

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 801

Chapter 801

Weston swept Stella's hair away from her face and kissed her again.

"Weston..." Stella grumbled in a muffled voice. "Not here

Pretty sure what he was about to do, she wanted to stop him.

Weston stood up and peered down at her.

"Call me something else," he demanded.

"What do you want me to call you?" Stella blinked at him in confusion.

"Take a guess."

"...Mr. Ford?"

Weston leaned down and pinched her chin, causing her to yelp in pain.

"...darling?" She took another guess.

"Better," Weston replied, though he still looked unsatisfied.

He picked her up from the chair and seated her on his lap. He clasped a hand behind her head and held her close so their foreheads touched.

"Try again," he coaxed.

Stella's eyes flashed. She thought of how he put a diamond ring on her finger without her knowledge last night and had an idea.

"...hubby?" she murmured breathily.

As soon as she spoke, her lips were covered by his. He explored her hungrily with his tongue, almost as if he was about to swallow her whole.

Weston pinned her down onto his office table. He interlaced his fingers between hers and gripped her tight. Then, he pulled her hand towards his lips and kissed the ring.

“Do you like it?” he asked. His lips had now wandered to her neck.

“Yes...” she answered with some difficulty as his breath against her neck tickled her. “I... like it...”

“I can’t believe that you still remember this ring,” she added, her words punctuated by a few pauses. “You little liar,” Weston taunted her. He lifted her chin so she would have to look at him in his eyes. “You knew all along that I bought this ring, didn’t you? You’ve just been pretending not to notice it.”

Stella looked away and grumbled, “You should be the one to take the initiative in these kinds of things anyway...”

“Surely you must know my real intentions by now,” he said, squeezing her fingers. “Hmm?”

“I don’t know anything about that,” she denied, turning defiantly away from him.

“Then you must be an idiot,” he sneered. He took her hands, raised them up to his lips, and planted little kisses on them. “If you can’t figure out such an obvious thing, then what am I ever going to do with you, hmm?”

“If you’re not even willing to spell it out clearly,” she argued, “then how can I be sure about your intentions?”

Weston fell silent. He leaned down, and as their foreheads touched, he pinched the tip of her nose.

“I thought the surprise that you would give me today was an answer to my question last night.”

Stella had slept very soundly last night. When Weston asked her to marry him, he could only see her eyelids tremble slightly before falling back to sleep again. Nevertheless, he was sure that she had heard him. She simply didn’t want to give him an answer yet.

His large hands moved up till they rested on her shoulders. “Think about it and then give me an answer.”

He then went down on her hard, exerting on her a violent kiss that she could not escape from.

Sensing his rising passion, Stella began to panic. “Stop!

We are at the office!” she shouted.

“My office,” he corrected her. “No one comes in here without my permission.”

“But you just had a meeting just now! What if someone comes in to give you a report?” Weston grabbed her hands and held them firmly behind her back.

“They’re all my employees anyway. They wouldn’t dare say anything about it.”

“But I don’t want anyone to see me in this state...”

“Oh? Is the future Mrs. Ford worried about her image already?”

Stella blushed fiercely.

“I haven’t agreed to marry you yet.”

Weston’s heart sank. He wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her body close so she would lean on him. “Who else will you marry if not me, hmm?”

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 802

Chapter 802 Stella could feel her belly rubbing the cold buckle of Weston’s belt. She had a hunch that things were about to go wildly out of control.

“No...” she begged him. “Please, not here...”

“Before she could finish speaking, the sound of heels clacking the ground approached Weston’s office door rapidly...”

“Mr. Ford,” Daisy called and knocked on the door. “I’ve compiled the important points from the meeting minutes.”

Without waiting for an answer, she opened the door and entered the office.

As soon as the doorknob turned, Stella shoved Weston away in panic, slinked down under his desk, and hid there before he could say anything.

Weston watched her speechlessly. He was about to get her when he saw Stella desperately gesturing to him to keep quiet.

“Shh!”

She looked at him with large, pleading eyes. Her face was still flushed. Her hair was a mess. She was half naked, and her clothes were in disarray. It was clear that she was not

in an appropriate state to be seen by strangers. Weston shifted his gaze towards Daisy, who was still standing at the door. His expressions quickly changed into the stern and stoic look he always sported. "Since when did you have the audacity to enter without my permission?" he hissed.

Daisy stopped dead in her tracks.

"I'm so sorry," she said, stepping backward. "This report is quite urgent, so my mind was preoccupied, and I simply forgot myself..."

She

then went back out, knocked on the door, and waited for Weston's answer before entering again.

"Forgive me, Mr. Ford. It will never happen again."

Daisy cursed at herself under her breath. She had no idea what had gotten into her that made her commit such a silly offense. Perhaps she had gotten a little absent minded because she saw Ella downstairs earlier.

Daisy stood at the desk and dutifully reported the information she had compiled. Suddenly, from the corner of her eyes, she noticed a clear red mark on Weston's neck that made her pause in her steps.

She knew at a glance what that mark on his neck was, of course. She was far from naive, not to mention that she had been Xavier's girlfriend for some time. Xavier was infamous for being a womanizer who had a collection of

celebrity girlfriends over the years. After getting together, Xavier had never treated Daisy as if she was a fragile maiden. In fact, their relationship was a typical one between adults; hence Daisy learned the ways to please a man. Naturally, she knew instantly that the mark on Weston's neck was a hickey

But she was absolutely sure it wasn't there this morning during the meeting, so how did it get there suddenly?

Her eyes flickered when she thought of Ella, whom she saw waiting downstairs. Had she already met up with Weston somehow?

Daisy couldn't help but feel a little guilty. She should've helped Ella when she saw her waiting downstairs, but for reasons she couldn't quite understand herself, she had opted instead to ignore her and pretended that she didn't see her. She wondered if Ella had noticed her back then...

Probably not, she comforted herself.

Daisy took two steps forward, but she paused when she sensed something was wrong with Weston, though she couldn't quite figure out exactly what it was.

With the unvoiced suspicion in her head, she continued to give Weston the report.

Meanwhile, Stella waited quietly under the desk. She could tell just by the voice that it was Daisy who had

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entered the room. She recalled what transpired downstairs earlier and a trace of doubt and confusion arose in her mind. Still, she had no desire to waste her time and effort to think about these things.

"Is there anything else?" asked Weston with furrowed brows, his tone sharp and imperious as usual.

But Daisy could perceive a hint of irritability in his expressions.

"There's one more thing, Mr. Ford. A couple of foreign businessmen had brought up in the meeting that they would like to discuss the project details with you in private..."

After the project's success in the western suburbs, Weston's reputation rose, and it earned him an international mega-project contract. It was a major breakthrough for the Ford Corporation, with news of its inception bringing much pride and excitement among the employees.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 803

Chapter 803 The new international project signaled Ford Corporation's rise in the near future, not just as the most powerful organization in the country but also as a major player in the international market.

Because of that, new customers flooded in when the news of the project broke out.

In other words, Weston could not afford to turn these businessmen away – he was obliged to treat them well.

"Let them in," he finally decided after a long consideration.

Stella's eyes widened in disbelief. She glared at Weston. What was he thinking, letting the guests in when she was still down here?!

Weston seemed to be able to guess what was on Stella's mind. He reached down and patted her head to reassure her, but to his surprise, she slapped his hand away and even bit his finger.

"Ow!" Weston groaned under his breath. He grimaced and pinched her cheek as a warning not to do that again. Daisy noticed his strange expression and asked, "What's wrong, Mr. Ford?"

"Nothing," replied Weston with a straight face. "You can let them in now."

"Yes, Mr. Ford..."

Shortly afterward, a group of people—foreign businessmen and some other partners of Ford Corporation—entered the office.

Stella had planned to sneak out once Daisy left, but to her dismay, there was not much time between Daisy's exit and the entrepreneurs' entrance. As soon as she tried to step out from under the desk, she could hear the approaching footsteps from the door. Resigned, she settled back down under the desk and waited there quietly.

Weston shot her a quick glance and had to suppress his laughter when he saw her crestfallen look.

Stella noticed this, and it gave her a naughty idea. She crawled on her knees towards Weston and bit one of his fingers dangling under the desk.

Weston frowned and smacked her head lightly. He never knew that she could be this feisty. But as he looked down, all he could see was Stella kneeling quietly under the desk while gazing up at him with big, innocent eyes.

This time, Daisy was sure that she heard a suspicious sound. Even everyone else in the room could tell that something was going on.

"Is there something under the desk, Mr. Ford?"

"Not really," Weston denied, withdrawing his hands from under the desk. "It's just a cat."

“A cat?” one of the guests responded in astonishment. “I never knew that Mr. Ford was a cat person!”

Daisy joined in the laughter too.

“Why have I never heard that Mr. Ford is the kind that likes cats?” she commented. The overly familiar tone she was using roused some suspicions in Stella.

“You’re only my secretary,” Weston replied bluntly as he flipped through a document. “It’s completely normal that you don’t know much about me.”

Daisy’s expressions quickly turned sour.

Fortunately, most of the guests were foreigners. They paid no mind to this small talk and went straight down to business.

The topic soon turned to the upcoming project. Stella started to get a little restless because they were discussing the details of their project, which should be confidential. She felt like a criminal in a place where she shouldn’t be, hearing things she shouldn’t hear.

But in a few moments, even she was distracted by their fascinating conversation. She couldn’t help but listen in with curiosity. Still, they spoke in technical terms and

jargon she couldn’t understand. This really wasn’t her field of expertise, and she could barely comprehend a word that they were saying.

Besides, most of the guests had come from different countries. She was fairly good in French, but she didn’t know any German words. What amazed Stella the most was that Weston almost didn’t need any help from the interpreters, confidently switching between three languages with fluency and ease. She was especially impressed with his German.

No wonder people often said that men were most charismatic when they were hard at work.

With her chin resting on one hand, she listened to their conversation quietly for a while until another cheeky idea popped up in her head.

She looked at the pair of long legs in front of her and reached out a hand to grab at his pants.

Then she gave it a gentle tug.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 804

Chapter 804

Sometimes, Stella was truly dumbstruck by Weston.

And right now was one of those instances. As she was playing with his pants, she inadvertently lifted up the hem and exposed his socks. She was surprised to find that even his socks were of high quality and looked elegant.

How meticulous could this man be?

Sensing her movements, Weston reached down and stroked her hair, trying to soothe the naughty vixen. But Stella suddenly snatched his hand and refused to let it go.

Weston frowned slightly and managed to pull his hand away with some force. He then pinched her cheek as punishment. Stella accepted it and rubbed his fingers gently in response. And so Weston multitasked as best as he could—on the one hand, he conducted a serious meeting with his partners about a multi-billion-dollar project, and on the other, teased and played with Stella under the desk on the other.

Daisy was frantically jotting down the minutes of the meeting – her work made that much more intensive, no thanks to three different languages being spoken in the room. But even so, she still found time to glance over at Weston from time to time.

After all, Stella was not the only woman there to find that Weston was at his most charismatic and alluring when he was hard at work. Daisy was so enchanted that she found it hard to even look away from Weston.

There was a short break in the meeting. Daisy took the opportunity to speak up.

“Would you like some coffee to freshen up, Mr. Ford?”

As soon as she spoke, Stella could somehow sense that there was a trace of suppressed affection in Daisy's voice when she spoke to Weston. She wasn't sure, but it still made the smile on her face vanish. She even let go of Weston's hand completely. Weston peered down at her. There was a hint of a smile in his eyes when he noticed her expressions.

He looked up at Daisy, his face returning to its former

stoniness. "No, thank you."

Daisy's eyes glimmered. She was not willing to give up just yet.

"Ben told me that you don't like instant coffee," she added enthusiastically, "so I've set up a coffee machine in the secretarial office so we can make fresh-brewed coffee just for you. Would you like to try it?"

Stella listened as Daisy spoke. Her eyes darted and, without warning, crawled forward and bit down hard on Weston's finger. Weston was beginning to get irritated by

Daisy, and he was about to respond when he felt a sharp prick hurting his finger.

"Ow!" he hissed sharply under his breath. His expressions changed visibly, and he glowered at the woman under his desk as a warning, telling her to keep it together.

Stella could read his expressions, but she cheekily raised her eyebrows to taunt him further.

The two of them locked eyes for a few moments, but the rest of the party had no idea of Stella's presence under the desk, so they presumed that Weston was getting angry for some reason. They all looked at each other restlessly in silence.

Daisy was utterly dismayed. She thought that she must've somehow crossed the line and exposed her true feelings for Weston. She was so on edge that she didn't dare to even breathe.

What if Weston really found out that she liked him? What then? She simply shouldn't have been so impetuous!

Perhaps the sight of Ella downstairs earlier had triggered an urge to compete, and that led to her loss of composure.

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She paused and considered it for a moment, then said, "It's been a long meeting, Mr. Ford. I'm sure the guests are tired too. Should I prepare some fresh-brewed coffee for everyone?"

Weston glanced at her without a thread of emotion on his face. Daisy stood stiffly, waiting for his response with bated breath. He placed a hand on the desk and drummed his fingers impatiently on the

document in front of him. Stella took this opportunity to grab the hand that had been holding her head firmly and started to nibble at his fingers.

Weston's brows furrowed; his expressions turning strange.

Daisy noticed this change very clearly and asked, "Mr. Ford, are you feeling unwell?"

Her gaze shifted to the desk. She was sure now that there was something going on underneath it.

Stella

could hear Daisy's encroaching footsteps. The rest of the room was dead silent. If she was to be discovered, she was certain that it would be so humiliating that she would never recover...

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 805

Chapter 805 "Meow!"

Stella didn't know where she found the courage to do it, but in that desperate moment, it was all that she could think of.

"Meow!" she cried again.

The sound of a cat's lazy meow filled the office. Everyone looked around and at each other in total confusion. Even Weston, who was always so stoic, seemed to have a curious look on his face as if trying to suppress a certain emotion. The hand on the desk was also twitching.

Finally, it was a German businessman who broke the silence with his laugh.

"Is that your cat, Mr. Ford? Sounds just like my own little Persian! She always cries out in a soft voice, just like that! Everyone adores her!"

"You have a cat too?" Weston asked in impeccable German. "My little one here isn't a Persian, though."

"What breed is your cat then?" the businessman responded with interest.

"She's just a little mongrel," Weston replied, his eyes darting toward Stella, whose face was twisted with anger. The sight, however, only made him smile.

"Is that so?" the businessman continued. He seemed excited to find another cat person. "W

ell, breeds don't matter anyway! All cats are adorable, aren't they? Yours must be very clingy since you brought it here with you in the office!"

"Yes," Weston laughed. "She's very clingy indeed!"

He reached down and stroked Stella's chin as if he was really playing with a cat.

Stella glared at him with fiery eyes, yet she didn't dare to make a peep of sound. She couldn't imagine how humiliating it would be if she were discovered now.

Suddenly, the German businessman stretched his neck and tried to look under the desk with much interest.

"Why is it so quiet all of a sudden?" he asked. "I wonder if I could have the honor to have a look at your beloved

cat? »

Weston withdrew his hand from Stella, looked straight into the businessman's blue eyes, and replied, "I'm sorry, but my cat is very shy. She doesn't like strangers at

all."

The businessman was a little startled, but after a pause, he quietly nodded and smiled. "I understand," he said. "Cats are like that, aren't they? They're usually so affectionate and clingy, but then they get shy and timid when guests are around, though they often act as if they own the house!"

"There's an old English saying," Weston interjected. "I'm not sure if you're familiar with it. It goes like this..."

His eyes shifted towards Stella and with eyebrows cheekily raised, he continued, "Every cock will crow upon his own dunghill."

The German businessman burst into laughter.

"What an interesting saying!" he exclaimed. "I will remember that!"

The two of them continued to chat in fluent German. Of course, everyone else couldn't really understand them, so they just politely smiled and listened.

Shortly afterward, Weston deftly turned the topic back to business, and the cat was never mentioned again.

The meeting was over, but Daisy was still staring at the area under the desk with a head full of doubt. She frowned and squinted at it in silence until her eyes suddenly met with Weston's.

"Excuse me," she blurted in panic. "I'll go compile all the necessary documents..."

"Okay." Weston tossed his pen on his desk and gestured, "You can go now."

Daisy pursed her lips and turned around. She exited, closed the door behind her, and returned to her office.

The second she left, Weston reached down and pulled the woman who was still playing with his pants up onto his lap. "Stop playing with my pants..." he murmured as he nuzzled against her neck, his hot breath blowing in her ear. "Play with me instead..."

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 806

Chapter 806 A glint flashed past Stella's eyes. ...play with him? He'd always been the one to take the lead. Now that she thought about it, she had never tried taking the lead before. It left her to wonder what things would be like, if she were to take the initiative for a change.

"Weston..."

Something changed in her eyes as she tugged his tie and pulled him closer. "Are you sure you want to play?"

He lowered his eyes and looked at her.

A cheeky smile broke across her petite face, clearly indicating that she had some tricks up her sleeve.

Weston cupped her cheeks, and his calloused fingers rubbed across his fair, dewy skin. "Let me see what you've got."

Stella suddenly turned solemn as she turned around to press him against the desk she was originally trapped under.

"Shhh."

Her long, lithe arms wrapped around his as she lifted her head and brushed her nose against the corner of his lips.

From this second on, don't move."

Stella said domineeringly, "Don't doubt my actions, and don't speak unless I tell you."

With that, she tugged the tie off his neck.

It was a black tie with intricate gold patterns.

Weston often used such understated luxury accessories, and his classy taste was indeed infectious.

Be it style or material, his accessories were the best that money could buy.

Stella wrapped the tie around her hand multiple times." Stretch out your hands."

She knelt on the office chair which was in front of him.

Her petite body was completely unable to block Weston's fit and towering figure. Yet, she was harboring wishful thoughts of reining him in and controlling him.

Weston leaned back leisurely and surveyed her face.

A moment later, he stretched his hands out in front of her. "What are you trying to do?"

Stella looked down and put his hands together before tying them up with the tie. "Don't undo it!"

A smile crept into his eyes. "Then you'll have to tie it up tight."

Upon his reminder, Stella wound the tie one more time around his wrist.

She stared at his wrists and pondered for a moment before deciding to pluck his wristwatch off.

"I don't like your watch. It's always so cold and makes me uncomfortable when you hold it against my skin."

Both of them shared many wild moments. That wicked streak in Weston made him yearn to see Stella rely on him everywhere, every time.

At the most pleasurable yet torturous moment, he would like to rove his cold watch on her skin, which would always force tears to well up in her eyes. He didn't like to see her cry.

Except for those moments.

Her tears made her look even more exquisite than she already was.

Stella clearly remembered those moments.

She removed his watch without hesitation to take petty revenge on him.

He chuckled, low and deep from his chest.

He wanted to lift his hand to caress her hair, but since his tie bound them, he could only look deeply at her. "What else do you have?"

Stella thought about it while stealing a couple of glances at him.

She then knelt on the office chair and pushed against Weston's chest, pressing him further down. "Lie on the table and don't move."

Weston arched his brow and calmly laid down on his desk with no resistance whatsoever.

Stella looked satisfactorily at him before climbing on top of him and straddling his waist. She held herself up with one hand against his chest and pulled out her phone with the other hand.

"The great Mr. Ford looking all helpless with his hands tied up is a rare sight. I must take a photo to remember this."

His suit was in a crumpled mess, with his pristine white shirt clumsily unbuttoned by Stella. Looking at the woman straddling him above, he tilted himself higher and said, "If you like this, you'll get many more chances in the future. Don't be so anxious."

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 807

Chapter 807 "Who said so?"

Stella smiled cheekily. "What if you dislike the experience after this round?"

She then began to take a series of photos of him. “I won’t miss a chance to record how you look like right now.”

She suddenly leaned in on him and said into his ear, “I wonder... if your employees know you’re completely at my mercy right now?”

Weston fixed his eyes on her. “If ‘completely at your mercy’ means having my hands tied and photos were taken, I believe that’s an exaggeration.”

“Oh?”

Stella chuckled. “You don’t think this is it?”

She glided her fingers across his skin and held his belt. “The main course is coming right up. Do you still remember the rules I stated?”

She crouched down low, still straddling his waist, and repeated herself, “Don’t speak, don’t doubt, and don’t move.”

A moment later.

Weston looked calmly at Stella, who was fumbling

anxiously with the buckle. “You know how to unfasten a wristwatch but not a belt?”

His remark slowed her hands down, but she didn’t say anything in response, fully engrossed in the struggle with the belt.

“Why is it so complicated...”

Each of his suits spoke of post-opulence, crafted exclusively for him by his personal tailor.

He also had countless neckties, cufflinks, and belt buckles, further enhancing his style.

Although Stella seldom took a second look at those accessories, something she thought was all the same, this belt buckle that Weston was wearing was clearly different from the ordinary accessories.

She gave it two hard tugs and began panicking again when it didn’t seem to work.

The next moment, a pair of huge hands appeared before her eyes. “You...”

Before she could react, Weston reached out with his hands still bound by the black and gold tie and unfastened the belt buckle in a flash.

“How did you loosen the knot?”

She furrowed her brows, dissatisfied. She stretched her hands out, wanting to tighten the knot on the tie again. “You promised me just now to remain bound and let me do whatever I want with you...”

Before completing her sentence, Weston flipped both of them around and regained the initiative. “Let you do whatever you want? But you couldn’t even handle a belt buckle.”

He flung the black and gold tie aside and cupped Stella’s face in his palms. Then he leaned forward and kissed her...

...in his usual aggressive, domineering fashion.

Everything on the desk was swept aside. Before Stella could respond to the sudden turn of the tide, she found herself engulfed in the waves of passion.

Stella felt like a lone boat struggling to stay afloat on the stormy sea.

The whirlwind that had come so suddenly almost suffocated her.

“Weston...don’t...”

Before completely losing her senses, Stella heard his low, rumbling voice.

“Meow for me.”

“Huh?”

Stella struggled to open her eyes. “What are you talking about...”

Westin lifted her chin and forced her to look into his eyes. “Do what you did just now and meow for me.”

She turned her face away, a blush creeping onto her cheeks and vexation clearly etched in her eyes.

He pinched her cheeks slightly harder. “One more time, for me?”

He was simply bone-deep wicked.

There was only one posture that Stella could maintain before him—that of submissiveness.

With no choice but to do what he said, she bit her lip and refused to look at him. Her entire body flushed red with embarrassment.

Weston forced her to keep her eyes open so that she could see every bit of how he was making her yield to him.

Stella's defenses finally broke as she gritted her teeth and whispered, "Meow..."

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 808

Chapter 808 In the evening.

Dusk in the early summer always looked mesmerizing. Fiery red clouds rolled across the sky, forming a stunningly picturesque view from the top floor of the Ford Corporation building.

Stella was eventually carried out of that building.

By the time they were done, every inch of her skin was covered in marks and hickeys.

Weston covered her up with his suit.

Although he deliberately chose to leave the building at a time when most employees would have left for the day, there were still a couple of them who stayed back in the office.

Stella remained obedient in his arms, burying her face in his chest and not daring to look out.

She could feel many stares landing on her on their way out.

When Weston strode past the secretary's office, Daisy and everyone else was standing to one side and greeting Weston.

"Hello, Mr. Ford."

"Mr. Ford..." Stella heard those greetings, and her face blushed an even deeper red.

After both of them left, one of the secretaries spoke up.

"I've never seen Mr. Ford behave like this in the past..."

"Yeah, he really dotes on her."

"Even with Guinevere Cohen, he'd never display his affections so publicly." Daisy spoke up to cut them off. "It's almost time to leave. Let's stop gossiping."

“Okay, Ms. Daisy.”

The sight of Weston’s retreating figure with Stella in his arms left an inexplicable aftertaste on her tongue.

She wondered if it was the right decision to choose Xavier. She had thought that she stood no chance in this lifetime.

Weston was fated to be with Guinevere. No matter in which regard, she was no match for Guinevere.

The difference in their family backgrounds was a gap she had no way of bridging. Even if she were lucky, she would only end up as a secret lover always hiding in the dark, like Ella.

She didn’t want that for herself.

That was why she had been keeping her heart in check all this while.

Unlike other wealthy heirs, Xavier Ford was different. He was willing to accord her the formal status of being his official partner, and he didn’t face tremendous pressure from his family, either.

Even when he terminated his engagement, he merely received a harsh scolding.

Being with him was her best option.

But Daisy never expected Weston to date Ella so openly right after breaking his engagement with Guinevere. Given how intimate they seemed to be, Ella stood every chance of becoming part of the Ford family in the coming times.

How was Ella able to easily accomplish something that she found nearly impossible?

In the depths of her heart, Daisy hated conceding defeat.

In the car.

Weston settled Ella in the back passenger seat. She sat up, and Weston’s suit slid off her shoulders, exposing the love marks littered all over her skin.

She slung his jacket over her hands, and saw him enter

the car after her, and sat next to her. She couldn’t hold back her complaints. “How can I leave the house looking like this?”

She pointed to the hickeys on her neck. "These marks are notoriously hard to cover up, and they're at such a conspicuous place."

"Then don't cover them up," Weston casually stated as he caressed her head. "No one will dare to comment."

Those words only served to upset Stella even more. "Why didn't you take the more discreet way just now?"

Chapter 809 He had a dedicated elevator which he could very well take and avoid the sideway glances of all his employees.

The corner of Weston's lips lifted in a proud smirk as he gathered her in his arms. "I thought you would enjoy how I staked my claim over you."

Stella pursed her lips and remained silent.

Weston lowered his head and rubbed the ring on her ring finger. "Don't you want others to know that you're mine?"

Stella blinked and said, "I was intending to go and visit Zack, but now that you've left those horrendous marks all over my body..."

She didn't forget Wendy's reminder to begin her attack, starting with Zack.

Sure enough, Weston lifted his head and looked at her in silence.

His eyes were deep and dark as if trying to look into the very depths of her soul.

He was trying to figure out what she was thinking.

Stella sighed. "Don't look at me like that..."

Weston tilted her face upward. "Why do you suddenly want to visit Zack?"

"He's your son."

Stella shrugged. "Whatever it is, I have to face him in the future."

He surveyed her as his eyes narrowed dangerously. "I remember you used to detest him."

“That was in the past before you broke off your engagement with Guinevere.” She continued , “He’s still part of the Ford family, after all. None of them will be willing to hand Zack over to the Cohen’s, be it your parents or grandfather, right?”.

Weston combed his fingers through her hair and tucked a loose wisp of hair behind her ear. “If you don’t like him, you don’t necessarily need to see him in the future.”

Stella shook her head. “Although I’m not yet at the point of seeing him as my own, he’s still your child...”

She looked straight into his eyes and said, seemingly genuinely, “He’s still so young and knows nothing. In any case, I won’t be able to have children of my own. I’ll do my best to see him as my own son and treat him well.”

She had no idea how she managed to suppress that strong repulsion from within her and force herself to say that.

However, the look in Weston’s eyes gentled significantly.

He reached out and caressed her cheeks. “What made you figure things out?” He was indeed trying to give Stella a child.

He knew that it was something constantly on her mind.

But it was also something that he could not force.

Despite his tremendous wealth , he remained helpless in the face of scientific and technological limitations. No matter how hard he tried, things may not change. However, it was certainly a viable option if Stella was willing to accept Zack.

If she could carry his child in the future, that would be for the best. They would jointly raise and care for the child together with Zack.

But even if a miracle did not occur, she would at least have Zack to pin her hopes on.

Stella leaned into his embrace and mumbled , “Perhaps, when I was kidnapped and faced with the possibility of never seeing you ever again, I suddenly felt like those things I obsessed over were no longer meaningful. Treasure the present moment and be together with my loved ones; those are the most important things, aren’t they?”

She said it so fluently and naturally as if she really meant it from the bottom of her heart. The next moment, she felt him tightening his arms

around her and deepening his embrace.

Stella knew that he believed her words.

She shut her eyes and felt the warmth emanating from his body.

It was so soothing and calming.

Stella couldn't help but think that if Weston had been that bit more compassionate to her during their misbegotten marriage, her heart wouldn't have frozen and hardened to this extent. No matter how tender and loving he was to her now, nothing could move her.

At the Ford Mansion.

Weston changed his mind at the last minute and brought her back to the Ford Mansion instead of the apartment.

Perhaps because he took Stella's words to heart, he decided to let Stella spend more time bonding with Zack.

The moment they got out of their car, they saw a white Porsche at the door.

The housekeeper informed them that Guinevere had come over to visit.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 809

Chapter 809 He had a dedicated elevator which he could very well take and avoid the sideways glances of all his employees.

The corner of Weston's lips lifted in a proud smirk as he gathered her in his arms. "I thought you would enjoy how I staked my claim over you."

Stella pursed her lips and remained silent.

Weston lowered his head and rubbed the ring on her ring finger. "Don't you want others to know that you're mine?"

Stella blinked and said, "I was intending to go and visit Zack, but now that you've left those horrendous marks all over my body..."

She didn't forget Wendy's reminder to begin her attack, starting with Zack.

Sure enough, Weston lifted his head and looked at her in silence.

His eyes were deep and dark as if trying to look into the very depths of her soul.

He was trying to figure out what she was thinking.

Stella sighed. "Don't look at me like that..."

Weston tilted her face upward. "Why do you suddenly want to visit Zack?"

"He's your son."

Stella shrugged. "Whatever it is, I have to face him in the future."

He surveyed her as his eyes narrowed dangerously. "I remember you used to detest him."

"That was in the past before you broke off your engagement with Guinevere." She continued, "He's still part of the Ford family, after all. None of them will be willing to hand Zack over to the Cohen's, be it your parents or grandfather, right?"

Weston combed his fingers through her hair and tucked a loose wisp of hair behind her ear. "If you don't like him, you don't necessarily need to see him in the future."

Stella shook her head. "Although I'm not yet at the point of seeing him as my own, he's still your child..."

She looked straight into his eyes and said, seemingly genuinely, "He's still so young and knows nothing. In any case, I won't be able to have children of my own. I'll do my best to see him as my own son and treat him well."

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Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 810

Chapter 810

Guinevere used to drive a red Maserati. When she wasn't walking, it was her favorite car that she drove everywhere.

However, it was completely wrecked by Weston during the last kidnapping incident.

After the housekeeper updated them, Weston subconsciously turned to Stella.

Stella's face remained expressionless. When she saw Weston turning to look at herself, she smiled and said, "What are you looking at me for? Let's head in."

Guinevere was, in fact, grounded and supposed to stay at home, but she used Zack as an excuse and managed to sneak out on the premise of visiting her own child.

Guinevere pestered Mrs. Cohen to no end, leaving her with no other choice. Furthermore, she was also afraid that Guinevere might mentally break down and therefore decided against her will to allow her to visit Zack. She heard Weston and Ella had not been staying at the Ford Mansion recently and reasoned that Guinevere shouldn't bump into them that much. This assured her about her decision.

To Guinevere, Zack was her only hope.

As long as she was allowed to come out, she would do everything she could to get into the good books of everyone related to Weston.

But she did not expect Weston to bring Ella back to Ford Mansion.

She instinctively turned to the door. "Weston, you're back?"

She had been playing with Zack, who was in Wendy's arms. Upon seeing Weston enter the house, she carried Zack up and strode to the door where Weston was standing at. "Daddy is back home. Do you want Daddy to carry you?"

She treated Stella like she was invisible and subconsciously tried to erect a barrier between their happy family of three and her.

Weston furrowed his brows and gave Guinevere a look of warning

Guinevere simply ignored the hint in his eyes and grabbed Zack's chubby hands while waving them in front of Weston. She said smilingly, "Baby hasn't seen Daddy in a while. You must miss Daddy, don't you?"

Stella

saw right through her intentions – Guinevere was clearly using the baby as a reminder that she would always remain an outsider.

The corners of her lips lifted in a sardonic smile as she stepped forward and took Zack over from Guinevere's

hands. "Let me carry him."

Before Guinevere could stop her, she saw Stella grab Zack directly from her hands.

Stella appeared very familiar and comfortable carrying Zack. She held him in her arms and bounced him up and down, her eyebrows arching.

"He feels heavier than before!"

She glanced at Weston, "Has he been eating very well recently? His face also looks rounder than the last time I saw him."

Stella deftly took every attack

thrown at her, and Guinevere did not expect her to behave so naturally around Zack as if she were carrying her own child. Weston put his arm around Stella's shoulder and glanced at Zack. "He is slightly fatter. Is he too heavy for you?" Stella said with a chuckle, "He's but a young child. He shouldn't be that heavy even if he gained weight."

"Let me carry him if you're tired."

"No need for that. I haven't seen him in a while, too."

Guinevere had wanted to use Zack to cut Ella off, but she didn't expect Stella to melt the tense atmosphere in a matter of seconds.

She even managed to turn the tables around, making Weston, Zack, and her look more like a family of three,

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effectively cutting her off instead. Zack was her child, for goodness' sake! Guinevere collected herself and interrupted their conversation with a smooth smile. "I've been caring for Zack personally during this period. It's only natural that he gains weight."

"Is that so?"

Stella finally bothered to look at Guinevere. "But why have I been hearing about Wendy being the one caring for Zack instead?"

“Wendy?”

Guinevere furrowed her brows. “Shouldn’t you be addressing her as Mrs. Ford? Are you two that close?”

Wendy, who was seated on the couch, wasn’t intending to interfere, but upon hearing Guinevere mention her name, she stood up and walked over. “I allowed her to address me by my name.”

She saw Zack bouncing restlessly in Stella’s arms and chuckled. She carried him back in her arms and continued, “Everyone used to call me that. Since I get along so well with Ella, I allow her to call me that.”