

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 661

Chapter 661

Given Weston's temperament, he'd find a way to make her regret disobeying him if she wouldn't do it of her own accord.

She didn't want to end up settling this in bed, so she turned around obediently, leaned against the couch, and lifted up her white, long-sleeved shirt.

Unlike what Weston did just now, pressing her down and forcefully lifting up her shirt, the feeling was different this time, now that she had taken the initiative.

Stella had her back toward him and could not see him swallowing through his constricted throat and his eyes darkening with desire.

She was like an obedient lamb, leaning there and allowing someone to have his way with her.

However, Weston knew very clearly that she was actually a wolf that hadn't yet matured.

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She was pliant and obedient now simply because she wasn't capable enough. Her eyes were filled with an unwillingness to concede defeat. She gave her all when she loved him, but Weston had no doubts that she would leave him the moment she had the chance.

He remained unmoving behind her.

Stella turned around to glance at him.

She was still kneeling on the couch, and her posture only worsened the entire scene.

However, Stella didn't seem to realize it and even looked at him innocently as she asked, "What's the matter?"

She saw the pitch-black darkness in his eyes as he cursed under his breath.

She felt a force on her neck, pushing her head back.

He said in a threatening voice from above, "If you don't want to do it, then stay still. Don't seduce me."

Stella bit her lip and turned her face around.

How was she seducing him?

He had finally managed to apply the ointment on her back, and when Stella stood up, she saw him fling the tube of ointment away and charge into the washroom.

She looked at his hastily retreating figure and had a guess as to what he was doing there. A glint flashed past her eyes as she remained silent.

Stella took out her phone and asked Roger if he had safely arrived at school.

Roger replied to her very quickly that he had arrived safely at school. She heaved a sigh of relief.

Amid the onslaught of frustrating issues, only Roger could offer her slight comfort and reprieve.

After he was done settling down overseas for his studies, she would be able to give her all to her career and focus on acting

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She was lost in her thoughts when the water from the washroom stopped flowing.

Stella kept her mobile phone aside and saw Weston coming out of the washroom.

He was indeed inside, taking a shower. Beads of water hung from the ends of his hair as he strode toward Stella.

“Don’t touch the area where I applied the ointment. It’ll probably get better in time.”

Stella nodded with less resistance than before. In fact, she looked slightly expectant.

Weston dried his hair with a towel and sat next to her. He noticed the change in her disposition and kissed her cheek. “Don’t tell me that you’re in the mood for sex now that I’ve finally managed to calm myself down?”

Stella was flabbergasted.

“What are you thinking!” She wrinkled her nose, her ears turning red

“Doesn’t that expression of yours mean that you want to do it?” Weston pinched her cheeks.

Stella was rendered speechless by his words, and she pushed him away, not wanting to talk to him.

“Now that you’ve applied the ointment, can I go now?” She turned her face away. “Go? Where will you go?”

“None of your business.”

Weston lifted her chin and made her look into his eyes.” If you encounter something like this again, don’t just turn around and leave. You can lose your temper with

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me.”

Stella suddenly realized what he was talking about and smiled self-derisively. “Are you trying to make things easier for me as a third party?”

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Stella felt a pinch in her chin and knew he was angry.

She refused to look at him, her expression hard and stubborn.

A moment later, Weston sighed, “Stella, what exactly do you want?”

Stella said, “I just don’t want further trouble.”

“I’ll solve all of your troubles,” his eyes turned dark, “ But I hope you know what I want.”

The only thing he yearned for was for things to return to the past.

Stella looked straight into his eyes, “I was your wife back then. Who am I to you now? I can’t behave confidently in the way you want me to in front of other people. I still want my dignity.”

“I’ve already said I can give you everything you want aside from status.’

“I don’t care for status!” Stella yelled.

The next moment, she saw Weston’s face change.

The apartment felt empty.

Stella sat at the bedside and stared dazedly at the key in her hand.

She and Weston parted ways acrimoniously again just now. He left the key with her and said he had transferred the apartment under her name.

She didn't fully understand what he meant by that.

Did he give her an apartment because she served him pretty well during this period?

She smiled self-derisively and chucked the key into the drawer.

Just as well, she thought. At the very least, she now had somewhere to go if she didn't want to see Weston.

Spring application for overseas studies was drawing nearer. The time to say goodbye had come when both of them initially thought there was still much time to spend with each other.

Stella didn't see Weston over the past few days, and she enjoyed the free time that came along with that. She took a day's leave from the crew and returned to the apartment next to Fern University to help Roger pack his things.

Roger stood at the door and looked at Stella busying herself around the apartment. For the first time, he did

not take the initiative to take over the chores around the house, simply standing by and watching.

"When you go overseas, there'll be no one helping you with your laundry. You must learn to do these things yourself."

Roger chuckled and walked toward her. "You make it sound like you never made me do chores around the house here."

Although Stella was worried about his health, she never spoiled him.

Roger was more diligent than the typical young man. At the very least, he was good with household chores. Stella didn't want him to overtire himself, but she wanted even more so for him to be able to manage his own life well.

She categorized his clothes and placed them neatly in his luggage case. She suddenly recalled that the last time she helped him pack his clothes was very long ago when he first went to university.

She did it with her mother, or rather, her mother was the only one busy packing his clothes, whereas she was just making mischief at the side. Her mother wanted to teach her how to fold clothes, and

she had gleefully agreed to it but ended up playing around instead.

She thought that her parents would protect her for her whole life and would also help her with her clothes her whole life.

Before she turned eighteen years old, she never knew how to do any household chores. Like Roger, both of them were pampered and too sheltered.

After that day, she grew up overnight and slowly became like her mother, and the shadow of her parents left their imprint on her.

Roger's eyes suddenly went red, and he turned around. "You must take good care of yourself and protect yourself here. Watch for your health, and don't overwork yourself during filming. An entertainment circle is a complicated place. You must hold onto your principles and never do bad things for the sake of money. I'll graduate in no time,

and the prospect in my industry is pretty good. We wouldn't need to worry about money then..."

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"All right, I got it. You're so naggy." Stella cut him off and flung the coat on him.

"Remember to bring along more clothes. I heard that it's very cold there. Call me often, don't keep thinking that overseas calls are expensive."

"I got it."

Before the atmosphere became too depressing, Stella wiped the corner of her eyes and said, "Riley is still waiting outside. Don't be late now."

Unlike Roger, who had been sheltered all his life and never went overseas, Riley's family was very open minded and pretty well-off.

She had gone on solo overseas trips many times, and it was obvious that she grew up in a very positive family environment. She was a confident, bright girl, and Stella felt relieved at having Riley accompany Roger on his overseas studies.

Upon hearing the commotion in the room, Riley stood up from the couch she was sitting on. "Ready?" she asked.

She saw Roger's reddened eyes and felt a pinch in her heart. "Isn't it just going overseas? Don't worry, I'll take

good care of you."

Roger remained silent.

He shot her a look and said, "We don't know for sure who will end up being the one taken care of."

Riley didn't stoop to his level and instead hooked her arm around Stella's arm. "Stella, don't you worry. I'll definitely take good care of him and make sure he ends up round and fat!"

Stella could hold back a chuckle. "If he does anything wrong, you must tell me. Don't let him bully you."

"Don't you worry!" Roger said, rather unhappily. "Who's the bully? What's more, you're my sister. How could you side with outsiders?"

Riley glanced at the clock. "It's about time for us to head to the airport. Shall we...go? The car is waiting downstairs."

Roger collected himself and looked solemnly at Stella." Stella...I'll be off now."

"You really don't want me to see you guys off there?" Stella stepped forward. She had wanted to see them off at the airport, but Roger rejected her proposal , saying that if she were to do that, he would surely end up not leaving.

Roger nodded. "I'll call you once I arrive."

"Sure. Remember, don't forget to call me. Otherwise , I'll

get worried."

After seeing the car drive off, Stella's eyes suddenly turned red, and she turned around to blow her nose.

She was sadder than she imagined she'd be, though she felt inner joy at the outcome. She was trapped in this small place with nowhere else to go.

Unlike her, Roger had broader horizons.

After they left, she was the only one left in the apartment.

Stella sat on the couch unmoving for a long time, staring at the furnishings around the house. A photo of their family hung on the wall, with no dust clinging to it as it was wiped thoroughly every day.

She stood up, walked toward the photograph, and reached out to caress every face in the photo.

“Dad, Mom, I haven’t let you down, have I?”

She lowered her eyes. “But perhaps, I have embarrassed you. I will leave Weston Ford as soon as I can. I don’t want such a shameless status for myself, too.” She shut her eyes and leaned her forehead against the wall, feeling thankful that she did not introduce Weston to her parents back then.

She had wanted to find time to bring Weston to visit her

mother’s grave, but all she ended up with was a divorce agreement and Guinevere showing off before her.

The thought of the past would dissipate all the moments she had shared with Weston thus far. It was a constant reminder that those sweet and tender moments were all phony.

The man had never changed. He had always been amorous yet heartless and cruel.

He would dote on you when you were a novelty to him, but when you snapped back to reality, the would be no

escaping, save for slow and gradual suffocation.

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Stella was immersed in her memories when the sound of footsteps came from outside the door.

She immediately lifted her head and asked, “Who’s there?”

Stella furrowed her brows and walked over cautiously. “Is it Roger? Did you forget something?”

She glanced at the clock and noted that it was past the boarding time of their flight. It couldn’t possibly be Roger and Riley.

Who could it be, then?

They weren’t familiar with the neighbors, and Roger didn’t tell her of any expected deliveries.

She held her breath and wondered if it could be Michael outside the door, someone she had been worried about and thinking of over the past few days.

During this period before Roger went overseas, she had been on tenterhooks, worried that Michael would find her out and expose her true identity.

There was suddenly no more movement outside. Stella didn't say anything further and simply stood there.

A moment later, she heard a familiar low voice of a man."

It's me."

Stella heaved a sigh of relief and opened the door." Weston?"

Wearing a black coat and standing in the corridor, his towering figure made the passage seem narrow and short, and his imposing aura of grandeur stood in stark contrast with his surroundings. Stella turned sideways and invited him in. "Come on in."

Weston walked past her right into the apartment. Ever since the last time they parted ways acrimoniously, Weston had been staying in his office and never returned to Stardust Mansion.

Stella adhered to their agreement and went back every day on time, except today. She decided to stay the night here because of Roger but didn't expect to see Weston.

"Is something the matter?" Stella shut the door and turned around. Suddenly, he turned to face her and pressed her against the door, kissing her hard.

Weston shut his eyes and concentrated on the kiss. He pulled her into his arms, pried her mouth open, and reveled in her fragrance.

Ever since their fight and the cold war, they hadn't seen each other for days.

Weston was busy with work and did not return to

Stardust Mansion for a few consecutive nights, and his movements had a tinge of urgency in them.

He did not contact Stella, and neither did Stella contact him as if she did not intend to break the ice with him.

The thought made Weston tighten his grip over her, with a slight punitive tone to his aggressive actions. Stella was pressed against the wall, her family photo hanging right above her head. Her parents were smiling warmly and kindly as they looked innocently ahead. Guilt suddenly coursed through her veins.

While catching their breaths, Stella stopped him pantingly, "Enough, stop for a while..." "Not enough," Weston held her chin and kissed her again. "How could so little be enough after kicking me aside for so many days?"

Stella remained silent, her tongue feeling sore as her palms pressed against his chest.

Even though she did not explicitly reject him, she remained in a resistant posture.

The kiss was barely enough to douse Weston's raging emotions. He leaned his forehead against hers and said in between pants, "Tell me, how many days has it been?"

Stella shut her eyes, her eyelashes trembling. "Four days

"Seems like you remember it clearly," Weston rubbed his nose against hers. "Four times later, all right?"

Stella's eyes flew open. "Are you crazy?" He chuckled quietly. "You'll see later if I'm really crazy." He pulled her arm and wrapped them around his waist.

Stella was forced to hug him for a long time. After calming herself down, she said, "Roger just left today. I'm not really in the mood..."

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She was being honest, and Weston could tell. He placed his hand on her back and caressed her hair.

It wasn't exactly necessary for them to have sex. Simply holding her in his embrace like this had the same effect on him.

Weston lowered his head and kissed her hair. "Did you send him off at the airport?"

"No, I didn't," Stella shook her head. "I was afraid that if I were to do that, he might not be able to leave. For all we know, I might leave with him in a moment's rashness..."

She was joking, but she suddenly felt a sharp pain on her scalp and was forced to lift her head to look into his deep, dark eyes.

The warm, affectionate atmosphere faded, leaving behind the precursor of a fearsome storm.

“Even if you wanted to leave , you wouldn’t be able to.” He really didn’t like how Stella always talked about leaving. “Even if you were to leave with him on the plane in a moment of rashness, I will have a way to bring both of you back.”

Stella’s heart sank, bit by bit.

She knew that Weston was capable of doing what he claimed. Sending Roger overseas like this was her limit.

She shut her eyes and leaned into his embrace. “I know, I won’t leave. You’re here. I won’t go anywhere else.”

She spoke honeyed words against her conscience and felt his body stiffen up.

Stella didn’t know if he believed her or not. She hugged him tightly.

Weston looked down at the woman in his arms. He knew clearly how genuine her words were.

Yet, he never wanted to expose her.

He rested his chin on her head and rubbed gently against it. He sighed deeply. “Why do you always have a way with me.”

She seemed to always use this trick against him.

“Remember your words,” Weston released her and lifted her chin, making her look straight into his eyes. He said emphatically , “I’m here. You won’t be going anywhere else.”

That afternoon was one of their wildest.

In the dusk of the evening, the setting sun shone into their apartment which was in an utter mess.

Stella had no idea how many times she fainted. She was in

and out of her consciousness; everything only ended when she ran out of energy. The air of intimacy was still strong in the room when she finally opened her eyes from a deep sleep. The first thing she saw was the ceiling above her.

She blinked, her eyes feeling rather dry and her throat tight and constricted as if she swallowed sandpaper.

As she lay on the couch, her body dotted with bites and love marks was covered merely by a thin blanket.

Stella looked down and took a glance, her temples throbbing. Her first thought was that it would take her ages to put on makeup this time, and she would be at a loss as to what to say if others were to ask.

There wasn't much space on the narrow couch. The moment she moved, the man hugging her to sleep was also awoken.

He didn't open his eyes but instinctively reached out to pull her back into his embrace. "Sleep a while longer."

Stella reached for her phone on the coffee table and looked at the time. "It's almost 6..."

Her voice was hoarse, as expected.

What else could it be, after an entire afternoon of wild activity with no rest in between?

Weston naturally knew what happened to her voice, and

the corners of his mouth lifted wickedly. His hand rested on the back of her neck as he gently pulled her down on his chest. "We don't have anything on tomorrow. Sleep with me a while longer."

Stella struggled against his hold. "You don't have anything on, but I still need to go for filming tomorrow afternoon." "Don't panic. I'll send you there."

"I don't want that," Stella rejected him directly.

He looked up at her and patiently combed his fingers through her hair. "You do."

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Chapter 666

Stella couldn't be bothered about him.

She leaned into his embrace, slightly more alert than before. She unlocked her phone to check out the latest flight timings.

Roger's flight was scheduled to land in around half an hour.

She locked her phone and laid back down on the couch.

Weston lowered his head and kissed her hair. "Don't worry. I've assigned people to watch over him. Nothing will happen to him."

Stella gradually clenched her fists tight. "You just need to make sure his flight lands safely. There's no need to keep watching him."

Weston's eyes suddenly opened as he glanced at her.

His pitch – black eyes still looked sleepy, and it softened his usual aggressive aura, though it was still keen and sharp as usual, incisively seeing through her thoughts.

"Are you worried that I'll do something to him?"

Stella pursed her lips, remaining silent.

Weston toyed with a lock of her hair, his tone mild and unfathomable. "I'm not particularly interested in him; I

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merely saw how worried you were for his safety and decided to send some people over. If you think it's unnecessary, I'll call them back." Stella's eyes brightened. "Really?"

"When have I ever lied to you?" His voice was laced with fatigue.

It was always easy to negotiate with a satisfied man.

Stella knew this was a good chance, and she rested on his chest, looking down at him, "Can you don't ever send your people over to watch him from now on? I want him to concentrate on his studies overseas. If there's always someone watching him from the side, I'm afraid he might discover something one day and interrupt his studies..."

Weston didn't say anything and simply looked at her. He stretched out his long arm and tucked a loose lock of hair behind her ear. "Let's see how you perform." He put one hand around her waist and caressed her cheeks with another while looking leisurely at her.

Stella pursed her lips and sat up. "I still owe you one."

She said.

She didn't forget what Weston said just now – Four days, four times.

He always meant what he said. Even a shortfall of one was unacceptable.

She shall make it up to him.

The consequence of wild abandon was having her entire day's schedule turned topsy turvy. By the time Stella woke up, it was already the next day afternoon. It was soon time for her to report to the crew. Her hair was in a disheveled mess as she rushed to the washroom, gritting her teeth through the pain and aches around her body. After she was done washing herself up, she saw Weston sitting in the living room waiting for her, looking all fresh and alert.

When he saw her rushing out for a change of clothes, he leisurely put down the book in his hand and said, "Don't panic. You don't need much time to head over from here. You even have some time for lunch."

Stella ignored him as she hurriedly changed into her clothes and looked for her scarf. "I need to arrive earlier for make-up."

She stood before the full-length mirror, pondering over how she could cover up the marks on her neck.

Weston stood up and walked toward her. Standing behind her, he lifted her hair and offered, "I'll help you dry your hair, alright?"

Stella had her scarf in one hand and a hair tie in another, trying to pull her hair into a bun. "I can do it myself. It'll be faster."

"I already told you that you don't need to rush," Weston looked at her through the mirror.

Stella lifted her eyes and looked into his through the mirror. "And whose fault was it? If it weren't for you last night..." she argued, clearly upset.

She paused for a moment, staring at the hickeys on her skin while complaining about Weston's behavior last night.