

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 17

They had only stayed at Stardust Mansion for about six months.

But Stella had a feeling that she was all too familiar with each corner of the house.

She even remembered which layer of the wardrobe Weston's frequently used shirt was kept at, and which tie he liked to match it with.

Habit was a scary thing.

Stella had previously packed up her luggage, so it only took her less than ten minutes to leave the master bedroom with her luggage bag in tow.

The man was seated casually on the living room sofa with an arm propped on the armrest. His black shirt further darkened his expression.

Weston had a freshly lit cigarette sandwiched between his fingers.

The smoke in the air had yet to dissipate. He narrowed his eyes at Stella, then looked at her luggage bag. "You don't have to move out. I can give you this mansion."

He recalled how he had pitied her for some reason just now.

When Stella was changing into her slippers with her back facing him, he saw how skinny she was from the lines on her body. He only had one thought.

'This woman is too thin.'

He didn't remember how bony she felt when he last hugged her.

Perhaps that atmosphere had deluded him into thinking she was still his meek wife who only had eyes for him, Weston subconsciously assumed Stella would say something intimate to him when she called his name.

Alas, she merely asked, "When are we collecting our divorce certificate?"

The cigarette suddenly burned Weston's finger, scalding him.

He flicked the ashes away and shifted into another position, crossing his legs. His leisurely and proud appearance made him seem like a natural-born noble. "After all, we were once married."

Stella shook her head and dragged her luggage bag over. "I have no use for this mansion. There's no need for me to stay in such a big place by myself. If you're okay with it, Mr. Ford, can you give me the equivalent value in cash instead?"

Weston's expression darkened upon hearing this.

He looked at her. "You only want money?"

Stella nodded. "I only need money right now. If you insist on giving me this mansion, I won't refuse, but I'll sell it instead."

Then, she frowned. "But I don't have the contacts for such dealings, so I'm afraid that I might get cheated when I sell the house. If you're willing to help me out on this, I'd be less troubled."

All expression was gone from his face.

He finished his cigarette before saying, "I'll get my assistant to transfer the money into your account in one transaction."

Stella's gaze faltered slightly but she nodded. "Thank you, Mr. Ford."

Weston stood up and went over to her.

She wasn't exactly short, but she looked rather tiny in his presence.

Stella usually dressed plainly and rarely put on makeup. She only puts on light makeup sometimes for the sake of improving her complexion.

But she had luscious black hair that accentuated how flawless her fair skin was. Like warm jade, her skin was delicate, translucent, and delightful to the touch.

Weston suddenly wanted to touch her face.

But he didn't do anything. He just put out his cigarette and then reached for her luggage.

Stella blocked his hand reflexively. "It's alright. I can manage."

Weston retracted his hand. Without any emotion in his dark eyes, he looked at her. "Where are you staying now? I'll give you a ride."

Stella's expression tensed up and she forced out a smile. "That's alright. I'll just take a cab."

Seeing Weston stay quiet, out of fear that he might insist on sending her, Stella added, "Mr. Ford, it's best that we don't get involved with each other anymore unless necessary, especially for matters like giving me a ride. It may be a minor thing, but women care. Aren't you afraid that Ms. Cohen might be upset if she learns about this?"

Since he was only using her as a tool to incite Guinevere, this marriage was just a lie.

Or, she could call it a deal.

After all, Weston had given her a huge sum of money when she needed it. Now that she had taken the money and tasted his body, she would bury her feelings within her so no one would find out.

The best ending they could have was to be strangers again.

He would eventually marry Guinevere, and for now, Stella still couldn't forget him completely, so meeting him would only cause her grief.

So, she would rather have nothing to do with this man anymore.

Sure enough, she only had to mention Guinevere and Weston would keep quiet.

Stella got into a cab and gave the driver a random location.

After the car drove away, she looked at Stardust Mansion through the rearview mirror and her eyes finally turned red.

That was the place she used to call home.

Her chest still hurt. It was especially whenever she saw Weston, for she would recall the fact that he had tricked her and then abandoned her.

Stella placed her hand on her flat stomach and closed her eyes.

At least she had another family member now.

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Stella hadn't found a place to stay yet, so she could only put her luggage at her workplace at an office building for now.

She had learned to play musical instruments and dance as a child, even winning many awards before. She could have gotten into a famous art school with her artistic skills, but her literature scores were just as impressive, so she had ended up attending another school instead.

If her parents hadn't gotten into an accident, she might have still been the old happy Stella.

For the sake of paying for Roger's medical bills, she started working in a piano shop as a piano teacher after she graduated.

Stella was only a piano teacher at a piano shop at first. But then a colleague who planned to start her own business found out that Stella knew many instruments, and even knew how to dance, so she scouted Stella over.

Yvonne Quirk had just finished teaching a class when she saw Stella coming in with a luggage bag. "You're early today. Isn't your class in the afternoon?"

Yvonne went to the water dispenser to get some water, and the children around greeted her.

Stella avoided them and placed her luggage bag at her workstation. She then came over with her insulated mug. "I have no place to put my stuff, so I'm leaving it here for now. I'll take it away at night."

Yvonne studied her upon hearing this. "Did something happen...?"

Although they were only colleagues, they had a good relationship.

Perhaps due to the fact that Stella hadn't had a friend in a while, she would always tell Yvonne her troubles.

Yvonne was a rich wife and her husband was a capable man.

The woman was young and beautiful too, but she didn't like staying at home without doing anything. And so, she started teaching young children and eventually founded her own art school here in this office building, and got a few classrooms to teach music and dance.

Stella looked down and watched the hot water flow out. "I got a divorce."

Yvonne choked on her water, and began to cough and splutter.

She stared at Stella in shock. "Didn't you love your husband a lot? Why did you suddenly get a divorce...?"

Stella smiled without saying anything.

Yvonne understood at once. "He has someone else...?"