

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 967

Chapter 967 Stardust Mansion was very quiet. Apart from janitors who would clean the house on a regular basis, there were only two of them.

Before they even reached the bedroom , Weston eagerly pinned her against the stairs.

Fortunately, the entire mansion was covered with a thick carpet, so Stella did not feel uncomfortable when she was lying on it.

He placed his warm palm on her back, rubbing it against her skin.

He was hot, much hotter than she was.

His hottest spot was against her most vulnerable spot, signaling his impetus.

She closed her eyes and tried to relax, but the urge still could not be triggered.

“Stella...” When touching her cold spot, the passion in his eyes faded a little, though it was stillswirling.

“This may hurt. Bear with it.”

He kissed her passionately.

Weston had reached the limit of his patience, but he did not want to use external means to feel her intimacy.

It had been a long time since he had possessed her in her entirety.

Even if she was in pain, he wanted her.

She gritted her teeth.

It did hurt.

But she looked at the bulging blue veins all over the man’s forehead and endured it.

All the time, she bit his shoulder, holding back the myriad words she wanted to spew.

She was trembling with pain.

He then stopped.

He kissed the sweat on her forehead and took a bottle from the bedside table.

“Use this.

It won't hurt so much.” She was still not turned on, but with this gel, it was not as uncomfortable as before.

In the Ford Mansion.

It was Warren's eightieth birthday, so naturally, it was grandly celebrated .

Many influential and rich attended the banquet, earmarked by the numerous luxurious cars parked outside themansion.

Stella had never seen such a spectacle.

Of course, their wedding was a once-in-a-century kind of wedding, but she did not get to see howthe whole city celebrated because of her escape.

Weston sat beside her and looked at her curious look.

He smiled.

‘They rarely come back, so I bet they will stay in the mansion for a few days.

I will arrange a quiet room for you if you don't like to be with these strangers.” She knew, though, that he was not worried about her fear ofstrangers.

He simply did not want her to have excessive contact with people from the outside world.

She did not mind and nodded.

“Okay.”

Her obedience was extremely lovable.

He pinched her face and picked her up all of a sudden.

With a husky voice, he said beside her ear, “Did it hurt last night?”

She blushed and turned her face to the otherside.

“We're almost there, don't you...” Pleased, the man let out a laugh so hearty it sounded like it was bursting out of his chest.

He kissed her earlobe.

“Alright.

I am not teasing you anymore.” The car soon stopped at the gate of the mansion.

They got out of the car and immediately attracted the attention of everyone.

The reporters who had been waiting at the entrance quickly pointed their cameras and microphones at them “It’s Mr.Ford and his wife!”

“Is Mr.Ford bringing his wife to the party?” These reporters seemed to love asking the obvious.

Hence, Weston ignored them and helped Stella out of the car.

“Stay with me, and don’t run around, okay?” She nodded and held onto his arm.

“Okay.”

She was like a good and obedient doll.

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Chapter 968 :: Since it was a birthday banquet, Stella was in elegant and modest attire that matched Weston’s.

She wore apale gold flowing dress, the same color as Weston’s tie.

When they stood together, it was obvious that they were a couple.

“My plants are still in the car,” Stella told him.

“They will get stuffy.”

Weston glanced at her.

“It’ll be just for a few days.

Why did you have to bring them? Are they so valuable?”

“I raised them with care. What’s wrong with that?” she argued.

“As long as it makes you happy.” Weston reserved his comments whenever it came to small matters such as these, though he felt that she had become a bit too obsessed with those potted plants.

They were just some flowers Zeta gave to them.

They were not worth much either, and he failed to understand why she treasured them so much.

“I will get the chauffeur to send them to your room.

You can tend to them during the interval.” Seeing that Stella seemed relieved, he teased her.

“They are just a few pots of flowers, but you seem to raise them as children.” Stella paused for a moment, and her face stiffened.

After a moment, she smiled.

“Can’t I? Anyway, I don’t have any children of my own, but it’s enough that I have flowers and plants or something to take care of.” The matter of children had always been a thorn in their hearts.

Weston stopped talking and brought her into the mansion.

In the hall.

Warren was sitting in a mahogany seat in the middle, looking hale and hearty with his old friends surrounding him.

Almost all were once prominent figures who could only be seen on TV and in newspapers.

“I didn’t expect time to pass so quickly.

In a blink of an eye, we are already old creatures with one foot in the grave!”

“Don’t say that, Lee! Look at how energetic Warren is.

I bet he will live a hundred years, which means he still has twenty years left!”

“Let us all have a hundred years!” “Hahaha! You bet!” There was laughter among the elders.

The younger generation, however, went about their business and left the elders to their devices.

Weston first brought Stella to greet Warren." Grandfather." Stella followed suit obediently.

"Grandfather, happy birthday."

Soon the hall fell into silence.

All the eyes moved in the same direction, looking at Stella.

She had not made a public appearance since the grand wedding, and many were very curious about what had become of her.

As Weston had never brought her out, it was a rare chance to see her in person.

This meant Stella would naturally grab a lot of attention.

When Warren saw her, he did not show much expression on his face, nor did he flare up.

"You came." He swept a glance at the couple, and his eyes paused for a moment on Stella, but he did not say anything.

"It's good that you came.

Just help yourself." "Okay, Grandfather. We will greet the other people first and come back later."

"Go ahead."

Warren's old friends stared at Stella.

It was only after Weston left with her, that they began discussing "She is quite good-looking.

Weston is so blessed!" It was definitely necessary to say good things on such an occasion.

"Young people nowadays have their own opinions, unlike us, who'd go for matchmaking sessions and obey our parents' decisions.

They simply want who they like." Warren did not speak, neither opposing nor agreeing.

When his friends saw his reaction, they knew that it wasn't a topic he wanted to discuss, and they quickly changed topics.

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Chapter 969 And just like that, the tension in the air was smoothed out, and they got out of being in the spotlight.

Weston asked, "How are you feeling?"

Stella nodded.

"Fine." "If you don't feel well, you can go upstairs and rest first."

She responded and glanced at her toes.

It had been a while since she wore high heels, so it was a little uncomfortable.

He told her to lean on him to save some energy.

When she was in the Stardust Mansion, she practically ran around the house in her slippers, not having to care about her behavior.

Weston was watching her demeanor.

Xavier and Daisy came from the other side.

"How rare it is that you are actually willing to bring out such a precious woman to meet people."

He spoke with a smile, but his words smelled of gunpowder.

Anyone could hear the sarcasm in his words.

Weston frowned and stood in front of Stella in silence.

He looked at Xavier.

"Why don't you care about your company since you have time to care about my woman?" » Although most of the executive power of the Ford Corporation was slowly moving into Weston's hand, Xavier still held a certain amount of weight in the company. It was just that he had been fooling around some years ago and couldn't reach the center of power.

But now, he was working hard.

Unfortunately, although his performance was fairly good, he was still not as convincing as Weston.

If there was no Weston, or if he were mediocre, he would never get his turn to be the heir.

It should be Xavier, in any case.

This had always been his sore spot.

When Weston said that, his face changed immediately.

“It’s Father’s eightieth birthday today.

There is no need to talk about work.” Daisy also tried to smooth things over.

“Indeed. Let’s not talk about work on such an occasion.” She smiled and looked at Stella as if trying to butter her up.

“Where have you been all this time? I’ve tried to contact you several times for shopping, but I couldn’t find you in person.” Not only her, but even Bradley, Yvonne, and Angelina had also failed to get in touch with her.

Stella curled her lips.

“I don’t like to go out much. Sorry.” She was not targeting Daisy, but she had no way out.

Weston wrapped his arm around her waist and swept a glance over the two people in front of him briefly.

“If there’s nothing else, we shall leave first.” Xavier sneered.

He emptied his glass of wine and put the glass on the tray heavily.

His eyes were filled with reluctance.

Daisy advised him.

“You know Stella is his sweetheart. You should not use her to provoke him every time...” When Xavier heard that, he glared at her.

“Since when can you teach me what to do?” “I am not.

I just don’t want to see you two going at it...

Besides, what’s in it for you to go against him?” “And what good does it do if you speak up for him?” he interrupted her icily.

“Don’t forget that you were my woman when you were his secretary.”

“I haven’t forgotten about that.”

“Good.” He coldly shook off her hand and turned to leave.

Suddenly, he saw a familiar figure from afar and paused in his tracks.

It was as if he saw Zeta walk past him.

“Zeta...” He called out her name out of instinct and automatically walked in her direction.

They had not met each other for a long time.

Zeta had disappeared from his life since the last time he announced that he had broken off his engagement with her to be with Daisy.

It hadn’t made much of a difference at first.

He felt that he had always treated Zeta with the same affection as a sister and never had any other feelings toward her.

The kiss...

It could only be regarded as an accident.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 970

Chapter 970 He knew she liked him since she was a child.

She had followed him for as long as he could remember, saying that she would be his bride in the future.

He did not expect that she would actually release him without so much as a pester after he broke off the engagement.

After so many years of being engaged, he thought that she would at least want an explanation, but little did he expect that they would separate so decently.

On the other hand, Zeta did not want to come at first.

However, it was Warren’s eightieth birthday, and it would be inappropriate that she didn’t attend when her parents did.

Besides, it had been so long since that incident.

She believed it was time to move on, and there was no need to keep avoiding Xavier.

She just did not expect to run into him...

She wanted to get some air on the balcony.

When she turned around, she saw the man she had not seen in a long time walking toward her.

She gathered her composure, pretended not to see him, and walked past him.

Her arm was grabbed.

Xavier whispered in her ear with dissatisfaction, "There's no need to treat me like a beast, is there?" Zeta hastily pulled her arm.

"Sorry. I didn't see you earlier." She nodded at him and greeted him.

"It's been a long time." Her facial expression was detached yet polite.

No more, no less.

She kept a polite social distance from him.

He laughed.

"Are you still angry with me?"

She was puzzled.

"Why would I be angry with you?" "About Daisy and I..."

Before he could say it, she interrupted coolly.

"That matter has already passed, and you made it very clear.

I have nothing against you two, and I wish you a happy wedding soon." After saying that, she lifted the hem of her dress.

"If there is nothing else, I shall leave first." He stared at her, and his face did not look good.

"We've been friends for so many years.

Do you really need to become so aloof just because of a woman?" She frowned.

"I don't think we are that close. Besides, she is not just a woman. She is your girlfriend... I think we should not stay here and talk to avoid any misunderstanding."

After saying that, she turned around and left without bothering about the look on his face.

He stepped forward instinctively, wanting to call her.

But when he looked at her back, a wave of inexplicable anger surged.

Who was that face for?

He sneered.

She was just a follower.

It did not matter if she went away.

He turned around and walked in the opposite direction.

He thought he was very dashing, but a heavy stone lay on his heart, making it stuffy and blocked.

On the second floor, there was a room at the end of the corridor.

Weston pushed open the door and walked into the room.

The potted plants were already there.

He looked at the woman behind him.

"Come in." Stella nodded and followed him into the room.

She surveyed the room.

It was spacious.

She was going to stay here for a few days, so he purposely arranged a large room for her to place her flowers.

"You could've just left them at home for a few days and let the servants take care of them.

You didn't have to go through so much trouble to bring them along." Stella said, "You don't understand .

All these have been grown by my own hands.

I've gotten used to watering them every day and watching them grow little by little..." Disregarding her expensive dress, she walked to one of the potted plants, picked it up, and put it in the best spot on the balcony.

Looking at the bright green leaves in the sunlight, she knew it would bloom in a short while.

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