

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 841

Chapter 841

“That wasn’t what I meant...”

Michael looked at him. “But Mr. Ford, can you deny that? You’re supposed to be considered one of the decent ones, but even you keep other women. Isn’t Bella from Lowe Gardens one of them?”

“Seems like you took the effort to get to know me,” Weston responded expressionlessly.

“Aside from her, who else did you find?”

Michael was stunned for a moment, realizing that he had spoken too quickly. “It didn’t take much effort on my part. I simply heard about it from the rumor mill...”

“I see,” Weston picked up Stella’s coffee cup.

Stella was about to tell him that the cup was hers and she had taken a sip from it, but it was too late. Weston pursed his lips and sipped from the cup.

Stella remembered his mild germaphobia and refusal to share food or drinks with other people and decided it was best for her to keep silent.

Weston finished the cup and furrowed his brows as he looked at Michael, “The Belfords were right. You’re very ambitious, and you have your sights set on beyond the Belford family.”

Michael’s face stiffened. “Mr. Ford, do you have existing engagements with my wife’s family?”

“Just ordinary business dealings.”

Weston said casually, “They didn’t tell you about it?”

Michael’s face turned dark as he remained silent.

He knew that Weston was giving him a taste of his own medicine.

Undeniably, Weston had a hold over him in that regard.

“Mr. Ford, are you thinking of sowing discord between the XXX family and me?”

“That’s a tad extreme.”

Weston arched his brow. “As their capable son-in-law, you found success in your career no thanks to their family influence, and they rode on your coattails. How could I sow discord in your relationship so easily?”

Michael had to admit that Weston had hit the nail on the head.

But having Weston say out his innermost thoughts put a dent in his confidence.

“Mr. Ford, you’re an outstanding young talent, and everyone in the industry knows about you. It’s as easy as pie for you to deal with anyone you wish. People like US who have to work doubly hard to get what we want wouldn’t dare lock horns with you...”

He hated conceding defeat, but he eventually yielded.

Weston chuckled as the corner of his lips lifted in a smile of disdain, “I won’t beat around the bush. In the future, I don’t want to hear you saying things to my fiancée that will make her

troubled.”

He sat up and looked at him with a piercing stare. “If she’s upset, I will be upset, too. When I’m upset, things will be hell for you.”

Before he left, Michael glanced at Stella, clearly wanting to tell her something.

He smiled bitterly at the sight of Weston’s possessive stance. “I just want to say something quick in private to her. Mr. Ford, you can’t be that unreasonable, can you?”

He paused for a moment before going on, “What’s more, with you here, you won’t have to worry that I’ll take advantage of her.”

Weston turned to look at Stella.

Stella glanced at Michael before nodding, “Let me chat with him.”

Weston let her go. “Go on.”

He pinched her nose and said, “I’ll wait for you outside, okay?”

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“Mr. Ford really treats you like treasure,” Michael couldn’t help but remark. “He watches over you like a hawk, even for a short while.”

“Just say what you want to say,” Stella said directly.

Both of them walked to the end of the corridor.

Weston was waiting outside.

Stella looked at him distractedly, “I believe I made my stance very clear just now.”

Michael looked at her and said, “I really didn’t expect you to be able to win Weston over just like that...”

Puffing on a cigarette, he went on, “Seems like I don’t really have a way now...”

“You sound like you’re about to do something to me.”

Michael chuckled. “You’ve spent so much time with Weston that you can now find loopholes in what others say.”

“Growth is inevitable, especially for someone like me.who’s suffered so much in the hands of others,” Stella hinted.

Michael turned solemn and only spoke after remaining silent for a long while. “I don’t have much to say except to remind you about one thing: Given how things erupted at the engagement banquet, Roger will probably come to know about it. Given his temperament, I believe he won’t allow you to be with a man like

Weston.”

Stella’s face changed.

Roger was the only person she truly cared about.

Sending him overseas for further studies was so that he would not be affected by what happened here.

Stella’s silence made Michael chuckle and pat her shoulders.” Take care.”

With that, he turned and left.

The silver Bugatti was parked along the streets.

Stella got into the car with a glum expression on her face, which made Weston ask her, "What's the matter? Did he bully you?"

He pinched her cheeks.

Stella shook her head. "No, I'm just slightly worried..."

"About what?"

Weston pulled her onto his lap.

Stella sighed and said, "I haven't thought about how to break the news to Roger..."

Him again.

Weston's brows furrowed as he lifted her chin. "He's a full grown adult. He'll be able to accept it." "You don't know him..."

Stella looked into his eyes. "Previously, when he thought that Justin Hall liked me, he flew into a rage."

The mention of Justin Hall made Weston's face darken. "If you hadn't mentioned him, I would have completely forgotten about your ex-lover."

"What nonsense are you spouting? There's nothing between us!"

Stella glared at him. "I haven't contacted Mr. Hall for a very long while."

"You sound very remorseful about that."

Stella couldn't help but complain, "If you go on being sullen like this, I'll ignore you."

Weston kept his silence, pinched her cheeks, and kissed her lips.

Stella could sense a shift in the atmosphere and tried to change the subject in between their kiss. "When did you change to this car?"

The black Cullinan that Weston used to drive was stable and unelaborate.

Stella wasn't used to seeing this silver Bugatti.

"You don't like it?"

"It's not that..."

Weston chuckled and bit her lip. "Or do you prefer a car with more spacious back seats?"

Had she turned bad under Weston's influence?

Stella was able to catch his hint instantly. "Why is your mind always in the gutter?"

Weston's face changed with a pinch of her chin. "Are you getting arrogant as I've been going easy on you these few days?"

Stella avoided his touch and smiled. "Cut it out. I'm serious."

Weston seemed to find her a downer. He released his fingers on her chin before letting her sit back down on her seat. "I don't think you need to coax and cajole your brother like a child."

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"I'm not going to coax and cajole him like a little child, but..."

She sighed.

Weston lifted her hand, brought it to his lips, and kissed it tenderly. "Don't bother about him. He'll get around it sooner or later."

Stella remained silent as she fixed her gaze on him.

She was worried precisely about him.

She knew that Weston would settle everything properly on the premise that she would stay obediently by his side.

She had to do exactly as he said. His excellent treatment of her came at a price.

Right now, there was only one thing she was worried about, and that was Old Mr. Ford's method to try to send her away without implicating those around her.

Thankfully, given the time and information lag overseas, Stella still had some time to think about how to explain things to Roger. The engagement banquet's incident immediately affected Ford Corporation's stock prices.

Weston needed to go to the office to attend to something.

The silver Bugatti stopped in the middle of the empty parking garage.

Ever since Stella was stopped at the reception counter, Weston began allowing her to use the exclusive passageway that headed to his office directly without calling the reception.

Before getting out of the car...

Weston looked at her and asked again, "Sure you don't want to accompany me?"

Stella shook her head. "Bradley called me just now and informed me about recent premiere events for the movie. I'm involved in promotional work."

It was the movie that she filmed together with Guinevere.

Guinevere's current condition meant that she was in no shape to attend any press conferences or premiere events.

It was easy to guess the kind of questions Stella would receive if she were to accept interviews.

Weston rubbed her hair. "You can always continue playing the piano and dancing. There's no need for you to go back to acting."

Stella smiled, "We'll see. I want to end my current project well first."

Weston didn't want to force her.

Stella instructed the driver to send her to the venue that Bradley told her about.

When she arrived, she found that the other actors in the crew were already there.

Stella was already early and didn't expect to be the one holding everyone back.

"I'm sorry..." she apologized bashfully.

However, everyone waved their hands and assured her. "No, no. We only just arrived, too," they said.

It was safe to say that almost everyone knew about what had happened at the engagement banquet.

No one expected Ella to have a secret identity.

Not only was she Weston's new partner, but she was also his ex wife.

Thus, everyone who used to speak badly of her felt uneasy and restless.

Stella could clearly sense a change in their attitudes toward her and felt uneasy as well.

But she did not say anything much.

Bradley saw her arrive and walked toward her. "Sit over here. The reporters will be here soon."

"Sure."

Stella nodded.

Bradley revealed little of what he truly felt inside, and he simply shot a long glare at Stella with a dark look in his eyes.

Angelina, on the other hand, kept winking at Stella from the corner she was at.

Stella walked toward her and sat down.

Angelina immediately held her hand and asked, "Goodness me! Do you know about what happened at the engagement banquet?"

Of course, Stella knew about it. She was there herself and one of the main subjects.

Angelina was slightly agitated. "I didn't know that so much has happened to you!"

A corner of Stella's lips lifted in an awkward smile. "I'm sorry I wasn't honest with you before."

"It's fine, it's fine."

Angelina shook her head. "If I were you, I wouldn't know how to come clean to my friends, either."

Stella looked at her and suddenly thought of Henry.

"Do you know someone by the name of Henry Moore?" she probed.

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Angelina sat stunned for a moment before saying, "No, I don't," in a daze.

Stella pursed her lips.

She recalled how certain Henry was when he claimed that Angelina was Faye...did he really get the wrong person?

He must have.

"Why did you suddenly ask me that?" Angelina asked. "Who is Henry Moore, and what's his relationship with you?"

Stella didn't want to add to her worries, so she simply chuckled and said, "Nothing, it was just a casual question."

Angelina blinked. "Are you hiding something from me? "If it's something personal and you don't wish to tell me, that's fine. But if it's related to me, I wish that you'll tell me honestly..." she whispered into Stella's ear.

Stella pondered for a moment.

She rubbed in between her brows and said slightly apologetically, "You're right. I should tell you about it."

She then subsequently relayed everything that happened with Henry to Angelina

Angelina heard Stella out solemnly, her eyes in a daze.

Not getting a meaningful response, Stella raised her voice to call out to her. "Angelina?"

Angelina snapped back to attention and rubbed her nose, smiling. "Does Faye look pretty?"

Her priorities had always been strange.

Stella said, "I have no idea, I don't think I've met her before. But Henry thought you were her, which means that you probably look like her. In that case, I consider her pretty."

Angelina was stunned for a moment before realization dawned on her that Stella was paying her a compliment.

She grabbed Stella's arm gleefully. "Alright now. I know you're praising my beauty, and I find you pretty too, but regrettably, I like men!"

Stella burst out laughing. "I like men, too."

The two were so engrossed in their joyful chatter that they did not even realize Caspian coming over to them.

He stood right before Stella and looked down at her, looking as though he had something to say.

It had been a few days since he saw her, and Stella looked the same as she did, but he still sensed something different about her.

Everyone knew about the mess at the engagement banquet.

That included Caspian, too.

His manager tugged at his ear and warned him.

"Do you see that? Her true identity is Weston's partner. Since she already has Weston, do you think she'll fancy you?"

"I don't have any feelings for her!" Caspian rebuked his manager in frustration.

"You're just lying to yourself! We've been together for so long; I know you inside out!"

"Who are you trying to kid? The look in your eyes when you look at her tells me everything I need to know!"

Caspian remained silent.

He did realize that he had developed feelings for Stella.

Before he could keep it in check or even before it had time to grow, it had become wishful thinking on his part.

Angelina noticed Caspian and nudged Stella, "Mr. Yates..."

"Don't call me that. It sounds so formal."

He shot them both a wry smile. "It's been a while."

He had no idea what else to say other than that.

Stella felt inexplicably awkward as she nodded to him. "Yes, it's been a while."

They weren't close, to begin with.

What's more, given Caspian's status, there was a need for them to keep their distance, which made things even more awkward.

Caspian's kept darting his gaze towards her as if he had something to say, which he ultimately decided to swallow back down.

"Be careful during the interview later... it'll be starting soon," he said.

He was trying to remind her to watch out for the reporters' questions.

Stella nodded. "Thank you, Mr... Senior."

She decided to change how she addressed him.