

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 489

Chapter 489

Chapter 489

"Which him?" Chris feigned ignorance. "Well..." Daisy couldn't even bear to say his name.

Chris cut her off and said with a half-smile, "Oh, I remember it now. Your ex-fiancé."

He turned towards Weston, "Weston, what do you think?" "None of my business," Weston rubbed in between his brows. He paused for a moment before going on, "But since he hurt my girl, I can't let him off so easily."

Daisy's face fell ever so subtly. Indeed, the reason he even interfered in this entire issue was because of Ella, not her. Chris looked at her; his interest piqued. "Seems like you really want Weston to stand up for you?"

"Of course not!" Daisy denied it vehemently. "How would I dare to bother Mr. Ford..." "Do you not dare and not want for that to happen?" Daisy did not know why Chris was bent on embarrassing her in front of Weston. Her eyes turned red as she glanced at him, her fists clenched tight. Ever since Chris witnessed that scene, the cool and calm image she erected before him seemed thoroughly destroyed.

Chris had just discovered that this woman wasn't as strong as she portrayed herself to be. He merely hadn't seen her vulnerabilities previously. Thus, he suddenly felt his interest in her waning. He initially thought that Daisy would be an insurmountable obstacle, but after defeating the final boss, everything started sailing smoothly, and he found it boring again. However, he couldn't bear to give it up just like that. It felt just like chicken ribs- unappetizing, yet a waste if thrown away. Chris sipped on his wine and placed it on the table. "Tell me. How do you intend to settle this?"

He turned to Daisy, "He's your ex-fiancé, after all. We should respect your opinion."

Daisy subconsciously glanced at Weston and subsequently lowered her head. "I don't know... I want to have a clean break with him, but I don't want anyone to get killed."

"Given how much of a cheat and a scoundrel your ex-fiancé is, you can forget about having a clean break with him without involving lives." Chris continued sipping on his wine as he remarked casually.

His calm and composed tone made it sound like he had completely no regard for the lives of

anyone.

Weston, completely uninterested in their relationship's stories, brushed it off with some annoyance. "Whatever you two intend to do, just be mentally prepared that I'll make his life miserable."

Chris arched a brow. "I thought it was enough punishment that you've beaten him up so badly."

"How was that enough?" Anger once again flashed past the depths of Weston's eyes. No one would know how he felt when he saw the terrible bruises on Stella's body. Chris chuckled, but the smile did not reach his eyes. "I got it. Don't worry. I'll give you an explanation regarding this matter." With that, he turned towards Daisy.

Daisy was still in a daze as she stared at Weston with mixed feelings.

Suddenly, the ringing of a phone broke the silence.

It was Chris' phone.

He looked at the incoming number and arched a brow, "I'll take this."

With that, he stood up and left Weston and Daisy alone.

This was Daisy's first time being in the same place as Weston outside of work. She felt rather nervous and subconsciously placed her hands on her knees. She even began breathing more cautiously

She couldn't hold herself back from asking a moment later, "Mr. Ford, may I ask: What is your relationship with Ms. Ella?"

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 490

Chapter 490

Chapter 490

Weston sat silently for a moment as displeasure spread across his face. "What's that got to do with you?"

Daisy expected such a response from him.

A moment of silence later, she asked hesitatingly, "Then Ms. Guinevere..." "This is not something that you should be meddling in," Weston suddenly turned to look at her with the authority of a person used to being in a place of power. "Daisy, don't try to act smart. You know what you should and shouldn't do."

"I know. I won't tell Ms. Cohen..." Perhaps it was because of what happened today that she felt that the distance between herself and both men had shrunk. Thus, she gathered courage and asked, "Mr. Ford, you fancy Ms. Steele more, right?" She knew she was being a nosy parker and was ready to face Weston's wrath. To her surprise, he simply looked at her with a half-smile and said casually, "Why can't she tell something that even you can?" It didn't take much to figure out who Weston was referring to. Daisy realized that Weston would bother reacting to her only when she was talking about Ella.

She continued talking about her, "Does Ms. Steele...know about Ms. Cohen's existence?"

Weston's face suddenly turned cold as he turned to her sharply. "What do you think?"

He didn't even intend to talk to this woman, but...

Weston shut his eyes, but he couldn't shake off the image of Stella trying hard to hide her repulsion of him. He really wanted to know exactly how women thought.

Daisy was slightly taken aback at Weston's question, but she answered anyway. "It's different for every woman... I don't know what Ms. Steele thinks, but if you wish to know, you should ask her personally."

"Given her character, she would never give me an honest answer."

The corner of Weston's lips lifted sardonically, "Tell me. What exactly do you ladies want?"

"I don't know about other women, but if it were me..."

Daisy's face suddenly turned downcast, "I just want a stable relationship, I suppose. Someone to love me and dote on me, and not simply wanting to use me." Her voice turned softer as she spoke, as if realizing that she was revealing too much of her vulnerabilities to Weston. Her eyes turned slightly red. Weston didn't think too much of it and instead started chewing on her words.

Did he not dote on Stella enough? Did he not love her enough?

He had never indulged a woman so much in his entire life.

Not even Guinevere.

Daisy went on, "Every woman desires a relationship she can call her own, but not every woman has the fortune of encountering one." She smiled bitterly, "After so many years with him if it weren't for his many affairs with other women, things wouldn't have ended like this..." Weston looked up at her, "Do women care a lot about such things?" Daisy was slightly stunned at his question and felt slightly helpless as she counter-questioned him, "Think about it this way. If Ms. Steele or Ms. Cohen were to behave like this with other men, I suppose you won't feel good about it, would you?" Weston knew that he would never allow Stella to behave that way.

He abhorred even the thought of men looking at Stella for a moment longer. As for Guinevere, he had never considered the question with respect to her. If she were to find herself happier with another man, he would be happy to give them his blessings.

Weston even thought that it was all for the better. Chris was back once he ended his call. The moment he returned, he realized something was off between the two of them. "What did you two talk about while I was away?"

Daisy remained silent as she subconsciously threw a glance at Weston. Chris put his arm around her shoulders, his long fingers carelessly tapping her arm. It was an unspoken warning. Daisy retracted her gaze, keeping her silence as she sipped on her glass.