

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 845

Chapter 845

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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 | 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.

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It was her way of keeping her distance.

As a mature adult, he could catch the hint in her address.

Caspian lowered his eyes and felt a wave of disappointment.

Trying his best not to show his despair, he shot her a final glance before turning to leave.

At his age, it went without saying that he had been in a number of relationships.

However, perhaps because it had been a long while since his last relationship, this crush somehow ran deeper.

Although it wasn't intense, it was long and lingering.

It constantly lurked at the back of his mind, sometimes rearing its head at the most unexpected of times, and was impossible to get rid of.

He exhaled loudly and decided that it was time to flee from Stella.

At the promotional event.

Caspian kept a physical distance as he had promised himself.

His manager was originally worried that he might do something out of whack upon seeing Stella, but he was surprised and, at the same time, comforted that he behaved so sensibly and

obediently.

He stood downstage but didn't forget to remind himself what he should and shouldn't say.

Everything went pretty smoothly at the beginning.

The reporters were asking proper questions that were relevant to the movie itself, mostly revolving around the filmmakers.

Since Guinevere was absent, Caspian, the male lead, naturally became the target of many questions.

As supporting actresses who, despite their minor roles, were relatively outstanding, all Stella and Angelina had to do was smile and stand prettily on stage.

However, the reporters were quick to realize that Caspian took on all questions, and they spoke freely, with the exception of issues that involved Stella.

The reporters were keen as a razor as they sniffed out the possibility of gossip.

“I have a question: Does the junior warrior that Ms. Ella portrays have any form of relationship with Mr. Yates’ character?”

The question appeared to be about the movie but was, in fact, an attempt to dig for more information about the two of them.

People in the industry were able to tell what the intention behind the question was: Creating trouble where there was none and magnifying every single detail just to headline an expose.

Regardless of whether there was anything between Caspian and Stella, the question immediately made the atmosphere tense

and awkward.

Furthermore, Stella was already a hot topic of the season. If it weren't for their respect for Bradley, they would have bombarded her with questions from the start.

It had been magnanimous of them to wait till this point in time.

Caspian had always found it easy to deal with questions that were targeted and meant to be a trap.

After all, having been in the industry for years, he knew full well how to maneuver his way around such tricky questions.

This time, however, he was stunned for a good while.

His manager furrowed his brows and tried to signal him with his eyes.

Eventually, it was Stella who reacted first and said smilingly to the reporters, “The answer to this question could involve spoilers. If you really want to know, go to the cinemas and catch the movie for the answer.”

It was an excellently nuanced reply.

Not only did she answer the question and dispel the awkwardness, but she managed to push for more viewership .

That was when Caspian finally snapped back to attention and realized that he had been in a daze. A *wave* of frustration swept over him.

Bradley rubbed in between his brows and said to the reporters, “ If there are no further questions, we have to move on to our next program in our schedule...”

Despite their meticulous efforts, it wasn’t enough to stop those reporters from writing trash.

Since Stella was already the talk of the town, a mere mention of her name was enough to bring hordes of unwanted attention.

“How did the woman who defeated Guinevere Cohen become the woman of every single man’s dream? Ella Steele: The Goddess in the Hearts of All Men.”

Such exaggerated headlines bombarded magazine shelves and online forums.

The media had ruthlessly compared Stella and Guinevere-even fashion bloggers began to use such headlines to draw attention and viewership to their sites.

Some even began analyzing Stella’s fashion sense, providing suggestions on how one could become the goddess in the heart of every man, a blatant hint that she must’ve gone on to seduce all the male actors in the crew.

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It would have been treated as insignificant gossip, but because Caspian had been lying low over the past few years, and this was his first scandal after a long while, a large turmoil had been created amongst his fans.

“Isn’t this woman Weston Ford’s fiancée?”

“Get away from our man!”

“Yeah! As a woman who has a fiance, why is she still out there seducing other male celebrities?”

“Ms. Ella or Ms. Stella, please be clear about where you stand! Don’t seduce male actors in the crew as you wish!”

Although Caspian wasn’t a top actor, he was considered relatively popular.

Thus, coupled with a pretty aggressive fanbase, the topic began trending online in no time.

Undoubtedly, some bystanders couldn’t help but rebut the nasty insults on behalf of Stella.

“Come on! Open your eyes and take a good look at who her fiance is. We’re talking about Weston Ford!”

“He’s a man who even dumped Ms. Cohen. How can Caspian Yates compare? Stop thinking so highly of him!”

Extremely dissatisfied , Caspian’s fans began targeting Stella.

“Since she’s so capable and thinks our Caspian is no match for Weston Ford, quit harassing him, then!”

“Yeah! She snatched Ms. Cohen’s fiance while flirting with other male actors. Does Ms. Ella enjoy the feeling of being pursued?”

“Can the fans of Caspian Yates stop making up stories? Ella Steele was the official wife, to begin with. It was Guinevere Cohen who came in between them!”

“How decent could Stella Sealey be? She knows what sort of a bastard Weston Ford is, yet she still married him...”

“Guinevere Cohen spared no effort to get herself married to Weston Ford. Given her eligibility, Weston Ford still ended up dumping her. If a man like him were to propose to you, would you marry him?”

In the blink of an eye, a baseless rumor for the sake of viewership turned into a fierce online battle.

At the Ford Corporation building.

Ben didn't even dare to breathe.

He handed the tablet to Weston. "We've cleared off most of the comments online, but this topic is trending too intensely..."

Many fans of Caspian Yates were even tagging Ford Corporation's representatives non-stop.

They wanted to tag Weston Ford directly to warn him to keep his own woman in check, but it turned out Weston Ford did not have his own account.

The PR department of the company was up to their necks in responding to all the tags.

Weston glanced at him, his expression unfathomable, "Have you contacted Caspian Yates?"

"I'm still trying to."

Ben looked warily at Weston's face as he went on, "I did some investigation myself and found that Mrs. Ford doesn't interact much with Caspian Yates. The reporters were writing trash."

Weston suddenly turned to look at him, "Was there even a need to check that up?"

Ben was stunned for a moment before he snapped back to attention and said anxiously, "No, not at all! It was an unnecessary move on my part. Given Mrs. Ford's character, this is certainly not a concern."

Weston remained silent.

Ben was worried that the more he said, the more mistakes he would make. He waited to receive further instructions from Weston before beating a hasty retreat.

Weston's gaze darkened as he scrolled through the articles online that were deliberately designed to hype and rile up netizens.

However, he noticed that the reporters' claims were not exactly groundless.

The look that Caspian Yates gave Stella...

As a man himself, he naturally knew what that look meant.

Stella was still oblivious as to what had happened.

She was busy explaining to Yvonne about her true identity as Stella Sealey which she had hidden from her for so long.

“I had been wondering if it’s possible for two people to look so alike in this world.”

Yvonne looked at Stella and said indignantly, “We were considered friends in the past, weren’t we? Even if not friends, we were at least colleagues, right? I was so upset about your death for so long...” “I’m so sorry.”

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Stella sighed. “I didn’t mean to hide it from you, but...”

\*Forget it. I know.”

Yvonne waved her hand. “It’s not like I don’t go online. I know what you’ve been through.

“No wonder Weston insisted on being with you,” she lamented.”

Turns out you two have a past.”

The more resentment she felt, the more she spoke up. “I knew it all along. The Stella I know would never be willing to be the third wheel in someone else’s relationship! There has to be more to

Aside from being forced by Weston, there was indeed another hidden reason.

Yvonne added smugly, “Lucas was always biased against you, wasn’t he? After this news broke out, he didn’t stop me from coming to visit you. He always found me a poor judge of character and gets fooled easily. He finally stopped nagging at me about this...”

She wasn’t really angry that Stella hid the truth from her, with her main aim to meet Stella and catch up with her. However, she did not expect to see two luxury cars parked outside The Doghouse a short while after she met Stella.

Yvonne had sneaked out without Lucas knowing.

She had always enjoyed crowded places and decided to come

to The Doghouse during this rare opportunity that she could leave the house.

Goosebumps appeared on her back as a bad feeling swarmed over her. "Oh no. Dr. Quirk is here to nab me..."

"You're still so scared of him?" Stella asked.

Yvonne glared at her. "What do you mean by scared? That's love, okay?"

"You're still so in love with him..."

Stella chuckled at how anxious she looked. At least Yvonne was happy in her marriage.

Her joy, however, was short-lived as she looked at the text that Ben sent her.

"Mr. Ford isn't in a good mood today. Mrs. Ford, can you please do something?"

Stella was stunned for a while, unable to comprehend why he would send a message like this to her.

Ben went on to inform her about the comments online.

That was when Stella found out about the trash that reporters had been writing.

No wonder Ben sent her that message in secret.

Given how possessive Weston was, this was major news indeed.

She packed her bag and said hurriedly, "I have something to attend to. I've got to run."

Yvonne was stunned. "Don't go! Dr. Quirk will be coming real soon. You'll have to stick around to defend me..."

"I probably can't even save myself," Stella replied.

"What happened to you?"

In a resigned tone, Stella updated Yvonne about what had happened online.

Yvonne looked at her with disdain, "Why are you being so submissive to your fiance? It's like you have no dignity at all."

"What about yourself?" Stella refuted.

"Not at all!"

Yvonne explained, "That's just me giving my husband some dignity and pride. In fact, Dr. Quirk listens to me all the time. If I tell him to turn left, he wouldn't dare turn to the right!"

Stella pursed her lips. "In that case, Weston listens to me too. He'll give me anything I ask for."

While it was true that Weston was overly possessive, he was also very generous to her.

Yvonne's competitive streak was immediately aroused as she said, "That's nothing. Dr. Quirk is very diligent in the bedroom!"

Married women were always bolder with their words...

Stella remained silent, which made Yvonne smug. "Why aren't you saying anything? No matter how well a man treats you, excellent performance in bed is still key."

Stella felt that if she continued not to speak up for Weston, it might leave a dent in his reputation. "Weston's the same. He's rather persevering in bed, too."

Both women continued their conversation, oblivious to the expressions on the faces of the two men standing behind them.

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Stella and Yvonne were pulled out of their seats by their collars by their respective men.

Both of them didn't look very happy.

Their faces were dark, and the look in their eyes was complicated; they didn't even bother greeting each other before grabbing their women and stuffing them in their respective cars.

Stella and Yvonne didn't dare to make a sound and obediently sat in the cars.

Dr. Quirk settled Yvonne down and looked at Weston. "Mr. Ford, it's been a while."

One drove a silver Bugatti, while the other a black Mercedes Benz-both flashy and outstanding vehicles in their own right.

The sight of both men standing outside their luxury cars attracted the attention of many women.

Both, however, seemed to be used to being the center of attention and didn't seem to care for the adulation they were receiving.

Weston nodded. "Dr. Quirk."

Lucas was Henry's lead doctor. Considered acquaintances, they would often gather with friends at Fern City as well.

Due to Stella's past identity, Lucas always harbored a bias against her, not particularly fond of having Yvonne get too close

to a kept woman.

But now that the truth had come to light, he realized Stella's pitiful plight.

It naturally dispelled his previous bias against her.

He glanced into the car at Yvonne, who was wearing a piteous look on her face, before turning back to face Weston. "I'll bring her back home first. Let's meet another time."

Weston nodded and turned to Stella. "Coincidentally, I have something to discuss with my lady too."

Stella and Yvonne exchanged glances as they silently wished each other luck.

Yvonne made a feeble attempt to struggle out of the car, but Lucas pushed her head back into the car.

"Sit properly."

He had brought his driver along this time.

Thus, the spacious rear passenger seats made it the suitable place for him to deal with her appropriately.

"What did you promise me previously?"

Lucas demanded the moment he sat down.

Yvonne confessed guiltily, "I promised you that I wouldn't come to such a place, but..."

"...I didn't do anything," she immediately explained. "I merely agreed to meet Stella!"

Lucas rubbed in between his brows as he felt his head throb. "You could've gone to a café or a private restaurant. Why must you come to such a place?"

"I like crowds..."

"I think you like to play around."

"Do you lack confidence?"

Yvonne grabbed his arm and cooed coquettishly, "Dr. Quirk, don't think so much. I only like to join in the fun at such places. I wouldn't do anything to betray you..."

Lucas burst out into frustrated laughter as he poked her forehead. "Do you really think I stop you from coming to these places because I fear you'll betray me?"

"What else could it be, then?"

Yvonne was confused.

"Would you fancy any other man?"

His comment tickled Yvonne. "Why does it feel like you're praising yourself? So confident that you've got me in the palm of your hand?"

"I know you too well."

Lucas pinched her cheeks. "TH let you go this time around. However, if I were to find you sneaking into such places again, you'd get it from me good."

"How do you intend to do that?"

Yvonne turned to look at him and put his fingers in her mouth.

Her eyes glistened with clear mischievousness on her face.

Lucas' eyes darkened. "Do you know the consequence of acting like this?"

"I don't know. Dr. Quirk, can you tell me?"

Yvonne acted innocent and ignorant as her tongue circled around his fingers.

Her actions were clearly designed to seduce, but her eyes remained innocent-looking.

Lucas gulped past his constricted throat as his eyes lit up.

Aware that they were still in a car, he grasped on his remaining threads of sanity as he pushed her away.

"Cut it out."

"I'm not even doing anything."

Yvonne continued pestering him, but it seemed that seducing Dr. Quirk was no walk in the park.

She looked up at him through glistening eyes, clearly trying to change the subject so that he wouldn't pursue matters with her. Her tricks were nothing new to Lucas.