

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 171

### Chapter 171

Ruby said amidst her tears, "I can't memorize them. I need my teacher to do the scene with

me!"

With that, she pointed in Stella's direction. "Can she come up to help me with my lines?"

Stella was stunned at being singled out and looked at Ruby in shock.

Help her with her lines? She had never done something like this before.

What's more, she had only helped her check whether she memorized her lines correctly while they were offstage, like a student memorizing the textbook. She knew nothing else aside from that.

The director looked at Stella and his eyes lit up at the sight of her. The entertainment circle had no lack of beauties, and Stella was definitely not considered one of the most stunning.

As for the director, having seen hordes of beauties himself, it had been a while since he was impressed by anyone. When he saw Stella just now, it left a deep, lasting impression on him. He could tell that she barely had any makeup on, and she dressed simply. Her skin was flawless, delicate, and dewy.

Although she wasn't eye-catching amongst the crowd, as long as one's gaze landed on her, one wouldn't be able to look away.

Such an aura was very fitting as a supporting female role.

It was a coincidence that Guinevere had been rejecting all the female candidates for the role, and he had been trying hard to look for alternatives. Something clicked in the director's mind, and he whispered something to his assistant director.

The assistant director nodded and immediately understood what was going on in the director's mind. He walked briskly to Stella and said, "The director would like to speak to you."

Stella was rather anxious as she replied, "I'm sorry, I have no experience in this at all. Could you ask other professionals please?"

The assistant director said with difficulty, "Could you tell our director that yourself? I don't have much say in this...."

Stella understood and remained silent as she acquiesced and followed him without a word.

The director saw Stella walking toward him and pointed to Ruby who was on stage, "She said that she wants to do the scene with you. Please go on stage and take note not to block the camera angle."

Stella pursed her lips, "I'm sorry, I really don't know..." The director furrowed his brows and tapped his fingers on the script lying on the table, "You don't even know how to recite the script?"

Stella shook her head, "I might be able to recite it, but I'll just do it like reciting a textbook."

The assistant director burst out laughing at her words.

It drew a cold look from the director who turned back to Stella. He had an even stronger feeling that her frank demeanor was very fitting to the supporting female role before she turned evil.

Without saying anything further, he pointed to the stage "Go on stage first." Stella had no choice but to bite the bullet and walk toward Ruby. "Are these my lines?"

With Stella around, Ruby felt significantly more relaxed.

Although children were prone to take their anger out on others, their anger was also very easily and quickly appeased. She wiped the tears from her eyes and said to Stella, "I forgot all my lines in this segment. Could you help me run through them again?" As Stella did so, Ruby finally managed to enter the right state of mind. Her segment ended very soon, and the director was relatively pleased with it. Stella was about to bring Ruby off-stage, and she suddenly heard the director say, "You, wait up!"

Stella was stunned for a moment, unsure whether he was calling out to her or not.

The next second, she saw the director walking toward her and asking, "What's your name? Are you interested in trying out for this role?"

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 172**

### **Chapter 172**

"Me?" Stella did not even realize he was talking to her.

After she snapped back to attention, she said in disbelief, "I'm just here to accompany Ruby for the audition, and don't have any prior experience. I definitely don't belong to associated professions either"

The director cut her off mid-sentence, "I know, I heard about your background from the assistant. You are a dance teacher, aren't you?"

Stella nodded as the director went on, "The barriers to entry in acting is considered low. Many outstanding actors began from nothing. I was the one who groomed last year's best male actor from scratch. He started out with zero acting experience, too."

Bradley Lane was known to be an eccentric, albeit famous director. However, having been in the industry for long, he had long learned how to sweet-talk and be persuasive. He said as convincingly as he could, "As much as the entertainment circle isn't as aggressive as it was before, many people find a lot more things from it than from elsewhere. Be it reputation, status, or money, it will far exceed what you can ever imagine earning as a dance teacher."

Stella understood his point perfectly well.

However, she did not think that she had to run heedlessly toward any attractive opportunity that fell from the sky.

Not everyone is suited for the industry, and she knew herself too well.

"I'm sorry, director. I do not think that I have talent in this area."

Seeing her insistence, Bradley didn't push further. With a wave of his hand, he said, "This is my contact details. Contact me anytime after you think things through."

He was rather disappointed, with the supporting female role still nowhere in sight and Guinevere being so tough to manage. Now that he finally managed to find someone suitable for the role, the person in question was unwilling.

That way, the entire schedule had to be pushed back, and what he needed to do next was framing

He made sure to find actual scenes and not reproduce them through post-production, which would only be less impressive on the big screen.

The season was about to be over. If he was still unable to find a candidate for the supporting female role that was to Guinevere's satisfaction, he would have no way of framing the scene during this season.

He would be left with two options: Wait another year or rely on post-production. Bradley had always pursued realistic scenes ever since he entered the industry, and naturally

would hate to tarnish his own reputation. This movie was a mega production. He would never choose to do shoddy work which would be clear in the viewers' eyes. At the sight of Stella taking her leave with Ruby in tow, Bradley decided that he would not give up and shot his assistant director a look.

The assistant director immediately caught the hint and after walking Stella to the door, he asked, "Do you want to try it one more time? Are you in a hurry to get home?" Stella glanced at her watch, hesitating at his question.

The assistant director, having been in the entertainment circle for a while, was good at reading people. He immediately caught on her hesitation and said, "The audition won't take you much time, so why don't you just give it a go? Sometimes, you can't tell an actor's potential until he stands right before the camera."

Ruby didn't really understand what his words meant, but the moment she heard about the possibility of Stella auditioning, she tugged at Stella's sleeves and said, "Ms. Steele, why don't you give it a try? That way, both of us can report to the crew together after our class!

Stella wasn't exactly enthusiastic to try out for the audition, but it sounded like a great excuse for returning late.

She exhaled and said, "Alright, then. I'll give it a go."

The assistant director's eyes lit up and he immediately ran to the director to inform him.

The director looked extremely pleased as he waved at Stella, "Come over. Let me tell you how you should act the scene out."

Stella nodded and walked to his side as she listened seriously to his explanation.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 173**

### **Chapter 173**

They were filming a historical drama with the female lead as the key subject Guinevere was the absolute choice for the female lead, and everything, revolved around her

Be it the male lead or the other supporting roles, all of them served to push the female lead toward becoming the queen For such mega productions, the male and female leads had long been decided, and the sponsors would also spare no effort to push their own celebrities into being cast for the movie

Both the male and female leads were the best actor and actress in the industry; Even before filming began, the movie had garnered widespread attention across the industry.

Many people sought to squeeze their own celebrities into the movie, even a tiny supporting role was good enough.

Given the extreme popularity of the movie, there was no need for the producers to make up the numbers and try their luck with the extremely diverse professional standards amongst today's celebrities. What they really needed was actors and actresses who truly fitted the role to a tee.

That was also why Guinevere was so picky even with a seemingly insignificant supporting role. This female supporting role was quite three-dimensional. She began as a very gentle and kind young female warrior, and it was difficult to see any potential of such a meek character taking on a significant supporting role.

Afterward, because she harbored feelings for another senior warrior training alongside her, who had long fallen for the female lead and even made use of the young female warrior to get what he wanted just so he could please the female lead.

The female lead was single-minded in pursuing her work and would not allow any man to hold her back from her ambitions. The senior warrior was but another confidante amongst many she had.

Such subject matter seldom made it to the big screen, which was why it drew so much public attention.

The female lead and the supporting female role stood in stark contrast with each other. The supporting female role made things difficult for the female lead at every turn, on account of the senior warrior she liked. Amidst the sorrow of unrequited love, she eventually turned to the dark side and became a huge villain of the story who stopped at nothing to sacrifice all for love.

The changes to the supporting female role were not obvious in the beginning, and it was not until the final confrontation she had with the female lead that she revealed her true colors and shocked everyone around her.

It was undeniable that this supporting role was very three-dimensional and multi-layered. It was not easy to act it well.

After hearing the director's explanation, an inexplicable feeling developed within her.

She suddenly felt like she truly empathized with the young female warrior.

She completely related to the feeling of being used by someone she loved. Although she

wouldn't go around killing innocent people like what that young female warrior did. However,

she fully understood how a kind-hearted and optimistic young woman would eventually become so desperate and negative towards the end.

Just like how she was now.

She always thought that there was hope in life, but now, she found life rather meaningless. If it weren't for Roger, she might have preferred not being saved that day when she jumped off the building. The director was still talking to Stella about the movie when he realized that she had already entered the mind of the supporting role. Bradley spoke softer and softer, as if worried that he would interrupt her thoughts.

A moment later, he asked, "Are you ready?"

Stella nodded.

Bradley signaled to his crew standing at the side, and the cameras began rolling.

Stella took a deep breath and began the very first performance of her life.

She did not realize that her phone in her bag had been ringing off the hook.

The caller was Weston.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 174**

### **Chapter 174**

The time was already close to ten o'clock at night, yet Stella remained uncontactable.

After a few missed calls, her phone stopped ringing.

Stella had completely forgotten that Weston was still waiting for her at home.

After filming the first segment, Bradley was very pleased with her performance. After pointing out a few areas of improvement, he made her do it once again based on his instructions. Stella's first time was very raw and unrefined. After all, it was her first time acting and she did not know how to move in front of the camera.

However, Bradley noticed all the expressions and feelings that she exuded during her performance.

He found her very promising and noticed that she improved by leaps and bounds after the most basic guidance from him.

She was one very talented actress.

That was his conclusion after Stella tried for a second time.

After it ended, he asked Stella how she felt.

Stella had no idea about his assessment criteria and said, "I'm not too sure..."

"Did you feel like you managed to get into character?"

"I suppose I did, a little."

Bradley couldn't hold back a chuckle. "You're very conservative with your words. Why the lack of confidence in yourself?"

Stella looked slightly troubled. "Am I?"

She thought about it, "I really don't have any experience in this, and have no idea what a truly professional performance is like. As such, I really don't know how I performed..."  
"Very well," Bradley said affirmatively, "You performed very well. You are extremely talented. Are you sure you don't want to consider this career path?"

He looked completely different from his usual fearsome demeanor on set, where he would frequently lose his temper when things didn't go his way. His attitude towards Stella, however, was a lot milder and kinder

Stella thought about it hard and was about to shake her head in rejection when Bradley cut her off, clearly seeing her response, "Don't, don't. I know you're about to reject me again!"

He lifted his hand and rubbed in between his brows, finding it all rather ridiculous.

As a famous director in the industry, he had many great films under his belt all within top ten at the box office, and he achieved all that at a prime age of slightly over thirty.

Many well-known celebrities wanted to work with him, yet here he was trying to persuade an amateur with no acting background at all to join his cast.

This was something that Bradley did not have much experience with.

Piqued by curiosity, he asked Stella, "May I know what job you work in? I'm surprised that you are able to reject such a great temptation as entering the entertainment circle"  
Stella replied, "I'm just a dance teacher who teaches children at a training center"

Bradley nodded and said as a thought suddenly entered his mind, "How well are you paid?"

Stella scratched her head as she responded, "Not bad, our boss is very generous."

She gave him a figure, to which Bradley raised his eyebrows. "Do you know that you just need to film one episode of the most ordinary web drama and the pay would be around that figure?"

Stella widened her eyes in shock, "Really?"

She was very surprised; She knew that being in the entertainment industry was lucrative, but she thought that was only the case for famous stars. Amateurs like her were often relegated to acting as extras which was very tiring and sometimes, they might end up not even acting after waiting for an entire day. It was good enough for an extra to earn just 15 to 30 dollars in a day To think that someone as inexperienced as her could command such high pay in the industry?

Bradley must be pulling her leg. "You don't believe me?" Bradley saw the look on her face and knew immediately what she was thinking Stella rubbed her nose, "It's not that, I just don't think I'm of that high a standard..." She was still of the mindset that only a famous celebrity could earn so much.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 175**

### **Chapter 175**

Bradley shook his head and called for a random actor from his crew. "He entered the scene just last year and hasn't even graduated. Ask him how much he gets paid."

Stella felt herself slowly walking into a trap

After a while, Bradley called another person.

She could not deny that she was truly tempted

She knew that Bradley wouldn't risk ruining his reputation by lying to an amateur like her, but she couldn't help but feel like it was a pie in the sky.

"I'm sorry." If she were to allow Bradley to go on, she felt like she would end up succumbing to the temptation.

She needed a quiet place to contemplate his offer. "It's already very late, I really should be heading home."

She supposed that Weston was probably no longer in the mood, now that it was already so late.

Stella was dragging her feet in going home also because she was worried about him demanding her to do something if she went back too early.

Although she knew that there was nothing she could do as long as he demanded for her, she subconsciously delayed going home as late as she could.

The director knew that she had a mind of her own, and did not continue forcing her for an answer, which might work against him. Instead, he pulled out a name card and handed it to her. "Add me as a contact and reach out to me. Oh yes, what's your name?"

Stella said, "Ella Steele."

"Ella Steele. Great name."

He smiled and patted her shoulder, "I know that you probably think I'm trying to sweet talk you into things, but I mean this from the bottom of my heart: You are very talented, and this is an opportunity of a lifetime that is being presented to you. Do you know how many women like you fight tooth and nail for a chance to act in such a role? You should really seize the opportunity that life presents you. For all you know, it might just change your life!"

He was just delivering heartfelt advice as he usually did, but he did not expect Stella to take it to heart.

She originally began with the intention of avoiding Weston and just trying things out, but at this moment, Bradley's words sent ripples across her heart.

She wanted to leave Weston; this was a strong desire she had right from the start.

However, given her current abilities, it would be impossible for her to do so until the day Weston got tired of her.

He did say that he would let her go once the time was up, but what if he changed his mind when that day came around? She didn't want her fate to lie so vulnerably in another person's hands.

However, she was but a mere dance teacher. No matter how high up the ladder she climbed, she would never be able to escape from Weston's hands. The opportunity she was presented with right now, however, was different...

If she became a public figure, it might make Weston less bold toward her.

Stella left with Ruby, who saw how quiet Stella was and asked, "Mr. Stelle, why didn't you take them up on their offer?"

Stella's thoughts were a mess. "I haven't thought it through yet."

She had just arrived at the main entrance with Ruby when someone from inside yelled. It was as if someone important had come which caused a flurry of excitement.

She subconsciously looked back and heard someone shout, "Mr. Ford is here!"

"Which Mr. Ford?"

"Weston Ford! The boss of Ford Corporation, the one who's more good-looking than any other male celebrity!"

"Why is Mr. Ford here?"

"I have no idea. Probably for Guinevere? She's the female lead of this movie. He might be here to check up on filming progress?" "I don't know..."

Stella's face changed as she halted dead in her tracks.

She turned around and her gaze locked with Weston.

He simply stared at her with an inexplicable expression on his face.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 176**

### **Chapter 176**

He was right in the middle of the crowd, and he stood out like a rose among the thorns.

The entertainment industry was one that put influence and power above everything else. Everyone who looked expressionless and bored earlier now buzzed busily around Weston, sucking up and trying to please him.

Stella looked on at the tall, handsome man in a black trench coat. His broad shoulders tapered to his lean waist, and his good figure certainly drew everyone's attention.

Even the male celebrities on set could not compare.

His look and figure met the highest standard in the industry and was considered one of the finest men in the country. Possessing a killer aura capable of bringing down the crowd in seconds, his every move gave credence to the authority and power he wielded as a leader.

Stella looked away, but could still feel his hot, searing gaze on her.

Ruby was rendered speechless as she tugged Stella's sleeve. "Ms. Steele, that man is so handsome!"

Stella remained quiet and held Ruby's hand. "Let's quickly head home."

"But I want to get to know that man!" Ruby hugged her legs and swung around. He's so handsome! Is he a celebrity? Why have I never seen him before?"

Her father, a prominent entertainment and business circle magnate himself, also knew Weston. Anyone who paid the slightest attention to the news would know about his presence.

However, Ruby was at the age where she'd be more interested in younger, fresher lads in the entertainment circle and, owing to that, was oblivious to all other news. Weston seldom appeared in entertainment news, and even when his name appeared with Guinevere's on public forums, he would deliberately take it down.

Thus, it made sense Ruby did not know about him.

Stella crouched down and tried to negotiate. "Why don't we come over again next time?"

In a hurry to escape the scene, she did not know what Weston was planning on doing.

She thought that he would, at most, blow his top when she arrived home-she did not expect him to come here for her!

There were so many people around that he probably wouldn't do anything that would cross the line. What's more, with Guinevere as the female lead of this movie, many people on set knew her. Wasn't he afraid that Guinevere would find out?

Just as a million thoughts were crossing her mind, Stella felt a shadow walking toward her

The steady footsteps hammered away at her heart.

She felt ever more tensed with every step he took

She thought that no matter what, Weston would never speak to her in such a situation

Yet, the next second, a low voice sounded from above her.

"What are you doing crouching down here?" Stella clenched her fists and her face went pale. But she refused to turn to him. Ruby was totally oblivious to the change in Stella's face. Instead, she hugged Stella's neck and with a flushed face, exclaimed, "Ms. Steele, I think he's talking to you!" Stella snapped back to attention and shot her a weak smile. She stood up and tried her best to keep her composure, "Mr. Ford, what are you doing here?"

She tried to look calm and distant from him, to which he narrowed his eyes in displeasure. He let out a chuckle but did not expose her act. "I just came to take a look."

Everyone crowded around him and paid special attention, fearful of upsetting him in any way.

"Mr. Ford, this is the young actress who reported on set today. The other is her dance teacher," someone from the side reported to Weston.

His gaze landed on Stella before looking away, brows raised. "Is that so? Do you mean to say that the crew lacks actors so badly it had to drag a dance teacher to an audition?"

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 177**

### **Chapter 177**

Everyone in the room fell silent at his words.

No one dared to breathe, not knowing what Weston really meant. Was that a casual question, or did he have an opinion on that?

There was nothing Bradley hadn't seen before in the entertainment industry, not to mention the many corporate leaders who often sucked up to him.

He was deemed a cash cow, with most of his shows garnering critical acclaim and raking in the big bucks at the box office. He could guarantee them millions in returns, which certainly made him someone they had to woo and please,

Weston, however, was different.

Given his status and position, there was no need for him to bow to anyone.

Bradley asked, "Mr. Ford, you are here today for...?"

He had a kind and warm smile on his face, in stark contrast with how he lost his temper on set earlier.

Weston looked at him. "Director Lane, since when did you become interested in casting non professionals in your movies? I thought that with your high expectations, you would set your standards a tad higher."

His tone was rather flat, and it was difficult to tell the hidden meaning behind his words.

Bradley knew that it was tough to try to guess what Weston meant by that, and so he decided to be frank instead, "Ms. Cohen probably told this to you before; 'There was one female actress previously in the cast whom she was not happy with, as Ms. Colien felt like she did not manage to capture the essence of the supporting role. We are about to fly overseas for framing, and we must decide on the actress for this supporting role before we do that. We don't have much time left, and we couldn't find anyone suitable. Coincidentally, Ms. Steele brought Ruby over for an audition, and I found her look and aura very suitable for the role, which is why I got her to try out a scene.'" He paused for a moment and explained to Weston, "Mr. Ford, don't worry. Given my professional eye for detail, I won't let a lousy actress act alongside Ms. Cohen."

He thought that Weston must be here for Guinevere. The mere mention of Guinevere's name, however, sent waves of irony through Stella's heart. Instead of responding directly to Bradley's explanation, Weston walked toward the cameras and said, "I'm rather curious as to how a first-timer would perform?"

Stella clenched her fists, unable to read what was going on in his mind.

Bradley naturally wouldn't reject Weston's request, and he replayed Stella's audition from earlier as he stood on one side and observed the look on Weston's face.

He explained, "Things are not fully confirmed at this stage, I simply made Ms. Steele try out the scene. However, her performance was much more impressive than a few other professional actresses who tried out earlier."

Weston's brows furrowed. "Impressive? She couldn't even get her lines right." The sudden criticism made everyone catch their breath as they turned to look at Stella. Some of them even looked eager to enjoy what looked to be an exciting show. In a place like this, no one would bother celebrating your wins. Instead, they would look upon another person's good fortune with envy and jealousy.

The opportunity that Stella was presented with made many green with envy.

They had been in the crew for so long, enduring dirty looks and menial tasks, before they were able to land themselves an insignificant role.

Stella, on the other hand, chanced upon such a valuable audition opportunity when she was merely passing by. Many people were in fact gleeful at Weston's merciless remark.

They had nothing against Stella personally, just that they did not like seeing something so fortunate happening to people other than themselves. Bradley understood what Weston meant, but wanted to try fighting for the chance, "Mr. Ford, may I know what the issue is?"

The man stood up and said, "Let professionals do what they are supposed to do."

With that, he turned around to leave.

When he passed by Stella, he said in a volume that only she could hear, "Come with me."

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 178

### Chapter 178

Stella's body trembled as her face turned pale, but she didn't say a word. Mr. Smith had driven here to fetch Ruby. After settling Ruby in the car, Stella stood at the door and stayed outside.

Mr. Smith looked at her. "Ms. Steele, aren't you getting in?"

Stella shook her head. "I still have something to attend to. Mr. Smith, please send Ruby home first."

Ruby stuck her head out of the window. "Mr. Steele, let my dad fetch you home!" Stella, smiling, replied, "I still have something else to do. Go home safe."

Although Mr. Smith's private life wasn't exactly clean, as Stella remembered all the arrangements he made in the private room, he knew his way around people. He said to Stella, "It's not safe for a woman to be around so late at night. If you have nothing important, please let me send you home."

His words sounded reasonable and kind, and it was hard to associate this man with someone who objectified women.

Stella shook her head with a smile. There were just too many two-faced people in the world.

"Thank you, Mr. Smith, for the thought," she said. "My friend is coming to pick me up."

With that, Mr. Smith's face changed as he looked at Stella with slight curiosity, "Since Ms.

Steele has things to attend to, we'll make our move then. Take care on the road."

Stella nodded and she looked on as they drove off.

The look on Mr. Smith's face clearer indicated that he understood something.

He had previously coupled Justin with herself. Now that she mentioned a "friend", he should understand that it's impossible between Justin and herself, which was why he looked at her that way just now.

At the very least, he probably won't involve Justin in the future.

After everyone around her left, Stella saw a black luxury car in the carpark signaling to her.

She knew that he wanted her to go over.

She took a deep breath and looked around her. Upon confirming that there was no one else, she walked slowly to the black car.

She was about to reach out to open the door when the door opened wide from inside.

A strong hand shot out and grabbed her wrist, pulling her into the car in one swift move. Stella yelped and felt herself being pressed into the leather seat before she could react.

An overpowering kiss consumed her.

Her lips were sealed, and she could say nothing to resist the sudden attack. Both her hands were trapped above her head, and there was nothing she could do to oppose him.

Her coat was lifted up and Stella helplessly shut her eyes. She was completely at the mercy of his manic whims.

After a long while, the man lifted his head and looked at her. "How bold of you to come running to a place like this."

Stella tried to catch her breath as she lay down, her head turned to the side. "I already told you that I was bringing Ruby here..."

Weston pinched her chin and forced her to look into his eyes, "Did I allow you to audition?"

"Didn't the director explain things to you just now? It was just a casual trial..."

"Even a casual trial is not allowed," Weston snapped. He recalled her performing and putting herself on display in front of everyone, and when he thought of her wearing what she was wearing, he couldn't bear the thought of it. "You are mine. I don't like the idea of you being exposed to the world."

His words pierced through Stella's heart as she clenched her fists and looked at him with mockery. "Then, what about Guinevere? Isn't she even more exposed to the world being a famous celebrity?" His eyes narrowed dangerously. "She's different."

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 179**

## Chapter 179

“Yes, of course, we are different! If there was a choice, which ordinary woman would be willing to be a mistress like I am, to be ruined to such an extent by you!” Stella growled in agitation.

His eyes turned dark as he tightened his grip. “I ruined you? Stella Sealey, just go out and hear from the grapevine, and you’ll find out just how many women are willing to jump into my bed, all with a snap of my fingers. Me? Ruin you?”

In a world where interests and gains preceded all, words like virtue and morals were non-existent in showbiz.

This was especially so in the industry, where people of power all dabbled in extra-marital affairs.

“If you need money, all you need to do is to open your mouth, say a few nice words and I’ll give you all the money you want.”

Sometimes, Weston really wanted to open up this woman’s brain to see what actually made it tick. “How much can filming earn you? So what if you manage to earn all the money from the box office? As long as you drop a few pitiful tears and say nice things to me to make my heart ache for you, you can get anything you want from me.”

“What if I have no way of making your heart ache for me?” Stella cut him off.

She looked at him with an inexplicable trace of sorrowful calm in her eyes. “Do you want me to place all my hopes and dreams and revolve my entire life around you? As long as you are happy, things will go smoothly for me, but the moment you are upset, you can ruin my entire life, force me to divorce you, and abandon me without hesitation...do you want me to become a woman who fearfully depends on your shifting mood day by day?” Her voice became softer and softer as the look in her eyes darkened.

“You’re right. With a snap of your fingers, hordes of women will throw themselves at you. I don’t deserve you, I’m not good enough. Please find someone more worthy and deserving of you! Please, I beg you...”

His eyes darkened for an instant as he stared at her. Finally, he straightened himself up without a word and instructed the driver to start the engine.

The driver obeyed Weston’s instructions and drove off, not daring to even breathe. By the time they arrived at Stardust Mansion, Stella managed to calm herself down. She got out of the car and felt the cool night breeze hitting her face.

Having no thick clothing on, she couldn’t help but shiver in the cold. Weston walked towards her and carried her in his arms without a word.

Stella had gotten used to his abrupt movements.

He never asked whether she needed anything. As long as he wished, she had to take it on obediently.

She shut her eyes and wrapped her arms around his neck. Weston was shocked at her initiative, and the look in his eyes softened. "You were so stubborn now. Yet, you're being so pliant and good now?" Stella's gaze shifted as she leaned into his embrace, feeling his slightly tense chest muscles underneath his soft shirt as she said in a low voice, "It's very late now. Shall we just rest for the night later?"

She did not hear an answer from him for a very long time, but simply the chilly aura he emanated. As she expected, she heard a knowing chuckle from the man. "So scared that I will lay hands

on you?"

Instead of explaining herself after he saw through her, she simply lowered her head and remained silent.

Weston walked towards the couch and flung her on it.

Stella was struggling to sit up when he suddenly leaned forward and trapped her in his arms. He lowered her head and looked at her. "If I want to do it, on this couch, right now, what will you do?"

Stella lifted her head in shock and locked eyes with him. A wave of emotion stirred in the depths of his eyes, as if he wanted to consume her.

"Weston Ford..." Before she could say anything else, Weston held her chin between his fingers and leaned down to kiss her on the lips.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 180**

### **Chapter 180**

The living room with yellow lights was the only dimly lit spot in the mansion. Rain had started falling outside, making the night seem colder. The pitter-patter of the rain resounded loudly in the ears. Stella weakly shoved the man pinning her down. The jarring physical disparity between the male and female bodies overwhelmed her. Her eyes trembled, marred with pain and heavy resistance. As if completely oblivious to it, Weston held the back of her head and forced himself upon her. He was a very aggressive man who desired control-Stella had already experienced his yearn

for domination just now.

She didn't understand-if Weston's sense of possessiveness was so strong over his own woman, why did he allow Guinevere to be cast in the first place? From what she knew, the movie Guinevere had acted in after clinching the Best Female Actor award was littered with intimate scenes that bordered on obscene.

This was probably because she was a mistress, one stripped of any say and defense in the matter. Her only role was submission.

Guinevere, however, was different. She was his lawful wife, and they were equals in their

relationship. Weston definitely treated Guinevere with respect and love, unlike the impudence he displayed while manhandling her. After straightening out her thoughts, Stella put up no further resistance and her arms plopped weakly by her side.

Weston observed the change in her stance and stopped.

Panting slightly, it was as though he was egging a response out of Stella to his action. Instead of looking at her, he stood up and went straight to the washroom.

A moment later.

The sound of water falling from shower sounded. Stella curled up on the couch, hugging herself. She shut her eyes and let fatigue wash over her.

Doubts started arising in her heart.

Just now, she had thought that Weston was all ready to go. It made her so tensed that she thought she might break anytime. Yet, he stopped himself mid-way. Such a feeling of not knowing when the torture would come was worse than having a knife on the neck

Stella was repulsed by the thought of being intimate with him, yet she had no choice but to force herself to bear with it.

She did not want things to go on this way.

She slowly opened her eyes. As long as there was a chance to escape from Weston's clutch, any chance at all, she was willing to give it a shot. When the door of the washroom was opened from the inside, Stella was still seated on the couch, unmoved.

Beads of water still hung on Weston's body as he sat down before her and carried her in his arms all the way into the bedroom.

It was the bedroom that Stella was familiar with. He laid next to her, his arm on her waist as he hugged her from behind and shut his eyes.

It was when his breath started slowing down that Stella finally let her guard down. She was wide awake till the middle of the night when finally, she could no longer take the fatigue and fell asleep.

The next day was the weekend. When she awoke, she realized that Weston was still in the room.

The moment she opened her eyes, she heard the flipping of a book's pages.

She pulled open the sheets and sat up to see a man seating on the couch right opposite the bed, holding up a book. With a black silken sleeping robe lazily draped over his body, his large hands casually turned over the pages of the book. It was a rather pleasant sight to the eye. The sunlight filtered in through the curtains and it glimmered against his dark, luscious hair. He lifted his eyes and looked at Stella, a gentle look that was devoid of all of yesterday's unhappiness. "You're up?" Stella nodded wordlessly. Slowly, she stood up and went to the washroom to freshen up.