

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 71

Chapter 71

Stella sneered, "You think too highly of him."

"I beg you, please! If you leave now, I'll die a terrible death.."

Stella remained unmoved and flung her hand away. "That has nothing to do with me." This was the woman who had mercilessly tossed her under the bus previously. Why should she respond to her pleas?

She was about to leave when a male voice said, distinctively displeased. "Why aren't you accompanying Mr. Ford? Where are you going!" Stella ignored him and hastened her footsteps. The man's face changed as he stood up with the intention of chasing after her. However, something suddenly came to mind and he threw a glance at Weston.

Weston's tall figure was shrouded in the darkness. His luxurious dress pants wrapped around his long legs, and the subtle light from a lit cigarette flickered at his fingers.

He looked so out of place here, yet at the same time, he appeared to be lord over this place.

Everyone was under his reign.

Seeing Weston stay silent, the man changed tack. "Since you got the wrong person..."

Instead of chasing after Stella, he grabbed the hair of the secretary next to him and lifted her from the ground onto the couch. "Since you let her go, we've no one else to drink with. What about you?"

The secretary was so scared out of her wits that she began trembling with fear. "No, I can't, I can't hold my liquor..."

The man laughed brazenly, "You work here, and you dare say you can't hold your liquor? In fact, Smith is very satisfied with you. He's always full of praise for being his best drinking partner!"

He said the word 'partner' emphatically, clearly trying to hint at something.

All the men in the private room caught the hint and burst out in lecherous laughter.

Even the air became dangerously murky. Stella almost choked on the overwhelming atmosphere.

She wanted to push the door and leave, but the piteous pleas of the secretary sounded from behind her

The men started getting rowdier and louder, forcing her to remove her clothes as she danced.

“Take it off!”

“Hurry up! Make sure you dance like you mean it!”

Stella’s hand rested on the door handle, and her grip tightened.

She told herself that this was none of her business, and that she could leave everything behind the moment she exited.

She was a stranger to that secretary and the reason that she even landed herself in this plight in the first place. Even if she landed up in a terrible state, it was completely her own doing...”

“Gentlemen, please show me some mercy! Please spare me, alright? I really can’t...I’m almost forty years old...”

The secretary grew more and more anxious with every passing minute. “It is my fault this time for not arranging things well. I was wrong, I deserve a beating!

With that, she slapped herself a couple of times and pointed to a wine glass, “Why don’t I punish myself by downing a few? I’ll drink however much you want me to. I beg you, I have children at home and I can’t afford to do this...” “What a spoilsport!” One of the men lost all patience and flung his wine glass to the floor.

Crash!

The secretary trembled with fear and dared not make a peep after that. Throughout the entire episode, the man everyone looked up to merely watched the entire show coldly from arms -length, with no intention of interfering,

No one dared to involve him, while he merely acted as an aloof bystander.

After a long while, the secretary couldn’t help but sob aloud and began unbuttoning her outer vest.

Protests of disgust began sounding out from the private room. “She’s an old hen indeed!”

They burst out laughing and one of the men even lifted the secretary's shirt with the tip of his shoes. Stella shut her eyes, and suddenly, turned around and strode toward Weston. "Make them stop."

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She spoke very softly, but it drew the attention of everyone in the room. The secretary looked over and saw hope amidst her desperation, "Thank you, thank you..." Stella ignored her. She was still struggling within herself. She didn't want to poke her nose into the business of others, but a thought came to mind when she stepped foot out of the room.

Weston was doing this on purpose.

He was deliberately putting up a front before her.

A man like him had no need to get his hands dirty or even verbalize his intentions. A simple look was enough and everyone would fight to do his bidding.

These people were familiar with the inner workings of the marketplace and knew their way around people. They wouldn't go to such extremes to make things ugly. Their sudden impudence was surely associated with Weston himself. Even if she didn't make a move now, there would be more trouble waiting for her down the road.

The mere thought of having to deal with more made her tired.

The men simply stared at her.

His eyes turned as dim as the private room, but Stella could still feel his searing gaze on her.

He fixed his eyes on her like a hunter eyeing his prey.

A moment later, he opened his mouth, "Say it louder." Stella took a deep breath and increased her volume. "Can you let her go?" "Are you talking about her or yourself?"

"Do I have a choice?"

Weston stared at her for a moment and the corner of his lips lifted as he chuckled, "You're finally catching on."

He took a puff of his cigarette as the look in the eyes deepened. "What are you doing so far away from me?"

Stella clenched her fists and stepped forward.

“Still too far.”

She took yet another step and was so close to him that her shoes touched his superior leather shoes.

Stella instinctively wanted to avoid touching him.

She knew that cheap goods would never find their place on him. When they were still married, she was once excited about taking care of his daily needs and wanted to find out about all his living habits.

Everything that he wore from head to toe was custom-made and extremely expensive. Weston naturally had no clue what was going on in her mind. The sight of her shirking away from him made his brows furrow. “Come over.” He said emphatically, “Sit next to me.”

Stella acquiesced silently.

Although no one else in the private room dared to stare blatantly at the two of them, they were in fact all watching their every move from the corner of their eyes.

Upon seeing Weston’s mood being lifted, they decided to let the secretary go. “Forget it, you’re getting boring!” The secretary climbed to her feet and bowed repeatedly, “Thank you, thank you sirs. Thank you...” She glanced at Stella and didn’t even remember what her name was. She took a deep look at her, nodded solemnly, and exited the room hurriedly. Upon shutting the door behind her, she pulled out her phone and dialed a number. “The one sent over here was a teacher who was here for an interview! What’s the matter? How did things go wrong?”

The person on the other end said anxiously, “I’m so sorry, I got mixed up. I was so busy today and that private room was breathing down my neck. When this teacher came early for her interview, I saw that she was so pretty and thought that she was the woman arranged to be brought into the private room...”

The secretary raised her voice, “You really screwed things up!” The assistant’s voice stuttered with fear, “Should I still have that woman head over?”

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“Whatever for? The session started so long ago, what’s the point of her going right now? To look for trouble?”

The person on the other end didn't even dare to breathe.

The secretary hung up, her head throbbing. She eventually decided to contact her own boss.

Before she opened her mouth to speak, the man on the other side beat her to it, "Why isn't the tutor here yet?"

The secretary apologized hurriedly, "I'm very sorry, Mr. Smith, the assistant mixed up the ladies and mistook the tutor for Lily. She's still at Lowe Garden..."

"What!" The man leaped to his feet from the couch. Before he could put out the cigarette in his mouth, he yelled, "How did you two screw something so trivial up?"

"Mr. Smith, please don't worry. That tutor..."

"Who cares about that tutor! Just tell me: Did you offend anyone? Especially Mr. Ford?" Upon her denial, Mr. Smith heaved a sigh of relief. "Whatever. Just find another tutor for me."

Dance tutors were a dime a dozen. If, however, he was to offend Weston Ford, he would never be able to bear the consequences.

After hanging up, a young lady came down the stairs. "Dad, I'm done with my class. When's the dance tutor coming?"

Following behind her was a bespectacled middle-aged man who looked refined and urbane, with a bookish air about him.

"You must keep revising what I taught you just now so that you remember it well. The next time I come again, we'll do a mini test..."

Mr. Smith immediately got up from the couch, "Thank you so much, Mr. Hall, for finding time in your busy schedule to tutor her. It's been tough on you!"

He pulled out a card he prepared and stuffed it into his hands.

Justin smiled warmly and pushed his spectacles, "Don't mention it. Take it as me returning your favor."

After some small talk, he was about to make a move when he heard the young lady complaining behind him, "Why isn't that tutor called Ella here yet? Late on the very first lesson?"

Justin stopped in his tracks and turned around, a subtle glint flashing past the depths of his eyes, "Is the new tutor called Ella?"

Mr. Smith nodded and said, his head still throbbing mildly, "It's a long story. My assistant's a sloppy worker and mixed this tutor up with another...candidate. Ms. Ella is right now still at Lowe Garden..."

Everyone who has been around would certainly know about Lowe Garden and the kind of place it was.

Women who were hired there were either extremely high-level executives or, in most cases, high-class escorts.

"I just called the tutor agency and asked them to get another tutor over." With that, he suddenly realized something and looked at Justin, "Mr. Hall, do you know her?" Justin nodded with a smile. "I do. In fact, her brother is my student. Based on what I know of her, Ms. Ella is a very responsible teacher and highly professional."

Mr. Smith immediately understood where he was coming from. "Since you say so, Ms. Ella must have a very good reputation. We're not exactly in a rush to look for another tutor." With that, he turned to his daughter and said, "Go back and play. We'll find another time for dance class."

The young lady bounded back to her room in excitement. Justin turned to Mr. Smith. "Where did you just say that Ms. Ella is currently at right now?"

Stella never thought that she would feel so unbearable just sitting next to Weston.

She sat stiffly on the couch, her back straight as an arrow. Anyone who observed her for a second longer would be able to tell what a terrible time she was having

The moment she sat next to Weston, he put out his cigarette.

He knew that she hated the smell and didn't want to make things difficult for her. In turn, everyone in the private room stopped smoking along with him, though they never stopped drinking and making merry.

Stella looked on at them as they played their games, but quickly lowered her gaze. She would be lying if she said that she wasn't anxious.

She had never found herself in a place like this.

For the first time, she experienced for herself what seedy really felt like.

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While she was in a daze, the man seated beside her had been observing her all the while.

She was dressed formally for an interview and had light make-up on which made her look more alert and brighter.

Because it was an interview in which she did not need to showcase her dance skills, she wore a pair of high heels, which was extremely rare for her.

Stella seldom wore high-heels, and she wasn't very familiar with them. Her discomfort with it was clear when she walked, yet she wore it with a unique flair.

"A penny for your thoughts?" Weston shifted his position and lounged leisurely on the couch.

Stella shook her head. "Nothing much."

"You want to join their games?"

Stella heard the threat in his voice and lifted her head, looking at him in frustration.

She held herself back and forced out the words a moment later, "Mr. Ford, how can I help

you?"

Weston furrowed his brows, disliking how she addressed him.

He lifted her chin and said, "Why don't you call me Weston?"

"Sure, Weston," She said submissively. Weston released his fingers. "Pour me some alcohol." Stella stood up, walked towards the marble counter, and randomly picked a bottle of champagne.

Weston glanced over it. "Another one."

"What do you want to drink?"

"Anything will do."

Stella's hand paused in mid-air.

She knew that he was very picky, despite verbally saying that he was fine with anything. He was like this when they were married, too. Each time when Stella asked him if there was

anything he wanted to eat in particular, he would always reply with “Anything will do.”

Yet, after preparing a whole table of delicacies, she noticed that he wouldn't even bother sparing a glance at the dishes that he didn't fancy.

This man was just like that – Unwilling to reveal his innermost desires, and making others guess it instead.

Each time after she spent all the effort to guess his preferences correctly, which earned her a favorable response from him, she would always be very happy. The Stella of the past would go through fire and water as long as Weston gave her even a little bit of warmth.

She would never do so ever again.

Her gaze trembled slightly as she served the wine glass to Weston. “Is red wine alright?”

Weston remained silent, clearly not satisfied with her offer.

But since she had already poured it out, he accepted it without a further word. When Stella sat back down, Weston gave her a look. “Come over. Feed me.” 1 Stella's pupils dilated as she looked at him in disbelief.

He had never requested her to do something so bold, even when they were physically intimate.

Weston was very satisfied with her shocked reaction. He grabbed her hand and pulled her on his lap. He held her chin and turned her head towards the other end of the private room.

“Look at how the other women serve the men.” Stella was forced to stare right at the pairs of men and women behaving intimately towards each other.

In addition to feeding wine, they were even feeding each other food through their mouths.

Amidst their merry-making and games, the physical intimacy became increasingly intense. Women who pleased the men immensely one second would find themselves flung aside or to another man mercilessly in another second, just because of a minor mistake.

This was something that Stella had never witnessed before in her life. She stared dazedly at the scene before her and began to struggle. Weston turned her around. “Do you know the right way to feed me now?”

She turned pale, her mind still in a blur, and she felt her limbs growing weak.

She had been deliberately avoiding the scene before her, but what Weston did just now made her take a clear look at everything that was going on in the room.

She could clearly feel that in Weston's eyes, her existence was no different from those women who were objectified as tools of pleasure for men. She held the wine glass with trembling hands. "I got it..." She tipped the wine glass forward and poised it next to Weston's lips. Taking a deep breath, she said, "Mr. Ford, will this do?"

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Weston took a sip from the wine glass Stella held to his lips,

However, Stella's hand shook and some of the wine spilled out, staining Weston's pristine white shirt

Instead of making the shirt look dirty, the dark red stains added a dangerous, menacing aura to Weston.

He was half-shrouded in darkness, and the other half under dim light. He looked just like half an angel and half a devil.

Stella immediately put the glass down. "I'm sorry about this."

She pulled out some napkins, intending to clean up the mess.

Her hand suddenly paused in mid-air as she hesitated, "Mr. Ford, perhaps you should do it yourself."

Weston kept silent and stared right into her eyes. He reached out, grabbed her wrist, and maneuvered her hand to press the napkin onto his shirt.

The positions of the stains were slightly awkward.

Stella pulled her hand back instinctively, but Weston held her hand in place forcefully.

He led her hand in wiping his shirt, stroke by stroke.

He fixed his dark, black eyes so intensely on Stella that it made her ears turn red. The sight made him hook his lips, satisfied with her reaction. "Be more careful. If you spill a second

time, I won't let you off so easily."

Stella heard his innuendo filled remark, and was left confused.

What in the world was he thinking now?

She clenched her fist, Just then, his phone rang like a police siren that cut through the air.

She listed her gaze and saw him furrow his brows, clearly displeased. He simply glanced at the incoming caller and flung his phone aside.

Despite how quickly he did so, Stella still managed to see the name on the screen.

The name pulled her rudely back to reality as she sneered at the man before her. "Not picking up the call?"

"Not even if it's Guinevere calling?"

Her voice was thick with provocation

Weston felt frustration simmering in him.

He evaded Stella's gaze, but still did not pick up his call. He simply picked up the wine glass on the table and took a sip. A while later, the phone stopped buzzing, indicating that Guinevere had most likely given up. "It's already so late. Mr. Ford, aren't you intending to go home and keep your wife and child

company?" Her words made the temperature of the air in the private room drop by a few degrees. By the time she turned to look at Weston again, the lazy and leisurely atmosphere was all but gone, and there was only cold distance left in his eyes. He released his grip over Stella, and she immediately got off his lap. She sat to one side and straightened up her clothes, not looking at him at all.

Weston saw the contempt and disdain in her demeanor and had a sudden urge to smoke a

cigarette.

He wasn't addicted to smoking, but ever since the day Stella jumped off the building, he would fall back into his smoking habit.

He lit up another cigarette. Flinging his lighter onto the table which made a clunking sound of metal as it hit the glass, he said out of the blue, "I'm not married."

He spoke in a deep, low voice, yet despite the noise and chaos around them, Stella could hear what he said loud and clear. Her fingers stiffened up for a split second before she smiled gently. "Indeed. You've re married, in fact."

Weston's eyes turned cold as he glanced at her. "You know what I mean."

Stella's nails dug into her flesh.

She knew, yet she did not.

Or rather, she did not want to know.

All along, a question had always been on her mind: Why was Weston able to appear so openly and calmly before her?

Between herself and Guinevere, he chose Guinevere without hesitation and simply let her walk to her own death. Yet, right now, he was pestering her blatantly and without shame. What right did he have to behave as he pleased?

Silence ensued between them.

Fatigue washed over Stella. "What exactly do you want?" After stubbing out a cigarette when he was done with it, he looked deeply at her, "Come with me."

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The cigarette went out with a sharp sizzle.

Its light was extinguished in an instant.

Stella thought she must have heard wrongly. The noise bustled around her with no signs of abating

It was almost as if the chaos on the other side of the private room could not touch the space that Weston and she were in.

There were only the two of them there.

The silence was deafening.

Weston waited for a long while but did not receive any response from Stella.

He turned to look at her. "Come with me. State your price."

Stella shut her eyes.

She lowered her head, no longer able to hold back her laughter. A cryptic smile appeared on her face, and she laughed so hard that her shoulders shook. Weston furrowed his brows as he saw her laughing uncontrollably. He reached out and lifted her chin. "I asked you to state your price."

Stella collected herself and looked at him expressionlessly. "I want my child back. Can you give that to me?"

At that moment, she felt a sharp, piercing pain at her chin. Weston tightened his pinch on her chin as his eyes turned chilly. "Stella Sealey, you were the one who chose to jump down that day."

He said through gritted teeth.

As much as he had been trying to tolerate everything recently, and his performance had been impeccable, he lost all reason when Stella said what she said.

"I told you to trust me and that I won't let you die. Why didn't you trust me?" Stella looked at him calmly. "I also told you that they were Guinevere's people. Why didn't you trust me?"

Both of them had daggers drawn, their grudges and displeasure towards each other rearing their nasty heads.

Rage emerged in the depths of Weston's eyes, clearly angered by Stella's accusations. "And that's why you jumped down right in front of me? Stella Sealey, did you do so to take revenge on me, thinking that I would regret my decision that way?"

Stella looked right into his eyes with a scornful smile on her face. "You, regret your decision?"

She shook her head, "No, I never thought that you'd regret your decision. Weston Ford, I was the one who regretted it."

His pupils widened as his eyes narrowed dangerously, "What do you regret?"

"I regret falling in love with you."

The words drifted gently from her mouth but landed like a hammer on his heart.

At that moment, a fine crack appeared in the impenetrable fortress that Weston had erected around his heart. Biting cold wind blew in and filled his heart.

The pain was so intense, it was something he had never felt before.

It felt so foreign that Weston did not know how to respond.

His face turned dark with fury, yet there was nothing he could do to vent his frustration on her.

“Stella Sealey, you...”

He viciously pinched her chin, and his breath blew hot and heavy on her cheeks. He was so angry that he felt like he could almost eat her up, flesh and bones. “You really have a way, don’t you?”

She could always succeed in making him lose control of his senses. When it boiled down to it, all his reason and sanity was like a joke.

She loved him.

Turns out that she loved him. “You love me, is that so?”

He pinched her chin so hard that it stung, making Stella’s eyes well with red, hot tears. Upon his question, she laughed hysterically and mockingly, “If I didn’t, would I have landed myself in such a plight?”

She was thankful that Weston paid off Roger’s hospital bills. As such, she never dared to use her own affections towards him as ransom for his reciprocity. When Guinevere appeared, she chose to let go very quickly without any complaints. But what she experienced thereafter was definitely not something she deserved! She lost a child, the only child she could possibly have in her entire life!

She was forced to leave her home, change her name, and start a new life.

Yet, if she had not gotten herself involved with Weston, even if she had to be burdened by the massive hospital debt, she wouldn’t be in as much pain and sorrow as she was right now. As much as Roger’s condition could not be resolved overnight, Stella was willing to slog it out and work her days away to pay off the medical and operation fees.

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That would have been way better than her state right now, compared to the searing pain that she felt each time she thought of her lost child...

Falling asleep was a struggle every night, and when she eventually managed to fall asleep, she would awake in tears each time.

What about him?

Stella looked coldly at him. “The thing I regret the most in my life is...Mm!”

Before she could complete her sentence, her lips were sealed by another. She could only swallow the words that were on the tip of her tongue, while what she had spoken were lost between their lips.

Weston kissed her hard, his arms circling her waist like bands of steel. He pressed her down on the couch and exerted more pressure with every passing second.

Her words were the final straw that broke the camel's back.

He had reached the limits of what he could bear, and all he could do now was to let his overwhelming emotions drown himself out.

He wanted to kiss her...

He wanted to take her...

He wanted to stop her damned lips from saying things that he hated hearing. He wanted Stella to be like she was before, looking at him with those eyes filled with single minded love for him.

Him and him only.

"Mm... West... Weston Ford!"

Stella struggled with all her might, her eyes widening with fear. "Let me go...let me go!" She struck her fists against his chest continuously, not expecting that he would force himself upon her.

When she felt his hand reaching under her shirt, Stella flung a tight slap on his face.

Smack!

The sound quietened the entire private room.

The silence was deafening.

No one dared to blatantly look at what Weston was doing, but everyone was in fact looking at them from the corner of their eye.

When they saw the two of them kissing, one of them even lamented inside, "To think that someone as chaste as Mr. Ford would cheat on Cohen, the famous celebrity, behind her back..."

"Men are all the same, there's no such thing as abstinence and being chaste! It's merely a matter of taste. Once the taste is right, anything goes!"

“This woman looks like she’s lost. She’s clearly an honest woman who doesn’t belong here! My take is that he doesn’t fancy all those beautiful women in the past because they are all too savvy for him...”

The men bowed over with laughter, in unspoken agreement to pretend that they did not see anything happen.

This was an unstated rule in the industry to turn a blind eye to certain things if they wished to survive in peace.

However, no one expected what would happen next...

That the woman would give Weston a slap! In an instant, the bustling chaos died down, leaving behind a dead silence.

Stella was in a furious daze, her palm still numb from the slap. She panted heavily, her entire body quivering. Weston was half-shrouded in darkness and it was difficult to see the expression on his face. However, the faint red mark on his face could roughly be seen under the dim light. He remained unmoved, and even more calm and composed than he was before.

This was the first time he received a slap. Instead of being furious, he looked at Stella as unknown thoughts ran through his mind.

Stella took a deep breath.

She was absolutely disgusted and horrified when she snapped back to reality and wiped away all traces of his scent from her lips. She stood up and left the place without turning back.

She stumbled out of the door of the private room.

It was only after the door closed that someone responded, “Why did she run? Mr. Ford, do you want us to chase after her?”

Weston glanced coldly at them, his bloodshot eyes looking murderous, “Scram.” Along the corridor. Stella had just run a few steps when she heard a loud sound coming from the private room she just left.

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It sounded like something had overturned, and all its contents crashed on the floor.

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At that moment, Stella stopped in her tracks out of fear.

But it was just for that moment.

She continued running ahead without hesitation. Feeling a slight, sharp pain at the corner of her mouth, she wiped hard at it, wanting to erase all memories and feelings that she felt there earlier.

All she could see before her was how Weston had gone crazy just now. She shut her eyes, feeling her heart trembling inside her chest.

An instinctive sense of disgust overwhelmed her as she bent over at the waist and stopped. She held the wall next to her and couldn't help but retch.

Her knees went weak, and she had to hold onto the wall to stop herself from collapsing on the floor.

After a moment's rest, she immediately stood up, worried that the people in the private room would chase after her. Stella looked up and saw a person appearing unexpectedly before her eyes. She instinctively took a step back as shock registered on her face. "You..." "Are you alright?" Seeing that it really was Stella before him, Justin heaved a sigh of relief. Yet, when he saw her pale face, his chest tightened with worry again. "What happened?"

Stella snapped back to attention from her shock at seeing Justin here. However, the sight of him made her heave a sigh of relief as she said, "Mr. Hall...it's nothing. What are you doing here?"

She looked at him and said hurriedly, with no time to waste, "I'm sorry, Mr. Hall. I have something on right now and need to make a move." With that, she ran out in a hurry without hearing what Justin had to say. Justin's eyes darkened as he looked towards the direction that Stella ran from. After a moment, he ran after her without a further word.

Stella ran all the way to the streets and finally stopped to rest after making sure that no one was after her. That was when she realized that Justin had been following right behind her all along. "Mr. Hall," She asked doubtfully, "What's the matter?" Justin shrugged and said helplessly, "Why did you run when you saw me? What were you doing at a place like that?"

Stella pursed her lips and replied honestly, "I was originally here to interview as a home tutor, but the assistant got the wrong address..."

Justin was already in the know about the situation, but he put on a shocked expression, "What about your interview, then?"

Stella shook her head and smiled bitterly, "I suppose it's all over. Forget it..."

Justin walked by her side and asked with concern, "If you need help, please let me know."

He had always maintained a polite distance with Stella. Somehow, a strange feeling overcame Stella as she felt his aura being magnified in the night air. She lifted her head and looked at him, perplexed and confused.

"1..." She tightened her grip over the strap of her bag and took a step back, shaking her head. A strange feeling that she had never felt before overwhelmed her. Her entire body suddenly felt inexplicably warm. Justin sensed that something was wrong with her and furrowed his brows. "Is something the matter?"

Stella shook her head profusely and suddenly became very alert. She widened her eyes, and her breathing became heavier. "I don't know..."

With that, she tried to stumble away. Justin was naturally concerned at the sight of her condition. He grabbed her arms and tried to gently pull her back. "Are you..." His gaze that landed on her face was deep and pensive. He looked at her from top to toe and a thought came to mind. "You said that you went to the wrong address. Did you somehow touch or drink something spiked?"

Stella shook her head again. "No...I neither drank nor ate anything..." But Justin's suspicion raised some of her own in her mind.

In a place like that, anything nasty was possible.

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Stella shut her eyes as scenes of what transpired in the private room flew past her mind. Weston forced her to look at those disgusting scenes, to face up to the cruel principle of survival of the fittest acting out in real life. That was a life devoid of dignity, in which one would be objectified and played like a fool, eventually flung aside and abandoned, as long as one was lowly in status and poor.

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It might have been the recollection of the scene earlier that triggered the effects of the drug in her blood.

She opened her eyes wide, which were slightly red and bloodshot, and couldn't stop her body from shaking involuntarily.

Justin could clearly see that something was wrong with Stella as he crouched down before her. "What exactly is going on with you?"

awake, "I'm really sorry. Could you send me to the hospital, please?"

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In the dimly lit private room. A moment's change made the noisy and bustling private room turn deadly silent. No one dared to make a sound as they all looked tentatively at Weston. Ever since Stella left, he thrashed everything within reach in the private room. Beginning with the table right before him, to the wine glass that Stella poured wine into for him, almost everything was smashed mercilessly on the floor. Glass shards were all over the floor.

No one dared to even breathe, clueless as to why Weston was so worked up.

Even Weston himself did not know why.

At that moment, he was seated in a dark corner, his dress pants slightly wrinkled from being sat on by Stella. His buckle shone in the light, while the red stains on his white shirt could barely be seen.

The man's sharp, beautiful eyes were shrouded in the darkness. His slightly heavy breaths betrayed the bad mood he was currently in. He took a long puff of his cigarette as scenes from earlier replayed endlessly in his mind.

He was not one to lose control.

Over so many years, he had never lost control over himself. Earlier, he had forced Stella into his embrace, seeking her touch by pinching her chin and demanding more of her.

Weston shut his eyes as the urge overwhelmed him again. He merely wanted to recall how he had lost control back then, but did not expect the mere memory to flip a switch deep inside him.

He cursed inwardly and somehow sensed that something was off, as if there was something else coursing through his veins. He suddenly opened his eyes. "You lit the fragrance in here?"

Everyone in the private room sat up straight, their faces tense. "I..." The fragrance in this place was no ordinary fragrance, but fragrance that had additional ingredients in them.

While it was not harmful to the body, it had aphrodisiac properties.

Such tactics were commonplace in venues such as these, and no one would explicitly highlight its existence.

What's more, such fragrances were only used in moderation to lighten the mood. While it might cause discomfort to some, most people wouldn't lose all their senses, similar to being slightly intoxicated. Yet, its effects might differ from person to person. There might be a small proportion who would react strongly to it.

The portion administered in the fragrance was considered moderate. For most people, as long as they indulged themselves and enjoyed the effect that the drug caused them, it had the ability to make them very happy. Otherwise, those people in the private room wouldn't have gone to such extremes earlier. Someone asked boldly, "Mr. Ford, do you not like this smell? I'll get someone to air the room right away."

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Weston shut his eyes.

No wonder.

He had no choice but to blame his strange behavior on this unusual fragrance. Otherwise, he really couldn't figure out why he had lost control so thoroughly.

Suddenly, he opened his eyes as a look of viciousness flashed past his eyes.

Stella Sealey...

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 80

Chapter 80

Deep in the night, the wind that blew past felt slightly chilly.

Yet, it failed to awaken Stella from her stupor.

She stumbled against a billboard and tried to steady her breath. She looked at the man before her and said, "I think I feel slightly unwell. Could you take me to the hospital?"

Justin instinctively tried to hold her up.

However, the moment he touched her, Stella felt an inexplicable sense of desire course through her veins.

When she looked into his eyes, she suddenly pulled her hand back like she was scalded, feeling a strong sense of repulsion and torture.

The sight of her caused realization to dawn on Justin.

“You probably touched something unclean. In a place like that, even if you didn’t eat or drink anything, they would still be able to make you inhale something through the air inside.”

“No wonder...”

Stella furrowed her brows. “I thought that smell was normal in places like that.”

She never expected that a fragrance would have such a big impact.

She shut her eyes as her face contorted in misery.

The look on Justin’s face darkened as a glint flashed past his eyes. He took a step forward, “Don’t worry, I won’t do anything to you. I know a private doctor and I can bring you to him...”

Before he could say any further, a sharp ringing sound came from a phone and cut him off mid -sentence.

It was like a slap on Justin’s face that rudely awoke him. He chuckled self-derisively. What was he thinking? He clearly had many ways to send Stella back home safely, or even contact her family members. Yet, he wanted to send her back to his own house.

What was the matter with him?

Justin shook his head as he saw Stella pull her phone out with trembling hands. However, upon seeing that Stella was out of energy to answer the call, Justin did so on her behalf.

When Weston heard a man’s voice answering the call, his muscles tensed up and he gripped his phone so tightly that it almost bent out of shape.

He demanded darkly, “Where’s she?”

The animosity-filled voice made Justin furrow his brows. He glanced at the phone screen and realized that it was a foreign number.

He looked at Stella and said, “Who are you? Why are you calling Ella? She can’t come to the

phone right now...”

“Who in the world are you?” Weston cut him off almost violently, “Who allowed you to touch her phone?”

Shocked displeasure emerged in Justin’s heart.

He remembered that Ella was single and did not have many male friends except for Robb.

The man on the call sounded so angry, as if he shared a close relationship with Stella... Justin asked blatantly, “Ella, do you have a boyfriend?” Stella lifted her gaze and glanced at him before shaking her head, “No, I don’t.” Justin heaved a sigh of relief and sensed that the other party on the call was trying to pursue Stella, like he was. With that thought in mind, he said in a tone less kind than before, “She feels awful right now and is in no mood to speak to you.” With that, he hung up

The beeping tone from the phone made Weston fling it hard on the ground. His black phone was smashed into pieces in an instant.