

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 141

Chapter 141

Stella nodded and stood up with her bag. "I'll be back soon." After exiting the private room, she let out a sigh of relief. The air blowing down the hallway helped clear her jumbled thoughts. The dishes hadn't been served and since she had time, she walked to the bathroom.

The lady's washroom was not far away in the corridor.

A waitress in a dress nodded to her as they passed each other. Stella increased her pace. She felt a sudden presence from behind her as she rounded the corner.

She subconsciously stopped.

A pair of dark eyes were staring at her as she turned behind.

It was Weston.

Her stomach sank, though, she wasn't shocked to see him there. She merely pursed her lips and marched straight ahead, as if she didn't see him.

Weston would never let her go that way. He gave pursuit, and without saying anything, picked her off the ground and headed into the private room.

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She immediately pushed him off. "What are you doing?"

Although she had shoved him violently, he didn't respond to her persistence. He kicked the door open and flung her into the room after taking a few steps forward.

The door behind her slammed shut with a loud bang.

Stella could only feel her back hurting when in a blink of an eye, she had been tossed onto the

sofa.

She supported herself. Although there was no light in the room, she could see his massive, towering figure standing by the entrance. Having his back against the light, he seemed colder and more distant than usual.

“Weston, what do you want to do?” She could hear her voice trembling as she asked him.

“You don’t know what I want to do?” He stepped forward. “I told you to wait for me but what did you do?” He didn’t switch on the lights since he was still observing the emotions in her eyes and having her guess his feelings. Suddenly, he appeared in front of her without warning. She instantly shivered and shrank in terror at the presence of his towering and imposing figure, but he forcefully gripped her arms, keeping her from retreating. He grabbed her neck and forced her to look into his eyes. “Are you ignoring my command to

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stay away from that man?”

She pushed his hands away and yelled, “You have no right to command me!”

“Is that true? I have no right?” his eyes darkened as he gripped her neck with force.

Only when he realized her choking and tears pooling around her eyes did he gently let her go.” I enjoy the act you two put on,” he hissed.” He helped you in by opening the door, buckling you in, and even covering your head.”

“Are you moved? Stella, why are you such a b*tch?”

He had spoken right into her ear, and when she turned her head, she could see his lethal stare. She struggled hard to break free, but his grip on her only tightened.

“You’re mine.”

He slammed her up against the wall, his eyes were red with fury. He snatched her chin and crushed his lips against hers. The moment his lips made contact, he briefly forgot about the harmonious and lovely image of the three of them together looking like a family.

She was his. Only his.

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Chapter 142 Anger boiled inside Stella.

She could sense that the man in front of her was enraged.

His hand pinned her shoulder down so hard it felt like he intended to break her bones.

Weston held her tightly in his arms, wishing badly that he could keep every piece of her to himself.

He couldn't contain his rage at the sight of her smiling at the guy. It was only after they kissed that he felt somewhat better.

As he smooched her, his hands couldn't stop moving around her body. In utter disgust, Stella shoved him away with all her might. "Let go of me!"

She was really fighting hard to not let him touch her anymore.

His kisses and affection only repelled her.

But the more she resisted him, the more enraged he became. "So you're willing to degrade yourself in order to satisfy him and his son, but wouldn't do it for me?"

His voice boomed. "How old is he?" 40? His kid is barely 10 years younger than you! Come be my son's stepmother if you like being ine."

As he spoke, he started to tear her shirt's button.

Stella's trembled with fear, and without thinking, she slapped him hard on the face. Weston wasn't prepared for that. A loud crisp smack echoed in the room.

He looked up slightly and held himself up.

She jerked back as soon as she opened her eyes. She could see his face through the gap in her palm. Aside from the smack she gave him earlier, there were additional bruises on his face, such as a bruised corner of his lips. She didn't know who he was fighting with, but she didn't care. She just thought what he said before was awful. "I'd rather die than be your and Guinevere's son's stepmother!" I'll never forget how my kid died." It was that kid again.

Weston shut his eyes as the memories haunted him.

He knew Stella dreaded the kid the most, and it had turned into a vengeance she harbored. But it wasn't like he was feeling any better about it. He clenched his fist and suddenly slammed it on the wall. A stream of blood cascaded down his fingers and down the wall. The dense bloodstains formed a beautiful but frightening pattern.

The room went quiet.

Their heavy breathing was the only thing that could be heard. Stella avoided his gaze. When he has calmed himself, he looks at her coldly before taking off his jacket and throwing it at her.

“Wear this.”

She didn't catch the jacket, nor did she move an inch. She just stood there and stared at him quietly.

Her crystal-clear eyes were filled with hatred, with her unkempt hair hung down the sides of her face. Even in the little light, she was stunning.

Weston shifted his gaze away. “If you don't want people to see you like that, put on the jacket.” She smiled and mocked, “I'm in this state because of you. You're always like that. You were wrong at first but pretended to show a bit of kindness.”

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“Weston, you're really the fakest person I've ever met.”

The blood on his knuckles still flowed, and the room was overpowered with the stench of blood.

Her words were like toxic vines that had sliced a rift between them. But he was no longer interested in them. “I'll give you a few minutes to walk out there and tell the father and son that you won't see them again,” he barked coldly. Stella's sparkling eyes finally showed emotion when he finished his words. They dimmed until all that was left was coldness. “Impossible,” she said and shook her head.

That one word was enough to anger Weston. He tightened his grip and suffocated her, not letting go even when her face became crimson. “Don't test my patience.” He realized she had many ways to make him lose control.

The first was having him see her fall from the building, and now he had to watch her start a family with another guy. She would rather be someone else's stepmother than spare him another glance.

This alone drove him to the edge of losing control. “If you're unwilling to tell, I don't mind helping you.”

Stella's eyes widened and redded that moment she heard that. “What are you planning to do to them?”

She frantically tugged Weston's wrist, using all her might to break free from his restraint. “I've chosen to stay with Justin,” she yelled. “We will get the marriage certificate tomorrow! Stop interfering with my life!”

Her breath was unsteady, but she was done saying everything she wanted to say. Sure enough, he let go of her the next second.

He stood up, his aura faded, and he stared down at her with extraordinary serenity.

His calm demeanor, on the other hand, terrified her much more. As she leaned on the wall behind her, a sharp pain gnawed her back. But she hadn't the time to think about it. She just looked the man in the eyes and said, word for word, "I'm marrying Justin. We should put a stop to whatever we are doing right now. You have your own life, and I want to begin mine." He gave her no response.

She thought that he would be mad, but he wasn't.

If anything, he was abnormally quiet. Even the tension had faded, creating an eerie, awkward, silence.

Weston casually sat on the sofa and unbuttoned the first few buttons of his shirt.

Stella's clothes were a mess. Huddled in the corner, she watched as he retrieved a cigarette from his jacket and lighted it between his fingers.

As he looked forward, he let out a cloud of smoke.

After a brief pause, she heard his gruff voice inquire, "Are you purposely making me angry?" She shook her head. "No. I'm serious." A smile suddenly appeared on his face. "What good will you get out of marrying him? You've already decided to get married in such a short time..." She lowered her head, her tone somewhat ironic as she spoke, "I didn't think about time when I married you before." Weston's face darkened as he exhaled another puff of smoke. "Since you learned a lesson before, you should've been more careful. Or are you that naïve to trust someone so easily?"

She shook her head once again. "At least it would be nowhere as awful as marrying you."

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Weston abruptly extinguished his cigarette on the ashtray before turning to face her. "Do you really have to talk to me like that?"

"It has to end today," Stella answered firmly.

"End?" The words whirled in his tongue before he spit them out softly. With a wry smile on his face, he said, "I rushed all the way here from Anh City, and I didn't get a wink of

sleep. The minute I landed, I came here to see you, only to hear you telling me you're marrying someone else?"

She wasn't sure whether it was because the room was dark, but while Weston was saying all of this, she saw a sorrowful expression on his face.

But it was only a fleeting moment.

Perhaps she had seen wrong, she thought.

There was no way people like him could be sad.

"I never wanted you to come back." She shook her head with firmness.

The whole room went pin-drop silent as there was no other sound.

Stella could only sense the passing time as Weston was puffing smoke.

Seeing that he didn't say a word and kept quiet, she spoke again. "Let me go."

However, no words came out of his mouth.

He wasn't the kind of guy that displayed his weaknesses, but the fact that he did so much merely to see her made him feel like a laughingstock. Without realizing it, he was already down a few sticks of cigarettes. He wasn't addicted to tobacco before, but he picked up the habit ever since he witnessed her falling from a building.

Stella frowned and coughed lightly. Although it wasn't loud, he heard it. He glanced at her and didn't say anything, though, he stopped smoking. No one knew how long it had passed before Weston said lightly, "Impossible." That one word smashed all of her hopes. "When will you let me go?" she broke down suddenly and cried. "You've asked this a million times." He stood up and took his jacket from her,

He didn't mind that the jacket was wrinkled at this point. Instead, he stretched out his hands to smooth her clothes, treating them with care as if they were something valuable to him.

However, the gesture didn't touch her the slightest. "Will you only let me go if I die?"

"Don't use that word." He pulled her hands and kissed her on the corner of her lips. "I don't want you to die just yet."

His gaze was filled with tenderness as if trying to drown her in his love. If only he had looked at her the way he did while they were still married, Stella would've been willing to do anything for him. Now, though, he was like a pesky parasite that made her helpless, leaving her nowhere to run.

Footsteps could be heard outside the corridor. Stella's body instantly tensed up. Seeing how nervous she was, Weston laughed. "Are you scared that people would see us cheating?"

He whispered the last word deliberately in a sultry manner, causing her to pull her head away from his hot breath on her ear.

After a while, the footsteps outside disappeared.

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There was a familiar voice.

"Ella, are you in there?"

They seemed to be speaking in the direction of the toilet.

Stella's eyes went wide in an instant.

Justin came to look for her.

Justin came out to seek her after she had been gone for quite some time and the food had all been served.

Before leaving, he ordered Bryce to not go anywhere.

Bryce nodded like a good boy. But right after Justin left, his face fell, and he took out his phone.

After some thought, he sent the text out. Not long later, he received a phone call.

Bryce's eyes widened as he turned to face the direction Justin had just left, cautiously answering the phone only after he was certain that Justin wouldn't return.

"Mom..." he opened his mouth and called her in a very pitiful voice.

At first, Tina didn't notice the sadness in Bryce's voice since the room was extremely loud. However, after clearly hearing it, she instantly grasped the phone, signaled to the people surrounding her and headed outside to the balcony. "What's the matter?" she inquired gently over the phone. He was about to tell her, but then he hesitated and asked thoughtfully, "Are you busy now, mom?"

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Tina's heart softened when she heard this, "As busy as I am, you're more important to me. What's wrong? You sounded sad just now." He shook his head and said with a nasal voice, "Today's my birthday." "Why didn't you come to fetch me with dad? I don't want to celebrate it with that miss." He sounded disappointed. "Miss? Which miss?" She subconsciously ignored the first half of his sentence, but managed to grasp the main point. "Your father brought that woman to celebrate your birthday with you?" Bryce nodded, but he didn't seem to understand what she meant. "They don't even know it's my birthday, They brought me here to dinner just to get to know her."

It would be a lie to say she wasn't upset. "Your father just doesn't know when to stop!" Tina hissed, nuzzling her brow

The last time, he was admitted to the hospital because of that woman, and now, he even brought her to meet Bryce.

How could he not have discussed this with her?!

She glanced at her watch to see the time.

In the office, her colleague gestured to her. She frowned and said, "I have a few things to take care of. When I'm not busy anymore I'll celebrate your birthday, okay? Call me after you're done eating with them." Bryce didn't want to, but after hearing what she said, he couldn't help but agree. "Have a good day at work, mum." Tina hummed and after a while, she said, "Send me your location." After hanging up the phone, she went back to her office. She was a lawyer and right now she has a very tricky case in her hand. There was a huge chance that she would be spending the night working overtime in the office tonight. Her colleague saw that she was a little overjoyed when got the call, but when she came back, she looked solemn. So, he asked casually, "Who called you?" She shook her head and answered, "My son." "Why? Did he cause trouble in school? You seem upset."

"Nonsense." Tina punched him lightly on the shoulder.

Her colleague smiled and continued discussing the case with her. She paused for a moment before suddenly saying, "We still have a week, right?" Her colleague seemed to notice something was wrong and asked, "Did something happen at home?"

"I think it'll be better if I go and take a look. I'll be uneasy if I don't," she said with some embarrassment.

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"Just go," replied the coworker as he waved his hand. "You folks with kids are a pain."

She wasn't upset since they were so close. However, if the same remarks had come from others, she would have fought them.

Tina sighed. "I'm so sorry. If you're in trouble next time, I'll cover up for you as well."

At the restaurant.

Justin was still walking down the hallway. When no one replied, he pulled out his phone and dialed Stella's number.

Inside the dark room, her phone lit up.

Before it could ring, Stella jumped forward and immediately rejected the call.

She didn't want Justin to find out that she was in a room with Weston,

Afraid that the drag racing incident might happen again, she didn't want anybody to be injured

With a placid expression, Weston observed the whole thing. When he saw how terrified she was, he became delighted. "Are we cheating?"

He purposely whispered the last word besides her ears, provoking her.

She shoved him away with her hand. She would occasionally look at the door, terrified Justin would discover she was in the room.

Outside the corridor.

Justin's face darkened as he stared at his phone.

"Hi, can you help me go inside the washroom and check if there's a lady?" He stopped one of the waiters passing by. The waiter glanced at him skeptically but agreed when he noticed Justin's demeanor. "All right, sir. Wait a minute."

Not too long later, the waiter walked out. "There's no one in the washroom," he informed. "Do you need our help?"

"No." Justin firmly rejected.

However, after a moment of silence, he changed his opinion. "Excuse me, can you ask your manager if I could check the surveillance camera?" Sounding a bit anxious, he continued, "I came here with my fiancé and son. Please help me take care of my son. My fiancé went to the toilet half an hour ago but hasn't come back since. I called her earlier, but she rejected my call." Now that he'd put it that way, the matter seemed serious, and the waiter nodded immediately

“I’ll inform my manager now. Please don’t worry sir.” Right after she left, Justin dialed the number once again. When Stella saw her phone lighting up again, she quickly hung up the call. However, she shuddered upon feeling a sudden warmth behind her ear, and the phone noisily clattered to the ground. Her whole body froze at that instant, and she didn’t dare to move one inch. She didn’t even dare move away from Weston.

The next second, the corridor went dead quiet. Not long later, a flurry of footsteps gradually made its way in her direction.

At first, Justin was merely a little worried, but after being hung up on twice, his mood had become complicated, and a million things raced through his mind. Suddenly, a sound came from the private room beside him, prompting him to instantly tighten his grasp on his phone. His gaze froze as he remembered Stella telling him that Weston had returned.

He walked slowly to the private room’s door and knocked. “Is anybody inside?” he asked, his voice steady and calm.

Although he was doing everything he could to suppress his seething anger, Stella could still hear the irk in his tone.

She sucked in a deep breath and look at Weston. “What are you doing?”

Her whole body trembled, but he took pleasure in seeing her like this. A smirk appeared on his face as he whispered, “What did he call you? Fiancé?”

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Weston lifted his hand and traced Stella’s brows with his fingers before moving down the corner of her eyes and landing on her lips before leaning in and kissing her. She took a deep breath and her body shook more than before. “He’s outside!” she said, her voice trembling.

“What are you going to do if I want to mess with you?” He raised her chin and placed his lips against hers, his voice filled with provocation and assertiveness. She kept backing away, but she had nowhere to escape. “Open your mouth,” she heard him coercing in her ear.

His voice was tempting, yet it seemed more like a demand than a plea. He then reached his hands into the hem of her shirt.

It seemed as if Justin could feel what was going on and was yelling even more furiously at the door. “Is there anyone inside? I’m coming in now!”

Having a sense of the situation, Justin started to lose patience and became angry. "If you're inside, Ella, please reply." Stella opened her mouth, but it was immediately covered by Weston. A smirk appeared on his face as they exchange gazes.

Tears rolled down her eyes from the great embarrassment she felt.

She almost cried out loud, but his palm stifled her cries into muffled echoes.

Justin, unable to see her current condition because of the thick barrier separating them, could only knock harder and harder on the door. Each loud knock thumped hard on Stella's heart. She had never hated Weston so much, and now, wished that he would rot in hell! She couldn't understand why he would trample on her and ruin her so ruthlessly in front of Justin.

She wondered what sort of devil he was.

Warm tears escaped her red-rimmed eyes. Seeing this, Weston felt a throbbing pain in his heart. He was the one who had made her cry, but it was his heart that ended up hurting. Although he still covered her lips to keep her from speaking, his actions became gentler. He even planted a soft kiss on her face.

He didn't want to see her cry anymore, but he liked the way she lost control in his arms.

Weston wondered just how many contradicting and powerful feelings could exist. He lifted her chin and gazed into her eyes deeply and kissed her.

There were two different situations happening inside and outside the room,

After calming down, Justin heard a woman's crying voice inside the room,

Unsure if it was all real or a hallucination, he lost control and kicked the door fiercely.

The loud banging made it seem like the door would be kicked down any moment now.

"Weston, I know you're inside! Let go of Ella!" he shouted even louder.

The powerlessness he felt only made him fight harder.

In so many years, he had never felt such overwhelming possessiveness and the desire to win

"Weston, I know it's you! Let's settle this like real men! Let go of Ella, do you hear me?!"

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“He only knows how to sound tough, but what does it matter?” Weston mumbled, “Who’s the person in front of you?” he said, his lips moving up Stella’s cheeks and slowly reaching her ears.

In Stella’s eyes, he was no better than a devil. “You disgust me! I really wish I never met you.” She had said these words a million times, and every time, she was speaking the truth. The only difference this time was the hatred in her voice was obvious. “I will kill you!” she spat, through gritted teeth. If she had the chance, she would make him pay a hundred times over for all the humiliation she was enduring at that moment.

She had lowered herself for him and had taken in all that humiliation, yet he still pushed her to this point.

He was reckless before this because she still loved him, but now that she didn’t, he wouldn’t let her go. She gave him a harsh stare and clenched her teeth. “I hate you, Weston. I hate you!”

“Then so be it,” he sighed before adding, “At least it is better than nothing.”

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Justina almost lost control when he heard the noise coming from the room, followed by a woman’s weeping voice.

Being in his forties and having a child in his teens, he naturally knew what that sound meant. He used to overhear people laughing about how a lady actually meant yes when she said no, but could tell when a lady really meant no. Many men would force themselves on a female while claiming that it was her who wanted it in the first place, despite their refusal.

Justin could tell that Stella was inside the room and she was terrified. He became enraged immediately. He should’ve been on alert the moment she informed him Weston was back.

He thought that Weston would not dare to do anything in such a public place, but it seemed that he had too high a regard for him. He suppressed his voice and grumbled a warning, “Weston, I know you’re inside! Let go of Ella!” He was about to burst out anytime but tried his best to calm himself down. Weston merely chuckled and said nothing. He stared straight at her face. “You like losers like him? Tell him to get lost.”

Stella didn’t dare to make a sound. She shut her eyes tightly as an involuntary force shook her body violently.

With her face as pale as a sheet, everything disgusted her at this point.

She was disgusted by Weston, appalled by the situation she was in, and loathed how helpless she felt.

She hated herself and even felt like she shouldn't be alive in this world.

It had her thinking would things be better if she wasn't rescued that day. The noises from inside the room stopped.

Justin, unable to bear another idle second, kicked the door with all his might.

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"Weston! Let go of Ella!" He was a man so he naturally knew what Weston was thinking.

Weston would most likely do something to Stella in such a circumstance.

At this moment, Justin's face had darkened entirely. He caught sight of the fire extinguisher hanging on the wall and, without thinking, grabbed it and slammed it against the door.

The deafening pound drew a lot of attention, prompting one of the waiters to run over. "Hello sir. Having any problems? Please calm down, there are still guests in the private rooms..."

"Go away!" Justin pushed her aside, still slamming the fire extinguisher on the door.

The force propelled the waitress backward and she hit the wall before falling to the floor.

"Manager, there's a guest causing a ruckus," she remarked, pulling out her walkie-talkie. "Call security!" "Do you hear what's happening outside?" Inside the room, Weston was as calm as ever, as though he didn't care about the cacophony that rumbled outside.

He held Stella's chin in his hand and whispered by her ear. "Tell him to go away. Or do you want everyone to see you in this state?"

Lying on the floor weakly, her clothes were a mess, and her eyes were dull.

It seemed that no matter what happened next, it would no longer startle her.

He didn't enjoy seeing her like this, and his grip tightened. "Say something." She just turned to face him after that. Her sad eyes were like glass beads. Suddenly, she burst out laughing and glared at him as she ripped her clothes off. Weston was stunned for a while. "What are you doing?" he exclaimed.

“Don’t you want everyone to see me in this condition?” she chuckled, tears welling up in her eyes. “Don’t you want everyone to believe I’m your secret lover? Don’t you want to destroy all of my dignity? You want to watch me fall, don’t you? I’m just doing what you desire.” As she spoke, she threw the clothes on the floor.

She didn’t stop right there, as her hand went on to tear her skirt.

Weston’s face darkened when he saw this. His eyes turned steely as he grabbed her by the hand. “What are you doing?!” “Isn’t this what you want? Let everyone watch how I shamelessly pleasure you!” She was laughing as she stripped herself down. She seemed to have gone utterly insane, and it

was all no thanks to him.

He shut his eyes tightly and seeing the door about to burst open, he clenched his teeth and growled, “Put on your clothes.”

Instead of moving, she stared at him without a sliver of emotion in her eyes.

A few seconds later, the people outside would barge in and see her like this. When that happened, she would become the laughingstock of the world. As for Weston, people would only say that he was too charming and none of this would be his fault.

Rumors could make or break a woman, and Weston feared that she would be hated and be called all sorts of names.

Without much thought, he took his jacket off and draped it on her. “Wear it.”

Stella was about to resist but he pulled her into his embrace.

“Stop moving!” He clasped her back and ordered in her ear.

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The next second.

The door burst open.

There was a loud crash as if something heavy had smashed on the ground. The fire extinguisher rolled on the floor before it hit the wall with a clang. Justin gazed around the room, eyes bloodshot and heaving.

The room was dark.

Clothes were scattered on the floor.

Weston sat on the sofa and stared at him without any emotions.

A petite figure covered by a large coat sat in his arm, shaking violently. Without thinking, Justin marched forward and commanded, "Give her back to me." Weston's hard stare fell on him. "She was always mine." Both men, refusing to back down, went head-on. Justin's patience ran out as he took a step forward and attempted to forcefully pull Stella to him.

Weston, however, ducked and quickly grabbed a bottle of red wine and slammed it into Justin's skull with a sickening crack.

A streak of blood streamed down Justin's face.

But he didn't seem to notice. The blood trickled down and covered his left eye. He moved his head slightly to shake off the dizziness, but held on tight, not allowing himself to fall. "Don't you see she's crying? Why are you forcing her to be with you when she doesn't want to?"

"Because I can." Weston wasn't as gentle as he was with Stella when talking to Justin. As his powerful oppressive aura enveloped the room, the temperature appeared to drop a few degrees. As he stood before Weston, all the wrath that was exploding inside Justin was suddenly repressed. Weston didn't even have to be reckless as Justin was—a single stare from him was sufficient to give him the upper hand.

"I warned you."

Hearing this, Stella immediately looked up and stopped him. "He's innocent. Don't drag him into this!"

Justin's heartbeat quickened when he heard her voice. Although he was certain that the woman was Stella, hearing her voice confirmed everything. This further increased the effect on him.

"Don't compromise," he said.

Justin could hear ripples in his voice. It was as if he was transported back to the day of the drifting incident when he was trapped in the vehicle and could only watch Stella being hauled away. "I will find ways to fight him. Don't compromise."

His voice gave her strength.

She trusted him but...

She gradually tightened her fist and said firmly beside Weston's ear. "Don't drag him into this or I'll really die."

She spoke very calmly, and her voice was filled with determination

Weston gazed into her eyes, shocked that she would do such a thing for that man.

It was then that he calmed down and let his hand go.