

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 491

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Weston did not want to stick around any longer and stood up while delivering his instructions, "Settle this cleanly and don't make me step in. You know that I know no limits."

"Of course," Chris reassured him. "You can rest easy with me on this case."

Weston scoffed but didn't say anything further. He picked up his coat and turned to leave.

At Stardust Mansion.

Stella fell asleep in the car, and by the time she woke up, she found herself lying on the bed in her room. She opened her eyes blearily and rubbed them as she shook herself awake. That was when she remembered what had happened. As she glanced at the clock, she realized it was already evening. She never expected that she'd sleep for so long. A moment later, she heard footsteps coming from the corridor outside. Stella subconsciously shut her eyes and smoothed her blanket, pretending she was still asleep. The footsteps outside gradually became lighter. By the time they entered the room, they were almost inaudible. Although Stella had her eyes closed, she could feel Weston by her bedside, staring at her for a while.

She had no idea why she decided to pretend to be asleep.

Perhaps she just didn't want to face him.

A moment later, she felt a warm touch on her forehead.

It was a very gentle kiss. Even without opening her eyes, she could clearly sense the tenderness of the touch. Stella suddenly didn't want to wake up. She didn't want to face up to the fact that all his tenderness was but mere pretense.

He threw open her covers, and his large hands, cold from the air outside, started roaming boldly around her body.

Stella found it itchy but refused to respond to his touch. She had no choice but to grit her teeth and bear with it.

If Weston hadn't realized at the start that she was pretending to be asleep, he was now very certain she was awake.

A smile flashed past the depths of his eyes as he decided to play along. At the next moment, Stella heard his breath turn heavy before feeling his warm body next to her.

The difference in body temperatures between men and woman were very stark, and she always felt the difference when he lay next to her. His presence was so strongly felt that it was impossible to ignore. Yet, Stella continued pretending to be asleep as she turned her face away in an attempt to avoid physical intimacy with him. She hadn't expected that her turning away would give Weston a chance. He lifted his head slightly and bit her ear. His voice came hoarsely from his throat, "Are you really still asleep?"

Stella remained silent, only to harrumph in frustration a moment later.

The implicit meaning behind what he said was that she was asleep and that he shouldn't disturb her.

To her chagrin, Weston turned from bad to worse as he began unbuttoning her sleeping gown. He simply went overboard and bolder by the minute.

Stella clenched her fists, almost unable to bear his aggressiveness.

She gritted her teeth and stopped herself from making any noise. At this point, pretending she was still asleep was meaningless. Weston held his body up as he flipped the switch to the bedside lamp. The curtains were very thick. Although it was early in the evening, it was winter, and the sky had already turned dark. The harsh weather outside hardly affected the warmth in the house. Weston saw Stella's cheeks turning flushed, and a happy chuckle arose from deep in his throat. "Stella, you need to improve your acting in pretending to be asleep."

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Stella threw him a helpless look, "Can't you just let me sleep in peace?" Weston reached out and pinched her nose, "You fell asleep in the car all the way back home. Now, you still want to sleep more. How are you going to sleep through the night?" Before Stella could respond to him, he suddenly leaned in closer to her and said in a suppressed voice, "Or do you want to do something else at night?" As he closed the distance between them, Stella could see his eyes glinting in the dim light and knew what he was going to say. As she had expected, he would only tease her in this regard. "You

think too much," Stella glared at him. Perhaps because she just woke up, her glare bore no threat to him. In fact, it made her look even more captivating and mesmerizing. Weston's eyes darkened with pleasure as he pulled her into his embrace.

He recalled what Daisy said and sighed. "Stella, what else are you not happy with me about?" Stella was slightly taken aback by his question. "Why suddenly ask me that?" Indeed, it was a rare occurrence that Weston would ask about what someone else was unhappy about him.

Weston furrowed his brows, clearly sensing the irony in her words. He reached out and pinched her waist. "Seems like you haven't learned your lesson." Stella laughed and pushed him away. "I'm ticklish. Don't touch me there."

She paused for a moment before saying solemnly, "I'm not unhappy with you in any way." "Are you acting, or is that the truth?" Weston pushed further. Stella remained silent.

Weston understood her answer. "If there is something you're unhappy with, you know you can tell me honestly." "Will you change, then?" Stella probed. Weston immediately found a loophole in her words. "You refused to speak when I asked you just now, yet now, you're if I'll change. When did you become so slick?" Instead of replying to him, Stella shut her eyes. Her expression softened. Weston hugged her and combed his fingers through her hair. A moment later, he heard Stella ask him in a small voice, "Roger will be going overseas soon. Can I visit him more frequently during this period?"

He stopped moving.

Although her expression had softened, her willingness to be physically intimate with him was a clear indicator. He couldn't help but still feel disappointed upon hearing her request. He knew that Stella was merely putting up an act, but he would take whatever she gave him. Weston lifted her chin, "I'll decide based on your performance."

The night was soon over.

A thick layer of snow blanketed the streets outside.

Perhaps the effectiveness of Zeta's medicine helped both times to go by very smoothly. Stella could feel that Weston was delighted. Aside from her short bout of self-loathing when she first woke up, she did not feel as terrible as before.

That made Weston feel like she had accepted him, which in turn caused him to go even wilder with passion. When she woke up in the morning, Weston was no longer next to her on the bed.

It snowed heavily in the morning, and the crew decided to stop work for the day. As such, Stella had the day to herself in the mansion to do whatever she liked. The snow on the streets swept away quickly in the wind, but just as quickly, another thin layer of snow began to form.

It wasn't snowing yet when Weston left for work this morning, but the snow was now covered in black streaks.

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Joan anxiously looked out of the window. "I wonder if the snow will melt by the end of the workday. We are far from the city center, and I hope the driver is extra careful..."

Stella, dressed in casual home clothes, curled up on the couch, reading her script.

However, Joan's words caused her to lift her head and look out the window.

The snow appeared to have stopped falling, but the ice on the road still hadn't fully melted away.

She pursed her lips. "Joan, help me grab the car keys, please."

Joan immediately stopped what she was doing, asking, "Ms. Steele, what are you planning? Just let the driver do his job. It snowed so heavily, and the streets are unsafe."

"I'll fetch Weston from work," Stella replied.

Joan appeared stunned for a moment before a smile spread across her face. "Ms. Steele, I'm sure Mr. Ford will be delighted to know of your good intentions. But I'm also sure he would prefer you remain safe in the house."

Stella pursed her lips again as she thought about the moment Weston paused at her request. She knew that it was the cause of their recent estrangement.

If she didn't do something to please him, he might just not agree so willingly the next time she raised another request.

Hence, she insisted, "I'm worried about his safety, too. Let me fetch him. Don't worry. I just watched the news and heard they cleared the snow away. With so many cars on the streets, they would've surely dealt with it."

She added, "Don't tell Weston about it. He surely wouldn't allow me to go. I promise to stay safe on the road."

Joan confirmed that what Stella said was true before agreeing with some hesitation. "Ms. Steele, please stay safe on the road."

Stella picked a small white car that looked relatively low profile from the parking garage.

Ever since she said that she wanted to drive, Weston had added a car that was suitable for female drivers and had better safety features.

Although he did not verbally allow her to drive by herself, his actions clarified his stance.

He didn't like Stella doing something so dangerous, but if she insisted, he would clear the path for her to do what she wanted.

Stella set off before the evening peak rush hour.

Although the roads weren't jammed, she took some time because of the slippery and icy conditions.

Thankfully, Weston was held back by a meeting and hadn't left the building yet.

Stella stopped the car in the Ford Corporation building parking lot and put on her hat and mask as she waited for Weston to get off work. She thought she had to wait for a long time, but she soon saw the elevator doors open. A bunch of people walked out beside Weston. They were probably Weston's clients, and he was still busy talking with them. The client listened attentively to him and would nod agreeably from time to time. Even amidst a crowd, Weston shone brighter than the others. His looks turned him into a rose amongst the thorns in the entertainment and, even more, in the business circle, where he was like a Greek god. Seeing that others were around, Stella stayed in the car. She simply sat and waited, not wanting anyone to see her.

Weston's gaze drifted towards her.

Collecting cars and watches had always been the wet dream of many men, but these were simply playthings in Weston's eyes.

Having dabbled in motor racing in his younger days, he was a collector of a massive fleet of limited-edition luxury cars. Now that he had become more mature and stable, these things no longer seemed attractive to him.

Save for one, though—he had personally selected Stella’s car, a model he found most suitable for her taste. It was why he could immediately recognize the vehicle in the lot.

“My assistant will explain the subsequent details to you.” Weston stopped in his tracks. The client paused for a moment. “Mr. Ford, is something the matter?” “I have something urgent to attend to.”

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Having a collaboration with Ford Corporation was a privilege few could only dream of.

The client seemed extremely satisfied. With only some minor details left, he beamed magnanimously. “Sure. Mr. Ford, please go ahead and do what you need to do. It was a pleasure meeting you!

I look forward to our next collaboration!”

Daisy was shocked, but she remained composed as she said, “Please come with me.” She glanced at Weston. The original plan was to have a meal with the client, and he had never mentioned canceling it. So why did he suddenly change his mind? For someone on Weston’s level, his schedule was always planned down to the finest detail and seldom changed. Did something happen? She was slightly confused as she headed to the other side of the elevator in the parking garage after sending the client off in their car. That was when she saw Weston walking over to a white car. Daisy stopped dead in her tracks, uncertain if she should follow him. Stella thought she had to wait a little longer, but she saw Weston walking toward her. His black suit made him look even taller and more aggressive than he usually did, and his eyes, dark as night, peered right into her soul. His gaze remained unwavering as it locked squarely on its target.

His presence had always been overwhelming, especially in formal attire, which gave him an air of authority. He only had to stand there to give off a cold, proud, distant aura. Stella saw him walking toward her, and a thought suddenly came to her mind—liking this man was easy, but to keep doing so was exhausting.

Even the bravest adventure seekers who strove to scale the highest mountain in the world couldn’t stay on the snowy peak forever. They would freeze to death. So what kind of a woman could conquer a man like Weston?

He seemed like the unstoppable south wind, one that never took no for an answer in the heat of passion. However, the same man could be cold as ice and heartless to the core when his passion wore away.

She was immersed in her thoughts when a deep voice interrupted her. “Why did you come today?”

Weston went straight into the car.

He shut the door with a slam.

Stella snapped back to attention and replied to him, “It was snowing, and I thought of coming over to fetch you. I was free, anyway.’ Her palms were resting on the steering wheel as she turned to look at him. He thought he would interrogate her and did not expect him to behave so mildly. Weston didn’t have the intention of blaming her.

Of course, it didn’t mean he approved of her driving over in the harsh winter, but he decided to be nice to her in light of her good intentions.

As for everything else, he would make things straight with her tonight. “You drove here on your own?”

Stella nodded. “I’ve said it before that I drive pretty well. Nothing happened along the way...” Weston suddenly cut her off as he reached over to pull out the car key from the ignition.” Pretty well? You didn’t even remove the keys.” With that, he flung the keys into the glove box.

Stella’s heart sank with the clink of the keys. She didn’t expect to have made such a careless mistake!

Quickly, she spoke up for herself. “It was an accident. It won’t happen the next time.”

“There won’t be the next time.” Weston grabbed her arm and pulled it away from the steering wheel. He intertwined his fingers with hers and said, “During this winter, you must bring along the driver when you leave the house. Just because you didn’t get into an accident today doesn’t mean you won’t the next.” Stella pursed her lips in silence.

Weston wanted to dwell no further on this topic. He suddenly furrowed his brows and looked at her hand, “Why are your hands so cold?”

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Although it was bitterly cold and snow was falling heavily outside, it was warm and comfortable inside the car, and her hands shouldn't have been that cold.

Weston had changed the subject so quickly that Stella could tell he didn't want to continue arguing about her driving. She shook her head and said, "My hands have always been this cold."

His brows furrowed even together.

He remembered that Stella did not have such a condition in the past. A thought came to his mind, and his face turned downcast.

The air in the car turned colder.

Stella used to hate such an atmosphere.

Yet now, she did not want to reduce the guilt that Weston felt for her, and she looked straight into his eyes.

She knew that Weston recalled something.

Because of that child, because she stopped at nothing to keep that child who was ruthlessly taken away from her and ended up as a pool of blood...

She was left with such a condition after that time.

Her limbs were cold throughout the year across all seasons and could never become warm no matter how much she covered them up.

Weston snapped back after a long while. He held her hands and held them against his cheeks. Stella felt a warmth in her palms as she heard Weston's hoarse voice. "I'll never allow you to be cold, ever again." He looked into her eyes and promised, "As long as you wish, I'll always be here with you. You can be warm with me."

Stella remained silent as she looked away.

She wanted nothing more than to tell him that he was cold himself, and the chill was in his blood.

No matter how warm his palms were, however, they could never warm her up.

"Why did you suddenly think of coming to the office to pick me up?" Weston lifted his hands and tucked her hair behind her ears.

The last time Stella came to fetch him, things ended acrimoniously between them, and they almost got into a huge fight.

The trigger was that Weston didn't trust Stella's driving skills and thought that her driving by

herself would be dangerous for her.

He thought that was reason enough to stop Stella from driving and fetching him home, but he didn't expect her to drive her despite the snow and slippery roads. Weston wanted to interrogate her, but the sight of her safe and sound before him made him give up pursuing the matter. Stella sighed. "For no reason whatsoever. I just wanted to leave the house. If you don't like it, I won't come next time..."

Weston choked on her words and reached his hand out in mock frustration to pinch her nose. "Are you deliberately trying to anger me?"

He did not wish to see Stella leave the house on such a cold day, but he wasn't happy hearing her say that she wouldn't pick him up next time.

They had their whole lives stretched out before them. Stella's driving skills couldn't possibly be that poor, could they? Stella pushed his hand away. "Are you going to keep treating me like an amateur driver?" Weston remained silent as he looked at her with a half-smile. Although he didn't respond, his silence was sufficient.

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Anger rose in Stella's heart. "I can't be bothered with you." There was an observable difference in her attitude now compared to the past -she dared to get upset with Weston and did not bother hiding her true feelings when she was angry. She no longer feared that he would get angry or displeased. Weston turned her face around and kissed the tip of her nose with a smile. "It's the truth." "Go on. I'll just ignore you."

Weston lowered his head and remained silent. He grabbed her hands and gently rubbed her knuckles. "I guess it's good that you're being slightly defiant."

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Chapter 496 Her hands were still cold.

Weston lifted them to his lips and kissed them, but the look in his eyes turned elusive.

Stella had a pair of beautiful hands that were so delicate and fair that her veins were slightly visible. Her skin tone was starkly different from his.

He held her hands in his as memories of the past flooded into his mind.

They weren't married for long, but they shared many intimate moments, one of which was certainly when Stella was on her period.

She would become exceptionally shy whenever that happened. Things weren't that much better now.

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Thus, this pair of hands came in handy.

Weston's swallowed and asked, "Do you find something missing from your hand?" Stella found his answer ridiculous. "What is missing? Nothing." "Is that so?" Weston kissed her ring finger. "I think something's missing."

A ring He answered himself in his heart but did not say it out loud to Stella. He merely looked at her as though trying to pry into her heart. "I'll bring you somewhere, all right?"

"Pool again?"

"No. You'll find out when we're there." It was a place that would either make her very happy or uncomfortable.

Stella did not expect Weston to bring her to such a place.

She was slightly taken aback.

Weston noticed her silence and reached out to hold her shoulders. "What, you don't want to head in?"

Stella snapped back to attention and looked at him in shock, "Did you bring me here... to buy jewelry?"

She actually wanted to ask if he was here to buy her a ring.

But if it wasn't Weston's intention, then it would sound like she was overthinking things.

It wasn't ideal, and their relationship wasn't one suitable for rings.

Weston could see through her hesitation at once. "I don't remember us buying rings when we got married."

Stella was stunned for a moment as bitterness seeped into her heart.

She didn't expect him to remember that little fact.

Having gotten married in a rush, they had simply registered their marriage and didn't even have a pre-nuptial agreement. It was probably because Weston didn't find her much of a threat and thought he could extricate himself cleanly even without a pre-nuptial agreement. Till today, she just couldn't figure out what her marriage with Weston stood for. Like many women, she had once looked forward to marriage and wearing a wedding ring. However, when Weston asked for a divorce because of Guinevere, Stella found herself no longer caring for these things. She smiled and said, "Since we didn't buy rings when we were married, what's the point of buying them now?" Weston paused for a moment, knowing she must've recalled all those unhappy memories of the past.

He had no way of erasing or changing the past. The only thing he could do was to make things up to her as best he could, hoping those terrible memories of the past could be smothered. Aside from that, he couldn't think of anything else to help Stella let go of the past. "You're not single right now. Isn't it normal to wear a ring?"

Stella's gaze wavered, but she smiled a moment later. "It's true that I'm not single, but I'm not married either. There's no need for me to wear a ring, is there?"

"There is," Weston cut her off and grabbed her hand. "Letting others know you're not single will save you from unnecessary trouble..."

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"Sounds like you have much experience in this area."

Stella looked at him smilingly. "Did you attract much attention when you weren't wearing a ring?" Weston caressed her head. "There's no difference whether I wear one or not." There were hordes of women who wanted a relationship with him, whether he was married or not.

"But you wearing a ring can help block off many ill-intentioned men..." "You should wear a ring with Guinevere," Stella coldly cut him off.

The temperature in the car dropped a few degrees.

Stella knew that the mere mention of her name at this point was akin to pouring a bucket of cold water over Weston's head.

Yet, she still insisted on doing it to remind him that their relationship wasn't a straightforward one. It was also not something she wanted. Weston sighed. "How many times do you need me to repeat myself before you understand? I'm not married to Guinevere."

Stella's brows furrowed. "When are you getting married to her? I'll send you a huge wedding gift."

Weston pinched her chin. "Must you say all these today?" He had thought that coming over to fetch him from work was a sign of peace, which was why he decided to bring her here to buy rings, but it didn't seem to succeed in pleasing her.

Stella shook her head. "Fine. We'll stop talking about her." The corners of her lips twitched, but it was clearly not a smile. Weston rubbed in between his brows. A long while later, he said hoarsely, "Let's get out of the Car"

Stella had never been to such an exclusive-looking shopping mall.

Weston held her hand and said, "This is a new establishment, and you're its first customer."

Stella held his hand tight. "What do you mean? You guys are open for business even before the official launching?"

"Its doors are open specially for you today." Stella was shocked. "You made them open the mall for me?"

"You don't like it?" Weston stopped walking. "Don't you hate crowded places?" He had thought of bringing her to a boutique jewelry store, but given Stella's character, she would surely try to conceal herself and end up causing both to be upset and angsty. It was just like the last time he brought her to Musx, where she wouldn't stop squirming, worried sick about how people viewed her.

Evidently, she cared a lot about the opinions of others.

As he had expected, Stella began to hesitate. "Then wouldn't everyone know that the two of us

"They wouldn't," Weston cut her off. He knew what she was worried about. "I've already instructed them accordingly. Don't worry about anything. They don't know who we are. We are just ordinary customers to them."

Stella nodded as she heaved a sigh of relief. "That's good."

Weston asked, "What kind of ring would you like?" Stella shook her head. "I don't like rings." "Platinum?"

Stella shook her head again, "Just a silver ring will do." Weston stood silent for a moment as he turned a keen eye on her, "Are you intending to not spend my money so that it's less troublesome when you eventually leave me?" His dark tone suddenly made Stella anxious. He had hit the nail on her head, but she did not want to admit it to Weston. Even though both of them knew it in their hearts, she wanted to continue acting as if she wanted nothing more than to stay by his side.

She released his hand and looked at him calmly, "Why would you think that way? I just think that diamonds are a consumer trap. Unless it rises in value, I'm not very interested in such things."

She just didn't want Weston's ring.

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Chapter 498 Weston remained silent.

He stared at her for a long while before gathering her in his arms. He planted a kiss on her forehead and said, "I know that you're thinking about our one-year timeline. Stella, please play your part as best you can. Don't let me catch you trying to leave me." Stella's eyelashes trembled as she shut her eyes. She leaned in his embrace and heard his heartbeat through his chest.

After a long while, she said, "All right."

Weston lifted her chin and looked into her eyes, "Be more professional in your acting. Do you know what a woman who wants to stay with me looks like?"

"How does she look like?"

"She will want to spend my money." Weston fished out a card and placed it in her hand. Stella refused to take it, but Weston pushed it into her palm and closed her fingers over it. "Just use this if you want to buy anything." Stella stared at the black card in her palm, but she declined to nod in acknowledgment.

Weston said empathically, "I don't want you splitting things so clearly between us." A storm raged in Stella's heart. She did not want money to be involved in her relationship with Weston.

Their marriage in the past arose precisely because she needed his help to settle Roger's medical fees. That was the reason she always felt inferior before him and in a position that demanded her to look up to him.

Although they were husband and wife, she could only hide her admiration for him in her heart, quietly expressing her love for him over the years each day, never proclaiming it out loud, and neither seeking reciprocity. Having gotten used to giving and not receiving, she was uncustomed to feeling indebted to him.

Stella held the black card in her hand.

After a long while, she finally nodded.

She should learn how to think more for herself.

In the jewelry store.

Stella looked at the empty store and asked doubtfully, "Are you sure you didn't block off the entire place?"

The moment she asked, a couple walked past them, clearly looking like they were here on a shopping trip. Weston looked at her. "Do you believe me now?"

Knowing that Stella disliked such special treatment, he decided it wasn't something he would do. Although the thought did cross his mind, he would've rather done something in line with what Stella truly wanted.

Soon, the two walked into a jewelry store.

Stella recognized the brand-it had been aggressively advertising itself online-it was apparently a century-old brand that had recently become more accessible to the masses... to a certain extent.

Despite working with Ford Corporation to promote their brand to the masses, not everyone could afford their extravagant prices. A promotional slogan spread like wildfire on the web: Craft a ring that belongs to the one you love.

Every single salesperson in the store had gone through rigorous selection. Dressed smartly in uniforms, even their smiles seemed exquisitely etched onto their faces, deliberately friendly and presentable.

The moment anyone entered their doors, they would come forward and greet them enthusiastically. "Welcome, sir and madam! Do you want to look around, or do you need any assistance?" "Can we take a look around by ourselves first?" Stella replied. "Of course, you can! All our best-selling classics are displayed here. These are new items released this year..." The saleswoman brought them to a glass display. Although Stella said she'd look around, the saleswomen began fervently promoting the jewelry pieces to them.

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“What kind of jewelry are you looking for, Miss? Necklaces, earrings, rings, or bracelets?” All of the salespeople had gone through intensive training, and before Stella could react, she heard the saleswoman going on about the various classic styles as if reciting a textbook.

However, she soon noticed that the saleswoman kept stealing furtive glances at Weston and suppressing the wave of emotions that she was clearly feeling. Many of the saleswomen were young ladies with a keen eye for luxury goods. Being immersed in the luxury goods industry, she could tell at a glance that Weston was decked out in opulence from head to toe.

Many other salespersons were also guessing who Weston was. Many people knew about Weston Ford. As long as they paid attention to finance or entertainment news, they would've heard of the heir of the Ford family, whose wealth was comparable to that of small nations. Based on people who interviewed him in the past, he was apparently more handsome than many popular celebrities. It was just that the media seldom exposed his face.

As such, although many had heard about him, they could not recognize him. They simply thought that Weston was some model or celebrity.

After a round of discussion, no one could arrive at a firm conclusion. “Could he be a celebrity from overseas?” “Possibly. A man of his looks couldn't possibly remain under the radar!” “He's probably of mixed blood. He's so handsome! His features are so exquisite, and he looks young... probably under 30?”

“Who's the woman next to him? Is he married?”

“For all you know, they're here to buy rings... “Such handsome men are either already attached, married, or don't fancy women, to begin with...”

The women whispered amongst themselves but because the store was relatively empty, the silence amplified their voices.

Stella glanced at Weston.

He remained calm and composed, seemingly completely unaffected by the voices. It wasn't a surprise, however, given that someone like Weston had always been the center of attention

Even in the middle of a large crowd, everyone's gaze would involuntarily be drawn to him.

He should be used to being the talk of the town.

Stella suddenly remembered her schooling days when she could only see Weston from afar. He was always the brightest star in the night sky, and probably never realized that she was also amongst the crowd, looking at him.

On the other hand, she was a speck of dust among the sea of uncountable stars in the universe who looked up to him.

Weston was indeed unaffected by what the salespeople were talking about him.

He put his arms around Stella's shoulder and walked to the innermost display cabinet. He looked at the velvet box in the safe and asked, "Do you like this one?"

Stella's gaze followed his as it landed in the middle of the display cabinet. It was a pair of silver-colored platinum rings. The difference between the thickness of the two rings was vast; the thinner one was set with a pink diamond in exquisite yet simple details. It was designed for a woman and looked nothing less than stunning.

Stella's eyes immediately lit up. The saleswoman stepped forward immediately and smiled as she retrieved the ring "You have an exquisite taste, sir. This is our latest piece, the result of years-long craftsmanship from our famous designer. It's a limited edition, one design per ring item, representing your one and only love..."

Stella didn't care much for the saleswoman's grandiloquent talk, but as a buyer, she found the ring very beautiful indeed.

However, she didn't want a diamond ring.

She looked at the price tag, which was as outrageous as she had expected. "I don't really like it," Stella said as she placed it back.

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Weston looked at her.

He clearly saw the excitement in her eyes, but here she was, rejecting it. "Try it if you like it," he persuaded while holding her hands.

“Yes! Try it if you like it!” the salesperson hastily added. “See how it looks on your finger! You have such fair skin and your fingers are long and sleek. I’m sure it’ll look amazing on you! It will bring out your skin tone like nothing else would!”

Stella gritted her teeth and rejected her, “I’m not young anymore, and pink is not a good color for me...” “How are you not young?” Weston caressed her head and found her words hilarious. “What are you if not young?”

He held her hand and directly slipped the ring on her finger. The saleswoman could clearly sense the hesitation in Stella, probably because she saw the price tag and didn’t want to burden the man with such an exorbitant amount. . However, the man looked wealthy and would probably

not hesitate to buy such an expensive ring for her.

The saleswoman was filled with envy at that thought.

“It’s worth every penny indeed! You look great wearing this ring, and pink brings out your skin tone very well! Sir, you have excellent taste!”

The saleswoman had a hidden meaning in her praise: Not only did Weston have an eye for picking rings, but he also had good taste in women, too.

Weston smiled as he turned to Stella. “Do you like it? If you do, let’s get it.”

Stella’s brows furrowed , but she quickly recovered and shook her head with a smile, “I don’t really like this piece

She tried to sound as casual as she could.

Weston stared at her and reached out to caress her head.” Do you not like this piece in particular, or do you not like rings in general?” Instead of responding directly to him, Stella turned around and headed to another display cabinet, “Let’s look at bracelets instead.”

Weston’s eyes darkened as he looked on at her from the back.

* At that moment, the saleswoman was struck by his cold

and distant aura. She was suddenly worried about having done or said something wrong.

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However, Weston immediately collected himself and walked toward Stella. He put his arm around her shoulders and said, "Pick something you like." He suddenly figured out it wasn't that Stella didn't want that ring, but rather, she didn't want him to buy a ring for her.

Both of them kept the unspoken chemistry between them.

After that interlude, they were no longer in the mood to continue shopping. The prices of those jewelry pieces were like peanuts for Weston and was no big deal to him.

In the car.

He wore a thin white silver bracelet on Stella's wrist.

Although it wasn't a ring, at least her hand was no longer bare, and it looked much better to him.

Stella stuck her hand out and let him tinker with the bracelet on her wrist.

Upon seeing that he could not fasten the bracelet, she couldn't help but remind him, "You haven't unlocked the clasp."

. Weston lowered his head and gave the bracelet a better

look, finally noticing a tiny clasp on it. His hands were used to making critical and pivotal Chapter 500

decisions. A simple signature on a document was enough to bankrupt or resurrect a company.

That hand that could change one's destiny, however, was unable to deal with a tiny bracelet. -

Weston coughed.

However, he quickly got the hang of things and managed to figure out how to adjust the bracelet to a suitable length and fasten it on Stella's wrist.

"We didn't manage to find a ring you like. Next time, I'll hire a dedicated designer to design one for you. What would you like?"