

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 481

Chapter 481

The employee turned to look at Stella. Stella didn't want to make things difficult for her and nodded. "It's fine. Please, carry on." With that, the staff member turned to leave.

Chris walked towards Stella and sat down before her. "I really didn't expect that he'd treat you like some precious treasure." "It's just coming out for an afternoon of fun. Is that considered as treating me like precious treasure?" Stella looked expressionlessly at him.

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The two had parted unceremoniously at Ford Corporation's building the last time, and Chris even attacked Weston. Yet, now that they'd met again, Chris acted as if nothing had happened. It was evident that this man had outstanding mental tenacity. Chris smiled and said nothing as he poured a glass of wine for himself. He took two sips and asked, "Where is Weston?" "He went out for some fresh air." "Aren't you worried? He's been out for so long." Stella shook her head. "He's a full-grown adult. What do I have to be worried about?" "Aren't you worried that another woman will seduce him? Beauties abound in this place." Stella smiled sardonically, neither confirming nor denying Chris' jabs. Initially thinking that Chris would only sit around for a while, to her surprise, Chris showed no signs of making a move even after ten minutes. In fact, he looked increasingly comfortable where he was and seemed to have no intention of leaving at all.

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Stella stood up, unable to take it any longer. "I'll go and look for him." Chris smiled and followed leisurely behind her, "Finally anxious? I've already said that beauties abound in this place. If you don't keep a close eye on him, a man like Weston can be easily seduced by one of them." Chris was very familiar with The Doghouse, and he managed to find the balcony that Weston had originally smoked at in no time. Both of them did not expect to witness the scene before them.

Stella was stunned and stood rooted to the ground. That woman was Weston's secretary, and she saw her a couple of times in the office, looking vastly different from how she looked right now.

Daisy, a white-collared elite, was supposed to be a successful career woman that navigated her

way around commercial skyscrapers while wearing sleek business attire, making swift and resolute business decisions.

Yet, she now looked utterly out of sorts. Hiding behind Weston, her face was stained with streaks of tears on her face that made her look pitiful. Meanwhile, a man with his face contorted with rage stood in front of her, yelling at the top of his voice.

However, since it was obvious that he was physically no match for Weston, he didn't dare to be too aggressive. He merely stood where he was and yelled as loud as he could. Before Stella could realize what was happening, she felt tension in the air. From the corner of her eyes, she saw a black figure rushing out. Just as she tried to avoid the person, Chris bumped into her, and she almost fell. "Daisy? What's the matter!"

Chris rushed to Daisy's side, paying no attention to Stella, whom she had bumped into. Weston heard his voice and looked over. His brows furrowed slightly, but he collected himself and retracted his gaze. It wasn't a surprise to see Chris at such a place.

But why did he care so much about Daisy? That was something that Weston did not expect. Previously, he noticed that Chris had been very attentive toward Daisy. That being said, as long as it did not affect his performance at work, he couldn't be bothered about their personal affairs. He didn't want to interfere in his subordinates' private lives—it had nothing to do with him as long as work was not affected.

However, Daisy remained highly professional—she rejected Chris several times and even embarrassed him the last time.

Hence, Weston believed that given Chris' character, he would back off knowingly. To Weston's surprise, it seemed that Daisy had a place in his heart. Chris pointed to the man standing in front and yelled coldly, "Who are you? How dare you cause trouble in The Doghouse. Are you tired of living?"

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He looked just like a man protecting his woman.

Chris had always played the part of a personable and chivalrous gentleman in front of others, but in face of this hooligan, his fierce and aggressive side was on full display, a trait of his that rarely emerged.

Daisy had never been intimate with him and had never seen him like that. She stood still, dazed, and mumbled to herself.

"Mr. Ford..."

The man saw Weston's back-up and was stunned for a moment before hissing viciously, "You're asking me who I am? I am her bloody fiancé!"

Fiancé?

The word made the expression on Chris' face change as he turned to look at Daisy with a complicated look on his face. "D*inn it. Weren't you single?"

Daisy's eyes turned downcast as she wiped away the tears on her face. "I've already broken up with him, but he didn't agree to it."

"Who needs an agreement in a breakup?"

Chris finally understood the situation and looked at the man coldly. "Did you not hear her? She wants to breakup with you."

"Why must we break up just because she wants one? We've been together for so many years!"

His eyes narrowed as he went on, "I knew it. You found yourself a rich and powerful man, and now you want to throw me aside, right? Do you really think you can climb the social ladder by relying on them? I'm telling you, Daisy, these men only want to mess around. They might be willing to stand up for you now, but are any of them willing to marry you?"

Tears glistened in Daisy's eyes upon his words.

She was filled with self-doubt at that moment.

Chris' relentless pursuit of her did not make her lose her mind, though-she knew he treated her merely as his toy, no different from all other women he had abandoned. Weston, on the other hand, wasn't that kind of man

But now...

She looked at Weston, hesitant. He now seemed slightly different from the man she used to know

He was now capable of having mistresses behind Guinevere's back.

Are men all the same?

Upon his words, Chris burst out laughing and rubbed his wrists. "It's been a while since I hit someone. Don't force my hand."

The man's tone softened. "Brother, don't blame me for not warning you. I've played with this woman countless times..."

Before he completed his sentence, Chris swung his fist at his face. "Ugh!"

“Don’t hit him! Please don’t fight!” Daisy shrieked. Things would surely go out of hand when they started getting physical. She was about to step forward to stop the fight when Weston grabbed her arms and pulled her aside with frustration. “Don’t make things messier than they already are.” Daisy remained silent, although the internal struggle was apparent in her eyes. Weston’s brows furrowed, “If you really intend to break up with that man, don’t add to the mess. Let Chris help you resolve this.” Since Chris was here, he had no reason to interfere in other people’s affairs. Daisy was merely one of his many subordinates. This left him feeling rather frustrated. He shouldn’t have meddled with other people’s affairs in a moment’s recklessness-just because of something that Stella said. He was about to turn to leave when Daisy, trembling slightly with fear, grabbed his sleeve.” Mr. Ford, can you please stay? I’m a little scared.” Weston flung her hand away without further thought and looked coldly at her. Daisy understood what he meant even when he didn’t speak a word. “I’m sorry, Mr. Ford. I didn’t mean to do that.”

She looked at his sleeve and said, “I’ll compensate you for this shirt.” “No need.” Weston glanced past her and looked at Chris. “He’ll help you settle this as well.”

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Chris was a relatively good fighter, and he managed to bring the man down after a while. Recalling that there was a woman standing behind him, he looked at Daisy with annoyance.” Make yourself clear. Are you breaking up with this man today?” He never knew that Daisy was in such a terrible relationship. Why was she willing to be with someone so unsavory, someone who had, in turn, rejected him so many times?”

How was he inferior to this man? He felt a deep wave of disappointment engulf him. Although he originally didn’t harbor deep feelings for this woman, he now felt utterly wronged and aggrieved. “If you continue missing him and going back to him, I’ll never interfere in your affairs from now on. If you intend to make a clean break, I’ll make sure you keep your word and won’t let this go until it happens!” He could tell that Daisy really wanted to break things off with this man, just that she lacked the resolve to

He had never seen a woman like that in his life.

The women who surrounded him were all open-minded and were willing to let things slide. They weren’t clingy and wearisome and knew how to keep the relationship transactional-a win-win for all parties.

This was his first time seeing someone as foolish as Daisy. Daisy’s eyes turned red as she looked at the menacing look on the man’s face. Determination washed over her as she took a deep breath. “I planned on breaking up with him, but he didn’t agree to it.”

“All right, I got it.”

Chris rubbed his wrists and flung the man aside ruthlessly. "Run as far away as you can and don't let me see you ever again. Otherwise, I'll beat you up each time I see you." The man, disgruntled, crawled up from the ground and spat out some blood. Yet, there was nothing he could do in face of the tempestuous Chris except to concede for the moment. He glared at Daisy and warned, "Daisy, just you wait! You'll regret this someday!" Chris lurched towards the man, as if planning to strike him again. That was when the man finally stumbled out of the place.

The direction he left in was the direction that Stella walked from. When she saw a man leaving in fury, she instinctively dodged aside.

Without anywhere to vent his anger, the man felt frustration rising in him upon seeing a beautiful woman who was a stranger to him.

"You women are all nasty creatures!" He even deliberately bumped hard into her. Stella, unable to avoid the incoming force, bumped into a huge vase behind her. She gasped, feeling pain so severe that it made her see stars. The vase wobbled and crashed loudly onto the floor. Weston lifted his head and looked in her direction. When he saw Stella, he shuddered and rushed to her side. "Stella!" Weston carried her in his arms, his brows tightly knotted with anxiety. "Are you hurt? Do you feel bad? I'll bring you to the hospital..."

With that, he hauled her into his arms.

Stella shook her head.

She bore with the incoming wave of pain and took some time to recover. She collected herself and said, "I'm fine. Someone just bumped into me..."

"Where did he hit you?" Weston's voice was tense.

If they weren't in a public place, Stella suspected that he might've just torn her clothes open to check her injuries.

She pressed against his wrist as searing pain shot through her, yet she insisted that she was

fine.

Weston's face darkened as heartache and anger intertwined inside him. His face contorted with frightening anger, "He better pray hard that you're fine."

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The man stood petrified, his feet rooted firmly on the ground. Weston's cold glare shot towards him, a change from the frustrated look in his eyes. If looks could kill, the man was a dead man in his eyes.

The intensity of Weston's glare sent chills down the man's spine. He subconsciously shivered, and he explained anxiously, "I... I didn't do it on purpose..."

Weston settled Stella down in a comfortable position and ensured that she felt all right before standing up and walking slowly towards the man. He lifted a leg and kicked it ruthlessly towards the man.

The man crashed loudly on the floor. Weston's foot landed right in his stomach, and the force was almost enough to rupture his internal organs. "Who are you to bump into her?"

A distance away.

Daisy stared dazedly at the scene before her.

She had never seen Weston in such a rage—he turned out to be absolutely terrifying when angry...

And all this for that woman.

She looked at Stella with complicated emotions in her eyes. She thought that Weston reached a helping hand out to her because she was special to him.

But right now, at this moment, she could deeply sense that Stella was the special one in his heart.

All a stranger had to do was bump into her, and it was enough to send Weston flying into a rage, driving him to almost chop that man up into pieces. Just how much did he care for her? The man did not expect himself to get into such deep trouble. He collapsed on the floor, unable to retaliate after getting kicked in the stomach. He threw up fresh blood and felt his body tearing apart from the inside. "I was wrong... I really didn't mean it... I apologize to her! I'll compensate her! Please spare me!" "Spare you? When you bumped into her just now, did you think about sparing her?" Weston's voice was cold. "If anything were to happen to her, you'll be in a sorry plight." With that, he strangled his neck, pulled him up from the ground, and flung him to a wall. "Does it hurt?"

"Yes."

"That's the way. Feel the pain she felt just now."

This was also Stella's first time seeing Weston so furious..

His eyes were burning red. His eyes which were originally deep and unfathomable like the night sky now had a storm brewing in their depths.

Stella leaned against the wall and watched as Weston beat the man to near death. If no one stopped him, it was highly likely that Weston would take his life. Chris and Daisy were aware of that possibility and warned, "Enough, Weston! Don't blow this out of proportion."

Chris had already beaten up the man just now and thought he was reckless enough. He did not expect Weston to behave even crazier than he did.

Weston's previous nonchalance was simply because no one had rubbed him off the wrong way. When that happened, however, Weston was scarier than anyone else. Daisy was similarly taken aback by Weston's behavior. She immediately yelled, "Mr. Ford, stop! You'll kill him..."

She had no idea how things could descend to such a low. Here, the man she thought most rational was hitting another man to death just because he bumped into Stella.

Was this the Weston she knew?

Upon seeing that Weston had no intention of stopping, Chris turned towards Stella anxiously, "Are you just going to watch as he beats the man to death?" Anxiety flashed past his eyes.

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Although he was competing against Weston for the family inheritance, he did not forget his duty as an uncle in a time like this, even when it came at the expense of family ties.

At the very least, he couldn't allow anyone to get the opportunity to blame him because of such a stupid reason. Stella snapped back to attention and yelled, "That's enough!"

"Weston. You'll kill him if you go on like this..." she pleaded.

Although Weston slowed down in his movements, he did not stop completely-his eyes were bloodshot and filled with fearsome rage.

Stella took a deep breath and said with her voice quivering, "Don't be like this. I'm afraid he'll

Her words finally made Weston slowly release his hands. He shook out his wrists and spoke coldly through gritted teeth at the man who was half-dead, "You really should

pray that she is fine. Otherwise, killing you a hundred times over today wouldn't be enough to make up for it."

The man's face was covered with blood, and he could no longer speak properly. He could only repeatedly stammer out his apologies as if traumatized by the beating, "I was wrong...don't hit me..."

Weston called for a staff member to bring him away. He walked towards Stella and carefully gathered her in his arms. "Are you all right?" Stella nodded, "I'm fine."

Daisy and Chris were still behind him.

Daisy couldn't help but step forward and say in a small voice, "I'm sorry, Mr. Ford. It's all my fault. If it weren't for me, Ms. Steele wouldn't have gotten hurt."

Weston didn't even bother looking up. He was only concerned with checking Stella's body for wounds. "Since you know that you're trouble, then clean up your mess quickly. I don't want to see this man around any longer." Daisy's eyes shifted as if she understood what he meant. "I will clean things up well." He did not give her so much as a glance throughout their conversation. Instead, he simply hauled Stella up in his arms and left.

Daisy's eyes were filled with hurt, and she made a move to follow behind them, but she felt a sudden weight on her shoulders.

She turned back and looked into a pair of curious eyes.

Chris looked straight into her eyes as his own narrowed, "You rejected me not because of that man just now, not because of work, and not because of any other reason... do you fancy Weston?"

Daisy flung his arm away and cried, "Don't talk nonsense! Mr. Ford is my boss. How could I have such thoughts about him? I'm not one to seek office romance!" She reacted strongly, vastly different from her usual calm and composed manner. His words were like a pebble rippling through a quiet and calm lake. As much as she vehemently denied it, what else was there for Chris not to comprehend? He chuckled and wiped the blood off his first. "There's no need for you to deny it. I know a woman in love when I see one." He looked slightly disappointed. "I didn't expect this at all. Just now, what I did to stand up for you hardly gained your favor. Yet, Weston's behavior was enough to break your heart and make you miserable." "I really don't..." Daisy felt helpless. She still wanted to explain herself, but Chris clearly did not believe her. "Since you claim that you don't like him, prove it to me." Daisy tightened her grip on the bottom hem of her shirt. "How do you want me to prove it to you?" "You know what I want."

Chris bent over and whispered something into her ear. His voice was low and hoarse as he coaxed her.

He saw the ice in Daisy's eyes melting, and the satisfaction of a predator conquering a prey emerged in his heart.

He finally managed to get his hands on a woman who had been difficult to deal with from the start.

Nothing else could beat such a feeling of accomplishment for a predator like him.

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Unlike Chris's tense situation, Stella was well in Weston's arms as he made a beeline for his car from The Dog House.

Along the way, many people cast curious glances at them. Stella subconsciously buried her face in his arms, triggering Weston's light chuckle. "Still shy?" Stella kept quiet. A while later, she whispered softly into his ear, "Can you let me down so I can walk myself?" Weston carried her higher instead. "Can you even walk by yourself, given your current state?" "I just hurt my back. My legs are fine." The moment she said that, Weston suddenly released his hold over her.

"Ah!"

Stella's body descended abruptly, and she instinctively let out a yelp as she hugged his neck tight.

She looked up into a pair of smiling eyes.

"Still want to walk by yourself?"

"You did that on purpose!" Stella sputtered indignantly. "So what if I did?"

Stella's brows furrowed as she adjusted herself, clearly dissatisfied.

Her subtle movements, however, displeased him. Weston's face darkened as he patted her butt. "Be good." Stella's face blushed bright red. "Let me go! I want to come down! It's not like I can't walk..." Weston threatened her in a low voice, "If you keep squirming around, I'll really make you unable to walk."

Stella went silent.

Why did she feel like there was a hidden meaning in his words?

Given how thick-skinned he was, she believed he was definitely capable of fulfilling his threats.

She dared not move and could only stay obediently in his embrace. He strode quickly to his car and settled her in the backseat. He wasn't sure if it was because his threat was overly harsh, but Weston realized that Stella said nothing more after they had entered the car.

He instructed the driver to start the engine and move off.. Stella curled herself into a tight ball and pressed herself against a corner as much as possible, refusing to talk and look at him. No matter what he said to her, she didn't utter a single word and persisted in ignoring him. Weston knew she was angry at him, but he found it hilarious and simply let her be. He reached out and retrieved a bottle of ointment from the cabinet.

The last time Stella was injured from filming a fighting scene, Weston had prepared a bottle in the car just in case. He didn't think that it would one day come in handy.

His eyes were dark as he surveyed the glass bottle in his hand. Since when did he care for a woman to such an extent and detail?

He would never bother preparing such little things in the past. "Come here. I'll help you rub this on your wound."

Stella saw the ointment in his hand and was stunned for a moment, though she continued ignoring him... save for a glint that flashed past her eyes.

There were so many details that she felt herself on the verge of being captivated. But which one was the real Weston Ford?

How was it possible for someone so detailed and gentle to treat her so heartlessly in the past?

Weston saw her remaining silent and reached out to pinch her nose. "You're a full-grown adult and still throw such childish tantrums?"

He reached out to lift her shirt up.

Stella slapped his hand away and pulled her shirt back down. "What are you trying to do? Don't get handsy."

Clearly, she was keeping her guard up.

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Finding her reaction hilarious, Weston suddenly leaned in closer to her, kissing her on the nose. "Which part of your body have I not seen? Why are you still so shy?" Stella pushed him away. "No need. I can do it myself." Weston's brows furrowed as he looked

at her. He had thought that she was angry because he refused to listen to her and insisted on carrying her all the way to the car. Now that he thought about it, it seems like there was another reason for her anger. Weston said in a teasing voice, "Seems like I thought wrong. Are you jealous?" He had stood up for Daisy, reacting to the displeasure of hearing Stella talk about her first love. Who asked her to gush about how heroic and valiant her first crush was?

He wanted to let her witness how anyone can do something so trivial, and, therefore, it was not worthy for her to remember for so many years.

Who knew that she would be jealous over something so trivial? "Jealous?" Stella's eyes widened in disbelief as she looked at him as if he just cracked the greatest joke of all time. "You must be dreaming." Weston didn't like her dismissive tone and pinched her nose, "What? Does the great Stella Sealey not know how to be jealous?" Stella shook her head, "I wouldn't do something so immature." "Really?" Weston leaned closer to her and whispered in a low voice that was laced with threats. Stella found that the man before her was behaving in a bewildering way. Why did he behave like he would get angry if she weren't jealous? "Do you like to see me jealous?" Weston remained silent as he stared at her. Stella sighed. "Fine, I am jealous. Are you happy now?"

He knew that she was just placating him, but his facial features subconsciously softened at her words.

He pressed his forehead against hers and kissed her lips. "Don't worry. You are the only one who can make me lose control." The corner of Stella's lips lifted. She found his words ironic and bordering on hilarious. As a man who was already a father, did he not feel shy saying something so mushy? Weston held Stella's arms up and lifted her shirt up again. This time, she did not stop him.

"Over here?" he asked as his long fingers touched her skin.. Stella inhaled sharply as intense pain shot through her back Weston stopped moving immediately, his heart aching at seeing her pained expression. The next time he tried to move his fingers, he did so much more gently. His warm palm rubbed the injured area gently as his eyes turned downcast.

Her previous wound hadn't even recovered completely, leaving light bruises in its wake. Yet now, she was bumped so hard that it aggravated her old injury. Although her skin wasn't punctured, the bruise was huge and jarring on the eyes. Weston's hands paused in mid-air as he spoke in a hoarse voice. "I really should have broken his legs." Stella's skin was fine and delicate, and he couldn't even bear to use much force on the bed. Who was that man to wound her like this?

His actions were overly careful and gentle, like a feather brushing across the skin. Stella felt like a fragile doll made of glass and squirmed in discomfort. "You don't have to be so careful... I'm not an infant."

Weston remained silent as he focused on applying the ointment to her injury and gently rubbing her back

A moment later, he said, "Your skin bruises so easily. What's the difference between you and an infant?"

He treated her so delicately, like she was his most precious treasure in the world. Complicated feelings started emerging in Stella's heart. The more he treated her well, the more it confused her. Was the man currently treating her like treasure the same man who had abandoned her so ruthlessly back then? Did all men have the same ability as he did, to dote on you to the skies when he loved you and throw you into hell without hesitation when he no longer did?

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Perhaps it was Weston's excessive tenderness that Stella suddenly felt drained and lethargic.

She yawned slightly, and the corners of her eyes turned red like that of a little rabbit. Weston's movements slowed down as he let her lean against his shoulder. "Nap for a while if you want to."

After she slowly shut her eyes and fell asleep, Weston carried her in his arms as if he were coaxing a little child.

His arms wrapped around her back as he gently patted her.

His thin lips leaned closer to her ear as he kissed it repeatedly in a way that spoke of inextinguishable sentiment and passion as he enveloped her in his embrace. Weston lowered his head and took every inch of Stella's sleeping profile. "How good it would be if she were to be this well-behaved every day." He chuckled lowly. "Just stay by my side like this, all right?" He mumbled to himself, or rather, to Stella. Were those empty titles really so important to Stella? Aside from official status, he could give her everything. Shouldn't that be enough? He had no idea why women were always obsessed with such trivial matters. What he was capable of giving Stella was a lot more than the title of Mrs. Ford. But based on what he knew of Stella right now, even if he wanted to give her everything he could, she might not even want it.

The thought made his face darken.

After sending Stella back, Weston received a call from Chris, who asked him out for a chat. Weston instructed Joan to take good care of Stella before leaving the mansion.

Chris had his own house in Fern City, but he seldom stayed there. He would usually spend the night in his own apartment – just like Weston’s original Golden Eve apartment, which he subsequently gave to Guinevere but had never stayed there from then.

Weston knew that Chris treated Daisy in a special way but didn’t expect him to bring her back to his own apartment. It seemed obvious to him that Chris truly cared for her.

The moment he stepped into the apartment, he saw Daisy seated on the living room couch, looking uneasily at him.

“Mr. Ford…”

He glanced right past her and looked directly at Chris, “Speak. Don’t waste my time.”

Chris tut-tutted disapprovingly, “I know you have a lovely Lady waiting at home, and you can’t wait to get back to her, but things still need to be settled. What do you say?” Weston remained silent as he settled down on the couch.

Daisy, immediately feeling tense, straightened herself up as she greeted him again. “Mr. Ford

Weston looked up slightly, giving a half-hearted response. Daisy tensed up even further, unable to tell what this man before her was thinking and whether he was pleased or upset.

Chris observed their interactions and remained silent, the look in his eyes elusive.

He walked towards the bar counter and poured two glasses of wine, one for Weston and another for himself.

He had poured a glass of water for Daisy earlier.

“Try my concoction,” He offered to Weston. Weston did not reach out to take the glass from him. “Do you think I’m like you, insisting on having a bar counter at my apartment so I can indulge in alcohol, even at home?” “Just listen to yourself. What’s wrong with drinking some alcohol? It’s completely acceptable,” Chris chuckled.

Seeing him refuse to take the glass, he pushed it towards Daisy instead, “Don’t waste it. Many people only wished they had a chance to taste my concoction.” Daisy didn’t reject him and received the glass with a soft “thank you.”

Both men leaned back leisurely. However, it was Daisy who finally gave in. “Mr. Ford, how do you intend to deal with him?” she couldn’t help but ask.