

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 181

Chapter 181

Weston could tell that she felt uneasy when she walked out of the washroom. Keeping silent, he closed his book and placed it on the table next to him. "Let's rest for today. What would you like to do?"

Stella turned her head around and glanced at the clock. "I want to go to work."

The sight of his brows furrowing made Stella explain. "Teachers at the training center don't get the weekends off. Many children spend their entire weekends on supplementary classes."

Others might be able to enjoy a free weekend with nothing to do, but to them, it was the golden working period.

He simply stood up without a word and walked past her.

"I'll send you," he said lightly when he reached the door.

Stella had her back towards him. Her head lowered as conflicting emotions arose in her heart.

But she had no choice other than to follow behind him.

When they left the house, she couldn't help but try to negotiate. "Haven't we agreed that the driver would send me to work?"

Weston steered the wheel with ease and glanced at Stella on the front passenger seat. "Fasten your seatbelt," he reminded.

Stella retracted her gaze and reached a hand out for the seatbelt. Suddenly, Weston stopped the car and leaned over to help her with it.

His black hair brushed the tip of her nose, giving it a rising itch.

Stella's nose twitched as an urge to sneeze overwhelmed her, but she held it in.

She asked once more, "Why won't you let the driver send me to work in the future? Your car grabs too much attention and it'll be difficult for me to explain things to them..." Weston didn't respond to her remarks, and neither did he continue driving. He straightened up and tapped his fingers on the steering wheel. He suddenly chuckled and said, "You get into character pretty quickly, don't you?"

Stella was stunned for a moment as she realized he was mocking her for having the self awareness of being a mistress. Smiling self-derisively, she replied, "I don't have a choice. If something were to happen, I'll be the only one getting scolded. For all I know, Guinevere might come creating trouble and force me to leave you..."

"I won't let something like that happen." He stepped on the accelerator and drove the car out. A plain remark that sounded like a promise. To Stella, however, a man's promise was the most unreliable thing. She smiled and looked outside the window. "It's easy to prevent something like this from happening..."

She left the rest unsaid because she knew that Weston would understand.

As long as he was willing to let her go, Stella would definitely leave him. When that happened, all those situations she was worried about would never occur. His eyes darkened with displeasure, and he refused to continue speaking. Instead, he accelerated the speed of the car. Stella's body was thrown forward by the sudden increase in speed and she looked at him with slight annoyance. That look slightly lifted his spirits. He smiled while continuing to steer the wheel deftly.

Stella repeatedly asked him to stop the car a distance away from the center, which annoyed Weston to no end. However, he still decided to drop her off at a junction away from the training center.

After the car ground to a halt. Stella looked around her for a while to confirm that no other cars were passing before she opened the door.

Weston saw how careful she was, and the frustration grew in his heart. He pulled out a cigarette, lit it, and took a puff. "Tell me when you end work. I'll come over to fetch you." Stella stopped everything she was doing, clearly unwilling to do as he said. Weston, on the other hand, ignored her clear reluctance. "Don't make me personally look for you at the center."

With that, he shut the car door and drove off.

Stella stood where she was for a long time, in the wake of the dust and grime from the speeding car. It was only after the car had disappeared that she finally turned around to walk to the training center

Random Art Training Center. The working hours for the weekends began an hour later than usual. When Stella arrived, only a few people were in the classroom. She began her preparation work and started warming up in the huge classroom. A while later, she heard sounds coming from the changing room. Someone out of her expectation emerged. "Ella, what are you doing here?"

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Joyce was slightly taken aback by Stella's presence. Her face was flushed, and her eyes darted everywhere. It was unclear as to what she was just

doing

Stella looked at her strangely. "You don't have any classes scheduled today, have you?"

She glanced at the class schedule, clearly recalling that Joyce didn't have classes arranged for today.

When it came to the teachers, Joyce wasn't the most professional one of the bunch. She taught traditional folk dance, but constantly cut corners during her classes. Sometimes, she would end classes when it wasn't time, and her students learned at a very slow pace. As such, class coordinators seldom prioritized her classes and frequently made her do more of the planning work.

Joyce's face changed as she defended, "Can't I come over to take a look even without any classes scheduled? With so many outstanding colleagues at work, can't I come over and learn from you guys?" Stella knew it'd be impossible to talk reason with someone like Joyce. Instead of saying anything further, she turned around and went on with her warm-up exercises.

Seeing the way Stella had ignored her, all of Joyce's guilt from earlier evaporated. She sneered and turned around to leave the classroom.

As the door slammed shut, Stella shook her head in silence.

When the time to start work rolled around, the other teachers began getting into position.

Yvonne had arrived slightly late today and didn't even have the time to do her makeup. The silk scarf wrapped around her neck looked like she was trying to hide something, and she looked lethargic in general. When she saw Stella, she greeted her with a huge yawn. "Morning!" Stella glanced at her watch and smiled. She had already finished one class by now. "It's almost midday."

Yvonne sighed loudly, "Men nowadays just don't give women a break..." "What's the matter?" Stella turned solemn, thinking that something bad had happened to Yvonne.

The next moment, Yvonne hooked her arms around Stella's neck and complained into her ear, "He tortured me till late into the night before finally allowing me to sleep, which

was why I almost overslept this morning! I still have one more class. If it weren't for my housekeeper, I'd probably be still in bed..."

Stella finally understood why Yvonne looked the way she did when she entered the center, and her face flushed with embarrassment.

Yvonne saw her response which piqued her interest. "Why are you being shy about it? Haven't you ever..."

Stella immediately shook her head, refusing to give a clear answer. Yvonne, on the other hand, was astonished. She blurted, without giving it further thought, "When you were with Weston, didn't you two..." She thought that given their relationship, they would've had already... She had long accepted that they once shared an intimate relationship. Otherwise, why would Weston go to such lengths to force Stella to stay by his side? Just because she looked good? They were all adults, and she at least had that level of awareness.

However, the sight of Stella's face darkening made her realize that she had said something wrong

Whatever it was, one thing was clear: Stella was being forced into the situation.

A young and beautiful woman like her was naturally the recipient of a barrage of sugar-coated bullets.

Yvonne believed that given Stella's character, she could well resist many of such temptations. However, she also knew that if someone were to threaten her with her family, Stella would have no choice but to submit.

With that thought in mind, Yvonne immediately added, "I didn't mean what I said, Ella. Please don't take it to heart." Stella shook her head and smiled cryptically. "It's a matter of time."

Those five words alone were enough for Yvonne to get a realization. She said nothing else, and the atmosphere became heavy with unspoken words. A while later, Stella broke the silence and said casually, "How long have you and Dr. Quirk been married? You both seem to share a very happy relationship." The mention of Lucas made Yvonne smile with happiness, in complete juxtaposition to the complaints that had just come from her mouth, "It's been many years, and we're considered an old couple. I have pursued him since young and it took me a great deal of effort to finally win him over."

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A glint flashed past Stella's eyes. "Doesn't that make you two childhood sweethearts? It's been so many years and you two still share such a great relationship. I'm so envious."

"There's nothing to admire. Just look at my dark eye circles!" Yvonne chuckled.

Stella had good reason to think that Yvonne was showing off, and she shook her head.

Yvonne, on the other hand, had her interest piqued. She followed behind Stella and asked, "Ella, have you ever been in a relationship before?"

She was interested in Stella's love life.

No matter what it was, she would never spend her whole life with Weston.

A man like Weston Ford would be sick and tired of one woman after a while.

She was rather worried that Stella's involvement with Weston might traumatize her in the area of love and cause her to lose all hope in romance.

Previously, whenever she wanted to introduce a man to Stella, it would always be rejected. Wouldn't she be even more distrustful of men after this?

"Me?" Not thinking that Yvonne would be interested in her love life, Stella said after a while, "I did have a crush on someone else in the past."

"Is that so? When was that?" Yvonne's interest was aroused.

"I think it was in university. I liked a very outstanding senior in school, and I found him stunning. He was handsome and rich, yet neither a flirt nor a playboy. Back then in school, he was probably a knight in shining armor for many girls." "Knight in shining armor?" Yvonne hadn't heard that cheesy line for eons. "Then, what about you? Did you confess your feelings to him?" "I didn't," Stella shook her head and said mockingly, "He had a girlfriend back then."

"I see..." Yvonne remained silent before sighing. "You have pretty bad luck, it seems." Stella could sense the meaning behind her words and lifted the corner of her lips in a bitter smile.

"Yeah, I do."

She seemed to be always involved with men with partners. But that man had always been Weston Ford, and no one else. She had a crush on Weston when she was in university. At that time, Guinevere was already pursuing him with great fanfare.

Everyone saw them as a couple back then, with Guinevere the self-proclaimed “girlfriend” of Weston,

Although Weston never admitted to it, a man like him would never allow something like that to happen, especially if he was unwilling.

It was simply silent acquiescence on his part. Back then, Stella had never thought that she would one day be involved with a man like Weston. Never did she think that he would ever break up with Guinevere. She would’ve never considered the possibility that he would raise marriage with her. Regardless, what never belonged to her in the first place would never be hers. What she regretted the most was thinking that her dreams had come true when all she ended up with was not an ounce of happiness. The dash of all her hopes for the future vanished the moment she was rudely awakened from her dream. It turned out that that was all there was to love. Yvonne remained silent for a while before asking in a small voice, “Since you’ve never been in a relationship, and you’ve never been intimate with Weston... are you still a virgin?” Stella was drinking water and when Yvonne asked her the question, she choked, coughing a few times.

Yvonne mistook Stella’s flushed face for shyness. “Oh, come on. It’s alright. Even though we live in an open and liberal society now, it’s normal to be conservative as you are. Don’t feel pressured in any way!” She thought that Stella must’ve really been a virgin and had suddenly felt an inexplicable sense of indignance. “Then... aren’t you giving your first to that bastard, Weston Ford? That’s too good of a deal for someone like him!” With that thought in mind, Yvonne couldn’t help but put ideas in Stella’s head. “Ella, I’m being serious. Why don’t I introduce some clean and nifty handsome boys to you, and you can have a good time with the one you fancy.”

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Stella had just recovered from her cough when, upon Yvonne’s offer, began choking on her breath again. Yvonne’s thoughts moved at an extremely quick pace, and she was unable to keep up. She saw the reaction on Stella’s face and knew that she was unable to accept it. She smiled and said, “Alright, alright. I was just joking!”

Stella’s face flushed bright red. She instinctively wanted to say something, but nothing came to mind. She simply stood where she was, looking lost.

Yvonne found her posture adorable and couldn’t help but reach out to pinch her cheeks. “Why are you so easy to bully?”

She sighed. “It’s precisely because you’re easy to bully that that man Weston can have his way with you...”

All along, she had been trying to find ways to help Stella, but her ideas had always been trampled by her family members when she shared her thoughts with them.

Weston was simply too powerful, and there was hardly any way she could interfere. Lucas and the rest had many ongoing collaborations with Weston. A tiny movement from her was all it would take to trigger huge consequences.

Yvonne's initial recklessness tapered off upon hearing their thorough analysis of the situation. What was left was a deep sense of helplessness of being unable to help Stella as much as she wanted.

Seeing the guilt on Yvonne's face, Stella smiled comfortingly at her.

Yvonne looked at her for a moment before saying, "Oh yes, do you have anything on tonight?" Stella hesitated to answer as she recalled Weston saying he would be fetching her from work today.

Yvonne held her arm. "I'll bring you out, alright? You're either cooped up at home or at work all day, and it's making you soft. It's better if you go out there and meet new people." Stella's eyes lit up slightly before saying, "Sure." If she wanted to consider entering showbiz, it was imperative that she interacted with all sorts of people.

Weston's reluctance for her to enter the industry was most likely him being afraid that she would one day become independent and no longer yield to his control. She thought long and hard about it the entire day today and surmised that the only way she could escape from Weston's clutches was to climb up the ladder. For ordinary people like her, entering the entertainment industry seemed to be a shortcut to achieving that.

Yvonne did not expect Stella to agree so readily. Her eyes lit up with excitement, "I'll call my friend right away to arrange something for tonight. I'll bring you the best entertainment spot

in Fern City. What do you think?"

Stella nodded. There were many well-known entertainment hideouts in Fern City. Men, for instance, loved going to Lowe Garden both for business and pleasure. There were many avenues for pleasure, and beauties abounded in such places. It was why that place was given the moniker the "mini entertainment circle." Young people had their favorite hideouts too. Aside from artistic-sounding establishments which were in fact great places for flirtatious pursuits, The Dog House was probably the most popular nightclub around.

The identity of the owner of The Dog House was shrouded in mystery, and most people only knew that he invested money into the club at the beginning. Thus, the nightclub categorized its customers according to their consumption level. Be it the typical wage

earner or a rich heir, this was a place favored by many as an abode of relaxation and enjoyment.

Popular bands of the day frequently played on the main stage, and sometimes, even well known celebrities were invited to put on a performance. There was also a dance floor right by the side which everyone could join in.

There were no rules and restrictions like the ones everyone had to face during the day. All they had to do was let their hair down and enjoy the night. Stella had never been to a place like that before. Her parents were university professors and had brought her up in a conservative and traditional family culture.

The moment she entered the doors of the place, loud music boomed from the speakers. Her pace degraded as she began to hesitate.

Yvonne noticed that she had slowed to a stop and nudged her gently. "What's the matter? Do you feel unwell?"

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Stella shook her head. "I'm alright. It's just that the music is too loud in here." Yvonne smiled. "It's precisely because you can't hear what everyone else is saying that makes it so much fun." Seeing how Stella appeared so uncomfortable, Yvonne did not bring her to the dance floor. Instead, she pulled her through a corridor into another hall.

It was much quieter inside.

Gentle piano music sounded from the stage right at the front, which immediately drew Stella's attention. She asked, "What is this place?" "It's also part of The Doghouse." Stella furrowed her brows. "Why is it named like that?"

"One's own doghouse is always more comfortable than any other house. That's the meaning behind this name!" Yvonne explained. "Actually, I don't really know what the owner of this nightclub was thinking by giving this place such a terrible-sounding name. However, The Doghouse is one of the country's most famous entertainment venues. How could you have never heard of it?"

Stella shook her head. "Well, I really haven't."

"What a good child you are," Yvonne sighed. "You shall have your eyes opened tonight."

Subsequently, she brought Stella around for a quick introduction. "This place is like a typical bar, where people would come for the music. Today's live music probably

features the piano. Sometimes, we would see violinists as well. This place is more suitable for corporate elites looking for someplace to relax and wind down. Look, those people over there need to work overtime. If you look out in that direction, you'll be able to see the entire cityscape at night."

Yvonne brought Stella to the full-length windows. "Feel free to sit on any of those seats by the windows."

Stella's gaze remained fixed on the pianist.

Yvonne followed her line of sight and smiled at her. "Is this man your cup of tea?"

It was a young man sporting a head of long hair at the piano. Dressed very elegantly, he exuded artistic flair.

He was considered relatively handsome, with his manly features accentuated by a beard. To top it all off, he was also very skillful on the piano.

Such stark contrast in appearance and ability could indeed draw the attention of the ladies.

"Do you want to ask for his number?"

Stella immediately shook her head, "No need for that. I just think that he plays the Sonate Pathétique very well..."

Right after she made her remark, the young man at the piano suddenly lifted his head and looked in Stella's direction.

Their gazes locked in mid-air.

Yvonne clicked her tongue. "I almost forgot. You play the piano as well as you dance, both of which you've won awards for! Why didn't you continue playing the piano?"

She remembered being taken aback after reading Stella's resume. She clearly had the talent, given her standards. As long as she put in the time and effort to hone her skills, be it piano or dance, she would surely be somebody in both fields. Yet, she strangely chose to be an insignificant dance teacher in the end. Stella's eyes darkened as she shook her head. "Something happened to my family." Yvonne shut her mouth in that instant.

It would have been her guess as well. For Weston to be able to threaten Stella with her family was a clear indication that her background was fraught with difficulty.

Both ladies walked around the place and took in everything. The man at the piano suddenly walked up to Stella, having finished his routine for the house. "Hello, beautiful.

You seem to be very knowledgeable about the piano. May please I invite you to duet?" Stella was slightly taken aback. She glanced at her watch and saw that it was still far from the time that she agreed to meet with Weston. She looked at Yvonne, egging her on with an eager look in her eyes, and she nodded helplessly. "Sure, but I haven't touched the piano in ages. I'm not sure if I'll lower the standard of your performance." The man smiled, and without a word, simply gestured her towards the piano. On the other side of the Doghouse.

In the quiet private room, Lucas looked at the silent man seated before him and asked casually, "Mr. Ford, you don't seem to be in a good mood today. What happened?"

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Dr. Quirk was a man who preferred quiet places, and seldom came to entertainment venues like this one. He'd always reject Yvonne each time she asked him to join her here.

If it weren't because of Weston, he would've never agreed to come here. Having known Weston for so many years, he seldom saw him in such a mood, silent and pensive, as he sat emotionless.

"Did you fight with Guinevere?"

That was the only possibility he could think of, based on what he knew.

His question earned him a slight furrow of Weston's brows, as if repulsed by the mention of the subject.

Lucas usually loathed interfering in the business of others, but this was Weston he was talking about.

Having remembered seeing him with Stella the other day, he asked casually, "What is your relationship with Ella?"

Weston did not appear to react badly towards the mention of the name. His brows simply furrowed slightly. Yet, Lucas managed to catch that shift in his expression, and he arrived quickly at a conclusion. "That day when Yvonne and I saw you and Stella in the middle of the night. It wasn't a coincidence, was it?"

Although he phrased it as a question, he knew the answer as clear as day.

Weston remained silent.

A moment later, he heard a chuckle from Lucas, as he asked half-jokingly, "If Guinevere finds out, will you two still get married?"

Most people were under the impression that they were officially married, but only a minority knew that they weren't.

They were both from the wealthiest families of society, and if they really did get married, the wedding would be no small affair.

Despite not being officially wedded, society had more or less deemed their families as joined in matrimony. Light reflected off the champagne in the glass. Weston sipped on it as he glanced at the glass bottle on the table before him. "Why don't you worry about yourself first? Would your wife mind you coming to such a place?" Lucas raised a brow. "If it weren't to help you solve your problems, I would be home by now, hugging her to sleep." Weston chuckled and glanced at his watch.

Stella hadn't texted him yet.

Lucas noticed that he had been watching the time for a while. "Are you waiting for someone?" Aside from Guinevere, there shouldn't be anyone else that Weston was waiting for. Yet, he knew that it couldn't possibly be Guinevere. Lucas retracted his gaze and said solemnly, "You should know your boundaries. I trust that you won't do anything to cross the line." "What do you mean cross the line?"

"I'm referring to Ella."

Weston paused for a moment as a mocking gaze flashed past his eyes. "When did you become so concerned about Guinevere?"

Instead of being angered by Weston's tone, he poured a glass of champagne for himself and sipped on it. "I'm not concerned about her, but Yvonne is." He placed his glass on the table which made a light clinking sound. He smiled and said, "What else, then? Do you think I'm like Henry?"

Everyone knew Henry used to be Weston's rival in love.

Guinevere had always been the goddess of the entertainment circle. Throngs of men pursued her, but she only had eyes for Weston. Weston and Henry grew up together, and no one dared to mess with either of them.

Everyone assumed that Weston was together with Guinevere, and Henry was the only exception who dared to try fighting with Weston for Guinevere's affection. For a period of time, Henry was hot on Weston's heels, and many even thought that Guinevere would eventually fall prey to Henry. No one expected rumors to suddenly surface about Henry and his female bodyguard. Everyone could tell that Guinevere was besotted with

Weston. Henry was in no way inferior to Weston, but Guinevere insisted on choosing Weston even after so many years.

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Each time someone mentioned Guinevere, there would be many others itching to talk about Weston and Henry.

Weston used to find it boring, and that hadn't changed. "What has this got to do with Henry?"

"Is he still in that wheelchair, refusing to receive treatment?" Lucas couldn't figure out what that man was thinking. "Does he really think remaining disabled would ache that female bodyguard's heart and she'd come running back to him?"

Lucas was different from both of them. He had been with Yvonne very early on and never considered getting involved with another woman. As such, he didn't face as much trouble as these two men did.

Everyone thought that Henry was devoted to Guinevere, yet he brought that female bodyguard everywhere he went and allowed no one to harbor any designs on her.

His friends initially thought that he was trying to distract himself with the female bodyguard, having had his hopes of pursuing Guinevere snuffed out. They did not expect him to become increasingly serious about her.

Just when they thought that things were about to become official between the both of them, Henry dealt a brutal blow to her and kicked her away ruthlessly. Yet, when she really left him, Henry went everywhere in search of her, even refusing to receive treatment for his legs.

Despite his desperation, the female bodyguard that used to only have eyes for him never appeared again.

Although things happened way back in the past, people still enjoyed bringing up Henry at the mention of Guinevere for fun.

"His affairs have nothing to do with me," Weston said expressionlessly. "As long as he doesn't die, he can sit in that wheelchair for as long as he likes."

Despite what Weston said, Lucas knew clearly that Weston did care about Henry's plight.

He wouldn't have asked for his help to treat Henry, otherwise.

Weston and Henry grew up together and were close as brothers. Despite at times appearing as though they were at loggerheads, Guinevere's existence didn't seem to affect their relationship

It might be a hardtelling on a day-to-day basis, but the occurrence of major incidents proved that both of them were standing on the same side.

"Actually, I'm rather curious..." Lucas suddenly said. "If Henry really were to fancy Ella, how would you react?"

Since he and Henry grew up together, it made sense that they had the same taste in women. Of course, Lucas knew he was asking for a beating with his question, but he couldn't help but try to trigger a different reaction from Weston.

Silence ensued.

A dark glint flashed past Weston's eyes as he glanced at Lucas. "You seem to be bored out of your wits today."

Lucas smiled. "If it weren't for you, I'd already be in bed with my wife. It would be a waste if I don't look for some excitement to pass the time,

Weston sipped on his champagne and didn't say anything further. Light notes of a piano playing suddenly came from somewhere. Lucas lifted his head and looked in the direction of another hall.

"A piano duet?" His interest was piqued. Lucas had starkly different hobbies from that of other rich heirs. He liked his peace and quiet and dabbled in classical music. Although he didn't know how to play them himself, he would sometimes attend concerts and was skilled in appraising musical performances. He stood up eagerly. "I'll go over and take a look." Weston wasn't interested in such things, but since there wasn't anything else better to do, he followed Henry, all while sneaking a glance at his phone. Stella still hadn't texted him yet. His eyes grew cold and he shut his phone off in frustration.

Both men walked to the other hall, where the piano was situated right in the middle of the stage

Lucas walked over and saw that it was a man and woman at the piano. He smiled and commented, "Both of them share quite the synergy. I wonder if they are a real couple?"

As he spoke, he gradually collected himself. The moment he caught sight of the woman's face, he halted in his footsteps and turned instinctively towards Weston.

Weston also sensed the change in Lucas' mood and followed his gaze.

That was when he saw Stella, whom he thought was still at work, playing the piano intimately with another man.

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Stella hadn't felt so relaxed for a long time.

Ever since her parents passed away, she seldom had the chance to play the piano. Sometimes, when the urge to play arose, she would spend an hour at a piano shop indulging herself.

Dancing, on the other hand, was unlike playing the piano. She could dance anywhere as long as she wanted to, but playing the piano came at a price.

Her measly salary barely fed herself and Roger, and the pressure of financial burden wore her down day by day. How could she possibly afford something as luxurious as a piano?

Elegant notes of music flowed from her fingers.

She was relaxed and happy, and the smile on her face was genuine.

The joy of music was infectious-Yvonne was so absorbed in the performance that she couldn't help but film Stella's performance. The long-haired young man initially thought that Stella was his type and wanted to chat her up. She even knew the name of the tune he was playing, and inviting her to a piano duet sealed the deal for him. However, he did not expect her to be so skilled with the instrument.

She began slightly unfamiliar with her hands, but as she eventually got the flow, it was easy to tell of the exquisite standards she held as a player.

The two played on with a choreographed harmony, and exchanged a smile.

There was a look of satisfaction in both their eyes, having found their bosom friend.

Stella didn't think too much of it, and simply thought of her partner as a friend she could exchange her music with.

The smile they exchanged, however, felt different to others who were also watching.

Especially for Weston.

Lucas did not expect to see Stella at such a place, and instinctively turned to look at the man beside him. "Seems like I misunderstood you earlier. There's really nothing between you and Ella."

Lucas had said it deliberately, and Weston could tell that he was teasing, but he didn't respond. The sight of the genuine smile on Stella's face made frustration grow in his heart.

Although he said nothing, Lucas did not let up on the chance to tease him further. "I don't like to poke my nose in other people's business, and I won't stop you from having an affair. But you don't seem to be having an easy time reigning her in?" Weston shot him a cold look as the corner of his lips lifted in a sardonic sneer. "Stop being so anxious to talk about me. Your lady isn't giving you a much better time, either." Weston's remark made him collect himself. He followed Weston's gaze and saw a most familiar looking woman seated on the other side of

the piano

She was filming the scene with her phone when a young man walked over to her and tapped on her shoulders

Instead of rejecting his advances, Yvonne began chatting happily with him

Yvonne looked stunning and was lively and passionate in character

Such types were very popular amongst men

Beautiful, cheerful, and knew how to have a good time she would be an excellent choice for a partner, presentable in any situation

Yvonne had become less forward after marrying Lucas

Lucas was quiet and reserved, and even ladies who tried to pursue him did so at a distance, not daring to come too close

Yvonne knew that Lucas did not like her interacting with random men, and therefore hadn't been coming to places like this to relax for a while

Now that she finally had a chance to, she found it difficult to hold herself back

The man who had tried to approach Yvonne saw that she wasn't stuck up or proud in any way and thought that she must be interested in himself as he was her Thus, he said confidently." Hey gorgeous, shall we add each other as contacts

Yvonne shook her head and with her phone still aimed towards Stella playing piano with another man, she replied with an unwavering smile, "I'm sorry, I'm already married

With that, she flashed the ring on her finger

The man was stunned for a moment. "You must be kidding me Is it in trend nowadays to wear a ring to such venues so that you can give others a rude shock? Yvonne raised a brow and glared back at him "I can't help it if that's what you think."

The man was hesitant about what to do next He couldn't really figure out what Yvonne was really thinking, but he didn't want to give up on the chance, esther

Such a good woman was rare to come by If he were to miss his chance tonight, he had no idea when the next time he'd come across someone so fabulous would be

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As long as he could have a taste of her, it would be fine, even if she were married. He placed an arm around her shoulders and said naturally, "Don't fool me, it would only make me sad. If you were really married, why even come to..." Before he could complete his sentence, he felt a strong force grip his wrist and the next moment, a searing pain shot through his heart. "Owww!" The man lifted his head and looked into a pair of cool, deep eyes.

If looks could kill, he would have been shredded to pieces.

His face contorted with pain, the man yelled, "Who are you? Let me go!"

His voice trembled with pain.

Yvonne snapped back to attention and looked up to see Lucas who had somehow appeared before her. "Hubby, what are you doing here?" she exclaimed in shock. "...hubby?"

The man heard how he addressed the other man before him and looked back at her aghast, "You're really married?" Yvonne rubbed her nose. "Didn't I show you my wedding ring just now?" she repeated guiltily.

Seeing Lucas glaring coldly at the man before him, she immediately leaned over. "Hubby, forget it. He didn't do anything to me..." "Didn't do anything to you? Where did he place his hand just now?" "Come on, it was just a slight touch, nothing to shout about in a place like..."

"Which is why I never let you come to such a place!" Lucas cut her off coldly, his words piercing her like shards of ice.

Yvonne inhaled sharply. The last thing she wanted was to create a scene. Thus, she softened her stance and said, "I know, I won't let this happen again. Please let him go, alright?" The man's face had turned red with pain.

Lucas increased the intensity of his grip before finally letting him go after seeing beads of sweat appearing on the man's forehead due to the pain.

"Scram," he opened his mouth and said.

When the man disappeared out of sight, Lucas turned to look at Yvonne.

He had a fearsome look on his face as he remained silent. Yvonne knew that it spelled impending doom, but she moved her legs and walked towards him. Tugging his sleeves, she said, "I'm sorry, hubby...". Lucas flung her hand away. "Don't call me that.!" He was so angry that he did not even want to look at Yvonne. Yvonne couldn't care less and immediately blocked his path, eager to explain her side of the

story. "I only came here because I wanted to bring Ella out for a good time. I'm really sorry..."

Lucas then turned his attention at the stage. Yvonne followed her gaze and saw Weston standing on the other side of the piano. Her face changed. "What is he doing here?"

As she quickly turned to look at Stella who was still at the piano, a sense of foreboding doom rose in her stomach.

The tune finally came to an end. Stella still found herself completely immersed in the harmony. Little did she realize that there was a man standing next to her, staring right down on her shoulders. She herself did not realize how stunning she looked when she was playing the piano. Suddenly, a loud bout of applause broke her reverie.

Stella instinctively turned towards the noise and saw Weston standing nearby, looking straight at her.

She stood up immediately, her face going as white as a sheet. "What's the matter?" The man next to her noticed her sudden movement and appeared confused.

Stella shook her head. "Pardon me."

She added, "I have something else to attend to. I'll be off."

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Seeing his opportunity on the verge of disappearing, the man instinctively stood up with her." Wait up!"

He seemed to have something more to say to her, but Stella ignored him and looked at Weston before looking down.

She looked in Yvonne's direction and realized that Lucas was already by her side.

Stella suddenly recalled something and glanced at Lucas, then back at Weston. They must have arrived here together.

She pursed her lips and walked silently towards Yvonne. "You head home first."

Yvonne nodded and was about to hold her hand when Lucas grabbed her arm and pulled her back

"What are you doing?" Yvonne asked, taken aback by his actions. "Ella should go back with us

Lucas lifted his chin and gestured in Weston's direction. "Someone else is here to pick her. What are you doing, trying to involve yourself in their business?"

Yvonne's face turned nasty. "What right does he have?! She came here with me!"

"Yvonne, don't create trouble, please," Lucas said solemnly. "Is it your position to question her relationship with Weston?"

"But she isn't a willing party to this!" Yvonne couldn't help but exclaim, "I can't just stand idly by as she jumps into a pit of fire, can I?"

If she was clueless to the entire situation, she could always turn a blind eye to it. However, now that things were playing out right before her, how could she simply let Weston take her away?

Yvonne felt terrible.

Lucas felt equally bad, too. Initially, he never cared about such trivial matters, and felt like he had nothing to do with the private matters of others.

However, Yvonne had been creating a ruckus back home, talking about all the nasty things that Weston had done. To that end, he had called Weston out to ask him what he wanted with all these

He didn't expect to meet Yvonne and Stella here, though.

It had to be said, though, that he never had a good impression of Stella in the first place. “No matter how difficult things are for her, she wanted this herself. Are you in a position to interfere with her decision?”

His tone had become firm and stern.

Yvonne looked at him in disbelief.

Stella didn't want the two of them fighting over her, “That's it for today,” she interrupted the squabbling couple. Thank you for bringing me out for a good time. I'll be off first.”

Yvonne flung Lucas' hand away and attempted to stop Stella. “No! Since we came here together, I should be the one sending you back!” Stella shook her head and smiled. “I'll be fine.”

With that, she glanced at Weston and said, “Since he's already here to pick me up, I'll head back with him.”

“Ella!” The sorrow in Yvonne's eyes was evident as she instinctively took a step forward. Yet, she felt her arm being held back by the man behind her. Lucas looked at her disapprovingly.

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Stella smiled at her. “I'm really alright.” “Thank you for bringing me out for a good time. I really enjoyed myself,” she politely continued.

With that, she waved at her and walked towards Weston. She had just arrived in front of Weston when he suddenly turned around and said, “Follow

me »

With that, he left the place. Stella's eyes glinted as she followed him without the slightest hesitation. It wasn't until the both of them were out of sight that Yvonne finally retracted her gaze. Lucas looked at the wistful look on her face and barked coldly, “Still not done watching the show?”

In response, Yvonne merely glared at him silently. She flung his hand away and stormed off by herself.

He was supposed to be the offended party, asking her for an explanation. Yet now, it seemed he was the one who had wronged and disappointed her. Lucas didn't chase after her right away. He simply followed her quietly, maintaining a fair distance.

The young man cursed under his breath as he watched both ladies leave the scene. “Such rotten luck, meeting two taken ladies. What a bummer!”

On the road.

Weston said not a word. Stella followed him steadily and offered no explanation either.