Stella swiftly changed into the costume and followed the young woman up onto the stage. She glanced at her watch and realized that she had just enough time to perform this song before dinner.

Once she was up there, the organizer grimaced and went offstage to ask the assistant, "What the hell's going on? That's not the woman who's supposed to be performing!"

"I'm sorry, but something came up, and this lady stepped in just in time and agreed to help out..."

"But can she really play?" the organizer asked, full of skepticism.

After all, even Nicole Douglas, who had been rehearsing here over and over again, could barely pass as palatable. It

was clear at a glance that she was a complete amateur

who only accepted the job for the money.

Because of that, he assumed that all these entertainers were the same—a vapid, unprofessional lot who got to where they were by relying on their good looks, skilled at hustling for freebies while lying to the public and their

fans.

Naturally, he assumed that Stella was no different.

The assistant shook her head. Her face grew pale.

It was not that she didn't trust Stella, but in this situation, it was simply impossible that she didn't worry about what was going to happen.

Stella glanced at the noisy crowd in front of the stage. She was completely calm as she placed her fingers on the piano keys and gently pressed them.

Chapter 1320

Soon, beautiful music flowed out from her fingers.

Moments after she played the first melody, the noisy crowd in the mall suddenly fell silent.

It was like magic.

She was only playing a song that the organizer set, and the piano wasn't one she was familiar with, but as soon as she played the first melody, it was as if she completely forgot where she was. She gently closed her eyes and completely immersed herself in the joy and pleasure of playing music.

Many people had described her talent to be so sublime that it was as if the piano was a very extension of her own body—effortlessly making the piano sound however she wanted anytime, anywhere.

The organizer initially watched her with a look full of doubt, but he quickly calmed down and quietly enjoyed Stella's performance from then on.

Even the people on the second floor of the mall stopped what they were doing as they listened to her playing as if entranced by the music.

Gradually, more and more people gathered around the stage. Someone recorded Stella's performance and posted

it online.

[Where is this? What a beautiful pianist!]

[She looks so familiar! Can a music expert comment on her playing?]

[She's mediocre. Just another pretty face. Even my son can start learning now and play like her within two years.]

[Is the commenter above delusional? I'm a professional musician, and I'm pretty sure that her playing is at least as good as the international masters!]

Those two comments quickly attracted more and more

people to the discussion. In no time at all, the video gained traction and then became viral.

Then someone finally recognized her...

[Isn't that Cicily?!]

As soon as the name Cicily was mentioned, more people started to recognize her, and even more started to go crazy for her.

[Oh my god! It really is her!]

[She's a national treasure! The only pianist from our country to be internationally recognized as one of the best pianists in history!]

[But why would she be playing at the mall? It can't really be her, right? With her talents, she should at least be

playing at a famous music hall. She can't really be performing at a tiny shopping mall, right?]

[Yeah, I don't think that's her...]

[But the playing is unmistakably Cicily! It just can't be anybody else!]

The assistant was watching the video backstage, and

when she read through the heated discussion in the

Then she wrote a comment and posted it anonymously .

[I'm a staff at the event. A minor celebrity was supposed to be performing today, but she threw a tantrum and refused to go on stage. She even made another staff

member cry. Luckily, Cicily was there, and she stepped in just in time to save the day...]

[Is this true? Is Cicily that kind?]

[I don't know. It sounds a little fake to me...]

[But this is live, so if it's fake, then why does it look so real?]

[I'm at the event right now, and I can tell you that it's all true! That minor celebrity was Nicole Douglas. I saw everything with my own eyes!]

Apart from the livestream, there were many more passers -by who recorded the performance with their own cameras. Even some famous internet vloggers who never had any interest in classical music started to upload videos of the performance themselves, automatically announcing that they were at the event too.

Because of all this, everyone began to find that the whole thing seemed much more credible now.

[Oh my god! So it really is Cicily! I'm so jealous of you people! You guys get to watch a master pianist perform for free!]

[The tickets to her show abroad were incredibly expensive, you know! It's nice to see that she's so grounded and down-to-earth in real life!] In a short span of time, Stella had garnered countless new fans.

At the same time, the same amount of people began storming Nicole's account, demanding answers about why she'd acted like such a pain in the arse at the event.

Read Novel Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1321

Chapter 1321

The two topped the hot search list in an instant.

Immersed in the piano's music, Stella was completely unaware that she had drawn so much attention and sparked a discussion in such a short period of time.

After playing, she bowed to the audience and walked off the stage.

The audience in the mall exploded in applause.

She disregarded it as if not hearing it. Once she went to the temporary dressing room, she changed her clothes, put on a mask and a hat, and prepared to leave.

The organizer blocked in front of her at once, looking all excited. "Thank you! Thank you very much for saving the day, Miss Cicily!"

He could not believe that the beautiful woman in front of her was actually Cicily, the famous international pianist!

Stella smiled at him. "I'm sorry. I still have some things to do. My friend is still waiting for me, so I shall take my leave now."

The assistant was behind her, and she said, "I really

appreciate your help today. I don't even know your identity. Can... can you leave your phone number?"

Stella frowned slightly but still gave her her contact number.

"C—can I get an autograph?"

Stella laughed. "I don't think I am famous enough for that, am I?"

"From now onward, I am your fan, your hardcore fan!"

After Stella finished signing, she said, "I am sorry, but I really need to go. My friend is waiting for me, and I am running late."

Only then did the young assistant reluctantly see her off.

On the other hand, Nicole, who had witnessed the whole thing, was so angry her eyes were literally fuming.

In the past few years working in the entertainment industry, she had learned little but was tainted by the culture of bootlicking and trampling the weak.

What she did not expect was that her action of spiting Stella actually helped her gain so much favor. It made her rather discontented. Thinking that her reputation had reached such a poor state, she snapped-

“Hey, woman! It’s all because you stole my chance to perform!!!”

She ran to Stella, pushing aside the crowd, and barked. “ Do you think you have the right to steal someone’s job just because you are more famous?”

Stella was stunned for a moment. She could not imagine how thick Nicole’s face was and frowned at her. “You are

overacting, aren’t you?”

She wanted to leave after saying that.

Nicole grabbed her wrist immediately and glared at her with red eyes. “You are such a vicious woman! Who’ll know if you didn’t deliberately do it? Are you trying to blackmail me and destroy my reputation?”

Stella shook her hand off. “I don’t want to argue with a lunatic.”

But Nicole suddenly acted like she was crazy and shouted, “Don’t be fooled by her appearance! She did it on

purpose!”

She held Stella tightly, not letting her go.

Stella, who had just had surgery, was shoved hard. She stumbled and crashed into the crowd.

Not knowing who tripped her, she fell directly onto the ground.

She protected her head with her arms. And the next second, a powerful force came and embraced her from behind.

Stella looked up and saw Weston, who had arrived in the nick of time. He glared coldly at an unhinged Nicole, asking, "Are you asking for your death?"

His appearance stirred up the crowd in the mall.

Weston's fame had spread far and wide across the city, and everyone knew about the wealthiest young man in the country, who was also renowned internationally for his wealth and good looks.

They quickly aimed their cameras at him and kept taking pictures.

But Weston simply looked coldly at Nicole, whose face was paling. "Who so gave you the courage to dare touch my woman?"

Chapter 1322

Stella fell into his arms before she realized it.

He moved so naturally, as if it was true that she was indeed his woman.

Nicole was startled, not expecting Weston would appear in this kind of place.

After her eyes fluttered for a moment, she took a step back, trying to walk away, but hit a machine and screamed in pain.

She sobered up a bit and stammered as she looked at the man in front of her. "It's... it's all because of her, stealing

my chance to perform that I... Mr. Ford, why are you still protecting this woman when she treats you like that?"

The man swept his icy gaze over her, turning the air even

colder.

Weston's accusatory looks frightened Nicole a little.

He didn't have to say anything, but it was enough to make her shudder.

After a while, the man moved his thin lips. His voice was extremely cold. "Since you do not understand me, there

is no need to give you another chance."

Nicole opened her eyes in fear immediately, but she suppressed her feelings, thinking Weston would not do anything to her. "Believe me, Mr. Ford. It's really not me who is making trouble. It's this woman who..."

"Ben, take her away. Claim compensation from her according to the organizer's contract. And if she can't pay, file a lawsuit and fight until she returns every cent. Before she settles, I want to see which company dares to use her."

Those words started even the young assistant beside them.

Saying that was equivalent to canceling Nicole.

Who did not know Weston's current status in the circle?

His words were definitive. Since he had given his word, no one would dare hire such a petty artist.

Nicole's face paled. "Mr. Ford, you can't do this to me. I

Before she could finish her sentence, Weston left with Stella in his arms.

She was in tears. Her eyes were red, not knowing what she had done wrong.

She simply could not stand watching Stella and wanted to teach her a lesson for Weston. Why did he still hold her close to his heart when this woman did this to him?

This was unfair!

She went to Daisy crying and telling her on the phone what had happened.

But the person on the other end scolded her. “You’re a fool!”

And then she hung up.

In the office, Daisy had a hard time sorting out all those rules and regulations. When she received the phone call from Nicole, she was so annoyed that her head was smoking.

She thought that her relationship with Weston had become closer. Although his will was fake, he had really granted her a substantial amount of legitimate power. Having reached this position as a secretary, she couldn’t believe Weston had no feelings for her.

But it was when she was in his position that she suddenly realized that his workload was so heavy. Reading the documents might seem easy, but a strong analytical ability and a good vision in planning were much needed to extract useful information from them and to make decisions.

Reading all the documents was already very overwhelming to Daisy, let alone making a decision.

Work that Weston was once able to do with ease was very difficult for her. And with the directors putting pressure on her, she was on the verge of breaking down.

Read Novel Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1324

Chapter 1324

Xavier was so angry that his face turned blue. He felt a little stuffed.

The man was especially embarrassed in front of her when she said so.

“Don’t misunderstand. I really feel nothing for her. It’s only a novelty at most. I wanted to break up with her long ago... it’s just that she voiced it out first.”

“Your relationship has nothing to do with me.

Zeta was starting to get impatient. “Can you stop bothering me?”

“You said that you would leave immediately if I wanted to get her back. If I blacklist her number and stop seeing her, will I be allowed to see you?”

Zeta glared at his absurdity. “I told you very clearly that it has nothing to do with me, whether you have a relationship with her or not. Do you understand me?”

After saying that, she summoned the security guards.

Seeing this, he knew he could not make a fuss anymore. So he stood up, cursed slowly, and walked out.

When he got to the corridor, his cell phone rang again. It was still the same number.

He answered it, and his voice was as cold as ice. “Is something wrong?”

Daisy, on the other end of the phone, did not say anything. Her face looked a little complicated.

She knew that Xavier would not forgive her after what she had done.

But when she heard her cold voice, she felt a little uneasy. “Can’t I call you if there is nothing wrong? We were friends for so many years, after all...”

“Who is your friend? Don’t think too highly of yourself.”

She held her breath, feeling a sting of humiliation for a moment.

But for the sake of Nicole, she could only bite the bullet and beg him. “I do have something to see you.”

“Of course, you certainly wouldn’t contact me if you had nothing to do.” Xavier sneered.

She took a deep breath and said to him, “I know you have a grudge against me, but I have dealt with the mess Mr. Ford left behind, and I have given a lot for the company. For the sake of my hard work, can you help me plead with Mr. Ford?”

“Are you joking? How much influence do you think I have on him?”

Xavier thought that she was out of her mind. “If my

words are of any use, will I only be a president of a branch office?”

“But you are his uncle...”

She hesitated and said, “Nicole did something wrong, but she did not mean to hurt Miss Sealey. Mr. Ford is very angry now and wants to ban her...”

“Wait. Did you say that she messed with Stella?”

He interrupted and sneered. “You should know Weston very well being with him for so many years. Why did she have to mess with Stella of all people? Do you even think it is possible for her to get out of it after what she had done?”

“I know Mr. Ford cherishes her, but Nicole was my only
cousin...”

“Anyway, I can’t help you with these. Even the great god can’t help her, you’d better seek help from a more capable person.”

He hung up the call after saying that.

Listening to the beeping sound of the phone, Daisy pinched her palm hard. Her head hurt.

She naturally did not do this to save Nicole’s career. It was just that she did not want this matter to cause Weston to hold prejudice against her. Nicole was her cousin after all.

Besides, it would do her more harm than good if Nicole was really banned.

At least she knew that Nicole was no threat to her at all,

and if she was taken care of in that way, she would be the only one fighting against Stella.

That sounded very bad.

Chapter 1325

Weston strode out of the shopping mall with Stella. When Stella came to her senses, she pushed his shoulder. "Put me down."

"No. What if you get hurt again?"

Stella felt absurd. "She wouldn't have targeted me if it wasn't for you."

He frowned. "Is this even my fault?"

"I am not blaming you. I'm simply stating a fact. Nicole wouldn't have been so hostile to me if it weren't for you."

"So I'll take care of her for you now, so don't be mad at me anymore, okay?"

He put her down and kissed her forehead.

She pushed him away immediately. "Stop touching me!"

Yvonne clicked her tongue a few times from not far away and walked toward them. "It was just a good show just now."

She teased them. "A hero saving a beauty is so romantic."

A helpless look flashed across Stella's face, and she said to Yvonne, "Don't make this kind of joke."

Yvonne let go of Lucas immediately and draped her hand

around Stella's neck. Then she said to Stella with a smile, "You looked very charming when you played the piano. I was almost charmed by you."

Lucas' face turned gloomy as soon as he heard that, he pulled her back by her arm.

"Why are you so narrow-minded?" Yvonne read his displeasure from his eyes and shrugged off his arm, pouting.

Lucas let her be as long as she did not get too close to Stella.

and Weston held Stella's shoulders quietly and said to the couple, "Didn't you say that you have reserved a table? Let's go inside."

When he walked past Lucas, Lucas cast a glance at him. Seeing him look calm as usual, Lucas shook his head.

Perhaps he saw it wrongly.

Yvonne kept swiping her phone once they were in the private room and said to Stella, "You're really hot now. I didn't expect that your video would be viewed so many times before your concert is even held!"

Recently, she had gotten addicted to online auctions and was already a popular influencer.

It wasn't a matter the men were that keen of. When they were listening to them chattering and discussing it, Lucas noticed more and more that Weston did not look right.

He looked at Weston's pale face and asked with a frown, "Wait, could it be that your stitches broke open after the show?"

Weston poured himself a glass of water. He looked in the direction of Stella, poured her a glass of water as well, and said to Lucas, "Nothing of the sort."

"Don't act tough. Your wound is just above your heart. If the stitches break open, it will not be that easy to stitch it back up. Don't take this matter lightly, or it will bring a lot of complications. The human body is not made of steel."

Weston interrupted him. "Why are you so nosy?"

Lucas was speechless.

He had never cared about anyone this much except for Yvonne. Seeing that Weston did not appreciate it, he

snorted and did not say another word.

After a while, Weston closed his eyes to rest in his seat.

Stella's nose twitched when she suddenly smelled a pungent stench of blood.

She looked at him sharply. "...Are you alright?"

Could he have gotten hurt somewhere when he hugged her?

Was he so weak now?

Chapter 1326

Weston opened his eyes and looked at her. His inky deep eyes were full of tranquility.

He pressed her head and rubbed her hair. "Don't worry, am fine."

This time, Lucas put down the napkin in his hands right away and walked to Weston. The moment his hand pressed on Weston's shoulder, they saw Weston let out a low grunt-

He subconsciously wanted to push Lucas' hand away, but he could no longer lift his right hand.

Stella saw something was not right and pushed her chair „away, and walked to Weston hurriedly. "What is wrong

with you? Don't hold back if you have any injuries."

Yvonne also realized the seriousness of the matter, so she put down her phone and went to him. "...Oh my God, you are bleeding!"

She suddenly pointed at a spot, and Lucas knitted his brows immediately. He ripped Weston's shirt straight away to see his wound cracked open and constantly seeping blood.

Horrified by the sight, Stella frowned instantly and said, "Are you out of your mind?"

If he was already injured, why must he insist on carrying her and walking such a long distance?

"Are you trying to make me feel guilty?"

"No."

Weston grabbed her hand like a child who made a mistake. "I just wanted to carry you. I didn't want you to walk and didn't want to aggravate your situation."

“What’s so aggravating about just walking a small distance? You are simply out of your mind!”

Stella could not help but keep scolding him. “Do you think I will really feel guilty and soften up a bit on you if you treat me like this? Let me tell you, don’t even think about it because you are nuts! No matter how many times you hurt yourself like this, I won’t feel half as much sympathy for you!”

She was so emotional that her chest was heaving, and her eyes were red.

Seeing this, Lucas looked at her and said, “It’s not the time for you to lecture him now. His wound is very bad and must be treated immediately. I will go and get the car.”

After saying that, he said to Yvonne, “Go and get the bill first, then come down with them.”

“Alright, I understand.”

Yvonne was very sensible when it came to this kind of thing. She calmed Stella down and swept a few more glances at Weston. Her lips were moving, murmuring something, but it was definitely not something nice to hear.

So Weston did not bother to listen.

Once they got to the parking lot, they rushed to the hospital, and Lucas brought Weston straight to the emergency room and performed the procedure for him personally.

Stella stood beside them, watching as Lucas stitched up his wound.

He moved beautifully, stitch by stitch, brisk and clean.

Yvonne fell for him as she watched from aside, thinking *that Lucas was great.

She cupped her face and looked at the man’s movement with fascination.

His bony hands looked very beautiful, so pleasing to the eyes when he was holding the scissors.

Stella could not help but look at her and say, “Can you not flirt when there is still a procedure going on?”

Although it was not a major procedure, the wound was still sutured.

Lucas' movement was indeed clean and nice to look at,
but she really need not be so...

Stella could not look any longer and reminded her. "Calm down, you are almost drooling."

Yvonne said unconcerned, "He is tempting anyway."

Stella was dumbfounded and did not say anything.

As if wanting to make her agree to her remark, Yvonne pointed at Lucas and said, "Don't you think that the way Dr. Quirk looks when wearing the white coat and holding the tools is cool mighty, and invulnerable?"

Chapter 1327

Stella followed the direction of her gaze and nodded. "It does seem that way."

"Don't you think that this man is so captivating, so sensible, yet so unapproachable, so condescending, and so rejecting?"

For a moment there, Stella went speechless.

Then she echoed. "You are right."

Isn't he? And look at his face. He's just so charming.

Stella nodded.

Lucas was indeed an attractive man. Otherwise, Yvonne would not be so enamored of him.

She was able to see his merits since she admired him with appreciative eyes. Weston naturally noticed the conversation and knitted his brows when he heard Stella.

Lucas thought it was him who did not treat him well and hurt him, so he said, "If it hurts, just bear with it."

"What pain could I feel with the anesthetic?"

Weston swept a glance at him and said with a cold tone.

Lucas was not sure if it was his illusion, but he had a feeling that Weston wasn't looking at him in a too- friendly way.

He took care of Weston's wound quickly, stitching it with a long needle without causing him any pain.

When Weston heard Stella praising another man, however, he felt as if his heart was being stabbed with a knife repeatedly. It was the worst torment he had ever had to bear.

Only when the effect of the anesthetic started wearing off did he feel the piercing pain.

"Come here," he said to Stella.

She did not move and only looked at Yvonne. "Is it over?"

"Yes." Yvonne had stars in her eyes as she watched Lucas walk toward her.

Stella sighed helplessly and stood up. "I'll be leaving since he is fine now. We will meet again next time. We didn't get to eat today, so I will give you guys a treat next time."

"Sure!" Yvonne had totally forgotten her friend and was immersed in Lucas' beauty.

Lucas cleaned up the equipment and glanced at her. He took off the gloves and rubbed her head. "Alright, stop looking at me. I will bring you somewhere to eat. You should be hungry?"

She nodded, and the lovely couple walked away.

Weston's heart felt very uncomfortable. Seeing Stella was about to leave, he jumped to his feet and hugged her from the back.

"Don't go."

He rubbed against her neck and said in a husky voice in her ear, "Stay with me."

She frowned immediately in annoyance and pulled his hands away. "I'm sorry, but I have something else to do. I don't think you were invited to the dinner today, right? You came here on your own."

She asked, "Was it Yvonne who told you about it, or Lucas?"

He did not answer.

She guessed. "It must be Lucas, right? If you keep doing this, I will not come out again."

"Don't, please..."

He suddenly lowered his voice and hugged her more tightly with one hand while latching on to her firmly with the other to prevent her from leaving. "Didn't I say I would give you my company? Would you stay by my side?"

She said, "I am sorry. I changed my mind. Didn't Ms. Hampton tell you? I did not sign the document, and I will never do so. Ford Corporation is still yours, so there is no relationship between you and me."

Chapter 1328

Just as she finished speaking, she felt the man holding her behind her had suddenly tighten his force. His arms were straddling her waist, and his tone was surprisingly tinged with a hint of resignation and determination. "No "

Stella wondered how he managed to blend these two emotions so well.

Weston pressed against her ear and gritted his teeth. "How could you change your mind so easily when it comes to these things? I've had the documents prepared, you just have to sign it..."

"I said, I just want to renege. What can you do about it?"

She stared at him. Besides, it was a joke from the beginning. "You are an adult. Why can't you understand this?"

"I simply cannot."

He suddenly turned her around, pinched her chin, and said, "All I know is that I did what you asked, so you have to keep your promise."

He was hugging her with the arm which had just been treated. Stella was worried that the wound would break open again and struggled a bit.

But he hugged her even more tightly.

So Stella could only say to him angrily, "Let go of me, or your wound will bleed again!"

"I don't care."

He said, "If you don't promise me, I won't care even if it breaks open a thousand times."

Stella was speechless.

She stopped moving, but her voice was unmistakably cold. "Are you sure you want to threaten me like that?",

Her tone took the man by surprise, and he slowly let go of his hand.

He stood behind her and stopped hugging her again.

And he simply stared at Stella with a kind of look.

She let out a breath and said to him, "If there's nothing else, I'll go first."

He did not go after her. He just stood still and waited for her to walk out the door before he went after her again, and gently took her hand from behind her. "I'll walk you back."

His face was a little pale, and it was obvious that he was a little unsteady because of the procedure.

She glanced at him and said, "It's better to let Ben come and pick you up."

He shook his head and said, "I can send you back..."

"I don't want to die on the road yet." She interrupted him, a little impatient. "Look at you. Do you think you're able to give me a ride back?"

"I am."

He said to her, "I will not let anything happen to you with you in the car."

She was speechless.

She inhaled deeply and called Ben directly. "Come and fetch the madman of yours."

It did not take long for Ben to come with his car. He opened the door respectfully and said to Weston, "Mr. Ford, please get in."

Weston did not even look at him and simply looked at Stella, "Come with me."

She remained quiet for a moment. "You get in first."

He stood still. She looked at him coldly, turned around, and left.

Ben looked at Weston's gloomy side face and said softly, "Mr. Ford, why don't you get in first?"

Seeing his pale face, he realized that he had just finished the operation. He could chase after Stella any time he wanted, it did not have to be now. After saying that,

Weston turned around and glanced at him. His eyes were extremely cold.

His speed in changing his face was unsurpassable.

After getting into the car, Weston put his hand on his glabella. He looked at Ben, who was driving, and asked out of nowhere, "Are my hands beautiful?"

Screech- Ben slammed on the brake, and the tires let out a piercing cry.

He looked at Weston through the rearview mirror in shock. "What did you just say... can you repeat what you just said?"

Chapter 1329

Weston frowned slightly and asked once more, "I am asking you if my hands look good."

He heard Stella and Yvonne talking all the time about efficient and intriguing Lucas' hands were when performing the procedure.

So she liked that...

He looked down at his hands, unsure if they were considered beautiful. He had never paid much attention to his appearance all this while. He was tired of hearing the praises of those who compared him with the male stars in the circle and thought he was better.

Of course, there were a lot of aspects in which he was better, so this was never an important one. According to universally accepted values, ability and skill were the more important things to a man.

He never took to heart all those praises about his appearance, and he never cared either. But when dealing with Stella, he had to start paying attention to it. What kind of man did she like? He never seemed to consider it.

Ben looked as if he'd seen a ghost, his face wearing a complicated and interesting look.

After a long time, he shuddered and said, "They should be"

He said, "I remembered that when you learned the piano, the piano teacher said that your hands were very suitable for playing the piano. It's just that you did not like it, so you stopped taking lessons."

Weston's eyes lit up at the mention of that.

He had indeed learned the piano before, and it was considered to be a sort of common language he shared with Stella.

Although he gave up in the end and could only play simple pieces, it should be sufficient for him to start a conversation with her.

Ben was still a little confused while he drove in the direction of the company.

After a while, he asked, "Why did you suddenly ask that?"

"Nothing, I just wanted to know what women really like."

Ben was speechless.

He now had a genuine admiration for Stella.

She was the only woman who could turn Weston into this.

When they arrived at the company, Weston walked past the receptionist and into the elevator.

Xavier was already waiting for him in the office. "Didn't you notice that those employees in the company looked at you as if they were seeing a ghost when you came over?"

They all thought that Weston was now in a vegetative state and his life was in danger, but he appeared in the office intact.

Then what were all that fights and arguments happening among the directors about?

Weston ignored his question and asked, "Where is the document of the project that you were asked to handle before?"

"It's right here waiting for you." Xavier took out a pile of documents from the drawer and handed it to him "Take it. I knew someone like you wouldn't die so easily. A scourge is meant to live a long life."

He had been fighting with Weston for several years, and now, he had gotten over it.

He could not compete with him, he could not steal from him, and he lost the old man's trust in the end.

Now, he no longer fought with Weston but cooperated with him and followed his lead, so he would not lose out.

Weston flipped through a few pages and wanted to leave.

Xavier suddenly said, "By the way, Daisy called me just now and told me to tell you something."

Weston stopped in his track and cast him a disdainful look. "You are still lingering on that woman?"

Xavier said, "Of course not. I just want to know what you think of her."

"She is not in my eye. Whatt can I think of her?"

Weston's tone was bland. He talked about her as if she was an insignificant woman.

Chapter 1330

Xavier was stunned and then laughed. "I knew it. This is what I told her. Isn't it true that all women who fall in love with you end up miserable, save for Stella?"

Weston had no time to listen to all of these. He pondered and suddenly stopped and looked at him. "Do you think my hands look nice?"

Xavier was still smiling. The smile did not fade when he heard Weston. Thinking that he had heard wrong, he asked, "What did you just say?"

This question didn't sound like Weston at all.

It convinced him even more that he must've heard it wrong.

Although he was not very young, he was not so old that his hearing had gone bad.

Weston paused for a while, and embarrassment flashed across his eyes.

However, he still asked, "Do you think my hands look nice?"

Xavier did not say anything.

After a long pause, he looked at Weston. "Are you going crazy?"

As he was saying that, he walked to Weston and reached his hand out wanting to touch his forehead, but Weston pushed him away coldly. "I know I shouldn't have asked you."

After that, he turned around and walked away.

Xavier quickly blocked him. "Don't be so rash. Why are you asking this scary question all of a sudden?"

Weston pinched his glabella. Before he said anything, Xavier's eyes lit up. "I know, it's because of Stella, isn't it?"

Other than Stella, he did not know who had the magic power to make such a frightening change in Weston. Weston said nothing and remained silent.

But his silence meant acquiescence. Xavier could not help but laugh out loud, and it was getting louder and louder.

The man glared at Xavier coldly. "Have you laughed enough?"

After saying that, he wanted to leave, but Xavier stopped him quickly. He laughed so hard that tears came out of his eyes. "Don't go. If you want to know what a woman is thinking, I am the best person to ask."

Weston paused in his tracks and looked at him. Indeed, Xavier knew more about matters like these.

Although he was never short of women, he never had to guess what was in their minds. It was always they who held him in their palms, and he basically did not know how to please a woman.

Xavier pulled a chair and sat in front of him. "I guess you are asking this because Stella said she likes a man with nice-looking hands, doesn't she?"

Weston remained silent, it was still an acquiescence.

Xavier said, "Apart from the most basic strength a man should have, what a woman likes will be wealth, background, appearance, and height. Of course, there will be some other unusual preferences. Take me as an example. As a man, I am very fond of boobs and long legs, so a woman would surely have her favorite parts."

Weston pondered for a moment and asked, "Other than hands, what other places would a woman like?"

"For example, the voice, some women are completely resistant to the low sound of a man, and some women like Adam's apple..."

The more Weston listened to him, the more confused he was. He looked at Xavier, "Anything else?"

"In short, any part of your body has the potential to become an aphrodisiac for women, depending on how you use it."

"Talking to you is a waste of time." Weston then swept him a faint glance, got up, and left.

Looking at his back, Xavier let out a long sigh.

He did not expect that Weston would one day ask him about the preferences of a woman. He really felt as if the sun rose from the west.

Daisy came in after Weston left and was surprised to see Xavier sitting in the office.

She had just heard from the receptionist that Mr. Ford seemed to have returned from the dead and came to the office.

Read Novel Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1331

Chapter 1331

The employees in the company were still discussing the matter.

Some of Daisy's close friends even came and asked her about Weston. They wondered if Weston was actually awake and was only trying to catch those disloyal to him in the company.

Daisy did not answer. She had only one thing in mind, which was to meet Weston. Unfortunately, she only met Xavier.

Xavier smiled as he saw the flash of disappointment in Daisy's eyes. He sat on the chair and turned in a circle, crossed his long legs, and smiled at her. "Why? Are you disappointed to see me?"

"No." Daisy quickly regained her composure, shook her head, and walked to Xavier. "I just heard from my colleagues that Mr. Ford is back."

"Yes. He came over earlier."

"Did he need something?" Daisy looked at Xavier with some anticipation.

"No. He took a file and then asked me some odd questions."

"What question?"

"He asked me what a woman would like. Guess who the woman is?"

Daisy's eyes trembled for a moment. Her heart was aching with pins and needles. Naturally, the said woman could not be anyone else but Stella.

Daisy took a deep breath and adjusted herself. After a while, she forced a smile and said to Xavier, "It seems that Mr. Ford and Ms. Sealey's relationship are getting better. I'm very happy for him."

"Is that so? Why do I feel as if you're sadder than ever?"

"Please don't talk nonsense."

Xavier laughed, happy to see her in pain. He had no feelings for her anymore, but she had made him a laughingstock. Xavier no longer wanted to deal with her but was secretly happy to see her in this state. He thought she deserved it.

Thinking of that, Xavier stood up and patted Daisy's shoulder. "You have high ambition, but your fate isn't great. You were so close to what you wanted. Even if you didn't believe it, I was probably the most powerful person you could almost get."

Daisy's face turned grim immediately. Xavier spoke softly, but he was sarcastic.

After a long time, she clenched her fist and turned to him. "This isn't the end. The future is unpredictable. The winner and loser in this situation aren't certain yet."

Daisy had been waiting for all these years, from Stella and Weston's secret relationship to marriage and finally divorce. Why could she not wait for an ending after waiting for this long?

After saying that, Daisy turned around and was about to leave. However, someone knocked on the door and came in. "Ms. Daisy, the board of directors has demanded your immediate attendance at the meeting."

The secretary was in a hurry and looked a bit anxious. It did not look like good news.

Daisy paused for a moment and had a bad feeling in her heart.

Xavier smiled like he knew what was coming. He walked over to the chair and sat down, looking at her calmly. "I told you. You don't have much of a chance. Starting today, you may have to say goodbye to Ford Corporation."

Daisy widened her eyes at once and turned to him in disbelief. "Impossible! Weston would never do that!"

Besides, the board had seen how well she had been performing lately. She was not as good as Weston, not even a tenth of what he did, but she had done her best as a secretary. She believed that no one else could do it better than her.

Chapter 1332

Meanwhile, at Stella's studio. Stella went back to work right after regaining her sight.

Stella's music career wasn't her only source of income one she had diversified investments in various areas. Hence, she had a lot of income from other businesses and no longer had to worry about money to raise her two children.

After greeting her staff in the studio, she returned to her seat to start working. Not long after, the receptionist came into her office and informed her, "Miss Cicily, there's someone downstairs wanting to meet you..."

Before the receptionist could finish her sentence, Weston walked in with a bouquet in his arms. Weston was in his usual black suit, which was a familiar look for Stella. Weston always looked good in black color. The calm and sophisticated color gave him a noble and distant aura.

Stella frowned as soon as seeing Weston and said to the receptionist a little impatiently, "Didn't I tell you not to let people like him in?"

"But..." The receptionist was a little troubled. After all, they knew who Weston was and was worried he would hold a grudge against them for stopping him.

Stella knew her dilemma, so she waved her hand and dismissed her. "You can go out first."

"Yes, Miss Cicily."

Weston came in and said to her, "Don't make it hard an employee."

Stella glared at him. "Are you teaching me how to do things now?"

on

“Of course not. I just think the employees have no choice but to inform you. They are paid to work and can’t make their own decisions at times.”

“If you hadn’t come to me, she wouldn’t have been in trouble.”

“I can’t help you. Sorry.” Weston was very frank.

Stella exhaled and glanced at the bouquet in his arms. Do you know? What you’re doing now is so old- fashioned. I’ve lost count of the countless bouquets I’ve received in the past three years. Your outdated way of courting doesn’t work for me at all.”

“Really? Well, I’ll try a different method next time.” Weston then put the flowers on Stella’s table.

Stella got annoyed looking at the bouquet and threw it in the trash. “I guess you didn’t understand what I just said.”

“I understand.” Weston walked to the trash can and took the flowers out. “Do I need to remind you that you’re my girlfriend now? It’s only normal for me to send you flowers. You can throw them away, but I’ll keep sending them over anyway.”

Stella widened her eyes at once. “Who’s your girlfriend?”

Weston reminded her, “I agreed to all the terms you stated before, so we’re now a couple.”

Stella refuted, “I’ve changed my mind. I didn’t promise you anything or sign the papers!”

“I brought the papers.” Weston took out a thick stack of papers and put the contract in front of her. “Now sign them, good girl.”

Stella threw the copy in the trash without even looking at him. Weston, however, was surprisingly patient with her these days. He went over to the trash can again and took the papers out.

When she just sat down, the receptionist came in reluctantly and stammered again, “Miss Cicily, there’s a lady outside looking for you...”

“Lady?”

Stella looked up and asked, "Is Yvonne or Angelina here?"

It turned out that it was Daisy who came instead of them. Stella flashed Weston a meaningful smile as Daisy walked in.

Chapter 1333

Daisy must have come here to either talk to Stella about Weston or to meet Weston.

Sure enough, Daisy went to Weston as soon as she came in. "Mr. Ford, I don't understand. Why?" She held a dismissal letter in her hand and looked very emotional .

Stella put down the pen in her hand, crossed her fingers, and looked at the two indifferently.

Weston's eyes were cold. He did not spare her any warmth. "I thought it had been stated clearly in the letter. Can't you read?"

Daisy took a deep breath. "But I haven't made any mistakes this time. I've done my best for the company. Why should I be fired?"

"Nicole should've told you why."

"But wasn't that her fault? Why should I be blamed?"

"Because I wanted to." Weston said, "Is that a good reason?"

Daisy was trembling. She knew Weston would never go back on the decision he had made. This time, she came to ask for an explanation anyway, but she did not expect that he would not even explain.

"It's Stella, isn't it?"

Daisy slammed the letter of dismissal to the ground and walked to Stella. She pointed at Stella's nose and snapped, "Is it because of her? She doesn't like me. That's why you're firing me!"

Daisy was able to put on an act before. She previously pretended liking Stella a lot because of Weston, but she could no longer do so.

“What’s so great about her? She’s always so cold to you and even abandoned you in the snowy mountains. She doesn’t love you at all. She’s tormenting you. Why aren’t you letting go of her?”

“This is a personal matter. It has nothing to do with you.” Weston was getting a little impatient. “Are you going to get out yourself, or should I have security escort you out?”

Stella tapped her pen on the table. “The securities are working for my studio. Don’t tell them what to do in here.”

Weston gave her a look. “You’re my girlfriend. I have the right.”

Stella warned, “Shut up! I have nothing to do with you!”

Hearing this, Daisy could not take it anymore. She took a deep breath and looked at Weston.

“Mr. Ford, why do you have to be so obsessed? If you turn around, you’ll see plenty of women waiting for you! They’re better than Stella and love you more than she does. Why do you only see her?”

“Do you really want him to see other women, or do you just want him to see you?” Stella suddenly got curious and propped her chin in her palm, looking at Daisy with interest.

“You’re just trying to get his attention by accusing him with passion. I’m curious...”

Stella sighed. “It’s been three years, and you still haven’t found the right way?”

Daisy’s face changed at the mockery in Stella’s words. “Are you flaunting your power at me now? Do you think you’re a winner?”

Daisy said through gritted teeth, “You’re just lucky. You left a scar in his heart. If I met him earlier than you, I’d be the one in your place now!”

“Is that so?” Stella let out a soft sigh. “That’s such a waste. I kinda hope you can take this man away. After all, he’s being a disturbance and affecting my mood at work here. Why don’t you do a good deed for me? Let him fall in love with you. I don’t want him to haunt me again.”

Stella's tone was serious, and she didn't sound like she was joking. Instead, it sounded quite sincere. However, the other two people in the office were furious because of the sincerity in her tone.

Chapter 1334

Daisy could not stand staying any longer. At last, she pushed open the door with tears and fled with great strides. She had never experienced such humiliation. Her eyes were red, and her body was shaking.

Daisy always lost to Stella. That was not what she wanted. She came to make a breakthrough, not to be taunted and ridiculed by them.

Maybe Daisy should not have entered this world in the first place. If she had been nothing more than a secretary, she might have gotten what she wanted. If she had not dumped Xavier and stayed with him, she could be a Mrs. Ford by now.

Daisy might be able to stay by Weston's side as an aunt instead of this. She threw away everything to pursue Weston, leaving herself with nothing to fall back in. He shunned her away easily, leaving her with no room to retreat.

Stella watched Daisy fleeing and tsked twice. She shook her head and turned to Weston. "Such a poor thing. Shouldn't you go after her and check on her?"

Weston rubbed his temple. "Who else can I go after but you?"

Stella propped her chin in her palm. She could not help but say, "You're actually quite compatible with her. Well, she has been pursuing you for years. Why don't you consider her?"

"Well, you're my girlfriend now. I have a girlfriend, so I shouldn't be looking at other women."

Speechless, Stella frowned. "How many times do I need to explain this? We're not in a relationship!"

"That's what you think." Weston said, "I've agreed to all your conditions. In any signed contract, there's a price to pay for breach of contract. It's the same for a verbal promise too."

Stella took a deep breath. “Okay, fine. Tell me. How much is the breach of contract?”

“The breach of contract is...” Weston stood up and walked to her. He braced his arms on the table and cornered her in his reach.

“Give me another child.”

Stella looked up at him, speechless. She didn’t know how to react for a moment. She felt a little thirsty and stood up to get some water, but Weston put out a hand and stopped her from getting up. Instead, he poured a glass of water over her and put it in front of her.

Stella accepted it and took a sip to hydrate herself. Then, she said to him, “You should know. I don’t even have the patience to see you now, let alone have children with you.

Please stop making these absurd conditions anymore.” “Fine then.” Weston said leisurely, “I won’t give you a hard time, but you’ll have to give me custody rights either to Emma or Elias.”

Stella widened her eyes in disbelief and stood up sharply. “Dream on!”

In a blur of rage, she suddenly splashed the glass of water all over Weston.

Weston did not dodge and was drenched as a result. Water dripped from his black hair, but he continued looking at Stella steadily with no hint of anger. He simply looked at her calmly. Then, he picked up a tissue and wiped himself gently. “Does this make you feel better?”

Stella gritted her teeth and placed the glass heavily on the table. She shut her eyes in anger. “Whatever you’re thinking, don’t even think about laying a hand on Emma and Elias!”

Emma and Elias were Weston’s own flesh and blood.

Stella would no longer deny that fact. She knew this day would come when she decided to come back.

Part of the reason behind Stella’s return was that she wanted Emma and Elias to know their origins. She did not want to stay in hiding overseas anymore.

Stella wanted to live in the world openly without hiding around. However, if Weston tried to snatch either of her children away, she would fight him to the death!

Emma and Elias were her absolute bottom line.

Chapter 1335

“You don’t want to give me a child, but you don’t want to give me Emma and Elias either. What do you want from me?”

Weston threw the used tissue in the trash and looked at Stella with a gentle expression. “Tell me. What should I do? Hm?”

Stella took a deep breath and calmed down. She pointed to the door, “You may leave. Goodbye.”

Weston did not leave and just stood there. After that, he walked to her and kissed her hand.

“Since you don’t agree to either of the two conditions I put forward, you’re still my girlfriend. I hope you’re clear about that.” Weston said the most annoying words to Stella in the most gentle tone.

“Get out now!” Stella widened her eyes at him in disbelief, her emotions spiraling out of control.

Weston placed the flowers he had retrieved from the trash in front of her. After a short pause, he said, “I’ll come again tomorrow.”

“Get lost!” Stella turned her back to him, not wanting to see his face.

The years had left few traces on Stella’s face. Instead, they added a mature charm to her. Stella was still very young but no longer as naive as she was. In fact, she had only become more charming.

Weston took a few glances at her and finally turned to leave. For the next few days, Stella would see Weston in the studio. He was happy to be in her presence every day. Despite how much she rejected Weston and drove him away, Weston remained determined. He kept clinging to Stella and refused to stop.

Stella knew she would have to talk to him about this one day. Just a few days ago, she was furious and wanted to get rid of him. After that, Weston came every day and continued annoying her. As time passed by, Stella got tired of it and let him be.

On this day, she came to work as usual.

Every morning, Weston would depart her house and take her to work. She would not take his car, so he followed her. He came to pick her up early at the end of the day. She did not want to talk to him, so he continued following her without bothering her. He kept following her just like a shadow.

Stella could not stand it anymore. "What do you want?"

"Nothing. I just want to pursue you again." Weston said brazenly, "Even though you're already my girlfriend."

Weston seemed to take this matter very seriously and stressed it again and again.

Stella took a deep breath. "I didn't take any advantage of you! And I'm not your girlfriend!"

"If you want, I'll give you the benefits immediately."

"People who really want to give won't ask others if they want it or not."

Weston frowned slightly. "I want to give it to you, but I still need your signature. I have everything ready. I just need you to sign your name. I'll give you everything, but what can I do without your signature?"

Stella paused a little and shut up. That was true, but she was trying to push him away with these words. She did not expect to choke at his refutation and got a little angry.

Stella glared at him. "If that's the case, then get out!"

Chapter 1336

Weston stopped talking and followed her around in silence.

A few more days went by, and Stella could bear it no longer. "I know what's on your mind. It's Emma and

Elias, isn't it? I can talk to you about their custody," she told Weston.

Weston's face remained normal at first, but a frown surfaced as soon as he heard the latter half of the sentence. "What are you saying?"

I'll always have custody. There's no doubt about it. Stella said, "That's all I'm negotiating with you. If you disagree, there's no point in going any further.

Weston pressed his temple. "Of course. You'll always have custody. They'll always be your children. I won't take them from you."

"Don't you even think of it!" Stella glared at him. "I still have the Garcia family on my side. Even if you try, you won't succeed!"

"You can try me."

"Are you going to fight for custody?" Stella suddenly got a little angry and slapped his hand away. "We have

nothing left to talk about."

Weston let out a sigh. "I can't go along with your words or speak against your words. Tell me. What should I do?"

"I think you shouldn't even meet me!"

Weston said, "Anything but this."

Stella glanced at the file Roger sent and told Weston, "Something has happened at Compassvale. I might have to go back..."

Weston's face changed at once. "Don't go."

"Why?" Stella frowned at Weston. She was somewhat unhappy with the possessiveness he exuded at all times. "I go wherever I want to go. Why do I need your permission?"

"Don't go..." Weston suddenly hugged her from behind and softened his voice. "If you don't like those flowers I sent you, I won't do it again. Don't be mad at me."

"Aren't you being a little too narcissistic?"

Stella frowned and pushed his hand away with some amusement. She sat down again and said, "I'm going to Compassvale to see Emma and Elias. What does that have to do with you?"

Weston paused a little and said to her gently, "When are you going? I want to come along."

"Why are you coming along?"

"I'm their father. It's my legal right to see them."

"Of course." Stella did not refute him on this point. She also hoped that Emma and Elias could get their father's love.

"I have custody, but I won't stop you from meeting them as their father. Besides..."

Stella paused briefly and gave him a sarcastic look. "Your family is already aware of Emma and Elias's existence. Warren has secretly sent their hair samples for DNA testing..."

Chapter 1337

Weston's face turned grim. "When did that happen?"

Stella looked at him with interest. "Right. You got into trouble in the snowy mountains and almost died. You probably didn't know."

"Warren is probably afraid of your death or permanent coma. In that case, his family won't be able to continue the legacy. That's why they shifted their focus on Emma and Elias."

"Warren is quite patient. He didn't act after meeting me the last time. I thought he'd given up on that, but when you were hospitalized, he immediately had a paternity test done on you and the children. Maybe he was afraid that you wouldn't wake up again. At least, you might have two children."

Weston let out a breath. "I wasn't aware of that..."

"Of course not. You were in a critical condition at that time. Everyone thought you were going to die."

Weston suddenly looked at Stella steadily. "What about you? When you thought I was going to die, were you glad? You could finally get rid of me. I wouldn't keep bugging you anymore and annoy you again."

"I'm glad you're aware."

Stella stood up and walked to him, looking at him with indifferent eyes. "I thought you were completely oblivious to how annoying and bothersome you are."

Weston's gaze flickered a little. For the first time, he felt indescribable pain in his heart. So this was how it felt to be seen in this way by the one he loved.

Weston tugged at the corner of his mouth and suddenly remembered the past with a bitter smile. Weston treated Stella the same way when they were still married. Whenever he was impatient with her, he would never hide it. He was never considerate and did not care about her emotions. It must have been hard for her.

Whatever treatment she gave him at the moment was his own fault.

"I didn't know Grandpa would do this. I'm sorry."

Weston had never thought of doing a paternity test with Emma and Elias. The first time he saw them, he knew they had to be his children. There was no other possibility.

Stella crossed her arms and looked at him with a

meaningful smile. "You'd better go to Warren's and find out if the children are really yours."

"Stella. Please, don't casually joke about this." Weston looked at her helplessly. "I know you're angry. It won't happen again."

"Of course. Warren has already confirmed it, so there's

no need to do more."

Stella would always fight back against everything Weston said at the moment. Weston had gotten used to her

treatment. "Is that partially why Emma and Elias are going to Compassvale?"

Stella nodded and looked at him, feeling a little funny. " You're not that dense. You were in a coma at that time. I was unable to see, and I was worried about letting Roger take care of them both in the country."

"I was in a dilemma at first. I couldn't bear to part with Emma and Elias and didn't want them to go abroad either, but I didn't think Warren would do something like this right under my nose."

"He could have told me, and I wouldn't have refused him. It was just a paternity test. I'm not a fool, but I didn't expect him to do this without my consent. I felt a crisis and didn't want Emma and Elias to live under such circumstances, so I had Roger take them back to Compassvale..."

If Weston had really passed away at that time, Stella would never let Emma and Elias come back here again. Maybe she still believed in her heart that Weston would never do anything to hurt them, whether out of guilt or something else.

She trusted Weston not to let Warren steal her two

children as long as she asked. However, things would not

have been so rosy if he had died. With Warren's

personality, his guilt would not last any longer than Weston's. His guilt would not be any stronger than Weston's either.

Chapter 1338

Warren might be superficially polite to her, but with his

only grandson dead, Emma and Elias would be his only heirs. Thus, the Ford family would do everything in their power to fight her for custody.

Fortunately, Weston's death didn't come true.

Stella originally felt a little guilty for not saving him in the snowy mountains and choosing Roger instead. However, she was relieved to see him well and alive again.

At least Weston had less to lose than she did.

Stella had lost a child before. After learning she could no longer have children, she went through countless days. and nights of pain and despair.

“You made the right choice,” Weston said to her. Knowing Warren’s personality, Weston stood up and looked at her steadily. “You protected them both very well. You’ve worked hard in the past three years.”

Weston dragged Stella to go shopping before her departure to Compassvale. She wanted to refuse at first,

but he insisted on it.

Stella wondered how Weston’s character had changed so much in the past three years. He became very shameless.

Although still a quiet man as before, he was so annoying whenever he spoke that Stella thought he was better off mute.

“Didn’t you talk about getting some presents for Emma and Elias? Why are you taking me to shop for clothes?” Stella frowned at him.

Weston took her to a large mall where she was able to

enjoy the entire space for herself. She could shop at any clothing store she wanted. Many designers in the custom clothing stores were staring at them from inside the store.

Weston told her, “You haven’t seen them in a while. Don’t you want to look good?”

Stella rolled her eyes at him.

Shopping seemed to be a woman’s nature. Although impatient with Weston, she was happy with the beautiful clothes. During her three years abroad, she was very conscious of her fashion. Shopping was indeed a great way to reduce stress.

Whenever Stella showed any interest in the clothes, Weston told the store assistant to pack all the clothes Stella saw.

Stella could not help but say to him, “There’s no need to be so extravagant.”

“I earned all this money for you to spend.” Weston told her, “Don’t worry. Even if you buy everything here, it

won’t affect the number of digits on my card.”

Stella was lost for words. ‘Fine, okay. He’s rich,” Stella said. She wasn’t bothered to reason with his wasteful

behavior anymore.

Stella wanted to leave after shopping for clothes, but Weston stopped her. He put his arm around her waist and whispered in her ear, “Did you forget? We have to buy gifts for Emma and Elias. I don’t know what they like, so go with me and pick them out. Hm?”

Stella was going to say no, but when she thought it was for Emma and Elias, she nodded in agreement.

“You want to be their Daddy, but you didn’t even prepare for something like this. Are you sincere?”

Although Stella agreed, she still had to complain about Weston.

Weston laughed. “Collecting information is just another skill at hand. I can easily find out anything I want to, but Emma and Elias are our children. Do you think anyone else would know them better than you? Even if I asked, you wouldn’t necessarily tell me, would you?”

Stella grunted and ignored his reasoning.

Weston looked her in the eyes and said, “But you can

teach me. No one knows them better than you. Tell me what they like to eat and do. You can teach me slowly, okay?”

Although Weston was talking about Emma and Elias,

Stella somehow felt he held another meaning behind his words.

Chapter 1339

Stella gritted her teeth and pushed him away. “Don’t think I don’t understand what you’re saying! If you want to buy them gifts, do it. Stop insinuating.”

Weston chuckled softly. His chest slowly vibrated with gentle laughter.

Stella snorted and went to pick out the gifts.

Emma was just like her and liked beautiful things too. Therefore, Stella went to the jewelry shop and bought some jewelry for Emma.

Weston was very generous. He bought everything that Stella looked at the counter. The store assistants' eyes lit up at their arrival. They were very attentive when

servicing them.

Stella sighed. After that, she went to see what Elias liked.

Stella bought a few sets of clothes for both Emma and Elias. She thought about the children's quick growth spurt and did not buy too much. Otherwise, it would be a

waste.

Weston, however, told her, "My son and daughter should wear the best and use the best. I'm capable. Don't let the children suffer."

Stella looked at him helplessly. "Is being thrifty a

suffering? Don't make it sound like I've been treating your children badly for the past three years."

Weston suddenly stopped dead in his tracks and looked at her intently. His gaze was deep with some unspoken emotions.

Stella was slightly frightened by his inexplicable gaze and took a step back. "What's wrong?"

Weston exhaled and rasped to her, "That was the first time you admitted Emma and Elias as my children."

Stella took a deep breath and looked at him like a fool. Then, she turned and walked away.

Weston followed behind her, carrying the shopping bags.

When Ben came along, Weston let Ben carry them and walked Stella around a few times. Although a little impatient at first, Stella soon completely indulged herself in shopping.

Women would never get tired of shopping. Ben was a little freaked out at how much Stella could shop.

Whenever he thought she was about to be done, she would immediately head to the next store in excitement.

It was late when she walked out of the mall.

Ben said to Weston with a slightly frightened face, "Mr. Ford, why didn't I know about Mrs. Ford's strong stamina before?"

Weston gave him a cold glare and said in a ruthless tone, "What does her stamina has to do with you?"

Ben was rendered speechless. He withdrew his gaze in disbelief and thought, 'Do you have to be so possessive? How can I have any thoughts about Mrs. Ford? Do you have to be so alarmed?'

Even so, Ben could understand Weston's feelings. After all, Weston and Stella had been separated for three years. Weston even thought Stella had died. Thus, he would surely cherish his beloved upon her sudden return, afraid she would be taken away again.

Ben could understand it.

Stella was so tired from shopping all day and took off her high heels in the car. Weston naturally took her feet and put them on his knee, massaging them for her.

She wanted to withdraw her feet, but he was so good at massaging. His pressure was gentle and comfortable. She was too tired to think and let him continue to massage her feet. She was the one enjoying it anyway.

Fortunately, Stella was wearing jeans. Although simple and neat, they accentuated the shape of her legs nicely.

Her feet remained in Weston's palms. When pressing her slightly sore muscles, Weston's gaze turned obscure.

Chapter 1340

Stella was a little tired from working, so she closed her eyes and leaned back against the window. Soon, she was drifting off to sleep because of the comfortable massage. Even so, Weston did not stop and kept massaging her. It was just rare to see her so defenseless to him.

Weston did not take advantage of the situation. Stella opened her eyes in a daze and looked at him for a few moments. "Wake me up when we get home, okay? I'm going home."

Weston chuckled softly and did not stop moving his hands. He held her calves and moved upwards slowly. "What? Are you worried about what I might do to you?"

Hearing that, Stella woke up from her sleep. She propped herself and glared at him. "Do you dare to?"

"Of course not," Weston said kindly. "With the way you're treating me now, I won't have a chance if I dare to lock you up again, isn't it?"

Stella snorted sarcastically and said, "You never had a chance with me. However, if you dare to do anything to me, I'll never forgive you ever again! Not in this life or the next life!"

"What a heavy punishment." Weston looked straight in the eyes and said solemnly, "I'll never force you to do

anything against your will ever again."

Hearing that, Stella closed her eyes and leaned against the car window as if she was going to fall asleep.

As the car drove by, the shadow and scenery outside the window flew backward. Unlike the noisy and lively traffic outside, it was serene and peaceful inside.

The privacy screen was raised by the smart driver, who refrained from peeking at the two's quiet time together.

Weston watched Stella soundly asleep. It was a beautiful and romantic scene as the lights that flashed by reflected off her face.

Weston lowered his head and gave her a kiss on the forehead. Stella frowned a little and muttered

discontentedly. Then, she rolled over again with her eyes closed.

Weston made her more comfortable and simply let her lie in his arms.

Maybe Stella felt a little uncomfortable sleeping against the car window. When Stella felt something softer, she naturally lay down in his arms.

Weston held her like a cherished treasure and kissed the

tip of her nose. When his kiss trailed to her lips, he could barely resist the urge to pry her lips open and go deeper to taste her sweetness. However, when he thought of what she had just said, he had no choice but to stop

abruptly.

He pressed his forehead against hers and panted. "You really know how to torment me..."

At last, they arrived at the apartment.

Weston carried Stella into the elevator and watched the numbers slowly rise to the floor where Stella was staying. He moved a little with a slightly dark gaze.

He should send her back because of Stella's temper, but he hesitated.

Weston saw how Stella was deeply asleep. Joan was back visiting her family. Could Stella take care of herself with her alone in the house?

Thus, he told himself that this was not against their agreement. After all, he could not just stand by and leave Stella in the house alone. It was not safe.

Many cases of home invasion and robbery were reported on the news. Those criminals might be hiding

somewhere, secretly watching her. He certainly could not leave her in such a dangerous situation.

Without thinking further, Weston pressed the button to another floor and took Stella straight back to his apartment.

Weston had just moved in not long ago. There was no women's stuff in the place.

Stella wore his big slippers, which were loosely dangling on her feet. As soon as Weston picked her up, the slippers fell off the floor.

Stella frowned and muttered in her sleep. She even tapped on Weston's shoulder as if he was making too much noise and disturbing her sleep.

Read Novel Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1341

Chapter 1341

Weston instantly held his breath and slowed down his movements as he let her lean against his chest in a more comfortable way.

It was only when Stella fell back to sleep again that he picked her up in his arms and carried her into the master bedroom before gently placing her down on the king-

sized bed.

Weston was an incurable germaphobe, so he would never lie in his own bed before taking a shower, but Stella was always an exception to his every rule.

In his eyes, she was always pure and clean.

There was a sound of rushing water coming from the bathroom. Weston stared at the woman in front of him, who was deep in sleep. For the very first time in his life, he was stumped by a great challenge—how could he quickly give Stella a bath without waking her up?

He frowned, looked down at the urgent situation between his legs, and sighed.

With enormous self-restraint, he gave her a quick bath, swiftly wrapped her up in a towel, and tossed her back onto the bed. 1

Stella was in such a deep sleep that she only responded by

frowning, snorting briefly, and turning over before falling back to sleep, hugging a pillow.

Weston gazed at her sweet sleeping face and sighed helplessly.

The sound of flowing water from the bathroom continued for a long time.

Weston's tall and muscular build cast a long shadow on the glass surface.

After a very long time, he gulped in the air and let out a long, relieved sigh. His tense body finally relaxed. His hand was tightly balled up into a fist and was leaning against the wall. His arm was lined with bulging veins.

He lowered his head. A droplet of water dripped from his inky black hair and landed near his feet. He snatched a towel and wrapped it around his waist, and strode out from the bathroom.

Stella was already fast asleep.

Weston wiped himself dry and pulled up the blanket before sliding into the bed. He then wrapped his arms around her from behind and pulled her into his arms.

Stella was perhaps attracted to the lingering coolness of his body as he just came out of the shower. She sighed comfortably and nuzzled against his body.

"You're always so good at tormenting me," he murmured huskily, his dark eyes fixed on her.

It was unclear what Stella was doing at the time, but for some reason, there was a hint of a smile on her face.

Weston's body tensed up from the sight. He leaned down on her head and sighed, "So you're happy right now, huh?"

He stroked her silky hair and gently pressed her back against his body.

"Do you have any idea how desperate of a situation I'm in right now?" he asked.

But the only reply he got was the gentle rustling sound of her breathing.

He had endured the long midsummer day, and by that time, it was almost midnight, so even Weston eventually fell asleep too.

It was by far the calmest and deepest sleep that he had ever had in the past three years.

He held Stella tightly in his arms, breathing in the faint fragrance of her hair.

It was the scent that he had been pining for in the past three years—over a thousand sleepless nights. Yet, now that she really was right there in his arms, he found the whole thing surreal and wondered if it was actually happening.

He lived through long, endless years, searching in every

tormented dream, but there was no Stella. The dream felt too real, so real that he thought he was not in a dream at all but was instead in a realistic projection of his deepest

fears.

He was ecstatic when he suddenly found Stella coming back from the dead, but before he had enough time to enjoy the pleasure of getting something that he once thought was forever lost, he was hurled into another scene—Snow Mountain.

Weston and Roger were both buried underground, but only one of them had the chance to survive.

He saw the pretty face that he'd been thinking about for days and nights appearing in front of him. She was still so heartbreakingly beautiful, yet the words that came out of her mouth chilled him to the bones.

She told him that she would choose Roger, that she

wanted to save Roger, and that she wanted to abandon him here.

Chapter 1342

She did not even turn back to look at him once when she walked away. She just took Roger's hand, and they both disappeared together, leaving him alone underneath the frigid and frozen Snow Mountain.

The snow eroded his skin as he was buried underground, exposing him to the piercing cold that penetrated his bones.

But none of that was comparable to the pain he felt from being abandoned by Stella.

He wanted to scream her name, but his voice would not escape his throat. Even his tears were frozen solid in his eyes.

He watched helplessly as Stella receded into the distance, leaving him there without hesitation. It felt like someone had pierced a dagger through his heart and twisted it.

Stella had gotten further and further away from him...

As he was trapped in his icy prison, Stella had reached a place where spring had arrived, and the flowers were blooming. The thick layers of clothes on her body gradually disappeared, transforming instead into a delicate white wedding dress.

The man beside her was wearing a black suit. They

seemed to be each other's perfect match. They were now a newly married couple, embarking on a new chapter in their lives.

Yet Weston remained in the same spot. The only place he wanted to be had already been occupied by another man...

Don't be with him...

Don't be with anyone else...

Weston was screaming those words in his mind, but no one could hear him. He was buried deep beneath the cold Snow Mountain. All that was left of him was the faint sound of his pitiful sobs.

In the end, he watched helplessly as Stella ran into another man's arms. They then went on to live a long and blissful life together without him, filling their happy home with many children and grandchildren.

Decades later, when her hair had all turned white, Stella ended up completely forgetting Weston.

As she sat on her rocking chair, reminiscing about her past, he became a small insignificant part of her memory

or perhaps she might disdain him too much to even

remember him.

She had lived a perfect life with another man. His children were calling someone else their father.

The next morning, when Stella woke up, she suddenly found herself lying in an unfamiliar bed.

She turned around and saw that familiar face in front of

her.

She was startled. She had to cover her mouth just in time to stop herself from making a noise.

What was he doing here?

She held her breath. Then she rushed to look down at her

body and found that she was stark naked!

She hurriedly checked her whole body and found no marks. She also did not feel weird anywhere. She was not sore, nor were there any signs of hickeys.

She breathed a sigh of relief.

But she was still a little angry. Even though this man did nothing to her last night, he still took her to his place despite her repeated pleading to wake her up when they reached the apartment.

Stella clenched her fists. She was just about to wake him up when she suddenly noticed something was wrong with

Weston.

He was frowning deeply. His strong, handsome brows seemed worn by a feeling of indescribable sorrow and vulnerability. He looked as if he was having a nightmare.

Stella found this incredibly surprising.

Could ruthless and unfeeling men like Weston Ford have nightmares too?

Or perhaps he was dreaming that his business rivals were chasing after him or trying to assassinate him?

She turned over and stared at him. Seeing that he was showing no signs of waking up, she shook her head and pulled the blanket off her body before climbing out of bed.

She then found her clothes carelessly strewn on the floor and dripping wet.

Chapter 1343

She picked up the clothes and discovered that they were impossible to wear in such a state. She could not help but glare at the man sleeping in bed before stuffing her clothes into the dryer.

Stella took a quick tour around the apartment and found that it contained no items that might belong to a woman. For some reason, this discovery relieved her, considering she had nothing to do with Weston anymore.

After she was done with all that, Weston still remained sleeping. She looked at how deeply he was sleeping and decided not to wake him up, and just walked out of the

room.

She looked around for his study because she wanted to use his computer. It ended up being very easy to find because the apartment had Weston's usual favorite layout, and since Stella had spent years living with him in the past, she was naturally familiar with his preferences.

She opened the door and was instantly faced with a wall densely covered with photos. She was rooted to the spot and just stood there at the door, not taking a single step inside.

Even from a distance, she could clearly see that the wall was covered with photos of her.

Stunned, she stood there in a daze. It took her a long time before she regained her senses.

Finally, she closed the door behind her and took furtive steps into the room. In the center of the wall was a

picture of their wedding. In fact, they did not have any official wedding pictures taken at all when they got married the first time. Their wedding had been extremely simple and ad-hoc because Weston was merely using it as a tool to free himself from his father's control.

Weston did explain later that he did not marry Stella because of Guinevere Cohen, and it was surely not to make Guinevere jealous and crawl back to him.

Nevertheless, he could not deny that the marriage was an act of defiance on his part, as it was his way of telling his family he refused to walk down the path laid out for him by his father. He also had no intention of taking the blame for his father, nor did he want to spend the rest of his life with a woman he did not love.

Ultimately, their marriage was only Weston's way of controlling his own destiny.

But he still had to give in and go along with his father's plan in the end because Guinevere had gotten pregnant- with Chris Ford's child. He was then forced to marry the woman who was the mother of his half-brother.

As Stella thought of this, she began to understand what Weston had to go through. Had she been in his place, she

was not sure what choices she would have made. She was not even convinced that she could do any better than he did.

It was only because Weston had terribly hurt her that she just could not find a way to let go of all the pain he had caused her.

After all, the breakdown of their marriage had come at an excruciatingly painful cost-the death of her unborn

child. Every time she saw Weston's face, she was

reminded of the tragic loss of her own flesh and blood and the unbearable sorrow that came with it.

As she slowly walked into the room, she noticed that the wedding photo was one that they had taken after Weston had forced her to stay in Stardust Mansion.

Stella had lost all her feelings for Weston by then, but as she was still forced to do as he wished, the result was the very awkward smile on her face in the photo. It was very obvious that there was no sincerity. She remembered how even the photographer had asked her to act more naturally and try to look more sincere back then.

But that only made Weston angry at the photographer. His face quickly darkened, and he demanded to get a different photographer right away.

All the events in that period felt so distant from her current life, almost as if they had happened in a different lifetime, even though it had only been three years ago.

Apart from the wedding photo, there were many more pictures of her that Weston had taken without her

knowledge. She was smiling brightly like a blooming flower in some of them. In others, her smiles were fake as she was obviously only trying to appease him. In some pictures, she was completely expressionless, while in others, she looked sad and gloomy...

There were so many photos there, and they all shared one thing in common—her.

She wasn't even familiar with some of those photos. She was not sure when or why she ever showed the

expressions displayed there. There were even some photos of her blushing deeply, which were obviously taken when she was losing control of herself...

But among that wall of pictures, none of them had been taken during their first year of marriage. Weston seemed to have sneakily taken all these photos when Stella was locked up in Stardust Mansion after their divorce.

It looked like Weston fell hopelessly in love with her during that time. But when did his feelings start to develop?

Stella went on to stare at the pictures and noticed one that caught her eye.

It was the only photo that was taken in their first year of marriage.

She was in the kitchen, but she was not wearing an apron. Instead, it looked like she had just got back from

somewhere else. She seemed to be in a rush and did not have the time to tie up her hair yet, and it casually draped down on her back. She was holding a tomato in her hands, which she was washing in the sink.

She had no idea why Weston would take that picture of her.

Chapter 1344

No matter how she looked at it, she simply couldn't find anything special about this photo.

Her eyes gradually moved down and stopped right in the center of the wall, where there were some pictures taken during their first meeting after their divorce.

There were also pictures of her in the hospital and, even more surprisingly, those of her on the film set. Those still photos of her during the shooting were especially alarming because even the production crew might not have them, let alone an outsider like Weston. Yet somehow, they were right there on the wall. She had no idea how he managed to procure them, considering that those were clear pictures of her alone and had no one else in them.

Stella stood there staring at the pictures on the wall. She could not tell exactly what she was feeling right now.

Ultimately, she no longer wanted to stay in that room anymore. She felt the urge to get out of there out of embarrassment.

She returned to the master bedroom and discovered that Weston had not yet woken up. She lay down beside him and stared at his face.

After a while, Weston slowly opened his eyes.

Stella quickly shut her eyes and pretended to be asleep. Her breathing was stable now, and she could feel Weston's gaze blaring down on her.

Weston was not as startled as she was when he woke up. She could not sense any movements from him at all.

Stella was a little nervous now. She had no idea why she was pretending to be asleep, much less why she was so afraid to open her eyes and look at him.

She could feel Weston's breath getting closer and closer to her. She was conflicted, unsure whether she should pretend to wake up now, but in the next moment, before she could do anything, she felt him lifting her chin.

Stella was well aware of what this meant. She quickly opened her eyes, pretending that she had just woken up, and was startled to see him.

"What are you doing here?" She pushed him away with some repulsion.

She looked around frantically and acted surprised that she was not in her own room.

"How could you do this to me?" Stella asked, pretending to be anguished. "Didn't I tell you to wake me up? Why would you do this?"

Before she could finish her sentence, he held her chin in place and kissed her.

His kiss felt desperate, so desperate that it was verging on heartrending.

Sensing this, Stella gazed into his eyes, only to see them filled with resentment and sorrow.

Stella had no idea why he would act so wildly as soon as he woke up. He was so mad that he ended up biting her lips till he could taste her blood. At that point, Stella could no longer take it anymore, and she began to fight back violently...

Slap!

After being struck across his face, Weston finally stopped. He was still panting heavily, but the burning severity in his eyes had faded a little.

He stared fixedly at Stella, then pulled her into his arms and pressed her back against his body.

"You're not allowed to leave me from now on..." he murmured hoarsely.

"Have you lost your mind?" Stella responded in puzzlement.

She tried to push him away, only for him to hold her even more tightly now.

“I just had a dream that you’d gotten together with Roger,” he told her. “You got married to him and raised Elias and Emma together. Then you never return, and I

never see you again...”

Stella was speechless.

After falling silent for a long time, she finally took a deep breath and told him, “Don’t worry, I’ll never be with

Roger no matter what.”

Weston’s eyes lit up, but he did not have much time to rejoice before Stella emphatically added, “But I might find the kids a stepfather one day. Not in the next few years, of course. But I will find a man I like who is also accepted by the kids.”

Hush fell in the room after she spoke. It was silent for so long that Stella even thought Weston might not want to talk to her anymore.

She could see so many conflicting emotions in his eyes, but she no longer had the desire to try to understand him now. Now, she only found the situation a little awkward.

She pulled the blanket off her body and softly said, “If there’s nothing else, I’ll put on my clothes now. Thank you for taking care of me yesterday, and I won’t trouble you again.”

Chapter 1345

“Do I need to dig out my heart for you so you would finally believe me?” Weston coldly asked behind her.

Stella paused, sighed, then replied, “You know that I never wanted your heart anyway.”

Weston drew a sharp breath, and the air surrounding his body turned frosty.

Stella looked out the window. The sun was already

shining outside, and since it was summer, the weather must be pretty warm, yet for some reason, the room felt extremely cold.

She could feel goosebumps rise on her skin and all over her legs. Even without looking back at him, she could feel his icy gaze on her body very palpably, and his gaze was so cold that she dared not open her mouth.

“You’re telling me that you’ll be with another man and let the kids call him Daddy?”

She nodded.

“That day will come. Someday,” she said.

“Do I really not have another chance at all?”

“I’ve told you many times before,” she replied.

“No.”

“Why not?” he asked. “Are you saying that you won’t give me another chance even though you’ll never find another man who loves you as much as I do, even though I’m a completely different man and know how to love you properly now, even though I’m willing to do anything at all just so you’d give me another chance?”

Stella paused for a very long time. She gritted her teeth and finally slowly replied, “That’s right. It’s over between us.”

After that, she picked up her clothes that were strewn on the floor and left.

Thus, from that day onward, Weston stopped coming to find her. They had agreed to visit Elias and Emma in Compassvale together earlier, but Stella was no longer sure if he still wanted to go now. Perhaps he was so hurt by what she said that morning that he was no longer willing to chase after her anymore.

She knew that Weston was a very proud man. It would be completely out of character for him to keep on running after her even after being so bluntly rejected.

She knew all along that he would eventually give up on her one day.

Nevertheless, an indescribable feeling rose in her heart now that he was completely gone. She felt a little empty somehow, though she never mulled over it. After focusing her mind on her work, she quickly forgot about him.

Afterward, she saw so many people and did so many things that thoughts about Weston were soon pushed to the very back of her mind.

She then bought her own flight ticket and told Roger that she would be in Compassvale soon to see Elias and Emma. But when she got to the airport, she saw the familiar figure approaching her again.

Surprised, she stood very still. Before she could react, Weston had already walked up and picked up the suitcase in her hand.

“What’s wrong?” he asked when he noticed Stella standing stiffly.

Stella shook her head and explained, “I thought you didn’t want to go anymore.”

He had not contacted her, so she took it to mean that he had given up on her and did not want to see her anymore. “I’m sorry,” Weston looked away, afraid to look into her eyes, “but I still want to see the kids. Is that okay with you?”

He spoke very cautiously and with evident humility.

“Well,” Stella’s brows knitted, “**I did** promise **you** that you could see them. **You’re their father** no matter what, and I won’t deny that.”

She had thought it **through** now and decided that whatever was going on between them, their children

must not be dragged into the mess. If he wanted to **see** them, he had a right to do so as their father. She would not stop him since it was his duty to fulfill as a parent anyway.

“Okay,” Weston nodded. “I’ll also make sure to transfer child support payments to your account every month.”

Since Stella refused to accept ownership of Ford Corporation, it meant finding another way to compensate her.

Chapter 1346

Stella made no more objections after what he said. As Elias and Emma’s father, he had a duty to raise them in the first place.

Still, she would never give up her full custody of her kids to him.

Once they got on the plane, Stella put on an eye mask and was prepared to rest well since she did not sleep well last night.

Meanwhile, Weston just sat next to her and gazed at her face.

The flight was a smooth and quiet one. The stewardess had come over to ask Weston if he needed anything several times, only to be politely refused every time.

As a man who had graced the cover of financial

magazines many times before, no one who worked in the various domestic airlines did not know who Weston Ford was. Some flight attendants liked going after rich men like him, and they were naturally very familiar with him since he was a wealthy and eligible bachelor, after all. Very **few** of them would not be able to recognize him on sight. Soon, a group of stewardesses got together, gossiping with each other about him in hushed voices.

Some of them took their work seriously and did not join

the group, but they still could not help but glance at him a few times, even though they had no hidden intentions.

Minutes before the plane landed, Stella woke up and took off her mask. She turned around and saw Weston gazing fixedly at her. Stunned, she asked him, "Did you not get any sleep at all?"

Weston nodded lightly.

"I'm fine," he said. "I'm not tired."

"But it's been such a long flight," Stella's brows furrowed. "You should've gotten some sleep, at least. You'll be seeing Elias and Emma right after the plane lands, and you'll be exhausted then."

"I'll be fine," he replied. "I got enough rest last night."

"In fact," he added, looking into her eyes, "I had the best sleep in my life last night."

Stella looked away and ignored him after that. She got up to her feet and got ready to leave.

Once she got off the plane, Stella could see Weston's eyes following her on every reflective surface. His eyes were so glued on her that she was beginning to feel

uncomfortable.

He kept looking at her as if he would never peel his eyes off of her body, and she was beginning to get

goosebumps because of it.

He didn't actually lose his mind, did he?

She was suddenly reminded of how he used to lock her in Stardust Mansion, forbidding her to go out or see anyone else.

up

Stella started to worry that Weston might return to being like that again. So far, he had been extremely gentle and compliant with her, heeding her every request and never opposing her in any way, but she still could not trust him completely. After all, he used to be so demented and possessive back then that no one could control him.

As she got off the plane, she quickly saw Roger with Elias and Emma from afar, who were all waiting for her. Stella's eyes lit up. She ran towards them happily.

"Mommy misses you guys so much!" she cried, holding them both in her arms before kissing them on their cheeks. "Did you guys miss Mommy?"

"We miss you very much too!"

Emma wrapped her arms around her mother's neck and kissed her cheek repeatedly.

Elias was **a lot** more reserved. He just nuzzled up against **her neck** without **saying** anything, hugging her tightly and never letting her **go**.

Roger watched as **the** little family **reunited**, beaming **with** happiness.

Chapter 1347

“When these two kids **just** got here, they’d ask me when they could see Mommy again every day. They’d even bawl their eyes out all the time...”

“What?” Stella raised her head to look at him. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Because if I told you about it,” Roger sighed, “then you’d drop everything and rush back to Compassvale. I just didn’t want to trouble you, that’s all...”

As he spoke, he suddenly noticed Weston Ford behind Stella. His face grew severe, and he stepped forward to stand between Weston, Stella, and the kids.

“What are you doing here?” Roger demanded, glaring at Weston with a look of apparent hostility, his eyes burning with resentment and displeasure.

Weston paused, but he did not even bother to look at Roger. Instead, his eyes were fixed on Stella, who was busy hugging the two kids. This softened his expressions considerably, and with a soft voice, he replied, “I’m here to **see** the kids.”

“**They’ve got** nothing to do with you!” snapped Roger, **oblivious to the fact that Stella** had admitted that Weston **was** the kids’ father. He sneered and added, “You must’ve forgotten **that I told you** these two kids only belonged to

Stella and the Garcia family, haven’t you? If you think

that they’ve got any connection to you, then I can tell you that you’re being delusional!”

After speaking, he glanced at Stella and gave her a

conflicted look. She stood up and whispered to him, “I told him the truth, Roger...”

“What?” Roger’s eyes widened in shock. He stared at her and asked, “When did you do that? Why didn’t you tell me about it?”

“It’s not something that we can hide forever anyway,” Stella replied in a hushed voice, looking down. “Besides, he really is their father, and we can’t deny that. I just want the kids to decide for themselves when they grow up.”

Roger took a deep breath.

“But they’re still so young!” he argued. “What do they know? Besides, I see no point in letting them accept a man like him as their father even when they grow up!”

Stella sighed softly.

“I’m not sure if I’d made the right decision either...” she told him, massaging the point between her brows.

Seeing her looking conflicted softened Roger’s expressions. He then turned to give Weston a stern look before warning him, “Don’t think that you can do whatever you want just because you’re their biological

father! Let me remind you that it was you who had

abandoned them yourself back then, just like how you abandoned your first child! So don’t even dream of trying to get closer to them!”

Their first child would forever be the wall of pain between Stella and Weston.

Once Roger was done speaking, Weston’s face grew cold, and he looked at Roger intently before declaring, “I will never let such a tragedy happen again.”

“You’re one to talk!” Roger tugged at Weston’s necktie, cutting him off. “Did you forget who has been raising them these three years? Who endured all the pain and suffering to give birth to them? And who do you think it was that had been deprived of rest or sleep because she had to take care of them? Do you have any idea how much she’d suffered all these years? A man like you couldn’t possibly comprehend it! You know nothing about the pain of childbirth, much less anything about the hardships of parenting! What right do you have to make such a grand declaration so easily?!”

Weston’s eyes trembled. **He** was speechless. Roger was not wrong—he had absolutely no right to say he would protect them.

But by the same logic, even Stella had no right to say it

either.

He pushed Roger’s hand aside, looked him dead in the

eye, and told him, “Even if I don’t have any rights, I still want to make it up to them.”

“I know you don’t like me much,” Weston continued, “but have you ever thought about how the kids might need a complete family? That they need a father?”

“They just need a good man to take care of them!” Roger retorted. “They don’t need you!”

Roger wanted to say that he could be their father too, but he knew that his relationship with Stella was on shaky grounds right now. If he ever said anything like that, all it would do was make her grow more tired of him.

And so, he pushed those thoughts to the back of his mind and glared viciously at Weston, telling him, “If you’re trying to take them back with you, I’ll tell you right now that it won’t be easy!”

“I know,” replied Weston. “But I’ll do anything in my power to get their acceptance and forgiveness.”

Chapter 1348

Emma moved **away** from **her** mother and noticed **Weston** was behind her. **Her** brows furrowed **deeply** as she **tried** her **hardest** to **recall** where she had **met this** man **before**...

Then, her eyes lit up as if she’d realized something. She stretched her arms out towards him, shouting, “Unkie!”

Weston knelt down on the floor, his face full of tenderness.

“Come over here,” he said with open arms.

Emma ran into his arms, giggling happily. Weston picked her up and asked, “Do you still remember me?”

“Sure!” she replied. “You’re Unkie! It’s been so long since we last met!”

“Yes,” he said, smiling at her. “It’s been so long.”

He then noticed Elias standing nearby and asked, “Can I give you a hug too?”

Elias seemed a little hesitant and shy. He quickly hid behind Stella and had a look of cold arrogance on his face.

Weston smiled helplessly and just rubbed his little head, saying nothing.

“Come on,” said Stella, feeling a headache coming on as she watched their interaction, “let’s go home.”

Meanwhile, Marcus Garcia eagerly awaited Stella’s arrival at the Garcias’ mansion.

Hearing that Stella would return, Roger immediately made the necessary preparations to pick her up at the airport. He thought bringing Elias and Emma along would be a great idea.

But Marcus was surprised to find that, apart from Stella, they had returned with someone else—

“If it isn’t the great Weston Ford himself!” he cried. With some surprise, he rose to his feet as he saw Weston walking into the courtyard with Emma in his arms. ” What an honor to see you at my humble abode!”

“Pleased to meet you too,” Weston nodded at the old man. He knew that this man was Roger’s grandfather, who had been caring for Stella and their kids for the past three years.

The fact that Stella was able to be where she was now was

all thanks to the Garcias. But this also means that they were responsible for faking Stella’s death and taking her away from him three years ago.

Still, it was all in the past now. Weston no longer had any desire to retaliate against them. In a calm voice, he told the man that he was there to see the children.

Marcus nodded. He knew that Weston was Elias and

Emma’s father, and he loved the two children like they

were his grandchildren.

“I’m glad you’ve finally made up with Stella,” he said. “I hope you won’t get into another terrible fight again. It’s not easy to find a soulmate, you know.”

He spoke to Weston in fluent French, even though he still knew how to speak English. But Weston still understood him and simply replied with an “I know” in English.

Marcus nodded.

Then Elias suddenly ran towards him while still holding his mother’s hand, so she was trailing behind him. When Emma saw this, she hurriedly climbed down from Weston’s arms and headed towards Marcus to join her brother.

Surrounded by the children, Marcus chuckled and

pinched their chubby cheeks, asking them, “Are you guys happy that your daddy is here to see you?”

As soon as he spoke, the atmosphere grew cold and tense.

The children blinked silently, looking somewhat

confused. They looked at each other and asked, “Who’s our daddy?”

Marcus froze. He stared at the adults in the room and wondered if they had not told the children the truth yet.

Elias was the first to react.

“Grandpa !” he cried, taking a **step** away from Marcus. ”

Who’s our daddy?”

The children spoke fluent French too, but **at** this moment, it was Marcus Garcia who was completely tongue–tied. He realized then that he should not have said what he did just now.

“I’m sorry,” he replied simply.

But this did nothing to appease the children. They latched onto his legs and shook him, demanding, “Tell us who our daddy is, Grandpa!” 2

Chapter 1349

Surprised to see her children's reactions, Stella grew distressed. She had always assumed that she was enough for Elias and Emma, that she could love them so much

that they would never feel the absence of their father.

But now, it seemed they were really curious about who their father was. Only now did she realize that they had never asked her anything about their father, not because they did not care about him, but because they didn't want

to hurt her.

After all, they must have noticed that everyone had a mommy and a daddy.

The light in her eyes dimmed. She had no idea what to say to them now.

Marcus sighed and began to explain to the children. "This man in front of you is your daddy, he's..."

"Grandpa!" Roger suddenly cut him off, evidently disapproving of what Marcus was about to do.

He wondered how his grandfather could just blurt out something like that in front of the children. They did not even know if Elias and Emma were ready to accept the

truth!

"They're almost four now," Marcus reminded Roger in a

grave voice. "They're at an age when they're beginning to understand things. Now's the perfect time to let them know since it might be easier for them to accept the truth. Who knows, they might even forget in a few days and start to enjoy their mommy and daddy's company. If we keep hiding the truth from them, it might be harder for them to accept once they get older..."

All this sounded very sensible, but the truth was that Marcus also had his selfish reason for revealing the truth.

He was well aware of Weston Ford's strengths and talents during these three years—Weston's wealth and influence expanded steadily, and his empire had only been

growing. He even became a very powerful figure in the delta. In his hands, Ford Corporation spread its influence across many different countries, making Weston Ford one of the most powerful men in the world.

Naturally, Marcus would love to get this man to work with the Garcias, as this would undoubtedly bring enormous benefits to the family.

Besides, it looked like the man had genuine feelings for Stella, so as long as she was there, she could strengthen ties between the Garcias and the Fords.

Elias and Emma were shocked. Their eyes widened to the size of saucers, and they stared silently at Marcus, unable to react for a long time.

“I’m sorry,” Stella told them in a serious voice, kneeling

in front of them. “Mommy has not been honest with you. The truth is that this man here is your daddy...”

Elias was the first to react. He lightly shoved Stella’s hand away and cried, “I don’t believe you! Mommy would never lie to me, so I’m sure you’re all joking, right?”

Stella’s heart was broken when she saw how her son reacted, but now that she had already told them the truth, she could not possibly go back to lying anymore.

“I’m not lying to you,” she told Elias in a grave voice. “He really is your daddy, but if you can’t accept this truth, then we’ll...”

“You’re lying!” Elias interrupted her before she could finish. “You’re all lying to me! Liars!”

His response was surprisingly more dramatic than they expected. He pushed them all away and ran into his room. They were all on the second floor then, and they watched as he flew up the stairs.

Stella’s heart dropped like a bag of rocks. It hurt just as much as being cut with a knife.

Only Emma was standing there silently, not reacting yet. She stared stiffly at her mother and then at her father. It was much easier for her to accept the truth since she liked Weston in the first place, thanks to how handsome he

was.

“Daddy?” she cried, stretching out her arm.

Weston paused, immediately pulling her into his arms, his eyes reddening.

But his joy was quickly tempered by the memory of his son’s reaction, which had nearly smashed his heart into a thousand broken pieces.

“Thank you for accepting me,” he whispered into Emma’s ear, patting her back gently.

But Emma gently pushed him away and turned towards the direction that Elias had run in. She put her thumb in her mouth and asked, “What about Elias?”

“Elias is angry right now,” replied Stella. “Mommy’s going to try to cheer him up, so will you help me?”

“Sure!” Emma quickly put up her little hand and agreed.

Chapter 1350

Weston stood at the door and knocked gently.

“Can I talk to you for a second?” he asked hoarsely.

A good while passed, but no sound emerged from the room.

Stella sighed.

“It’s normal that he can’t accept you right now,” she said. “You should probably wait and talk to him later.”

Weston said nothing. His expressions were ambiguous as he stared at the closed door, but a thousand emotions roiled in his eyes.

Stella had never seen her children being so gloomy before. She shook her head and told him, “I’m bringing Emma downstairs now.”

“Okay,” he replied, then stood there, not moving.

Seeing this, Stella ignored him and just went on downstairs. If he wanted to wait, then so be it. Judging from Elias's stubborn nature, she was convinced that he would only be wasting his time there.

After a very long time, Weston could hear the faint sound of footsteps approaching from inside the room. The door opened with a click, and a tiny hand appeared between the gaps, followed by Elias's little head.

Weston's eyes lit up. He was just about to say something, but then Elias saw him and grunted disapprovingly before slamming the door in Weston's face.

Once again, he was snubbed.

He did not even get the chance to say what was on his mind before he had to swallow it all up again. He stared at the cold door, feeling more frustrated than he had ever

had.

Later, Stella was sitting in the swing in the garden when she suddenly felt a warm hand on her back, giving her a gentle nudge. She turned around and saw that cold but handsome face of Weston's.

"What's wrong?" she asked. "Haven't you cheered him up?"

"No. He still wouldn't talk to me."

"Emma's asleep, so I came out here to get some fresh air."

"Okay," he responded, then nudged her again. "It looks like you always liked swinging no matter where you live."

The creaking of the swing stopped abruptly. Stella turned around and looked straight at him, telling him, "Don't flatter yourself, thinking it's a habit I picked up from Stardust Mansion."

"Of course not," Weston replied with a slight smirk.

As he looked at Stella, an overpowering feeling of helplessness rose up inside him, and he could not help but wrap his arms around her from behind.

Stella frowned and was about to push him away, but she was interrupted by Weston's husky voice whispering in her ear, "Can I hug you for a while? Just a little while."

She could hear weakness and vulnerability in his voice, which made her pause. In the end, she decided not to push him away this time.

"Okay," she agreed, "but briefly. You're not allowed to hug me for too long."

"Thank you," he replied, kissing her ear.

"I didn't say you could kiss me!" she snapped, her eyes rounded.

"I'm sorry. You can return the kiss if you like."

(())

Stella was not in the mood to argue with him, so she just let him hug her, but only because he looked so pitiful that she could not help feeling sorry for him.

Meanwhile, upstairs in the room, Elias stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window and lifted the corner of the curtain to take a peek outside. He saw two people in an embrace downstairs in the garden, and a conflicted

expression crept across his face.

After a while, he let the curtain down and ran out of the room.

During dinner, Elias was sensible enough to come

downstairs and join everyone at the table. Nevertheless, he refused to speak, apart from the exception of saying a few words to Stella every now and then.

Stella stared at her son with some surprise but decided to say nothing while merely nodding at him.

Roger and Marcus both found an excuse to leave once they had finished their food, leaving the room to the small family of four. Roger was initially reluctant to leave, but after Garcia's insistence, he was reminded of what happened in the past and realized that his presence would only make things more awkward for Stella, so he finally decided to leave too.

Now, only the four of them were left in the room.

Read Novel Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches

Chapter 1351

Chapter 1351

Elias wiped his mouth and returned to his room without saying anything.

Weston called out to him from behind, but he did not answer, leaving the man sitting there awkwardly.

Stella sighed and said to Weston, "He's just being stubborn. It takes time."

Weston nodded.

Seeing this, although Emma did not know why Elias was angry, she still hurriedly gathered herself and ran back into the room.

Seeing him lost in thought, Stella said to Weston, "Why don't you go back and rest? You haven't slept much at all. Maybe they will be fine when you get up tomorrow morning."

He shook his head and refused gently.

She said, "You're not going to stand here all night and watch over them, are you?"

"I have not performed my duty as a father in the past three years. One night is nothing."

Seeing that his intentions seemed pure, Stella shook her head, a little helpless.

How were they going to get away right under his nose?

She blinked her eyes and suddenly said to Weston, "I can't walk anymore."

Weston turned around and looked at her, "Hmm?"

She said, "I am giving you a chance to let you bring me to my room. Are you taking it?"

He sized her up with deep eyes in silence.

As expected, he stepped forward and picked her up directly.

She naturally put her arms around his.

It had been a long time since she had taken the initiative to hug him.

It thrilled and excited him for a moment.

Anyway, he was clearly aware of where he was at the moment, so he suppressed the surging and throbbing in

his heart and carried her to her room.

When he was about to leave, she suddenly called out to him. "Are we not sleeping together?"

Those words made Weston lose control. He removed his

tie and threw it in front of her. "Do you know what you are talking about?"

"Yes, I do."

She looked at him indifferently. "It will just be a pure chat under the blanket and a good night's sleep. There is no guest room for you here, but I won't mind if you are willing to sleep on the floor."

He gritted his teeth and said to her, "Even if I have to endure this night until my veins burst and I die, I will sleep next to you."

She laughed. "Whatever."

They lay on the bed after washing up.

She soon felt the rhythmic breathing of the man beside her become steady and closed her eyes to sleep.

Weston slept deeply. She could tell that he should be

tired, having stayed awake on the plane and staring at her the whole time.

The next morning, Weston was still lying on the bed when she woke up.

Stella suddenly recalled the past. She was always the one who woke up later than him.

But now, it would seem that things had changed, and she was getting up earlier than he was.

After a few glances at him, she gingerly lifted the covers and got up.

Then she saw Elias and Emma, who was already waiting downstairs.

They had already packed their bags.

Elias said to her immediately when he saw her, "Mommy! Let's go!"

The tiny boy looked at the man. "Let's go somewhere he doesn't know and hide before he gets up!"

"Okay."

Stella took his hand and helped him, and Emma sort out their clothes. "Let's get in the car first, and then we'll go to the airport."

Emma was still in confusion and looked at Stella and then at Elias. "Aren't we taking Daddy?"

"No."

Chapter 1352

Although Stella did not know why Elias was so hostile to Weston; he was her son, so she respected his thoughts.

According to her understanding of Elias, he actually had a pretty good impression of Weston. Even if he knew all of a sudden that he was his Daddy, he would not have such a big reaction.

He might be a little repulsive at first, but his repulsion should not last so long that he'd want to run away.

This made her curious about Elias' thoughts, and she asked, "You want to avoid uncle because you think he's bad?"

Elias shook his head and then nodded.

He did not know how to express himself, so he said, "I want to stay with Mommy."

He suddenly hugged Stella. "And Emma. I don't want anyone else."

She was stunned, then picked him up. "Okay, I understand."

It was already late when Weston woke up in the mansion.

Almost immediately, he felt the emptiness beside him on the big bed and jerked awake-

He sat up straight. The bed was completely devoid of warmth, telling him that Stella had been gone for a long time.

His heart felt empty all of a sudden, hurting from the wind that blew in through the window.

Grandpa Gracia was reading on his tablet downstairs. When he heard some stumbling from the stairway, he looked up. "Good morning. How did you sleep last night?"

"Where's Stella?"

Weston interrupted him emotionally without a second thought. "Where are the children?"

He had come down in a haste. His clothes were casually put on, making him look rather shabby.

"Aren't they with you?"

Grandpa Gracia frowned as soon as he heard him and asked in surprise, "Didn't you guys... last night?"

"No, I got up this morning, and they were gone.

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Weston's breathing suddenly became short, and his head ached. "Where did they go?"

"That I don't know."

Grandpa Gracia hastily called Roger, who rushed back immediately. After taking a glance at Weston's cold and sullen face, Roger knew he must have found out and said,

"They're gone."

"Where?"

Weston stood up at once, striding up to Roger and grabbing him by the collar. "Tell me, where did they go?"

"They're gone, and they don't want to see you again."

Roger said to him, "Why are you so obsessed? Since you have tried everything and Elias and Emma won't accept you, you should let them go!"

"But Emma called me Daddy yesterday..."

Weston sat defeated on the couch and propped his forehead.

His dejected look made Grandpa Gracia feel sorry for him. "Take your time. Since they've left, let them take a breather. Maybe when they come back..."

"What if they never come back?"

Weston stared at him. He knew they would return to Compassvale, but what if they never wanted to come back to him again?

It wasn't the time to give in.

"Tell me where they've gone." Weston's tone was almost pleading.

Roger, however, refused to say and went straight to his room.

Garcia looked at his back and sighed. "They didn't tell me either."

Chapter 1353

Weston did not linger any longer and called Ben. “Investigate the gates of each country and see exactly where Stella and the children have gone.”

This was a large-scale mission, but Ben was already numbed.

Anything related to Stella would make Weston become unlike himself. He would be no different from a

madman.

Sitting on the plane back to the city, Weston propped his glabella.

He never thought that the brief tenderness of last night was just to numb his nerves.

He thought that Stella was still a little bit attached to him.

It did not occur to him that her deliberate gentleness was only to enable her to leave him with the two children silently the next day.

They were willing to go to this extent just to get away with him...

Should he really let go?

He had only brought them endless troubles and boredom after all...

At such a time, even if he was hurt, he was in no position and was unqualified to blame Stella for cheating him.

There was only disgust for himself.

Stella wasn't actually avoiding Weston completely and was simply taking Elias and Emma out for a trip to calm down.

But it did not occur to her that Weston nearly turned Compassvale upside down in search of them.

She remained silent on the other end of the phone when she learned about this.

Roger sounded a bit anxious. “What are you going to do? If you don't show up, he might really...”

“I know.”

Stella sighed and interrupted him. “I’ll think about it. I am with Elias and Emma at the place where Yvonne and her husband are on their honeymoon, so Weston can’t find us.”

“So you are not going to tell him?”

She said, “I don’t know. I’ll think about it.”

Her mind was a mess. On the one hand, she did not want Elias to be unhappy, and on the other, she also felt that her actions were like an ostrich burying its head in the sand. It did not solve the core of the problem at all.

After hanging up the phone, she turned around and saw Elias and Emma standing behind her.

Emma was playing with her doll happily, but Elias looked sad, as though deep in thought.

She squatted in front of him and took the robot in his hand, and asked, “What’s wrong? What are you thinking about, you look so upset.”

Elias looked at her and said, “Mommy, I want to be with you forever.”

“I know. You have said that many times.”

“But will that uncle disturb us? Will he take Emma and me away?”

“What makes you think so?”

Stella was a bit taken aback. She pinched his face and told him solemnly, “You and Emma are my children no matter what happens. I will not let anyone take you away from me.”

“But...”

Elias hesitated. “I know. If he is my daddy, he would definitely fight for our custody, then would it mean that we have to stay with him and only be able to come back to see you occasionally...”

Stella froze for a long time and suddenly understood what Elias was worried about.

She let out a long sigh and said somewhat helplessly, “Don’t worry. He is not that bad to steal you away from me.”

She rubbed Elias’ head and said proudly, “You are so young, yet you think so far ahead. Mommy is very glad. But I want to say that although I dislike that uncle too, he wouldn’t dare to go against our will now, and you can stay with me for as long as you want.”

Chapter 1354

“Really?”

Elias did not seem to be convinced. “But I heard that he doesn’t have a very good reputation. Even Grandpa Gracia said that he was Ahn City’s King of Hell. Many business opponents of his would rather undergo the most severe trials than go against him...”

Stella could not help but laugh. “Where did you hear all that?”

“That’s what they say on the internet...”

This was really not her fault. Weston was to blame for having such an intimidating reputation.

She finally figured out why Elias’ reaction was so unusual. He must have looked up Weston on the Internet or read about his great achievements over the years and thought he was a man who killed and would treat them with the same ruthlessness.

Elias did not reject Weston as their father, but he was more worried that he would separate them.

Thinking of this, Stella looked into Elias’ eyes fixedly and said, “Your Daddy might not be a good husband, but he does not have to be a bad father. If we don’t give him a chance, you’ll never know if he’ll be good to you.”

“But if he could not be a good husband to you, I don’t want him to be a good Daddy to us either...”

Elias said to her, “I really just want to be with Mommy forever. The rest of the people don’t matter.”

Emma suddenly stood up with her toy in her arms and jumped into Stella's arms. "Me too, I want to be with Mommy forever..."

Downstairs, Lucas was obviously not happy with the family of three coming over to disturb them. He was swimming back and forth in the pool.

Yvonne was sitting right next to the pool, waiting for him to swim over.

After seeing him come ashore, she immediately offered him a towel ingratiatingly. "Don't be angry. They are just coming over for a couple of days. Maybe they will leave tomorrow."

Lucas cast a faint glance at him. Ignoring her, he lay on the bench.

Yvonne followed him to the bench and squatted down beside him. She said, "I am the godmother of these two children. Now that they are in trouble, I can't turn the other cheek, can I?"

"Have you forgotten that this is the first time we are coming out for our honeymoon?"

Lucas looked at her indifferently. "You told me that you look forward to the trip very much, but now look at all the third-wheelers."

"Aren't we on a long honeymoon? Besides, Stella and the children have no place to go."

"She is now an internationally renowned pianist, Cicily. Do you think she has no place to go?"

"Geez, I don't care."

Yvonne started, to exert her ready righteousness again. "Now that Weston is looking around for a few of them again, they must be in some kind of trouble. If he didn't go beyond his limits, why would Cicily hide from him?"

He swept a glance at her. "Are you sure? The current Weston can be said as completely subservient to Stella. He will not hesitate to pick the stars in the sky for her. How could he do anything bad to Stella?"

"You men only know how to speak for men! If he was really that good, would they have run away?"

She suddenly stood up furiously, threw the towel at him, and turned around to leave.

He grabbed her hand agitatedly and held her back, pressing her waist.

She was keenly aware of his change and blushed. "Don't you...."

He ignored her resistance and kissed her neck, moving downward little by little.

The two of them were by the pool and wearing swimsuits.

Yvonne purposely brought the pale yellow swimsuit she was wearing, not expecting that they wouldn't go to the beach and only swim in this pool.

They originally agreed to go to the hot spring together, but the plan could only be canceled now.

Chapter 1355

Yvonne almost melted into a pool.

She didn't know why his man remained so passionate about her body after all these years.

Her hands which were resting on his chest, dropped down somewhat feebly.

Lucas suddenly nibbled her ear and placed his hand behind the lacing of her swimsuit, gently playing with it, winding it around and around.

Sensing his intention, Yvonne instantly stared at him. She pressed his hand and told him, "Don't..."

If they did it here, Stella and the twins might come in and see them here at any time, and it would be so embarrassing!

It felt rather annoying being stopped when he was about to cum.

He gritted his teeth, and a stern look flashed across his eyes. Anyway, tried to calm down beside her ear and said nothing.

She then felt his repression and said in his ear apologetically. "Let's wait for the night, okay..."

She continued, "Elias and Emma go to bed very early, and Stella will certainly not bother us again. I will let you do whatever you want then, eh?"

She knew she was in the wrong.

Hearing her pleading, he kissed her ear. "I can forgive you, but you must promise me one condition."

"What condition?"

The man whispered something in her ear, Yvonne blushed the more she listened and could not help but clench her fist and pound on his shoulder. "Why are you so,

so..."

Lucas chuckled and wrapped her in his arms.

In the living room, Elias and Emma looked curiously at the scene over the pool.

Stella rushed over, covered their eyes, and carried them each with one arm.

When she called Yvonne, Yvonne invited them over with alacrity and told them that Weston would not find out where they were.

She did not think much of it at the time, so she came right away along with Elias and Emma.

Had she known they were on their honeymoon, she would not have come over to be the third-wheeler.

Stella checked the flight tickets for tomorrow and planned to visit another country with Elias and Emma.

Now that she did not know the situation on Weston's side and Elias was still unable to accept him, she could only hide them as far as possible away from him

At night, she saw Yvonne and Lucas coming from the pool.

Her eyes remained steady

Yvonne came over with a faint redness on her face. Seeing that Elias and Emma were not there, she asked, “Where are the two little ones?”

“They’re in bed.”

“We’ll be having dinner, so you’d better wake them up.”

“Okay.”

“We have a flight tomorrow morning,” Stella said, not looking at the two.

Yvonne looked at her in surprise. “Why? I thought we decided you’d stay for a few days.”

Stella cleared her throat. “That... still feels a little inconvenient.”

She glanced at Yvonne and then at Lucas.

Chapter 1356

Lucas could have looked better. When he heard that, he looked at Yvonne, nonchalantly saying, “I will go and ask the kitchen to get the food ready.”

Then, he left.

Yvonne walked up to Stella at once. “I’m sorry. Did we make you guys uncomfortable?”

“No.”

Stella said, “We were the ones who disturbed you.

“Come on. I don’t feel disturbed in the slightest...”

Stella said, “It’s okay. We can go anywhere anyway.”

“But aren’t you afraid that Weston will find you guys?”

“So be it.”

Stella was actually a little confused. “I just talked to Elias, and I know what’s on his mind now. He is worried that Weston will fight for the custody and they will be taken away.”

“So that’s what happened...”

Yvonne nodded and said, “Perhaps Weston has given them a bad impression.”

Stella said helplessly, “Not really. Elias might have heard about Weston’s reputation from somewhere, which is why he was so emotional.”

“So what are you going to do?”

“I’m going to take the two little ones around first, and then we’ll talk about it when it’s time to face it.”

“You are really...”

Yvonne did not know what to say, but she had already made her decision. As a friend, she could only support her. “Remember to call me if you run into problems.”

“Okay.”

After dinner, Stella played with the children for a while before bed.

She was fully aware that Lucas and Yvonne were always on a honeymoon period, let alone that they were actually on a honeymoon trip now. She certainly did not want to disturb them, so she returned to the room and did not come out much.

At night, there were signs of heavy rainfall.

Looking out the window, Yvonne was just about to pull the curtains when she suddenly saw a strange tall figure inside the courtyard and was startled-

“Ah!”

She screamed and hurriedly took a few steps back.

Lucas rushed straight out of the bathroom when he heard that. “What’s wrong?”

He looked at her in concern and looked out while following her gaze, only to discover a man in a black suit standing there.

He tossed the lamp in his hand aside, a little scared and speechless. "I knew it. Nothing good comes out

of running into those two." 11

He saw Weston standing in the courtyard like a rock, looking at the bedroom on the other side of the villa where Stella was staying. He knew Weston must have used every means at his disposal to inquire about Stella's whereabouts. He must have rushed here almost immediately.

But now that he was he, he couldn't find the courage to go up and see her.

Yvonne was also stunned but soon calmed, though she still clutched her chest in panic. "How did he find this place so quickly?"

"Don't forget that he's now the person in charge of the entire Ford Corporation, which is several times larger than it was three years ago. It's as easy as pie to find Stella."

Stella had just put Elias and Emma to bed when she suddenly received a call from Yvonne asking her to look outside.

Puzzled, she went to the floor-to-ceiling window and saw a familiar figure downstairs and froze.

Although she was mentally prepared for Weston to come looking for her, she did not expect that he would be this fast.

She pinched her throat helplessly. After ending the call from Yvonne, she called Weston.

He picked it up almost immediately, his breathing extremely raspy.

Chapter 1357

Weston did not say anything, so Stella said to him directly, "Go back first.

We don't want to see you yet." "That's okay. I just want to see you guys."

He stood downstairs, looking at the emanating light, and did not move a muscle.

She looked at the sky. "It looks like it's going to rain soon. You'd better go back first, or you can find a place to stay for the night for now?"

He refused once again. "It's okay. I'm the one who's willing to wait here."

She paused for a while. Then her tone turned cold. "Are you trying to play a trick here to get my sympathy? Are you thinking that standing here in bad weather overnight will soften us?" "You can keep them from seeing me."

He said, "Then it won't happen, and you could pretend you didn't see me coming here."

He said slowly, "I'm not asking for anything right now, just that you let me have a chance to see you guys, and you can pretend I don't exist."

She inhaled deeply. "When did you learn this trick?"

He was forceful in the past, completely disregarding her wishes.

Now he was indulging them. They could do whatever they wanted to him, and he would not have any complaints.

But neither of these was what she wanted.

She did not want to be tied to anyone else, nor did she want to owe him anything.

So she hung up the phone in annoyance. "Whatever."

She glanced at Weston downstairs and drew the curtains.

The moment she turned her head, she saw Elias coming over to her with a pillow in his arms. "Is he here?"

She did not lie to him and nodded. Then, she knelt down in front of him. "Anyway, his action has got nothing to do with us. We don't need to feel burdened. If you don't want to see him, we will go back to the room and sleep, okay?"

He nodded, then looked back at the closed curtains. But he did not stop and went back to his room.

It did not take long for it to start raining outside, and the wind was blowing hard.

This was an island resort, and the weather was unpredictable.

Stella was lying on her bed reading a book, but when she heard the sound of the cold wind howling outside, she was a little disturbed.

She turned off the light quietly. It was silent. After a while, she lifted the curtain a little.

The man outside could not see the situation inside. She saw Weston still standing there in the rain. His black suit was soaked, and he looked miserable.

However, he still did not leave and stood there fixedly.

What a drama...

Stella clenched her fists and cursed him for being despicable.

Lightning struck, and she nearly screamed out of fear of him being struck to death by it.

Although he deserved to stand downstairs, and it was his own will, she did not enjoy seeing him lose his life.

If he was really struck by lightning, it would really be...

She did not want to see this happen.

She nearly owed him her life once, but luckily he got out safely from the mountain. But it was different this time. It was he himself who was foolish enough to stand there, and she really was not responsible for anything, but why couldn't she still be cruel?

Stella closed her eyes and drew the curtain in annoyance. She buried herself in the quilt, covering her head, not wanting to bother with any outside movement.

In the middle of the night, she was woken up by the sound of an ambulance.

Lucas, wearing a black robe and holding a cell phone, stood at the entrance to the hall with an ugly face. "I was only halfway through with my wife when this loser collapsed in the yard. You two already have children, but don't delay other couples from making a baby, can you?"

Chapter 1358

Stella heard Lucas' icy voice from a long distance away and was instantly awakened.

She had never seen him so angry before.

Yvonne walked out while tying her robe and saw that Weston had been carried to the ambulance. She turned her head to see Stella walking down the stairs and asked her, "Elias and Emma weren't woken up, were they?"

Stella shook her head and looked in Weston's direction, frowning. "What's wrong with him?" "After standing there half the night and getting wet, he must not have held up."

Lucas turned around and cast her a distant look. "It's raining so heavily, and there's thunder and lightning. Besides, his body has not recovered fully. How can you let him stand outside like this?"

Stella said indifferently, "I didn't make him do so, besides..." it

She looked at the storm outside. "I don't know what exactly is in his mind. We have gone to bed. No one can see him. Who is he putting on a show for?" "All in all, you're partly to blame for him being like this now."

Lucas looked at her indifferently, "But now that he's been drenched until he's admitted into the hospital, you can also clear your head for a while and not worry about his death."

Stella heard the sarcasm in his words and stop talking.

Yvonne immediately pinched him on his arm. "What are you talking about?"

Weston is clearly to blame. What does it have to do with Stella?"

Lucas glanced at her indifferently. His eyes were filled with emotions that were not suitable to be shown to outsiders. They were filled with the displeasure of being interrupted.

Yvonne felt uneasy by his gaze and said to Stella, "Don't bother about him. He will be fine since he has been sent to the hospital. Just go back and rest."

Stella did not say anything. She let out a breath and returned to her room.

Not long after, there was a sudden knock on the outside door. "Thud, thud."

She sat up from the bed at once.

She had always told herself that she had nothing to do with what happened to Weston, but when she heard the knock on the door, her first thought was that it was related to Weston.

Noticing that she could not sleep at all, Stella went to the door, opened it, and saw Elias standing outside the door. The small boy asked her, "Mommy, did the man die?"

Stella was speechless.

"Not really."

She knelt before him. "He just fell sick because of the rain. He should have been sent to the hospital, and he is not that easy to be killed by just the rain."

Elias breathed a sigh of relief.

Stella looked at him, and her eyes fluttered. She asked, "Are you worried about him?" "No, I'm not!"

Elias retorted at once, clenching his fist as if he was still angry. "He has nothing to do with us, so why should I care about him?"

She stroked his head, "It's okay, tell me the truth." "Well, just a little..."

He admitted in the end and showed her a small hand gesture. "It's just this little, not more than this."

She was amused.

She glanced at the clock. "It's very late now. Why don't you go to bed first?"

He sighed, hugging his pillow. "I can't sleep..."

She empathized with him and said with a smile, “But Emma is alone in the room. If she is scared by the sound of thunder and lightning in the latter part of the night, she will be scared, so hurry up and go to bed.”

Speaking of which, Elias became very vocal. ‘We’re all big kids now. We should go to bed early and separately!’

He said righteously, “We used to sleep separately, and we should follow through with that!”

Stella said, ‘You two are only three years old. Besides, you don’t sleep together all the time. What’s wrong with being in the same room on occasional trips?’

Chapter 1359

If “Anyway, I don’t care. I read that kids should sleep separately when they get older, especially since I’m a boy and Emma’s a girl. No way!”

Stella was dumbfounded. ‘You’ve done a good job of self-education.

She looked at Elias, who acted like an adult, and sighed.

She could not deny that these two children brought her far more happiness than the responsibility of raising them.

They were very well-behaved that she sometimes felt ashamed of herself.

Before she sent Elias back to his room, she suddenly said to him softly, “You can see him tomorrow if you want to.”

Elias paused in his track and said without looking back at her, “I’m not going see him.”

Stella sighed softly, looking at his stubborn back, and returned to her bedroom silently.

The storm was raging.

The rain had stopped by the time Stella woke up.

She habitually went to Elias and Emma’s room to wake them up. However, there was only Emma, lying on the bed and sitting up in a daze.

“Mommy!”

Emma stretched out her arms, asking for a hug.

Stella hugged her and asked, “Where’s Elias?” “I don’t know.”

Emma was sucking her thumb in confusion.

Stella roughly knew where he was. When they went downstairs, they only saw Yvonne sitting there, and Lucas was nowhere to be seen. So, Stella asked, “Why is Lucas missing this morning?”

Yvonne smiled and said, “He is bringing my godson out for a stroll.”

Stella nodded and stopped asking.

In the hospital, when Weston regained consciousness, he saw Lucas and Elias sitting beside his bed, looking at him.

He pinched his glabella, face as white as a sheet, and struggled to sit up but was mocked by Lucas. “How nice that you still have the strength to seek death.”

Weston was speechless.

He said with a hoarse voice. “Don’t say that in front of a child.” “Oh, I forgot that you only care about being a loving father now and disregard those trying to get pregnant...”

At the mention of this, he held his tongue and glanced at Elias.

Since there was a child here, he stopped talking about that and said to Weston, “Since I have already brought your son here, you’d better tell him quickly if there is anything.”

Weston looked at the door but did not see the familiar figure.

Lucas snickered. “You are still thinking about Stella at a time like this? I saw her packing her baggage this morning. Perhaps she wants to run from you again and hide where you can’t find her.”

Weston remained quiet and only stared at Elias.

Elias lowered his head awkwardly.

Weston said to Lucas coolly, 'You go out first.'

Elias wanted to follow Lucas out when he heard that.

Just as he turned around, he heard Weston's faint voice behind him. 'You stay.'

Elias's back stiffened, and he stopped walking.

But without turning his head to look at him, he questioned in a baby voice, 'Why should I listen to you?'

Chapter 1360

"Didn't you come with him to see me?"

Weston hooked the corner of his mouth, trying to keep his voice soft despite his pale face. "Thank you for coming to see me."

Elias still refused to look at him and grunted softly.

Lucan only turned to look at him reluctantly when he saw Lucas walk out and close the door behind him. "I just came to see if you were dead. And since I'm done, I'm going back now!" "Wait..."

Weston suddenly pulled his hand and coughed softly. Elias could see that he was trying to suppress it.

Elias knitted his brow at once. "Are you hurt badly?"

Weston said, "No, it's not serious, just a common cold." "If you have a cold, why did they call an ambulance? I was woken up last night..."

Elias hesitated and said, "I am not worried about you. I just thought Mommy would be upset if you got sick in the rain."

Weston laughed softly. "Sorry for the noise last night. Say sorry to your mom for me, okay?"

Elias said, 'Why don't you say that to her yourself?' "She should not want to see me." He suddenly felt dejected.

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“It’s me who doesn’t want to see you...”

Elias frowned. “Mommy is still worried about you, I can tell.” “Really?”

A faint smile grew in Weston’s eyes.

Elias nodded. “But that’s just out of humanity.” 1

He spoke confidently and seriously. “She would definitely be worried about anyone like you. Mommy is very kind.” “Yes.”

The smile in Weston’s eyes intensified, and he touched his head. “Indeed she is.”

They looked at each other in silence. After a while, Weston asked, “Why didn’t she come over today?” “Because she does not want to see you!”

Elias said, “She knew you were playing a trick to get her to pity you.”

Weston coughed, closed his eyes, and said with a hoarse voice, “But you just said that she was a little worried about me.” “Only a little.”

Elias made a hand gesture. “Just this little. Otherwise, she wouldn’t be taking me away with Emma again.” “Where are you going?” “I’m not telling you!”

Elias said, “You will surely come if I tell you. Maybe, you might even fight against her for our custody!” “You already know about what custody is at your age?” “Of course I do!”

Elias said, “If you win, Emma and I will have to live with you. It’ll be a luxurious reward to visit Mommy on New Year’s Day or other holidays. She even has to pay you to support us. How miserable...”

Weston listened to his words, knitting his brows more and more tightly.” “Where did you hear these words? Did your mother tell you about this?” “No, I thought of it myself.”

Elias lowered his head and stared at his toes. Suddenly, he straightened his back and said to him with a straight face, “I know you are powerful and very rich. But no matter what, I’m not going to let you take me away from my mom and Emma! I must stay with Mommy!”

Weston rubbed his glabella helplessly. Seeing him looking so defensive, he softened his tone and said to him, “Don’t worry, I won’t make you do anything you don’t want to, and I won’t fight for your custody. Tell me why you think that, can you?”

Elias looked at him in surprise, still a little suspicious. “Really, you won’t?”

Read Novel Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1361

Chapter 1361

“No. You know I’m rich and powerful. If I had that thought, I would’ve done it, wouldn’t I?”

Weston had valid points, but Elias remained cautious against him.

“I don’t believe it. Why did you follow us here if not for Emma and me? You must be planning something against us!”

Weston was lost for words. He coughed lightly, poured himself a glass of water, then gulped it down. He looked at Elias, who was like a mini version of himself.

Weston told Elias, “Have you ever thought of something else? What if I’m after your Mommy?”

Elias widened his eyes at once. “No way! Don’t you know? There are many men after Mommy! You’ll have to get in line!”

Weston asked, "What? After her many years abroad, she now has many men?"

"Of course, there are many! Uncle Edward has been courting Mommy for years. He came to all of Mommy's performances without fail, but Mommy did not accept him."

Weston's face turned grim at the first half of the sentence, but his face got a little better when he heard the latter.

Weston patted Elias on the head. "It's okay. I'm willing to wait."

Weston looked him straight in the eye and said as gently as possible, "So you don't want to see me because you're worried I'll take you guys away?"

Elias nodded in reply, which gave Weston an inexplicable feeling at heart. He muttered, "I thought you guys hated me." It was the first time he felt this way.

Elias paused at Weston's muffled reply and suddenly felt a little bad for him. Although he still did not like him that much, he did not hate him as much as before.

Elias said, "You must have done something wrong to Mommy. That's why you and Mommy are separated. Looking at you, it seems like you know you were wrong..."

"Yeah. I know. I was wrong."

Elias said, "Since you're not trying to take Emma and me away, we won't have to hide from you anymore."

"Thank you," Weston replied with a sincere tone.

"But whether Mommy will accept you or not has nothing to do with me!"

"I know."

The father and son had a pleasant conversation. Weston did not realize that Elias's fear was the reason why the siblings were avoiding him before. Weston eased his expression after thinking it over. He felt a little dizzy, so he closed his eyes to rest for a while.

Elias frowned, seeing Weston's exhaustion. He reached out to touch Weston's forehead and froze when he felt the burning heat. "What's wrong with you? You're burning up!"

Weston said nothing and kept his eyes shut tight.

"Are you okay? Are you going to die?"

Elias shook Weston's arms, but Weston did not respond. Elias was shocked and rushed to call the doctor and the nurse. Then, he called Stella too.

Lucas soon came over. As soon as he came in, the little boy rushed into his arms and asked anxiously, "What should we do? He's so hot! He's not going to die, is he?"

Lucas was rendered speechless and thought, 'What a good son of Weston's.'

Lucas rubbed Elias's head and reassured him, "Don't worry. It's just a fever. It won't kill him."

He told him, "If you're worried, call Mommy and ask her to come and stay with you." "I know!" Elias said, "I've called Mommy on the phone."

Stella and Yvonne saw Elias waiting anxiously at a distance when they came over in a hurry, so Stella rushed forward and picked Elias up in her arms.

"What's wrong?"

Chapter 1362

Elias clung to Stella reluctantly. "I don't know. He's burning up, but the doctor said he's not dying..."

Stella let out a sigh of relief. "I'm glad he didn't scare you..."

Lucas took off his mask and came out at the end of Stella's sentence. He said, "He's not going to die, but he's halfway there. His fever is almost forty degrees."

"What's with that blaming tone? I'm not the one who gave him the fever," Stella said.

“I won’t blame you. Even Weston wouldn’t complain a word about you. What can I say?”

Lucas put his mask away and looked at Stella for a moment. “You can visit him once he wakes up.”

Stella’s gaze flickered for a moment. She said to Elias, “Would you see him later?”

“Mommy! Aren’t you coming?”

Stella shook her head and said, “I better not see him yet...”

Lucas stopped in his tracks and turned to Stella at that. “Sounds like you’ve already made up your mind?”

Stella nodded. “We have to say goodbye sooner or later, so why not desensitize him as soon as possible? He’ll let go one day.”

“What if he can’t?”

Stella remained silent. Lucas looked at her in silence. After that, he shook his head and turned away to leave. It was none of his business in the first place.

Sometime later, Weston finally woke up. Elias was the first that came into his sight.

Weston smiled at Elias and rubbed his head. “Sorry. I scared you earlier, didn’t I?”

Elias shook his head. “You didn’t. Everyone gets sick. I’m not a kid. You didn’t scare me at all.”

Weston laughed. “You’re not a kid? What are you then?”

“I’m an adult.”

“A three-year-old adult?”

Elias glared at him. “I’m leaving!”

Weston’s tone softened at once. “Okay. You’re an adult.”

Elias stopped walking after seeing the way Weston softened at him. "Alright. You're sick, so I'll stay with you a little longer, but only for a little while!" Elias stressed, to which Weston naturally nodded in reply.

After a while, Weston began to keep glancing at the door. Elias could tell who he was waiting for but remained silent.

Two young nurses happened to pass by the door to the ward and suddenly started chatting. "I heard that Cicily, the famous pianist, just came by..."

"When was that? I didn't know!"

"I think she's gone. I heard she was visiting someone and had a little boy with her...."

Alerted, Elias stood up and wanted to close the door. However, he was too late. Weston had already pulled the needle on the back of his hand and got up from the hospital bed.

"No! You have to keep the IV drip on! Get back in bed!"

Weston refused. He looked at him solemnly and asked, "Your Mommy came, didn't

she?"

Elias did not answer and avoided Weston's gaze.

Weston knew the answer as soon as he saw Elias's response. He pulled the door open and went out immediately.

Weston rushed to the elevator and kept pressing the button. He stared at the closed elevator door for a moment. Then, he suddenly turned around and ran straight down

the stairs.

The needle hole on the back of his hand was still bleeding, but he did not seem to

feel it.

The staircase was quite empty. Weston rushed downstairs at lightning speed and finally saw Stella, who was already at the hospital entrance.

Weston mustered all his strength when he ran down earlier, but when he got behind her, he was afraid to proceed.

Chapter 1363

Perhaps it was a premonition or something, but Stella suddenly turned her head around, only to see Weston standing behind her. He was still painting because he had run too quickly and his face was pale. But even so, he still looked handsome.

Stella remained motionless and stood still.

After a few moments, Stella watched Weston slowly walk up to her.

Beads of sweat dripped down his flushed face, but his tone remained calm. "You came? Why didn't you go in and visit me?"

Stella tucked her hair behind her ear and said indifferently, "I'm not going in."

She glanced at the back of his hand and frowned when she saw him bleeding. "You should go back to your ward. Don't aggravate your condition."

Weston would not move and looked at her intently.

Stella exhaled and took a step back. "Let Elias spend more time with you. Emma will

be here this afternoon. Get well soon."

After that, she turned to leave.

Weston stepped forward and grabbed her wrist at once. "Are you...coming this afternoon?"

Stella shook her head. "Someone else will send them."

"Why aren't you coming?" Weston asked her insistently.

Stella curled her lips into a smile. "I thought you should know."

“I don’t get it!”

Weston suddenly hugged Stella from behind. He used so much force that he was

about to crush her.

Stella felt some pain from his hug. With all the people coming and going, she felt embarrassed and kept slapping his hand. “Let go of me!”

“No!” Weston gritted his teeth, shut his eyes, and refused.

Stella took a deep breath and slapped him hard, perhaps accidentally pressing the needle wound on the back of his hand. Weston sucked in a deep breath but still did not let go. Instead, he held her tighter.

Stella’s face turned cold. “Must you worsen things?”

Stella refused to visit him because she wanted to stop their entanglement. She knew the two of them would never be good together. Hence, why continue the

entanglement?

Even so, Weston clearly disagreed. “Must you be so mean to me?”

Stella sighed helplessly. “When have I been mean to you? I didn’t get back at your or hurt you. I just didn’t want to see you.”

“Your refusal to see me is hurting me the most...”

“How could you be so unreasonable?”

Seeing that the people around were looking their way, Stella could not help but slap him harder. “Let go of me first!”

“I won’t!”

Weston said, “You’ll be gone as soon as I let go...”

Stella furrowed her brows impatiently. “But you can’t hug me like this forever.”

“I can.” Weston insisted stubbornly.

Stella looked down and suddenly noticed Weston barefoot and shoeless feet. She pulled his hand away spitefully and told him, "You'd better go back to the ward. Elias is still waiting for you there."

Weston just looked at her with sad eyes. "You're still going to leave me, aren't you?"

Stella nodded. "We shouldn't see each other again."

Weston laughed bitterly and looked at her with sad, dark eyes. "You know I can never do that..."

"I don't care if you can. Anyway, I won't see you again. I don't want you to see me again."

Chapter 1364

"Is that so?" Weston's eyes suddenly turned red. He grabbed Stella's hand and guided her to his eyes. "Then remove my eyes."

He said fiercely, "If you don't want me to see you, dig them out. My eyes are useless anyway, right?"

Then, he took her hands again and put them on his hand. "These hands can't touch you anymore. You can just destroy them too."

Weston took her hand and guided her to his heart and everywhere else. "All these are useless."

Stella withdrew her hand sharply. "Are you crazy?!"

"Yes. I am crazy."

Weston simply ignored the stares of the pedestrians around them. Then, he hugged her tightly again. "I'm crazy. Will you stay by my side out of pity?"

"No, I won't. I'd only stay because of fear."

Weston stiffened at Stella's reply. It was an inexplicable feeling he could not explain. "Do I really have no chance at all?"

"None in the slightest," Stella moaned through gritted teeth. "Let go of me, please?"

Weston responded and said yes without any intention of letting her go in any way.

Stella waited for a long time, but he still refused to budge. At last, she sighed helplessly. "Alright. Until I agree to your pursuit of me, you're not allowed to see me again."

Weston's eyes lit up with hope. "What do you mean?"

"That means I can give you a chance. I certainly can't accept you now, but no one knows how time might change things. If I'm ready to accept you, I'll allow you to meet me again."

Weston pressed his cheeks together and looked at her solemnly. "What if you never

want to see me?"

Stella shrugged. "Maybe. There's some risk to this. If you're not even willing to take that risk, I can tell you this right now. You won't even have that only chance anymore."

Through gritted teeth, Weston immediately agreed to her conditions. "Okay."

Stella crossed her arms and carefully sized him up. "Let's start now. You shall not appear in front of me again, from now on."

"Are you messing with me?" Weston questioned suddenly.

Stella let out a laugh. "Even if I was, you can't argue with me. You can only accept it obediently, right?"

It was indeed true. Weston could only agree with whatever Stella said nowadays. He

had no room for negotiation.

Not long after that, Weston got better and recovered. Even Lucas came to tease him about it. "I told you. No magic pill can do as much for you as Stella. If you add Elias and Emma, you'll have a family of four and get better faster than anyone else."

Many people came to visit Weston during his hospitalization.

Warren came over and left after a brief visit, while Xavier visited him now and then.

However, Xavier's purpose at the hospital was not entirely for Weston. It was somewhat for Zeta, who had completely ignored him.

Zeta was busy flirting with other men and simply ignored Xavier. Xavier's feelings for Zeta came out of nowhere. For the first few years, he treated her like a kid who

always ran after him. After dating a mature woman like Daisy for two years, he found it boring and wanted to pursue Zeta, but Zeta was no longer interested in him.

Weston would occasionally mock Xavier about this. Xavier would use Stella as a way to stop Weston's words.

Xavier wasn't the only one who visited from time to time. Henry did too.

Weston thought Henry would bring Angelina along, but Henry was always alone.

"What? Is she still mad?"

Chapter 1365

Henry shook his head. "She won't forgive me."

Weston fell into a short silence. After that, he said, "If she knew what happened back then, she would probably be even less likely to forgive you."

Angelina hadn't recovered her old memories yet, and she didn't know that she was the same Faye back then. If she knew about all that, she would've never made up

with Henry again.

Henry was worried and unsure whether he should tell Angelina the truth.

Many people visited Weston, including Nicole, who was crying and shouting outside, begging to see him. Weston did not see any of them and never let them in the ward.

Emma and Elias also visited him occasionally. Stella kept her promise and never stopped the two children from seeing him. However, she would never show up again.

Weston could not meet Stella, but he did not slow down in his pursuit of her.

Weston frequently sent gifts like bags, shoes, and jewelry to Stella's studio. He also sent her flowers every day and pursued her with great fanfare. If Stella had been willing, he would have showered her with gifts like luxury cars and villas.

A month passed quickly. Weston was almost out of the hospital.

Stella's colleagues threw a party for her and invited some of her familiar friends. Stella was going on a tour soon, so they wanted to celebrate her in advance.

Weston was among the guests lounging around. Many at the party were Stella's friends, who were all laughing while chatting with her.

Stella saw the eye-catching Weston in the crowd from a distance but simply pretended not to see him.

Emma and Elias were also dressed up for the occasion and looked like a little princess and little prince. The two little ones did not overthink Weston's presence and were happy to see him coming over. They went to him and greeted him chirpily.

Emma, in particular, was very welcoming.

Emma greeted him enthusiastically. "Daddy!"

Weston picked her up in his arms and responded to her with a hum. He rubbed her head and turned to Elias afterward.

Elias was much more reserved than Emma. He had not yet fully approved of Weston,

so he greeted him coolly. "You're here?"

Weston smiled and rubbed his head too.

Many eyes were on him. After all, Weston's presence at the party alone was a big enough deal. Besides, he had his two children with him.

Most people in the circle knew Weston and Stella's complicated relationship, but it was their first time seeing them together like this.

Stella watched Weston walk to her with the two little ones. She wore a polite smile, but her flat tone devoid of any warmth. "Didn't I tell you not to appear in front of me until I figured it out?"

Weston said, "I wasn't going to come, but I couldn't resist."

Stella frowned slightly. "You're completely untrustworthy. How many times have you gone back on your word?"

"I wanted to be a man of my word."

Weston suddenly took Stella's hand and tapped her palm. "But I wanted to try my luck. It was my chance to see you. What if it worked? You're so happy today. Maybe you'd be merciful and let me see you more. If I'm lucky, maybe I'll even get to kiss you again..."

Stella glared at Weston for saying such things with the two children around. "Shut up!"

Seeing that he had no intention of shutting up, she reached out and covered his mouth. She warned coldly, "Don't be shameless!"

Weston gently looked at her and kissed her on the hand. "Hm."

Chapter 1366

Stella was utterly shocked to see Weston's shamelessness. She glared at him again, took the two children, and walked away without saying anything.

The light in Weston's eyes gradually dimmed as he watched Stella's back. The people around came up to him and talked to him. He handled them all without stealing the limelight from Stella. After all, Stella was the star of the show tonight.

Emma and Elias stopped talking to Weston after seeing Stella fighting with him, and they simply stayed with her quietly.

Seeing their caution, Stella said to them, "It's fine. If you want, you can go play with Daddy."

When Stella patted their heads, Emma and Elias exchanged a glance and continued hugging Stella. "We want to stay with Mommy!"

Stella smiled but felt a little regretful inside. 'Should I have treated Weston a little better?' she thought.

Both children would act according to her treatment of Weston. If she were too indifferent to him, they would think she did not want them to have contact with him.

Stella's head hurt slightly from thinking about it. When some guests came to toast her, she welcomed them and had a few drinks with them.

Stella could feel that Weston's eyes were always on her. She felt his intent gaze wherever she went, but even so, she pretended not to see him.

The people around her were very smart. The guests noticed Weston's frequent glances and did not dare to make Stella drink more. They were just doing it out of polite courtesy.

Stella was a bad drinker. Although no one forced her, she became tipsy after only a few sips and sat there in a daze.

Perhaps she felt comfortable surrounded by familiar people around. Hence, she was quite happy about the occasion and began to drink a lot. It was not long before she felt a tall figure towering in front of her.

Weston squatted down in front of Stella and touched her forehead. "Your face is a little flushed."

Stella frowned slightly. She tried to avoid him, but Weston held her head and made her look at him. "Do you recognize me?"

"Yes." Stella's voice was a little muffled. "You're the most annoying person in the

world.

Weston smiled helplessly and took her hand. He put her hand on his shoulder and urged, "Hold on, I'll carry you."

“No!” Stella pushed Weston away immediately and stumbled backward.

Although clearly drunk, Stella continued to deny it and looked at Weston with gleaming eyes. “Do you think you can treat me like a fool because I drank a lot?!”

Stella stumbled to her feet. “Look! I can stand up properly!”

Weston was lost for words.

“Okay, okay. You’re not drunk.” It seemed that every drunken person would claim that they were sober.

Yvonne came over with a glass of wine and saw Stella’s face flushing red. She asked, feeling concerned. “Do you want to go to your room and rest for a while?”

Stella shook her head and suddenly rested her head on Yvonne’s shoulder. “Why are you shaking in front of me?”

“I’m not shaking.” Yvonne was laughing in tears. “You’re kinda drunk. Let Weston take you to rest.”

Stella shook her head and refused to leave.

Lucas stood beside Yvonne with an annoyed look. Seeing Stella’s unabashed behavior, he took her by the arm, attempting to pull her up and away from Yvonne.

Yvonne, however, glared at him. “Don’t you dare touch her!”

Chapter 1367

Yvonne recently realized Lucas’s possessiveness over her. It had been getting worse lately, and she felt suffocated.

She used to enjoy Lucas’ treatment and thought it was a sign of his love for her, but there was a limit to everything. She felt that Lucas had exceeded that limit and was a bit sick.

Lucas’s eyes changed at Yvonne’s serious response. He withdrew his hand in slight irritation and remained silent. Then, he finished the glass of wine in his

hand and placed it on the tray beside him. "I'm leaving. You better come over soon."

Yvonne let out a helpless sigh and had no choice but to turn to Weston. "Then please take care of her."

Stella hugged her arms and would not let her go. "Why push me to Weston? Can you trust a man like him?"

Weston was speechless at how Stella did not seem to mind badmouthing him directly at his face.

Yvonne felt a little helpless. "What should I do? My husband seems angry. I have to coax him."

"No! You can't put him before our friendship."

Yvonne raised her eyebrows at what Stella had just said. "She seems really drunk."

Then, she patted Stella's shoulder and urged, "Okay, come on. If I don't go over, Lucas will eat me up."

Yvonne saw Angelina coming from afar as if a savior. "I'll leave Stella in your care!"

Before Angelina could even react, Yvonne had already pushed Stella to her. Seeing that Yvonne had left in a hurry, Angelina hurriedly helped Stella and looked at Yvonne with a helpless look.

The next moment, a force pulled Stella over.

Weston gave her an indifferent look. "Let me."

Angelina was too thin and could barely support the weight of a drunk, so she let Weston hold Stella. "Wait. I'll get someone over here."

Angelina stared at Weston as if afraid of what he might do to Stella. However, Weston behaved like a gentleman and held Stella without further action.

Henry came up behind Angelina and asked her if she needed any help.

Angelina did not lose her temper with him this round and told him, "Shall we send Stella back?"

"He's here. What are we doing with Stella?"

Henry glanced at Weston and seemed to be puzzled at Angelina's action. Why was she obstructing them?

Angelina glared at him. "Don't you know? Stella doesn't want to stay with him!"

"Is that so? I saw her relaxing with Weston earlier. Emma and Elias seemed quite comfortable with him."

Angelina's gaze flickered.

What Henry said was true, but Angelina could not just hand Stella over to Weston just yet. She said to Henry, "No. She's drunk. I'm taking her."

"Why don't you ask her? Who does she want to go with?" Henry suggested.

Angelina turned to Stella and asked, "You're drunk. Shall I take you to your room?"

"I'm not drunk." Stella stood up straight. She stared at Angelina for a moment and suddenly hugged her. "I'm a good drinker!"

Angelina was rendered speechless. She thought, 'Do drunk people like to tell such lies?'

She patted the back of Stella's hand. "Okay, you're not drunk, but it's late now. Let's go back and rest, okay?"

Stella shook her head. "No. We have to continue eating. Don't we have to cut the cake? There's still a performance tonight. I'll play a piano piece for everyone!"

Angelina couldn't help but laugh. "How can you play the piano with the condition you're in? You might just end up throwing up on Mr. Ford."

Chapter 1368

Angelina could barely support Stella's weight alone. As soon as Weston held Stella from behind, she snuggled into his arms.

Seeing that, Angelina could only sigh. She told Weston, "Forget it. You can take her to her room."

After that, Angelina shot him another warning glare. "I see that Stella trusts you. I'll trust you for once. Don't try to do anything to her!"

Weston picked Stella up straight away. "If I really want to do something, your warning won't work. I can take her away at will."

Angelina was lost for words. Weston had a point. If he wanted to do something to Stella, no one could ever stop him, not to mention her.

Emma and Elias came over and followed them. "Daddy, is Mommy drunk?"

Weston stopped walking and looked at the two little ones with gentle eyes. "Yes. Daddy will take Mommy to her room first. You can have fun, okay? Find Uncle later. He'll take care of you." 1

Elias nodded. "No, I can take care of us both."

"Great."

Weston soon carried Stella away. When he got to her room, he gently laid her on the bedside. Stella was a little tired but held on. "Why did you bring me here?"

Stella felt the sky spinning around her. In the next second, a familiar and handsome face appeared in her eyes. She patted his face in annoyance and tried to push him away. "Don't block me. I can't see..."

Weston let out a low laugh and lowered his head. He took her shoes off and tucked her in bed. However, Stella deliberately kicked the blanket away and looked at him in a daze.

Weston fell silent. He stood up and looked at her seriously. "Tuck yourself in."

Stella kicked it away again. "No!"

"Are you trying to go against me?"

Stella laughed and rolled to the other end, refusing to look at him.

Weston had no choice but to walk to the other side of the bed and look down at her gently. “Thirsty?”

Stella blinked and gulped slightly. “A little.”

“Okay. I’ll get you a glass of water. Lie down and don’t,roll around.”

Stella remained silent.

Weston glanced at her a few more times and made sure she stayed still. Then, he went to get her water.

As soon as he finished pouring a glass of water, he heard a loud thud from the bed. It sounded like something heavy had hit the ground.

Weston frowned and immediately strode over, only to find Stella on the floor. She must’ve somehow fallen down. She even looked up at him with a silly smile.

Weston was lost for words. He had no choice but to walk to her and help her up. Stella went down on him like she had no strength, so Weston cupped her chin and fed her water.

Stella seemed to have sobered up slightly, but her face was still red. She looked at Weston motionlessly and asked a question abruptly, “Who are you?”

Weston fell silent again. This time, his face sank. “You don’t you know who I am?”

Stella shook her head. “Who are you?”

She patted his cheek and mumbled, “You look like the man I used to love...”

Weston’s expression eased with interest. “Who was it?”

Chapter 1369

“He’s just a douchebag!”

Stella placed a lot of emphasis on the word ‘douchebag.’ If Weston didn’t know that she was really drunk, he would have thought she was faking it.

Weston pinched Stella's face. "Why is he a douchebag?"

Stella smiled in silence and closed her eyes. It was as if she was having a flashback to some unpleasant experience.

Weston could see the light cast a faint shadow on her face and her long lashes with her eyes shut. He looked at her delicate side profile for a moment. Unable to resist himself, he kissed her on the cheek.

Stella turned to him and glared at him immediately. "What do you want?"

"Nothing. Just a kiss, okay? I'm not doing anything to you!"

Stella covered her face. "Wouldn't that be too easy for you?!"

"Yes. Would you be willing to let me?"

"No." Stella shook her head. After staring at Weston's face for a few moments, she suddenly kissed him on the cheek too. "You're quite handsome too. I want to kiss you."

Weston chuckled at that. While staring at her, he suddenly lowered his head and pressed the tip of his nose against hers. He kissed her upper lip for a moment and then quickly withdrew from the kiss.

"That's what you call a kiss," he said.

Stella wrapped her arms around his neck and moved closer in response to Weston's kiss.

Weston suddenly got a little nervous. When he thought she would kiss him again, Stella suddenly let go and laughed gleefully. "You're stupid! I actually fooled you like that!"

Weston was lost for words. Then, he set the glass of water aside and picked Stella up in his arms with a sullen face.

Stella wrapped her arms around his neck as she was suspended in midair. "What are you doing?"

"I'm taking you to the bath." Weston looked down and smelled the alcohol on her. '

”

What a drunk. You're reeking of alcohol. You mustn't go to bed without a shower.”

Weston was not on his turf but was still quite particular in terms of cleanliness.

Stella was still a little confused when Weston put her in the bathtub. She mumbled, “So much water...”

While sinking and floating in the water, she questioned, “Are you trying to drown me?”

Weston gave her a look. “This amount of water won't drown you.”

Stella grabbed the edge of the tub and tried to climb out. Weston saw that, and his eyebrows kept twitching at her action.

He stopped her. “Don't move!”

Stella's clothes were wet. The wet fabric revealed her beautiful figure and her waistline. He could see everything.

Weston's face turned darker as he tried to suppress himself. Then, he simply turned around and refused to look at her.

“Get in now. I'll bathe you,” Weston urged, but what he did not expect to see was the view in the mirror in front of him. From the reflection, he saw Stella looking at him with dewy eyes and blushing cheeks.

As soon as their gaze met, Weston could feel something in him getting out of control. He could not restrain himself anymore.

Weston gritted his teeth hard. Then, he turned around and followed Stella into the tub.

Weston pinned Stella to the edge of the tub and ripped her shirt off right away. He asked, “Do you know what you're doing?”

He looked at the innocent and dazed look on her face. Then, he suddenly lowered his head to kiss her and slowly inched downward.

Stella had no idea what was going on and slapped the water helplessly. "I'm drowning... I'm drowning..."

Stella kept crying, but Weston acted as if he could not hear her. He held her neck and lifted her head out of the water, allowing her to breathe. The rest was not up to her anymore.

Weston kissed her skin and slowly went down. It was as if he wanted to eat her up. Soon, he used heavier and heavier force.

Stella's mind was a little unclear. Even so, she suddenly jolted from Weston's hot touch. "... I need to use the toilet..."

Chapter 1370

These days, Weston could do very little about Stella. He finally got up, held back his surging urge, and carried her to the toilet.

Fortunately, the bathroom and washroom in the hotel were separated and the water in the bathroom couldn't splash over. Thus, after considering for a moment, Weston decided to remove all the wet clothes from Stella's body.

Stella seemed to have sobered up a little. She hurriedly covered her chest and retreated. "What are you doing to me? How dare you remove my clothes?"

Weston released his hand and looked at her helplessly. "You said you wanted to go to the toilet. If you don't remove your clothes, they'll get dirty."

Stella pouted and did not believe his words. "Why would my clothes get dirty from the toilet? You're clearly the one who wants to undress me."

Weston fell silent. Feeling a little lost for words, he could only say, "I wanted to take off your clothes."

"Dream on!" Stella hugged herself and turned her back to him with a stubborn look.

Weston was amused and a little annoyed at her actions. "Be a good girl. Turn around."

Stella said, "I don't want to!"

“You’ll catch a cold.”

Stella continued to ignore him. Weston had no choice but to compromise. He got up and looked at her for a few moments. “Okay. Go to the toilet first while I fill the tub for you. The water will get cold soon. Come out quickly.”

Stella finally nodded.

It was a mess in the bathroom. By the time Weston got Stella clean and tucked her

into the bed, he was drenched from head to toe.

Weston went to the bathroom and cleaned himself. He wrapped himself in a towel and came out of the bathroom to see Stella sleeping soundly and breathing steadily.

Weston tucked himself in and lay down next to her. He hugged her from behind and kissed her gently on the neck.

Stella grunted in slight discomfort and tried to avoid the hot breath behind her.

Weston’s eyes gradually darkened.

“Even if I’m not with you in the future, take good care of yourself,” Weston muttered.

Stella woke up the next day to a handsome face right in front of her. She was startled

and woke Weston up.

Weston only gave her a faint look and naturally reached out, wrapping his arms around his waist.

“Sleep a little longer,” Weston said.

Stella gritted her teeth. “What did you do to me last night?”

Weston woke up to her question and felt a little helpless. “I haven’t done anything to you. Can’t you feel it?”

Stella immediately lifted the blankets and was relieved to find no marks on her body. Her body did not feel sore either. "Alright."

She questioned, "Then why are you sleeping next to me?"

"You were drunk last night. You kept vomiting and fussing. I had to clean you up, and I barely slept the whole night."

"Let me sleep a little longer," Weston muttered. His voice was very hoarse. After saying that, he hugged Stella in his arms again.

Stella was still a little angry. "Who would believe you! Why can't you let someone else care for me if I was drunk?"

There were so many of her close acquaintances at the party yesterday.

Weston closed his eyes and told her, "I don't feel comfortable with someone else taking care of you."

"Aren't you the biggest threat to me?" Stella found it unbelievable. "Did Angelina and Yvonne really watch you take me away just like that?"

Weston opened his eyes suddenly. "Does that mean your good friends are about to accept me?"

Stella was lost for words. She said through gritted teeth, "What does their acceptance have to do with me? All I know is that I'll never forgive you."

Stella blurted out the words without thinking and felt a little uncomfortable seeing the pained expression on Weston's face. She turned her back to him, not wanting to see him again. "I've already made it clear. I can never accept you again."

"I know."

Read Novel Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1371

Chapter 1371

Weston wrapped his arms around Stella from behind and nuzzled against the nape of her neck, his gestures full of longing.

“Let me hug you just a little longer, okay? I promise I won’t ever bother *you* again. after this.”

Stella, unsurprisingly, did not take him at his word. He had promised her the exact same thing so many times before, yet none of it came to pass. He always ended up pestering her again within days of saying that.

Still hungover from all that drinking last night, which made her feel horrible, she quickly went back to sleep. When she woke up again, she found that Weston was no longer to be seen.

Stella did not exactly mind his absence, but she still could not help but be irritated. Why did he not say goodbye or even tell her that he was about to leave? How could he just disappear like that? What an annoying man!

She then went downstairs back to her own place, and just as she arrived, she heard Roger’s voice.

He quickly rose to his feet when he saw Stella and agitatedly walked up to her, asking, “I heard Weston Ford was taking care of you last night. Are you okay?”

“Of course I’m okay,” she replied, confused by his question. “Why wouldn’t I?”

“He didn’t hurt you, did he?”

“No,” she shook her head. “Don’t be so worried.”

“How could I not?” argued Roger, who thought that Stella was clearly teasing him.” Everyone knows what kind of man he is. If he decided to do anything to you...”

“Don’t worry,” Stella coughed lightly, interrupting him. “He didn’t do anything to me last night.”

“How is that even possible?”

Weston’s reputation by that point was just so poor that no one would believe that he did nothing at all to Stella after spending the entire night with her.

In fact, even Stella could hardly believe it. She never thought of him as a particularly noble or virtuous gentleman, but the truth still remained that he did nothing to her at all last night, so she had no reason to find any fault with him.

Roger scrutinized Stella with his eagle eyes as if trying to draw out some clues from her face.

“What are you doing?” asked Stella after Roger had been staring at her face for a while. “Why are you looking at me like that?”

“Your attitudes towards him have changed, Sis.”

“What do you mean?” Stella asked, stunned for a while.

“I meant to say that it looks like you’re going to get back together with him.”

“Nonsense!” Stella cried, her face turning stony and cold.

Whenever Roger thought of the possibility that Stella and Weston might be together again, he would get so anxious that he found it hard to breathe.

“Did you notice that your heart is gradually softening towards him now?”

Stella shook her head.

“I’m not in the mood to talk about this with you...”

“Are you not in the mood, or are you just too afraid to talk about it?”

Roger ignored the fact that Elias and Emma were both there with them and suddenly grabbed Stella’s wrist, forcing her to look straight into his eyes.

“Tell me the truth!” he demanded. “Are you going to make up with him?”

“What I’m going to do...” Stella shoved his hand away. “Is none of your business. I’m not obliged to tell you anything.”

Roger’s mouth hung agape in disbelief that Stella would say that to him. He just stood there stunned and speechless for a while.

Stella did not want to argue with him about this in front of Elias and Emma, so she just told him, “Calm down, Roger.”

Then she walked up to her children and asked them, “Have you guys finished your food?”

“Yes, Mommy!”

“In that case, Mommy will take you out to play, okay?”

“Yay!”

Roger watched silently with a raw sting in his heart as Stella walked away.

She was right, he thought. He was nothing more than her brother now, and that was the only way he could stay by her side—as her family. Even if she really did want to be with Weston again, there was nothing he could do about it.

Chapter 1372

What Roger said that day left a deep impression on Stella’s mind. Sometimes, when she was working in her office, she would find herself asking the same question.

Had her heart really softened towards Weston?

She simply refused to admit to such a thing. At the very least, she knew for sure that right now, she still could not stand him all that much.

But then, a few days later, she started to feel as if something was amiss. She hadn’t seen Weston for a good while now.

But perhaps she only felt that way because he had been pursuing her so aggressively recently, and him turning up at her office with all kinds of gifts every day, that his total absence right now felt like a drastic change.

Every time she walked past the front desk, she would automatically slow down in case the receptionist might stop her. But it seemed there was nothing left for her there these days.

At first, the sudden change made her feel a little uncomfortable, but after a while, that discomfort changed to relief.

Perhaps he really had given up on her?

She let out a sigh. It felt as if a heavy weight had been lifted off her chest.

She might not be used to it initially, especially since she had been seeing Weston everywhere all the time in the past, but then it was nothing more than

a feeling of not being used to a change, which faded as time passed. After a while, even that feeling was gone.

After the concert tour, Stella asked Angelina and Yvonne if they wanted to get together and have a night out. Angelina told her that she had no time right now because she had to take care of her daughter. Yvonne agreed at first, but she called her back shortly afterward and hesitatingly told her that she had no time to go out with her at the moment.

Stella thought she was acting a little strange but gave it no further thought.

One day, after picking Elias and Emma up from their school, she bumped into an old acquaintance in the shopping mall—Diana Belford.

“Stella?” cried Diana, visibly surprised to see Stella.

They had not seen each other for a very long time. Stella stood there staring at Diana

for a while and suddenly felt tears welling up in her eyes.

“Kids,” she turned to Elias and Emma, “this is Mommy’s auntie.”

Diana was initially surprised to see the twins, but then the surprise turned into joy.

“I planned to meet up with you a while ago,” she told Stella, “but something kept coming up. Besides, I heard that you’ve been doing really well these days, so I didn’t want to bother you.”

“You will never be a bother to me, Aunt Diana.”

Diana smiled.

“Why don’t we find a place to sit down and have a chat for a while?” she suggested.

“Sure!”

They both had their children with them, so they had to settle for a coffee shop.

“I divorced Michael a long time ago, Stella.”

Stella was well aware of this.

“I found out about everything he did in the past,” she added.

“I’m sorry,” said Stella. “I should’ve told you much earlier.”

“Don’t mention it,” Diana shook her head. “It’s Michael’s fault, not yours.”

“So, how are you doing these days?” Stella asked.

“Not too bad.” Diana smiled.

She had always been pampered and sheltered by her family her whole life, so when she first found out about what Michael did in the past, she was overwhelmed by doubt and pain that made her feel as if her life was bleak and hopeless.

But time had indeed healed everything.

The initial shock and disbelief turned to unbearable misery and pain, though all of that had simmered down through time and had gradually dissipated.

Diana could think about Michael now without feeling that piercing sting in her heart. In fact, she could even face him without losing her composure now.

Chapter 1373

Stella felt much better after hearing what Diana said.

They went on to chat for a while before Stella decided it was time to take Elias and Emma home. Diana was the first to excuse herself, after which Stella drank another cup of coffee and got ready to leave.

Outside, the rain suddenly began to pour. It seemed like a storm was brewing.

Elias and Emma looked tired and sleepy because they had missed their afternoon nap. Stella had to wake them up after calling for the driver to get them.

The person who ended up coming was Roger. Things were strained between them lately because they had been arguing about Weston. Stella knew that it would not be easy for Roger to let go of his feelings for her, so she decided to give him some time and space.

Once they got in the car, Roger spoke to Elias and Emma briefly, then when he noticed that they were both looking very sleepy, he no longer disturbed them anymore and just let them rest..

Once they got out of the car, he bluntly asked Stella, "Have you been seeing Weston Ford lately?"

"No," Stella shook her head. "I haven't seen him in a long time."

Roger studied her face but noticed no emotions. It really looked like she had completely forgotten about the man.

And so he decided to keep the words he was about to say to himself.

"What's wrong?" asked Stella, noticing that Roger was acting a little weirdly.

"Nothing."

Once they got home, Stella bathed Elias and Emma and went straight to bed.

And so the days passed without her seeing Weston again. Stella's life now became simple and carefree. It really seemed like she had forgotten him now and moved on with her life.

Meanwhile, in a hospital, Yvonne sighed after hearing what Roger had just told her and turned to the man beside her.

"Stella seems to be doing really well right now," she said. "Perhaps we shouldn't trouble her about this."

Lucas turned dour and gloomy when he heard this.

"You've seen how bad Weston is doing. I guess it wouldn't be troubling her if we asked her to look at him?"

"But it's his own fault that he's ended up like this!" argued Yvonne, annoyed by how Lucas was always taking Weston's side. "None of it has anything to do with Stella! It's not her fault at all, so why should she have to do anything about it?"

"Are women always this cruel?" Lucas grumbled as he massaged the point between his brows.

“You’re not allowed to say that!” Yvonne glared at him. “This clearly had nothing to do with Stelia!”

She then paused and sighed, adding, “Never mind. Let’s go take a look at Weston...”

She could hardly believe Lucas when he first told her what had happened to Weston. After all, this was Weston Ford they were talking about—a man renowned for being a shrewd, decisive businessman with a steely mind. How could she believe that he would end up that way all because of Stella?

But then she recalled all the things that he had done to Stella in the past and started to question if this man really was out of his mind.

They arrived at a tightly guarded sanatorium that was tucked away in an isolated location far from the public eye.

Yvonne followed Lucas inside. Because the place had especially tight security, they had to go through multiple security check-ups before they got in.

The whole place was dark and dimly lit.

Yvonne became more anxious the further she walked into the place, so much so that *she* had to cling *to* Lucas’s arm for support.

Lucas patted the back of her hand gently, trying to reassure her.

They walked up to a closed door, where a noise emerged from inside the room, which sounded like the cries of a wild animal trapped inside a cage.

Yvonne stopped abruptly. A chill ran down her spine.

That noise... It was a noise that could only be made when two raging beasts were being put inside the same cage, thus setting them upon each other.

Yvonne turned to her husband with eyes full of disbelief.

“That can’t really be Weston Ford in there, can it?”

Lucas reassured her that it was indeed Weston before placing his hand on the doorknob and turning it gently.

As soon as the door opened, a thick stench of blood wafted through the narrow gap. Yvonne had to cover her mouth to stop herself from throwing up...

Her eyes widened as she faced the horrifying scene inside. She could hardly believe what she was seeing.

Chapter 1374

The dimly lit room was almost pitch-black. None of the lights were turned on, but it was still faintly illuminated by the silvery moonlight that seeped in through the windows, enabling its occupants to make out the furnishings in the room.

The furnishings here were very simple, even a bit crude, hardly befitting the richest man in Ahn City.

But this was nowhere near the most shocking thing here for Yvonne.

She had no idea what those heavy chains were doing there on the ground... There were dry crusty blood stains on the chains that looked thick and heavy and incredibly frightening. Under the dim moonlight, they looked like huge snakes slithering in the dark room, making the place look cold and savage.

But even the chains were still not the most frightening thing here for Yvonne because nothing shocked her more than the sight of the enormous cage in the center of the room—a cage large enough to enclose an adult man inside.

And Weston sat right there. The door of the cage was open, and his long legs spilled out of it. His pants were riddled with holes, and there were visible blood stains on them that had already dried up and stuck to his pants.

The man himself hung his head low as he sat in the cage. His short unkempt black hair made him look positively villainous.

The top two buttons of his white shirt were undone, and the sleeves were rolled up, exposing his arms which were lined with bulging blue veins. He rested his arms casually on his bent knees. The shadow below his hanging fingertips showed signs of fresh drops of blood.

Yvonne's face turned pale the longer she watched him. She stepped backward, then bumped into her husband's chest. She turned around, only for Lucas to cover her eyes with his hand.

"Look away if you're scared," he whispered.

She leaned against his chest, trembling a little as she asked him, "...How did he end up like that?"

"He promised Stella that she won't see him again," Lucas explained, "but he had no way to restrain himself from going to her. He knew that if he didn't chain himself up like this, he would not be able to stop himself from finding her."

"I've always known that he's a bit crazy," said Yvonne, finding it hard to believe what she just heard and saw, "but I had no idea that he would be this mad..."

She pressed her hands on her chest to steady her breathing, then added, "How could he even think of locking himself up in a cage?"

Lucas shook his head. He pressed her head hard against his chest to prevent her from seeing the bloody scene again.

Weston just sat there silently while the blood dripped down his fingers. The bodyguards stood around him, alert and ready to take action should he suddenly try to rush out again.

In the past, Weston had forced Stella to go through with their wedding, which everyone called the Caged Wedding. But now, the person who was caged was not her but him. This change signified that the tables had turned and that their positions had reversed.

Lucas slowly walked up to him and peered down at him.

"Is this all worth it?" he asked.

"I made a promise to her," Weston replied in a low voice without even looking up at Lucas. "I told her that she'd never see me again, so I have to keep my word."

“But right now, you’ve been living like a zombie. You might as well be dead! Are you sure this is what Stella wants to see?”

Weston shook his head. He stared vacantly at the empty floor as blood continued to drip down his fingertips.

“But you said it yourself,” he replied in a hollow voice, “she’s happier without me by her side.”

These days, the only thing that kept Weston alive was all the news he received about Stella from time to time. He had hired someone to take pictures of her secretly and tell him how she was doing.

It seemed that without him, her life had gotten much better now. She lived her life happily every day, and although she did seem as if she was not used to his absence at first, she quickly adapted and moved on after only about a week.

There were various photos hanging on the cage. Weston picked one up at random and gazed at it. It was a photo of Stella getting off from work. She was wearing a white dress which made her look pure and beautiful. The years that went by had done nothing to her appearance except to endow her with a more mature charm.

Weston caressed the photo gently with his fingers. His expressions softened and warmed up considerably.

Even after only briefly looking at her photo, he could hardly contain the urge to look for her and hug her tightly.

Chapter 1375

“If I meet her now, do you know what I would do to her?”

He would lose all self-control. He would ignore everything and just chain her to himself so she would stay by his side forever.

But he was resolved not to commit the same mistakes again, so all he could do was lock himself in this cage.

No one would have thought that Weston Ford would end up this way. Yet he had done so much for Stella in the past, and Lucas should have noticed much

earlier that this man was truly beyond repair, and he should have foreseen that he would do something like this.

Yvonne, deeply shaken and appalled by what she had just seen, was suddenly thrown into a dilemma-

On the one hand, she was determined not to let Stella see Weston as it would do Stella a lot of good the further she stayed away from this man. Besides, she had been living her best life without him so far, always carefree and at ease. She would spend her days with Elias and Emma, being much happier than she had ever been. Her life had only improved without Weston. Although his absence made her feel as if something was amiss at first, she quickly grew accustomed, and her life went on without a hitch.

But on the other hand, seeing Weston's condition right now convinced Yvonne that if he were never to see Stella again, he would surely torment himself to death.

She now understood why Lucas had been so adamantly insisting on asking Stella to visit him. In fact, after all that she had seen here, even Yvonne was not sure what she should do.

But at the same time, Weston seemed really dangerous right now, which made her grow concerned. Would he not hurt Stella if she really did come to see him right now? What would they do then?

And so she told her husband all about the conflicting thoughts on her mind.

But Lucas merely looked at her and calmly replied, "Didn't you see the state that Weston is in right now? He's willing to chain himself up just to stop himself from going to see Stella. If he's willing to go that far just for her sake, do you really think that he would harm her in any way?"

"The way he is now," he continued, "it's almost impossible for him to hurt her."

Yvonne fell silent, slowly contemplating what Lucas had just said.

Eventually, she sighed and relented.

"Okay, I'll ask Stella to come over."

Lucas nodded and sighed. He took her hands and told her, "Judging by the state that Weston's in right now, Stella is probably the only one in the world who could save him."

It was late in the middle of the night when Stella received a call from Yvonne.

"You'd better have a good reason to call me at this hour," Stella said, sounding sleepy and a little confused.

"I don't know what to tell you," said Yvonne, "but I think you'd better come over here and take a look at this yourself..."

Stella was mildly annoyed, but seeing that the person she was talking to was her best friend, she instantly called her driver to take her to the place where Yvonne was waiting for her.

She was astonished when she stepped out of the car. Why on earth would Yvonne ask her to come to such a place in the middle of the night?

If she had not been absolutely sure that the person on the phone was indeed Yvonne, she would have thought that she was still asleep and in a nightmare.

She slowly entered the sanatorium. The place was very dark, and none of the lights were on. Feeling a little frightened, she picked up her phone and called Yvonne.

She had only just walked a little further when she heard the sound of a ringtone coming from a room right in front, so she hung up, opened the door, and went inside.

Chapter 1376

The next thing she knew, she was faced with a scene so frightening that she almost blacked out-

Stella stood there in a daze, staring at the enormous cage in front of her. She could hardly believe her own eyes. Had she accidentally stepped into the wrong room?*

The room that she was in right now was both dark and spacious, and in the center of the room was a cage, inside of which sat the man she had not seen in many days- Weston.

Her eyes narrowed in on the man wearing a white shirt who was just sitting there, hunched up like a cornered wild beast. His whole body was riddled with cuts and wounds. The sight disturbed her so much that she could not even react. She had to step away for a while and rubbed her eyes, wondering if she was actually just dreaming.

She just dared not believe that what she was seeing was true.

In fact, the wounds on Weston's body were so fresh that he was still bleeding. His blood seeped through his white shirt and slowly dripped down the floor.

But the man merely hung his head low, not looking at anyone in the room. He was surrounded by a group of bodyguards clad in identical black suits. Their expressions were cold and stony, looking as severe as if they were the demons guarding the gates of hell.

Stella took a deep breath. Only after she heard Yvonne's voice did her senses return to her abruptly-

"What happened to him?" she asked.

Yvonne turned to her and whispered, "He locked himself up in this place so he wouldn't go to you. Those are the bodyguards that he hired himself, and their duty is to stop him if he fails to restrain himself from trying to meeting you..."

"

Stella was rendered speechless for a while, in utter disbelief at what she had just heard.

"Has he lost his mind?" she finally asked.

"I guess so," Yvonne sighed.

Lucas then walked up to his wife and put his arms around her shoulders before

saying, "We've got no reason to stay here since Stella is here now. Let's go home."

But Yvonne was still reluctant to leave because she was worried about Stella's safety. She looked at her friend and told her, "I called you to come

over only so you could see him for yourself. You can decide what you want to do next. Personally, I don't think that you need to do anything at all. It's totally fine if you'd like to just ignore him, you know."

Stella said nothing. She just kept on silently staring at Weston.

Weston looked too afraid to look at her, but she noticed that every muscle in his body tensed up as soon as she walked into the room, especially when he heard her voice and the sound of her panting. He dared not even raise his head to look at her and had to look away as if determined to avoid any signs of her presence there.

Stella took a deep breath to steady herself before telling Yvonne, "You guys can leave now. I'll handle the rest."

"Are you sure?" asked Yvonne, concerned. "Will you be fine handling this on your own? I think he looks a bit dangerous right now. Shouldn't you have a few people here with you, just in case?"

"No," Stella shook her head. Even she had no idea where she got the confidence from. "I know he won't hurt me."

Hearing this, Yvonne and Lucas soon left. Afterward, Stella even told the bodyguards to leave as well.

And so there were only the two of them left in the room.

There was a little lamp in the corner emitting a dim light. Stella's body cast a long shadow in the room. As she slowly walked up towards Weston, her shadow gradually engulfed him.

Weston kept backing away from. Stella as she approached him until his back was finally up against the cage.

Stella stopped and stood inches away from him.

"You clearly knew I was the one who turned up just now," she said. "You even heard my voice. Why didn't you even look at me?"

Weston did not respond and kept his head drooping low. He looked just like a dog that had realized it had done something wrong and was too afraid to show its face to

its master.

Stella knelt down in front of him and placed her hand on his head.

Weston suddenly let out a muffled grunt. It sounded like a noise that rose up from

deep within his chest despite his best efforts to suppress it.

“Don’t touch me,” he finally said hoarsely.

He did not want her hands to get dirty.

Chapter 1377

Stella took a deep breath. Her hands trembled a little as she ran her fingers down his hair and onto the cuts and wounds on his body. After a while, she withdrew her hand and asked him, “Why did you have to do this?”

Weston did not reply.

So Stella mercilessly rubbed her hand against the wound on his body, making it hurt so much for Weston that he drew in a sharp breath and jolted his head up to look at her-

Now Stella finally had a good look at his face.

With the faint light from the lamp, she noticed that he had gotten much thinner than the last time she saw him. Unshaven, he looked so haggard that it seemed he must’ve put himself through a lot without getting much rest.

But despite all this, that striking face of his still looked as handsome as ever. In fact, at a moment when he was at his most vulnerable, he looked unusually fragile and delicate, which brought out the softer side of his attractive face.

Stella gently caressed his face. At that moment, she had absolutely no idea what she should do next.

“I thought you stopped badgering me because you finally moved on,” she said. “I didn’t know you’d torment yourself like this.”

It pained him to hear her use the word “badgering” to describe his presence around her.

“I never intended for you to find out about this,” he told her drily. “Nor did I ever want you to see me here.”

“I know...” Stella nodded. “If Yvonne hadn’t told me to come, were you planning to never see me again for the rest of your life?”

“That’s what you wanted, right? You know I’d do anything for you.”

Hearing this, Stella suddenly found it incredibly hard to breathe, as if someone had stuffed balls of cotton in her chest.

“But I never wanted you to end up this way,” she said. “You’re the father of my two children, after all. I know lots of terrible things happened between us in the past, but it’s time for us to move on and start anew.”

“Only because I’m the children’s father?”

Stella said nothing in response.

“Stop torturing yourself like this,” she said instead, getting up to her feet. “I can’t possibly come to see you every time this happens.”

“I know,” he replied. “Do you hate me even more now?”

He suddenly looked down at the horrible state that he was in. His whole body was stained with blood. At that moment, all he thought was that he might get Stella’s hands dirty if she touched him.

“I promised you that you won’t see me again, yet I ended up doing something that forced you to come to me yourself...”

Stella sighed.

“And that’s why you should live well from now on,” she replied. “Stop hurting yourself.”

“I can’t...” A hoarse and primal grunt escaped Weston’s throat. It sounded as if a thousand blades had stabbed him at the same time. He even started to tremble a little. “This is the only way I can stop myself from going to see you.”

Stella suddenly clenched her fists tightly.

“Don’t you know that you’re making it harder for me to let you go if you do this?” she snapped.

Weston fell silent for a long time. Finally, all he could say in response was a brief, “I’m sorry.”

He then fell back into deep and unbroken silence.

Seeing this, Stella could only let out a soft sigh and knelt back in front of him. She then reached out her hands to undo his buttons.

“What are you doing?!” Weston asked, swiftly grabbing her wrist.

“You’re covered in blood,” she explained feebly, looking straight into his eyes. “So I have to take off your clothes. How can you stand this horrible stench?”

She knew that he had always been a neat freak, so the stench of blood must be unbearable to him, which made it that much more puzzling how he managed to endure it for so long!

He said nothing. After a long while, he finally let go of her hand and let her undo his button one by one. She then took off his shirt and tossed it aside.

Then her fingers went down to his belt. She paused and asked, “You don’t need my

help with this, too, do you?”

Weston stared at her with eyes full of longing.

His gaze was so intense that it was starting to make her feel uncomfortable.

“Don’t tell me that you went through all this just to trick me into taking off your clothes.”

Weston chuckled wryly, then said, “If I really wanted to do that, I would’ve tried it long ago.”

“Stella...” he continued. “You haven’t the slightest idea how much I want to be with you.”

Chapter 1378

Stella let him hug her for a long time. She could very clearly feel his chest rising and falling violently as he held her in his arms.

Finally, she patted his back and told him, "You're covered in blood. Let's get you cleaned up for now, and then we'll talk."

Only then did Weston let her go.

Stella got up, turned away from him, and walked out of the cage.

"Take off the rest yourself," she said. "I'll wait for you here."

But to her surprise, the next moment, she heard him shut the cage door. She turned around and saw Weston already locking himself up inside again.

He then slumped down onto the floor powerlessly before covering his eyes with his hands, refusing to even look at her.

"What are you doing?" she asked, frowning as she walked up to him.

"You should leave now," he told her. "Forget about me."

His voice was gruff and croaky as if he was exerting great self-control in every word he spoke. His Adam's apple moved as he swallowed his saliva.

"Leave while I still have some self-control left," he added raspily.

He dared not imagine what he would do if Stella remained here any longer.

Stella took a deep breath and told him, "I trust you, and I know that you won't hurt me. Open the door and just let me clean your wounds, okay?"

"No," he shook his head. "You don't understand how enticing you are to me right now."

When he held her in his arms earlier, he had an urge to just lock her up inside the cage with him so they could be together here for the rest of their lives.

Even for him, that was completely beyond the pale.

He knew that he could never hurt her, so he had no other choice but to let her leave

now.

Stella walked up to the cage and gripped the bars before softly telling him, "Open the door."

Her voice had a magical allure to it, but he still would not move.

"Listen to me," she repeated softly. "Open the door."

"Aren't you worried that I might follow you around and badger you again? You might never be able to get rid of me again!"

Stella said nothing. She just kept glaring at him.

This proved to be effective in the end, as Weston eventually relented and handed her the keys.

He seemed powerless yet hesitant.

Stella quickly grabbed the keys from the palm of his hand and opened the cage.

The cage opened with a clicking noise, and to Weston, it felt like Stella had just opened a door into his heart.

She stepped into the cage, walked towards him, and knelt down in front of him.

"Tell me," she lifted up his chin to make him look into her eyes, "are you going to hurt me?"

He said nothing, but she could see his Adam's apple move up and down.

He stared at her so intently that it seemed he was trying to peer into the depths of her soul.

After a long while, he touched her face with trembling hands, and then, with the same caution and tenderness that one would treat their most prized and precious possession, he started to kiss her cheek, then her eyes, and then the tip of her nose.

"I won't hurt you," he murmured. "I will never hurt you."

Stella sighed and patted his back.”

“I believe you.”

The room was sparsely furnished, and it lacked most of the creature comforts a home usually had.

Stella glanced around her and asked, “Is there only one room here?”

Weston nodded.

He stared at her without even daring to blink, scared that she might leave at any

moment.

Stella knew that he was anxious about this, so she tried her best not to leave his

sight. She nipped into the bathroom and quickly rushed back out, returning to him with a damp towel in her hands and kneeling down in front of him.

Weston had obediently kept his shirt off. Even his suit and pants were already taken off and tossed aside.

She noticed him sitting there ogling at her and which gave her a headache.

“Can’t you keep yourself under control just for a little while?” she asked, massaging the point between her brows.

Weston remained silent. He went on staring straight at her, looking as if he was going to swallow her whole.

Chapter 1379

Stella had to force herself to ignore the way Weston was looking at her as she gently cleaned the bloody stains on his body.

When she reached his arm, she paused, and her brows furrowed before asking him, “How did you hurt yourself this badly?”

The cut was so deep that she could almost see his bone. His skin and flesh were torn apart, leaving a bleeding gash that was now covered by a clump of black clotted blood.

Even the sight of it made chills run down her spine.

“You’re such a fool…” she muttered, tears welling up in her eyes. She was now so choked up that she did not know what else to say.

Weston suddenly became flustered when he noticed her eyes reddening, thinking that he must have done something to upset her.

“Don’t cry,” he said. “I’m actually fine.”

He then raised his hand awkwardly, trying to wipe away her tears.

Stella turned away, not wanting to look at him.

“How can you say that you’re fine when you got yourself into such a sorry state?”

Her words made him purse his lips tightly. His head drooped down as he said, “I never asked you to come to pity me.”

Even now, he was still adamant about the matter.

“That’s right,” she replied, “I was the one who had nothing better to do and came here to see you like an idiot!”

She was sounding angry now. She tossed the towel in her hand at him, and it just so happened to land on a raw wound.

Weston frowned slightly but showed no other reactions. He picked up the towel and hung his head low, remaining completely silent.

Seeing that he looked just like a sad injured dog, Stella sighed again and massaged her temples helplessly.

She must have owed him a great deal in her last lifetime!

Stella sat back down in front of him and took the towel from him. When she saw the

fresh blood stain on it, her eyes darkened, and she quickly pressed the towel with some force on the wound.

“Ouch-”

She could hear him draw in a sharp breath.

“Serves you right,” she sobbed. “For looking so pathetic just now!”

Weston’s expressions went through several drastic changes. He looked into her eyes and seemed as if he had something to say but was hesitant to blurt it out. In the end, he just lowered his head and said nothing.

Stella did not notice the changes in his looks because she was too busy carefully cleaning the blood stains on his body. It took her a very long time before she finally cleaned his whole body up.

She then helped him change his clothes and tossed the dirty ones into a basin before carrying them into the bathroom.

As she walked away from him, she suddenly heard the noise of the chains rattling behind her. She paused and turned around to glance at Weston.

But Weston instantly stayed still and looked very calm, making Stella think that she must have been mistaken just now.

Stella shrugged, convinced that she was only imagining it just now, and thought nothing more of it as she continued walking into the bathroom.

But just as she got inside the bathroom, Weston could not stop himself from getting up on his feet and following her every move with his gaze.

He just could not bear it. He could not bear not seeing her. Not even if she was nearby. Not even if she was right there in the same room with him.

He had the urge to rush towards her. He wanted to stop right behind her and pull her into his arms.

Even Weston himself began feeling a little disturbed by these wild thoughts in his mind. He had no idea how much longer he could suppress these dark primal urges of his. He was really worried that he might hurt Stella again.

When Stella came out, all she saw was Weston looking just as calm and quiet as before. She scrutinized his face but found nothing out of sorts, to which she sighed in relief.

“You have to take better care of yourself from now on,” she told him. “No matter what, you’re still Elias and Emma’s father. I don’t want anything to happen to you.”

Weston nodded and continued staring at her.

Stella said a few words more after that, and then they fell into silence again.

Chapter 1380

After a while, Stella got up and said, “If there’s nothing else, then I’m leaving now.”

She had just taken a few steps when Weston stood up so violently that he staggered on his feet. The noise shocked her, making her turn around, only to see him in an agitated state.

“What’s wrong?” she asked.

Weston bit his tongue and remained silent, all the while staring fixedly at her.

He stood there silently for a long time before finally shaking his head and telling her, “Nothing. Be careful on your way home.”

He then backed into the cage again.

The sight triggered conflicted feelings in Stella’s heart. She pursed her lips and, without saying anything, turned around and left.

But just as she stepped out of the door, she was shocked by another loud noise coming from behind her.

She held her breath, telling herself not to look back and never to pity him again. She had helped him enough, and she did not have to do anything else for him. Anything that happened to him from then on was not her responsibility to bear.

With these thoughts on her mind, she closed her eyes and strode out of the door.

She had just reached downstairs when someone ferociously embraced her from behind. The familiar cold scent filled her nostrils. She could feel his dry lips brushing against her ear. She could feel the traces of dried blood on his lips as he nuzzled up against her cheek.

“Don’t go,” he whispered to her, his voice raspy. “Please don’t go... Please don’t leave me...”

He held her tighter and tighter. His current behavior was a stark contrast to the cold diffident demeanor he displayed earlier when he was trying to give her the impression that he never wanted her to be there, that she had chosen to come on her own accord, that he did not force her to see him by being pitiful and pathetic.

Stella knew that this would happen.

She did not move. She just stood there, letting him hug her.

Weston gradually realized that she was acting weird as if she had lost all her ability to resist him. Only then did he let go of her and let his hands hang down on his sides.

“I’m sorry,” he said. “I lost my composure for a moment there.”

He then backed away from her, turned around, and rushed back into his room, slamming the door shut behind him.

Stella turned around and slowly followed him. She saw him lock himself up in the cage like it was his second nature. He slipped on the shackles on his hands and feet effortlessly, then closed the cage door with ease. He made it all seem as if he was simply locking up a large and fierce dog in a cage.

Stella drew a sharp breath upon realizing that those wounds on his body must have been created by some violent struggle.

“Why are you still here?” Weston asked without even looking up at her when he heard the faint sound of her footsteps. “Why aren’t you leaving?”

Stella said nothing as she stood at the door. She gently closed the door behind her and softly sighed.

“Why do you have to do this to yourself?” she asked.

Weston made no reply.

After a long time, he finally told her in a gruff voice, "You should leave now. I don't need you to stay here just to pity me.

Despite saying that, his eyes were glued on her, watching her every move. It really looked like his heart would shatter into a thousand pieces if she really did leave.

Stella stared at him and fell silent for a long time.

Ultimately, she tossed her handbag aside and walked up to Weston, taking her coat off and letting it slide down to the floor in front of him.

She then headed towards the bed in the simply furnished room and sat on it.

Weston trailed her every move like a hawk. He kept gulping as his bloodshot eyes followed her around.

"Come over here," Stella said, looking at him.

But Weston still would not move.

Then Stella realized something and rose up to her feet.

"I forgot you're still locked in there."

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Chapter 1381

Stella walked to the cage and took the key to unlock them for him. "You really are a troublesome man. Are all these chains necessary? One should be more than sufficient. I don't think you can break free from such a big one."

Weston did not say anything, while Stella only mumbled to herself.

"Do you know what will happen next?" he reminded her out of the blue.

She paused for a moment, but then she still unlocked the shackles from him and said to him, "I told you, I believe you won't hurt me. Since I chose to stay, that means I chose to trust you."

His eyes suddenly became red, and he looked sideways.

She sighed. After unchaining him, she helped him stand up.

The two sat down on the edge of the bed. Weston had cleaned up his wounds earlier and did not smell so strong of blood anymore.

She said, "Do you sleep inside or outside?"

He did not expect that she would ask him such a question one day as if they were a normal couple.

After a while, he answered with a hoarse voice. "Whichever is fine."

"Then you sleep inside."

She continued, "I'm worried you might roll off at night."

But he simply sat there motionlessly and looked at her without the slightest intention of moving.

She frowned. "Do you want me to put you to bed?"

He shook his head. "You sleep on the inside."

His message was very obvious. He was afraid that she might escape in the middle of the night when he was asleep.

If she slept inside, he would be able to detect it.

Stella pinched her glabella helplessly. "You win."

She had no choice but to lie down on the side near the wall.

Weston then lay down beside her. The moment she lay down, he pulled her into his arms.

She had no time to react before she was snug in the man's grasp.

Smelling his scent, she patted his chest. "Don't hold me too tight. I'm a little suffocated."

Weston loosened his grip slightly, allowing her to find a comfortable position.

She rested on his arm and looked at him. "Is this okay? Will your hands go numb?"

He shook his head. "No."

His thin lips pressed against her forehead, brushing her skin as he spoke, and his warm breath fanning her ear.

She closed her eyes, forcing herself to ignore the dominating scent of the man.

It did not take long before she felt someone kissing her.

She tried to pretend that she did not know, but the kisses became more and more noticeable and excessive.

He went down her forehead and started again to the tip of her nose before stopping at her lips, going deeper and deeper, little by little, and with a little tentativeness.

Stella was kissed by him enough. Her breathing was a little short, and she could only warn him. "Sleep properly!"

Weston, however, did not listen to her. He suddenly clasped her wrist and placed her beneath his body, and started kissing her neck.

She opened her eyes. Staring into his deep eyes, she said expressionlessly, "What do you want?"

His silence ensued, and he simply continued kissing her neck, leaving faint marks on her skin.

Her chest continued to rise and fall. Sensing his intentions, she said to him coldly and stiffly, "Don't get ahead of yourself."

Chapter 1382

Hearing her words, Weston's body froze.

He kissed the tip of her nose carefully. It was so lightly and lovingly, as if fearing his touch would shatter her.

She looked fixedly into his eyes and said, "Can you tell me what you mean by this?"

Weston did not speak.

She knew exactly what he was thinking, but she had to ask. She had to force him to say it.

When did she become so bad?

Although he was on top of her, hugging her intimately, he did not dare to exert force on his hands. Thus, he could only brace himself so she'd closely stick to his body.

She could feel his repression but still recklessly told him, "If I don't offer consent, you can't do anything to me."

His throat rolled up and down, and cold sweat dripped down her cheek.

It took a long time before he let out a "hmm."

He did not do anything to her. He simply ran his hand back and forth her waist provocatively, and then kissed her neck little by little, and then moving downward...

And finally, all the way down.

Stella grabbed his hair incredulously. "What do you want..."

He did not speak and simply responded vaguely. His tongue had arrived at her navel.

She instantly curled her toes, and her beautiful toenails, painted with a nice shade of pink lacquer, scratched the bedsheet.

He grabbed the back of her foot in a flash and rubbed it inside his palm, rubbing his fingers somewhat hotly over hers.

Almost instantly, she was jolted by a small electric current that ran through her body.

She just lay there, looking at the ceiling, a little uncomfortable.

But she no longer had the strength to push him away.

Perhaps this reaction gave him some confidence, and he suddenly raised his head and wiped the fluid off the corner of his mouth.

“It’s sweet,” he croaked.

Stella blushed immediately and wanted to kick him away.

But the moment her feet were on his shoulders, he leaned forward.

He delicately traced her face, the face he had worshipped countless times in his dreams.

Holding her, his body had reached a certain point that he was about to strike, but he was bitterly repressing it.

“Can I? Can I...”

He asked over and over again in her ear. His sound was hoarse and painful. As his lips were rubbing the back of her ear, he asked again with a low voice, “It’s really painful, Stella. Can you give it to me?”

She really thought he was simply unbelievable, but she did not expect such an expression to appear on this man’s face once she looked up. He actually looked pitiful.

She closed her eyes and did not answer.

She turned her head to the other side, not refusing or objecting.

But it was such a moment that the patient man who had been holding back suddenly poured out.

He hugged her tightly and kissed her lip almost aggressively, as if he wanted to devour her.

She frowned, grunted twice, and slapped his shoulders hard.

Nonetheless, he was so much stronger than her that her lips hurt from the kiss.

But once she expressed her dissatisfaction, he became gentle at once and pecked her face softly.

Soon, she quietened down.

Chapter 1383

He became unusually gentle as though attempting to overwhelm her within the whirlpool he had created.

Then things got a little out of control.

Stella only knew that she was crying and screaming in the latter part of the night, yet Weston showed no mercy.

The gentleness earlier seemed to be a pretense to the true nature that he was displaying.

The rumbling inside the room continued almost until the early morning before it slowed down.

But not long after, in the morning, the torture of tossing and turning happened again. She was unable to make a sound by the end, her throat was dry and itchy, and she was wet, not knowing whether it was sweat or something else.

She slept until the next afternoon before showing signs of waking up.

But when she opened her eyes, a wave of fatigue immediately swept over her, and went back to sleep.

Weston woke up before her and lay beside her, tracing her face softly.

His love-filled fingers touched her skin, inching southward little by little.

But he was a little worried, afraid of what she would think of him when she woke up.

He really did not hold back last night. So many years of loneliness... he did not know how many days and nights he had endured, but everything was let out in one night.

Naturally, her body was in no shape to receive such an onslaught.

When he got up, he made some noise. Stella only frowned a little, turned over, and went back to sleep.

Weston got up gently without disturbing her.

After getting dressed, he looked back at her and gave her a kiss on the forehead before getting up and working on a side table.

He had been restraining his desire for her for almost all of this time, and when he calmed down, he would attend to the affairs of the company.

His accumulated experience and ability had long been able to allow him to handle Ford Corporation with ease, but he had still fallen behind on a lot of work.

He lowered his head, looked at the documents in his hands, and glanced at her sleeping face, and only then did he feel the empty place in his heart filled.

It took a few hours before Stella woke up.

It was almost dinner, and her body felt like it had been dismantled and reassembled. She was so tired that she felt completely listless, and when she opened her eyes, she was even a little confused about where she was.

The space here was unfamiliar, it took a while to come back to what happened last night...

The next second, she saw the man coming to her. "Did you rest well?"

She flinched at his voice, thinking back to the scene last night, and it instinctively repulsed her.

When he saw her reaction, his eyes turned gloomy, and he did not dare to go near her.

He sat at the edge of the bed. "I'm sorry. I got a little carried away last night."

"Wasn't that way over the limits?"

She lost her temper and shouted at him, "You are worse than a beast!"

Her voice was hoarse, a clear result of the unceasing moans throughout the entire night.

She touched her neck, inexplicably feeling a little embarrassed, not daring to look him in the eyes.

But her evasive look caught the man's eyes, and he thought that she did not want to see him anymore.

So he looked down and said in a soft voice. "I'm sorry."

He suddenly pulled her hands and put them on his face. "If you are angry, you can hit me or curse at me."

The natural aura of superiority made him seem not at all humble when he said such things but oppressive.

She jerked her hand back and looked at him, somewhat puzzled. "Why am I even hitting you?"

Chapter 1384

Last night, Weston had indeed gone a little out of control and was way too forceful.

But Stella knew in her heart that she was the one who allowed it somehow.

If she showed a strong sense of resistance, with his strong self-control, he would not have forced her.

She had to admit that little bit of thought herself.

Maybe her heart really softened seeing him like that.

Seeing her look calm as usual, not scolding him, nor turning away in anger, Weston was a bit confused about her mood and remained cautious.

Stella felt puzzled seeing him sitting motionless and gave him a look. "What are you looking at me like that for? Do I have something on my face?"

She wanted to raise her hand to touch her face, only to find her arms too sore to lift themselves. She inhaled sharply and could not help but glare at him. "It's all your fault!"

When seeing her start to blame him, he then let out a sigh of relief and said to her in a suppressed voice, "I'm sorry."

She looked at his sudden relief and felt more and more strange about him.

Could it be that he had that kind of tendency now, that he would only feel at ease when she scolded him?

Stella shuddered at the thought of this.

She wanted to get dressed, but the incessant soreness in her body strongly suggested otherwise.

Helpless, she could only look at Weston. "What are you doing? Help me get dressed!"

His throat rolled up and down, and he walked to her.

She sensed something wrong in his eyes and immediately warned him, "Last night was already too much. You better not do anything more to me!"

His eyes changed, and he smiled. "I know. I've had medicine sent over. I shouldn't be so impulsive for a week."

He just said that he would not be so impulsive but did not promise not to do it again.

This man was now so shamelessly superficial that he did not even pretend.

Stella said, "Like you're going to do anything else to me a week from now..."

He pursed the corners of his lips without saying anything and put his hands directly through her arms, and lifted her up.

Stella then leaned on his arms and let Weston dress her.

His movements were careful, like he was treating some fragile treasure.

She looked at the side of his face and shook her head.

She knew that things were weird between the two of them these days, but there did not seem to be much else she could do about it at the moment.

After dressing her, he picked her up in his arms.

Only when they were out of the room did Stella feel the harsh light outside.

“This house is too dark.”

She said to him, “Don’t you ever come here again.”

He paused in his steps for a moment, then nodded.

He would do whatever she asked.

He carried her to the car, and Stella looked at his arm, “Aren’t *you* still injured? Will the wound reopen?”

He shook his head. “No.”

He continued, “You are very light.”

After that, he got into the car. Stella noticed that he seemed to be obsessed with physical contact with her now.

Wherever he was, he had to be close to her. He was so clingy that it was beginning to get a little disconcerting.

She rubbed her glabella in exasperation. “Don’t worry. I am not a kid. I won’t run away from you.”

Weston did not say anything. Although he looked bland, he, in fact, stayed as close as he could to her and didn’t let her off in the slightest bit.

Chapter 1385

Stella sighed and let him go.

A few moments later, she saw a mall up ahead and said to Weston. “By the way, Elias and Emma seem to have grown a little bit. I want to buy some clothes for them.”

He nodded and asked the chauffeur to stop the car.

She walked out of the car, and Weston walked to the front and subconsciously reached out to hug her.

She glared at him. “There are so many people on the street. What would they think of us?”

He frowned. "What does it matter to me what people think?"

Stella was speechless.

She ignored his words and only put her hand on his arm to stand up with his support, but her legs gave way, and she nearly fell.

Weston reacted quickly and helped her up. Stella stood firmly and an ambiguous fire burned in her heart. "You look like a man who has never had sex in his life..."

She was clearly scolding him, but he did not feel any dissatisfaction when he heard her. There was in fact a trace of a smile in his eyes instead.

She looked at his smiling face and glared at him. "Look at your playful face. You are not ashamed but proud!"

He took her hand and held her up. "Lean on me and walk, so you won't get tired."

She did not say anything in the end and followed him into the shopping mall.

He followed her around, swiping his card for whatever she bought.

She gave him a look without saying anything.

She glanced at him quietly.

He suddenly realized something and his expression slowly faded.

He remembered that she had previously made it clear to him that she would not take his money no matter what.

He wanted to give her his company, to which she outright refused.

He was worried that she would not want him to come and swipe the card for her.

So when she showed him a set of jewelry, he did not hand over the card first.

She felt strange and gave him a look.

He then looked at her tenderly. "What's wrong?"

She did not say anything and pursed the corners of her lips a little, feeling odd.

He was quite willing when paying for Elias and Emma's things, but when it was her turn, he just looked like he did not know what was going on.

Was it possible that he did it on purpose?

Or was he trying to draw a line with her and just be Elias and Emma's father?

She came to her senses in a flash.

She should not have any expectations of him. She slept with him last night just because she found him pitiful. Moreover, she was also a young woman with her own needs. Weston was handsome and well-built, except for his needs which were too much for her, his stamina and other aspects were excellent, and she was not losing

out.

Thinking of this, her face became slightly indifferent. "Nothing."

Then, she took out her card and handed it to the cashier.

He reacted at once, held her hand, and took her card back. "Are you blaming me for not paying for you?"

His voice was tentative, and he watched Stella's reaction nervously.

She frowned. "Why should I ask you to pay for me? Am I unable to earn on my own?"

After saying that, she took her card back and handed it to the cashier, telling her directly that she wanted to swipe it.

The curve of his lips stiffened a bit, and he did not say anything. His eyes darkened a

tint.

She did not know what he was up to. Everything seemed wrong with this man from just now.

It seemed that he wanted to do something to her, but he was afraid that she would be disgusted, and it made him skittish.

Chapter 1386

Weston hesitated. He seemed to want to say something but did not.

Stella looked at him somewhat helplessly. "If you want to say something, just say it. Don't hold it like this and make me guess what you're thinking."

He remained quiet.

After a pause, he said to the cashier, "Swipe my card."

Stella was speechless.

She did not stop him this time.

After buying all sorts of things, she looked at him once they got into the car. "At first, you didn't want me to spend your money, and then you acted awkwardly and let me swipe your card. What the hell were you thinking?"

He paused and looked at her. When his dark inky eyes slowly dropped, he surprisingly looked a little unconfident. "I'm worried you don't want to use my money."

She was speechless.

Indeed, it was she who seemed to have expressed such an intention earlier.

He wanted her to spend his money, and she refused with great disgust.

She cleared her throat. "How can I put this? Every stage is different. You are, after all, the father of your children, aren't you? It's normal to buy them something, and as for me..."

She cleared her throat again. "Anyway, you have wronged me so much in the past. It should be alright to make up a little for it now."

Weston immediately nodded to echo her words. "Absolutely. are you willing to swipe my card now?"

Stella replied ambiguously, "I don't repulse it."

He suddenly smiled. A genuine smile grew in his eyes, and he looked delighted.

She looked at him, puzzled.

Was this man stupid?

Why was he so happy when she was willing to spend his money?

Soon, he took out a black car and handed it to her. "Feel free to use it."

She was surprised. "How come you're so well prepared?"

She took his wallet, rummaged through it, and then found her photo.

And it was a photo of her that she had never seen before.

She took it out and laid it in front of his eyes as if she had found some evidence." When was this taken?"

He did not expect that she would discover it and looked away and said vaguely, "It was an old photo."

"You're lying!"

She said, "This is obviously what I look like recently. How on earth did you get a picture at this angle?"

He did not answer, and she suddenly got angry and threw the card into his hands." Go swipe it yourself!"

Seeing her angry, Weston pulled her into his arms and explained, "I am sorry. I couldn't see you all those days, that's why..."

"So you hired someone to take pictures of me?"

She looked at him in disbelief. "I thought you had changed, but apparently, you are

still so..."

He hugged her waist suddenly and used his hands to cup her head. His voice seemed to be shaking when he said in her ear, "I am sorry. I won't do this again."

He was obviously the one who did wrong, but he looked like he was wronged now.

She held back her anger at once, not knowing what to do with him.

She recalled the time he locked himself in a dog cage just so he wouldn't see her. In order to control himself, he even used chains and completely lost his mind.

After a long time, she sighed. "Remember what you're saying now. You're not allowed to do this again, okay? If you want to see me, you can talk to me directly. No more of your bizarre ways."

Chapter 1387

"I understand."

Weston's suppressed voice beside her ear contained a hint of joy. "Are you saying I can come and see you in the future?"

Stella gave no answer.

Did he still need to ask when she had already said it so explicitly? What was wrong with him?

He asked once more, seeing that she did not say anything.

She glared at him in annoyance. "Stop asking. I won't let you if you ask again."

He understood what she meant and chuckled. He kissed her ear and asked in her ear, "So can I spend more on you in the future?"

Stella was speechless.

What kind of question was this?

What kind of person would be willing to give away money to somebody else?

Besides, their relationship now was...

She paused for a moment, refusing to think about it for now. So she could only say to him, "Depends on my mood."

He let out a sigh of relief and nodded. "Okay."

It did not occur to her after this day that he seemed to have misunderstood her words.

He seemed to go a little overboard trying to get all the goodies in front of her, and unlike earlier when he was courting her, this time, he was on a complete shopping spree.

Whatever he saw that suited Stella would be bought instantly and sent to her.

Soon, her studio was filled with his gifts.

There were all kinds of branded handbags, large and small, each cost a few hundred thousand, and he bought them like he was buying cabbages. There were also top-of-the-line luxury cars of all make and manufacturers. He even purchased a garage to store the fleet. And then there were the luxury homes in different locations...

Stella wouldn't stop receiving contracts from the real estate firm, confirming the properties' ownership with her...

It wasn't just Stella; many others also began to notice Weston's unusual behavior. He has been spending a lot of money lately.

It was common for a man of his status to be extravagant since it would not affect his wealth. People like him had money they could not finish even if they spent non-stop for a few lifetimes.

But he had been so strange recently to the point that Xavier could feel that something was not right.

Xavier went directly to Weston's office when he got to work. "What's wrong with you lately, buying so many properties? People will think you are trying to run away."

Weston swept a glance at him, and his face was cold. "Gifts for a lady."

Xavier was speechless.

The fire in his heart extinguished instantly, and he looked at Weston in disbelief. “All for Stella?”

No way.

His instinct told him not to believe it.

Being the awful-tempered woman she was, plus now that she wasn't short of money, would Stella accept so many things from Weston?

Weston read his doubt and smiled lightly. His eyes showed excessive pride. “It is only right that I let her spend my money when I can earn so much. And I am the only one who can allow her to spend money this way.”

Xavier said, “Are you crazy?”

It was mostly the women who would approach men of their levels. The wealth they accumulated had long exceeded the imagination of ordinary people. As long as these women could get a little bit, it would mean a lot to them.

It was also a sad thing for people like them. They would never know whether the people next to them were genuine or fake.

Hence, many wealthy men became shrewd and cautious. They never let women take advantage of them and are more calculating than anyone else.

Chapter 1388

There were numerous wealthy moguls inside the circle who kept women with minimal spending and never engaged in non-cost-effective ventures.

Xavier had no idea what Weston was proud of.

“Do you think you're quite honored that she spends your money?”

Weston gave him a bland look and snapped. “Is Zeta willing to spend your money when you let her?”

With just that one sentence, he left Xavier speechless and even a little stifled.

Xavier's face changed, and he was at a loss for words.

If he let Zeta spend his money, and if she was willing to do so, he'd be willing to spend all his fortune just to make her smile.

But Zeta was now ignoring him and deeply in love with her boyfriend.

He had gone to her too many times, and every time it had ended badly, sometimes to the point of being humiliated by her.

“How can a woman be so insensitive? She has loved me for so many years and chased me for so many years. It was only three short years, and now she says she has forgotten me...”

Weston glanced at him indifferently, not bothering to care about their crap.

But hearing Xavier's words, he still sarcastically said, “Have you never put her to your heart? You broke off your engagement with her for Daisy. It's only natural that she doesn't want to see you now, and besides, isn't that what you want? What's all this nagging about?”

Xavier did not know what to say.

He could not comprehend himself as well. He was a very casual person. Even in his relationship with Daisy, he should have been aggrieved for a long time, but he did not have the intention to take revenge on her.

As a man, he should be magnanimous.

He should be able to let go and dare to get hurt if he dared to give. He could never be as persistent as Weston was.

But despite all that, he still couldn't let go of Zeta.

He wondered if it was in the nature of men to be cheap. When she chased him, he cared little about her. Now that she'd turned away, he became aware of her positives and was increasingly interested in her.

Weston did not say anything. He sent Xavier out after reading a document. Before Xavier left, he reminded him. “The old man has noticed that you are not right lately. If you continue to spend like this, he may interfere in the matter between you two.”

Weston's expression remained calm without much change. “He can't.”

Ford Corporation was basically under his control now. Grandfather could at most advise him as an elder, and nothing else could be done.

Xavier sighed. "I know what you are thinking and wanting to do now. But I must

remind you, don't lose yourself because of a woman."

Weston curled the corner of his lip. "Like she is willing to let me lose myself because of her now, but the problem is that she's not."

Xavier said, "You are really hopeless."

Finally, when Weston bid for the priceless necklace, The Heart of the Ocean, for Stella at a charity auction dinner, she could no longer sit still.

As Weston drove to deliver the necklace to her, he saw Stella waiting in front of the studio on the side of the road.

He got out of the car, opened the door, and walked up to her. "I am a little late today. Have you been waiting long? Because there's a charity dinner..."

"I know."

She interrupted him and said, "I also learned about all your feat today on the internet."

He took out the necklace, attempting to put it on her, to which she quickly took a step back. "Don't you think you've been acting a little crazy lately?"

He sniffed and looked up at her. "What do you mean?"

"It's all over the internet!"

She glanced at ridiculously posh and extravagant Heart of the Ocean studded with twenty-one diamonds. It should have been a collection in a museum, but Weston bid on it, saying it was to be given to the woman he loved.

Chapter 1389

Stella's phone was ringing off the hook at that moment, with many curious to know what was going on between her and Weston.

Helpless, she held her forehead in exasperation. “You’ve given me enough. There’s no need to buy such extravagant things.”

“Don’t you like it?”

Weston frowned, and his face seemed to turn gloomy. “If you don’t, I will send someone to buy a new set for you from the jewelry boutique in Las Vegas.”

She shook her head immediately. “That is not what I meant.”

She let out a breath. “I heard that... you spent close to a hundred million for this necklace?”

He nodded. “It’s not that expensive.”

She was speechless.

Was that not expensive?

Indeed, she wasn’t short of money, not to mention the substantial income she received as a world-renowned pianist. But it was in no way comparable to the enormity of his splurging.

“If you like to collect jewelry, just buy them. It’s totally fine. But we both clearly have little interest in this. You should stop wasting money like this.”

“It’s not a waste if it’s for you.”

Seeing that there was simply no way to talk sense into him, she cried in exasperation, “I don’t want it. Take it back.”

“You don’t like it?”

His face turned dark, and he felt an inexplicable feeling.

Seeing him like that, she asked, “What’s wrong with you?”

He shook his head. “Nothing. I just feel that you do not seem to need me...”

It appeared that buying her stuff would give him a moment’s reassurance that she still needed him.

But now, she did not want him to do such things.

So he felt that he could not seem to do anything with her and was of little use.

Stella finally found the key to his problem. “Are you down with a mental illness or something?”

She sighed and slowly looked him in the eyes, saying, “It’s okay. We can go see a psychiatrist if you feel something is wrong.”

“You think I’m sick?”

Weston looked at her displeased. “I just wanted to buy something for the woman I love, and you think I’m sick?”

She was speechless.

She fell silent. “Do you really think that’s just buying something?”

She suddenly took his hand and dragged him to her office.

Those employees who had not finished work saw them and immediately moved their eyes away, not daring to look at them.

Stella couldn’t care less for whatever rumors they would spread. She directly pulled him to the office, then closed the door and printed out a list of every item he had given her recently.

The list was as thick as a book.

She threw it in front of him. “You’re telling me that this is just something?”

He tugged his bow tie and walked to her. After flipping the first few pages of the list of properties, he tossed it aside without looking at it. “What exactly do you want to say?”

“What I mean is-”

She said, “I feel pressured by you throwing money at me like this.”

Chapter 1390

Weston frowned, unhappy to hear her define his gifts as throwing money at her.

He sat down in front of her and tapped his finger lightly on the desk. "You can say it if you don't like it."

Stella shook her head and sighed. "I think you seem to be mistaken. Weston, about that day..."

She finally talked about that day.

It seemed like they were a step closer, so much closer to each other. Yet, he still felt a million miles away.

Even though they had been in intimate contact countless times that day, he still did not feel like he could hold on to her.

His throat rolled up and down, and it took him a long time before he said, "What do you have to say about that day?"

She knew it might irritate him, but she had to make herself clear. "You might have misunderstood something. Let's just say it was all in the heat of the moment. We're grown adults anyway."

He clenched his fist at once and looked at her with obscure and inexplicable eyes. "I don't understand."

She let out a breath. "These things are very normal in this era. You don't need to feel burdened about it, and don't think that it could mean anything..."

He snorted and suddenly propped himself up on the table, slowly forcing himself to look at her.

She felt pressured by his gaze and looked away. "Don't look at me like this..."

Weston grabbed her wrist at once and forced her to look straight into his eyes." Why? You're not going to tell me that you've been abroad for so many years that you've been assimilated into the foreign mindset and think getting laid doesn't count for anything?"

She frowned and began to feel that Weston had revealed his true colors.

Perhaps the earlier tenderness was all his forced patience, and he was suppressing his true nature in front of her. This look now felt more familiar to her.

She looked into his eyes calmly and said indifferently, "Let's not even mention

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foreigners... people in this country are also very open now. As long as the two are single and have no infectious disease, that kind of thing is nothing if they both

consent.'

He snorted, squeezing her wrist and gradually tightening his force. "It meant something to me. I have never been so intimate with any woman, and the only one I have is you. The place has been empty for so many years, and you are telling me now that that does not mean anything?"

She looked away, unwilling to look him in the eyes.

The next second, she let out a sharp shriek.

He crossed directly over to her desk and picked her up, turning around to hold her against the edge of the desk. Then, he lifted the hem of her skirt to reach his hand inside. "Then I'll let you feel what that really means to me."

He kissed her neck, then her collarbone, and moved downward gradually, leaving a trail of drool.

In the end, he reached her bosoms again. Stella instinctively wanted to push him away, but her hands went limp and rested on his shoulders, powerless to push him away.

He directly clasped her wrists together and pressed her waist to keep making advances.

She was unable to break free and tried to duck back, but he pressed her waist harder and harder.

He kissed her with an uncontrollable frenzy.

He kissed her all over her body, but not on her lips.

She knew he was angry, and it seemed like he was punishing her.

She was pinned to the table, her hands on his shoulders, and suddenly she wrapped her arms around his neck.

He was startled for a moment and stopped, his eyes looking at her in confusion as if he was trying to read her demeanor.

His eyes roamed over her face, desperate to fathom her true emotions these days.

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Chapter 1391

Stella simply shut her eyes and said, "Make it quick," indifferently.

"If that's what it takes for you to calm down," she added.

Weston got colder and stopped abruptly. He cupped her chin and made her look, straight at him.

"Even if I have you as I did that day, was it just another ordinary lovemaking session for you?"

"Yes." Stella answered him affirmatively. "After all, I think you're good in every way. If you're willing to take care of my needs too, why not?"

Weston clenched his teeth immediately, not expecting Stella to define their relationship as nothing more than casual lovers.

Weston's actions were so aggressive and violent this time that Stella could barely handle him.

She didn't know how long it took before he finally stopped. By the time it ended, she was all sweaty, and her clothes were all over her feet. No one dared to come in and disturb them, with the door to the office shut tight.

Stella glared at Weston weakly. She barely had any strength left, so her glare was not threatening.

Weston ruffled her sweaty hair and asked her in her ear, "Are our needs taken care of now?"

Stella took a deep breath and tried to push him away. "Yes, you can go."

However, Weston stayed put. He looked at her in his arms and kissed her for a while. Then, he said in her ear in a husky voice, "Now that your needs are solved, let's talk about other things."

"What else is there to talk about?"

Stella was feeling very uncomfortable, and she couldn't talk. She felt very sore. "The need is solved. You can go."

"That's a different thing."

Weston held her with no clothes on.

Stella thought they were getting slightly too close and disliked the skin contact. She tried pushing him away, but Weston pressed her down harder.

He whispered in her ears, "Now that your needs are fulfilled, shall we talk about feelings?"

He caressed her body, asking, "How many times have you enjoyed yourself earlier?"

Stella did not want to listen to his nonsense and closed her eyes without answering.

Weston continued muttering to himself in his ears. "Three, but I haven't even had one. How was that addressing a need?"

"So what do you want?"

"I don't want anything. I don't want to solve any problems. I just want you to look at me."

Weston kissed her chin and slowly moved down. "You've had your needs satisfied. Can you satisfy mine?"

"What the hell do you want?"

Stella got annoyed. "Why are you so nosy? Can't you just put your pants on and leave like any other man?"

Stella could not understand why he must talk to her about all this nonsense. It was unlike the quick and decisive Mr. Ford she knew. He was just like a silly kid in love. He only wanted whatever he desired from her and was unwilling to cooperate whenever displeased. 1

"If you keep this up, I won't call you even if I have to," Stella warned.

Chapter 1392

Stella saw the man's face suddenly turn cold, a look that frightened her a little. Weston looked really angry.

She would've never cared about his emotions in normal circumstances, but she was still naked in his arms and didn't dare be arrogant. Thus, she could only say, "You... Let go!"

Weston looked at her steadily and suddenly let out a low laugh in a husky and mellow voice. He began to worship every part of her body with kisses. After kissing her toes, he trailed up again. "I just want to tell me honestly. Do you have a desire for me right now?"

Stella took a deep breath. "Only physically."

"What about emotionally?"

"None whatsoever." Stella shook her head. "It'll be the same no matter how many times you ask."

Weston suddenly increased his strength and forced her to talk.

Stella gritted her teeth and refused to do as he wished. However, her voice changed not long after. "Please, no..."

She softened her tone and tried to stop Weston. However, he didn't give her the chance. He slammed her wrists together and held them above her as he swept over all her senses with another storm, forcing her to beg for mercy.

Stella had no choice but to lower the tone of her voice. "Please, don't..."

“So, do you think there’s anything more between us than solving our needs?”

“Yes...”

“What?”

“What do you want to have?”-

“I want to have everything.”

“Then take it all...”

Weston knew her words in such times would never count, but he still liked to hear her say it. At last, they had both lost control of themselves.

Later, at night. Stella wrapped herself in his coat and sat in the back seat. Weston seemed very content with what had happened. She looked at the satisfaction on his face with annoyance. “You’re not allowed to come to my studio again!”

Weston put his hand on his temple when he saw her neck covered in marks and said nothing. After a few moments, he picked Stella up and put her on his lap.

Stella was startled and pushed him. “Why are you still... Did you take some medication?”

Weston gave her a faint look. “You’re overthinking. I’m just checking to see if you’re hurt.”

With that, he lifted the coat she was wearing.

Weston’s coat was much larger and big enough to wrap her entire body. He could easily see the marks on her exposed skin when she moved slightly.

Weston kissed her neck again and released her hand before she could even resist. He then checked if her intimate area was hurt from the excessive lovemaking.

Stella closed her eyes in resignation. She simply could not deal with Weston’s boldness.

Soon, they arrived at the apartment building. Weston got out of the car, picked Stella up, and walked inside.

There was a bright spark downstairs as someone lit a cigarette. A man was standing in the lobby as if waiting for somebody.

Hearing the movement, Roger stood up, and he was met with Weston's eyes.

Chapter 1393

Weston's face went cold. Then, he slowed his pace.

Stella noticed Weston's strange reaction. When she looked up, she realized that

Roger was standing nearby. The unmistakable coldness on Roger's face caused her to freeze for a while.

Stella tapped Weston on the shoulder and got down. As soon as she stood on her feet, Weston wrapped his arms around her waist and took a few dissatisfied steps forward.

Stella glared at him and pulled his hand away.

When Weston tried to hug her again, her repulsive eyes met him and he could only give up. Then, he followed her to Roger.

"You're back?" Roger had a strong sense of hostility while he observed the unusual atmosphere between the two of them.

Stella nodded and asked him, "When did you come?"

"I've been here a while. I thought you were working late, so I waited for you," Roger explained. He threw the cigarette in his hand in the trash and added, "Emma and Elias are already asleep."

Stella had some joy in her eyes. "Didn't they go to boarding school? They're back early today?"

"Yes. I wanted to surprise you," Roger said but did not finish the rest of his sentence and simply looked at Weston briefly with indifference.

Weston ignored Roger's rejection and said to Stella, "I'll go up and see them."

Stella rejected him. "They're already asleep. Wait till the next time."

Roger also said, "Indeed. It was hard to put them both to sleep. Mr. Ford, please don't disturb them."

Weston did not say anything. Instead, he kissed Stella on the cheek and helped fix her collar. "It's okay. I can stay for a while."

Roger instantly frowned. "Mr. Ford, who are you to stay in our house?" he said, while stressing the word "our."

Sensing the tense atmosphere between the two men, Stella sighed. "Enough. Stop being childish."

She turned to Roger. "Let's go home first."

Stella soon arrived home, but when she opened the door and wanted to go in, Weston held the door open and refused to leave. "I just want to have a look."

Roger had changed his shoes and was standing in front of Weston. He looked at him in discontent, "Is it really necessary?"

"Yes." Weston gave him a faint look and said, "After all, Stella is still wearing my clothes. I have to get my coat back."

Roger's face sank at Weston's reply. He clenched his fist as if wanting to swing it at him.

Roger had seen Stella getting out of the car in Weston's coat earlier, and although she was tightly wrapped, he still saw some hickeys on her skin.

Without even needing to think, Roger knew what the two did before coming. He gritted his teeth. "Stay away from her!"

"You have no right to say that to me." Weston looked at him indifferently and did not take his warning seriously.

Stella went in and poured a glass of water for herself. When she came out, she saw the two men standing in the doorway in such a tense atmosphere and frowned in irritation. "It's already late at night. Can you guys hurry up and go to bed?"

She came over, put the glass of water on the cabinet in the entryway, and gave Weston a look. "You can come back tomorrow."

Weston paused for a moment and looked at her soberly. "Are you kicking me out?"

Stella rubbed her nose. "It's not that. Besides, we aren't in a relationship. There's no reason for you to stay... I've agreed to let you see the kids tomorrow, haven't I?"

Weston was rendered speechless and suddenly let out a laugh in annoyance. He pulled his tie and looked at Stella with his coat on. At last, he nodded. "Fine. Then, he turned around and left.

Chapter 1394

Seeing that Weston was gone, Stella closed the door and met Roger's judgemental eyes as soon as she turned her head around.

"What's the deal with you and him now?"

Stella shrugged and said indifferently. "It's like what you saw... We're just taking care

of our needs."

Roger gritted his teeth. "Needs?"

He didn't know when she had become so candid.

Both Stella and Roger were unaware that Weston had overheard their conversation through the closed door behind them.

Weston laughed at himself self-deprecatingly. It turned out that he was just a tool in Stella's eyes. He was just there to satisfy her physical needs. Should he be happy or

sad about it?

Fortunately, he could at least have a reason to stay by her side. Sadly, it seemed like it would be hard for her to have the same feelings for him.

The next morning, Roger woke up early because of the annoying ringing of the doorbell. He went to answer the door in his pajamas and messy bed hair, and when he opened it, he saw the face he hated in the doorway.

Roger put down his hand and looked at Weston helplessly. Most of his anger faded, leaving him speechless. "Bro, do you know what time it is?"

Weston gave him an indifferent look. He did not answer him and came in directly." They're not up yet, are they?"

"Elias and Emma are still sleeping. Sis isn't up yet. Why?"

"I'll make them breakfast."

Roger froze for a moment. He watched as Weston headed in and thought he had heard wrong. "Make breakfast?"

Could a man like Weston even make breakfast?

Before Roger could react, he watched Weston heading straight to the kitchen with several bags of groceries in his hands and a fish bouncing around in the bag.

Roger felt a little curious and followed Weston to the kitchen. He watched him skillfully prepare the fish and boil it. He was so skillful and comparable to a five-star chef.

Soon, Roger felt hungry. He leaned against the door and teased Weston saying, "I didn't think the almighty Mr. Ford would become a family man someday."

Weston did not even look at him. He carefully put the ingredients into the pot. When the water boiled, he covered the pot with a lid.

"If you have that time, help arrange the table. Don't just sit here and do nothing."

Roger stood in the doorway, stunned by Weston's sudden lecture. Why did Weston sound like he was speaking to his own brother-in-law?

Roger froze for a long moment. After that, he grunted and returned to his room without saying anything. He would never listen to Weston or arrange the table for

him.

It was the weekend and still early in the morning. Stella and the two kids would probably wake up late. Roger was not going to listen to him.

A pleasant scent woke Stella up. She usually slept in during the weekend, but the insatiable aroma and a grumbling stomach woke her up.

Stella got up and went to Emma and Elias' room. After giving both a kiss, the two little ones finally got up.

Chapter 1395

Emma and Elias were very capable of taking care of themselves. They could already brush their teeth and wash their faces independently.

Stella went straight to the living room and saw a tall man in an apron walk toward

her.

Weston said in her ear softly, "Breakfast is ready."

Stella immediately froze in place. She rubbed her eyes and thought she was mistaken.

Weston chuckled at her confusion, then walked to her and rubbed her head. "What? Silly."

Stella stared at him for a moment, thinking that she was dreaming. Why did Weston appear in her living wearing an apron and cooking for her? It all seemed so magical.

While Stella was still in a daze, Weston leaned over and kissed her on the cheek. "The children are here. Don't just stand there."

Stella took a step back and rubbed her nose uncomfortably as she saw Emma and Elias making all sorts of funny faces behind her. She still found it amazing to see Weston in her house so early in the morning. Not only that, he was posing as the man of the house and cooking breakfast for her in an apron.

Roger went back to sleep for a while, so Stella went to his room to call him.

Roger came out with messy bed hair. Seeing that Weston was still around, he frowned. "You can leave after preparing breakfast. Why are you still here?"

Stella gave him a look in silence. Then, she walked over to Emma and Elias and wiped the corner of their mouths.

Weston did not bother to look at him. He took off his apron, hung it aside, and sat across from Stella. Then, he enjoyed his breakfast slowly.

Roger came over. When he was about to sit next to him, he realized Weston had served him no food.

"What is this?" Roger questioned Weston.

Weston gave him a faint look. He had barely any expression on his face. It was as he was simply ignoring Roger's presence. "What do you mean by that?"

"You-" Roger was rendered speechless at Weston's question in reply. How dare he

ask him that?

"Everyone has breakfast but me. Are you deliberately doing this?"

"I'm not obliged to serve you breakfast."

Weston slowly sipped his coffee. "If I'm obligated but not doing it for you, then I'm probably against you. However, I'm not obligated to cook for you, so it's the right thing to do."

"You-" Roger could not win against the sharp-tongued Weston in verbal arguments.

Weston was usually quiet because he was lazy to speak. As a successful businessman, it was only natural that he was good with his words.

Roger took a deep breath and turned to Stella. "Look at him..." He sounded like he was complaining.

Stella rubbed her temple, feeling a slight headache. Meanwhile, Emma and Elias were watching with great interest.

She rubbed them on the head and urged, "Hurry up and finish eating, then we'll go out and play."

Stella had no intention of getting involved in their fight. Seeing that, Roger could only swallow his anger. At last, he got up and went to the kitchen to make himself a bowl of pasta.

There was no instant food at home. Roger could only boil some pasta, but it did not turn out well.

Roger used to be able to cook, but he got rusty. After years of living with the Garcia family, he was used to being served. At last, Roger barely managed to cook a pot of overcooked pasta. He sat down across from Stella and ate it with some resentment.

Stella felt sorry seeing him like this. She handed him a piece of toast. "Hey, hey. Just eat something for now, then eat when you go out.'

"Sis is still the best to me." Roger immediately beamed and gave Weston a provocative look.

Chapter 1396

Roger smugly took the slice of toast from Stella's hand. As if showing off proudly, he snapped, "So what if you made her breakfast? I still get to eat it!"

Weston simply ignored Roger's childish provocation. Seeing that Stella had finished her breakfast, he stood up and walked to her.

"Full?" Weston asked and casually wiped the stains from the corner of her mouth. Stella, however, felt uncomfortable by his overly intimate action and avoided him slightly.

Weston did not say anything and withdrew his hand. He wiped his fingers clean and sat down while looking at her. "Taking them out? Where are you going?"

Stella gave it a thought and glanced at Emma and Elias. She asked them, "Where do you want to go?"

"I want to go to the park and see the swans!" Emma said first.

Elias naturally followed Emma. "To see the swans!"

Stella nodded. "Anything else other than seeing the swans? What else do you want to do?"

Stella happened to be free and could finally take the two little ones for a walk. When Stella was swamped with work, the two children both started full daycare kindergarten. That was why they did not spend much time together.

Weston gave them a faint look and told her, "There's a new development nearby. It has been completed. We can visit the place."

"Where is the place?"

"It's a park." Weston explained to her, "There's a zoo inside too. It's just the right time of the year to go."

Stella frowned. "The zoo? Won't it be too hot?"

"No, it won't," Weston said. "Tour bus."

Emma and Elias got excited hearing about the zoo. "To the zoo! To the zoo!"

They had only been to the Underwater World before. They really enjoyed seeing the sea creature's performance and had not been to any place like that after coming back to the country.

Stella pinched Emma's nose and said to her, "It's not an underwater park. It's going

to be very hot under the sun!"

Weston reassured her, "That won't happen. Trust me."

Stella let out a breath. "Fine."

Roger listened to their conversation from aside. As he listened to them, he felt something weird. "Are you taking Weston with you?" Roger asked Stella.

Weston glanced at him lightly and found his question somewhat unnecessary. "I'm the kids' father. It's a family trip. Isn't it normal for me to go with them?"

Roger was rendered speechless. He had no choice but to say to the two little ones, "I want to go too. Can I come too?"

Roger was actually acting pathetic in front of the children!

Emma and Elias were naturally soft. After all, they had spent more time with Roger.

Weston wanted to go on a family trip of four, which became a family of five. As a result, both men looked annoyed throughout the day.

Stella looked at the two of them and felt a little troubled getting caught in the middle of them. However, she focused on Emma and Elias and did not care about them.

As a result, they ended up on an interesting family trip of five. The woman happily went around with her two children while two gloomy-faced men followed behind her.

What was more amazing was that the five of them were very good-looking.

The two handsome men were particularly eye-catching in this world of many beautiful women and rarely many handsome men.

Stella's children were exceptionally adorable too. Although just young children, their features were already well-defined.

Soon, she realized that they had attracted too much attention. Many people were looking over here and seemed attracted by the two good-looking men with gloomy

faces.

Stella frowned slightly and warned them. "Either get along or get out of the way."

Chapter 1397

Stella covered Emma's ears and refused to let her listen to her harsh words.

"I barely have time to spend with them. We finally had the chance to enjoy a trip outside. Don't ruin my mood and make me unhappy."

Stella bluntly expressed her thoughts. Weston looked at Roger for a moment before withdrawing his gaze. He quietly stepped forward and picked Emma up from her hands. "Let's go on the boat ride together, okay?"

Emma nodded. "Okay!"

As she sucked on her fingers, she could see that Stella was in a bad mood.

Weston patiently took her hand out of her mouth and carried her forward.

Stella followed them as she took Elias.

Roger had no choice but to keep his mouth shut and follow behind them in silence.

He walked in boredom.

When they got to the boat attraction, they quickly realized that the boat was already full after only four had gotten in. Hence, the staff told them, "How about taking the next one?" He was a little curious about the relationship between these five people.

Stella told Roger, "Why don't you take Elias with you?"

Hearing that, both Weston and Roger looked over with displeased faces.

Roger wanted to get on the boat and replace Weston. However, Stella saw that Emma was getting so well with Weston and did not want to spoil her fun.

Roger sighed after feeling torn for a long time. "Forget it. You can go. I'll wait for you here."

Roger had never liked the water, not to mention how he was constantly surrounded by seawater during his previous escape.

Thus, he did not mind skipping the boat ride and decided to wait for them.

"Sis, you better watch out. That man is inexperienced in taking care of children. Don't let him drop Emma in the water."

Weston gave Roger a cold gaze at that. "I'm not as stupid as you are."

The staff listened to their conversation and was relieved, knowing that they were a family.

They watched as the boat gradually left the shore and arrived in the center of the lake. Emma shouted in excitement. Weston held her in front of him and showed her the fish swimming around in the lake. Elias was also very excited and leaned on the railing.

Stella immediately grabbed the rope behind Elias, feeling a little worried. She stood by his side and occasionally glanced at Emma to check on her.

“Be careful and watch her. Don’t let anything happen to her.”

“I know.” Weston’s tone was exceptionally gentle whenever he spoke to her.

The family of four enjoyed a rare moment of solitude. It was not long *before* the boat docked.

Weston first picked up Emma and put her on the ground. He made her stand next to Roger steadily. Then, he got up and carried Elias over.

Stella was the last who got down.

Seeing Stella holding the railing to get up, Weston took her by the waist and carried her down.

Some of the people around who saw this shook their heads at them, distracted by their good looks, and stopped in their tracks. Weston’s action earlier was indeed very attractive, causing many young girls on the side to blush as they watched them with envious looks.

Stella blushed and stood in front of him with her head down. “You can let me go now

Weston did not move and just looked at her in silence. The way she blushed moved

him a little.

Roger saw him staying still and had to interrupt them. “Have you had enough? Let go.”

At last, Weston slowly let go of Stella.

Chapter 1398

Stella thought she would have a fun trip with Emma and Elias, but the two men stifled the atmosphere and made it weird.

Emma and Elias were unconcerned about the adults and still had a good time, but Stella went through some inexplicable tormenting feeling at heart throughout the trip.

When Stella finally got home and saw that Weston wanted to follow them, she quickly stopped him. "Okay, that's it. That's it."

Stella looked at Roger, who was already in the house. She was worried that the two men would fight if they stayed in the same space again.

Weston understood what she meant and stopped without giving her a hard time." Well, I'll be upstairs. Call me if you need anything."

Stella nodded. After sending Weston away, she turned to find Roger staring intently at her. She was not sure how long he had been standing there and tried to use Emma and Elias as a front to avoid the uncomfortable topic.

Stella asked Roger if Emma and Elias were asleep, but Roger cut her off. "They're already asleep. I gave them both a bath. I have something to ask you. Come here."

Stella rubbed her nose, followed him, and sat in the dining area. For some reason, she felt Roger was about to lecture her like a parent.

"Why have you been getting closer to that guy lately? What's going on?" he interrogated.

"It's just like what you saw the other day."

"Are you just treating him as a... friend with benefits?" Roger hesitated to mention the term. He did not think Stella would be so open to this idea.

Stella paused a little and suddenly let out a laugh. "He can't leave me alone now.

He's always pestering me. It's getting kind of annoying."

"He's bugging you, and you're going to let him get what he wants?"

Stella shrugged. "I didn't think I'd ever be with him again, but when I saw him lock himself up that day, I thought all these were unnecessary."

The fact that she avoided him meant she still could not let go of him.

Stella said, "My feelings for him have faded. I don't mind being with him or not. All I

need now is freedom and nothing more."

Roger frowned at her words. "He locked himself up?"

"Yes." Stella nodded and sighed as she recalled the sight of Weston at that time.

"You've never seen anything like that. He even locked himself in a cage like a beast in chains. He wasn't acting like a human at all."

There were so many bodyguards around and blood all over him.

While speaking, Stella propped up her forehead helplessly. "I don't want to see him go crazy like that again. After all, he's Emma and Elias's biological father. I may not love him anymore, but I don't want to see him like that."

"Is it really just because he's the children's father? Is there no other reason?"

"Maybe it's out of pity," Stella added, weighing her words. She was unsure about her feelings for Weston, but she was sure she did not like him anymore. She felt more comfortable and free without him.

Even if he constantly bugged her, she would not mind keeping him around as long as he did not do anything to upset her.

"I don't really mind him around. Besides, I've gotten used to his presence."

Stella was no longer resistant to Weston's closeness because of some compassion she felt for him during his excessive behavior before.

Roger fell into a long silence. At last, he nodded. "I understand."

Roger snapped his phone to the table and kept the call screen open. When the man on the other end of the line heard Stella's explanation, his gaze turned obscure.

Weston knew he was right. Stella accepted him only out of pity. She saw him in a terrible state that day and felt guilty. Feeling sorry for him, she finally stopped rejecting him.

Chapter 1399

Even so, he could only accept how she treated him and stayed by her side. He was just like a friend with benefits to her. Was this not like the marriage they had?

Weston suddenly let out a mocking laugh at himself. Indeed, it was similar. He deserved it. He should probably be glad to have evoked her little compassion for him. After all, she was still soft-hearted and kind.

Weston exhaled at that thought and hung up the call.

Roger was satisfied and finally stood up contentedly. He told Stella, "I won't get involved in your business anymore."

Roger made sure Weston heard the whole conversation between him and Stella earlier. If Weston still wanted to stay with Stella after hearing all that and wanted to be her secret lover, so be it.

After that day, Weston disappeared from Stella's sight for a few days.

It didn't bother Stella much. After all, Weston no longer mattered to her.

Stella accepted a job after Emma and Elias started school. She went to another city with the crew without informing anyone but Angelina and Yvonne.

Yvonne and Lucas were preparing for pregnancy. When Stella called Yvonne, she heard some embarrassing sounds and hung up quickly. She did not expect the couple to be busy doing that in broad daylight.

Angelina and Henry were in a complicated relationship. So when she heard Stella was leaving, her first reaction was to ask, "Can I come with you?"

Stella was startled. "What's wrong? Did something happen?"

"Henry is crazy! I can't stand him anymore! He even canceled my crew's shoot!"

Angelina always felt that Henry was hiding something from her. He always seemed hesitant to speak whenever he looked at her.

Henry used to dislike Angelina before, but his attitude changed after knowing she had a child. There must be something behind this!

However, Henry would never tell her when she asked. She just could not stand the way he looked at her every time.

Stella gave it a thought and talked to the crew about the situation. One of the actors

was unable to continue filming because of personal matters, so they told Angelina to come along.

Although famous, Angelina was humble and willing to do anything, like filling in for others and helping the crew.

The crew arranged hotel accommodations for the actors, where Stella and Angelina would share the same room. They were given a suite, which made it convenient for them to take care of each other.

Henry came along the next day. When Stella was warming up on the piano, she saw Angelina arguing with a man from a distance. She went over and asked her, "Why are you arguing?"

Angelina immediately hid behind Stella. "Henry, don't come to me anymore."

"I've already broken up with her. What else do you want?"

Henry had spent a long time trying to coax Angelina, but it did not work. "Stop messing with me. Haven't I done enough for you? What do you want?" Henry asked in an annoyed tone.

Angelina glared at him at once. "I don't want anything from you. Can you leave now?"

Chapter 1400

Stella thought the two were arguing like a couple and did not want to get involved. After saying a few words, she turned around and left.

Henry had a thought as he watched Stella leave. Then, he took out his phone and sent someone a message.

Angelina noticed and grabbed his phone away at once. "You're not going to contact Weston, are you?"

"What does it have to do with you?"

Henry snatched his phone back. "Haven't I said that my business is none of your business? Give me back my phone."

Angelina glared at him, turned around, and walked away without saying anything.

Henry felt troubled because of Angelina's reaction. After sending the location to Weston, he went after her helplessly. "Okay. Calm down. I didn't mean it."

Henry embraced her from behind with a slightly hesitant tone. He was always worried that she would remember everything from the past someday, which might lead to the end of their relationship. However, he also secretly hoped she would remember and not forget him entirely.

Stella played a sample for the crew and then exchanged some pleasantries with the director. The next moment, she noticed a tall and familiar man walking towards them.

She had not seen him for a few days and almost forgot about him.

Seeing his arrival, she instinctively withdrew her gaze and acted like she did not see

him.

Weston stopped beside her.

Stella moved away and ignored him. She told the director, "If there's nothing else, I'll go and rest."

"Okay, sure." The director knew the relationship the two were in and deliberately gave them space without saying anything. He did not expect Stella to act like she was a stranger to Weston.

Weston looked at her steadily and let out a mocking laugh to himself. He said to the director, "Don't disturb her. I'm just here to take a look."

Everyone knew about their relationship, but Weston was afraid to do anything for fear of Stella's anger. He spent the rest of the afternoon watching Stella play the piano in the set.

The outdoor set was a little hot, and although the air conditioning was on full blast, it did little to alleviate the heat.

The director had to walk to Weston and ask if he needed a room, to which he refused.

Stella was holding a small fan in her hand and chatting happily with the rest of the

crew.

When someone reminded her about Weston's presence, she glanced in his direction and immediately withdrew her gaze.

"Mr. Ford seems to have been waiting for you there for a long time."

"He's not here to see me," Stella denied and said, "Just ignore him."

"But he's still standing there. It's so hot. Don't you have to go over and greet him?"

Stella shook her head and said, "Nope. He's not a child anymore. I'm sure he'll tell you if he can't take it."

"Okay then..."

The crew finished their work at night.

When Stella returned to the hotel, Angelina sent her a message saying she had changed rooms with Henry.

Stella smiled at the message and said nothing. Just as she was about to close the door, a large hand suddenly reached out and pushed the door open.

Stella was startled. Then, she watched as Weston strode in. He took her wrist, pushed her against the door, and started kissing her aggressively.

His smooches were too strong to resist.

Stella's feet went a little limp from the onslaught. Eventually, she leaned on his arm weakly. It took a long time before she recovered and muttered in a low voice, "What are you doing..."

"I've been watching you on set all afternoon. What do you think I'm doing here? Well, I'm here to..."

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Chapter 1401

Chapter 1401

Weston whispered the next two words in her ear.

Stella took a deep breath. Her eyelashes trembled a little. After a long silence, she finally pushed him away.

"That's enough..." she said. "Let go of me..."

But Weston would not let her go. Instead, he held her even more tightly now, then lifted her up, so she raised her toes and stood on his leather shoes. Both of his hands were on her waist, and he stroked her so lustfully that it was not hard to guess exactly what was on his mind.

"Is that all you ever think about?" Stella asked, trying to push him away angrily.

Weston said nothing. He just leaned down to plant a kiss on her cheek; then his lips lingered around her jawline for a while before he descended down to her collarbone.

Stella took a deep breath and patted his shoulder before telling him, "I haven't taken a shower yet. My whole body's covered in sweat..."

"It's fine," he said. "I don't mind it at all."

He then walked towards the bedroom while still holding her tightly in his arms, as if nudging her to walk in there with him, and when they got there, he pushed her onto the bed.

As soon as she felt her body bounce on the mattress, Stella immediately patted his shoulder and told him, "Stop it..."

Her voice was laced with a sense of exigency, but Weston paid no attention to it. How could he possibly stop now? He had been waiting the whole day just for this

moment.

He started to bite her cheeks, then her lips.

Before Stella could react, she found that both of them were already rolling between the sheets. She tried to kick and trample him, but Weston merely grabbed her feet, held them in his palms, and kissed them softly.

The more Stella yelled at him, calling him a pervert, the more she turned him on.

Stella, feeling a little helpless after seeing that he was only getting more excited, then grumbled, "...how can you be so shameless?!"

"You're only turning me on the more you yell at me," he said before climbing on top

of her body and whispering in her ear, "So why don't you yell some more, hmm?"

Stella took a deep breath and was resolved to ignore him.

The ruckus between the sheets went on for a long time until, at last, the noise died down, and Stella was left dripping wet, just as if she had gotten out of a swimming pool. Her body was drenched in sweat, and who knew what other kind of bodily fluid. She was still panting heavily when she saw Weston reaching out his hand toward her again.

"Stop!" she cried, her eyes reddening as she gave him a pleading look. "I'm too tired..."

“But it’s only eight o’clock,” argued Weston, glancing at the time. “It’s too early to be tired!”

“I’m hungry,” Stella complained while rubbing her tummy.

“Don’t worry. I’ll be quick.”

“If what you’ll be doing is quick, then no one in the world can be called quick!”

Something in the tone of her voice delighted Weston. He leaned in and kissed her again and again.

“Just hold out for a little longer,” he murmured between kisses. “I’ll try my best to be quick.”

They then resumed their lovemaking session. Stella had no idea how much time had passed when they were finally done. By then, all her strength was drained from her body. She just lay there very still on the bed, having no energy left to even move her fingers.

Weston, now content and satiated, went into the bathroom to take a quick shower. When he came back out and saw Stella lying there all tired and sleepy, he walked up to her and gathered her up into his arms, telling her, “Let’s go get dinner.”

Stella turned away from him. She was in no mood to go anywhere.

And so Weston patiently helped her put on some clothes. Once she was all cleaned up and dressed up, he let her lean on his body. And just like that, he led her out of the room to get dinner, with her body all limp and floppy, leaning against him for support.

Stella followed him quietly without resisting because she did not mind it as long as he did not carry her out of the room himself. Unexpectedly, although it was already very late at the time, they bumped into members of the crew in the hallway.

This took her by surprise because their room had been far away from where the rest of the crew were staying. She didn’t expect that she’d bump into anyone here.

Stella stood up straight instantly and shied away from Weston to hide from the crew member.

Weston's expression froze. He had never expected Stella to avoid him like the plague when other people were around.

Chapter 1402

Stella had run away from Weston so quickly that it seemed like an automatic response from her. She stood far from him, clearly embarrassed to be seen anywhere with him and evidently unwilling to let anyone think that they were in any kind of relationship.

But he quickly regained his composure and calmly walked on as nothing had happened.

The members of the crew were also very surprised to see the two of them together there. They froze, and those that recognized Weston began greeting him.

"Mr. Ford..."

Weston greeted them back tersely without even looking at them. It was obvious that he was not in his best mood. He even exuded a cold and standoffish air around him.

The members of the crew stood together and watched as Weston strode away, then their gaze shifted towards Stella, and they began to greet her too.

Stella smiled at them and quickly walked away as if nothing had happened. From a distance, she could hear their hushed voices talking about her and Weston.

"What are those two doing here?"

"Who knows? Do you think they were with each other just now?"

"Possibly. They used to be married to each other, after all."

Hearing this, Stella quickened her pace, not wanting to hear any more gossip about her. She had been really worried that people would start spreading rumors about her and Weston at a time when their relationship was still in an uncertain stage. She just was not ready to make any kind of decision right now.

She had learned a harsh lesson from her past, and she was determined not to jump into any kind of commitment so hastily the way she used to do.

Weston heard her approaching footsteps from behind, so he slowed down his pace. Then he turned around to look at her.

“Can you stand next to me now?” he asked.

Stella scanned her surroundings. When she was sure that there was no one around her, she finally let out a relieved sigh and walked up to his side.

“Yes,” she said. “The coast seems clear now.”

For Weston, seeing her acting like this was like getting stabbed right in the heart. He looked down at her. His gaze slipped down from her eyes to her lips as he averted her eye contact.

“Is it so embarrassing to be seen with me?” he asked.

Stella froze. She instantly realized that he must have misunderstood her.

“That’s not what I meant...” she shook her head profusely. “I was just...”

“I know,” he interrupted her. “You just don’t want people to think that we’re in a relationship since I’m nothing to you but a tool to satisfy certain needs of yours.”

Stella had the urge to argue and deny it, but then she thought about it and found that he was absolutely correct. He was indeed nothing more to her now than a way for her to satisfy her primal urges.

Weston sniggered at himself wryly when he noticed Stella falling silent.

So what? He did not mind it anyway. If the only way for him to remain by her side was to be her sex tool, then so be it. It was more than worth it for him.

When they returned after dinner, the two got ready to go to bed right away.

On their way back, Stella noticed that Weston had been silent all along. She could sense that something was wrong, but she said nothing about it and just went straight to sleep. At present, she was no longer all that concerned about what was on Weston's mind the way she used to be in the past, back when she would do everything in her power just to please him.

Later, in the still darkness of the night, Weston slowly opened his eyes and stared at Stella, who was lying with her back towards him. He wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her into his arms, pressing her hard against his own chest.

Stella relented without any resistance and rolled quietly into his arms. She even nuzzled up against his chest.

The sight of her being so meek and trusting of him made his eyes glint in the dark before they turned gloomy again.

Why couldn't she stay this way forever? Why couldn't she always be this gentle and docile and just let him hug her like this forever?

He leaned down, kissed her tenderly on her forehead, and let out a soft sigh.

Later, Weston stood outside alone on the balcony. The curtain was billowing in the wind. He was holding a glass of wine that he had just gotten from the fridge. There were still some ice cubes in the wine.

There were a number of white pills in the palm of his right hand. He popped them all into his mouth and washed them down with the wine.

Dr. Hayden Quirk had warned him to always take his medicine on time and not to just take it whenever he liked. But he paid no mind to that. He had started taking that medicine again after stopping for a while, and he only did it because he wanted to suppress the raging tide of desire that had been brewing inside him.

He glanced at Stella, who was still sound asleep. Her sleep was always peaceful and uninterrupted these days, and the look on her face was calm and serene as if the outside world completely unruffled her.

Weston looked up at the vast starry sky before he guzzled down the entire glass of wine.

The next morning, Stella woke up to the smell of alcohol. She frowned, tugged at Weston's night robe, and asked him, "Have you been drinking?"

"Yeah," Weston nodded. "What's wrong? Did the smell disturb you?"

Chapter 1403

Stella shook her head.

"I just didn't like it, that's all. Were you drinking last night, or did you just drink this morning?"

Weston did not answer her.

Stella then climbed out of bed and went into the bathroom to wash up. When she reemerged, she glanced at him and casually told him, "I noticed that you've been drinking a lot lately."

"Have I?"

She nodded.

She then yawned and suddenly noticed a white medicine bottle on the nightstand.

She squinted and frowned, then asked him, "What's that?"

She picked it up and examined it but was still clueless about what it was.

"Is this yours?" she asked. "What is it for? Are you feeling unwell?"

There was a hint of concern in the tone of her voice, which softened Weston's countenance considerably. He leaned against her waist and told her, "I do feel a little

unwell."

"Where?" She reached out her hand to touch his forehead and found that his body temperature was normal.

Weston stroked her waist and let his breath tickle her ear.

"Can't you guess where?" he asked.

“Don’t be so immature!”

He had been absolutely wild and voracious in bed, utterly unlike someone who was

sick at all.

“Is it some kind of a supplement?” she asked.

“Yes,” he admitted while continuing to caress her waist. Then he looked up into her eyes and added, “Tell me, don’t you think my body has been a little too robust lately?”

” ”

Stella was stumped. She had no idea what he was trying to imply. Was he just trying

to show off?

“I guess so,” she lifted up his chin to study that strikingly handsome face of his.” Your body has indeed been terrifyingly robust lately. You’ve been in so many

precarious situations, yet you always managed to escape unscathed. I sometimes wonder if you’re actually invincible.”

“Of course I am!” Weston chuckled lightly. “How else could I get you pregnant with

twins?”

Stella paused and struck his shoulder, “Can you stop saying stupid things like that?”

“Stupid?” Weston bit her earlobe. “How so? Was I wrong?”

His hands then reached down to stroke her belly.

“I was able to get you pregnant even when we were in a strained relationship back then,” he said. “Surely, it must’ve proven to you how impressive my body was.”

”

“Weston!” Stella cried before pinching his neck. “How can you be so shameless as to say that?”

The two of them rarely ever had any opportunity to be so at ease with each other before. Even when they were still married, Stella had always had to walk on eggshells around him, trying her best to please him. She had never been so bold and carefree in his arms the way she was now back then.

Weston stared at her, then suddenly swooped down and kissed her while holding her neck. He bit her lips and slowly explored her mouth with his tongue. Their tongues intertwined, and they transferred their warmth to each other.

“No,” Stella complained after sniffing his nose and finding that his body was still reeking of alcohol. “You really need to go take a shower.”

Weston chuckled and obediently went into the bathroom.

He left his phone on the nightstand, and at the same time, when he turned the water tap on in the bathroom, his phone rang.

Stella ignored it.

After a while, the phone rang again. She got up and glanced at it. That was when she found that the call was from Dr. Hayden Quirk.

She froze. She thought of the bottle of medicine on the nightstand, so she hesitantly picked up the phone and pressed to answer the call but said nothing.

“Mr. Ford,” she heard the familiar voice of Dr. Hayden Quirk say, “are you free to

come in this afternoon? Your mental state has been stable lately, so if there have been no serious issues, you can just postpone your next appointment.”

Chapter 1404

The other end of the line had been so quiet that Dr. Hayden Quirk suspected Weston did not hear him just now, so he repeated what he said once more.

He was surprised when he suddenly heard a woman ask him, “What’s wrong with him?”

He hung up the phone immediately, and all Stella could hear was the cold beeping tone.

The sound of rushing water in the bathroom stopped, and Weston soon returned. He noticed that Stella just stood there next to the nightstand as he wiped his hair dry with a towel.

“What are you doing just standing there?” he asked.

“Nothing,” replied Stella, trying her best to keep her composure. She then scrutinized the man in front of her with a steady gaze.

Seeing that she was acting a little weird, Weston walked up to her and kissed her before asking, “What’s wrong? Are you not satisfied yet? Wanna do it again?”

Stella’s brows furrowed, but she strangely did not argue with him, nor did she show much reaction to his teasing.

“Did something happen?” Weston asked, his brows knitted as he noticed that she was acting out of sorts.

Stella shook her head and said nothing. She poured herself a cold glass of water and managed to calm down a little after drinking it.

She turned to Weston. She wanted to ask him what had happened to him, but as soon as she opened her mouth, she was unable to think of a word to say.

They spent the next few days at the filming set, and Weston behaved like Stella’s secret lover the entire time. They would only meet up covertly, away from everyone’s

prying eyes.

At first, Weston would grumble and complain, but he gradually stopped and accepted how things were.

Stella found that she quite enjoyed how things had been going. She had her children, money, and even a man to sleep with—a man she could just mess around with without having to take care of him in any way.

As for what she heard Dr. Hayden Quirk say on the phone that day, she felt that as

long as she did not let it bother her and remind herself that it was his problem, not hers, then everything was fine.

That was what she thought then.

After a few days, Stella's part of the filming was finally done.

Weston needed to go back to his company for some urgent matters, so he had left a few days before Stella did. She was just about to go pick Elias and Emma up from school when she got a call from Roger.

"Warren Ford has been to the school these past few days," he told her. "He's been trying to see Elias and Emma, but I didn't let him do it so far."

"When did this happen?" Stella asked, looking visibly angered as soon as she heard what Roger said.

"Just the past few days," he replied. "I knew you've been busy with work, so I didn't tell you about it."

"How could you keep such an important thing from me?!" she asked. "You should've told me earlier!"

"But Warren Ford hadn't been doing anything at all. He just came here to see the kids. I didn't think it was necessary to tell you right away. I thought it'd be best to just let you know once the filming ended..."

But Stella could not possibly stay calm when it came to a matter that concerned her children. She rushed back to Ahn City the same day. Only when she saw Elias and Emma safe and sound with her own eyes could she finally calm down and stop worrying.

Stella hugged them tightly when she finally saw them at the kindergarten. Just as they were all about to get in the car, Stella noticed a familiar black luxury car approaching from a distance.

She knew at a glance that the car belonged to the Ford family.

Without hesitation, she picked Elias and Emma up in her arms. She got them into the car before getting in herself and preparing to leave.

But then she heard an old man calling her name behind her.

“Stella! Can we talk just for a minute?”

Warren Ford had just gotten out of his car with the help of his butler by his side. At present, he was so old and frail that he could barely walk on his own.

Chapter 1405

Stella gave Warren Ford a brief glance before telling him, “We’ve said all there is to say

the last time we met. I don’t think there’s any more need for us to talk.”

Warren’s eyes trembled. He looked as if he had something to say, yet he somehow couldn’t.

Meanwhile, Elias and Emma could not help but poke their heads out of the car with curiosity when the old man who had been coming to see them these past few days called out their mother’s name. They had anticipated seeing their mother being happy now that she had finally come back, but for some reason, Elias sensed that something was wrong and felt the urge to get out of the car to be with his mother.

But before he could get out, Roger quickly stopped him.

“The adults are talking right now,” he told Elias. “You’re just a kid. You’ve got no business interrupting them.”

Elias said nothing in reply, but he was perceptive enough to know that his mother was in a bad mood, which made him anxious to get out of the car.

Emma sensed this too, and she kept looking out, watching her mother talking to the old man.

Warren had met them before and spoken briefly with them. Elias and Emma were his great–grandchildren, so he was kind and amiable with them, which meant that the children had a pretty good impression of him.

But at the same time, they could see that the old man did not get along well with their mother. They could keenly sense the tense interaction between Stella and

Warren Ford.

They were only concerned for Stella, though.

As for Warren, at this point, he was so eager to please Stella that he almost seemed

humbled before her.

“Surely you must know why I’m here,” he said. “I had come to see the children.

without your permission these past few days, and that is completely my fault. But no matter what, I am still their great-grandfather...”

“I haven’t even recognized Weston Ford as the father of my children yet,” Stella interrupted him, “so what right do you have to claim yourself as their great-grandfather?”

Warren had met the kids with complete sincerity and determination, so he was mentally prepared to be treated coldly by Stella. He assumed that based on his age and seniority, very few would be so blunt to the point of embarrassing him to his face.

His expressions went through several changes, but he managed to keep calm.

“I’m not here to take anything away from you,” he explained patiently, “I’m only here to ask you... if you could let the kids visit me every once in a while?”

“I’m sorry,” Stella frowned, “but no.”

She gave him a very blunt and direct refusal without any hesitation.

“But Madam,” the butler could not help but chime in, “Mr Warren Ford has always regretted what he did to you. He held back seeing you all this while, but because of his recent poor health, he decided to ask you a favor since he didn’t want to leave this world with any regrets.”

“And I have let him ask me what he wanted,” Stella smiled, “but the answer is still no. I will not agree to it.”

Stella realized that she might act like a vengeful person right now, but she simply

could not forget what Warren Ford had done to her in the past.

Had she not been extraordinarily lucky, she would not even have the chance to be standing here in front of him now.

Warren's eyes clouded over. After hearing what she said, the light in his eyes gradually dimmed.

"In that case," he added, "can I come here and see them sometimes?"

For a man like him, this was a great enough of a concession on his part, yet Stella ended up neither agreeing nor refusing it.

"That would depend on whether or not the kids want to accept you," she replied. "But as for me, I will not forgive you for the rest of my life."

Once she finished her sentence, she turned around and got straight into the car.

Warren watched as she walked away. He coughed as endless remorse flooded his

heart.

"What did that old man say to you, Mommy?"

Stella was greeted with that question from Elias as soon as she got into the car, and his voice was full of concern. She looked at her children's innocent faces and

suddenly heaved a sigh before pulling them both into her arms.

"We were just chatting, that's all."

"But you look like you're really upset, Mommy! Was that old man mean to you?"

"Of course not! You know that I'll never let anyone bully me."

Emma had confusion written all over her little face. She bit her fingers as she quietly stared at her mother and older brother.

Stella pulled her hands down and scolded her, "You're a big girl now, Emma! You're not allowed to bite your fingers anymore, understood?"

Emma nodded and smiled sweetly at her.

Stella couldn't stay mad at her daughter when she looked that cute, so she sighed helplessly and gathered her children into her arms, and showered them with kisses.

Chapter 1406

"Should I take Elias and Emma away if Warren Ford comes to see them again?" Roger asked.

Stella paused and fell silent. She ended up not giving him a definite answer.

After a while, she turned to her children and asked them, "Do you guys like that old

man?"

Elias and Emma scrutinized their mother's expressions to find out how she was

feeling.

"Just tell me the truth," Stella said helplessly. "You're not allowed to lie."

Hearing this, Elias and Emma nodded earnestly.

Stella sighed. It appeared that the children liked their great-grandfather, after all.

But then Emma quickly climbed onto her lap and whispered in her ear, "But I like Mommy more than anyone else in the world!"

"That's right!" Elias echoed his sister. "Mommy is the most important person in the

world!"

In fact, they only liked Warren Ford because he was nice to them. The children would show affection towards any stranger that treated them kindly anyway.

Stella understood what her children were trying to tell her, and her heart was suddenly filled with a warm fuzzy feeling. She once again covered their foreheads

with tender kisses.

“Hey!” cried Roger, sounding as if he was jealous. “What do you mean you like her the most? What about me?”

“We like you the most too!”

After returning from the filming set, Stella had basically not seen Weston at all for the past few days.

Nevertheless, her life continued happily, and she spent the entire weekend playing with Elias and Emma. The kids would sometimes ask her where Weston was, but only out of sheer curiosity instead of actually missing him. They seemed to be completely indifferent to his presence in their lives.

On Monday, Stella sent the kids back to their boarding school and gave everyone in

her office a day off.

Meanwhile, Roger had been very busy lately with work, expanding the Garclas

business, though he never forgot to find time to spend with Stella and the kids as soon as he could.

But Stella had, in fact, been consciously keeping a healthy distance from him. She knew she could never be with him because she only thought of her as her brother and nothing else.

Roger had begun to sense this as well, so he gradually stopped coming to see Stella except when he wanted to see Elias and Emma.

And so their relationship began to return to the right path.

It was in the middle of the night, and Stella sat in front of the window sill as she poured herself a glass of whiskey. In an attempt to enjoy her alone time, she put on a horror movie she had been meaning to watch for a long time and snuggled into the couch, eager to wind down and savor her rare vacation.

She then suddenly heard something breaking outside the window. She paused and assured herself that she was probably just mistaken.

However, not long after that, the wind began to howl outside. The glass window creaked. Stella started feeling uneasy, so she got up and closed the window.

Soon, she thought she saw the figure of a man flashing across the window. She jumped in fright and rushed over to pull the curtain down.

Her breathing quickened now. She regretted choosing to watch a horror movie so late at night because now it was making her paranoid about everything. Hence, she turned off the film and decided on a relaxing variety show to watch instead.

But before long, she suddenly heard the sound of footsteps in the living room. Her ears pricked up, and she strained to hear, only to hear footsteps vanish after that.

Stella was convinced that she must still be paranoid because of the horror movie she had just watched. She reminded herself not to overthink and that nothing could scare her more than her own wild imagination.

Slowly, she managed to distract herself and be immersed in the variety show she was watching.

Chapter 1407

Soon afterward, Stella suddenly smelled a pleasant aroma-

This time, she was sure she was not just imagining it. The aroma clearly wafted in from the direction of the kitchen. She got up from the balcony and carefully put down the tablet in her hands before heading towards the living room.

As she suspected, she saw a tall figure there.

Stella almost stopped breathing as she slowly tiptoed into the kitchen, only to see Weston standing there wearing an apron. There was also a pot of boiling water on the stove next to him.

Weston then deftly cut up some vegetables and plopped them into the pot before covering them with a lid. He turned around and saw Stella standing there at the door, her face looking sickly and pale.

He frowned, then walked up to her and touched her face with the back of his hand to check if she had a fever.

“What’s wrong?” he asked. “Are you feeling unwell?”

“Are you out of your mind?!” Stella swatted his hand away, still recovering from the shock. “How can you just sneak into my house without telling me?! You’re absolutely crazy!”

Weston froze. He had not expected her to react so strongly to his presence there.

“I’m sorry,” he said after a pause. “I sent you a text, but you didn’t reply.”

“I was trying to enjoy a peaceful vacation at home!” she replied. “That’s why I put my phone on airplane mode! Just because I didn’t reply to your text doesn’t mean you can sneak into my house without my permission! No, wait-”

Stella paused abruptly, looking like she just realized something.

“How did you get in here?” she asked. “You didn’t steal the passcode to our house, did you? Or did you somehow secretly take my thumbprints when I didn’t realize it?”

Weston fell silent for a while without responding to her questions. Then he finally told her, “I don’t need to steal the passcode to the door. I can easily guess it.”

Judging by how deeply he knew and understood her, it took almost no effort for him to guess any of her passwords.

“I don’t care what you say,” said Stella, massaging her temples. “Just get out of my

house now!”

She tried to push him away, but he would not even budge.

“Why won’t you move?” she asked, impatient. “Fine! If you’re not leaving, then I’ll

leave!”

“I’m sorry,” Weston immediately hugged her from behind. “I didn’t mean to frighten you...”

Stella took a deep breath and lowered her voice as she told him, “Right now, you’re the one who suddenly popped up in my house without my permission. Don’t act like you’re the victim here!”

He was speaking to her in a grumbling tone that made it seem like she was bullying

him.

He then fell silent and just planted soft kisses on the nape of her neck before slowly moving down, obviously trying to please her.

Stella wanted to push him away, but she felt how tenderly he was holding her and how he whispered softly in her ear, “I made your favorite dishes. Don’t you want to

taste them?”

A tempting and mouthwatering aroma wafted out of the kitchen. Stella suddenly lost all her will to resist, not least because she remembered that phone call from Dr. Hayden Quirk when he said that Weston was mentally unstable and had to take some medication to treat his condition...

She sighed.

“What did you make?” she asked.

Weston’s eyes lit up as if in disbelief that she would actually give in. He took her hand and kissed it again and again before telling her in a husky voice, “I made all your

favorite dishes.”

Stella no longer resisted him after that. She did indeed feel sorry for him. So even after finishing making the food, he still hung around the couch in the living room, seeming to be in no hurry to leave. Seeing this, she merely urged, "It's getting really late now. You should go upstairs back to your own home."

"I don't have a home," argued Weston. He turned to look at her with a smile, but his eyes were tainted with a trace of pain and misery. "You don't want me now, so I don't have any home to go back to anymore."

"

Weston was giving Stella a headache at that point. She wondered if he figured it out himself or did anyone teach him this trick? Why was he acting all weak and

vulnerable in front of her now? Did he discover that she was much more prone to give in if he showed signs of weakness?

"You do have a home as long as you have the deeds to prove it," she argued, "so stop acting so pitiful!"

She then picked up a pillow and threw it at him.

"I don't have any needs for you to satisfy right now," she added, "so don't even dream of spending the night in my house."

Chapter 1408

Stella's refusal of him was strong and unambiguous.

Weston sat on the couch and covered his eyes with one hand. After a long silence, he finally pleaded in a raspy voice, "Just let me stay here for a little while, okay?"

Stella walked up to him. Only then did he put his hand down as he looked at her.

"I'll just sit here for a while, and then I'll go, okay?"

Stella ignored him and just stood over him and looked down at him. After remaining silent for a while, she finally relented and told him, "You're only allowed to sit here for a while, and then you'll leave, understood?"

Weston nodded.

Stella turned around and walked away. She headed towards the balcony to put away her things and returned to her bedroom.

Half an hour later, she came back out to check on him and saw Weston getting up to get himself a glass of water from the water dispenser, and in his hand was a white bottle of medicine. He poured half of the pills into the bottle and popped them into his mouth.

Stella froze. A strange feeling suddenly stirred up inside her. She stood there in silence for a very long time until Weston finally heard a sound, turned around, and saw her there.

“What did you swallow just now?” she asked, walking towards him.

“Just some supplements,” he replied. He did not seem as if he wanted to hide anything from her when he closed the lid on the medicine bottle and was about to put it away.

Stella strode forward and quickly snatched the bottle from him.

“Let me see that.”

She thought Weston was just trying to elicit her sympathy, but when she noticed the word vitamins on the label, she fell silent for a long time.

“If it’s just vitamins, then why do you have to always bring them wherever you go?”

“Just for convenience,” he answered casually. “So I can take it whenever I remember to.”

Stella could easily tell he was lying, but he was acting so naturally that she paused

for a long time without saying anything.

In the end, she said nothing about it at all.

“If you want to spend the night here,” she said, “then you can sleep on the couch.”

Even Stella had no idea why she said that herself. Perhaps she really was much more prone to give in whenever she saw signs of vulnerability.

She turned around, no longer wanting to see what kind of expressions Weston was showing, and just left him there.

“But if I see you here when I wake up tomorrow morning,” she warned him, “then you’ll never be allowed to come back here again, understood?”

“Uh–huh,” Weston nodded.

Later, Stella woke up in the middle of the night to get some water to drink. She almost jumped in fright when she saw a man in the living room but sighed in relief when she remembered that it was only Weston sleeping on the couch.

Aided by the moonlight streaming in through the window, she entered the bedroom and saw the tall and muscular man curled up on the couch. Because the couch was clearly too small for someone his size, Stella instantly felt bad having made him sleep there.

She stood beside him while holding the glass of water in one hand and just stared at him. She took a sip of water. An indescribable feeling was brewing in her heart.

Stella walked into the guest bedroom, picked up a woolen blanket, then carefully laid it on Weston’s body. She had been in such a rush earlier that she did not even realize that she had forgotten to provide him with anything to keep himself warm.

Weston just lay there in his regular clothes. He did not even take off his shirt.

Just as Stella lifted her hands off his body and was about to get up, she felt his fingers wrapping around her wrist, and she was pulled into his arms.

Startled, she fell helplessly into his embrace.

Weston gripped her waist tightly. His dark eyes met with hers and stared at her steadily.

“What are you doing?” he asked, his voice hoarse.

“Nothing,” she replied, turning away from him immediately and looking a little annoyed. “I was just trying to give you a blanket...”

She shouldn't have tried to help him just now! He caught her right in the act, and he

must have misunderstood her and thought she was desiring him just now!

Stella struggled to get away, but Weston held her very tightly, making her completely

unable to move.

After a while, he leaned down, nuzzled against her ear, full of longing, and whispered, “Please don't go...”

Stella took a deep breath and got up to her feet.

“I'm going to sleep now,” she said. “Let go of me!”

Chapter 1409

“I'm not letting you go.”

Weston showed a rare sign of defiance, and as he spoke, his lips brushed against her ear.

Stella tried to get up by pressing her hand against his chest, only to be held even tighter by him.

“Don't leave me...” he repeated, this time with a feeble pleading voice.

Stella again remembered how pitiful he looked while taking his medication, and she began to give in.

Weston sensed this change in her and hugged her gently as he kissed her forehead. Then his kisses slowly moved downwards until he reached her collarbone.

Stella took a deep breath.

She had lost all her will to resist now and even started to undo the buttons on his shirt herself.

“What are you doing?!” Weston asked after a pause.

“Stop pretending,” Stella looked down at him. “Isn’t this what you want?”

She then undid all his buttons, exposing his muscular chest covered in a dazzling array of scars. The sight shocked her. She realized that ever since they were separated, he must have had to suffer just as much as she did, if not more.

Stella stared at those scars and sighed.

“Do you want it?” she asked.

Weston chuckled. Did he want it? How could she even ask such a question? What else would he answer? She must know by now that he would never say no to anything she asked.

Still, he wondered what kind of feelings she had for him right now. Was she just feeling sorry for him? Was it all just pity and guilt? Did she just give in because she saw all the scars on his body?

Weston had no idea, but he felt he was starting to get too greedy.

Wasn’t it good enough that she was by his side now? She was even willing to... be so intimate with him.

This should be more than enough for him. But when he thought about how she might be willing to do this with him, not because she really wanted to, but only because she pitied him, because she felt sorry for him...

If she didn’t find him so wretched, perhaps she might not even give him a second look. In fact, she might never have been happy when she was with him, but she stayed by his side only because she felt sorry for him and only out of the kindness in her heart.

These thoughts raced through his mind, and they all jumbled into a huge, tangled mess. When he saw a look of impatience flashing across Stella’s face, he suddenly pinned her down and lay on top of her.

He knew that he was beginning to lose self-control and that he was using too much force with her, but he also knew that only by seeing her whole body

tremble due to extreme pleasure he could quiet down all the uneasy thoughts in his mind.

He saw Stella's expressions change right before him, and her eyes began to redden. He leaned down and kissed her.

Stella clung to his neck as if she was about to drown in his kisses.

They both had no idea how much time had passed when they were finally done.

Weston had been savage with her just now. Stella had to take some time to calm down before she glared at him and grumbled, "What's wrong with you today?"

Weston said nothing. He was completely satiated now, yet he could not help but wonder why he was feeling strangely empty inside.

He leaned down, caressed her cheek, and then moved down to kiss her collarbone.

"Wait..." Stella suddenly regained her senses. "Stop it! That's enough!"

She tried her hardest to push his head away, but Weston grabbed her hand and held it behind her before kissing her neck and moving slowly downwards...

Stella let out a moan.

"You're not allowed to beg for mercy!" he interrupted, then fiercely added, "And stop making that kind of noise!"

Otherwise, he really would lose all control.

He even had an urge to crush her body underneath him so their body would join and become one.

Chapter 1410

Everything after that happened in a blur.

In the end, Stella fell into a deep sleep. Weston cleaned her up and carried her back into the bedroom. He put her down on the bed and watched as her long hair cascaded down her body like a majestic waterfall.

He leaned down and kissed her.

Stella frowned and turned over.

Weston continued to watch her sleep. Then he tucked her snugly under the blankets and adjusted the temperature on the air conditioner before getting up and leaving the room.

He went out and stood on the balcony, smoking a cigarette. The screen of his phone lit up and went dark again, but he paid no mind to it because he was too busy thinking about how Stella had been acting earlier.

She was clearly rejecting him at first but then gave in after seemingly having thought of something. What exactly was the reason behind her change of heart?

He did not know and did not want to think too hard about it. He was afraid that he would not be able to accept what he might find out.

Early the next morning, Stella was woken up by Weston's kisses. She opened her eyes and immediately saw his handsome face right in front of her.

She then quickly closed her eyes again and snorted before pushing his face away, as if she was used to this kind of surprise early in the morning.

"I want to go back to sleep..." she grumbled. "Leave me alone..."

But Weston had no plans to let her get her way this time, so he pulled her into his arms and let her lean against his chest. He kissed her again and again, firmly and aggressively exploring the regions of her body.

This displeased Stella. She woke up, still groggy from sleep, and glared pointedly at him.

"What the hell are you doing?" she demanded.

"I'm going to take you out today, okay?"

“But I don’t want to go out today!” she shook her head. “I just want to stay in and relax...”

Stella had always loved staying at home. Although she enjoyed the occasional shopping spree, the weather tended to get very hot lately, and she preferred just staying in.

But Weston would not give in. He reached his hand into her nightgown and started groping her.

“If you don’t want to go out, then we’d better start doing something else inside...”

“You pervert!” cried Stella, feeling fresh and awake in an instant.

Her memory of them being wild between the sheets was still fresh. She could hardly believe he would be back in the mood for it so early in the morning...

Stella took a deep breath and exclaimed, “I really don’t know what to do with you!”

She pushed him away and got up to go to her closet and change. When she returned, she found Weston already in a business suit, waiting for her.

She glanced at him and paused.

“Why are you dressed so formally?” she asked.

He walked up to her and motioned her to tie his tie for him before leaning down and telling her, “You’ll find out when you get there.”

Stella had always known that Weston had been blindly focusing on his work for the past three years. Even back then, he was already one of the country’s top entrepreneurs. After three years of rapid development, he became internationally renowned.

Nevertheless, she was still genuinely shocked when she finally saw his vast business empire with her own eyes-

“So you took me out just so you can show off your successes to me?”

Weston’s lips curved up slightly. His hand rested casually on her shoulder as he said, “Why don’t you look around?”

Stella went along and took a tour with him, albeit with a suspicious heart. She remembered how he promised her that he would give her the entirety of Ford Corporation. This kept her on her toes the whole time, worried he might bring up a crazy idea like that again.

But then the tour ended without him mentioning that he would give her anything.

Stella sighed in relief. It seemed that Weston had become much more reasonable

now. He was no longer as crazy and impulsive as he used to be.

Read Novel Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1411

Chapter 1411

If he had brought her over intending to give her the company, she wouldn't have known what to do...

Though many of the employees were newly recruited, Stella had been a regular visitor even before the company was reformed, so many of them were familiar with her.

There were quite a number of people sneaking over to peep in, but they did it very furtively.

Most of them just took a glance and went about their business. It could be seen that their professionalism was high.

"I'm done looking..."

Stella stood in Weston's office in the end and looked at him. "The company is great. The whole building is huge and spacious. The employees were professional. I can visualize that you are climbing to the peak of your life."

Her compliments were half-hearted. Weston heard a small number of praises, but most of them were teasing.

He laughed a little and suddenly hugged her from behind, resting his chin on her shoulder. “How can it be considered the pinnacle of life? After all, I’ve only just come out of the doldrums.”

She knew what he meant and simply smiled in silence.

She knew what he wanted, but she could not give him, not she could afford to give him.

He slowly tightened his arms and said in her ear. “You don’t know, every time I stand in a place like this, I wonder how many things I would be able to do if you were here...”

She struggled when she heard his alarming words. “What do you want to do?”

The man’s thin lips moved slowly down the back of her neck. The warmth of his breath sent goosebumps across her skin.

She heard his low, muffled voice ring in her ear. “Right here in this place...”

He pushed her up against the floor-to-ceiling glass window, looking out at all the lights, and whispered in her ear. “There is no higher place in all of Ahn City than this. Do you know how much I want to possess you?”

She gritted her teeth and said to him, “Let go of me.”

“No...”

His hand went from her chest to her stomach, his voice incredibly husky.
Sometimes I dream about what it would be like to wake up and find you’re not around

”

She closed her eyes and tried to calm herself down. “Weston, I don’t want to do it here...”

“Yes, you do.”

“No, I really don’t...”

She seemed to soften her tone and became a little worried. "There are so many people coming and going; people will see us! I don't want your employees to know what we're doing in here..."

"They won't. Even if they were, they wouldn't say anything."

He pulled off her hands which were resisting, and rubbed them in his palm.

He looked at her. His eyes were soft and gentle as if he wanted to drown her in them.

She had an impression that he really loved her when he looked at her like that.

The love was so much that it was a little fanatical.

But she still retained her last bit of sensibility. "No, at least wait for the night..."

"There is another plan for the night."

He said in her ear with a breathy voice. "It's a different sensation in the daytime."

Stella was speechless.

She really could not stand this man anymore. "Let go of me first!"

He laughed and stopped her, his fingers going where he wanted them to go.

He knew her too well that she could not escape his control.

In a mere two or three strokes, she was already gritting her teeth, and a blush spread across her face.

He kissed the side of her face, looked at her red ear, kissed it gently again, and said, "You really don't want it? Then why do my hands feel so..."

She glared at him and wanted to kick him away, but he grabbed her ankles and gradually moved up.

He picked her up and put her on the desk. The files on it were swept to the floor.

Under the bright light, Weston kissed her almost worshipfully, as how he would treat his fragile treasures

Chapter 1412

When it ended, it was already time to get off work.

Stella's clothes were all over the floor. She had no energy to pick them up.

The well-fed man was extremely patient. After buttoning his white shirt and putting on his garments, he came to dress her.

Stella was served by him the whole process.

Her energy consumption these days was too big until she felt a bit sick, so her attitude toward Weston was not that gentle anymore. She put her hand *on* his muscular arm and dug her nails into it. "Why didn't you do it gently when I asked you to?"

Her tone of voice was clearly with rancor, but Weston chuckled after pausing for a moment. "Though you were telling me to go gentle, you had been holding me and not letting me go. If I went gentle and slow, you grunted instead. What did you want me to do exactly?"

She was speechless.

She flushed and got angry by herself, not wanting to pay more attention to him.

Weston helped her get dressed, pinched her cheek, and said, "Go home?"

She shook her head and looked outside the window. "They just got off work. I don't want them to see me like this."

She walked into his break room, where a mirror hung on the wall.

When she saw the hickeys on her neck, she glared at the man through the mirror. "Look at what you have done! How am I supposed to go out like this?"

He hugged her from the back, kissed her hair, and apologized half-heartedly by whispering in her ear. "I will kiss you here next time, okay?"

He stroked her neck up and down, his large palm almost enveloping her entire neck." I will aim for kisses in places where no one else can see them."

She was speechless.

He was talking as if he did not kiss her on the spots where people could not see. Not only her neck and collarbone but the parts which were covered by her clothes were also ravaged.

She sighed and stopped talking.

This man was currently crazy, and his mental state was very unstable to the point that he needed medication. Hence, she had better not stimulate him.

Anyway, as long as he cared for her feelings, both of them would be comfortable doing this kind of thing, so she was not bothered to bother with him about anything.

Weston kissed her nonstop and very lovingly.

She had never been like this before, complying with him in this matter. She was so obedient, as if she was back in the days when they had been married when she never refused his requests.

He twisted her face and tried to kiss her cheek, but when he saw the emotion in her eyes, the boiling passion suddenly cooled down.

Although she obeyed him, she did not have any initiative.

She just passively accepted it most of the time.

Sometimes she was clearly uncomfortable or did not want it, but for whatever reason, she did not refuse him.

He gritted his teeth and suddenly recalled the wildest moment they had just had when Stella had been folded over his body almost in its entirety. He thought she liked it and enjoyed it, but it was also possible that she was disgusted with herself but had to submit because she pitied him.

Stella noticed the changes on the man's face. She got up slowly and glanced at him. "Why aren't you talking?"

Weston paused for a moment and smiled at her. "Nothing."

He pulled her to a seat on the couch in his office, acting a little more cautiously toward her.

She could not help but give a sarcastic laugh. "You were so harsh just now, but now you're being gentle. Why are you pretending?"

She thought it was just a mocking remark, but she did not expect him to change his face and hug her seriously and say in her ear. "I'm sorry."

She froze for a moment, thinking that he had changed.

Weston, however, suddenly took her hand and put it on his face. "If I do that the next time, just hit me and scold me."

She did not know what to say.

Chapter 1413

Stella found his current appearance to be a little frightening. "Are you okay?"

The man just said with conviction that she also had a good time. How could he suddenly say such things?

And what he said was true. She did have a good time too...

So she took it as a sign that Weston was getting off on the wrong foot.

After arriving at the apartment, Stella was prepared for Weston *to* stay there.

But what she did not expect was that just as she arrived home, he said to her indifferently, "Rest well. I have something to do."

She froze for a moment and looked at him. "You are going back?"

He nodded and said, "There are still some things left unfinished at the company."

She did not say anything and simply sized him up.

He stayed at her house shamelessly last night. Not to mention his work, she felt he

would not leave even if it was the end of the world.

Today, he had to leave because of something matter. Instead, this was too abnormal.

But she did not say anything, and her face was cold. “Whatever you want to do, just go and do it.”

She went straight to her bedroom after saying that.

He stared in the direction she left with his cloudy eyes and turned to leave only after a long time.

This could not go on.

He knew that Stella was soft on him and that as long as his current state did not improve, she would keep giving herself up to him.

Just like just now, in his office, with him fooling around.

He did not even dare to think about this in the past.

He was supposed to be satisfied.

He gave a self-deprecating laugh. People were so greedy.

Coming to this position today, he had seen too many people who had nothing left at the end, losing everything because of greed.

He could manipulate human nature, especially in the stock market. He had seen those people through, but he never had control over himself.

He would only ask for more and more from her body, never knowing the insatiable.

Hayden saw Weston entering the counseling room after sending a patient out. He swept a glance at him and said, “I thought you wouldn’t come here for a while.”

Weston did not say anything. He sat in front of him, closed his eyes, and asked him, “Is there anything else you can do?” he asked straightforwardly.

Hayden shook his head. "Your mental state has deteriorated to a point where your self-importance is too strong for psychological intervention... If you are not allowed to spend time with Stella, you will only become more and more extreme and paranoid."

"If I am allowed to stay with her, I will hurt her one day."

"That's not necessarily true."

Hayden said, "It's just that the more you stay with her, the more you may be unable to leave her. With your mental state, it is impossible that you will hurt her. Now you should be most afraid of being unable to meet her demands and hurt her..."

It meant that the current Weston cared too much about Stella to the point that it became rather pathological.

Chapter 1414

A month had passed, and Stella had not seen Weston since.

Roger would occasionally ask her about her current progress with Weston, to which Stella would answer him truthfully.

Upon hearing this, Roger immediately fell into silence. "How is that possible?"

The man would always find a way to show up or pester Stella whenever he got the chance. How could he not show up for a month?

This was completely unlike him.

Stella smiled and shrugged without taking it to heart. "Perhaps he has been pestering me for too long that he suddenly thinks it is unnecessary anymore and finds it boring..."

Even Roger did not believe her.

A man like Weston could get tired of Stella?

How was this possible?

Considering his previous actions, he should be wishing he could die on Stella.

But Roger did not say these things out loud.

Since Stella thought Weston was dispensable, he certainly would not ask for the trouble himself.

But as his disappearance got longer and longer, even Yvonne and the others felt

strange-

“Why do I feel Weston seems very busy lately?”

She worded it rather euphemistically.

Stella chuckled and said, “I haven’t seen him for a long time.”

“How is that possible?”

It was Angelina. “I heard from Henry that Weston didn’t have much to keep him busy these days. The acquisition has long been over. Didn’t he come to see you?”

She shook her head, not very willing to talk about him.

Before leaving, Angelina and Yvonne stayed behind for a chat.

Yvonne whispered in Angelina’s ear. “Aren’t you with Henry? He and Weston are good buddies. You should know what happened to him recently, right?”

Angelina smiled, shook her head, and said, “I am really not sure...”

“Go ask Henry then.”

Angelina hesitated. “I don’t want to see him now.”

“What’s wrong? Are you guys having an argument?”

Yvonne looked at her and asked in concern.

Angelina shook her head. “No.”

She propped her face and sighed. “I want to ask you something.”

“What is it?”

“If you find out one day that you actually have amnesia and now you remember everything, and it turns out that Dr. Quirk has been lying to you and he has done you wrong in the past, but he is now treating you well, and you have a child, what are you going to do?”

Hearing her words, Yvonne opened her mouth wide all of a sudden. “You have amnesia?”

Angelina sighed, looking very sad.

If only she did not remember, she would only care about how Henry was treating her now. And she would not care if she could not remember what happened in the past.

But now that she remembered, how could she not care about the damage he had

done before?

With Henry’s character, he would not let go easily.

She was also worried that if she told him that she had remembered everything, Henry would directly snatch the custody of the child from her.

Now he did not know that she had recovered her memory. He treated her carefully, fearing that she would remember what happened before and leave him.

Seeing that Angelina also had her own worries, Yvonne shook her head. She was a little worried about Stella but did not say anything.

She was not sure whether the current situation was good or bad.

Chapter 1415

Yvonne had been very much against Weston appearing in front of Stella, but looking at Stella now, it did not seem like she was having much of a good time without Weston. It didn’t seem like a bad one, either.

After pondering about it, she thought there should not be another man in this world like Weston, who was so deeply in love with Stella, one who loved her to the extreme.

This kind of love was so strong that it was suffocating. She did not know if it was a blessing or a disaster.

Stella wanted to concentrate on her work in the studio when the receptionist told her that a gentleman was waiting for her.

She froze for a moment and instinctively thought of Weston. Her face changed, and she said, "Okay, I know."

She could not describe what she felt, as if she seemed a little relieved to know that Weston had come over to see her.

She walked into the office and saw a tall man with a broad back sitting on the couch waiting for her.

She gathered her emotions. "Disappearing for so long and then suddenly coming out of nowhere, what do you take me for?"

She walked over to the desk and sat down, froze when she saw the man on the couch looking up.

Surprisingly, it was not Weston.

Instead, it was Hayden.

Hayden looked at her and smiled. "Disappointed it's not Weston?"

Stella came to her senses and said, "What brings you here?"

Hayden stood up and walked to her. "I didn't make myself clear on the phone last

time, so I wanted to come over and chat with you this time."

What could there be to talk about between the two of them? It was just about Weston.

She stretched the corner of her mouth with a little expression on her face. "I don't think there's anything to talk about between us."

“Weston hasn’t been coming to you all this time, and you’re not the least curious?”

“What’s there to be curious about?”

She looked at him, smiling. “The relationship between us was supposed to be about not caring too much about each other. Whether he shows up or not is his own choice; it shouldn’t have anything to do with me.”

After hearing her words, he looked at her and sighed after a long time. “What if I told you that he actually wanted to come to you but couldn’t?”

She gave a faint laugh. “Don’t tell me that he is now restricted in his personal freedom?”

She poured a cup of coffee for him and shrugged. “With Weston’s current status in Ahn City, I think no one dares to restrict his freedom. I don’t have any opinion if he does not want to come, and there is no need for you to be a mediator and say some unrelated things.”

He looked fixedly at her and said, “You actually care about him. Why do you have to be so indifferent?”

Her face instantly went cold. “Dr. Quirk, if there’s nothing else, I have work to do, so please leave.”

“Weston is in the nursing home. You can go over and look, then you will know why he has not come to you recently.”

He said this before leaving.

She remained silent for a long time until the coffee ran down her hands, then only she pulled a tissue and wiped it.

This time, it was a different nursing home.

It was more secluded than the last one and looked much deserted.

The address Hayden sent over was in her phone, and she found Weston’s room.

without much effort.

Thud! Thud!

She knocked on the door.

A low, growling male voice came from inside. "Get out of here! Get the hell away!"

It was hysterical, like a wild animal.

Soon, she heard the sound of chains clanking again.

Chapter 1416

If she was right, Weston had tied himself up again.

Stella stood in the doorway, her hand on the wall, not daring to take that step even after a good bout of mental preparation.

It was unclear how much time had gone by before she knocked on the door.

"Bang!" Something was smashed inside the room. It hit the door and fell to the ground, and broke.

"I told you to get lost! Can't you understand?"

Stella took a deep breath and said to the person inside, "It's me."

In an instant, the voice inside subsided.

She did not know how long it took, so long that Stella thought she should knock on the door again when Weston's raspy voice rang from inside.

"What are you doing here?"

She let out an unintentional chuckle. "What do you think I'm doing here?"

There was no answer.

She heard dragging footsteps coming in the direction of the door and the sound of chains scraping on the floor.

Her breathing became a little slower as she waited for him to reach the door.

The sound of chains clanking came to an abrupt end, seemingly stopping at that spot.

She frowned. "What's wrong?"

His silence continued, and the clanking instantly stopped.

She suddenly wondered if his movement was restricted, and she thought of the last time she saw him inside that dimly lit room, chained up inside a steel cage where he could not move more than a few steps.

She put her hand on the doorknob. "Where is the key?"

He did not say a word, so she slapped hard on the door at once. "I am asking you where the key is."

Still, he didn't answer.

She took a deep breath. "You don't want to tell me, do you? Alright, I have another way to get it."

She went to Ben and asked, "What the hell is going on with Weston? Why did he lock himself in his room again?"

Seeing her coming over, Ben breathed a sigh of relief and said with some concern, Mr. Ford ordered that no one can let him out now..."

"He's nuts. Now that he's acting crazy, are you about to go crazy with him?"

She looked at Ben in disbelief. "Ben, I thought you were a sensible man."

Ben was embarrassed.

Even though he knew it, he could not stop Weston from doing what he wanted!

He was just an employee.

"Mr. Ford is in an extreme mental state. If I don't follow his order, he won't be able to resist going to you..."

“Then just let him come.”

She said helplessly, “It’s better than him locking himself up! Look at him now. Does he look like a normal person?”

“But...”

He did not know what to say.

Weston was just worried that he would bring trouble to Stella if he went back to her. This was why he tied himself up in this place.

But now that Stella said so, Ben felt she was not so heartless to Weston.

Ultimately, he took the liberty of giving the key to Stella. “If Mr. Ford blames me...”

“Don’t worry. If he does, tell him to blame me instead.”

“Thank you, Ben,” she interrupted.

“You don’t have to.”

Ben hurriedly shook his head and sighed. “I don’t want to see Mr. Ford continue like this. I hope this time he can recover.”

Chapter 1417

Stella opened the door of the dimly lit room and walked in.

Weston did not move a muscle when he heard the noise. He could tell who was coming in just by the sound of the footsteps.

He hid in the corner when she came up behind him, giving him a gentle pat as she put her hand on his shoulder.

He immediately turned his head sideways.

Seeing him in this state, her hands trembled a little. She whispered behind his ear only after a long time, “It’s me...”

Of course, he knew it was her.

But he didn't want her to see him like this.

The chains that shackled him rattled noisily as he moved.

Her eyelashes fluttered, and her red eyes showed incredulity. "Why must you make yourself like this?"

"I didn't mean to..."

He said to her with a hoarse voice. "I didn't ask you to come over either. It's you who wanted to. I didn't want you to see me like this, and I certainly didn't want you to pity me."

She held his hand tightly at once and put her forehead against his palm. "I did not pity you, nor..."

She suddenly choked and couldn't continue.

"Are you not pitying me when you're like this?"

He silently pulled his hand out and lowered his head. "Go away."

His words made Stella could not help but get annoyed. "Do you really want me to go?"

"Didn't you want to see me? Then what are you doing coming to me again? Do you think you're generous by showing kindness? You can still appear in front of your nasty ex-husband out of sympathy?"

At the end of the day, the last thing he wanted was to

be the only thing left between them.

He would rather just disappear from her sight.

But how could he manage to stop seeing her?

As long as he heard her voice, saw her face, or just her shadow, there was no way he could leave.

He wanted to hold her tightly and bind her to his side, not allowed to leave. He

wanted her to look into his eyes and listen to his words, to be kissed and embraced only by him.

Weston would be in immense pain as soon as these thoughts popped into his mind. He could not be like this, using his obsessive and pathetic fantasy to tie Stella to him. As long as his illness worsened, he would forever be a burden to Stella.

She even stopped refusing him anymore.

He still remembered that day in the office when she clearly did not like it but went along with him.

He did not want her to be like that.

He wanted her to blame him, refuse him, and even hurt him. Only then would he have a little peace of mind.

It would make him know that it was the lively Stella in front of him, not a marionette who only obeyed him because he was pitiful.

Stella did not know what was going through his mind and told the doctor, "Put him on the bed."

As soon as the men touched him, he waved them away.

He would not let anyone touch him.

She sighed and walked up to him. "I'll do it myself. Is that okay?"

The man's thin lips pursed into a straight line, looking highly guarded.

But it was obvious that he couldn't refuse Stella's touch. He even coveted it a little.

She looked at him in this state and shook her head. She wetted a towel and wiped his body. When her hand reached his wound, she deliberately exerted a little force.

Weston hissed and gasped but still refused to cry out in pain. It put her at ease,

though.

“Serves you right,” she said.

Chapter 1418

It was what Stella had said herself, but the touch of her hands subconsciously became lighter.

Weston looked at her and wished she wasn't so gentle.

Instead, she could've been a little rougher, to hurt him, to make him feel the pain. Perhaps, only then would he feel more secure.

She was completely unaware of what was going through Weston's mind.

She lowered her head and treated his wounds carefully.

He reached his hand out and touched her cheek, then tucked the hair beside her cheek behind her ear.

She felt itchy and tilted her head a little, wanting to dodge his touch.

The man's face suddenly turned gloomy, yet he did not say anything.

When she finished treating his wounds, he looked away. “You can go.”

He said, “I don't need your pity.”

She was startled and looked at him. “How can there be someone who is so ungrateful as you? You were enjoying yourself while I was bandaging you, and now that I've calmed you down, you're chasing me away?”

He gritted his teeth. “I didn't let you go.”

How could he do that?

He would never let her go. He would do whatever he could to keep her by his side.

But that would be a burden for her.

In those past years, he had never given her happiness.

Now he was unwilling to make it difficult for her by not being able to control his emotions like a loser.

He could not stand the look of impatience and disgust in her eyes, but he could not stand the fact that she would give in to him, would not even fight it, and would just let him do what he wanted to her however he liked.

This would only make him think that he was a loser.

Not only could he not give her happiness, but he also made her give in to him and

worry about his mental state.

For men, dignity was engraved in the bones, especially for a somewhat conservative man like Weston. He would never allow himself to be a weakling to a woman.

She tossed the bandage aside and stood up. "Since you already said so, I will leave."

After that, she made a move to leave.

Just as she reached the door, she heard a clamoring sound of chains from behind her.

He almost staggered to his feet and swept her into his arms from behind, holding her tightly without a word.

She could feel his force. It was about to break her back.

His arms were strong, like iron, and a brick wall covered her.

She gritted her teeth tightly and could feel his heavy breathing ringing in her ears.

She wanted to raise her hands to push him away many times, but in the end, she only put his hands on his arms and gradually tightened her grip.

"If you don't want me to leave, you must tell me."

He breathed heavily and was reluctant to speak.

She shut her eyes. "If you don't say it, I will leave."

"Don't go..."

He finally said it with his hoarse voice. "Don't leave me."

He almost choked up. "Don't go, please don't go... Stay with me."

She could feel his emotions and the sudden sticky sensation on her shoulder.

Not wanting to think about the damp and moist thing, she just closed her eyes and let him hold her.

After a long time, she felt him slowly letting go of her.

Then, he turned his back on her. "I'm sorry, I couldn't control my emotions."

He gritted his teeth and walked back in, locking the cage.

She frowned and walked quickly to his front, "I came over to tell you that you need not lock yourself up again. You can see me if you want to. What's this entering-and-exiting-the-cage show for?"

Chapter 1419

It was just moments ago when he held her as if he wouldn't let her go, yet he was now hiding in the cage.

Stella wondered how this man could change his face so quickly.

He did not even dare to look up at her, burying his face with his palms. "While I still have some sense left in me, go away..."

She took a deep breath. "Have you thought it through? I'm giving you one last chance. Do you really want me to go?"

He remained silent, and his head hung low, casting a long shadow.

Thus, she gave him one last look and turned to leave.

Since he wouldn't ask her to stay, even if he could not resist opening his mouth just now, he would still backtrack and let her go.

Then she would leave. It was not her begging him to stay, so why would she pamper him?

Bang!

The door of the room was closed.

Ben heard the sound and rushed to Stella. "Mrs. Ford, what's the situation?"

She gave him a look. "He and I divorced long ago. You do not need to call me Mrs."

"Okay, Mrs. Ford."

Stella was speechless.

Her head felt tight. "How long has he been in this situation anyway?"

"The symptoms started three years ago actually, but he did not take it seriously at that time, besides..."

Ben said helplessly, "His condition was much more serious back then, but we did not notice it since he was still thinking about how to resurrect you at that time."

Weston was more like a madman at that time, though it's not like he's any less crazier now.

However, there was a difference between a madman and a lunatic.

Ben really did not think that without Stella, Weston would be crazy.

With Stella, Weston would still be crazy.

Stella did not say anything, glanced at the closed door, and sighed.

"He told me to leave just now."

"How can that be?" Ben's first reaction was disbelief. "How could he have let you go?"

Stella said, "I don't know, but I don't have the heart to find out. I made a special trip over here yet I was driven out by him."

“Wait! Mr. Ford must have a reason...”

“I don’t care.”

She said to him, “I have done my best. He is on his own now.”

After saying that, she turned around to leave.

Ben stared at the closed door; his eyes were full of concern.

A black sedan parked in the yard of the nursing home.

She walked to the car to see Hayden sitting there writing something.

She opened the car and sat beside him. “How exactly can we make him normal again?”

She asked him as soon as she got into the car. “If this goes on, his condition will only get worse.”

Hayden did not show much surprise when he saw her. He rubbed his glabella and handed her the file in his hand. “This is the report of his mental state during this period. You might want to have a look.”

She frowned and flipped a few pages. “These are all jargon. I can’t read them.”

“In simpler words, his mental problems have basically been caused by you.”

Seeing Stella looking toward him with a sick face, he explained, “I’m not blaming it on you, but I just wanted to tell you how it started. But of course, you can choose to stand by and do nothing, except that in his current state, only you can make him normal.”

“I just went to see him, and he repelled me.”

“That’s because he doesn’t want to hurt you.”

Hayden said, “Maybe you shouldn’t have acted like a savior...”

Chapter 1420

Stella froze for a moment, seeming to ponder his words.

It was true that she had not thought that she was still treating Weston as a savior.

But she could not deny that her tenderness toward Weston was mostly out of pity.

Other than that, whether it was a few other feelings, she was not sure and did not want to figure it out.

“If you don’t really like, or are willing to be with him, I suggest you stop seeing him for a while. Weston may want to be tied to you, but his heart feels that you will have a better life without him. That’s why he’s so conflicted.”

She nodded and closed the car door.

After she left, Hayden glanced in the direction she had left and went to see Weston at the nursing home.

He was really in a much more unstable state than he had been earlier, especially after Stella had seen him. It was almost impossible for him to stop himself from wanting her.

Hayden was a bit upset to see him in such a state.

Three years ago, he had some feelings for Stella, but it all dissipated with her fake death.

It had been three years, and that feeling had naturally faded quite a bit.

He looked at the man in front of him and said, “In fact, according to her current feelings for you, as long as you are willing to let her come to your side, she will not go.”

Weston sat in the iron cage with one hand on the knee. His eyes were dull, and he said coldly, “In your heart, you know better than anyone that even if she is willing to stay by my side, it’ll be only because she pities me.”

“What’s wrong with letting her pity you? Didn’t you say it before that you could do anything as long as she was willing to stay by your side?”

“Yes, I am willing to do anything. I am willing to pay any price, but...”

Weston closed his eyes, and his voice sounded extremely sad. “I don’t want to trouble her.”

“Is that so?”

Hayden suddenly walked up to him and looked at his expression, thinking for a moment.

In the car, Stella’s phone suddenly rang. It was Hayden calling her.

She frowned and answered it. “Dr. Quirk, what else can I do for you?”

Hayden said to her on the other end, “Hold on.”

Then, he took his phone, walked up to Weston, and said, “You just said that you don’t want to force her. So think about it. If you don’t want her by your side because of pity, she might leave you and, perhaps, go out with someone else when she finds someone suitable. Do you not even care about this?”

Stella froze for a while. She understood his intention and remained silent, waiting on the other end of the phone to listen to Weston’s answer.

She heard the sound of chains rattling.

Weston seemed to stand up in the cage.

He gritted his teeth and wheezed. “As long as she’s happy...”

“You mean you’re willing to let go of her as long as she’s happy? Even if she is with another man, you can still bless her?”

When Hayden said that, Stella thought that he was provoking Weston.

What was he trying to do?

Did he want to see Weston go crazy?

Hayden calmly asked him, “You should know in your heart that it’ll be impossible that she remains faithful to only you. She is still so young and has a successful career. She is wealthy, beautiful, and has a high standing in society. Even though she has children, she is still highly sought-after. Though Stella has experienced so much, she still retains her beauty. Let’s not go far; how many people around her are drooling over her? There might be one or

two men among them that Stella will be interested in. Maybe she's not in a hurry to date anyone yet, but one day she'll meet someone she likes who's more suitable than you..."

Bang!

Read Novel Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1421

Chapter 1421

A loud bang interrupted Hayden's speech.

Even Stella could feel the deafening noise from the call. Weston, however, didn't say anything.

After a long silence, she finally heard him forcing his word through gritted teeth, "Yes."

Weston said, "I'd rather see her be happy."

Stella fell into a long silence.

At last, she hung up the call and closed her eyes without saying anything. She thought, 'That's what you say, Weston.'

Stella did not see Weston again after that day. There was no point in trying to pity him after his statement.

Roger found out about it somehow and talked to Stella. "Did Weston really say that?"

"He didn't tell me in person, but that's what he said to Hayden."

"He'd even let you be with another man."

Stella nodded. "But I'm not going to be with someone else just because of that. If I'm going to date someone, it'll be because of love. I'm not going to date someone just to piss someone off."

Stella's answer made Roger feel a little weak. It was as if she had read his mind.

He cleared his throat. "Even so, you can get to know more people. You don't have to date them. Just treat it as socializing and making new friends."

Roger behaved normally with Stella again. He was obsessed with getting closer to her and stepping over the boundary at one point. However, after going through so much, he seemed to have returned to his old calm self again.

He told Stella, "You're free lately anyway. Why not go out to meet some handsome men? I'll introduce them to you."

Stella looked at him with doubtful eyes. "Are you sure?"

Stella didn't trust Roger and disagreed with his suggestion.

The next day, Stella got a call from Roger after taking Emma and Elias home. Roger invited her to join him at the restaurant for a meal.

When she brought Emma and Elias over, Roger took the two little ones for a walk and told her to wait for him there.

She was about to make her order when she looked up and found a strange man sitting across the table.

"The seat is taken," she said with a frown.

"I know. I'm here for you, Miss Cicily," the man answered with a smile. He was wearing a white shirt and suited with an elite look. He seemed older than her and quite mature.

The man was not particularly good-looking, but he seemed like a gentleman.

Stella immediately understood and rubbed her brow helplessly. "Did Roger say something to you?"

"Yes, of course. I've heard a lot about you."

He observed her and was very polite to her. "May I have the pleasure of joining you for this meal?" he asked attentively and gazed at Stella affectionately.

Chapter 1422

Stella thought having a meal with a stranger was fine. After all, Roger was right about her being too shut off in her own world. It was as if Weston was the only man in her world. It would be good for her to get to know more people.

Besides, Stella needed to figure out her real feelings for Weston. Was it just pity and sympathy and no other emotions? Or maybe she still had a little love left for him?

Anyway, Stella would soon find out her real feelings for Weston. Weston was the only man she was close to in the past few years. She was not close to any other man other than someone like Roger.

Well, there was Justin, but she only reached out to him out of desperation. Due to Weston's intervention, her brief relationship with Justin ended before she could even get along with him.

Stella could sense Justin's feelings at that time. He was probably just trying to save her at that time or disliked Weston's control over her.

When she thought about it, it appeared Weston was the only one who shared such a relationship with her.

The man sitting across saw Stella lost in deep thought and interrupted her, "Miss Cicily. Do you think it's boring having coffee with me?"

Stella returned to her senses and responded with a smile, "No."

The gentleman ordered Stella a cup of hand-ground coffee and told her about the differences between the various types of coffee.

Stella listened patiently but eventually got distracted.

Seeing this look, the man laughed a little. "Sorry. I kept talking. Miss Cicily, is there anything you want to talk to me about?"

Stella paused a little before telling him, "You seem very enthusiastic about coffee, but I remember Roger telling me that you run a company."

In some way, Stella was trying to find him a topic. As expected, the man laughed and proudly said, “Indeed. I worked in a coffee shop before I started my own company. I didn’t think of starting a business at that time. I was poor and thought I would be a barista for life. I eventually started my own business at the right time, but I didn’t expect that it’d reach such a scale today.”

“I see. You started your own business.” Stella nodded. “That’s pretty amazing.”

“Really?” The man was a little flattered. “Miss Cicily, that’s nice of you.”

“No, I really think it’s great.”

The man said humbly, “Well, I thought Miss Cicily wouldn’t be impressed with a company of my size because you had an ex–husband like Mr. Ford.”

Stella was lost for words. She answered with a polite smile, “You can’t say that. He was born rich, but you started from nothing. It’s different. Besides, my relationship with him has long ended. He has nothing to do with me. He’s just my ex–husband.

Let’s not mention him.”

The man smiled without saying anything and offered to talk Stella out for a walk after that.

Stella was actually a little disinterested in him at this point, but as she thought of Roger’s words, she decided to go along with him. However, she did not expect him to take her straight to a car show.

Stella was puzzled seeing the beautiful model posing with the car. “Why did you bring me here?”

“Earlier, I saw you came over with a driver. After seeing your old car, I thought of getting you a new model.”

Chapter 1423

The man was very attentive and enthusiastic. “Don’t worry. I know the boss here. He’s a friend of mine. Just tell me if you have any car you like.”

Stella hurriedly shook her head and rejected him. “No, it’s too expensive for me to accept.”

The man's smile became derisive. "So you don't find the cars here any better than Mr. Ford's Maybach and Rolls-Royce?"

Stella was stunned for a moment. She did not think if her words had expressed anything like this, but she simply found it inappropriate to accept such an extravagant gift from someone she had just met.

She wondered if it was just an imagination, but she found the man's speech strange.

"A small business owner like me is certainly no match for a powerful man like Mr. Ford... But I'm not too bad. I can't provide you with a luxurious life, but you'll live better than most women."

Stella finally knew what was wrong. Stella only had the intention of making friends. Although this was their first meeting, the man was already treating her like his property.

"Sorry," Stella said to him with a smile, "but I can give myself a good life."

The man frowned a little and seemed to disapprove of her words. However, he did not want to embarrass her. He nodded briefly and said perfunctorily, "I heard that actresses nowadays can make a lot of money..."

Despite saying that, he had a prejudice against her at heart. Even if actresses could make a lot of money, they had to sell themselves and please men around them to get there. Besides, Stella was not a popular actress. She was just a pianist with a good reputation. How much could Stella earn? He thought she was just living off Weston. Seeing that he did not take her words seriously, Stella told him, "You seem to be very interested in the car show. I have something to do, so I can't accompany you any longer. Enjoy."

Stella was about to leave right after saying that.

The man was quite surprised and looked at her. "You're leaving?"

Stella answered with a nod.

The man seemed unhappy and was holding back his temper. "You don't like any of the cars here? It's okay. The next show..."

"Excuse me," Stella interrupted him coldly, "I don't need a car."

The man finally got the message and laughed. "If you didn't have the intention, why go on a blind date with me?"

Stella said, "Blind date?"

'Roger!' Stella grumbled at heart. Roger had set her up! He never said it was a blind date and told her to make some new friends.

That explained why he wanted to buy her a new car at their first meeting. No one would settle down as soon as they meet on a blind date, right?

The man saw her displeased look and said solemnly, "Miss Cicily, let's be frank. I know you have high standards because of your ex-husband. However, youth and purity are the most important thing for women. You have two children with another man. Although still young, this will be your second marriage. That alone makes you less desirable in the market!" 1

The man eased his expression after seeing Stella's coldness. "Well, I'm not saying that you're worthless. You're beautiful and only in your twenties. You're also an internationally famous pianist. Many men will still find you attractive, but successful men may go for less talented but young, beautiful, obedient women."

Chapter 1424

The man suddenly raised his chin and gestured for Stella to look at the women standing around those luxury cars.

Stella followed his gaze and saw a group of beautiful car models. Many men's focus was on the women, not the car.

The man smiled and said, "There are a lot of young and beautiful women nowadays. All kinds of women would come after you as long as you're rich. Well, I have some standards myself. It's fine to have fun with these women, but there are many aspects to consider in finding a marriage partner."

Stella frowned, feeling a little uncomfortable at his words. "What are you trying to say to me?"

"I don't have any other ideas. I just want to share my thoughts. I'm willing to spend money on you, but I hope you won't take advantage of my sincerity."

“Of course, I’m not saying that you’re taking advantage of me, but there are indeed lots of women like that. They think they can do anything they want just because of my kindness. I don’t want things to turn sour between us. I believe *you* should be an understanding woman...”

The man seemed to be guilt-tripping Stella with words. It was as if disobeying his wish would be disrespectful and ungrateful.

Stella suddenly felt a bit disgusted. “Since you already have someone you love, let’s not waste each other’s time.” After saying that, she gave him a slight nod and turned to leave.

The man was stunned by her reaction and hurriedly chased after her. “What do you mean? What do you mean by someone I love?”

“The woman earlier seems to have a great relationship with you. I’m not young anymore and have two children. As you said earlier, a lady like me is less desirable to dislike me that much, there’s no need to keep wasting each other’s time.”

men. if you

The man’s face immediately turned sour. “It seems like my words are in vain. I don’t dislike you. I’m just saying that you shouldn’t keep your standards so high just because of your first marriage with Weston!”

Stella didn’t know how to respond to him.

The man saw Stella’s irritated look and thought he had convinced her. He smugly said, “I’d like to be frank with you. You’re right. That woman from earlier is indeed

interested in me, but I’ve rejected her clearly. It’s impossible between her and me. You may not like to hear what I said, but I hope you can listen to my heartfelt words. Men and women will always be different, you know?”

“What’s different?” Stella looked at him with a meaningful smirk. “What time and age is it?”

The man frowned. “I remember telling you at the beginning. I’m a relatively conservative man.”

Stella rubbed her temple and was out of patience. “Whatever. I’m busy and leaving.”

Stella thought this was the end of the story, but she never imagined that the man would not give up. In the end, he directly sent the car to her studio.

Inside the black Maybach, Ben observed Weston’s face and cautiously told him, “He seems to be a new friend of Mrs. Ford. She just met him the other day.”

“New friend?” Weston turned to Ben with a sharp gaze. “And?”

A little startled, Ben explained with a slight nod. “Roger introduced him to her. I think he’s just a friend.”

“An ordinary friend wouldn’t give her a car as a gift,” Hayden interrupted Ben and observed Weston with a meaningful smirk.

“Mr. Ford, you should know what this means. Stella has already moved on. She’s dating. They’re probably in a good relationship. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have given her a car so generously.”

Weston glanced at the Alpha at the studio’s entrance and sneered. “How could he give her such a cheap car?”

Chapter 1425

Weston had never bought anything so cheap for Stella.

Hayden, however, continued to irritate him. “If you look around, not many can compare to you in wealth, but so what? Stella has nothing to do with you and doesn’t want your gift to her either. You’ve promised to leave her in peace. Even if a man gifts her a cheaper gift, it’s none of your business.”

Weston’s face seemed to turn gloomy at Hayden’s words. He did not show much expression on his face, but it was clear that he was on the verge of anger.

Ben thought Weston would lose it, but it did not happen. Instead, Weston took a deep breath and said indifferently, “You’re right. She should get to know more men.”

Ben was stunned to hear this and turned to Weston in disbelief. He could not believe this was coming from him.

Let Stella get to know more men? Was that something Weston would say? Was he a fool?

Hayden was a little surprised but not as shocked as Ben. He looked Weston up and down and teased, “Mr. Ford. You’re not going to act as a gatekeeper who determines the man Stella could date, are you?”

“Why not?” Weston gave him a look and said softly, “At least I read people better than her. This man is clearly a miser. He can barely afford Stella. Tell him to get lost.”

Hayden said with some amusement, “You should know Stella well. She’s not the kind of woman that wants to be spoiled.”

“There’s no conflict between her not letting others spoil her and the other person’s ability to do so.”

“And what does that have to do with you?” Hayden questioned. It seemed like he would not stop until Weston broke down.

Hayden reminded Weston, “You’re just her ex–husband now. You’ve decided to leave her in peace. She can be with any man she wants, and what does it have to do with you?”

Hayden expected Weston’s denial, but Weston calmly retorted him instead. “Even if I’m letting her go, I’ll at least ensure she’ll have a good life in the future.”

“So that’s why you’re keeping an eye on her?”

Instead of answering, Weston had the car pulled away.

Ben did as ordered without saying a word.

Hayden continued, “You haven’t even investigated this man. Why are you assuming he’s not right for Stella?”

“Such a miser is in no way a match for her. Tell Roger this: if he wants to introduce a man to Stella, he has to come to me to get my approval.”

The usually calm Hayden couldn't help but silently curse at Weston's insanity.

Weston was clearly still concerned about Stella but pretended to push her away. Hayden was waiting to see the day Weston would regret in pain!

Chapter 1426

Stella got a call from Roger just after she finished work at the studio. "How was it?" Roger asked eagerly.

Stella straightforwardly told him, "Don't ever set me up with a man like that again."

"What's wrong?"

Roger could tell that the blind date did not go well just by hearing her tone. He was stunned for a long time after Stella told him what had happened. "I'm sorry. I didn't think he would be like that..."

Roger had dealt with him several times and thought he was a reliable man. Hence, he introduced him to Stella because he thought he was nice.

Stella rubbed her temple. "Forget it. I don't really care about a man's appearance. What made you think I would actually like a guy like this?"

Although she said that, the man's average look was not the main reason that turned her off. It was because of his extremely disrespectful words to her and how he assumed she was his right off the bat.

Roger sighed. "Okay, I understand."

Stella expected Roger to stop for a while. Instead, he returned the next day and selected many men for her to choose from.

Stella felt troubled. "Didn't I tell you to stop?"

"How can I? What if you decide that Weston is much better and go back to him again?"

Roger's obsession with Stella had already diminished, but he would not budge on just one thing. He did not want to see Stella and Weston ever reuniting again.

Stella had a headache. “I know you’re doing it for my own good, but I really...”

“I really don’t want to meet strange people like that again,” Stella said, almost in tears. a

“Trust me! It’ll be different this time! The man’s profile has gone through layers of screening. He’s definitely a nice man!”

Roger sounded very sincere.

“Besides, I’m not the only one who thinks he’s a good person.”

“Who else?”

Stella keenly noticed the strange tone in his words.

Roger avoided her eyes and told her, “You’ll know when you get there.”

Stella could not counter him and had no choice but to agree. However, she was not quite that enthusiastic about the meeting.

Stella wouldn’t be doing these pointless things if not for the need for some distraction. Fortunately, the second man Roger introduced seemed much more reliable.

The two met in the same long-established cafe. It was a music restaurant where one could listen to live piano music while enjoying coffee.

As soon as Stella sat down, the man opened the napkin for her and asked her like a gentleman. “What would you like to drink?”

He was a good-looking man and seemed elegant, but Stella could not tell his age from his appearance. She guessed that he was probably in his thirties.

“Hello. I’m Cicily.”

“I know you, Cicily,” he said, smiling at her. “I’ve heard all your music.” Then, he quickly named a few of her famous pieces.

Chapter 1427

Stella smiled. It seemed like he had come prepared.

Stella enjoyed chatting with the man. He was sincere and introduced himself properly as soon as they started chatting.

The man was also a pianist and came from a scholarly family. Although not super wealthy, he was doing considerably well in the middle class. Stella would not need to worry about the quality of life with him, but that was about it. She certainly could not live a luxurious life.

Stella had a good impression of him. She also talked to him a little more about piano music.

Stella twirled her hair and smiled. She told him with a nice voice, "I'm sure Roger has already told you about my situation."

"I know."

The man looked at her gently and set the coffee in front of her. He said to her, "I'm very interested in you. I think we're very suitable for each other. Our living standards nowadays have improved quite a bit. Not many look for a partner purely because of material qualities. People with emotional needs will search for someone with whom they share mutual feelings, common language, and hobbies."

Stella nodded. "You and I think alike."

The man responded with a gentle smile but did not rush to get into a relationship with her. He seemed unhurried, which made Stella feel quite relaxed with him.

After the coffee, the man offered to go for a walk. Stella agreed.

The two strolled casually along the street and did not notice a black Maybach parked on the corner not far from the cafe.

Meanwhile, in the Maybach.

Weston's gaze was cold and somewhat frightening.

Roger said disinterestedly, "You saw it. I admit. I think he's pretty good, so I introduced him to her. What's wrong with that?"

Weston said coldly, "I remember warning you before. This man isn't reliable, so you shouldn't have introduced him to Stella."

“Unreliable? How is that so? I think he’s pretty good.” Roger let out a laugh and tsk-ed. “Besides, it’s over between you and her. You’ve decided to let her go. Stop minding her business.”

“If you want me to leave her alone, at least let me feel at ease.”

Weston rubbed his temple slightly and kept looking at the two taking a stroll not far away. As his gaze turned colder, he said, “He’s just putting on a show. He’s good at acting and will easily deceive your sister.”

“That’s just your prejudice. You don’t know him. I knew him from abroad and dealt with him. He’s quite nice and hasn’t got married before. He’s pursuing a soulmate and won’t discriminate against my sister for being married before and having children.”

Weston snickered, “Do you really think he’s some kind of innocent boy? He’s already at this age and has never been in a serious relationship. He’s been with many women from his schooling days but never had a serious relationship with any of them. Do you think someone like him can be responsible?”

Roger frowned again. “There’ll always be some sort of bad nature in men. He had a lot of women, so what? At least he’s now serious about my sister.”

“Is that so?” Weston directly threw a stack of documents in front of him. “He has made several women have abortions. He always acts like an affectionate person, but do you really know his true colors?”

Roger’s face changed at that. He did not expect the man he introduced to Stella to have such a history. He always thought he was not the kind of person who messed around because of the artist’s vibe about him.

Weston tapped his fingers on the steering wheel in silence. Then, he suddenly took out his phone and sent a text message to Stella.

Stella was walking down the street with the man next to her when her phone vibrated. After glancing at the new message on her phone, she told him, “Sorry. I have to go.”

The man was stunned for a moment but still sent her to the car in a gentlemanly manner. “I look forward to seeing you again...”

“No.” Weston suddenly appeared behind him. “Don’t ever appear in front of her again.”

Chapter 1428

Stella froze for a moment when she heard the voice. When she turned around, she saw that Weston had appeared behind her at some point.

Weston stared at the man behind Stella with a cold gaze and an icy aura around him. Weston had always emitted a strong aura around him. Anyone who saw him would immediately be terrified because of his intimidating aura.

The man froze for a moment at Weston’s sudden appearance. He took a step back and quickly steadied himself before greeting Weston, “Mr. Ford.”

He still had the same calm and gentle look. “I’m sending Miss Cicily back.”

“I know. Don’t ever show up in front of her again,” Weston told him. “You don’t have to send her back. Stay away from her.”

It would be a little inappropriate for the man to act a fool at Weston’s straightforwardness, so he tugged at his collar and asked Weston with a polite smile, “Mr. Ford, you should give me a reason, shouldn’t you? I’m having a good time with Miss Cicily.”

“You’re the one who thinks she’s having a good time.” Weston stood next to Stella and took her hand straight.

Stella frowned at Weston’s action. She wanted to withdraw her hand, but Weston held her hand tight and refused to let go.

“I know what’s in your mind. She’s not for you to hurt.”

The man’s expression changed. “From what I know, you’re already divorced from Miss Cicily. You’re not legally related anymore. Me pursuing her should be none of your business.”

Weston curled his lips. It seemed like a smile without a trace of warmth in his eyes. Instead, it looked a little scary. “You really know how to irritate me,” Weston said faintly, but the coldness in his eyes made the man take a half step back.

The man glanced at Stella and became a little confident seeing Stella impatience at Weston's presence. He told Stella, "Miss Cicily, I'm sure you can tell. I'm very sincere about being with you..."

"So what if you're sincere? It's worth nothing." Weston straightened his wristwatch and gave him an indifferent look. "Wait until the day your sincerity can affect the stock market, and then come back to me and tell me about your sincerity."

Stella glared at him: "Can you cut the crap?"

She turned to the man and told him, "Sorry. Today's events must have upset you."

The man smiled and simply ignored Weston. He said to Stella, "Can we meet again?"

Stella hesitated a little and shook her head. "Maybe not."

Although she felt okay about him, she was not interested in him. Besides, judging by Weston's attitude just now, she was afraid that Weston would make things difficult for him. All she wanted to was just to make a friend. There was no loss in not contacting each other again, but if Weston targeted him, she might drag him into the mess.

Sure enough, the man's face paled a little. At last, he let out an inexplicable laugh and gave her a meaningful look before turning away and leaving reluctantly.

Stella exhaled and turned to Weston beside her. "Are you happy now?"

Then, she went straight to the car.

Weston hesitated a little and followed after her.

Stella did not say anything after the door was closed. After a short silence, Weston spoke first.

"He's not for you."

Stella simply ignored him. She closed her eyes and leaned her head against the window. As the car started, she swayed a little.

Weston hesitated for a moment before moving her head to his shoulder. “Lean on me.”

Chapter 1429

Stella opened her eyes and shot Weston a cold look. Then, she turned her head the other way.

Weston did not touch her again. He knew she was probably angry with him, so he stayed silent.

A few moments later, he reminded her, “Don’t be angry. That man is unreliable.” Stella propped her chin in her palm. “And what does that have to *do* with you?” Weston pursed his lips, setting his jaw in a tight line.

He said, “I’ve promised to stop pestering you. It’ll be a promise. I’m fine with seeing you with another man, but at least find someone who makes me feel at ease.”

“Why do I need your approval when I’m just looking for a date?” Stella found his words funny. “You’re just my ex–husband. Don’t you think you care too much?”

Weston rubbed his brow, and his voice suddenly went cold. “If you don’t want me to keep pestering you like I just did, maybe you should listen to me.”

Stella questioned, “Are you threatening me?”

“No. I’m suggesting.”

Stella was lost for words. Then, she suddenly laughed in amusement. “Fine. Let’s do as you say. Since you’re so unsure of my taste in men, please help me keep an eye out.”

Stella was just saying that from anger. Letting Weston choose a man for her simply seemed like a bad idea. However, she did not expect that Weston would take it seriously and actually pick someone for her.

Stella was already pretty famous and had many people who wanted to pursue her. Edward from abroad had been interested in her for a long time.

With Weston personally screening the men for her, many men in Ahn City became interested.

Weston looked at the sudden increase in information on his desk and felt a slight headache. He rubbed his temple and said, "What nonsense. Why are these people eyeing on her?"

Ben flipped the pages and could not help but say, "Aren't they quite good?"

Weston picked out a few first. "Do you really think they're good-looking enough?"

"But aren't there several good-looking celebrities here?"

Weston frowned. "The male celebrities are unreliable. Besides, the entertainment industry is such a complicated place. There are so many good-looking people without any good qualities. How could they be worthy of her?"

Ben was lost for words. He glanced through a few profiles and selected a few again. "These men are young and talented. They are good-looking and have a good history."

Weston took a few looks before turning to Ben. "Is he really considered young and talented?"

Ben said, "Well if we're assuming you as the standard, how many can actually meet that standard?"

"If they can't even match me, how can they give her happiness?"

Ben had no words and felt speechless. Finally, his eyes lit up when he saw a man's profile.

"This man is great. He meets all your requirements. He's good-looking and mature. He's impressive and has a successful career. He's one of Mr. Moore's business partners and only in his early thirties. He's at his prime and can give Ms. Sealey a stable life..."

Chapter 1430

Weston raised his eyebrows at Ben's words. "But he's divorced. He has an ex-wife."

"What's wrong with having an ex-wife?"

Ben found Weston's comment strange. "This man has good qualities. Upon investigation, he has a very good personality too. He was an active member during college. He also has an amazingly beautiful resume. It's normal that a man like him has been married before... Besides, hasn't Ms. Sealey been married before herself? She even has two children."

Weston's expression turned cold at once. "Are you discriminating against her?"

"I'm not."

Weston said, "Or do you think she can only find a divorced man for her second marriage?"

Ben panicked. "I wouldn't dare!"

With Weston's ridiculous amount of nitpicking, they could find no one that would match Stella.

Hayden sat beside and quietly reviewed Weston's latest psychological health report. As he turned the page, he suddenly said, "I'm actually a little interested in Ms. Sealey."

Hayden laughed a little and turned to Weston, whose face turned ugly. "Personally, I think I'm not bad."

Ben wiped his cold sweat in fear. Even he could tell that Weston was not willing to give Stella away. What was Hayden doing? Was he jumping right into the fire?"

Weston threw away the materials in his hands and looked in Hayden's direction. His expression seemed indifferent and unreadable. "Such a joke isn't necessary."

"I'm not joking." Hayden's tone was soft but serious.

"I had a crush on her three years ago, but I kept it to myself for moral reasons. I didn't want to get into some complicated relationship now that you're my employer, but since you seemed so motivated to find a suitable date for her, so I'd like to try."

Hayden's words worried Ben.

Weston's face turned cold but remained unreadable. "How much better do you think you are compared to those men?"

I'm good-looking. Ms. Sealey seems to have approved of my looks. I'm financially capable and a top performer in my work. I don't have a bad history or broken relationships. Lastly, I'm someone you trust.

Ben thought Weston would be furious at Hayden's words, but Weston's expression only changed slightly.. "One more thing. She has to be interested in you," Weston actually approved of him and said, "I'm fine as long as she agrees."

Ben's jaw dropped at Weston's reply.

Later, at Stella's studio.

Stella was stunned for a long time after seeing Weston's choice. "Hayden?"

Roger heard the name and came over. "What's wrong?"

"Weston found the right man for me. It's Hayden." Stella said helplessly, "I think he's probably crazy."

Roger was a little surprised to hear that. "He really found you a man?"

'That's great,' Roger thought. He underestimated Weston, who was actually willing to find another man for Stella.

Stella found it unbelievable as well. Besides, Hayden was Weston's psychiatrist. What was he thinking? Perhaps it was so unexpected that Stella agreed.

Read Novel Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1431

Chapter 1431

Hayden Quirk arrived half an hour earlier than Stella did on their first date.

“You’re much earlier than I expected,” he joked as Stella walked in.

Stella was actually on time, but she still felt a little guilty when she saw him already waiting for her when she arrived.

“The traffic is terrible today,” she said.

“Don’t worry about it,” Hayden said, handing her the menu. “Mr. Ford expected me to wait for you for at least an hour.”

“I seriously don’t know what you guys are up to,” she grumbled, exasperated, “but I hope it will at least be over soon. Just don’t drag it out and cause me any trouble.”

She ordered a few dishes, then handed the menu back to him. Hayden took it from her, ordered a few more signature dishes that the restaurant was popular for, then Mooked at Stella with a faint smile.

“Did you think this is all just a joke?” he asked.

“What else could it be?”

“I am serious about this,” *he* told her, his voice suddenly turning grave. “Since even Mr. Ford agreed that we should try dating each other, then why don’t we give this a proper try? After all... I actually secretly liked you three years ago.”

Stella paused. She had no idea how to respond, so she picked up her cup and took a

sip.

“I don’t think this kind of joke is funny,” she said.

“You even speak like him,” Hayden said, looking at Stella with a half-smile.

She did not have to ask him who he meant by ‘him.’

“It’s just a coincidence,” she replied with a slight frown.

“Stella,” he suddenly looked straight into her eyes, “I mean it. Weston promised that

he would not get in the way of our relationship. You should really take a chance and seriously consider me as your potential partner.”

Stella sighed.

“...Okay,” she agreed.

She wanted to know what Weston was really up to anyway.

And so Stella and Hayden started to date each other officially.

Even Roger found it surprising.

“You’re not actually getting serious with him, right?”

Stella did not give him a definite answer, but after thinking about it for a while, she told him, “I just want to see how things go and let nature take its course. Besides, I really do need to start getting to know some men now.”

Her words eventually reached Weston’s ears.

“Mr. Ford...” Ben reported cautiously, “Madam’s relationship with Dr. Quirk seems to be developing steadily.”

He then briefly described their most recent date, and when he noticed Weston’s expressions turning icy cold, he braced himself, hurried through the rest of his report, and walked straight out of the office.

Not much can be discerned from Weston’s countenance. He calmly opened a drawer and pulled out the medicine bottle inside it. He then poured almost the entire content of the bottle into his hands and swallowed all the pills without any water to wash them down.

Traces of the white pills got stuck in his throat. It tasted awfully bitter.

On the weekend, Weston decided to visit Elias and Emma. This was the only proper excuse he had to see Stella now. But to his surprise, as soon as he arrived, he heard a familiar voice of a man in the distance, and this voice seemed to be mixed with the voice of children from the inside as if they were playing happily together.

Weston froze in his steps. He stood stiffly at the door for a long time without moving. He only regained his senses when Stella, who was carrying Emma, and Hayden, holding Elias's hand, bumped into him at the door.

Stella froze for a while when she saw Weston. She did not expect him to be here at all.

"You should've called before you came..." she said, feeling a little awkward when she realized that he must have come over to see the children, yet she had just promised them she would take them out to play.

Weston tugged at his collar, finding it a little hard to breathe.

"You only just started dating him, and you're already bringing him back home?" he asked. "The kids are still so young! Can't you wait before you introduce him to them?"

Stella had intended to speak nicely with him initially, but she quickly turned cold and impatient when she heard what Weston just said.

"You're the one who suggested that I date him," she snapped, "and now you're

saying all these things to me? Seriously, Weston, are you sure you don't have a split personality?"

Chapter 1432

Stella's words rendered Weston speechless.

She was right. He had been the one to agree to let Stella date other people, so he must seem like a fool saying all those things to her.

He withdrew his hands and forced himself to calm down a little.

"I have no intention to stand in your way," he told Stella. "I was only worried about Elias and Emma. Since they're also here, I think you need to take their feelings into consideration."

The children could sense the strained atmosphere between the adults, so they just waited patiently on the couch with Roger, occasionally poking their heads out to look at their parents.

Seeing his kids like that, Weston slowly added, "I'm only here to see the kids, so both of you can go ahead with your date."

Stella said nothing and just took Hayden's hand and left.

When they got downstairs, Hayden glanced at her and asked, "Are you sure you want to just leave him like that?"

"I don't know," Stella massaged the point between her brows. "I'm not sure what I want to do anymore."

She got angry when she heard Weston say all those things just now, but then again, she had no intention of just leaving the issues between them as it was, much less completely kicking Weston out of her life.

Meanwhile, upstairs, Weston watched as Stella and Hayden disappeared into the distance. He finally looked away, and there were no discernible signs of agitation in his expressions at all. Still, Roger could tell at a glance that he was only concealing it.

He jeered, "It's unbearable, isn't it? Doesn't it hurt so much that you think you're gonna die? And yet you can't say a single word about it."

That was exactly what Roger went through in the past.

Weston said nothing. He just sat down in front of Elias and Emma and stroked their heads, telling them, "Daddy will take you out today, okay?"

These days, although he avoided appearing in front of Stella, he had started to spend much more time with Elias and Emma.

It was as if he wanted to make up for all his past mistakes with his children. He

would take them out to small and large parties, trying his best to let the whole of Ahn City know that these children were his while providing them with everything they wanted or needed, all on a silver platter.

Naturally, Stella realized this too, but she said nothing against it because, as the children's father, it was within his rights and his freedom to do all that. Besides, this could only benefit Elias and Emma. Like all parents, she wished for nothing more than to give her children access to better resources and

opportunities. Hence, she ultimately never stopped Weston from doing everything for them.

Apart from that, her relationship with Dr. Hayden Quirk had also been steadily developing as well.

As a psychiatrist, Hayden had always been an emotionally stable man. He was also considerate and attentive. Having been through a few relationships, he had always treated women with respect and warmth. All this made Stella feel comfortable and at ease whenever she was with him.

On the other hand, when she was with Weston, her mood would always fluctuate, from sometimes being furious to incessant impatience and annoyance, unlike the peaceful and calm feeling she experienced with Hayden.

Perhaps this was why she found it hard to give Hayden a clear answer when he asked if she wanted to try taking their relationship to the next level, even though she did intend to agree with him.

She stared at the face in front of her and discovered that she found it hard to imagine what her life would look like if she really was in a relationship with Dr. Hayden Quirk.

Seeing that Stella had been hesitating for a few seconds, he smiled empathetically and said, "Perhaps I've been a little too hasty. This is an important decision for you. I should've given you some time to think about it."

He was giving her a graceful exit, yet this only made it harder for her to find the right words to say.

He was simply too nice, too much of a gentleman, and too kind and gentle to her that she had no idea what to do now.

Hayden stroked her head and said, "There's going to be a private concert held by the club soon, and there will be many music lovers there. I can help you get some tickets if you're interested, and we can go together."

Stella was surprised by his thoughtfulness. She did not expect him to understand her

so well.

“Okay,” she nodded and agreed after thinking about it for a moment.

Since she had decided to get out there and date other men, she should act like it and be more open to new experiences.

During this period, Weston began to come over to her place and see her more often now. Although he had been deliberately ignoring the relationship between Stella and Hayden, he still could not avoid seeing Hayden driving her home regularly.

He had been forcing himself to focus solely on his children, but he still could not stop himself from talking to Stella when he saw her getting all dolled up in a fancy dress in the middle of the night, preparing to go out with Hayden.

“Will you be coming home tonight?” he asked.

Stella glanced at him and replied, “If it ends too late, then I’ll probably be staying elsewhere. You can go home once Elias and Emma are asleep, by the way.”

Chapter 1433

Weston paused, then simply replied, “Okay.”

When he saw her changing into a pair of high heels, he followed her around and asked, “Where are you going?”

“Oh, to a private concert.”

Then she added, “If you’re going to spend the night here tonight, then please take care of Elias and Emma. But if you have to leave, I’ll ask Roger to come over instead.”

“Don’t worry,” he said. “Just go out and enjoy yourself. I’ll be at home and take good care of the kids.”

Stella paused suddenly, feeling inexplicably weird about what Weston had just said. It sounded like she was forcing him to stay at home and take care of the kids while

she went out to have fun without a care in the world.

She turned around to look at Weston, feeling like he was acting like a poor neglected housewife.

She shook her head and tried to shake this terrifying thought out of her mind.

When they arrived at the concert, Hayden offered his arm to her like a gentleman. They then walked into the private concert together, with Stella holding Hayden's arm.

Because the concert was filled with music lovers like herself, Stella immensely enjoyed her time there. Everyone was conversing in a common language, which was music, and she had a lot of fun, though she did see things she did not like very much.

She had just drank a glass of wine given to her by someone else. She was conversing with another pianist when she suddenly felt a little dizzy, so she quickly booked a room upstairs because she wanted to rest there.

Hayden thoughtfully walked her to the room and asked if she needed him to stay there. At that point, Stella began to feel hot all over, and she realized that something was seriously wrong.

"I think there's something wrong with the wine I just drank..." she told him.

"What?" Hayden froze. He studied her countenance and realized something. "You probably got the wrong glass..."

"I'll report it to the organizer immediately," he added sullenly.

Stella nodded, then felt a little thirsty.

"I feel a little uncomfortable," she told him as she swallowed her saliva.

Hayden took a deep breath and asked, "Can you bear it for a little longer?"

Stella said nothing. She closed her eyes. Everything was getting a little blurry now.

It would be a lie to say that Hayden did not feel at least a little bit tempted right now, but the good upbringing that had been drilled into his mind since childhood warned him that nothing good would come of it if he took advantage of her now.

If he did end up sleeping with her, even though she was unwilling to, she would only hate him when she woke up the next day.

And so he rushed out to report what happened to the organizer and then back to the room. But he stopped at the door and hesitated to go inside.

Now that Stella was under the influence of a drug, he was sure that she would be acting very differently than usual if he went into the room right now. He was still a man, after all. No matter how strong his self-control was, he was unsure if he could withstand so much temptation.

He thought about it, then decided to call for a doctor.

Meanwhile, Stella felt like her whole body was baked in an oven. She was so indescribably thirsty, yet no amount of water could quench her, but it only worked to stoke the fire and made her thirst worse.

She closed her eyes and tore the clothes into pieces, yet nothing she did relieve her from the burning heat at all.

She walked into the bathroom and turned on the shower. As the cold water rained down on her, she managed to calm down a little, but it still did nothing to suppress the burning desire that was roiling inside her.

Slam!

She heard a loud noise coming from the hallway. It sounded like a brawl was going

on outside.

Soon afterward, the door was kicked open, and she could hear the sound of rushing footsteps approaching. The next moment, she looked up and saw someone opening the bathroom door and barging in.

It was Weston. He walked up to her and stood there with a gloomy face. His eyes shone with fiery anger, but the fire instantly extinguished as soon as he looked into her moist watery eyes.

All that was left was a complex and inscrutable mix of convoluted feelings.

Chapter 1434

The moment Stella saw him, she flew into his arms and clambered onto his body. She kissed him again and again, trying to search for his breath so she could explore his body even deeper. All she wanted was to let him extinguish the fire burning inside her.

Half an hour had passed, and the effect of the drug on her body was its strongest

now.

Weston swallowed his saliva. Without any hesitation, he pinned her against the bathroom mirror and kissed her vehemently on her face, her shoulders, then her neck.

Stella could not stop herself from letting out loud moans. The sounds she produced only drove Weston wilder. Even the corners of his eyes began to turn red now.

Luckily, there was still a thread of reason in his mind. He pushed her away and, while panting heavily, asked her, "Who am I, Stella?"

But Stella's mind was occupied with her primal urges. She ignored his question and grabbed his shirt collar, saying, "Let's do it..."

The sight of her filled Weston with a desire to just give her whatever she wanted and make love to her as ferociously as he could.

But now was not the time yet.

He held her still, refusing to give her what she wanted, and just raised her chin so her eyes looked straight into his.

"Tell me, who am I?"

Stella moaned in agony. She was burning with a bottomless desire, and she was beginning to get impatient now. With all the strength that she had, she tried to tear off the shackles of Weston's grip on her body to release herself.

But no matter how strong she was in a state where she lost all her self-control, it was still no match to Weston's own strength.

He still would not give her what she wanted. He looked down at her calmly and repeated, "Look into my eyes, Stella, and tell me, who am I?"

His voice was just so cold that Stella felt a little offended. She had no choice but to open her foggy eyes and look straight ahead at the man in front of her.

“You’re... Weston Ford...”

The next moment, it was as if she was swept away by a whirlwind. He descended on her and consumed her whole, not even leaving her bones behind.

During their intense lovemaking, Stella sometimes regained her senses, and when she noticed the familiar face in front of her, she would reach out, trying to touch his sweaty skin.

Weston grabbed her hands and softly kissed the tip of her fingers.

The two joined their whole bodies together and became one. Stella closed her eyes and let herself be immersed in this wave of intimacy. Only then did she finally understand her true feelings...

There might still be some love left for Weston in her heart.

Meanwhile, Ben was standing outside the door, on guard. When he saw Dr. Hayden Quirk approaching, his face turned grave, and he told him, “I’m sorry, but you can’t go in there.”

“I know that Stella’s inside,” Hayden sighed. “I just want to know if Weston Ford can handle everything.”

Seeing no other signs of emotions on his face other than a bit of disappointment, Ben replied, “Mr. Ford can handle anything, so don’t worry, Dr. Quirk.”

Hayden nodded and said nothing.

“When they wake up,” he added after massaging his temples for a while, “will you tell Weston Ford that he doesn’t need to come see me for the treatments of his conditions anymore? Also, tell him never to bother me again from now on.”

Ben froze for a while, then realized that Dr. Quirk was implying that he was giving up on Stella now.

“Okay,” Ben nodded after a long pause. “I’ll make sure to convey your message to them.”

Hayden then turned and left.

He waved his hand, and the moment he turned around, a sign of fatigue flashed across his face.

He laughed at himself.

He really thought that he might have a chance with Stella. He knew, of course, that the chances were slim, to begin with, but after spending a few days with her, he started to believe that they might perhaps end up together because of their compatibility.

Sure, there was no heated passion between them, but he was still surprised that he would end up losing to a man like Weston Ford.

Or perhaps he did not actually lose to Weston Ford at all.

He paused his steps, pressed the elevator button, and closed his eyes.

He had actually lost to Stella Sealey herself.

The naughty noises they made filled the room till long after midnight. When Stella woke up the next morning, she found her body covered in black and blue bruises, and her voice was parched like the desert.

As soon as she opened her mouth, it was as if her throat was on fire. She propped herself up with her arms so she could sit up on the bed, but she just did not have an ounce of energy left in her body and slumped back down on her back.

She grumbled silently. Her mind was clear now and she was completely awake. She turned to her side and saw Weston lying next to her. He was sound asleep.

Last Chapter 1435

Stella had rarely ever woken up before him.

He had always been terrifyingly strong, but their lovemaking last night must have consumed a lot of his energy, leaving him so tired that he was still sound asleep.

She stared at him and suddenly felt like doing something naughty. She pinched his nose and held her fingers there, trying to suffocate him.

Unsurprisingly, he soon knitted his handsome brows and quickly woke up.

He was surprised to see her mesmerizing eyes as soon as he woke up, which made him pause. He then took her hand into his and kissed it again and again.

“Are you okay?” he asked with concern, remembering how wildly he ravaged her last night.

She had only been willing to be intimate with him because she was under the influence of a drug, yet he had taken advantage of her and had his way with her over and over again last night.

Stella did not speak.

Seeing her like that made his expressions turn a little colder. He fell silent for a long time before he got up and slowly put on his clothes. He sat there on the bed without saying a word.

Stella stared at his back and finally sat up on the bed too. She was anticipating what he might say next.

“About last night...” he began. “I will make sure to punish myself for it.”

She could not keep up with his train of thought and was clueless about what he meant. Then she heard him continue with a deep voice, “I promised to keep a distance from you, but I failed to do so. I even...”

He paused, then his voice turned even deeper as he added, “I even took advantage of you last night. It was completely my fault. I failed to keep my promise to you, so I will punish myself.”

“Are you okay?” she interrupted him as she found his behavior absurd. “I was the one who started it last night, remember?”

Stella certainly remembered very clearly that Weston asked her repeatedly to tell him

Chapter 1435

who he was before he started making love to her. Although it might be true that she pleaded with him to stop in a hoarse voice later in the night, he still would not stop, but she could not deny that it was her who started it all.

Weston said nothing and kept his back turned to her. He looked down. Stella did not see how the emotions were surging in his eyes.

“Only by locking myself up,” he said hoarsely after a long silence, “can I keep myself away from you.”

He knew that the only way he could stop himself from seeing Stella was to keep himself locked and shackled in a cage.

Stella misunderstood him and thought that he was not willing to see her anymore. She snorted in anger and tore the blanket away from her body till it fell on the floor and got up despite her body being sore and in pain.

“Fine!” she snapped. “Just pretend that last night never happened, then! You can be with anybody you like, and I can be with anyone I choose. We’ll just mind our own business from now on. It doesn’t matter that I might still have some feelings for you now. It’ll soon fade anyway...”

She was still talking when she suddenly slipped as soon as her feet hit the ground, but before she knew it, a tall and muscular figure appeared in front of her and lifted her up from the floor.

Stella thought that he was only worried that she might hurt herself, so she tried to push him away, only to see his flustered eyes looking straight at her and asking her, “What did you just say?”

“It’s none of your business!” She frowned. “Let go of me!”

“Can you just repeat... what you said just now?”

“Let go

of me!” Stella barked through gritted teeth.

“No!” Weston held her even tighter now. “I heard you say that you still have feelings

for me...”

“So what? It doesn’t matter anyway since you’re so determined to push me away. Since that’s what you want, I’ll grant you your wish.”

“No!” he cried in a raspy voice. “It’s not like that... I was only worried that you’d hate me. I just can’t let you go! Whenever I think you might end up with another man, I get jealous like crazy. I want nothing more than to kill all those men who want to be with you, that

way. They’ll never get near you again...”

“Then why did you tell me all those things?”

“I was afraid that you won’t ever be happy with me,” he said, hugging her close to his chest. “The only way I could stop myself from seeing you is to lock myself up in a cage.”

Stella had no idea what to say. She raised her hand as if to slap him but then changed her mind and dropped it.

After a long time, she finally sighed and told him, “I give up, Weston. Why don’t we give our relationship another try?”

She waited long for his response, but he still said nothing. She was just about to look up at him, but then the man who had been silent all along suddenly dropped down on his knees.

Stella felt something cold sliding onto her ring finger. She looked down and saw that it was a diamond ring. She had no idea how long Weston had had it with him.

The next thing she heard was Weston’s voice telling her, “... I love you.”

As long as she was willing to give him a chance, they still had a long future ahead of them together, and he will spend the rest of his life trying to prove it to her.