

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 957

Chapter 957 Having gotten a satisfactory answer from the elderly Cohens, it was time for Warren to go home. It was getting late, so the elderly Cohens excused themselves and left Guinevere to send the Fords off alone.

“Weston,” Guinevere suddenly said when they were at the door, “I know I’ve done many terrible things in the past, and I’m truly remorseful...” She paused to sigh before continuing.

“But no matter what happened, we still remain Zachary’s parents.

Going forward, I hope we can at least be on friendly terms.”

These were wise words indeed, and they pleased Warren Ford very much.

“Guinevere is absolutely correct,” he agreed.

“You two practically grew up together.

It’s a pity that things between you had to regress to such a state.

Weston, considering that Guinevere herself is willing to set everything aside and apologize, you’d better stop treating her so coldly.

You’re still friends, after all! At least do it for the sake of your own son!”

Weston pursed his lips and said, “We’ll talk about it later.” “You — Just as Warren was about to chastise Weston again, Guinevere stepped in hurriedly and said, “It’s fine, Grandpa! I know how immature I’ve been.

I’ve done so many humiliating things, and for that, I don’t expect Weston to forgive me right away.

But I promise I will prove I am a changed person with my actions.” “Guinevere,” Warren sighed contentedly, “you’ve really grown up.” Weston could no longer listen to them speak, so he rushed into the car and urged the driver to drive away immediately.

Guinevere stood by the car and waved them goodbye, though her eyes were full of displeasure.

“Zack!” she cried.

“Mommy will come by and see you more often from now on, okay?”

Meanwhile, inside the car, Warren watched as Guinevere gradually disappeared into the distance.

“As expected from the eldest daughter of the Cohen family...” he sighed.

“Her maturity and grace are truly unmatched by any other woman.” Weston remained silent.

He even seemed bored and indifferent.

He covered his eyes with one hand while the other was tugging at his necktie, seemingly impatient.

Warren glared at him, shook his head, and said nothing more after that.

The silence in the car was only occasionally broken by Zachary’s voice as the two men stayed mum for the rest of the journey.

It was already late into the night when Weston finally got back to the Stardust Mansion.

He had stopped by his office again after returning from the Cohen Mansion, and all the while, he had intentionally not contacted Stella.

However, she neither gave him a call nor even sent him a single text message.

“Mr.

Ford...” Joan greeted him as he arrived.

“Where’s Mrs.

Ford?” he asked when he didn’t see Stella anywhere.

“She’s gone to bed, Mr.

Ford.” Weston’s movements suddenly paused as he was in the middle of taking off his necktie.

“Okay,” he said, ripping off his necktie completely and tossing it aside, “you can go rest now.” “Yes, Mr.

Ford.” “Wait!” Weston stopped her just as she was about to leave.

“Did she...

say anything today?” Joan sighed and replied, “She didn’t say anything in particular, Mr.

Ford, but she did seem a little upset when she discovered she couldn't go out." Weston fell silent.

There seemed to be no way to decipher his feeling from thought with his perfectly stoic face.

He went on to take a quick shower in the bathroom downstairs before going into his study to handle a few more documents.

Only then did he finally retire into the master bedroom.

The room was pitch black when he entered.

Stella did not leave any lights on for him.

He pushed the door open, letting the light from the doorway stream into the dark room, after which he could see a small bulge under the blankets on the bed.

Weston strode in, closing the door gently behind him.

He sank into the soft mattress as he lay down next to her.

He was just about to pull her into his arms when Stella suddenly turned around and looked at him with gleaming eyes.

"You're back!" she exclaimed.

Weston seemed a little startled, surprised that she was still awake.

But he quickly recovered and pulled her into his embrace.

"Yes," he murmured.

"I'm back.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 958

Chapter 958 Perhaps the time since the afternoon helped to simmer down Stella's anger, but regardless of the cause, she was no longer furious at Weston.

In fact, she even saw the truth in his words-she had tried to run from the wedding, but Weston managed to intercept her and bring her back.

It was only natural that she accepted the consequences of her actions and get punished.

It would be foolish to assume that just because he had been treating her with tenderness these past few days, it meant he would let her off the hook.

“How long are you planning to lock me up in here?” she asked calmly after a long silence.

“Can you give me a specific duration?” Weston turned to her and scrutinized her face under the dim, yellow glow of the night light.

“You’re not assuming I would give you a one-year deadline like I did last time, are you?”

“But...

surely you’re not going to lock me up forever?!” “Why can’t I? It’s your fault for being so stubborn.”

The body under the blankets kept rising and falling as if a tempest of anger was brewing underneath.

Stella took a deep breath to calm herself down before saying, “You can’t keep me inside here forever...” Stella then suddenly softened her demeanor and touched the back of his hand.

“Even animals are let out sometimes.

They’re never kept inside their entire lives...” “Are you comparing yourself to livestock?” Weston’s ire was triggered, and he raised her chin.

“Is that what it feels like being with me? You feel like you’re a caged animal?” “That’s not what I meant...” Stella denied.

She felt that everything she said to him had to be wrong and would provoke his rage.

Was it because she could not give him the most basic thing he wanted? Was it because she couldn’t even have sex with him, and that was why she would frustrate him no matter what she said? “Weston, I’m completely powerless right now.

What more do you want from me?” She looked at him and soberly added, “I will never run away ever again.

I can’t even if I wanted to.

I'm completely in your hands now, so what more do you want?"

Her voice cracked as she spoke.

Laced with quiet despondency, it was as if being with Weston was some sort of torture.

Weston squeezed her chin with increasing force and responded, "Why ask such questions when you know you can't give me what I want?" He looked straight into her eyes and added, "What good are you to me besides giving me sex?" He never intended to say such a vulgar thing, yet he blurted it out anyway for some reason.

Sure enough, Stella's eyelashes trembled as a stinging pain pierced directly into her heart.

"Of course," she smiled, her eyes reddening.

"I can never get pregnant again anyway, nor can I satisfy you in the way you want... so keeping me locked up in here seems kind of pointless, isn't it?"

"Ow!"

Before she could even finish, Weston drew close to her and nipped her face.

Because he used too much force, his sharp teeth grazed her skin, and the taste of blood filled his mouth.

Only then did he let her go.

"Are you trying to make me mad, Stella?" His dark, inscrutable eyes fixed themselves on her, concealing the unfathomable emotions they held.

"Or are you still thinking about running away?" he asked.

"You don't even regret your escape, do you? You only regret that you got caught before you got away, isn't that right?" He finally asked the question that he had been unwilling to ask.

Ever since catching Stella and bringing her back, all he cared about was how he could tie Stella up so she would never be able to leave his side again...

But he had been plagued by one question always at the back of his mind.

Indeed, he was unwilling to ask, but that did not mean he did not want to know.

Or rather, he just did not want to hear the answer because he knew he would not be able to accept the truth...

that Stella no longer loved him.

She wanted to run as far away as she could because she no longer loved him.

She could easily put on a mask and act it all out because she no longer loved him.

She could not even bear to be touched by him because she no longer loved him...

He had seen her when she loved him, so he knew perfectly well what she would be like when she stopped.

At this point, even he detested his own perceptiveness .

Stella opened her mouth as if she was about to answer his question, but just before she could speak, Weston suddenly let go of her.

"Forget it," he said.

He shoved the blankets away and got up to his feet.

"No matter what you think, you're mine now.

No matter what happens, the fact remains that you are Mrs.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 959

Chapter 959 Weston stood by the bed with his back facing Stella. His tall frame blocked the dim light. His broad shoulders, strong waist, and firm, defined muscles on his body outlined by his nightshirt gave off the impression of a savage beast that lurked in the dark.

Stella heard his cold voice say, "You are mine until the day you die, Stella." "I don't care whether you think this is a house or a cage," he continued.

"You are still not allowed to go anywhere without my permission."

He then left the room.

Stella just lay there without moving an inch.

She heard him open the door to the study and then closed it.

After that, the whole house fell into complete silence.

Stella turned over to the other side and shut her eyes.

A tear slid down the corner of her eye and down her temple before finally dripping on the pillow.

Weston did what he promised.

He locked Stella up in the Stardust Mansion and completely cut her off from the outside world.

Apart from the psychiatrist, no one else was allowed to talk to her.

Dr.

Hayden Quirk often hinted that such conditions would exacerbate Stella's mental condition, only for Weston to turn a deaf ear.

"As long as she's alive and healthy, I couldn't care less about her mental health." Those were the exact words that Weston said.

He didn't care for children either, and besides, Stella wouldn't even let him touch her now, so the medical researchers he hired to find a way for Stella to have a safe pregnancy seemed pointless.

Yet Weston still sustained them, just as he still kept Stella alive.

In fact, he made sure to give her the best of everything the best food, the best clothes, and objects of the highest quality were delivered to the Stardust Mansion every day.

He really would do anything for her...

...except to set her free.

It seemed Weston had also developed his own mental illness after Stella tried to run away from the wedding.

He felt an inexhaustible preoccupation with trying to keep Stella within his line of sight at all times.

If she ever came into contact with anyone, an obsessive thought would not fail to unshackle itself.

"Are these people trying to take Stella away from me?"

Yet the more forcefully he tried to shackle Stella to his side, the further the two grew apart.

To the outside world, it was clear that Weston would do anything for Stella.

For her sake, he broke off his engagement to Guinevere .

For her, he had given up his connection to the great Cohen family, and for her, he ignored his own son.

Yet ever since that wedding, the woman who had won over Weston's heart so much so that he would do anything just to marry her...

totally disappeared from the public eye.

Bradley Lane could not contact her.

Yvonne could not contact her.

Angelina could not contact her.

Even Warren Ford, who had gone to Stardust Mansion to see her, was stopped at the gates as Weston would not allow him inside.

Initially, Stella put up a fight against such treatment, but she eventually gave up and stopped resisting.

It seemed she had accepted her fate.

Therapy sessions aside, the only thing she did every day was gardening.

She had taken very good care of the snowrose that Zeta gifted her, perhaps because she was locked up in the mansion with nothing to do.

Lately, she began buying potted plants of different varieties -some bonsais while some were delicate flowering plants.

Weston did not mind, though.

As long as she stayed within the mansion's gates, she could do whatever she wanted.

"Cultivating a hobby would do her a lot of good," even Dr.

Quirk agreed.

"It would definitely be beneficial for someone in her current condition." And so that was how Stella lived her life, day after day.

She would spend most of her time in the garden watering and caring for her plants, then see the various doctors that Weston arranged for the day.

Consultation, examination, taking medicine, trying to be intimate...

Each day passed with Stella trapped in such a loop, like a never-ending purgatory with no light at the end of the tunnel.

But there was one particular bonsai that she watered daily with the utmost care.

It was a plant she would meticulously tend to, every leaf and branch.

Unbeknownst to anyone, Stella had actually kept a pot of oleander.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 960

Chapter 960 Time slowed to a crawl. To Stella, it seemed as if the change of seasons had been stalled. Spring had come and gone, and the early days of summer were being ushered in.

That said, it rained so heavily last night that it felt more like a cold spring night.

She was walking on the carpet in cotton slippers when she heard someone coming in through the door.

"Dr.

Quirk," she greeted, more out of a habit than anything.

"Good afternoon!" "How are you feeling today?" "Not bad." She put down the watering can in her hand and played with the leaves of her plants with keen and focused eyes.

Dr.

Quirk walked up to her and was about to speak when he was distracted by a delicate chain on her feet.

"What is that?" he asked.

"Hmm?" Stella followed his gaze, smiled, and casually explained, "Oh, these? They're ankle cuffs."

Stella lifted her left foot, and the dainty chain jingled with a crisp and clear noise.

“I was trying to bask in the sun with my cactus yesterday,” Stella explained further.

“Weston probably thought I was trying to run away again, so he had someone make these anklets and had them on me.” She spoke in an eerily calm and composed tone, like describing a distant event that had nothing to do with her at all.

Dr.

Quirk frowned.

He found it hard to breathe .

He had always been disturbed by Stella and Weston’s relationship, even finding it to be morbid at times.

Today, that feeling had come to a head.

“May I ask why Mr.

Ford did this?” “Hmm?” Stella seemed surprised by the question.

She shook her head and replied, “You should ask him.” Dr.

Quirk tugged at his collar and walked up to Stella.

“So not only did he lock you up in there, he’s now putting cuffs around your ankle...

Is it you who needs therapy, or does he have some mental illness too?”

Stella smiled when she heard the question , though she still looked as unruffled as she did.

“He would never think that there was anything wrong with him,” she said.

Weston was a man filled with the pride and arrogance of an egotistical jerk.

His lofty status and incredible talent prevented him from having much empathy for other people.

Nothing could stop him from getting what he wanted or achieving any of the goals in his mind.

He gave no one any chance to challenge him.

Dr.

Quirk stared fixedly at Stella for a while.

He then paced back and forth before going into the living room to pour himself a glass of water.

It took him a long time before he could suppress his incredulity at the absurdity of the situation.

“If he keeps on doing this,” he told Stella, “your mental health will never improve!”

“He doesn’t care about my mental health anyway,” she replied.

She put down the plant she was holding and washed her hands.

Then she walked into the living room and sat on the sofa.

“What he wants is for me to stay inside the house obediently.

It’ll be even better if I can have sex with him again.” Dr.

Quirk’s frown deepened when he noticed Stella’s indifference and detachment.

“But don’t you mind how he’s treating you?” he asked.

Stella picked up the glass of water in front of her and took a sip.

“I don’t have the right to mind it,” she replied, her eyes dull and lifeless, devoid of a trace of light.

“I really don’t know what to do with you two...” Dr.

Quirk sighed, deeply unsettled by what he was seeing.

He then proceeded with the usual therapy session with Stella, although he drew a sharp breath every time he caught a glimpse of the shackles around her feet.

Overtime, he became increasingly restless and could no longer remain calm.

“What he’s doing is equivalent to restriction of your personal freedom,” he pointed out, suddenly changing the subject.

“Stella, you’re not a submissive person.

It's bad enough that he locks you up, but he even put those shackles around your feet, knowing clearly well that you have noway to escape him.

Don't you know what this means?" Clearly, it looked like Weston was treating her like his property.

But Stella stayed silent, staring vacantly at the empty space in front of her.

At the sight of the condition she was in, Dr.

Quirk could no longer sit still.

"If things between you two keep going down like this, there'll be no way I can treat anyone here."

He sprang up to his feet and added, "Today's session ends here.

I'll talk to Mr.

Ford about this." Joan then sent him off to the door.

He turned around and looked at Stella , intending to say something to her, but when he saw those chains around her feet, he let out a heavy sigh and decided against it.