

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 471

### Chapter 471

Stella's performance was so impressive that it drew everyone completely into the story, so when Guinevere interrupted it so suddenly, everyone on set was floored.

"A little off?" asked Bradley, massaging his temples and trying very hard to suppress his rage. "How so, Guinevere?"

"Sophie is a pure and naive character," she replied. "She shouldn't be so shrewd and devious when she turns to the dark side. She's just a petty character! Didn't you find that Ella's performance didn't fit the character?"

"Perhaps it was a little unexpected," said Bradley, "but that's only because Ella's interpretation of the character was even more layered and sophisticated than we thought."

For a moment in that scene, she even managed to outshine the heroine. It was also obvious that Guinevere had cut off the performance because she hated someone else standing out more than her. As a result, everyone just kept quiet. Only Bradley dared to speak up. "I think her performance will enrich the film," he argued after pondering for a while. "It'll be more exciting now. We'll go with it."

Guinevere sprang up to her feet and stomped toward Bradley. "I thought we agreed," she bemoaned, her face filled with discontent, "That you'd find a suitable actress for this role. I said nothing when you suddenly cast this completely inexperienced woman since her earlier performance was okay. But just now, it was obvious that her acting was completely out of character. She doesn't fit the role one bit! Don't you think this will destroy the whole movie?"

"But acting is not a set of conventions," Bradley resolutely rebuked. "It's dynamic. It requires the actor to connect with the script and interpret their role. Ella's performance actually surprised me."

Clearly, he was not willing to back down.

"Bradley," Guinevere continued, looking much more severe now, "I still think it's best we go with our original plan."

"You think so? Well, I disagree because the performance just now exceeded my expectations."

Bradley had completely no intention of yielding to Guinevere's demands. This frustrated her more than she'd ever been.

“Fine!” she snapped, hurling the stuff in her hand in a fit of rage. “Go on with your plans then! I guess this movie doesn’t need me anymore!”

She then stormed off the set.

Everyone was in an uproar. No one thought that Guinevere would leave in the middle of filming. It was incredibly dramatic, even for a movie star like her.

Stella stood still where she was, still immersed in her role. After a while, she massaged her temples and looked at Bradley. Bradley said nothing, but his deep scowl strained his face. This was surprising to the rest of the crew, because they had expected him to erupt like a giant volcano. Instead, he just stood there in silence. When he spoke, he merely instructed the crew to do what needed to be done without mentioning a word about Guinevere.

The whole atmosphere was now cold and tense. Everyone was walking on eggshells in the terrifying silence.

“Ella!” Bradley barked as he approached her. “You can go home early today.”

“But Mr. Lane...” Stella muttered worriedly. “You don’t have to say anything,” Bradley interrupted her. “I completely understand. Just go home and rest. Get ready for tomorrow. We’ll be shooting a very important scene.”

Stella nodded, albeit with a frown.

“I’m going to be in the same scene with Guinevere again tomorrow...” “I know,” said Bradley, sighing. “But don’t you worry. I guarantee the same thing won’t happen again tomorrow.” Hearing that, Stella went back to the trailer. Not long afterward, she received a text message. It was from Weston. “The crossroad,” it read simply.

Stella instantly knew what he meant, but the very thought of him repulsed her. At that moment, she was in no mood to humor him.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 472**

### **Chapter 472**

Every time Weston wanted to pick Stella up, he would tell her to meet him at a certain place. But right now, she dreaded being seen going into Weston Ford’s car, especially not when she was working on the same movie set as Guinevere. Anyone at all could report it to her.

After some consideration, she replied to the text message, saying, “I’m still in the middle of the shoot. Text me later.”

After that, she got out and took a taxi straight to Fern University. Meanwhile, Weston's face turned gloomy. The driver, noticing this, carefully asked, "Why are we going now, Mr. Ford?" "Where is she going?" he asked, rubbing his temples. Through the tracker, he saw that Stella had just gone to Fern University, to which he told Weston. "Follow her," Weston instructed in a cold voice.

"Yes, Mr. Ford."

Stella had no clue that she was tracked. Once she reached the university, she paid the taxi driver, got out of the car, and called Roger to come out and meet her.

Roger had just participated in a competition and even won an award. This should've been the time for celebration, but because he would be studying abroad soon, he had instead been preoccupied with exam preparations.

Although he was an exceptional student, he was not as naturally talented as Stella in learning new languages. Having struggled very hard lately to brush up on his language skills, meeting Stella was a great opportunity to loosen up and relax a little.

"I'm so glad you're finally here!" he exclaimed the minute they met. "I almost died of boredom at the hands of French lessons!"

"You'll be going abroad pretty soon," Stella reminded him. "With your level, you can hardly communicate with anyone, much less study anything!"

Roger had a backpack slung on one shoulder. He had just gotten out of class, and the two decided to go to the cafeteria. A girl was following at a distance behind them. However, instead of coming up to them, she stood afar, watching them.

Stella quickly noticed her. She was the girl who confessed her feelings for Roger.

"Hey!" Stella called out. "Are you heading to the cafeteria? Why don't you join us?"

"Sis!" Roger grumbled, pursing his lips with frustration.

The girl stopped in her tracks when she saw Roger's expression.

"That's fine..." she waved. "I think I'll eat somewhere else."

She then turned and left. Stella watched her with a somber face. "Why did you do that?" she asked Roger. "How could you be so mean?" Roger rubbed his nose awkwardly as Stella scolded him, not wanting to argue. "I just think it's better to be blunt and honest with her. I shouldn't lead her along since I don't have any feelings for her, right?" What he said did indeed make a lot of sense. "Even so," Stella sighed. "If she really does like you, you should be kind to her even if you don't reciprocate her feelings." "Okay, okay. I got it." – Roger then put his arms around Stella's shoulders, and they both headed to

the cafeteria. Meanwhile, the girl stood nearby under a large fig tree, watching the siblings. Letting out a defeated sigh, her eyes tingled with melancholy. She had fallen in love for the first time in her life, yet the guy she had fallen for didn't seem to have any interest in her. But she still harbored a glimmer of hope. His sister seemed very friendly and approachable. Perhaps she could be her way to get closer to Roger?

Stella had been to the cafeteria many times before. They quickly chose their favorite spot and sat down.

"So, how has your preparation been going?" she asked Roger. "I'm almost ready," he replied, "The only thing left is to pass this next exam, and I can be on my way"

"Really. That's a lot sooner than I expected..."

It was only then that Stella felt the encroaching date of their separation

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 473**

### **Chapter 473**

Until now, the only thing on Stella's mind was to do everything in her ability to ensure Roger would have a better future. She didn't have the time to process how his absence would make her feel.

But now, the reality of the situation had finally set in. Ever since their parents died, the two had never been separated.

"You know..." Roger grumbled gloomily. "I can just study here... I don't really have to go abroad."

It was obvious that he was feeling down too.

"Forget it," he continued after a pause, sighing. "I've made up my mind, and all the preparations are almost done. I won't back down now. Just wait for me, sis. I promise I'll study as hard as possible and get a good job. No one will dare bully you then!" "Good!" Stella smiled. She picked up a barbecued pork rib with her fork and placed it on Roger's plate. Ribs were his favorite food. Then her phone suddenly rang. She glanced at it and the light in her eyes instantly dimmed. It was Weston. She hadn't told him about coming here. Roger's gaze instinctively followed Stella's eyes, and he asked with a frown, "Who is it?" "No one," Stella shook her head, putting the phone into her bag. "Just a prank call." Roger went silent for a while before saying, "Why do I feel like I've seen this number many times before?"

Roger had a photographic memory when it came to numbers. He was sure that he'd seen this number always sending text messages to Stella in the past. If it really was just a prankster, why didn't she just block the caller?

"I guess pranksters are really persistent nowadays," Stella replied with a shrug. Then she quickly changed the subject. "By the way... did Professor Hall really leave this university?" Although her attempt at changing the topic was too blunt, Roger still thought nothing of it. He soon forgot about the number and talked to Stella about Justin Hall.

Lunchtime quickly went by. Roger went back home to rest. Stella found a quiet spot and finally picked up her phone, which had been ringing off the hook.

"Hello?"

"Where are you?" a stern voice answered.

Stella said nothing for a few seconds before replying nonchalantly, "I'm on the film set."

"You know I hate it when people lie to me."

Stella heaved a long sigh. She knew then that he'd found out she was lying.

"I'm at the university," she answered softly. "I just came here to see Roger."

"I've never stopped you from seeing him," he said. "Why did you have to lie?"

Just as he spoke, a black car slowly pulled out from around the corner. Stella quickly hung up the phone and looked around her. Seeing no one there, she rushed towards the car with her head hung low.

The second she got inside, Weston pulled her into his arm, lifted her chin, and kissed her ferociously. Stella had gotten used to his abrupt kisses by now, but she still hated being so close and intimate with him.

Sensing Stella's stark resistance, Weston grabbed her hands and held her in place before kissing her even more deeply and ravenously. It was a long time before he finally had enough of her and let go. She was now panting and out of breath. "I thought you were still at work!" she argued. "If I was," he said, rubbing her lips gently with his thumb, "then I wouldn't have found out that you were lying to me." He had, in fact, quickly settled all his work today to pick her up, worried that Guinevere would cause her trouble. To his dismay, not only did she sneak out to meet Roger, but she even lied about it.

With those thoughts plaguing his mind, Weston's darkened eyes pierced into Stella's soul. "What else are you hiding from me?" he demanded. Stella said nothing and just hooked her hands around the nape of his neck. "What can I possibly hide from you?" she replied after a while. "You know that I couldn't even if I wanted to, right? Don't you always see through me?"

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 474**

## Chapter 474

Stella's lips were still bright red from the kiss, clearly showcasing Weston's violence and voracity.

Her words were obviously overflowing with biting sarcasm, but they were also undeniably flattering. Stella was an intelligent woman, something that was plain to see, judging by her recent behavior. She now knew exactly what to do and say to manipulate Weston into getting what she wanted.

Weston saw through every bit of this, but he seemed powerless to oppose it. She, too, knew about this, which was why she had been so bold in testing his limits. He sighed lightly and kissed the corner of her lips. "How many times do I have to tell you, Stella? You can always ask for my help whenever you're in trouble. I meant every word I said." "I know, I know... I'll definitely remember that." Though her words were reaffirming, the tone of her voice was dull and flat. The problem regarding Guinevere couldn't be easier to resolve, especially because she didn't dare to cause another rift between herself and Weston, at least for now. Besides, the kidnapper had just died, so no matter what happened, she wouldn't have the audacity to confront Weston, fearing it might raise suspicion.

Thus, all Weston had to do was intimidate her a little, after which she gave in completely and even promised Bradley Lane herself that she would shoot the rest of the film without causing any more trouble.

Weston pushed a strand of Stella's hair behind her ear and whispered, "I'm free this afternoon. Want to go somewhere?"

"Nope." She shook her head. "Just take me anywhere you like." "Are you sure?" he chuckled softly. "So as long as I'm with you, you can go anywhere?" She clearly didn't mean it that way. Although he was the one so eager to twist the meaning of her words, she still did not argue with him. She just pouted a little and leaned gently on his shoulder.

"So what is that's true?" she asked, "Wouldn't that make you happy?" Weston turned silent. His eyes turned dark and stormy, looking as if they were going to swallow Stella whole.

She knew he was always completely defenseless against her spontaneous flirts. As expected, he pinched her waist hard, displaying the turmoil she had just created inside him.

"Do you know what you're saying?" he asked, his voice so husky it sounded more like a growl.

Stella suddenly listed her head and planted a kiss on his Adam's apple.

"I know," she murmured. She gazed at him with eyes burning with desire, just as the old Stella that Weston knew used to do. He looked back at her. She was still the same Stella whose heart belonged to him alone after all... He swallowed. He went in and gave her a wild and passionate kiss, himself almost losing all control...

"I don't want to go anywhere," he whispered into her ear. "I just want to do it in the car, then at home, then in bed..."

"Stop it!" Stella giggled and hit him playfully. "Don't be ridiculous!"

They were now at The Dog House's entrance. Since it was the most exciting club in Fern City, it was the place you would come to when you didn't know where to go. It never failed to bring all sorts of surprises.

The last time Stella was here, she was with Yvonne. But now, her husband Lucas had absolutely forbidden her to visit such a place, which Stella found to be a shame. They had just stepped out of the car when someone immediately came up to greet them. For someone of Weston's stature, it was unsurprising that he got recognized anywhere he went and was always treated like a VIP. "Please come this way, Mr. Ford."

Weston looked at Stella. He said nothing, but she knew instantly what he meant. He was asking if she would prefer the VIP entrance or the one everybody else used. After some consideration, she told him, "Let's go to the private lounge."

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 475

### Chapter 475

With the club packed to its brim like canned sardines, there was no guarantee that they wouldn't bump into an acquaintance here, which would cause more trouble. Stella definitely

didn't want that.

IC

"If you're worried about people recognizing us," said Weston, stroking her hair gently, "then just relax and have fun. Let me deal with the rest." "No," she shook her head. "It's fine. I don't like this kind of place anyway." "You don't? Why did you come here then?" "Only because it looked exciting. We didn't even have that much fun the last time I was here with Yvonne." Weston suddenly stopped in his tracks and gave Stella a strange look. "Why not?" he asked. "Did you not like that pianist?" "I was only enjoying the music he played," she grumbled, glaring at him. "Why did you have to use that accusatory tone with me?"

Weston had put it as if she had cheated on him with that pianist.

“Just remember not to do that kind of thing again,” he warned her, pinching her nose. “You know I don’t like it.”

He had begun to show his possessiveness more boldly in front of her now. Stella said nothing. Though she didn’t like it, she had no intention of disobeying him. As they made their way to the private lounge, Stella droned on about Yvonne. “The last time I was on the phone with her, she was fighting with her husband again. I wonder if they’ve made up by now...”

It wasn’t clear whether Weston was listening to her. His expressions were calm, and he kept his replies short and simple. After a while, he rubbed his temples, looked at her, and asked, “Is she so great that you have to keep talking about her?” “Mm-hmm!” Stella nodded. “She’s probably the only friend I have in this city.” As she spoke, she suddenly turned gloomy. Stella had always felt like Yvonne was too good for her. She was such a vivacious, loyal, and kind friend, but as for Stella...

No matter how she looked at it, Stella realized that she was just a kept woman. By being friends with her, she was worried that she would cause Yvonne trouble, even if Yvonne had never taken any of these things to heart. With this in mind, Stella suddenly turned to Weston and told him, “Can I ask you to keep the things between us between ourselves and not drag anyone else into it? You must know that she never meant to challenge you; she just couldn’t sit idle while I was...”

Weston snorted derisively as he watched Stella get so worked up trying to protect Yvonne. He went silent for a while before asking her, “Do you really think of me as the kind of person who likes to harass people for my own amusement?”

Stella pursed her lips and said nothing.

Weston was exactly that kind of person in her mind. Even Yvonne was a little wary of him, proving that it was common knowledge that he was a ruthless man not to be messed with. “Don’t worry,” he assured her. “I know she’s your friend, so I won’t do anything to her as long as you remain a good girl.” Their relationship was on the mend right now. He didn’t want any outsider to come between them and mess it up. He also hated seeing her being scared of him. Stella quietly let out a sigh of relief. She then suddenly realized something.

“By the way,” she began, “if you don’t like listening to me talk about these things, then I won’t...”

“It’s fine,” he interrupted her. “You can talk about anything you like.” He then called the waiter and ordered a glass of wine and a mocktail. When the order came, he nudged the mocktail towards her.

“You don’t have to be so cautious when you’re with me. Just relax.” Truth be told, he had completely no interest in what Stella was talking about, but if it made her happy, he

would gladly listen to her all day. Stella thought that none of this would ever have happened when they were married. She remembered always being careful of what she said, fearing that she might annoy or bore him if she said the wrong thing. Not once had she gossiped in front of him when they lived together as husband and wife, afraid she'd waste his time.

The man she was married to would never take time out of his working day to hang out with her in a club the whole afternoon the way he was doing now. It was something that she would never even dare to hope for back then.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 476**

### **Chapter 476**

Stella looked at the fruit punch before her and shook her head. "I would like some wine, too." He furrowed his brows, "Are you not aware of the state of your stomach? Forget about even touching any alcohol." This time around, Stella decided to be disobedient and insisted, "I'll just take a sip. Yours looks really good..." He ignored her and picked up his glass of champagne, sipping on it before placing it back on the glass counter. He reached out to unbutton the top two buttons of his shirt and leaned back leisurely. That simple action revealed his collarbones and effectively lent a wicked and unruly aura to the originally formal-looking shirt. "If you want it, come and get it yourself." His brow arched as he looked at Stella challengingly, "If you get it, it's yours."

Stella knew that he was provoking her, but it successfully incited the streak of competitiveness in her. She stood up, walked towards him, and was about to snatch the glass of champagne away when Weston grabbed it in the nick of time. As Stella stretched her arms towards it, Weston grabbed her waist and pulled her into his embrace.

"Throwing yourself at me?"

Stella shrieked instinctively the moment she found that she had landed in his arms.

She looked at him in slight shock as Weston looked back at her provocatively, "Hmm?" Stella pursed her lips and said, "You're really very different from how you were in the past."

Weston lifted her chin, his interest piqued at her comment. "Tell me. How am I different?"

Stella shook her head and smiled. "I can't recall the details. I guess people change with time."

Weston wasn't pleased with her half-hearted answer. "Don't try to evade my question."

Stella tried hard to remember the past.

Not the past during which she was married to Weston, but even earlier, when she had met Weston in school

Like all the other girls in school, she had been struck by Weston's impressive and attractive aura. She was certain that she had never seen any man like he was since then.

Perhaps people were naturally drawn to people of superiority. Despite being disappointed in him, she had to admit that Weston had what it takes to command respect and admiration.

"In the past, you wouldn't be as...not serious as you were just now." She thought about it and finally gave her assessment.

Weston sat silent for a moment, not expecting her to say something like that. Instead of getting angry, he chuckled and pulled her onto his lap, "Did I seem very serious to you in the past?"

Naturally, it did not occur to him that Stella was referring to the period when he was studying.

He thought she was referring to him as being serious when married.

"It seems my behavior then was so dissatisfactory that you hold a grudge to this day."

Stella knew at once that he had misunderstood what she said. Her brows furrowed as she pushed him away. "I'm not talking about you." His face darkened. "Who else are you talking about, if not me?"

He lifted Stella's chin, "Have I ever mentioned that I don't like you talking about other men?"

11

Stella pursed her lips and said after a moment, "Fine, I shan't say any further."

Her pliant attitude made Weston even more unhappy.

The more she evaded his questions, the more he felt she had something to hide from him.

“Were you with any other men before me?”

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 477

### Chapter 477

Stella looked at him, slightly confused. “What do you mean?” Weston looked straight into her eyes as if trying to peer into her soul. “It was your first time on our wedding night.”

He said it with certainty.

He remembered that Stella was a complete wreck that night.

It was easy to tell that she was a virgin.

Given that she was just slightly over 20 years old, it was understandable that she was still a virgin. Yet, it did not necessarily mean that she never liked any other men before him.

Weston was suddenly very interested in this topic, and he looked deeply at her, “Did you like any other men before me?”

Stella remained silent.

Weston pinched her chin hard and turned her face towards him. “Tell me the truth.”

Stella paused for a moment, then decided to come clean.

“Of course, I did.”

She sensed Weston pinching her chin even harder, and he seemed suddenly intrigued. “Do you even care about something so trivial?”

Weston naturally wouldn't admit to the extent of his possessiveness towards her. He merely asked her in a displeased tone, “Is that so? Seems like you can't forget about those men. How many of them were there?”

Stella replied honestly, “One, only one. But I liked him for a very long time.”

Her admission of liking only one man made the expression on his face soften. But what she said after that about liking that one man for a very long time made his face stiffen,

“What about now?”

Stella stared right into his eyes and shook her head. “Not anymore. Not at all.”

It was supposed to be an answer that would please Weston very much.

Yet, somehow, her tone made his heart tremble with an inexplicable sense of dread.

Heluexed at histje and asked her, as if trying to induce torture on himself, "Tell me what you like about him."

Stella pondered on his question seriously, "Nothing in particular. He was the hunk of the school studied in, and many girls had a crush on him, including me."

"So superficial?"

"Yeah, I am that superficial," Stella smiled and said, "After so many years, I haven't actually met another man who looks better than he does. He really was my cup of tea in terms of looks."

Weston's brows furrowed gradually. He instinctively wanted to ask Stella how she found his looks compared to this other man.

He immediately held himself back and was in disbelief that he would even ask something so childish.

The influence that Stella had over him was greater than he had imagined. Stella ignored his unpredictable mood and went on, "I was still in my teens and getting to know the opposite gender. He was surrounded by many outstanding women from wealthy and prominent families of society. Yet, he never really paid much attention to them, and behaved like he was an ascetic...he did everything well and I often lamented how biased the heavens were towards him in giving all good things to him. I think his only flaws are the distance that he erects with other people, his lack of empathy, and heartlessness. Yet, even these, I realized might have been from my own biased perspective." She paused for a moment before continuing to reminisce over the past. "There was one time, some hooligans were giving me a difficult time and coincidentally, he walked by. I originally thought that he wouldn't bother extending a helping hand, but to my surprise, he helped me chase them away." Even after so many years, she could not forget how Weston chose to help her at her time of need.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 478**

### **Chapter 478**

It sounded exactly like something out of a cheesy romance novel. Weston's brows furrowed. "Just like that, and you remember him till today?"

Stella shook her head but nodded after that.

"I suppose your first crush will always be the most memorable."

Sometimes, one can be touched simply because someone else offered an eraser or a pencil, not to mention offering help at a time of loneliness and need. To Stella, she felt like she was brought out of the darkness by a man with the face of an angel, and it ended up being a significant, unforgettable event in her life. However, the look on Weston's face told her he had probably forgotten about it. He was the man she was talking about. Until today, Stella couldn't figure out what Weston thought when he rescued her from her plight. The man in front of her right now would probably never do something if it held no benefit for him.

The atmosphere around them tensed up. Weston had been smoking during this period, and the frustration mounting inside gave him the sudden urge to smoke.

He shouldn't have been so bothered by such things of the past. Who didn't have a crush in their youth?

This was especially so for Stella, a woman that could be moved by a mere kind gesture. He had no reason to pick on her for something like that.

After all, she was right by his side now. So why should he be so affected upon hearing her unreserved admiration towards another man? He stood up and headed out to the balcony for fresh air and a smoke break after informing Stella

Weston hadn't smoked for a long time before this. He wasn't addicted, but he would smoke a cigarette or two whenever he was in a bad mood.

He later realized that each time he succumbed to his habit, it always had something to do with Stella.

This woman was indeed capable of affecting his mood.

At The Doghouse.

The VIP private rooms were a distance away from the open zone. Straight down from the

corridor was the smoking area. Weston had just entered the balcony and pulled out his lighter when he heard fighting sounds coming from one of the private rooms.

"Let me go. Scram! Run as far away as you can!" Not wanting to get himself involved, he turned to leave. Suddenly, he saw the door to the private room kicked open, and a familiar figure flew out and collapsed on the floor. The woman's hair was a disheveled mess, and she was crying desperately. "Please! I beg of you! Please let me go..."

That woman was Daisy, his secretary.

Weston's brows furrowed, not expecting to bump into her here.

Standing right before her, was a furious man who had rushed out of the private room. Having no intention of helping her up, he pointed to her nose and yelled, "Do you think you can boss me around now that you have Ford Corporation's backing? You think you have a bright future ahead of you, that you earn more than I do; therefore, you can look down on me? I'm telling you, Daisy, don't think that you're all that, just because you returned from overseas! You'll always be an ugly duckling, so quit thinking you'll turn into a beautiful swan one day and fly away. Even if you do, you'll eventually have to return to where you started!"

The men yelled his speech nastily, his face contorted with rage.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 479**

### **Chapter 479**

The rage that was originally in Daisy's eyes had faded, leaving only self-loathing and deep despair.

She had studied hard, was a diligent student overseas, and gave it her all in her part-time job. She had never succumbed to her surrounding temptations and never bothered putting up a front, even before someone as powerful as Chris.

She clearly knew that the only person she could rely on was herself.

All she wanted was to earn, progress in her career, and improve her position in life. She had never wanted to distract herself with anything else.

Yet, why was she unable to escape her fate?

The man saw that she had turned numb, and it only drove him to raise his voice. He reached out to grab her hair, growling, "I know you think you're all successful now, surrounding yourself with outstanding men. Just look at yourself. If they were to know of your past and what your parents did, who would fancy a woman like you? I am the only one in this world who doesn't despise you. Which normal man wouldn't mind his woman doing those things you've done?"

With that, his tone softened as he continued, "Even so, have I ever given up on you, all these years? Daisy, I am the only one who treats you the best. You should know, in the depths of your heart."

Daisy remained sprawled on the floor, her hair still in his hands. Inside, however, she refused to listen to him.

She tried to recover from her shocked disorientation and looked at him through bloodshot

eyes.

“Have you genuinely loved me and treated me well?”

“Why, of course!” The man thumped his chest confidently without any hesitation. “Can’t you see how I’ve been treating you over the years? I’m the only one who will love you and treat you right. The other men merely take you as a plaything. For a woman like you with a tainted history, I’m the only man who will never despise you! “If it weren’t because of love, would I have tolerated your past?” Daisy’s eyes trembled as though seriously taking in what he said. A moment later, she asked, hesitant, “If you really love me, why aren’t you willing to cut ties with all those women? If you really love me, why is your name the only one on our house deed, despite us buying it together?’ Things had gotten ugly with him; she wanted a break-up precisely because they never talked these things through. Yet, she did not expect him to have such a huge reaction to what she said. He flung her hand away in frustration and yelled, “How shameless can you get? I’ve been with

you for so many years as the only man who wouldn’t despise you, yet here you are being calculative over a house. Why are you so greedy and materialistic?”

“Daisy, you’ve changed. You’re truly disappointing...”

“I haven’t changed!” Daisy disputed.

He appeared unwilling to hear her say any further. “Daisy, were you negatively influenced by other people? You never used to say such things!” He dragged her up from the floor as if intending to strike her.

Weston did not want to interfere.

However, Daisy used to be his secretary.

What more...

Just as Weston was about to turn to leave, he suddenly remembered Stella telling about the man who helped her in her time of need and how fond she looked at that time. He stubbed out the cigarette in his hand and threw it into the trash. Didn’t she fancy courageous heroes to the point she could remember something so trivial even after so many years?

What a child. Weston sneered deep down and stepped forward without further hesitation. “Let her go.” His cold voice resounded along the corridor. Daisy thought that she must be hearing things. The moment she realized she was going to be hit, Weston Ford was all she could think of. The last thing she would expect, however, was for him to appear right here. She wasn’t sure if it was the heavens answering the unspoken

prayers, but when she turned around, she saw the man she never expected to appear... walking right toward her.

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 480

### Chapter 480

She would never mistake that handsome, rugged face of his. He wore a white shirt over his broad shoulders that tapered down to his narrow waist. He looked just like the Olympian deity Apollo as he walked out from the shadows.

It then dawned upon Daisy that for a man like Weston, not standing next to others was a form of mercy. The man before her was someone she should be familiar with, a face she's seen for countless years. Yet, he was mercilessly overshadowed by Weston.

He looked just like a dancing clown compared to Weston. Daisy had never found him uglier than he was at that moment.

"President Ford, what are you doing here?" She mumbled in a low voice. A nasty look appeared on the man's face. "Who are you? Don't be a nosy parker!" He warned as he stepped forward. Daisy stepped back in fear while Weston walked directly towards him and stretched his hand out, "Stand up." A glint flashed past Daisy's eyes as she put her hand in his. She pulled on it and stood up. "Thank you, President Ford."

The man's face contorted with fury. "Daisy, what do you mean by this! Who is he? Is he your backer now? Come over to me right now!" With that, he charged toward Daisy, looking like he was about to strike her. Daisy instinctively shrunk back and hid behind Weston. She grabbed his sleeve and cried out, "President Ford..."

Even her voice was shaking. Coincidentally, Stella walked out of the private room and saw the scene right before her. Weston was playing the part of a hero saving a damsel in distress as he stood right before another woman.

Chris walked out of the private room right behind her, "Oh yes, Weston..." Before he could complete his sentence, he saw the scene before him and halted in his footsteps.

Ten minutes ago.

Stella remained in the private room while Weston went out for some fresh air.

The Dog House was a place that Chris frequented.

For a playboy like him, such entertainment venues were his favorite haunts. He was well-known in the circle for his gallivanting ways and the countless women he surrounded himself with. However, he knew in his heart that it was much easier to obtain news from such venues than navigating the corporate world. The meaningless

gossip that women like to share was, in fact, hidden with useful information that many people might not even expect. Chris had never been the useless, good-for-nothing man he portrayed himself to be. Conversely, he had never slacked off on his journey toward fighting for the family's inheritance.

He was on his usual rendezvous with yet another beautiful woman when he saw someone who looked a lot like Weston. When he went over, he confirmed that it was really Weston who had brought Ella along.

This made him grow even more interested in who Ella was to Weston.

Weston never brought people to this place, and he seldom came to this place himself.

He always scoffed at such things and never had strong desires in this aspect.

In the private room.

Stella heard the footsteps from outside and thought that Weston had returned. She lifted her head and saw a familiar figure instead. "Chris Ford?"

"Ella Steele." He said with a smile as he walked in.

A staff member was put on the spot. "Sir, this private room is..." "I know," Chris said with a wave of his hand as he turned to Stella, "I know this lady."