

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 81

### Chapter 81

A service staff walking past the corridor jumped in shock from his sudden movement and immediately plastered herself against the wall, not daring to move an inch.

Weston ignored her completely and headed outside in quick, huge strides. He pulled at his collar, but still felt stuffy despite being in the fresh night air.

After he left, the people in the private room finally had the freedom to speak their minds.

“I was so frightened just now. I’ve never seen Mr. Ford behave as scary as he was just now...”

“Having known him for so many years, who knew that someone would have the guts to offend the high and mighty Weston Ford of Ahn City, the man whom everyone must bow down to!”

He was like a sleeping lion, a natural king of the jungle, staring down from his lofty and superior position at all the small and insignificant creatures below him fighting and fussing amongst themselves.

Someone like him never bothered to blow his top. Not because he had a good temper, but because no one dared to ruffle his feathers.

Everyone in the room exchanged glances as they thought about that woman from just now, confused and perplexed by what was going on.

Stella could hardly stand straight. Justin had to hold her up while trying to hail a car.

He had originally wanted to use the excuse of joining a drinking session as a reason for bumping into Stella, but he didn’t expect that he didn’t even need to use the excuse he prepared beforehand.

The black car ground to a halt right before them.

Justin was about to help Stella into the car when a huge force pulled him from behind.

Before he could react, he felt a blow to his face.

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The punch was so strong that he stumbled a few steps back, unable to see clearly who the attacker was.

Searing pain shot through his face, and his nose bridge felt like it had broken into two pieces.

He felt dizzy as the world spun before him and almost lost his balance.

He instinctively released his grip over Stella who then fell on her side without his support. Just then, a strong pair of arms dragged her into his embrace.

Weston held her in one arm, the other supporting the back of her head and leaning it against his shoulders.

He felt her breath, hot and heavy, and fury boiled over in his heart. He flung a chilly glance at Justin, "Do you have a death wish? How dare you touch her?"

Justin had barely recovered from the wave of dizziness and intense pain when he heard the

ferocious threat coming from the man before he could even lift up his head to take a good look at who he was.

That voice was so familiar...

The moment he looked into Weston's eyes, he said in utter shock, "It's you?"

Justin was a university professor and was not unfamiliar with the business world. He was even considered a relatively important figure in the industry, and had naturally heard about Weston Ford.

What he did not expect was for Stella and Weston to know each other!

The sight of Weston forcefully pulling Stella into his arms made his pupils dilate, "Who is Ella to you?"

"None of your business," Weston hauled Stella up in his arms and turned around to leave.

Driven by an unknown impulse, Justin suddenly stood up and said, "Mr. Ford, I have no idea what's your relationship with Ella, but isn't it inappropriate for you to bring her away so recklessly?" He wiped away the blood trickling from the corner of his lips. "Should you at least ask Ella whether she's willing to leave with you?" Weston halted in his footsteps and looked coldly at him, "Even if she's not willing to leave with me, would she even want to leave with you?"

Justin looked unflinchingly into his eyes. "Mr. Ford, you are a man with a family. Everyone knows that you're married to Ms. Cohen and have a child together. I don't know what's taken over you to suddenly want to try something new and fresh, but Ella is

not like other women in the industry. She can't afford to get involved with the likes of you, so please show some mercy and let her go."

"Show some mercy?"

Weston looked like he had heard a joke. "Who are you to her? What right do you have to talk to me like that?"

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### Chapter 82

So noisy...

Why was it so noisy?

Stella was already in much pain to begin with, but the unrelenting noise by her ears which sounded like people fighting worsened the pain further. "Mr. Hall..." She called for him once again. "Could you take me to the hospital?"

Justin stepped forward and looked into Weston's eyes, "Mr. Ford, do you hear that? She's calling for me." Weston fell silent as he glared at the woman in his arms. Yet, he still showed no signs of handing her over to Justin. He was serious when he delivered that punch to Justin earlier. Justin touched the roof of his mouth with the tip of his tongue, which sent pain shooting through his face. Stella was probably not the only one who needed a doctor right now. He probably needed one himself, too

With that thought, he glanced tentatively at Weston. What relationship did he really have with Stella? It must be close enough for him to get so agitated. In his impression, everyone else always knew Weston as the cold prince. He always maintained his composure even if mountains were to come crashing down before him.

"I don't want to repeat myself. Scram." Weston ignored him and began walking away with Stella in his arms.

The woman in his arms suddenly opened her eyes, as if sensing that something was wrong. When she looked into Weston's eyes, she was rudely awoken by the sight of him. "What are you doing here?" She struggled against his hold with all her might, her eyes filled with resistance. "Let me go! I said, let me go! Do you hear me?"

She was already feeling terrible, drifting in and out of consciousness. Earlier, she was in a daze and clueless about the situation. Now that she saw Weston's face clearly, the sight of him made her feel utterly disgusted.

“What else do you intend to do to me? I’m already in such a terrible state, and you still refuse to let me go?” “Why can’t you just let me go?” Indignance overflowed in her heart the more she yelled.

She had never hated someone with such intensity. “I beg of you, please let me go...”

Even Justin was shocked by Stella’s sudden reaction. He had no idea that she was so repulsed by Weston.

Weston continued keeping her forcefully in his embrace, and even tightened his hold over her. The sight of Stella trying to struggle weakly out of his embrace made his eyes darken with

displeasure. She seldom cried in front of him, but her eyes were turning red as tears welled in her eyes. It might have been due to the aphrodisiac effects of the fragrance, but it was also her genuine innermost thoughts.

Weston knew that the next time he met Stella, she would surely reject his advances. Yet, he never dared to face up to this impending issue.

The searing heat of her tears made him feel it all, raw and cutting. He had long become an outsider in her eyes.

He sneered, reaching a hand out to wipe her tears away.

Indeed, Stella’s tears was always effective on him no matter when.

Weston lifted his head and looked coldly at the other man, “Are you sure you want to offend me over a woman?”

“Pardon me, Mr. Ford. No one in this world would want to offend you. I merely want to bring Ella away from here.”

“Very well. As long as you have the ability to bear the consequences of your actions.” With that, Weston released his grip over Stella and let her go just like that.

Stella immediately left his arms the moment she saw the chance to.

Justin stepped forward to hold her steady. “Be careful. I’ll send you to the hospital.”

Stella nodded and left with Justin without so much as turning her head back.

It was only after she got into the car and shut the door that Weston finally retracted his gaze and turned around to leave.

He had lost control enough times tonight.

He didn't want to make any more mistakes.

He rubbed between his brows, his body shrouded in darkness, as he forced himself not to look back.

It was just a woman, that's all.

Everyone in the private room thought that Weston wouldn't return.

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### Chapter 83

That was why when everyone saw him enter the room again, they were all struck with fear and no one dared to even breathe, thinking that he had returned to settle scores.

He brought a cold, foreboding air around him into the room. "Bring some women over." He added coldly, "I want women who know how to serve well.

The manager was stunned for a moment, thinking that he must have misheard Weston. This was Lowe Garden, a place chock full of beautiful women. Some even call this a mini version of the entertainment industry, where all sorts of beauties could be found. He wouldn't have any doubts if it were anyone else who raised such a request. Almost every other significant figure of the entertainment industry would come here for a good time. They naturally knew who Weston Ford was, and the consumption habits and preferences of most people who came here. However, a man like Weston did not fancy being surrounded by hordes of women. As such, he wouldn't arrange too many women in drinking and merry-making sessions in which Weston bothered to make an appearance in. Yet, that was what he was specifically requesting for right this moment!

How rare. "Mr. Ford, what kind of women do you like? I'll make arrangements pronto!" Weston glanced at him wordlessly, and the manager immediately got the hint. "Send the most beautiful women we have here for Mr. Ford's selection! I want the cleanest and prettiest, do you hear me?" shut his eyes

Weston settled down just now.

he look on Stella's face from

He laid the back of his hand in the middle of his brows and suddenly flung a wine glass on the floor.

Everyone fell silent, not daring to say a word.

Until the door of the private room was thrown open and in came a row of all sorts of beauties who stood in a neat row.

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Weston glanced past all of them, his face turning colder. "Scram, all of you." The manager was immediately put in a difficult spot.

All the women he presented were of top quality, and some of them were even starlets of the entertainment who were willing to come over only because of Weston. To think that he didn't fancy even one of them!

His fiancé was Guinevere Cohen, after all, the top beauty of the entertainment circle. It was reasonable that none of these beauties met his standards.

However, there was only one Guinevere Cohen in the world. Finding a woman as beautiful as her was easier said than done.

What's more, there were some amidst the group of ladies sent in earlier who didn't pale in

comparison to Guinevere Cohen in terms of appearances, although they were slightly lacking in aura.

At that moment, the manager felt lost as to the kind of woman that Weston was looking for. Suddenly, someone stood up and whispered something in his ear.

The manager looked in doubt at him and saw the other man nod affirmatively in response. With that, the manager left the room. A while later, he brought in another group of ladies who all looked decently pretty, but clearly belonged to a particular type. The type with delicate, fresh features that were pleasant to look at, and faces that looked pure and innocent, just like Stella Sealey.

This time round, after taking a quick glance at all of them, instead of telling all of them to scam, Weston pointed to one of the ladies standing in the middle. "Come over." It seemed like he was finally satisfied. The manager heaved a sigh of relief. The man sitting at the side exchanged glances with the manager. When he saw Weston returning alone without the woman, he had a guess as to what had transpired.

Women were all the same – As long as they were pretty, it was a matter of preference in terms of type and style. Weston probably fancied women of such type. Even he thought so, too. He looked at the woman who resembled Stella walking slowly towards him.

Even the way she walked somehow looked like Stella.

Weston's brows quivered imperceptibly, and he asked in a mysterious, deep voice, "What's your name?"

The woman lowered her head and said softly, Weston lifted her chin, "Did you say Bella "No, Belle..." The sight of the man's eyes turning cold made the woman quiver and swallow her words, "No! I meant yes, Bella..." Weston narrowed his eyes in satisfaction. "Bella."

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### Chapter 84

He was entirely shrouded in darkness and surrounded by a solemn air.

This made the woman rather fearful. "Mr. Ford..."

Her voice hid tones of deliberate femininity and gentleness, which was starkly different from Stella's voice.

Weston's eyes turned cold in an instant. "Shut up."

Belle immediately kept her silence, not daring to say anything more.

Her sudden shrinking back in fear was very similar to Stella in the past.

Weston tightened his grip over her chin which made the woman yelp in pain, "Mr. Ford!"

Weston pulled her head down with more force. "Be good."

Her scalp throbbed with pain. Belle did not expect him to be so forthright and could only kneel submissively before him.

These things went without saying for the women of Lowe Garden. Many things were left unspoken, but everyone knew the rules clearly. With trembling hands, she touched his buckle. Weston lowered his head to look at the top of her head, imagining the scene from earlier when he had Stella under him. He shut his eyes.

It was just a face that he fancied.

It was just one Stella Sealey.

There were hordes of women who were like her, in fact, more beautiful than she was, more obedient, more understanding, and more willing to kneel before him and serve him to his satisfaction.

She was so replaceable.

Why must he, Weston Ford, insist on one woman? His blood was coursing wildly through his veins, but his face turned colder by the minute. It was clearly a scene that

was not much different from his memories, but somehow, something felt wrong. Belle's movements were more proficient and skilled than Stella's, and she clearly knew her way with men. Her moves were appropriately pure and innocent, yet seductive in its own way. Objectively speaking, she was much more charming than Stella.

However...

Belle's hands were reaching upwards when Weston's eyes suddenly flew open.

He grabbed her hair and flung her aside, cold fury emanating from his eyes. "Scram. Scram far away."

He had no idea where his fury came from.

It had been a long time since he lost control of himself.

That unstoppable violence simmering inside him gave him a strong urge to destroy something, anything that came his way. But not these imitation goods right before him. Everyone could tell that he was truly and thoroughly angered. No one dared to provoke him. Weston suddenly kicked the table in front of him and cursed under his breath. "Stella Sealey..."

He uttered her name through gritted teeth.

**Stella finally regained control over herself after leaving the hospital. By then, it was already midnight. She stood along the streets and saw Justin behind her, walking through the hospital doors with a bag of medicine. She stepped forward and said, "Thank you, Mr. Hall. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't know what I would have done today." Justin avoided her overly clear gaze, hiding the fact that he had initially wanted to bring her home.**

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### **Chapter 85**

He had no idea what had gotten into him that turned him into a despicable hypocrite at that moment. He handed the bag of medicine over to Stella and said, "The doctor said that it isn't much of a problem, just some aphrodisiac fragrance. You are highly allergic

to such things which was why you had such a huge reaction. Just head home and have a good rest.”

Stella nodded and looked at Justin.

Despite the fact that his wounds were already treated, it was clear that Weston used a lot of force in that punch.

The corner of Justin’s lips was badly swollen and the bloodshot black and blue area looked terrifying

Stella felt guilt wash over her. “I’m very sorry, Mr. Hall, to have created trouble for you.” Even someone as mature and steady as Justin felt somewhat embarrassed at being beaten up so badly by another man in front of a woman he liked. .

He touched the corner of his lips gently and said nonchalantly, “Only childish people solve problems with violence.”

Stella chuckled lightly. It was the first time someone had described Weston as childish. Justin shrugged off his jacket and covered Stella’s shoulders with it. “It’s cold at night. I’ll send you home first.”

Stella instinctively wanted to return his jacket back, but Justin held her wrists to stop her.” That will only make me feel like I must be a terrible person, to have my help rejected so blatantly by you.”

“I don’t have any other intention, Ella. If tonight’s incident were to happen to any other innocent woman, I wouldn’t turn a blind eye to it. Don’t be too burdened by me.”

A man of his age would definitely have experience with women. Stella was certainly his type, and he genuinely wanted to get to know her more. He wasn’t in a hurry to rush things at this point. “I called Robb just now to explain the situation to him. He knows that you’re very safe now and is probably already asleep.”

Upon his words, Stella heaved a sigh of relief that she did not know she was holding in.” Thank you, Mr. Hall.”

She had no idea how to repay him aside from thanking him. Justin smiled helplessly. “Get in the car. I’ll send you home.” Along the way, things were exceptionally quiet in the car. Justin would occasionally throw Stella a glance through the rearview mirror as his fingers gently tapped against the steering wheel. He opened his mouth to speak upon seeing her features relax slightly, “Pardon me for asking:

What is your relationship with Mr. Ford? Of course, feel free to not answer my question if it makes you feel uncomfortable.”

Stella was stunned for a moment. When she snapped back to attention, she shook her head, and said, “I walked to the wrong private room and accidentally provoked him. I had no idea why he kept pestering me...”

“Is that so?”

Although her answer wasn’t far from Justin’s guess, he still felt like something was wrong.” Based on what I know, Weston Ford is not one who dabbles much with women. You should have heard about the fact that he has a family. I’ve never seen him lose control that way with a woman.”

He shook his head and looked at Stella, “He’s not a person you want to meddle with. Ella, I know you probably have guessed that I do have some feelings for you. We’re all grown adults and there’s no point hiding such things. Even if things are not possible between us, for your own sake, I want to warn you to stay away from a man like Weston Ford. You can’t afford to get involved with the likes of him.”

Stella remained silent, her head leaning against the window. Suddenly, she chuckled, “I only wish I could avoid him completely.”

Although she wore a smile on her face, her eyes were filled with intense disgust and hatred.

Justin didn’t overthink things, and simply thought that she hated men like Weston Ford who forced himself upon others. “It’s good that you think so. I hope you protect yourself well. Of course, feel free to come to me for help whenever you need it.” It was a casual remark, but it had seemingly crossed the line.

Justin saw slight awkwardness in Stella’s face and immediately changed the subject. “You’re already fully booked at the training center. Why do you still need to do home tutoring ? This will make things very busy for you. Are you short of money?”

At the mention of this, Stella exhaled and said with fatigue, “It’s not really that I’m short of money, just that...”

She looked at the street lights passing by them as her thoughts drifted. “Robb’s condition isn’t too good, and we’re always in need of money. Although we’re not in dire straits right now, there will eventually come a day where we need the money. Work is the only way I feel truly secure right now...” Before she could complete her sentence, a black luxury car suddenly appeared right before them on the road.

It appeared out of nowhere and blocked the path right in front of them!

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Justin had no time to react and could only step down hard on the brakes.

The wheels screeched loudly against the concrete road. Everything happened so quickly that Justin could only instinctively stop the car. He immediately turned to Stella. "Are you alright?"

Stella shook her head as she stared at the familiar-looking luxury car right in front of them, a bad feeling overcoming her. "Who's that in front?"

Justin followed her line of sight and looked at the car in front of them.

Realization finally dawned upon him as he realized that the car in front of them was a limited – edition Cullinan. He had a guess as to who was in that car.

To think that Weston Ford turned out to be a man who would go back on his word!

He sneered in disdain inwardly as he thought about how Weston repeatedly acted so out of character because of Stella...

The look he gave Stella was complicated as he tried to collect his thoughts. He had just backed up from the roadside when that black luxury car started driving towards them.

Both cars were facing each other. The windows of the black car descended, revealing a cold, handsome face belonging to Weston, who was looking at both of them expressionlessly. "Hand her over," He demanded. Justin guessed that he would say something like that, and his expression turned solemn. "Mr. Ford, please have some self-respect. You are a well-known figure with a reputation, and you have a family yourself. Why must you make things difficult for a woman?"

Weston burst out laughing. "What, are you the woman herself?" He said disdainfully, "I can stop making things difficult for you as long as you hand her over to me."

Deadly silence ensued.

He repeated himself emphatically, "Let me say that again; Hand that woman next to you over to me."

Stella clenched her fists and looked straight into the man's eyes. She said in a chilly voice, "I'm not your personal belonging. I have the right to decide who I want to leave with!"

"Is that so?" Weston did not seem emotionally agitated. Instead, he looked leisurely at Stella. "Sure, I can give you a chance to make a choice. Who do you choose?"

Stella was stunned for a moment, not expecting Weston to give in so easily. She said without any hesitation, "I won't leave with you. Mr. Hall, please drive on."

Justin instinctively knew that things wouldn't be so simple, but upon seeing no movement

from Weston, he raised the windows and drove ahead without a word.

He looked at the luxury car stopped in the middle of the road from the rearview mirror, his features tense.

Indeed, before he managed to drive into the expressway, the Cullinan suddenly turned around and began chasing after them. Without any hesitation at all, it crashed loudly into the back of the car and the entire car shook!

Stella almost hit her head against the windscreen in front of her. Justin's face darkened with anger. He hit his steering wheel which honked loudly. "What a madman!"

Stella unbuckled her seatbelt and immediately asked, "Mr. Hall, are you alright?"

In face of Stella's concerned gaze, Justin calmed down and replied to her, "I'm fine, don't worry. Let's ignore him. He's a madman through and through!" Stella pursed her lips, with a complicated look on her face

No matter what happened, she was clear that she did not want to implicate Justin.

"Mr. Hall, please let me down here."

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 87**

### **Chapter 87**

Justin could tell what was going on in Stella's mind and his face turned solemn, "Dispel that thought in your mind. I cannot possibly bring myself to hand you over to him. What kind of a man do you take me for? One who would simply hand you over to a man like a plaything?" Perhaps because of how nasty the term "plaything" sounded, Stella remained silent for a long while.

Justin did not say anything further. He simply maneuvered the steering wheel and drove the car forward.

He didn't believe Weston would be bold enough to crash his car until it was unable to move.

No matter how powerful and daring he was, he had to care about societal opinion and his public reputation!

Although Justin's status in the industry could not be compared to that of Weston's, he did have his own network. He didn't believe that Weston was capable of squashing him to death!

Justin looked at the Cullinan on his tail from his rearview mirror. He knew that it would be difficult to shake him off and could only step on the accelerator.

Weston followed suit. This time round, he wasn't in a hurry to stop Justin's car, and drove at a leisurely pace as if he were playing a game of cat and mouse.

Justin gritted his teeth, feeling for the first time like he was being played for a fool by another man. His eyes darkened as he swerved into a narrow, deserted road. He drove at a very high speed, almost like he was in a car race. Stella's face paled and she could not help but exclaim, "Mr. Hall..." When a man's competitive streak was triggered, it would usually be impossible to stop him. Justin glanced at her and quickly retracted his gaze. He said firmly, "He won't give up so easily. The only way to make him stop pestering you is to shake him off!"

With that, he stepped down hard on the accelerator and continued, "Don't worry. I used to be in car races when I was younger. I'll help you get rid of him." It had been a while since he did something so wild. He was already slightly past forty, certainly way past the age of his wild youth. To think that he would still be doing things that only a hot-headed, reckless youth would do, like car racing, just for the sake of a woman.

Somehow, though, it felt good.

No matter what age, no matter how mature and steady, men always pursued exciting and fresh experiences. It was in their bones.

Justin Hall was no exception.

He looked at the Cullinan on his tail and sneered, steering the steering wheel deftly.

The car drifted, and he thought that he would be able to shake off Weston at the next bend. To his utter surprise, he looked around and saw that Weston had caught up next to him.

His arm was resting leisurely on the open window, a lit cigarette between his fingers with only one hand on the wheel, as if he was not even trying hard.

The sight clearly trampled on Justin's dignity and sense of pride. His face turned cold as he chuckled, "It seems like Mr. Ford is bent on being the villain." Weston didn't even spare a look at him. He took a puff of his cigarette and retracted his arm. The smoke that he puffed out was blown into the wind behind him. His sideburns flew in the air, his handsome face looking even more dark and mysterious in the night. "Since you're the

good guy, then please do a good thing..." He flicked at his cigarette and turned his head to the side. "Hand her over to me."

Justin was thoroughly angered, and he suddenly stepped on the brakes. The car immediately slowed down and turned a hundred and eighty degrees. The car faced the opposite direction and began driving off. This time, his speed was significantly higher than it was before. Justin was clearly going all out.

Stella's heart was in her throat, and she suddenly felt helpless and weak to stop everything that was happening "There's really no need for things to turn out like this..."

She said in a low voice, but no one heard her.

Even if they did, they might not even take her words to heart.

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### **Chapter 88**

Stella was the trophy in this battle, and she had no right to speak and voice her opinions. She was merely the bargaining chip between two men's clash of egos. Even though she completely did not want to get herself involved, she was still forced to be in the center of the vortex, torn between the forces from both sides.

This time, Justin managed to widen the distance between both cars. He drifted neatly at the next junction and threw Weston far away from them.

That did not make him lower his guard as he continued maintaining his breakneck speed. Just then, he remembered that Stella was still seated next to him and took the time to reassure her, "Don't worry. We managed to shake him off." Before he could say anything further, a huge crash sounded. A huge impact came from behind and the car groaned under the force.

Justin looked in disbelief at Weston's car which had overtaken him, and was speechless with shock.

He had his usual leisurely expression on his face, with an additional trace of disdain in his eyes. The black car was like a cheetah lying in wait in the dark. After fixing its sight on its prey, it burst forth in one explosive movement to make that critical hit. After it struck, all it needed to do was to wait for its prey to take its last breath. ! Justin was on the verge of death, yet he refused to give up. He stepped on the accelerator and the wheels screeched loudly, and it felt as though sparks flew across the road.

Even that did not change things. Weston suddenly released the accelerator and backed off. Justin was about to find another

opportunity to make a run for it when Weston suddenly hit Justin's car without any hesitation.

It was accurate, decisive, and quick.

This time, Weston made Justin's car flip over. He did so skillfully, not just focusing on speed, but also making use of things around him, such that Justin's car was completely lodged between two roadblocks.

"Damn it!" Justin cursed under his breath.

With the entire car flipped over, the angle left him stuck in the driver's seat and without any space for movement.

The front passenger seat, on the other hand, was raised high up in the air, completely facing outwards.

Justin's face turned cold. He unbuckled his seatbelt in a bid to climb out.

The car compartment was completely wrecked, and it pressed against his knees. A slight movement was enough to send pain searing through him.

Stella immediately stopped him. "Don't move! You might lose your leg if you move!"

She saw a metal rod sticking out right in front of Justin. She unbuckled her seatbelt and climbed slowly towards him, intending to save him from his plight.

The next second, however, she heard steady footsteps from outside the car.

Her car door was flung open and the cold night wind blew in.

Weston's tall figure stood right outside as he looked down at the two of them in the car.

He was like a high and mighty lord of the land looking down at his subjects. His black trench coat made him look even more tall and menacing.

His overly handsome face was always shrouded in a layer of biting cold, as if he were Hades in person.

Before Stella made it to Justin's side, she felt Weston pulling her out of the car by her collar.

He folded her into a tight hug, his broad trench coat covering her entire back. He pressed her head down and refused to let her turn around.

"You're mine now," Weston said above her in a low, hoarse voice.

He said it with certainty, and he said it like a bold declaration.

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### Chapter 89

He looked coldly at the man stuck in the car, completely not hiding the mocking look in his eyes, "You've overestimated your abilities."

With that, he turned around and strode away.

Weston carried Stella into the car, who struggled profusely with all her might. "Let me go!"

Weston remained unmoving, despite how much she was cursing and hitting him.

He had thought through things; So what if Stella was unwilling? As long as he wanted it, there was nothing he couldn't get his hands on.

"Weston Ford, you're mad! Let me down! You madman!"

Humiliating insults flew from Stella's mouth. She never knew that she was capable of scolding someone so harshly, as if she expanded her lifetime of hatred and disgust on a single person.

Weston pressed down on the back of the head and did not react to a single one of her insults, no matter how nasty sounding they were.

It was only when Stella's voice became increasingly hoarse and she was on the verge of angry tears that he finally said, in a rare show of compassion, "Have you berated me enough? If so, then shut up from now on."

He flung her into the car and side-stepped into it. He put his fingers against her lips and said, "If you're not good, I'll seal your lips. What shall I use to seal your lips?" Stella's eyes widened as she stared at the man before her in disbelief. After a long while, she exclaimed through gritted teeth, "Shameless!" Weston chuckled out loud and landed a tender kiss on her forehead. "Seems like you want my lips to seal yours. Why didn't I figure out previously that you're a greedy one?" This man was shameless to an extreme degree that Stella suddenly had no more words for him.

Weston saw her suddenly quieten down and pecked her on the cheeks. "That's the way. As long as you remain obedient and make me feel good, I can give you everything you want. Is it worth it to pit yourself against me?" He shook her chin gently, "Follow me. I want you."

Stella felt fatigue wash over her entire being. She looked at Weston. "What exactly do you want?"

Weston kissed her again at the corner of her lips, "I said it just now – I want you to follow me. What did I say just now that you did not understand? Do you want me to repeat myself?"

Stella shut eyes, refusing to argue with him on this. "Justin is innocent, he merely wanted to help me..."

"Don't worry, I won't make things difficult for him," Weston did not like her speaking up for another man, and he tightened his grip over her.

The sight of Stella furrowing her brows in slight pain made him release his hand, satisfied

with her reaction. "The less you care about him, the safer he'll be. Do you understand?" Stella shrunk back, trying as much as possible not to be in contact with Weston at all. She was extremely tired. "Please don't implicate the innocent. Weston Ford, this is my bottom line."

Weston burst out laughing. "Innocent? Don't tell me you can't see that he's interested in you." "So what if I can tell? I'm single, so why can't other men pursue me?"

Stella was unusually calm, and her voice was calm and composed. She looked at Weston, "Mr. Ford, what exactly is up with you? You have a wife and a child. What's with all these you are doing?"

Weston's eyes turned cold, "So what? No one can stop me from doing what I want to do."

Stella shut her eyes, refusing to speak any further. Weston hated seeing how cold and distant she looked. He would rather see her lose control and turn hysterical instead of seeing no traces of himself in the depths of her eyes. "Stella Sealey, I'm not kidding." He calmed down and said with unprecedented firmness, "Follow me. It's your only choice."

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 90**

### **Chapter 90**

His tone was non-negotiable, as if he was just informing Stella about his decision. Stella found it hilarious. "I don't understand what you're trying to say. You want me to follow you? Then what about Guinevere? What about your child?" Weston furrowed his brows. "I've already told you that I'm not married." "And so? Should I believe every word you say?"

Ever since that day, Stella had lost all trust towards him. “So what if you’re not married? You impregnated a woman out of wedlock. Is that very honorable?”

Weston’s eyes darkened with displeasure. At that moment, he had a strong urge to tell her the truth just to shut her up. After a moment’s silence, he lit a cigarette and said, “I’m not negotiating with you. Stella Sealey, name your price.”

Stella did not expect him to ask something so blatant after everything that had happened. She turned her face away and sneered.

She did not intend to continue the conversation. In fact, she found no need to continue discussing it at all.

She would never be with Weston Ford again in her entire life, not to mention in such a shameful position!

How prideful did he have to be, to have the cheek to make such a request of her, after all that he had done to her?

Stella shut her eyes. She only wanted to solve the problem lying right before her. “Mr. Hall is still in his car. I must see him safe and sound.” The man’s eyes darkened, and it was difficult to tell what he was thinking. His fingers tapped against the steering wheel. “You’re still thinking about him at a time like this?” “He’s innocent. No matter what, he shouldn’t be implicated.” Weston laughed instead of being angered. “In that case, promise me something and I’ll let him off.”

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Stella suddenly opened her eyes, “You were the one who started provoking him. Why must I promise you something as a condition?” “I’m not negotiating with you. I’m giving you a choice. Though, you can refuse, and we can remain locked in a stalemate. Then, we’ll see who can afford to wait.”

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Stella clenched her fists and looked in the direction of Justin’s car.

A moment later, she nodded ever so slightly. “What do you want me to do?”

She finally submitted, but it was only because of another man.

Weston had achieved his objective, but he wasn’t exactly very happy about it.

He reached out to caress Stella’s soft hair, but she dodged his touch instinctively.

Her natural reflex was not something she could feign. It was clear that she despised him from the depths of her heart.

With that thought in mind, Weston retracted his hand and said expressionlessly, "Be with me tonight." Stella's pupils dilated and her face turned completely ashen as all the blood drained from her face. Weston could see her reaction from the rearview mirror, and an inexplicable emotion surged in his heart.

Those past memories he had tried to neglect began to gush back into his mind like a tornado. When they were married, he did not treat their marriage like a big deal. Stella could make him feel comfortable, and that was sufficient for him. She was obedient and pliant and never caused him trouble. Whenever he remembered her and came home, there would always be a light left switched on for him at night. The house would never be completely dark. This woman was always showing him her best and most beautiful side.

She was warm and tender, clean and fresh, and filled with love she never dared express.

She loved him...

Weston recalled the vicious words she flung at him in the private room.

Loved?

What did she mean by 'loved'? What kind of love was it if it ended just like that?

The seconds and minutes passed them by. Stella knew that the longer things dragged out, the worse it would be for Justin. She also knew how wicked the man next to her could be. "Fine. I promise."

In the car.

Justin was completely unable to move. Having lived for so many years, it was the first time he truly felt what it meant to be completely powerless.