

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 541

### Chapter 541

Roger

fell into a long silence. At last, he said, "Sis, have you thought of the consequences of coming here alone?"

After saying that, he glanced at the girl beside him in displeasure. "I said don't follow me and don't meddle in my business!"

Stella could not stand watching Roger's rude attitude towards the girl. She cut him off directly, "You better come out with me now. Right now! Otherwise, don't bother calling me your sister anymore."

Roger shut up at once and followed her dejectedly.

Just as the group was about to leave, Rory suddenly stood up unsteadily. He spat out a mouthful of blood and stopped them.

"Wait!"

"Are you going to leave after beating me?" he said as he spat more blood. "It won't be that easy!"

Rory watched Roger's back viciously. "Hey, I'm talking about you! I saw you vomiting in the toilet earlier. Why? Is it because of these two women?"

He wiped the blood from the corners of his mouth and cursed. "Damn it! You hit me so hard!"

He had watched Roger before and saw him drinking heavily in the bar. After that, a beautiful woman came and stayed with him, but he simply ignored her.

Rory was already upset to see this. Not long after, Stella came looking for him.

Rory was jealous to see Roger surrounded by two gorgeous ladies. "You're helping her out, huh? Saving the day, huh?"

He pushed Roger hard. "Do you know who this territory belongs to?!"

Roger staggered back a few steps, nearly falling. With widened eyes, Stella stepped forward to help him. "Are you okay?"

The girl with them panicked too and hurriedly rushed to him.” Robb, are you okay? Feeling unwell?”

Roger’s face was as white as a sheet, and bullets of sweat rolled down his forehead.

Seeing this, Stella became distressed and angry. “We’re going to the hospital now!”

Roger had been weak of late and was unable to withstand such torture.

“You finally got out of the hospital after so long. Must you ruin your body like this?”

Stella had paid so much for this surgery and recovery. However, it appeared he didn’t cherish his health at all. She was incredibly disappointed in him. “I’m not restricting you from coming to the car, but have you ever thought about your health? You’re unfit to come to places like this!”

Her tone made Roger a little uncomfortable. “I—  
... I just felt a little stressed, so I came to get some air...”

“If you’re facing trouble, you can talk to me directly...”

“Enough! Enough!” Rory interrupted them. “Stop acting like some loving brother and sister here! I hear you. You’re his sister, right?”

He walked to them and smiled a little frivolously. “Not bad. I like girls like your sister ... The one beside you isn’t bad too... How about you choose one and let me have the other?” he said while putting his hand on Roger’s shoulder.

Roger was about to push him away, but people had swarmed up and surrounded them.

Unable to move, Roger glared at Rory angrily.

Rory’s eyes instantly became cold. He rushed to Roger and slapped him. “Don’t be so arrogant!”

Stella’s eyes reddened. She pushed him away, hissing, “Stop! Don’t you dare touch him!”

Roger was her only family. When she saw him getting hurt, only one thought coursed through her mind—she couldn’t let Roger get hurt. She did not want to be alone anymore.

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Stella clenched her fists tightly and looked very protective of Roger. Her aura shocked Rory.

“Are you crazy? I haven’t hit him…”

“Don’t you dare touch him!” Stella’s eyes reddened. She stepped in front of Rory and looked at him from above.

Rory’s heart trembled as he stood up. However, he was relieved to see his men surrounding them.

“You’re just a b\*tch. Who are you to call the shots? Your younger brother came to our bar himself. He even hit me earlier while I asked for your number. Is it necessary?”

Stella took a deep breath to calm down. She glanced at the injury on Rory’s face and said, “Tell me. How much do you want me to pay?”

Rory chuckled. “Pay? This can’t be solved with money.”

He pointed to his mouth. “He knocked out a tooth. What about this?”

“I’ll pay you for the tooth…”

“B\*llshit!” Rory interrupted her rudely. “You only have two choices right now. Either one of you must stay. The other woman can leave. We’ll settle with this…”

“You b\*stard ! I’ll kill you!” Roger clenched his fist and tried to pounce at him.

The girl next to him pulled him and looked at him with a frightened look. “Calm down…”

Stella also turned to him. She hissed sternly, “Stop giving me more troubles!”

Roger froze and looked a little aggrieved.”Sis…”

“I said stay there and don’t move! Don’t make trouble for me!”

In this instance, Stella’s burst of powerful aura did not match her appearance at all. Roger could not refute. He could only look at her with red eyes.

He knew he was at fault. He should not have come to this kind of place alone. Not only that, but he lost his temper and caused more trouble for the people around him.

Stella looked like a fury ball of fire dressed in red. “I guess we have to settle this between us.”

The way she looked at Rory sharply made him feel oppressed. He hesitated a little and stammered, “Al-... Just give me an answer! You and your younger brother are the same!”

“Fine.” Stella cut him off and turned to the girl standing next to Roger. “Can you take him home?”

The girl did not expect Stella to have such a strong aura either. She nodded in a daze, “Okay...”

Roger refused to leave “No, I’m not leaving! I can’t leave you here alone...”

A loud slap sounded. Everyone was stunned to see the woman in red walking straight up at the young man to slap him without hesitation

Stop calling me Sis.”

Stella looked down at him, “I don’t have a younger brother like you.”

“But...”

“No buts. Get lost now! You’re nothing but a burden here!” The harsh words and impatience in her eyes made Roger suffocate for a moment. “Sorry, Sis...”

“If you really feel sorry, you better get out of here now and stop giving me more trouble!”

Roger finally remained silent. He looked at Stella with hurtful eyes.

Stella refused to look in his eyes and turned away. She looked annoyed.

After the girl dragged Roger away, Stella finally breathed a sigh of relief. She turned to Rory and asked, “What do you want?”

Rory was still stunned by her fierce aura earlier. When he heard her voice, he finally returned to his senses and said harshly, “Do you think I’ll let you go after you let your younger brother go?”

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Rory spoke and glanced around at his men, who immediately understood and gathered around Stella.

“Well, since you’re sincere enough to atone for your younger brother’s mistake, I’ll grant you the opportunity...”

Rory smiled mockingly with sheer arrogance on his youthful face. “I don’t need you to pay for any medical bills. I don’t need that kind of money ... How about you stay with me for one night and I’ll let this slide.”

“No way,” Stella rejected him outright and frowned in disgust. “That’s impossible.”

“That’s not up to you...” Rory suddenly approached her with an evil look on his face. “You’re worth more than a medical bill.”

Stella

glared at him sharply and put her hand on the bottle behind her, about to fight them.

Rory, however, noticed her tenseness and spat impatiently, “These are all my men. If you don’t want to suffer, you better behave. I don’t want to hurt a beautiful girl like you...”

He eagerly went up, only to let out an abrupt scream.

“Aaaa!”

Before

he could react, he was already kneeling on one knee, his face distorted in anguish.

Weston solemnly stood behind him and restrained him with one

hand on his head. He held him to the ground, and with a stone cold glare, said, “I see you do need a little compensation for your medical bill.” With his tone heavy and murderous, an air of ruthlessness surrounded him.

Rory did not know where he

had come from. He did not recognize him. He struggled to get up, roaring, “Who the f\*ck are you! Let go of me!”

Weston released his hand and waited until Rory stumbled to his feet. Then, he stomped on him. “Scum,” he cursed coldly.

Weston increased the force and rubbed Rory’s face hard against the ground. Rory screamed out in pain.

“Gaaa—rgh!!! Owwww!”

He instinctively looked at Stella with a face distorted in agony.

However, Stella was staring at Weston, a trace of surprise flashing across her eyes. The group of men, intimidated by his powerful aura, were afraid to step forward.

“Why is there another guy?”

“I don’t know... He’s stepping on Rory. Should we help him?”

“You should go...”

“No, you...”

Still in his usual low-profile black suit, Weston reached up and tugged at his tie before casually putting his priceless wristwatch aside. He was still stepping on Rory’s head with his high-quality handmade leather shoe.

He glanced over the men in the bar. “You can come at me once.”

His tone was contemptuous. It seemed like a different side of him.

Stella stepped forward to stop him. She said with a frown, “Weston, calm down!”

Rory’s men were all here. How could he beat all of them? He might be good, but he certainly couldn’t fight a crowd.

Weston raised his eyes slightly and looked at her, the fury in his eyes still present. However, the moment their gazes met, the flames diminished a little.

“You have to let me vent my anger, or I’ll torment you tonight, hm?” As he spoke, he suddenly curled his lips into a wicked smile.

His cold smile was chillingly murderous. This group of men had pissed him off, and he probably wouldn’t let it slide without doing anything.

Stella had rarely seen such a wicked side of his. To her, he was always arrogant, aloof, and distant. She never thought he could be this angry and irrational.

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Weston’s face turned grim.

He looked like a punisher ready to teach those who offended him a lesson

No one dared to come forward because of his powerful aura. They finally saw his face clearly when he lifted his face and drew a cold breath.

The crowd on the dance floor also looked over.

“Oh, God. He’s so handsome...”

“Did you see the way he fought? He’s so handsome...”

“I didn’t expect him to be so handsome!”

“Is he doing this for his girlfriend?”

“I think so. Rory is always rude to the beautiful ladies in his territory. Finally, someone came to teach him a lesson!”

Indistinct chatters and murmurs rumbled around the room.

Still on the ground, Rory could no longer stand listening to the crowd’s comments about them. He staggered to his feet and warned fiercely, “Do you know who my father is?”

He kept staring at the people around him. When he saw that his cowardly men did not dare to come forward, he roared angrily, “You cowards! My dog is more useful than you!”

At least the dog wouldn’t just watch him get beaten!

His men finally made their move after that. “Where are *you* from? You’d better let go of Rory!” someone from the group shouted at Weston.

Weston’s eyes dimmed. He cast a hard glance at him and repeated himself. “I said, come at me all at once. Do you not understand?”

“F\*ck you! You’re alone! How are you this arrogant?!” one of Rory’s men said. He was about to charge forward.

Since someone took the lead, the other men behind Rory finally had the courage to charge at Weston.

Weston moved quickly. Before the group could react, he dashed straight ahead and pinned the first man to the ground with a flying punch, landing the attack smoothly and fluidly without hesitation.

While everyone was still standing in place, he had already taken down several people.

“I—is he some fighter?!”

“I think he’s a professional fighter ... he couldn’t be so powerful, otherwise!”

“Sh\*t... It’s over... What do we do! Should we retreat?!”

“Are you sure? Rory might get angry!”

“Rory... What should we do now?”

The last guy had no choice but to look at Rory for advice.

Rory saw Weston knock down two of his men easily. The two

men could not even get up, getting punched squarely in their noses. This left him a little intimidated.

Even so, he refused to give up his pride. “There are so many of us here! I believe we can fight him!”

Then, he yelled, “Charge!”

The group took advantage of the chaos and pounced at Weston.

Weston snickered and smiled in contempt. “Since you want to die, I’ll grant your wish.”

His eyes suddenly turned sharp. A man tried to attack him from behind, to which he spontaneously tossed back. Then, he grabbed the bottle on the bar and threw it at Rory.

There was a loud clink.

Rory swiftly dodged behind one of his men and managed to avoid the attack

“He’s bleeding!” someone shouted, causing an even bigger commotion in the bar.

Weston looked back at Stella. “Hide.

After saying that, he went straight to attack the enemy.

The Stella of old would have never imagined Weston getting involved in a group fight in such a place. It was hard to picture his usual noble and arrogant gentleman side with his ruthless moves and powerful body.

He was but a fearless fighter.

At that moment, the cacophony of breaking glass and people talking and wailing blended together into a hum.

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The fight went on on the dance floor accompanied by the unrelenting beat of the music. Somehow, there was a charm to this scene.

Rory saw his men gradually getting knocked out from Weston's punches, and he couldn't stay calm anymore.

"Who the heck is he..."

Rory was upset. However, when he saw that Stella was alone, an idea suddenly flashed in his mind.

"Nobody move!" he shouted after rushing to her without warning.

"Stop! If anyone moves, I'll kill the old b\*tch!"

He put the broken bottle against her neck and hissed fiercely, "If you move again, I'll hurt her face right now!"

Just like he expected, the red-eyed Weston instantly stopped fighting

He turned around coldly and shot Rory with the menacing glare of an enraged bull. The hostility in his eyes almost engulfed him.

"Let her go," he said with his tightly pursed lips. At that moment, his dark eyes were glazed, like black ice on a frozen lake.

Rory believed he could've been stabbed to death if his glare materialized into a physical attack.

"Y-you! Kneel on your knees now!"

With mustered courage, he blurted, "If you kneel and apologize, I'll let her go!"

Rory could tell that Weston was immensely concerned about this woman. As expected, he stopped attacking.

Seeing that, Rory became smug. "Don't you dare move! Aren't you worried about her?"

Weston

wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth. His voice turned even sharper. "Let her go."

Weston's aura intimidated Rory. Even so, he still had Stella in his hands. As he thought of that, he felt slightly relieved.

"I'm not letting her go! So what? You better know when to stop, or I'll..."

"Argh!"

Rory

suddenly stopped in his tracks. Then, with a yowl of pain, he released his grip on her.

Stella could not care less when she saw Weston threatened. She found an ashtray and immediately smashed it on the fatal spot under Rory's abdomen.

"God damn... It f\*cking hurts..." Rory burst into an uncontrollable bawl, unable to return to his senses for a long time.

Stella dropped the ashtray. It fell to the floor and rolled around until it finally stopped right next to Weston's feet.

As she looked up, he was already in front of her.

Weston came against the light. The light of the world shone behind his tall and strong figure.

Stella found this a little dazzling and squinted ever so slightly. In

the next moment, she was pulled into Weston's arms.

"If you're scared, hug me." As Stella fell into a warm embrace, a low, mellow voice came from above,

Weston held her tightly in his strong arms. His embrace was so tight that she could barely breathe.

After a long moment, he finally let her go. "Are you okay??"

"I'm fine..." Stella replied in a low voice.

Before she knew it, Weston suddenly released her, walked to Rory, and slammed his fist right into his face.

Rory didn't even have the time to react.

Weston punched him again. The blow was so hard that Rory barely had the strength to wail.

Rory fell to his knees. Weston had no intention of stopping, however. He walked right up to him and asked, "You touched her earlier. Which hand did you use?"

Rory was so stunned he could barely answer in time.

"Which hand did you use?" Weston repeated his question, this time in a colder tone.

Rory trembled in fear. "1-I..."

He faltered and was unable to speak. Weston sneered. "Since you're silent, it means you used both your hands to touch her."

Rory was still unable to understand the meaning behind his words. Before he could finish speaking, he felt a splitting pain in both arms.

"Aaaaa!"

Rory screamed at the top of his lungs and watched helplessly as Weston broke his arms without hesitation. He snapped his arms so easily, like they were made of clay.

Weston did it so quickly that no one around him could react in time. Before they realized it, Rory had dropped to the floor weakly. With both his arms slumped lifelessly by his side, he looked like he was dead.

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The extreme pain he experienced caused him to run helter skelter.

The man's eyes turned red, and he started cursing. "You slut! I'll ask my father to kill the two of you! Trust me, I... .."

Then he saw the handsome man in front of him snigger.

He was a very good-looking man. Disregarding the way he had just fought, he was undoubtedly more handsome than many popular male stars.

The indifferent smile he wore only made him look even more sinister.

Weston smiled, squatted down in front of him, and patted his face. "Kid, didn't your father teach you that careless talk leads to trouble?"

Rory gaped at him, eyes widened. Before he could say anything, he felt a sharp pain in his chin.

"Argh... Ow..."

This time, he couldn't even make a sound.

Everything he wanted to say was stuck in his throat. Only his mouth was open, and he was drooling funnily.

Disgusted, Weston withdrew his hand but not the force he exerted on his foot. "Repeat what you just said." "Wh-What?"

"Are you interested in my woman?"

Daring not to say anything, Rory could only keep shaking his head. "No, I wouldn't dare.."

The man's face had become very gloomy.

When Stella realized that someone might actually get killed, she reacted and ran to Weston quickly. "Weston, let's just leave this place."

The man looked down and met her gaze.

Her gaze was firm, but there were remnants of pleas in it.

Sensing her fear, he loosened his grip. "Are you scared?"

He returned to his indifferent self and wiped his fingertips with a tissue with movements so graceful it was as if he hadn't just dislocated the arms and jaw of a man.

"Don't worry. I'm in control." He seemed to be reassuring Stella.

But when he turned to Rory, he was not so patient anymore. His face only showed mockery and ruthlessness.

"I shall teach you a lesson about things your father never teaches you."

He threw the tissue to Rory and condescendingly stared at him. "I never teach for free. Go back and tell your father that if he wants to pay, he can check the surveillance footage and come to me directly."

Rory's mouth was full of blood. The tissue landed right over his face. He had been beaten so many times tonight that he was unable to even move. He could only grunt in pain to show he was alive.

Weston took Stella by the arm without looking at him and brought her out of the bar.

It was a frigid night.

On the pavement, she stumbled behind him. "Weston..."

Weston ignored her.

Stella was still wearing the evening dress and high heels from the party, making her look a lot like an enchantress.

However, her voice, as delicate as it usually was, was muffled by the wind

Weston walked straight to the black Cullinan in front of them as if he did not hear her. He opened the car door and pushed her into the car.

"Get in.

With just two words, he made his intention clear.

Without saying anything, she got into the car.

In the car.

The man's face was frighteningly stony.

She knew that she was in the wrong, but her mind was on Roger

at the moment. Thus, unable to spare some concern about the *injury* on the man's face, she simply pulled out her phone to check on Roger's current condition. Stella: Roger, are you alright?

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The person on the other end replied quickly.

"Stella? I am Robb's classmate..."

"How's he? Is he alright? Is he sick again?"

Her anxious voice drew Weston's attention. His lips curled in mockery at the thought of her actually thinking of another man after he'd fought for her like this. She hadn't even bothered to look at him.

His calloused thumb brushed the corner of her lips, while he

The woman on the other end of the phone sensed something. "Stella, are you with someone else? Are you still with the red-haired man?"

Roger snatched his phone from his classmate before she could say anything.

He sounded worried. "Don't move an inch, Stella. I'm coming right now!"

"Don't!" She stopped him immediately and glanced at Weston, "I'm already out. Everything has been taken care of."

She winked at the man, telling him not to make a sound.

Roger was on the other end of the phone, and she didn't

want him to notice that she was with Weston.

"Really?" He was skeptical but asked out of concern of Stella being in the bar, "Stella, is something holding you back? You can simply say the codeword, and I will call the police, alright?"

He was really worried about her.

Not only did Stella see him as his only family member, but he was also who sustained her.

It was the same for him. Stella was the meaning of his life.

"I am fine, really..."

"Don't worry. I have taken care of the matters over there," Stella said helplessly. "Rest well, and don't worry about it. I'll meet you tomorrow."

"No. You must let me see you first. Tell me where you are."

Stella paused for a moment.

She was in the car, and Weston was right behind her, so naturally, she couldn't turn on the camera.

“Roger, listen to me. I am busy now. You just need to know that I have taken care of it. Don’t make it hard for me, okay?”

“Stella...”

Roger began to hesitate.

The most important thing was that he remembered the slap

she gave him earlier. She said that he became a burden each time he misbehaved.

He was scared that he might drag her down again.

Amid the deadlock , Weston suddenly leaned closer to her.

She took a deep breath and felt a warm embrace from the back and his breath against her ear. He approached her neck and started kissing her slowly.

The tingling she felt was electrifying, and goosebumps immediately sprouted on her skin.

Finally, he stopped at her tiny earlobe. Nibbling on her earring, he said, “Hang up the phone.”

He lowered his volume to the lowest he could, almost talking in an airy voice. “It’s okay if you keep talking. I don’t mind him hearing...”

After saying that, his lips started moving downward, attempting to remove the thin red strap on her shoulder.

Things were getting out of control

“Hello? Stella?”

Roger’s call snapped her back to her senses. “I will go to you tomorrow. You better think about how you’re going to explain why you were at the bar.”

After that, she hung up the phone.

Just as the phone beeped, Weston’s warmth engulfed her from the back like a passionate wave that overwhelmed her entire body. “Stella, you look gorgeous tonight,” Weston cooed.

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Fortunately, Stella hung up the phone right before he made his voice heard.

When she turned her head, she met his smiling eyes. His voice was low and loving, but his gaze was unmistakably clear.

At that moment, Stella realized that he was just playing a trick on her

To make her anxious.

"You are so annoying," she reacted immediately and pushed him away while shooting him a cold look and looking away in silence.

Weston hugged her from the back and rested his chin on her shoulder. "You care a lot about that brother of yours, though."

It was not his first time saying this. She sensed the threat from the voice and frowned. "He is my family! You can't be so „ unreasonable."

His eyes were dark.

He had not said anything yet, but she was already worried about what he would do to Roger.

His face remained the same when he brushed her hair away on her cheek and fiddled it between his fingers. "In your

eyes, am I so unreasonable that I'd harm your brother?"

Stella did not say anything but her silence was enough of an answer.

The man suddenly chuckled.

His laugh seemed plain, but it somehow made her heart tighten.

"What are you going to do with that man?"

“Which man?” He let go of her and leaned back, raising the back of his hand to block the light in front of him.

That was the image she saw when she looked at him again.

The man’s vest was open and his white shirt was unbuttoned. Perhaps the fight had creased it up a bit, yet he did not look at all disheveled. Instead, he looked charming in an evil way.

“Raise the partition,” he moved his thin lips and commanded.

The chauffeur responded immediately and raised the partition

Only the two were left in the space, and they could clearly feel each other’s breathing.

Stella felt out of breath every time she was alone with Weston,

Plus, after what happened in the bar...

After thinking about it, she took the initiative to sit beside him. “For what happened tonight... I’m sorry for the trouble.”

He suddenly put his hand down and looked at her calmly.” What trouble did you cause me? Tell me.”

She paused for a moment, confused by his attitude. But she still answered honestly, “Roger is always a bit impulsive. I apologize on his behalf.”

“What do you take me for, apologizing on his behalf?”

“He is my family...”

“What about me?”

Weston suddenly reached out and cupped her chin with a slowly increasing force. “Am I an outsider to you?”

The man was suddenly no longer as light-hearted as before. His eyes were gloomy.

She struggled subconsciously, not knowing exactly what she had done to anger him.

“Let go of me!”

But it was this struggle that annoyed him even more.

Gritting his teeth, he held her on top of himself and kissed

her

The rear seats of the vast Cullinan was incredibly spacious it was like what he said-a convenient spot to get many things done.

Things were, on the other hand, quite the opposite for Stella, who felt incredibly claustrophobic as she was being held on his lap.

She tried to ask him to release her, but he took advantage of the moment and conquered her mouth, and she could only utter a single-syllable murmur.

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“Mmph...”

He kissed her with the passion of a thousand burning suns.

Stella opened her eyes and stared down at his that were closed. When she looked down, she could see how he was meticulously kissing her.

As if everything was unimportant, kissing her seemed the

She wanted to push his shoulders away, but he held her hands that rested on his shoulders with one hand and put them above her head.

His kiss moved away from her lips but did not leave her skin as they worked their way down her chin.

Seeing that things were about to get out of hand, she suddenly tightened her grip on his shoulders and pushed him away. “I’m a little tired...”

The man looked at her in dissatisfaction . He was always a little colder than usual when he was interrupted. “Weren’t you very energetic when you were concerned about Roger ?”

His husky voice that so clearly voiced his dissatisfaction rang in her ears,

She was stunned, thinking how unreasonable he was at that

moment. “Of course, I would be concerned if he was hurt in that situation...”

“I’m hurt too,” interrupted Weston.

He pulled her hands and put them on his face. "Why haven't I heard a single word from you asking about me?" –

She was unsure of his attitude just now, but now, it had dawned upon her-he was asking for her attention.

Stella was speechless for a moment and simply looked at him, reminded of the year they were married. She would walk on eggshells around Weston no matter what he was doing.

Even if it was just a mild cold, she would be on edge and kept observing the changes in his body. She would ask him if he felt uncomfortable when he knitted his brows.

Every move he made swayed her heart.

Weston was injured when he shielded her and confronted many people in the bar. But Stella's mind was all about how Roger was doing now, not even caring about him.

Worse, she was now worried about whether he would kill that red-haired man.

"Are you accusing me now?" she asked, speaking her mind.

The man froze for a moment. "I am only warning you."

He tightened his embrace.

Knowing she had hit the nail, she began seriously examining the man.

"You like me, don't you?"

Stella always thought she was merely his pet, but he now seemed to be showing signs that he might have fallen for

her.

How ironic.

When she gave him all of his heart and wanted to spend the rest of her life with him, Weston scorned her-he lied, deceived her, and turned her into a wedge between him and Guinevere.

When the kidnapper made him choose between the two, he abandoned her without hesitation and left her to face death alone.

He was such a cold blooded man, but when he finally fell in love with her, her heart was already like dead ashes.

The man's body stiffened for a second but relaxed soon after. He ruffled her hair and looked into her eyes. "I won't sleep with someone I hate." 1

She laughed suddenly. She was laughing, but her eyes were not, and so were her lips. It did not show much of an arc more like mockery or self-deprecation.

He held her waist. "What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing." Stella looked at him and felt that it was just funny.

"Apparently, those words are true," she said, her tone light. "A man clearly distinguishes between like and dislike, and he can be very casual with what he likes..."

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 550**

### **Chapter 550**

Outside the car, the wind blew with a fury, emitting faint howls and a low, eerie, roar.

Not a sound could be heard inside the car.

The moment Stella said that, the two fell so silent they could hear each other's breathing.

After a long time, the car arrived at the Stardust Mansion.

Before getting out, she heard the man's voice coming from her side when she put her hand on the door handle.

"Sit there and don't move."

Upon hearing that, she withdrew her hand.

He got out first and headed over to her side so he could open the car door and carry her out of the car.

"Ah!"

She exclaimed in surprise and hugged his neck out of instinct when she felt nothing under her feet.

She looked at his serious side profile -he did not seem to mind her subtle resistance.

"This dress gets wrinkled a lot," Stella reminded softly.

She was telling him that she wanted to come down and

walk on her own.

He swept a glance at her, as if not understanding her hint, and said, "It's just a dress."

Only then did she let go of her hand.

Once returning to the villa, he put her on the couch and went straight to the second floor.

She sank into the couch, not wanting to move.

After thinking about it, she sent a message to Roger to tell him that she was safe, then she left her phone on the table and closed her eyes in exhaustion.

Maybe because many things happened today, she started dreaming.

She dreamed of many years ago –

She dreamed of the time when her mom and dad died. It was the darkest moment of her life.

It was a gloomy day, just like tonight. Before long, it was raining heavily

Five years ago, in Ahn City,

The rain got heavier and heavier and Stella was the only one left at the tomb

Her face was clean, but her eyes were red with tears mixed

with the rainwater.

With a raspy voice, she said, "Father, mother, I will take care of myself, don't worry."

After that, she placed a daisy in front of the grave. Finally, she took a deep breath and left.

The churchyard was silent.

Roger was devastated by the death of his parents and was still in the hospital room, so she had to take on all the responsibility

"Uncle Michael? Aunt Diana?" she yelled and frowned. "Why aren't they here?"

Stella's parents were the most successful among the Sealeys. They were usually very helpful to their relatives so they had a good relationship. After her parents passed away, it was Michael and Diana busy taking care of her.

Diana had gone out for an emergency, so it was Michael accompanying Stella now.

It was not until two hours ago that he hurried back to the hotel, saying that he wanted to give her time to say goodbye to her parents for the last time.

Stella frowned and walked down the hallway with her cell phone. When she was about to call him, she suddenly heard a vague sound coming from another doorway.

“Mi- Michael, be gentle...” “Huh, you don’t like me to be rough?”