

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 151

Chapter 151

Stella immediately stood up and ran towards Justin without hesitation.

Weston's eyes darkened, then dulled as he watched her run to him.

He stood up and gently adjusted his watch.

Justin noticed his movement and saw the watch on his wrist.

If he wasn't mistaken, the watch was worth a villa.

Weston wasn't in the habit of bragging, but Justin saw it as an insult.

He instantly realized how much of a gap there was between his ability and Weston's.

He had always thought he was living in decent conditions but quickly realized that he was nothing compared to Weston.

His feeling of helplessness intertwined with his need to protect Stella, causing a passionate determination that he had never felt in 40 years to ooze out of him

He held her in his arms and placed one hand on her back in a protective gesture. "Ella and I will pick up the marriage certificate tomorrow. As for what happened today, your behavior can be regarded as harassment. I wonder if you have time to go to the police station with us."

Stella's eyes were wide with surprise as she gazed at him. She didn't expect him to be that straightforward.

Justin lowered his head and fixed his focus on her. "Don't be concerned. I won't allow him to hurt you." Stella's heartbeat accelerated as she gazed into his eyes.

He watched Weston's expression, but he didn't feel frightened at all. "How are you still so innocent at the age of forty?" he asked, staring into his eyes with an impression of gazing at an insignificant ant.

Justin frowned and wanted to say something when a familiar figure came rushing to him. "Justin! Where's Bryce?"

The lady seemed concerned. She was still in her uniform, suggesting that she had just left the firm.

She was only a few years younger than Justin, so she was a woman of age, but she had kept her skin in good condition and appeared youthful. With her hair brushed neatly to the back, she gave off the appearance of an elegant lady. Stella subconsciously turned to look at her. Her instinct told her that the woman was Justin's ex-wife, Tina

Tina seemed to have just noticed Stella. Her demeanor softened somewhat, but she remained silent and stared directly at Justin. "How can you leave him in the restaurant alone? Where has he gone to?" Her tone could be regarded as inciteful.

Justin frowned and turned to the waiter beside him. "Didn't I ask you to help me watch my son?"

The waiter's face dropped, and he instantly turned to look at Justin before looking at Tina and apologizing. "We're so sorry, madam. We didn't know you're his mother..." "I told you I'm his mother. Why did you forcefully take him away?" "Bryce called me earlier, so I came from the company to celebrate his birthday, but when I arrived, I noticed that he was all alone," Tina stated calmly. "We were speaking when one of the waiters came over and said you need to see Bryce alone, and he led him away. They refused to let me follow. I thought the entire situation was unusual, so I called you, but you didn't answer. And I'm not sure where Bryce went."

She did feel that something was off at that time because it wasn't like Justin to leave Bryce alone.

When the waiter and the men came to take Bryce away, they didn't even listen to her and snatched him by force.

There were too many of them, and she couldn't fight them off.

The more she considered it, the stranger the scenario seemed. Worse, she couldn't reach Justin and had merely come to locate him, but who would have guessed that she would be witnessing such a scene.

Hearing this, Justin's face darkened.

"Did you do this?" He glared coldly at Weston.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 152

Chapter 152

His tone was frigid, and his whole demeanor exuded desperate tension.

His rage was different this time. Previously, it was a fight between two men for a woman.

But now that it had affected his kid, his rage only became stronger. “Weston, where did you bring Bryce to?”

Weston maintained his calm demeanor. His eyes narrowed with alarm as he looked at Stella standing beside Justin. “Didn’t your ex-wife claim that the waiter took him? What does any of this have to do with me? You should inquire the waiter.”

When he was done, he turned to face the manager, who was standing nearby.

The manager had his head down, daring to look at no one.

Seeing this, Justin immediately understood what was happening. “Why would you do this to a child?”

For a high-end restaurant like this, the investor almost certainly had business contacts with Weston, so even if Justin wanted to call the cops, it was too late, and Weston would never allow him.

Justin wasn’t naive, but he had become naive for Stella, really believing that such a threat would frighten a guy like Weston.

The tension in the room thickened all of a sudden.

Tina’s face sank as she realized what had just taken place. “Justin, no matter how you feel about this lady, remember that you’re still a parent!” He was already on the verge of exploding, and his face had darkened much more after hearing her. “I didn’t forget! Are you here because you’ve finally forgotten about work and remembered your son’s birthday?”

“At least I’m a better father than you, one who misses his own kid’s birthday and has no idea of his son’s whereabouts since he was too busy f*cking around with a young girl.” Noticing that they were about to fight, Stella shut her eyes and interrupted them. “Right now, the most important thing is to find Bryce.” After that, she turned to Weston and stood in front of him. “You really don’t know where he went?”

Weston could feel no emotion as she sized him up. Instead, he lit up a cigarette.

He had been smoking a lot today, and when Stella saw him lighting another stick, she subconsciously frowned. She hated the smell but merely turned her head to the other side and said nothing about it. Despite her displeasure, he didn’t concede this time. Instead, he blew a cloud of smoke right into her face and smiled. “Are you requesting or begging?”

Justin quickly clenched his fist and moved towards him. "I know you took Bryce away! Give him back! If anything happens to him, I won't let you off!" He was about to beat Weston, but Tina stopped him. "What are you doing? Fighting won't solve a thing!"

She was a lawyer, so she was rational and calmer than the average person. "Don't throw yourself in jail for this!" she advised him. "Bryce is in his hands. What do you want me to do?" Justin asked helplessly and shoved her hand away.

Tina was also upset. "How come you didn't think about Bryce when you showed up in front of him with a woman, but you behave like a good father when he's not there. You're such a hypocrite." When they divorced, it wasn't pleasant or peaceful, but one that ended up with hatred for one other.

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Even after being divorced for years, they couldn't be in the same room without arguing. He thought she was too distant since she was constantly busy with work and had little time to care for their home. She, on the other hand, couldn't understand why a woman had to remain at home and do all of the housework.

He was busy with work as well, so what right did he have to blame her? Because they were both so competitive, it was hard for them to get along. Even though they were once a wonderful couple that others admired, the marriage could only end in divorce.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 153

Chapter 153

They were now fighting in public, for their kid, without the slightest care for each other's reputation.

Thanks to them, the restaurant was about to turn upside down. Stella hadn't thought that such things would happen. She glanced at Weston, who had stayed calm during the whole incident, and wondered how he could maintain such composure. He had it all planned out from the start. No matter what they did, they were still under his power, and no matter what she did, she could not escape his hold. Realizing this, Stella felt like she was nothing but a joke.

Behind her, Tina and Justin were still arguing.

She let go of Justin's hand and walked in front of Weston.

As they locked gazes, she couldn't see an ounce of shame in his eyes. She kneeled gently, raised both hands in submission, and mumbled, "Give Bryce back to them."

Weston raised his eyebrows without saying a word. Then, he heard her add, "I'll give you anything you want. Just give Bryce back to them."

After taking one final drag, Weston knew it was time to stop.

He looked down at her desperate and submissive look and commanded, "Come here and kiss

me."

She stared at him blankly, then raised her head and kissed him on the chin. The tiny gesture was enough to make the two people fighting at the side stop and stare at her in disbelief.

Justin clenched his fists, and his fingernails dug deep into his palms.

"Ella

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He lowered his voice and called out her name, but it was the only thing that came out of his

lips.

Weston took advantage of her initiative, narrowing his gaze slightly and placing his long fingers on her neck. He pulled it back before dropping his head to plant a kiss on her forehead. "Good girl," he said.

He took her hand in his and drew her into his lap, and holding her chin, he continued, "It would be so much better if you were this good earlier on."

Stella's eyes were devoid of life.

After a pause, she merely nodded.

"I understand."

She looked into his eyes, and immediately he understood what she meant and gestured to the waiter.

"Security had called in earlier and said that since the child was without his parents, they put him there to avoid any mishap. Since his parents are here, kindly follow me to fetch him." Everyone there knew the actual truth behind the whole thing.

Tina looked at the man beside her and then glanced in Stella's direction. She said nothing, suppressed her doubts, and followed the waiter to pick up her son.

Justin was going to leave to meet Bryce, but he paused and gave Stella a long look.

"Ella..."

Before he could finish his words, Weston kicked the door shut.

Inside the room, there were only the two of them.

Weston gazed at the woman in his arms, and his eyebrows slowly relaxed.

He recklessly kissed the corner of her mouth.

"Are you still running away?"

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 154

Chapter 154

The waiter swiftly escorted Bryce out.

He seemed sad, but when he spotted Justin and Tina, his eyes brightened, and he exclaimed joyously, "Mom! Dad!" and ran straight into Tina's arms. "Are you alright? Did they do anything to you?" When Bryce heard this, he was perplexed and said, "They didn't do anything to me. They brought me someplace to eat and said Dad would pick me up later." This wasn't what the manager had told them earlier. Instantly, Tina's face darkened, and she turned to look at the manager and waiter.

"I hope you both understand that we were simply doing our job. We didn't want him to get lost because he was on his own," the two said, with the same smile hanging on their face.

That was what he said, but they all knew that he was instructed by Weston to do so.

Tina didn't say much and accepted that she was just unlucky.

As long as Bryce was fine, there was no need to care about these little things anymore. She held his hand and shot a glance at Justin. "Solve the rest. I'll take him to the car."

Justin didn't say a word and nodded with a sullen face. Bryce was perplexed and turned to Justin, asking, "Dad, why are you not leaving with us?" He paused before adding, "Where's the miss?"

Justin gently patted his head. "Go inside the car with your mom first. I'll come later. As for the miss, she suddenly has an errand to run. We'll see her next time, okay?"

Hearing that there was a next time, Tina instantly huffed in dissatisfaction.

She didn't say anything, but her face was scornful. She didn't want to say anything hurtful to her kid. "Come on, hurry up. Later, we'll celebrate Bryce's birthday."

Bryce's eyes lit up when he heard this. "Really?" He was only a child, yet he was so mature. Tina was heartbroken at how understanding Bryce was, and she held him softly. "Of course, I took the day off just to celebrate with you." "Can I sleep with mom tonight?"

Justin scratched his brows awkwardly. He was about to reject him but when he saw the happy and content look on Bryce's face, he couldn't say it. "Alright. I'll be quick," he sighed. Tina nodded and took Bryce out.

Justin glared at the private room on the second floor, and his eyes darkened as he walked over. He stood before the door but didn't have the courage to go inside. Thus, he merely knocked on it "Ella, I know you're in there."

On the other side of the door stood a downtrodden Stella.

Only when she heard the man's voice that she gain a bit of emotion. "Justin, are you okay?"

Justin felt his heart tighten instantly. After a while, he hummed and asked, "How are you now?"

She side-eyed the man beside her. He didn't return her gaze. He simply sat there minding his own thing, seemingly unbothered about what went on around him.

But she knew that if she said anything to Justin that provoked him, he would immediately make her regret it by punishing her.

She paused before responding hoarsely, "I'm good. I just know that today's Bryce's birthday. Go celebrate with him." For a moment, Justin was at a loss for words. Then, a deep sense of self-loathing rose in his heart.

"Ella, I am powerless..."

"Don't say that." She clenched her fist tightly. "I'm still thankful to you no matter what."

She smiled and continued, "Tell Bryce I said happy birthday. There'll probably be no chance that I'll see him again."

Justin opened his lips instinctively, eager to say something, but the words were lodged in his throat as though someone was suffocating him, and he couldn't get a single syllable out.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 155

Chapter 155

In the end he didn't say a word and left

What could he say, though?

Before this, he had promised that he wouldn't let Weston do anything, but look what happened now

In the first half of his life, Justin had always been an upright and honest person. As a university professor, he cherished candor and never used dirty tricks in his daily dealings.

Many of his students were renowned scientists and academics, and some had even gotten to positions of power.

He had a pretty successful first half of his life, one might say.

But right now, all he could feel was how useless he was.

Inside the room,

The depressing mood had dissipated.

Weston switched on the lights.

He tapped on the table a few times before saying, "He left long ago. What exactly are you looking at?"

Stella shifted her gaze away and didn't say a word as she sat silently beside him.

This was what he wanted from her all along. But when she finally saw it, he felt that something was off.

He grabbed her chin and twisted her head from side to side.

She had a lovely face, with delicate skin and characteristics that were highly appealing when combined.

Although she didn't wear much makeup, she looked stunning.

He'd seen her with make-up before, and she was beautiful as well

For men like Weston, not having gorgeous ladies around him would never be an issue

He had all sorts of girls surrounding him.

Certain men preferred women who were kind and lively, while others preferred the more exquisite ones. Then, some preferred the gentle and quiet kind, yet there were those who fancied the adorable and plump

Although it was known that men adored beautiful girls, beauty enacted itself in various forms

Having mingled in that circle for too long, Weston had long been exhausted by those beauties No longer was he attracted to pretty faces, 11 he wanted one, he could've gotten one easily.

So, what was different about Stella?

She lifted her head and gazed into his eyes.

She noticed that his gaze was not as harsh as before. Instead, he seemed to be sizing her up, as if contemplating doing something.

But she didn't want to know what he was thinking.

Her mood was dreary right now. She could only obey him and not oppose him in any way.

"Why do you look like you're dying after he left?" Weston's grasp on her arm tightened as he remembered how she had been smiling and laughing with the father and son earlier but was frigid to him.

Stella was forced to look up at him. Then, as they exchange gazes, she forced a smile. "Your smile is even more horrible than your crying," Weston snapped coldly.

Then, he let go of her and stood up. "Let's go."

"Where?" she asked.

He stopped and turned around to look at her. "Home."

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 156

The manager became even more devoted to Weston as they left, nodding and smiling at everything he said. It was an attitude that disgusted Stella, and she couldn't help but stare.

"What are you looking at?" Weston placed his hand on her head and turned her to face him.

She didn't say a word. "Nothing. I just feel that you seem to have a good relationship with everyone," she said calmly after a while.

She didn't know which part of her words was funny because he suddenly let out a chuckle.

The laugh sounded as if it came from inside his soul, as if it were genuine.

"Would you believe that it's because of our good chemistry?" he teased as he stared at her like she was an immature kid.

Stella could always bring him unexpected feelings.

She was realistic at times, knowing that she could only live in this world with money and power. She was like a naïve kid living in her own universe at times, believing that human connections were as easy as she imagined.

She was always filled with juxtaposition, yet these strange characteristics grew so natural to her.

She understood why he laughed and turned her head in embarrassment. "I didn't mean that..."

Of course, she was aware that people like Weston would always be served, no matter where they went. "It's just that... Never mind."

She shook her head and didn't want to speak further. When they left, she purposely stopped and looked at those people. Weston was a low-key man. He seldom did interviews, but he had a reputation and was well liked in the circle.

Basically, anyone well-versed in the economy or did business should have heard of his name, especially since Guinevere was his fiancee now.

In the entertainment industry, everyone knew who Guinevere was. Those who hadn't heard of her would have seen her poster on billboards.

Hence, Stella was sure certain about what the guests in the restaurant would think about her – Weston's mistress, a homewrecker, and a shameless gold digger. All the labels that she used to hate were now used on her, one by one. All of this was in no

thanks to the man beside her. She had never felt so thoroughly disheartened. The guy she used to love gave her hope and then took it away.

He should have let her down earlier, so she wouldn't have had to endure all of this heartbreak and sorrow.

The car moved slowly. She thought he would bring her to Golden Eve Apartment, but the car stopped at Stardust Mansion.

Her memories were triggered by the road-when she and Weston were married, she would often stroll along it.

The car stopped right in front of the mansion. Stella gazed outside and asked, "You haven't sold it yet?"

He gave her money after they divorced. Then she was abducted and pushed over the roof, but fortunately, she survived. He didn't give her much choice, though, he allowed her to enjoy life with Roger in another city. He gave her more money to pay Roger's medical bills and live on for the rest of their lives.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 157

Chapter 157

She thought he would've sold the mansion, but who would've knew it would still be there.

From the outside, it looked exactly as it did when they were still married.

Even the flowers she had trimmed in the front yard were still in the same shape.

Back then, Stella wanted to be the perfect wife and mother and take good care of the house.

Even though the flowers were the gardener's responsibility, she wanted to give it a try. When she left, she never thought that she would be coming back, ever again.

After getting off the car, Weston had been observing her every expression.

As she stepped inside, he saw her stunned face become emotionless, and he trailed her with a somewhat reserved behavior. "Since Stardust Mansion is located between Ahn City and Fern City, traveling to both places won't be a problem. You'll live here, and I'll take care of the rest."

This left her in a dilemma.

After a moment she asked, "What about Roger? I've been living with him, and now, you want me to move out. What am I supposed to tell him?"

"That's not my problem." He stopped and gripped her waist with one hand, whispering, "My only request is that you live here so I may see you whenever I want. You deal with your brother and Yvonne on your own, or..."

He paused a moment and kissed her earlobe. "You can tell Roger the truth and he can come live with us."

"You jerk!" Stella yelled while shoving him away.

Now, she wouldn't dare to think how Roger would react if he found out what Weston did to her. Justin was already furious, let alone Roger, her brother. She shut her eyes and took a deep breath before saying, "I can never tell Roger about us. "After all, I am your sneaky link. You wouldn't want people to find out about us, would you?" She stared at Weston, seemingly aware of her current status.

This was common understanding among them.

Weston didn't say a word, but his expression flickered.

After a moment of silence, he stretched out his hand and pushed her hair behind her ear, then cupped her cheeks in his palms.

He was often under the impression that she was so fragile that she would shatter with a single touch. His hand was already on her neck, applying gentle pressure.

But it was the most he could muster-because he didn't have the heart to use more force.

He shifted his gaze away, seemingly understanding what she meant.

"Stella, I like smart girls, but I like it better when you listen to me."

The interior of the mansion hadn't changed one bit,

When Stella opened the door, she saw the handcrafted yarn balls she had crocheted on the porch, silently sitting there as though mocking her. She had tried so hard to forget about that foolish marriage and her foolish past, but every corner she turned held her trace.

Every little detail in this house reminded her of how much she used to love the man standing before her.

Although he had never cared for her, she loved him, The wind chimes hanging at the entrance, the woolen dolls made in a pair, and even the shoes in the cabinet were all made into couple pairs by her she couldn't help but think of how stupid she used to be

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 158

Chapter 158

Weston was unaware of her efforts. It was as though the void in his heart was filled when he realized she was back home.

He walked forward and suddenly hugged her from her behind, his chin resting on her neck.

Almost instantly, her scent overwhelmed his olfactory senses. He had never noticed it before, and all he knew was that she had a faint fragrance on her face.

After their divorce, however, the scent became even more ingrained in his mind.

He could feel her body tensing, but he wasn't in any hurry to act.

"What perfume are you wearing?" he murmured, his powerful arm wrapping her waist.

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Stella shut her eyes tightly when she felt his hot breath on her skin.

She took a deep breath and attempted to sound calm. "I don't use perfume."

"What exactly is this scent?" Weston looked up and gripped her chin. He kissed her on the lips after turning her around.

Stella did not react to him.

She didn't fight back, but she didn't react either.

It didn't take long for him to lose interest.

He pressed his forehead against hers, forcing her to stare at him with no way out. But he didn't like how she was staring at him.

"Close your eyes," he said to her again.

She obeyed him and shut her eyes.

He kissed her once again.

In a swift moment, he pinned her down and kissed her repeatedly at the door as if to make up for all the kisses he had lost a long time ago. It wasn't until her lips turned red that he let go of her. "What time is it?"

His voice was hoarse.

Stella turned to look at the clock on the wall and answered, "Six."

She had no idea what she had done to delight him because his eyes twinkled with glee as he smiled. "You still remember where you put the clock."

She froze all over, and then with a self-deprecating tone, said, "After all, I've been in here for over a year."

He twisted her chin as if he was satisfied with her response. "Your room is the same. There has been no change. I'll get you a driver, or you may drive yourself if you prefer, Fern City isn't far from here. I wished I could see you every time I returned."

She calmed down and looked at him. "When will you be back?"

This was a normal question.

Since she had accepted her faith in being his, she naturally had to ask clearly.

Weston let her go and sat on the couch. He tossed his coat to the side and motioned for her to follow. "Come here."

She obediently went to him, and he pulled her into his arms.

"Are you planning to run away when I'm not here?" he asked as he sniffed her hair. She shook her head. "I know I can't."

She was working at Fern City and her brother was there as well as long as she had something valuable to her, she knew that she couldn't escape his grasp. She knew this after witnessing it with her own eyes today.

Thus, her response thrilled Weston and he cupped her chin in his fingers. "My firm is quite some distance from here, but the branch company is pretty close. I'll come back often, so you should be prepared."

"Prepared for what?" she asked calmly. The man's eyes darkened suddenly. "What do you think?" She paused for while before nodding. "Okay. I understand." When she had finished, she stood up from his arms and began unbuttoning her clothes in front of him.

This time, he didn't stop her. Instead, he was watching her every move. He leaned back on the sofa when the floor was filled with clothes.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 159

Chapter 159

His slender legs extended to scoop up the thong on the ground with his hand-made leather shoes, before leaning down to grasp it.

Then, he squeezed it into a ball and let go. "I remember you liked lace in the past. What made you switch to cotton?"

Stella closed her eyes and took in a deep breath. Her arms were freezing. "It was a random purchase, I have no preference," she added as she rubbed her right arm

Weston said nothing and threw the thong next to him.

"Continue," he said, studying her with interest.

She nodded and knelt in front of him, trembling. Her hands went out and touched the spot she didn't want to touch.

Sure enough, his body stiffened up and the veins on his neck ruptured. He grabbed her hair and pulled her away. "Who taught you these?" "No one." She shook her head.

Her answer pleased him. He held the back of her neck, and his movements became gentle.

"Good girl."

He knew that there weren't any men by her side during the time they were apart.

The only threat he had was Justin.

But now, it seemed even he wasn't a threat to him.

He caressed her hair and noticed how soft it was, like fine satin.

As if discovering a fascinating new toy, he took his time and ran his fingers through it.

Stella despised anyone playing with her hair, but for the time being, there was nothing she could do but suck it all up.

Weston saw the look on her face and he let go of her hair

"Why are you upset again?" "I'm not upset." She shook her head. "You don't look very convincing." Hearing this, she looked up and forced a smile at him.

She looked worse than crying.

With disgust, he clicked his tongue and averted his gaze. "Does being with me disgust you?" She didn't answer instantly, but paused for a while before asking, "Do you want to hear the truth or the lie?"

After a short moment of silence, he chuckled. The dim light shone on his face, accentuating the features on his face. He seemed to be smiling, but his aura of superiority pushed people away. Even if one could get along well with him, an evident distance could be perceived. "Tell me the lie first." She pursed her lips and said without any hesitation, "I am happy."

"What about the truth?"

She clenched her fist tightly and slowly said each word, "I feel even worse than dying."

Instantly, the smile on his face vanished.

The atmosphere turned cold.

7 pm at night

Stella was on her phone when Roger called her. She picked it up, looked at the man in the living room, and murmured quietly to the phone, "I have some stuff to do tonight. I'm not going home."

Roger, in an apron, stood next to the dinner table. He was stunned for a second when he heard the response from the other end of the phone.

"Is there anything urgent?"

He stared at the oil-scorched blisters on his hands, as well as the table filled with dishes for the meal he was preparing "Stella."

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 160

Chapter 160

Stella didn't notice anything unusual about his tone, and she didn't want him to know where she was, so she hung up the phone quickly. Right after hanging up, she felt a warm hug from behind. Weston had been in the living room earlier, organizing his papers. She had no idea when he had walked up behind her, his arms locked around her waist. "Who did you call?" she heard him asking in a low voice beside her ears. She adjusted her breathing before answering, "Roger." "Really?" His expression didn't change much as his hands went gently around her waist. "I thought it was Justin." She shut her eyes and held out her phone. "You can check if you want." He didn't say no. He

unlocked her phone, checked the call history, and confirmed that it was Roger before handing it back to her. He didn't even hide the fact that he didn't trust her at all. Having total control over her, he treated her like a caged canary. Stella was clearer than before of what was her position as she asked, "Are you satisfied now?" "Cut all ties with Justin." He didn't respond to her query, but he did drop a kiss on her neck. He would pull her into his arms and kiss her sometimes but that was the extent of his exploration. She pushed herself to question, "Will I be able to go to work regularly tomorrow?" "Yes. I've already arranged a driver for you." He pushed her hair aside, revealing her pale skin. He then pushed her up against the railing, and she felt him from behind. "Let's go to the room," she said between gritted teeth, her breathing steadying. The man behind her paused before laughing out loud. He sounded overjoyed. "I wasn't about to do anything to you, but you seemed thrilled." She shifted her gaze to him, irritated. "Isn't this what you're looking for? Why are you being so gentlemanly?" "I was never a gentleman." He gripped her chin, and the grin on his face disappeared. "However, I dislike coercing people. I'm not interested, especially after seeing your bland face." Stella felt as though she had just heard the funniest joke ever told. "You don't enjoy coercing people? So, what are you up to now? Keeping me here is also forcing me." "When did I force you?" he murmured, softly rubbing her chin. "You eagerly followed me home. Did you forget you had a choice?"

She fixed her gaze on him. "How can you say this? Did you ever give me an option? You'll hurt the people I care about if I didn't do what you want. Is that the option you gave me?"

"How can it not be? If you care about the innocent, you must accept the burden. This is your decision."

She shut her eyes and didn't wish to argue with him anymore.

There was no use talking to a shameless man like him.

"You don't seem to understand the situation yet." Weston didn't want to see her so hostile to him. "I want you here with me, Stella."

She smiled at him but was soon cut off.

"I don't want to see you fake a smile when it looks worse than your crying face," he snapped.

"Then what do you want me to do?"

The man's eyes narrowed slightly as he fixedly peered at her, his gaze searching her face, and he finally said, "Why did Roger contact you just now?" "He said that he's waiting for me at home." Weston was reminded of the night he spotted her enjoying dinner with Justin and Roger. "Who cooks at home?" he inquired.

She had no idea why he had asked the question, but responded, "He eats in the cafe. If he gets home early, I'll cook and he'll assist. Why?"

"Nothing." Weston let go of Stella and turned to face the kitchen. "I remember you having excellent cooking skills."