

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 851

Chapter 851

### Chapter 851

Yet, it worked like a charm with Lucas. He pinched her chin and kissed her lips. "As you wish..."

"Dr. Quirk, we're in a car right now."

"Then let's keep it down unless you want the driver to hear us."

He released her and covered her mouth with his palm while his other hand roamed southward on her body.

A while later, Yvonne's body was all tensed up.

She tilted her head up, tears welling up in her eyes as her body trembled, so overwhelmed that she couldn't speak.

A low, hoarse voice came from below her.

"Since you claim that I'm very diligent in the bedroom, I can't let you down, can I?"

Yvonne's face flushed as she remained silent.

Weston had driven over by himself.

Stella sat on the front passenger seat and subconsciously turned to look at his side profile.

His face was expressionless as how it usually was.

If it weren't for Ben's heads-up, Stella wouldn't have been able to tell what was wrong.

The car drove on past a couple of junctions.

Throughout the journey, Weston did not intend to be the first to speak, so Stella had no choice but to be the first to ask.

"How did you know that I was there?"

"I have people keeping track of your schedule."

Stella nodded. "I've known Yvonne since long ago..."

"I know."

Stella suddenly didn't know what else to say.

She didn't find it appropriate to claim outright that there was nothing between Caspian and her when Weston didn't even ask. It would make her appear defensive, especially if Weston didn't really care much about it.

Both of them fell silent.

A while later, Stella noticed that Weston was driving them back home.

"Where are we headed to?" she asked.

Weston remained silent.

He finally stopped the car in front of a supermarket.

'Are we buying something from the supermarket?'

He turned to glance at her without a word.

Then, a while later, he finally opened his mouth. "Did you forget what day it is today?"

"What day is it?" Stella asked cautiously.

Weston's face instantly became dark at her question. He tapped his fingers lightly on the steering wheel but didn't answer.

She waited with bated breath, wondering if she had forgotten an important occasion today,

Was it his birthday?

That wasn't right

It wasn't his birthday today, from what she remembered.

When they were married, Stella wanted to throw him a proper celebration for his birthday, but her intentions were met with Weston's cold response. He simply remarked that he didn't have the habit of celebrating his birthday.

That day, she waited for him at home until the wee hours of the morning, but he never returned home.

Not long later, he suddenly asked for a divorce..

Subsequently, she met Guinevere , who claimed that she was pregnant with Weston's child.

The past was cruel.

Those memories of the past made Stella unable to face Weston calmly and rationally.

She could only force herself not to think back on the painful past.

But she truly could not remember what today was supposed to

1.be.

Both of them got out of the car and entered the supermarket,

This was a large, membership-based supermarket, and only a few ladies were shopping inside.

Since Weston remained determinedly silent, Stella decided not to explain any further and simply stayed by his side as they browsed the shelves.

The two were currently staying in the apartment, and although the place was well-equipped, there were always trivial items that they lacked.

As Stella browsed through some daily essentials, she noticed Weston standing at the cashier looking at something.

She grabbed the items she needed and walked toward him. "I'm done..."

She had just spoken when she realized what he was looking at, which made her face flush red.

It was an entire shelf of condoms.

Hasn't he always been ... why was he suddenly looking at this?

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These things were common and unsurprising.

Stella was not ashamed, but she was easily embarrassed. She could never be as bold as Weston was.

Weston picked the condoms with a straight face. When he heard Stella's voice, he looked back at her and asked, "Which one do you like?"

Stella was rendered completely speechless. She wrinkled her nose slightly and shrugged uncomfortably. "Anything is fine."

Weston frowned. "You say it's fine now, but you'll start whining and pouting in bed."

Stella's face instantly went beet-red.

Two young girls were shopping in the supermarket around them too. Weston was good-looking and easily drew others' attention to him. The scene of a handsome man standing by the shelves and picking out condoms was striking enough. Worse, he had to say those words with such a straight face.

Stella really wanted to cover his mouth.

The few girls casually looked at them. Stella walked to Weston, grabbed a random box, and urged Weston to leave.

"Let's go," she whispered with gritted teeth.

"Wait." Weston grabbed her wrist. He acted as if he did not notice the stares.

"What?" Stella asked inaudibly. She was so embarrassed she wanted to disappear into a hole in the ground.

Weston said softly, "It's not the right size. It's too small."

Stella was stunned in silence. A short moment later, she asked, "There are sizes for these? I thought they're all the same..."

Weston raised his hand and gently tapped her on the forehead. "If it's too small, it'll be uncomfortable."

Once again, Stella found herself unable to speak. She could feel sense the meaningful gazes of the few girls around them, and this made her feel a little hopeless.

Weston, however, thought she was very adorable this way. "Are you embarrassed?"

"What do you think?" Stella glared at him.

Weston brushed her hair. "Don't be shy. It's just a normal thing between couples."

Stella muttered, "You can choose yourself. I'm leaving now."

Weston gave her a helpless smile. Then, he put all the large

sized ones on the shelf into the shopping cart. There were not many large ones left, and he took them all.

Stella could hear the girls around them gasping at his actions. She felt so hot and embarrassed.

This is so embarrassing, she thought to herself.

When they got to the car, Stella then remembered something. "Why did you suddenly buy all these? I thought we always..."

Stella and Weston rarely had protected sex. It was the same in their short-lived marriage. Weston would never practice protected sex. Therefore, she always thought he was willing to have a child with her.

When Stella remembered this again, she realized this was part of her complaints about Weston. If he never planned to have a baby with her, why didn't he take proper measures from the start? He even told her to get an abortion after learning about her pregnancy

Stella remembered how hard she begged him. She pleaded with him to let her keep the child. At last, Weston reluctantly agreed to let her give birth to the baby. Even so, she failed to protect the child in the end.

Weston could have prevented the tragedy between them. He had many chances, yet he did not take any action.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 853**

### **Mr. Ford is Jealous**

#### **Chapter 853**

Chapter 853 If Weston had treated her better, they would not have gotten to this point

Weston looked straight at the road ahead as he drove on. Then, a moment later, he said, "You still can conceive in your current condition, but you might have a miscarriage. If we don't take preventive measures, your health will be affected."

Weston made his explanation brief.

According to the doctor's original statement, Stella could conceive with her current condition, but it would likely result in a miscarriage. It appeared that the fetus she carried would be unhealthy.

Hence, Weston would not let her get pregnant until her condition improved. The doctor advised that Stella's body needed rest, and while they could still enjoy the life of a normal couple, taking preventive measures would be prudent.

Those measures could be stopped when her body was ready. She should likely be in better condition by then, and if one was optimistic, she still had a chance of getting pregnant again.

Naturally, Weston wasn't telling Stella about this.

If he did tell her that he was trying to give her a child, it might give her too much hope. In the event that she failed to conceive, even with the help of medical technology, her disappointment would only multiply. The last thing he wanted was to put Stella through that kind of pain again.

Stella nodded. An inexplicable feeling rose in her heart, not accustomed to Weston's nice treatment. He acted as if she was the most important person to him, as if her health and body mattered the most to him.

He treated a woman like her so well, but she would leave sooner or later.

Weston's good treatment of her was like a money pit. The better he treated her, the more it would cost him. Undoubtedly, their separation would only become more troublesome later.

When they arrived at the apartment, Weston immediately pushed her right up against the door. He pressed his lips and slipped his hot tongue inside her mouth, kissing her so hard as though trying to suck out all the air from her lungs.

Weston gripped her waist hard, preventing her from moving.

Weston forced Stella to tip her head and endure his fiery passion. She rested her hands on his chest helplessly as she begged for mercy.

Weston's insistent kiss came like a raging tempest, leaving her with no escape. He bent his knees forward to pin her to the door and confine her in his embrace.

Stella's tongue tingled.

Then, he lifted her in the air. The moment her feet left the ground, she reflexively hit his shoulders. She could barely breathe.

“Mmm... Hmm...” She let out faint moans that sounded like soft whimpers. Finally, Weston loosened his grip a little, but his lips

stayed on her lips, nibbling on her lower lip with no signs of stopping.

Finally, at the end of the kiss, he commanded in a hoarse voice. “Stay away from Caspian.”

Stella knew this was coming. On their way home earlier, Weston had not said a word about this. At first, she thought Weston didn't care, but it turned out he was waiting to punish her at home.

With that character of his, how could he not mind?

“You've misunderstood. I'm not close to him. I haven't even talked to him much... I don't know why the reporters are making up all the stories.”

“I've talked to the media companies. It won't happen again. Caspian's agent has also promised not to use this kind of news to create hype in the future.”

“What do you mean?” Stella was stunned. “Are you saying that Caspian's agent might be behind this?”

Weston frowned. He did not like her paying attention to anyone else. He cupped her chin and made her look into his eyes. “It has nothing to do with you.”

Stella lowered her eyes and suppressed her surprise. “I see.”

Weston would have been satisfied with her submission before, but somehow, he was no longer fulfilled with her obedience. He wanted her to adore him from the bottom of her heart rather than just having her comply. He wanted her to be like who she was in the old days—when he was the only one in her heart and

eyes.

As he pressed his fingers against her warm lips, he parted her lips slightly, allowing his tongue to slip inside and mess her up from within.

Unable to speak, Stella could only moan and beg for mercy.

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Stella's eyes were red and teary. Even so, Weston continued to kiss her hard. He had no intention of letting her go.

While she gasped for breath, she looked at his handsome face so close to hers. Suddenly, she muttered softly, "Then, from now on... You can't get too close to other women either."

Weston paused his kiss for a moment. He pressed his thumb heavily against her lips and rubbed them slowly.

"What did you say?" he asked as if to confirm something.

Stella looked at him with steady eyes and repeated herself. "I said, don't get too close to other women in the future either."

Weston said nothing. He suddenly stood up and looked down at her, "The way you're putting it... makes you sound jealous."

Stella looked straight back at him. "Can't I be jealous?"

"You can."

Weston picked her up and sat her on top of him. "I thought it'd take you a long time before you finally get jealous."

Stella had always understood him like no one else could, particularly when he was still engaged to Guinevere. She even told him to be with Guinevere instead.

She would never throw tantrums or make strange requests of him. She knew about Bella, but she never asked any questions and focused on acting as his obedient doll.

Stella put her head on his shoulder and closed her eyes. She resigned herself and said, "I was just your secret lover with no name. She's your fiancée. Everyone knows that. Who am I to demand anything from you?" Weston suddenly increased force and tightened his grip on her back. "I remember telling you that you could ask for anything you wanted," he rasped.

"Maybe I'm just petty. I thought I had no right to say anything in that situation."

Weston sighed and tipped her face. He brushed her hair gently." Now, everyone knows that you're my woman."

Weston felt slightly regretful. Perhaps he should have made this decision earlier. If he had figured out what he wanted earlier, he would not have wasted so much time when he was with Stella.

Stella suddenly thought about something and said, "Actually, I'm still a little worried..."

"About what?"

"Men like you probably prefer a generous and understanding woman.

"Do I have the tendency to look like someone with strong jealousy?" she continued.

Weston chuckled and kissed the edge of her lips. "Don't worry about that. Just be yourself."

Stella quietly let out a sigh of relief. She knew that the best way to deal with Weston was with submission and tears, and that

he'd let the Caspian incident slide, but she could not keep using the same trick forever.

Earlier, she acted like she was possessive of him, and Weston seemed to like it a lot.

Weston picked her up. He helped her change her shoes in the foyer, then carried her into the bedroom with long strides.

Stella was a little nervous. "I'm a little tired today..."

"You don't have to do anything," Weston interrupted her with a low voice and put her down on the bed. He rubbed his fingers over her lower lip. "Did you just tell your friend that I'm good in bed?"

A chill went down Stella's spine. It had completely slipped out of her mind

She could barely convince him to stop caring about Caspian's incident when a new dilemma struck her.

She stammered, "It's just a private joke. I didn't know you were there..."

Weston chuckled softly and ruffled her hair to reveal her face.

"It doesn't matter. Since you said that, I shouldn't let you down."

Stella tried to relax, but her body remained tense. After Weston had found out about her medication, she stopped taking it. Weston hadn't touched her ever since.

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Stella wondered if it still disturbed him. It wasn't something she could get past yet.

However, looking at Weston's state, he probably would not stop.

Stella did not know if she could accept him. She might reject his intimacy again. Would it anger him again?

Weston might have seen through her worries. He leaned over her and pressed a kiss on her hair.

"Feeling nervous?"

Stella closed her eyes. "Sorry, I didn't mean to..." Her voice was trembling.

"Still can't accept me?" he asked.

Stella shook her head. "It's not that, but I'm still a little uncomfortable..."

She opened her eyes and looked at Weston with teary eyes. "Maybe I still resent you a little."

Weston paused for a moment and looked straight at her.

Stella could only say half-truths. "I know you're angry with me about the drug I used without your knowledge, but it wasn't my intention... I'm probably still angry at you. I don't understand why you didn't take me seriously ... why you treated me so cruelly, and why you didn't protect our baby and me..."

She choked a little. "I can't let go of my resentment yet. Can you give me some time?"

After saying that, she kept her gaze fixated on Weston. The way she looked with her teary eyes could stir the soul of any man.

Weston's heart skipped a beat. Then, he took her into his arms.

"Sorry," he said to her.

Stella's heart jolted from his apology—she could not help but feel a certain bitterness. She never imagined the high and mighty Mr. Ford would say sorry to her one day.

Stella remained silent and just leaned on his shoulder. She knew if she said she had forgiven him, he probably would not believe her. Telling him the half-truths about her real feelings seemed more believable.

Weston's motions became much gentler. "Let's try," he muttered in an incredibly soft voice while pushing her blouse up.

"If you feel uncomfortable, tell me to stop."

Stella nodded.

Weston rubbed her head. "No pressure. I'll make you feel good."

As the sky got darker, the sound inside the room gradually stopped. The moon was tucked behind the heavy clouds of the night sky as if hiding away from the steamy chaos in the room.

Stella felt like her body was drenched in water. It was probably her sweat. She could no longer tell.

It was the first time she knew there were ways to allow only one person to enjoy all the pleasure in this.

She looked at Weston's restrained face and the bulging veins on his temples. He had held back so much for her. She felt sorry... she wanted him to feel good too, but he refused. He said this was enough to satisfy him.

Stella was puzzled. "But you didn't... How can you be satisfied?"

Weston ruffled her sweaty hair and planted a kiss on her forehead. He asked her, "Did you feel good?"

Stella blushed shyly. Her face flushed harder at his question, but she nodded in answer.

She never knew it was possible to do this. It was indeed an impressive experience.

Weston chuckled softly. "If you feel good, I'll feel good too," he said in a magnetic voice.

Stella was so shy that she lost her breath. She closed her eyes and buried her face under the blanket, but Weston refused to let her hide. He dragged her out and kissed her over and over again.

“Why are you always so shy? Hm?”