

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 61

### Chapter 61

The woman yelled out curses as the car receded into the distance. Stella looked away. She was about to leave when she heard the woman shouting at her.

“Hey! What’s your name?”

Stella paused her steps. She turned around and looked at the woman but said nothing.

“Why are you all alone in such a place?” the woman continued, not minding that Stella didn’t answer her question. “Hmph! I bet you got dumped by a scumbag just like me, didn’t you?”

Stella raised her brows. The woman wasn’t wrong... She shrugged wearily.

“Do you want to walk home together?” Stella asked.

“No,” the woman shook her head. “It’s your lucky day. I just called someone to pick me up. You can come along with us.”

Stella gave it a good thought before she finally agreed.

“Thank you,” she said earnestly.

“Oh, don’t worry about it. We’re in the same boat, after all! Dry your eyes, sister. Let’s never get involved with scumbags, ever again!”

“Yes,” Stella laughed. “I agree!”

Meanwhile, in the car on the road ahead, the so-called scumbag Xavier Ford glanced at the angry woman through the rearview mirror and tugged at his collar nonchalantly. Sounds of rapid wind filled his ears. He picked up his phone and called a number.

“This is the first time you ever asked for my help, and it’s all for a woman,” he said. “Aren’t you worried that Guinevere would blow up if she finds out?”

“Thanks for helping,” the man on the other side replied simply before hanging up.

Xavier snorted at the beeping dial tone.

“Should’ve shown more respect for your uncle, kid!” he grumbled as he tossed his phone aside.

As he turned the steering wheel, he suddenly thought of the woman he had just met, and his expression turned mischievous. He'd heard of the woman who committed suicide, but when he tried to investigate the matter, he found that all information about Stella Sealey had been completely wiped clean. The culprit was obvious. But he couldn't find any news about her anywhere in Ahn City either, so he thought she must've died and left it at that.

But then, who was that woman that he had just met? All these years, his nephew had never messed around with women before. The only woman in his life had always just been Guinevere Cohen. So what was it with his sudden change recently? There was even that mysterious unknown woman that suddenly popped up...

It was already dark when Stella finally got home. Just as she stepped through the door, she saw Roger preparing to go out.

"Where are you going?" she asked, a little alarmed.

Roger's tense body completely relaxed when he saw Stella. "Where have you been?" he asked. "I've been worried to death!"

Roger heaved a long sigh of relief before continuing, "I went to the training center to find you, but they told me that you left long ago, so I came back home, but you're not here either. I thought that something happened again..."

Ever since the kidnapping, Stella had always been back home on time every day. If she was even slightly late, Roger would instantly grow concerned and get antsy, fearing the worst. That horrible incident had been hanging over the two siblings like a dark, heavy cloud, but they never talked about it because they were afraid of upsetting each other.

Stella's eyes reddened, and the tears welled up. She stepped towards Roger and rested her head on her brother's shoulder.

"Something happened again, didn't it?" Roger asked as he gently patted his sister's back. "It's all going to be okay, Sis. You still have me by your side." Roger was right, thought Stella. She still had him. At the very least, she still had one family member who loved her.

"Everything's fine, Roger," she assured him, looking up at him with a smile. "Come on, let's eat out tonight!"

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### **Chapter 62**

The Ford mansion.

Guinevere had just gotten the report. She turned each page slowly, scrutinizing each and every word.

They really were two different people. But how was that possible? It was indeed an outcome that she had hoped for, but it was all too outlandish. But still, everything had been spelled out in black and white, in the report in front of her, so it had to be true.

Guinevere sighed in relief. Thank goodness she wasn't that woman. Thank goodness Ella Steele was just Ella Steele after all.

As long as she wasn't Stella Sealey, she would pose no threat to her. She was just a woman who looked like Stella, that was all. Nothing to be worried about.

"What are you doing?" Weston asked, appearing seemingly out of nowhere just as she sighed. Guinevere's heart skipped a beat but she managed to stay calm and show no emotions. "Nothing," she replied, getting up and pretending to be tidying up the desk. "I was just reading my scripts."

Weston usually showed no interest in her work, but as luck would have it, he seemed curious today and started walking towards her. As his footsteps approached, the tension in Guinevere's body rose. She swiftly hid the report under a stack of paper, but Weston was already standing behind her.

"Has the filming started?" he asked.

Guinevere nodded.

"The investors and the producers are having a discussion about the script so I might as well do some preparations myself since I have nothing else to do anyway."

Guinevere had a good reputation in the entertainment industry, and it was a reputation that didn't come from nowhere.

Weston said nothing, but his gaze moved from Guinevere's face to the stack of paper on the desk.

"Zack's awake," he said, before turning around and leaving the room.

Guinevere's countenance darkened as she watched Weston walk away. After sitting in silence for a while, she finally followed him out of the room. Before she closed the door, she glanced at the report on the desk one last time.

In the living room downstairs, Zack was crying noisily. Perhaps he had caught a cold last night when he was outside and had gotten ill – his temperature was still quite high even after some medication.

The nanny had tried everything but he still wouldn't stop crying. Even Wendy couldn't sleep because of the noise—she carried Zack in her arms and paced around the living room trying to calm him down. “You two!” she barked the moment she saw Weston and Guinevere. “Your son has been crying

all night and you've done absolutely nothing! How could you be so calm and do nothing about it! Have you forgotten that you're his parents?”

A wave of shame and regret flashed across Guinevere's face.

“Here,” she said as she rushed up towards Wendy. “Let me take him.”

But just as Wendy handed Zack over to Guinevere, the boy bawled even louder, as if unwilling to part with Wendy. Guinevere looked embarrassed and didn't know what to do.

Seeing this, Wendy frowned and impatiently said, “Give him to me!”

The moment Zack was in Wendy's arms, his wailing instantly subsided. Guinevere could do nothing but watch them silently on the side, though her mind was fraught with complicated feelings. “Did you get the doctor?” Weston asked as he walked toward Wendy.

“Of course I did!” Wendy replied. “The doctor said he's caught a cold. Kids are like this whenever they're sick, so there's nothing to worry about.” Weston nodded and said nothing more. As Zack's crying had now almost completely stopped, Wendy quickly handed him to Weston.

“Don't you want to try?” she asked.

Weston very rarely ever carried Zack. Although he did take the time out to see him frequently, he remained aloof and distant from the child overall.

Having nothing to do, the nanny suddenly said, “Would you look at that! He's stopped crying the minute he's in his father's arms! Say, he really does look a lot like Mr. Ford, doesn't he?”

Those words pleased Guinevere to no end.

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Guinevere grinned happily and gazed at Weston, then at Zack. “Really?” she asked. “I wouldn't have noticed it if you didn't mention it! Do they really look alike?”

“Of course they do!” replied the nanny, nodding repeatedly. “They’re father and son, after all!

Guinevere was visibly overjoyed by this.

Meanwhile, Wendy stared at her son and studied his face closely.

“No,” she suddenly said. “I don’t think he looks that much like Weston. He looks more like his grandfather!”

Those words silenced the whole room. The air grew instantly tense. Only Wendy seemed oblivious and kept playing with Zack’s eyebrows.

“Look at these thick eyebrows,” she continued, “and these dark eyes! You look just like Grandpa, don’t you, darling?”

Weston turned dead silent. His Adam’s apple moved, but he said nothing. His eyes were more piercing now than ever, but he wasn’t looking at Zack and much less Guinevere. They were, however, glued to his mother’s face, searching for the smallest trace of anomaly. But she seemed completely normal—just like any other grandmother doting on her young grandson—all happy and kind.

It was a rare occasion that day because everyone in the family was home, though Chris had gotten home late. Nevertheless, he was still the head of the family, and he needed to act the part.

After dinner, the women crowded around Zack, doting on and playing with him. Weston glanced at his father, and he immediately understood his intention. The two slid out of the house and went to a private corner of the garden.

Chris spoke first.

“You’ve been doing very well at work lately,” he praised. “The directors at the company told me that you were so good in the last project that our competitors were practically squashed. How did you manage to convince those people and get that piece of land?” Weston rubbed his temples. “I didn’t ask you here to talk about these things.”

“What is it, then?” Chris’s face turned somber. “Did something happen?”

“Are you sure Mom has absolutely no idea about that matter?” Weston asked, looking straight into his father’s eyes.

Chris was momentarily confused about what Weston referred to as “that matter,” but he soon understood. His face was now ashen.

"I've told you a thousand times that your mother must never know about this!" he bellowed. "She will never be able to handle the blow!"

"It was today that she said that Zack looks a lot like his Grandpa," Weston interrupted his father with mockery flashing in his eyes. Those words caused tension to simmer between the two to a critical point. Chris looked horrified, as though he had just swallowed a fly. "You'd better make sure Mom absolutely doesn't know about this," Weston added curtly. "Otherwise...."

He didn't finish his sentence, perfectly sure that his father understood what he meant. He turned around to go back inside, but his father suddenly called out to him. "You've really been through a wringer because of this matter..." Chris said. Weston made no reply.

"But no matter what, Zack is still a member of the Ford family," Chris went on. "You should hurry and marry Guinevere. Soon, you'll have your own child with her..."

"She can't have more than one child because of her medical condition," Weston interrupted bluntly. "You should've known. You wouldn't have begged me to marry her otherwise."

Chris writhed uncomfortably. Weston was right. Guinevere could only have one child, so the Cohen family would not be satisfied if she didn't get married.

Weston turned and left, not in the mood to enjoy the sight of his father in distress. His heart

grew heavy with his own words still ringing in his ears.

There was someone else who could only have one child.

Weston remembered how Stella begged him tearfully to let her keep her child. He closed his eyes, but all he saw was the sight of her falling down the building. It had caused him to fall into a pit of despair.

Weston stopped abruptly in his tracks. It felt as if someone had just stabbed him in the heart.

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Weston finally took a few steps forward and heard laughter coming from a distance. "Did you argue with your dad again?"

It was Xavier, who had seemingly come out of nowhere. His eyes shone with sly cunning as he patted the dust off his clothes. The son of a wealthy family and pampered his whole life, there

s a sense of general presumptuousness in his gestures. It was apparent he had never been afraid of anyone.

“You b\*stard!” he snapped. “I did you such a big favor, and you dared to hang up on me?!”

Weston merely glanced at him and kept walking,

He had always been calm and unbothered by anything. Although Xavier was his uncle, he was nothing but another man to Weston.

Xavier followed Weston quickly behind him.

“I was serious about the question I asked on the phone,” he told Weston. “When did you start to like messing around with women? And what about that woman on the road? Who is she?”

Weston stopped abruptly and turned to Xavier.

“Let’s make a deal,” he said.

Xavier Ford might’ve looked friendly, but hiding beneath that jovial smile was a sly, old fox. After managing to snag a large sum of money from Weston, he quickly disappeared as if he was a puff of smoke.

Weston was not in a bad mood right now, so he hopped into his car and drove to a place far

away from home.

Fern City was no longer foreign to him. No one, not even the locals, was more familiar than he was with the route Stella would take every day from her house to her workplace.

He turned a corner and parked his car across the road from a small restaurant. A vast tree blocked his car from view, concealing it in a shroud of darkness.

Weston gazed at the apartment building across the road. He noticed that a specific room that was supposed to have lights on was utterly dark. His brows furrowed.

Where could she have gone, so late in the evening?

He retracted his gaze and picked up his phone. Just as he was about to make a call, his eyes fell on someone in the restaurant on the opposite side of the road...

Stella was there with two other men. She was dressed comfortably in casual clothes. There were a few glasses of beer in front of them, and they seemed to be engaged in a lively conversation. They were all wearing disposable gloves that were stained with reddish oil.

Stella wasn't eating anything, though. In fact, she appeared to have left the food in front of her completely untouched. All she did was take a few sips of her drink every once in a while. On the other hand, the two men opposite her were fully enjoying the food.

Weston recognized

one of them as Stella's brother, Roger, but the other man was completely foreign to him. Looking rather senior and with a pair of gold glasses, his gentle demeanor seemed out of place in the rowdy restaurant.

Weston stepped out of the car. He lit a cigarette and leaned against the car door, staring into the restaurant from afar. As it burned slowly between his fingers, a tiny ember of light glowed in the darkness

Stella listened quietly to the two men, her face showing utmost patience. Weston could only see her silhouette, but from what he could see, she looked calm and totally at peace. Her two slender legs were exposed, along with her delicate ankles and the pair of white sandals she was wearing

Weston couldn't make out what Stella had heard, but she suddenly laughed heartily, with her eyes dazzling. Stella looked radiant when she laughed, like a glimmer of pure light that radiated amidst the cacophony of urban decay.

As the unknown man spoke, he would occasionally glance at Stella with a particular look in his eyes. Weston was far from a naive boy, and he knew exactly what that look meant. Having known and interacted with a million people, it took him no time to figure out the sort of intentions the man harbored.

He flicked off the ashes from his cigarette and exhaled a puff of smoke. His inky eyes were now gloomy.

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At the same time, Stella thought the conversation between the two men was fascinating and amusing, so she couldn't help but laugh. There really was nothing more to it.

But when the man in front of her caught sight of her joyous chuckles, he lost a little self control and just stared at her. Even Roger, who was beside him, noticed it.

“Professor Hall,” he said with a frown. “Why are you staring at my sister?”

The man came back to his senses, then looked at Stella apologetically.

“I’m sorry,” he told her.

Stella’s smile vanished. She glared at her brother before snapping, “Don’t be rude!”

Stella then sat straight and turned to the man in front of her.

“Thank you for watching out for us, Professor Hall,” she said. “Please, allow me to settle the bill for this meal.”

She had planned to go for a walk with her brother, but they unexpectedly bumped into Roger’s college professor. Roger had taken a few semesters off due to his illness, and it was Justin Hall that helped catch up to the course, along with supporting him in other ways. Because of this, Stella had gotten to know him quite well. He left a good impression on her. She never expected Roger to get as much assistance and support as he did in high school. Still, surprisingly, Justin Hall had been very attentive and helpful, asking her if Roger encountered problems in his studies or personal life. Naturally, this had earned Justin Hall considerable respect from Stella. But that little incident just now made Stella feel a little wary. She now suspected if Justin indeed had other intentions.

“No,” Justin refused with a smile, showing no sign of embarrassment. “I’m your brother’s professor! How can I let my own student pay for my meal? I insist on paying.”

“But it’s just a simple meal,” Stella interrupted.

“No. I insist.”

With a natural and practiced motion, Justin put on a new pair of disposable gloves, peeled off a shrimp’s shell, and placed it on Stella’s plate. “It’s still early,” he added. “Why don’t we go for a walk by the river after eating?”

Stella glanced at her brother, and they exchanged glances.

“I’m sorry, Professor Hall...” she shook her head politely.

Justin seemed to understand something. He frowned a little before chuckling lightly.

“It seems that you’ve misunderstood something,” he stated.

Stella was dumbfounded.

“I was staring at you just now simply because I thought you looked really pretty in that brief moment,” he explained. “But it was simply an appreciation of your beauty, nothing more. I have no other intentions. I’m really sorry if I made you uncomfortable. I won’t do it again.”

Now that he put it that way, Stella was truly stumped and didn’t know what to say. Having noticed how awkward things were, Justin tried to make things right. “I just remembered that I’ve got some work to do,” he told them. “I’m afraid I must send you home after the meal.”

Justin had intended to take the two siblings to a nicer restaurant, but he knew them well enough to know that they’d only agree to go with him if he took them to a more humble restaurant like this one. At that moment, Roger suddenly put down his knife and fork and announced with a deflated voice, “I’m full.”

Roger used to like Justin very much, but with that incident, it was apparent that he had taken a fancy to his sister. He wasn’t sure how to feel about this, but it certainly did leave a bad taste in his mouth.

Now that Roger had said that, the meal naturally had to come to an end. Justin subsequently sent the two siblings off back to their apartment building. After Roger and Stella had gone up to their rooms, he stood downstairs for a while before getting into his car and driving off. None of them noticed the expensive luxury car parked under the tree opposite the restaurant. It was still there even after Justin left. A small scattering of cigarette butts lay on the ground near the car.

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A confusing mixture of emotions had arisen in Weston’s heart. He leaned on the car door and stared at the man who had walked Stella and Roger to their apartment building but did not go up with them. He tugged at his collar, allowing himself to breathe more easily. When he saw that the lights in the room upstairs were on, he tossed his cigarette away. He hopped into his car, picking up his phone immediately once he got inside. “I need the background information of a man,” he ordered.

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The door slammed shut with a loud bang. Stella couldn’t surmise what Roger was feeling from his expressions. She followed him quietly into the living room and sat on the sofa.

Roger had been hanging his head low all the while. Then suddenly, he raised up his head and turned to his sister.

“Do you like Professor Hall, Sis?” he asked.

“What did you just say?!” Stella responded in shock. Roger said nothing. He sat next to his sister and leaned on her shoulder. He was about six feet tall, and when he leaned on his sister like that, he looked like a big bear leaning against a little rabbit for support. “What kind of man do you like, Sis?” he asked again. Stella realized then that Roger had been overthinking. “Don’t worry, Roger,” she assured him. “There’s absolutely nothing going on between your professor and me.” “It didn’t look like Professor Hall thought the same way, though...” “Don’t you remember what he said?” Stella asked with a smile. “He merely thought that I looked pretty, that’s all. Your sister isn’t so irresistible that any man who sees me would fall for me, you know?” “Well, I don’t care what other people think,” Roger argued earnestly. “To me, you’re the prettiest woman in the world!”...

Stella knew that her brother was just flattering her. Nonetheless, those words still cheered her up a lot.

“Don’t worry about all these things, Roger,” she told him. “Just focus on your studies. He’s still your professor, you know, so you must be respectful. Understood?” “I know all that, but if he really does fancy you, i definitely won’t forgive him!” replied Roger, who felt a slight headache coming on. “Won’t forgive him?” countered Stella. “And what will you do, huh? So what if he does like me? It’s not like he’ll ever make a move.”

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Stella sighed, then added, “You said it before, didn’t you? You’re an adult now, and you can’t be brash and do whatever you want. I know you mean well, but we may not always be able to bear the consequences of your impulsiveness.”

Roger’s lips quivered. He recalled when he almost hurt Guinevere when he saw Weston accompany her to the hospital for a maternity check-up. It was his sister who bore the grave consequences of his action.

Stella had been so patient with him. Ever since their parents died, it was her who had been the one to shoulder all the responsibilities in supporting their family.

Roger closed his eyes. "I'm sorry, Sis," he said in a trembling voice. "You've really been through so much because of

me »

Stella went back to work as usual. It was as if the appearance of Weston and Guinevere was nothing but a fading memory. Soon, her life gradually went back to normal.

Yvonne had just got back from a business trip, and the first thing she did was to find Stella. "I heard Guinevere came here to see you," she inquired. "Did she give you any trouble?" "No," Stella shook her head. "She just invited me to have a cup of coffee with her, and she told me all about the woman who looked exactly like me."

"What?!" Yvonne gasped, her expression instantly changing. "What's wrong with her?! But you're not Stella! How dare she take out her anger for Stella on you!"

Although Yvonne sometimes confused Ella with Stella, she still respected the fact that they were two different people and made sure not to treat them as if they were the same person. "Don't worry," Stella assured Yvonne. "She hasn't been back ever since. Besides, after the day she came here, the parents all lined up to have their children learn dancing with me. I've made a lot of money because of her, so I should be thanking Guinevere if anything!" "I'm glad you look at it that way," Yvonne sighed in relief. "I was worried you'd be upset."

"Why should I be upset about making money? I'm overjoyed!"

Yvonne laughed.

"Well, you're in luck again today," Yvonne continued. "There's something else that might cheer you up even more."

"Really?"

"Yeah! We just launched a new private tutoring service. You'll be able to make double or even triple the money you make teaching classes at the training center. You can check it out if you have the time."

That day, before going home, Stella contacted the person in charge of the private tutoring service right away. Since Yvonne was the head of the company, she wouldn't be involved in trivial administrative matters like this, although she would sometimes help make things much easier for Stella.

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After getting the client's contact, Stella immediately made a call. It was answered by a middle aged man. He sounded very polite as he made an appointment to meet with Stella.

"Would you like me to meet with your child before the lesson starts?" Stella asked. Usually, she would have a trial class with her prospective pupil before setting up the proper curriculum for them. It was quite an elaborate process, but parents who could afford to send their kids to classes at a training center like the one she worked at were generally wealthy. This was especially true for those who requested private tutoring, signifying they had their own ballroom at home.

"No," the man replied after a long pause. It sounded as if he was busy. "There's no need for that. I'll interview you first. If you pass, we'll discuss more."

"Okay," Stella responded politely. "And what time would you like to meet? What kind of information should I prepare..."

"My secretary will send you an email," the man interrupted. "You'll get all the details there. Just be sure you arrive at the designated place on time."

The man then hung up the phone.

Soon afterward, Stella received a new email.

"Lowe Garden..."

Stella paused. Why would the client want to meet her there?

She didn't think much of it, though. She looked at the time, packed her things, and called a taxi to the appointed place.

Lowe Garden. The outside sign indicated that it was a hotel, but it was an exclusive club with tight security that catered to rich people.

There were many entertainment activities here, but they were only available to the club members. Regular folk never got a chance to get in unless they had an appointment or if they had a referral from a club member.

This place wasn't exactly wholesome and safe, being a playground for wealthy young men where dubious happenings would ensue, but security here was tighter than most hotels. Stella had to contact the secretary when she arrived before she was allowed to get in.

But then she instantly got a bad feeling when she got inside. There were only two or three people in the lobby. They were sitting on the sofa, chatting rowdily with each other. When they heard her coming in, they all turned towards her in unison.

"Is she the one?" one of them asked.

"I guess so," a middle-aged man replied. "She's wearing the right clothes, and she's pretty too

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The man turned to his companion beside him and added, "So you've changed your taste in women, huh? So you like prim and proper women now?" Stella's eyes widened in horror and she quickly turned to the secretary behind her.

"I'm here for an interview as a dance teacher!" she quickly said.

The secretary smiled at the two men, then whispered to Stella, "That's enough! There's no need to pretend anymore! We're all adults here. Just entertain those two gentlemen, and you can get whatever you want!"

"But... you've made a mistake!" Stella insisted, but the color drained from her face all the same. "I really am here for an interview!"

"Why are you still standing there?" the middle-aged man waved at Stella. "Come here! Let me take a good look at you!"

The other man was quite hesitant, though.

"Mr. Ford will be here soon," he said. "He never liked having girls around... don't you think this is a little presumptuous of us?" "Doesn't like girls?!" the middle-aged man huffed. "Do you seriously believe that? Maybe he's just got expensive taste and looks down on most women!"

The two men chuckled. Stella balled her fists and said nothing. She turned around and was about to leave. "Hey, where do you think you're going?!" Stella hastened her steps and shoved the door open. As she stepped out, she bumped head-on into the arms of a man...

Weston glared down at the woman who had just dropped into his arms. He thought she was someone the others had arranged for him, so he impatiently pushed her away.

"Get out of my way," he hissed.

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### Chapter 68

Stella froze the second she heard that familiar voice. Not only that, but a familiar scent filled her nose. It was the same refreshing scent that had once accompanied her every

night when she was with Weston. She lowered her head, making sure not to look at the man in front of her. After being pushed away, she quickly leaned onto the wall behind her to steady herself. With her head down, she continued to walk ahead, trying to leave the place. Unfortunately, the secretary did not give her that chance. She clawed at her wrist and dragged her back towards Weston.

“Apologize to Mr. Ford!” she demanded. “I’m so sorry, Mr. Ford! She’s new here, so she’s still a bit clueless. Come on! What are you waiting for? Apologize!”

Weston did not even look at her. He merely tugged on his collar with annoyance. With his white shirt flowing down his torso and tied casually at the waistline, he emitted a kind of noble aura that was out of place in Lowe Garden. Everyone’s eyes seemed glued onto him even as he was just standing there. Everyone, except Stella. She kept her sights on the ground, never looking at Weston. “I’m sorry,” she said in a low voice before trying to leave in a hurry. She tried her best not to attract any attention, but in the end, it was her faint mellow voice that caught Weston’s ears. Stella could see his broad shoulder turn towards her, and his icy, piercing gaze fell on her face. “Wait!” he commanded. “Lift up your head.” Stella remained silent. She tried all her might to break free from the secretary’s grip. But at this point, the secretary could sense that something fishy was going on. “How can you be so clueless?” she whispered urgently. “You’ve agreed to come, haven’t you? What’s the point of pretending? How could you not know what kind of place this is?!”

The men in the lobby came over when they heard the commotion. They immediately assumed that Stella had done something to offend Weston “What’s wrong with this place?” one of them jeered. “How can you let a birdbrain like this one fly in here?”

“I’m so, so, sorry!” the secretary pleaded with a forced smile. “She’s new, so she has no idea about anything. We probably didn’t train her enough. I’m really sorry! I’ll bring in someone else immediately!”

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“Too late for that!” the man barked, his face full of displeasure. “Mr. Ford is here now, and you’ve completely spoiled his mood! We’re here to discuss business. Can you afford the responsibility if you delay our business?”

“I am truly sorry,” the secretary said, her face pale with fright. “I truly am sorry... I’ll take care of this problem right away!”

Stella could sense that the secretary was trembling in fear. She didn’t know exactly how to react. At that moment, she understood how meager human dignity could be in the face of

financial oppression.

“Forget it!” the man waved his hand. He glanced at Weston, who looked disgruntled and thought he should try to please him. Thus, he walked toward Stella.

“It’s you, isn’t it?” he demanded. “So you bumped into Mr. Ford, huh? That’s very bold of you!”

Stella clenched her fists and remained defiantly silent.

“Oh,” the man whistled, surprised by Stella’s audacity. “I see you’ve got a bad temper as well!” “Come on!” he continued. “Lift your head! Didn’t you hear what Mr. Ford said?” Stella gritted her teeth and stayed still. This made the man lose his temper. “Do you want me to teach you a lesson?!” the man threatened as he rolled up his sleeves. Just as he raised his hand to slap Stella, a voice emerged that instantly froze him mid-action.

“Get inside.”

It was Weston who had suddenly spoken up. “Have you not humiliated yourselves enough?” he added. He merely spoke a few words, and his voice was chillingly calm, but it was enough to intimidate everyone there. A fearsome and formidable aura emanated from him without needing to be loud or violent.

Weston’s words had sent everyone into shock. Stella used this opportunity to hide behind the secretary. Everyone obeyed Weston’s command and tiptoed into a reserved private lounge. When she passed by Weston’s side, she could feel an intense gaze focused on her. Stella kept her head low. She didn’t have to look at him to know the kind of look he was giving her. Still, she forced herself to look away from him. She walked behind the secretary into the private lounge without showing any emotion, even though her hands were all sweaty. Stella had no idea how she had gotten herself into such a place.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 69**

### **Chapter 69**

It seemed that Stella couldn’t get away that easily now. She would have to adapt as best as she could

Weston was one of the last to get inside the private lounge. It wasn’t that he intended to keep everyone waiting, but those people wouldn’t dare to keep him waiting, so everyone hurried inside before he did.

The man who had been so bold and vicious in front of her was completely changed when facing Weston. He was now grinning obsequiously as he held out a cigar.

"Would you like one, Mr. Ford?" he asked. Weston glanced at him briefly and took the cigar, holding it between his fingers. He then sat down in the middle of the sofa, resting his long arms on the backrest. His muscular forearms were on show as the cigar swayed between his fingers. The man smiled when he saw that his offering was accepted. "Allow me to light it," he said before pulling out a lighter and kneeling in front of Weston. But before he could light the cigar, Weston stared coldly at him and hissed, "You?" The man was confused, so he just nodded. Weston smirked and snorted. "You're spoiling my mood," he told the man. He then stretched his body languidly, giving off an inexplicably sinister vibe. He squinted and focused his gaze on Stella. It was a simple gesture, but the man immediately understood Weston's intentions. "I understand, Mr. Ford!" he said as he stood back up. He turned towards Stella as if a mask had fallen off his face. The smile vanished instantly, replaced by a severe and condescending look. "What are you waiting for?" he barked. "Get over here and light Mr. Ford's cigar!" Stella's face got paler and paler. She slowly walked toward Weston and stood silently right in front of him.

"I don't have a lighter," she said. It was then that Weston could finally get a good look at her. When he heard her voice just now, he thought he must've been mistaken, but it turned out that it really was Stella.

He said nothing but gestured towards the man by raising his chin slightly. The man immediately understood what he meant and quickly handed Stella his lighter. "Here," the man said. "You know how to use it, don't you?"

Stella pursed her lips and took the lighter without showing any emotions. She took a deep breath and pushed the metal buckle down with her thumb. A faint blue flame emerged.

Stella reached out her hand towards the cigar to light it, but Weston suddenly withdrew his hand, bringing the cigar away from the lighter.

This caused Stella to look up at Weston. She glared straight into his eyes, full of fury.

But this only amused Weston. He smiled ever so slightly. "So you're not willing to see me," he whispered in a voice that only the two could hear. "But you're willing to sell your body?"

Those words cut through Stella's heart like a hot knife. She took another deep breath, and her nails dug into her flesh as she summoned all her willpower to stay in control of her emotions.

"I'm only here for an interview," she explained as calmly as she could. "I have no idea how things turned out this way."

"Interview?" Weston raised his brows. "I didn't know you'd need an interview for this type of

job.”

He raised Stella’s chin and leaned over so close that his lips lightly brushed against Stella’s ear. “All you have to do is strip and lie on the bed, right?” he whispered.

Stella scowled at him with fire in his eyes.

Weston only responded by smirking and leaning back against the sofa. His eyes peered down at her wantonly as he stretched one arm out towards her. “Light the cigar,” he ordered.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 70**

### **Chapter 70**

Stella sighed and said nothing. With her head lowered, she pushed the flint on the metal lighter. Aflame materialized, Weston slowly moved the cigar towards the flame. His eyes were fixed on Stella as he leaned over.

White smoke rose from the cigar’s tip as it caught the flame. The tobacco sizzled slightly as it burned. The flame illuminated Weston’s face, rendering his features even more striking. At such a close distance, Stella could clearly discern the stark edges of his strong jawline. She wanted to look away but was firmly held in place by Weston.

Weston maintained his intense gaze on Stella’s face. He didn’t look away as he smoked the

cigar. He took a deep huff and released a cloud of thick rolling smoke onto her face.

Stella coughed immediately. Her eyes reddened, and tears started to form in the corners of her eyes. She covered her mouth with her hand, but it was shoved away by Weston.

He tried to look at her. He tried to look at her whole face without missing the smallest trace of emotion. He liked watching her this way. He liked watching the emotions on her face that he caused

Stella slapped his hand away. Once she recovered from her coughing fit, she took a deep breath.

“Is there anything else you want me to do?” she asked.

Weston smiled wordlessly and let her go. He leaned back against the sofa nonchalantly. The top two buttons on his shirt were now undone, exposing his collarbone. He sat there without saying anything, yet a cold aura that warned off everyone else from stepping into his personal space radiated from him.

The rest of the party could tell that his mood had drastically improved. His face might still be emotionless, but his glowing eyes clearly revealed that he was pleased with this woman.

None of them knew of the relationship between them, so they just assumed that Weston simply liked this woman. At the sight of that, they all knew not to mess around with Stella from then on. After all, she was Weston Ford's favorite, and one would be foolish to mess with his woman

They did find it odd, though.

Weston Ford had never shown interest in any women. He was well-known in the elite circle for being indifferent to sex and alcohol. All his life, there had only been one woman Guinevere Cohen,

Weston and Guinevere had publicly announced their engagement. There were even rumors that their son was born not too long ago. There had not been any announcement of a wedding yet, but everyone just assumed that it would happen soon, obviously.

There were, however, a good number of men in the elite circle who had pristine reputations but were, in reality, less than honorable. They had a tacit rule among them — fool around as much as you like, but never let it affect the family.

No matter how Weston behaved today or what he did, the people here would sweep everything under the rug and never let a single rumor leak out. In short, Guinevere would forever be none the wiser.

Seeing that Weston Ford was pleased with Stella, the secretary sighed in relief. "Serve Mr. Ford well," she whispered in Stella's ear. "As long as you keep him happy, all your mistakes today will be ignored, understood?" "I've told you a hundred times!" Stella looked straight into her eyes. "I really am here for an interview!"

"You..."

The secretary frowned when she noticed how earnest Stella's insistence was.

"You can't be.."

She finally came to a realization. There was a flash of annoyance in her eyes.

"No wonder you were..."

The lady pursed her lips and continued in a much lower voice. "I'll investigate this matter later, but the most important thing right now is to keep this gentleman happy. Do you understand?"

“Why are you still not letting me leave when you know I came here for an interview?” Stella asked in disbelief.

She was about to get up, but the secretary pushed her shoulders down to stop her.

“No, please!” she implored in a pitiful voice. “I beg you! Please stay and keep this gentleman happy! I promise I won’t make you do anything out of line! All you need to do is drink with him! Mr. Ford has always been a perfect gentleman. I’m sure he’ll treat you well...”