

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 271

Chapter 271

Guinevere instantly clenched her fist.

If she caught Belle seducing Weston, she wouldn't let her off that easily! She was nothing but a plaything. Who did she think she was? With her identity, she should just stay there and not take whatever that didn't belong to her. "Mr. Ford, where are we going?" Ben asked Weston as he drove.

"Lowe Garden."

Ben paused for a while and hesitated.

He had no right to ask about his boss anything, but he just wanted to remind him that Guinevere had her eyes on the place lately. If Weston went there, wouldn't he get caught? But he didn't seem worried about it at all.

He was a person who did everything flawlessly. When doing business, he would never let his opponent catch any of his mistakes, and it was impossible for him to not notice her small actions.

But he didn't seem to care about it at all.

At the thought of this, Ben swallowed the words he wanted to say. As a mere assistant, he didn't have the right to tell his boss what to do.

The car stopped at the Garden. When the manager got the news, he immediately asked Belle to welcome him. "Mr. Ford is here to see you." She was just trying her luck by sending him a message, telling him that she missed him and wished that he could come to see her. Who would've thought that he'd really come!

She felt like she was on cloud nine. "Mr. Ford, you're here?" she asked shyly. She didn't look the same as she used to. Before this, she would wear thick layers of make-up, wanting to stand out among the others. But ever since she found out about his taste, she began to wear lesser makeup.

She straightened her hair and wore a white dress in an attempt to appear innocent. However, she had purposefully left some places exposed, to give off that sultry look.

Because she managed to capture Weston's attention, the other women in Lowe Garden had started to copy her style.

Some even looked better than she was.

Instantly, Belle felt insecure, fearing that others would take his attention away. Hence, she wanted to be closer to him.

“Can you accompany me tonight?” She held on to his arms and after seeing how he wasn’t repulsed by her, she got bolder. “I learned a new dance lately. Does Mr. Ford want to see it?”

Here, womens’ main purpose was to please men-they would do anything to satisfy the men even if it meant they had to sing and dance.

Weston understood what she meant and nodded. “Let’s go to the room.”

Belle’s face reddened. “Okay.”

She had seen all sorts of things after being there for so long. But the man in front of her still managed to make her blush with just a word.

“I’ll go change my clothes.” Weston let out a chuckle before entering the room.

He sat down casually, his long legs stretched out, his eyes full of unruly and wickedness, which formed a strong contrast with his usually serious demeanor in the company.

Belle felt that she was lucky.

Although the first time they met, he got mad which scared her. She won’t forget the day he choked her and forced her to call herself Stella. But he was rich and handsome so that was enough to make her forget about the fear he left her that day.

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For women like her, they were either successful or a failure. It was something they had considered before joining the industry. Of course, most had went there with the thought that they would be successful. The number wouldn’t have increased, otherwise.

She changed into another outfit that was a lot more racy than before.

Wearing a plaid skirt with a blue and white shirt, she instantly looked a few years younger, as if she was still a student.

“I’ve been watching a show lately and learned a dance to show you.” “Dance.” Weston didn’t say much, barely looking at her. His casual attitude prompted Belle to feel that she needed to impress him even more. The music began and she started dancing with her might. Weston, however, didn’t seem to be entertained, wearing no expression

whatsoever. Belle was staring at him from the beginning, and seeing the non-existent emotions on his face, she felt nervous, unsure sure if he liked what he was seeing. Halfway through the dance, he suddenly stood up. "Take your time." She didn't know what was going on, but without even sparing her a glance, he walked outside of the room. Belle thought that she must've danced poorly and instantly pulled on his sleeve. "Do you not like it, Mr. Ford? I can sing for you instead..." Weston lowered his eyes and glanced at her hand before retracting his hand. "Tell your manager that I'm having you for the night." Hearing this, she was delighted, but at the same time curious. Earlier, he looked like he wasn't satisfied with her. So why did he suddenly want her?

Weston didn't give her the time to think and shot Ben a glance before turning around to leave.

Thinking that Belle had offended Weston, the manager came immediately, only to receive a stack of money from Ben instead. "Take good care of Belle." The manager smiled joyfully after getting the money. "Sure! We will take good care of her!" Only then did Ben leave, satisfied. After the two men left, the manager went to see Belle and praised her. "I didn't know that you were such a huge potential; even someone as noble as Mr. Ford would fall for you. Do you know who his wife is?"

"Yes It's Guinevere."

Belle sat inside the room. She was still wearing the outfit with her head hung low, unable to

figure out some things.

The manager couldn't help but feel attracted to her. He had never found her attractive on the regular since he was constantly surrounded by beautiful girls, but perhaps she was Weston's woman that made her even attractive. Knowing very well that he couldn't touch Weston's woman, he merely said, "Keep it up! You're going to get so much money!"

The corners of Belle's lips curved upward. Although she was a little flustered, she was surprised by Weston's generosity.

"Mr. Ford gave so much again..."

How can anyone not like someone as wealthy as him?

But before she could savor the moment, the manager's face suddenly dropped, and he rushed to her dressing table, whispering, "Hide now. Guinevere is here." Stunned, Belle hadn't processed the whole thing when the door behind kicked open just as she was about to get up.

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In the evening Before Weston came back, Stella was already at the villa. Perhaps it was because she lied that she was being very docile today. Weston was shocked to see how her attitude changed. He agreed to let her see Roger yesterday, and today, she seemed like another person entirely. He sat on the couch and hugged Stella in his arms. At the thought of the incident this morning, he hesitated, wondering if he should tell her that he was planning for Roger to study overseas. He suddenly realized that she seemed to have the power to change his mind, as long as she appeared a little obedient.

The only thought in Stella’s mind, however, was what she should do if Weston found out she was lying Her pulse raced, and she didn’t notice that his breath was getting closer. The two had already washed up earlier and were watching some show in the living room. The light on the tv reflected on their body, creating a beautiful haze look

She was running out of breath from kissing him and she put both her hands on his chest. Having little energy left, she still tilted her head to the other side.

The mood was killed in that instant.

Weston knew that she wasn’t ready yet, so he didn’t force her. Hunters had extraordinary patience, and he wasn’t in a hurry. He would wait till the day she was ready. The night went by peacefully.

The next day.

After Weston went to work, she planned to head straight to the shooting scene, but she got a message from Bradley saying that she only needed to come in the afternoon. After giving it some thought, she decided to head straight to the school. Since Weston thought that she was with Roger anyway, she should really just go. When Roger saw her, he was quite surprised because she told him that she was away on a business trip

“I came back because I suddenly had something to do,” she explained. “Since I’m back, I came to see you. I have time before the afternoon. Would you like me to come to with you to class?”

Roger agreed happily.

Seeing how delighted he was, she didn’t feel that great. She wanted to tell him that she was planning to become an actress, but she didn’t know how to tell him.

She couldn't keep hiding it from him and hoped that he could accept the truth.

As all classes at the university were being conducted publically, Stella sat next to Roger. This was the first time she accompanied him in class, and he was more than happy about it. He took an English book and handed it to her. "Read this if you're bored."

She was stunned for a moment before returning the book to him and taking out the script. "I'll read this."

At first glance, Roger thought it was a novel but the moment he realized that it was a script, his face darkened, and he stared at her.

He stopped listening to the lecturer and asked with a cold tone, "You're planning to become an actress?"

She didn't look at him but kept her gaze focused on the script in her hands. After a while, he said slowly, "Concentrate. I'll explain it to you later."

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Upon seeing how calm she was, Roger's anger instantly flared up. "Do you think this is a small matter?"

"I told you before that I don't agree with you entering the entertainment industry. I can't do anything to help you if someone bullies you!" "I don't need your help!" Stella cut him off. "I just hope that you can take care of yourself. It's my choice to act, and I'm here to tell you, not ask for your permission. Even though you're my brother, I wish you could respect my choices." Roger wasn't a calm person; his attitude was a little aggressive. The minute class ended, he pulled Stella outside. "Why did you change your mind to become an actress? Don't you know how hard it is to be

one?!"

"Do you know that our school also offers film and television majors? People talk about the slightly prettier-than-average girls. I don't want you to live that kind of life." Stella let go of his hand.

Seeing that there was no one around, she sucked in a deep breath and said, "Every industry has its difficulties. I've thought it through and no matter what, I will bear whatever negative comment that gets thrown at me."

"But I don't want you to suffer!" He subconsciously clenched his fist, feeling powerless. "You really made up your mind?" He knew that once she made her decision it was hard

to change her mind. She had been that way since she was a kid. Stella nodded. "I have the script with me. Of course, I'm serious about this." Roger suddenly stared at her for a long time before he said, "Before this, you said you went on a business trip. Was that a lie? You've decided to join the entertainment industry for a long time, haven't you?"

She was here today to tell him the truth.

There weren't any secrets between them, but because of Weston, she had to keep lying.

"I'm sorry, Roger. I just don't want you to worry."

He didn't say a word, a massive sense of frustration and failure enveloping him. He suddenly laughed at himself. "I'm really useless, right? I only trouble you and can't help you with anything."

"Don't talk like that. We're family."

"Exactly We're a family. We should help each other. Why am I always troubling you?"

Stella instantly frowned. "Roger, don't talk like that..." Right after she finished her words, footsteps approached from the other end of the corridor. "Is Robb here?" The teacher from the school office rushed over, knocked on the door of the classroom, and glanced inside, "Is Robb here? Come out for a while please." In the corridor, Roger let go of Stella and turned to the teacher. "I'm here. What's the matter?" "Robb, you're here?" The teacher walked to him. "I have some things to discuss with you. Come with me to the office."

Afterward, she glanced at the woman next to Roger and said, "Get to class. Don't stay in the corridor!"

"She's my sister," Roger explained. "Your sister?" the teacher fixed her glasses. Stella didn't know if she was imagining things, but she could feel the teacher sizing her up. "Since your sister is here. She should come along too."

Not only was Roger stunned but Stella was as well. "Me?"

What did this have to do with her?

The teacher didn't want to elaborate more and simply said, "Just follow me and you'll know."

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With that, the teacher turned and left. Both siblings exchanged gazes before following her. The office was wide and huge. The minute they went in, they saw a familiar face sitting inside.

It was Justin He was looking at the pile of scattered photos on the table with a livid face. The atmosphere in the room was very serious. In front of the table stood a boy with his head hung low and reluctant written all over his face. When the two walked in the teacher announced, "Robb is here!" The man lifted his head and saw that beside Robb stood Stella.

Justin's face darkened instantly. "Why are you here?" Stella was confused as well. "The teacher asked me to come along. Why? What did Robb do?" The first thing that came to his mind was whether Roger caused trouble at school.

But Roger kept staring at the man with his head hung low. "Why are you here?"

He walked towards him.

The man didn't say a word, as if he wasn't on speaking terms with Roger, and turned his head to the other side.

Only then did Roger see the pictures and his eyes widened. "Why do you have these?" Stella didn't understand and walked toward him. She followed his gaze and saw the pictures. They were all pictures of her and Justin, the moment when they were talking inside the booth. She remembered what had happened that day-all she did was talk with Justin. He told her that Weston had a lover.

She didn't take it to her heart and told him to keep their distance before leaving abruptly.

She didn't think that someone would take a picture of them.

Justin didn't say a word but his face was solemn.

The female teacher sneered and said, "Jack suspects that Justin and you have some relationship going on, so he often gives Robb high marks. The two of them are now competing to be the best student. So, Jack believes it's because your relationship that causes Robb to steal his place."

"No way!" Stella retorted subconsciously. "Robb isn't that kind of person!"

He was naughty at times, but he would never do things that go against his principal.

Roger's face was dark as he stared at Jack. "We're both roommates but you're betraying me now?"

As he spoke, his fist clenched, and it looked like he wanted to punch him at any time. Stella quickly pulled him. "Calm down a little!"

The teacher was shocked to see this and said, "This is the school. Where do you think this is that you can act so recklessly!"

"Enough!" Justin shouted. "He's my student. I'll handle it."

The woman calmed down a little. "Justin, I also want to understand what's going on behind this matter."

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She used to like Justin before. She was a divorced single parent, and although she liked him, he rejected her. How could she have missed seeing Justin getting in trouble for getting involved with a student's sister?

He rubbed his forehead in frustration, knowing of her intentions. But there was nothing he could do about it since there was evidence. He turned to face Jack. "I explained earlier that your grades depend on your exam responses. You and Justin are roommates; therefore, you should be aware of his abilities and grades better than anybody else. You are mistaken if you believe that by using these images, you can threaten your way to being an exceptional student!"

When Jack heard this, his face fell. "Why? I've been working hard for that! All Robb had was a sister who knew how to seduce you, and he got it so easily. How is that fair?"

Justin slammed the table fiercely, shouting, "Don't accuse without evidence! 'I've told you many times that I do things fairly. If you have any questions, you can ask me. What is your purpose of pulling all these dirty little tricks?"

Though he was mad about this, he welcomed anyone who questioned him.

He was a teacher. Yes, he was a little aggressive when it came to relationships, but he was serious when it came to educating.

What he was pissed about was Jack pulling all these dirty tricks behind him, stalking and taking these pictures to make people misunderstand him, enabling them to threaten him.

Additionally, considering that he had taken those pictures, Jack clearly didn't want to address the situation, threatening that he would share them if he didn't get the spot.

If the news got to the principal, Justin might lose all chances to get promoted in the future. Justin's heart broke at the thought of Jack behaving the way he did. "If you're still unconvinced, you may publicly compete with him! Who instructed you to use such petty means to spread such rumors?" "Aren't we still figuring out the truth? Why are you letting out your anger on a student?" the female teacher asked.

"You! As a teacher, you were supposed to be fair, but just because you and I have history, here you are trying to make things worse," Justin rebuked without any mercy.

Her face paled instantly.

That was her intention, but there was no way she would admit it. "Fine. I won't care about your problem anymore."

After that, she walked out.

She knew that Justin wasn't one to be messed with.

After she left, Justin began solving the matter.

Throughout the whole thing, Jack never spoke a word.

Justin stared at him and asked, "Tell me why you are dissatisfied with me." A sneer appeared on his face. "Robb has the same results as me. I admit he's better than me, but we could at least compete to be the best. Now that you're after his sister, you'll give him a chance."

Hearing him speak like this, Roger couldn't take it anymore. "What are you saying? There's nothing between my sister and Justin! I am an excellent student because of my own ability!"

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"How do you have the guts to say you got it on your own? You dropped out of school for two years and have no record of your grades. You think you can rob my place just because your scores are slightly higher this year?"

"It's written in the rules. Why can't I compete for it?"

"Who knows maybe Mr. Hall gave you extra grades since he's seeing your sister..." Before he could finish his words, Roger rushed forward and grabbed Robb by the collar. "Say it again. I dare you." Never expecting the matter to blow out of proportion, Stella quickly pulled Robb away. "Robb! Stop fighting!"

Roger still hadn't lost his rationale and stared at the man before him. "I treated you as my friend, but you stabbed me in the back. If you have anything against me, come at me. Don't do all these dirty tricks behind me. You're just being pathetic!"

"Aren't you the same? You went behind my back as well! Who's the actual hypocrite?" Jack suddenly smiled and suddenly looked at Stella. "It's a good thing to have a beautiful sister. If only I have a sister. What a shame my mother's too old now, or I'd have asked her to try..." Roger hit him on the face directly,

Jack immediately lost his footing, hissing from the pain on his face. A hint of slyness flashed across his eyes. Instantly his expression changed, and he covered his face, questioning, "Who are you to hit me? We are at the office! Indeed, you are bold with a teacher on your side!"

He started to scream and turned his face to the surveillance camera to show the injury. "This is evidence that you have something going on with Mr. Hall since you dared hit me in front of him."

Roger stared at him and felt the urge to hit him again. Stella, unable to hold him back, was helpless. It was only when Justin stepped up and held Roger that he stopped. "Don't be impulsive! Fighting is against the school rules. You might get expelled if it's serious

"Stop being impulsive! We can solve this!" Stella whispered in his ear, trying to calm his anger

Roger was still staring Jack straight in the eye.

What he said earlier hit his bottom line.

Jack was close to him, and he knew that Roger cared about his sister the most... but there he was, making fun of Stella!

On the corridor.

Still enraged, the female teacher mumbled, "What is the big deal with her, anyway? She's just young and a little pretty, that's all."

"Men nowadays are really useless to girls like her!"

As she muttered to herself, she suddenly saw the person in charge of the admissions office walking over her way.

Next to him was a handsome man.

Instantly, she recognized him—he was Mr. Ford from the magazines.

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She'd seen him on television, but never imagined he'd show up on campus. The person in charge took Weston on a tour around campus, introducing him to the facilities. The minute they entered the office, he heard a female teacher complain

ng. Afraid that this would leave a bad impression on Weston, he instantly asked, "Why are you standing here?" She walked over and instantly blamed Justin for everything. "Mr. Hall is dating a student's sister and even gave him the valedictorian spot. Now, the student's roommate has discovered the truth, and they are debating it in the office. He even has photographs of them to prove that Mr. Hall is having an affair with the student's sister, suspecting Mr. Hall is being unjust..." She had just given them a whole truckload of information. The person's face dropped not because of Justin, but because of her! Didn't she see that Weston was beside him? Why did she have to keep going on about these embarrassing things?! "Don't worry Mr. Ford, we will solve this problem."

Weston didn't seem to care much about it all.

His only purpose for going there was to see Roger. After all, he was Stella's only family.

When the man saw Weston's expressionless face, he pulled her aside. "Tell Justin to solve this, right now! Stop making our school look bad! We can't lose Mr. Ford..." Only then did she realize that she had made a grave mistake by saying all that. As she was about to leave, he suddenly called her. "Whose teacher did Justin have a relationship with?" His voice was icy cold, leaving the person in charge oblivious as to what he'd done to offend him.

With a hard gulp, he answered truthfully. "The student is Robb." When Weston heard Justin's name, he had already guessed it was him. After confirming it, his face remained emotionless, and he sighed coldly.

His hands were inside his pocket, and he stood still. Just by standing there, he attracted much attention.

"Really?"

Things were far from over at the office. Jack was determined to report Robb for hitting him. Stella had tried her best to convince him to change his mind, but he wasn't the slightest moved.

"I know the two of you are best friends. Don't argue because of a slight matter. I can assure

you that there's nothing going on between me and Mr. Hall. We're just talking at the booth the other day." She didn't want to make it a big deal, and after some thought, she believed reconciling with Jack was the best choice for Roger. But Roger didn't want to see her talking so humbly. "Don't waste your energy talking to him! If he wants to, just let him. We have nothing to be afraid of!"

"How funny that this is coming for you!" Jack provoked. "You and your sister are the same. You should know that clearer than anyone!"

He had deliberately looked for his weak spot and attacked those.

Stella saw that he was doing it purposely and shot a glance at Roger. "Don't say another word and let me deal with this!"

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Chapter 279

"But..."

"I ordered you to stop talking. Do you realize you'll simply make matters worse?" She abruptly cut him off.

Instantly, Roger's eyes trembled as tears began to pool.

Looking at him, Stella felt her heart breaking, but she still walked in front in front of Jack and bowed. "I'm really sorry that Robb hit you. I apologize on his behalf."

Jack chuckled coldly and wiped the blood off the corner of his lips. "What's the use of apologizing? He hit me. You need to at least compensate me for the damage it's done to me and my wellbeing!" Stella stared at him without any emotions. "Okay. We'll pay."

"D*mn. You sure are rich."

Jack added, "I remember that the two of you are orphans, right? You must be a rather capable woman to be able to earn that much money."

He was so sarcastic even Justin couldn't listen to it anymore. "You're here to learn. Not lose your morals!"

"For a spot, you're willing to insult and spread rumors about your friend's sister. Where did all your knowledge go!" he scolded him mercilessly.

Jack held onto his dirt even more. "You have a relationship with her. Of course, you're helping her!"

“What relationship?”

Suddenly, a cold voice came from afar.

Weston and a few others appeared by the door, pushed it open, and gradually walked in. When Stella heard the familiar voice, she was taken aback. She turned her head to the other side and met a pair of cold eyes. Weston stared at her and walked forward before stopping at the table. He had a natural superior force and a magnificent aura that would make others afraid to stare at him directly.

He glanced at the pictures coldly, then casually grabbed one. He noticed two individuals holding hands within the gazebo, and an indifferent smile appeared on his face. “Nice picture.”

He turned to Jack and asked, “You took them?”

Jack didn’t know who he was, but based on his appearance, it was obvious he was wealthy.

Besides...

He glanced at the teachers standing by the door being so respectful towards him, and he guessed the man must be some important guest.

“Yes! I saw them at the booth that day!

“Mr. Hall and Elle are a couple! Her brother is my classmate. He just transferred here this year. Mr. Hall often takes advantage of his position, giving him high grades and making him the top of the class! But he just moved here, and if it weren’t for his connections, there would’ve been no way he could study here!

“Our school has always been about fairness and impartiality. I am not convinced that such a person could take my spot!

“If I didn’t see them that day perhaps there will be a lot more students like me, victims of injustice!”

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Chapter 280

In an attempt to turn this into a big deal, he said it with pomp and self-righteousness. It would be better if he convinced everyone that Robb was guilty. That way, he could get the spot.

And considering Weston was an honored guest of the school, the school would take it seriously if he paid attention to this matter.

Weston didn't say a word as he looked at the pictures on the table.

Justin, too, was shocked when he saw him, not expecting that Weston would appear.

"Mr. Ford, I know we have some personal issues, but I can tell you that Robb has been picked fairly and squarely to be an excellent student. I've never given him excellent scores merely to impress Elle," he replied after calming himself.

Weston didn't say a word, his fingers grazing the picture lightly.

Stella had a photogenic face, and she looked even prettier on camera.

He looked at Jack as if he didn't hear Justin's words. "How are you so sure they are a couple just by looking at these pictures?"

When Jack heard this, he was delighted that Weston seemed to be on his side. He said solemnly, "I witnessed the two hugging and kissing the other day in the gazebo... Even though it was class time, some students would undoubtedly walk by if they saw them like this..."

He put on a disgusted look as he spoke.

"I didn't think there would be such shameless teacher and guardian in a sacred place like the university campus!"

He pointed at Stella. "I heard it all. She thanked him for taking care of her brother and said that she would repay him."

He was so excited that he wished he could show them the scene he saw at that time. Weston listened to him until he finished speaking before turning to look at Stella. "Is he telling the truth?" There weren't any emotions in his voice. Stella's face went as pale as a sheet. She clenched her fist and sucked in a deep breath.

"Nonsense! There's nothing going on between Mr. Hall and me. We met to talk about Robb."

"There are pictures! Why are you still denying it?!"

Seeing that the matter couldn't be resolved, the person in charge was worried that Weston would get a bad impression of the school. He yelled at Stella, who tried to explain herself.

"This is a university! You can't be so reckless!!!" he boomed. Stella's face stiffened.

When Roger saw that Stella was getting yelled at, his expression fell. "Let's go."

He didn't want to remain any longer, and he didn't want Stella to bear the brunt for him.

"If you leave now, it will only prove that what I said earlier is true. You're leaving because you're guilty!" Jack laughed coldly.

Stella shut her eyes and halted. "He's right. We need to explain this clearly. It'll look like we are admitting it if we leave now."

"I don't care, and I no longer want to study!" Roger instantly became unhinged. Stella was dumbfounded before her face turned cold, and she yelled in frustration, "Stop all this nonsense!"

She was a little angry. She drew a deep breath and moved in front of Jack before Roger could respond. "You claimed Justin, and I have a thing, and these images prove it. I want to ask you a question. Based on the law, is this adequate enough as proof?"

"What do you mean?"