

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 251

Chapter 251 Henry looked lean, just like a delicate beauty. But at that moment, he exerted immense force, almost sufficient to crush the man's wrist. Xavier was unprepared and felt a sharp pain come on his wrist. He looked at Henry with a frown and saw strong killing intent in his eyes. For a mere potted plant, his face was filled with vicious rage. Xavier shook off his hand, and he was perplexed. "It's just a cactus. Is that necessary?"

He spoke loudly, and his face was still smiling. It was just that the smile did not have the slightest warmth.

Henry ignored him entirely, pushed his wheelchair, turned his back, and repositioned the cactus to a place with sunlight.

He still had blood on his hand, yet he reached out to fiddle with the white flowers on the cactus.

When the brilliant red blood dripped on the pure white petals, it shone under the sunlight with a demonic luster.

"Don't touch others' stuff as you like."

Xavier looked at his back and didn't say anything for a long time.

Henry was temperamental and moody. He hadn't felt anything before, but today he had experienced it.

"You really do treasure it. Those who don't know will even think that Guinevere had just come to give it to you." He slowly put away the teasing expression on his face.

Although Henry was in a wheelchair, everyone knew that he was well-informed.

There should be no one in Fern City who had more eyes and ears than him.

A close friend of Weston's, they were very powerful when they worked together, and practically no one dared to mess with them.

Henry had an eccentric temper. He would not help simply anyone.

Even if Xavier was Weston's uncle, he might not necessarily invite him. His eyes sank as he fell into deep contemplation.

When he turned his back, Weston was already standing behind him without realizing it.

He was shocked for a moment but changed back to his usual sloppy self just as quickly.

He patted his shoulder, asking, "Why are you walking without a sound?"

Weston pushed him away and shot him an indifferent look.

His emotionless eyes swept across him and fixated on Henry. "Come in. I have something to discuss with you."

He spoke in an authoritative tone, as though Henry was his subordinate, though Henry didn't

show the grim face he was wearing. After putting away the cactus, he turned around and followed Weston into the room.

When he walked past Xavier, Xavier felt his gaze and his eyebrows twitched.

He heard Henry snigger and comment, "Sometimes, even if you are the closest of flesh and blood, you still have to get along wearing a mask. Nothing really matters in the face of profit."

At that moment, Xavier felt a coldness seeping into his bones.

In the university town.

Stella told Roger she would come over to see him in advance. Since Roger had one more class, she wandered around the university enclave.

Fern City was a large city that was home to many universities. Among them, the most prestigious was Fern University. One of the top universities in the nation, it was the dream of many students to be able to study there. When walking around the campus, Stella felt that what she had done before was meaningful.

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Chapter 252 At least Roger could grow up in a place like this. He had lived up to her parents' expectations. If her parents could witness this, they would feel relieved, right? It was just that she had embarrassed them.

Stella didn't know if she'd ever have a career that her parents would be proud of.

She sighed and randomly walked into a tea shop, ordered a cup of milk tea in boredom, and waited for Roger to finish his class.

She checked on her savings and thought about her next career plan. She had considered what Roger told her, but considering her relationship with Weston, there would be a lot of inconvenience if she did go down that road. If her relationship with Weston were to be discovered, many people would be affected. She always had the worst plans for her relationship with Weston. "A milk tea latte, please."

After ordering her drink, she sat down in a corner.

When the man paying at the cashier in front of her heard her voice, he turned and looked at her instinctively.

When their eyes met, she was surprised.

"Mr. Hall?" She didn't expect to bump into him in such a small tea shop.

And neither did he.

He was a little surprised but quickly returned to his usual polite self. Smiling, he nodded at her. "What a coincidence for you to be here too. Coming over to see Roger?" Stella nodded and glanced at the boy holding on to Mr. Hall. She smiled and greeted him. "Long time no see."

Bryce was thrilled today, getting the rare chance to visit the university his father worked at.

Justin Hall, a lecturer, would constantly be swamped at work and had little time to care for Bryce. Some time ago, upon quarreling with Tina, he finally realized that they had both taken their children for granted, not giving them the time they deserved. Since then, he had subconsciously made up for it whenever he could,

Initially overjoyed, Bryce became alerted when he saw her. "Hello, Ms. Steele."

Although he still greeted her politely, he obviously didn't sound too enthusiastic. He also averted her eyes as he stood behind Justin. Stella knew that the little boy must've assumed a general impression of her and didn't say anything.

When her drink was served, she asked the staff, "Can you help me pack it, please?"

Bryce looked at her, and his eyes flickered as he knew she was avoiding him. In the end, he withdrew his eyes. He didn't expect to encounter such a scene when they met again. Once she got her milk tea, she said, "If there's nothing else, I'll leave first." He nodded, took the chocolate drink Bryce ordered and gave it to him. "We'll leave after we finish the drink."

Bryce nodded. When he saw her leave, he was relieved and sat in front of his father. Justin was amused to see his son act as if he was facing an enemy. "You don't seem to like her very much, do you?"

Bryce was startled and sat up straight. He shook his head, expressions solemn. "I don't dislike her."

"Then why were you so worked up just now?" "It's just that..."

Not knowing how to explain, he studied his father's face carefully. After a while, he said, "Father, will you get mad if I tell you the truth?"

Justin was startled.

He looked at his son's cautious look and felt uneasy. "Just say it. What is it that you can't tell me?"

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Chapter 253 Bryce shook his head and said, "I dislike all women other than mom." He paused for a moment. Seeing Justin stunned, he hurriedly said, "But If you like her. I have no problem with it."

"Brat." Justin came to his senses and rubbed his head. "Just finish your drink. No more such non-nutritious things in the future. You've been staying too long at your mother's place. Look how she spoiled you." Bryce would never dare to ask for junk food in the past.

Tina must've been spoiling him.

"It's not her fault. It's me who wants to drink it."

"You're only allowed to have it once a month."

After Stella left the tea shop, she stopped in front of a floor-to-ceiling window from the back of the street and subconsciously glanced back. It was a relief to see that father and son were not unhappy because of her but were talking happily to each other. She felt guilty toward Justin.

It was not because she did not get together with him, but things like this were always up to one's own wishes.

She felt more guilty about troubling him because of her matters. The unpleasant incident that happened the last time they had dinner together still ran fresh in her mind, especially when Weston acted so heartlessly. Fortunately, nothing bad happened to Bryce that day. Otherwise, she wouldn't know how to face Justin. Stella sighed.

Suddenly, her phone rang simultaneously with the class bell. Stella spoke on the phone with Roger while she walked in the direction of the school building. Roger, a computer science student, had some debugging work at the lab building today. He had initially planned to go with his classmates but he stopped in his tracks. "You guys can go and have your lunch first. I still have some things to do and I won't be joining you." Seeing this, his roommate stopped as well and looked at him curiously. "Who are you having lunch with, if not with us? Could it be the girl who confessed to you this morning?" They joked around. Roger was very handsome and was a famous student on campus. Many girls would confess their feelings to him but he'd refuse them all.

Their joke didn't invoke much reaction from him. Instead, he simply handed his bag to

them." Remember to take my seat in the afternoon."

"Alright. If you really go on a date with the girl, you must tell us when you'll be back."

"Tell you what?" He found them rather funny. "You guys go ahead, I'll be off." With that said, he ran away in stride. Under the big tree outside the lab building, Stella stood waiting for him.

Some students passing by would have their eyes on her. There were many beautiful girls on campus, but Stella managed to catch a lot of attention just by standing there.

When Roger arrived, he saw a few eager boys trying to hit on her.

Irritated, he walked up to her and blocked the other boys. "Let's go for lunch." The boy was a little surprised to see Roger walking over as well. "It's you?"

Roger was very popular. Almost half of the female students liked to gossip about him.

The boy said sourly, "So, this beautiful girl is here to meet you. Didn't you just get together with a girl this morning? Why are you..." He wanted to say something but he stopped himself. His intention was obvious, though.

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Chapter 254 Roger frowned and glared coldly at her. "She is my sister. Don't speculate on us with your nasty thoughts." "Sister?" The boy was startled.

He scratched his head. Not only was he not annoyed, but his attitude toward Roger miraculously became much better. "I have never heard of you having a sister."

"What is it to you anyway?" Roger wasn't bothered to have any more interaction with him and pulled Stella away.

After they were far away, Stella breathed a sigh of relief. "Is this how you get along with your classmates?"

"It isn't. We're not in the same class. He's from the other faculty that comes to class together."

"Even so, he is still your alumnus. How could you be so rude to him?"

Noticing that he was about to receive another lecture from her, his head started aching."

Alright. It's so hard for you to even come over, so don't nag me. Let's head to the cafeteria. I'll buy you your favorite meal."

Indeed, Stella had come to visit him, and hearing him say so, she stopped nagging and followed him to the most crowded cafeteria.

"Is the cafe always so crowded?" she asked curiously at the sight of the large number of people.

She was admitted into Ahn University before Roger, and although they were of different intakes, they were considered alumni.

Roger was still studying, but her situation had changed drastically. Looking around the familiar campus, a pang of nostalgia suddenly coursed through her soul. "It feels like it's only been a few years since I graduated, but I can't even remember what my campus looks like." Roger had also studied at Ahn University before, and he knew she was talking about it. Hearing her say this, he suddenly said gravely, "Stella, why don't you attend graduate school after I graduate?"

She was stunned and found it funny. "What makes you suddenly think of this?"

Roger shook his head. "I went to the recruitment fair and found that employee benefits are very good, especially in the computer science industry. I calculated that I'll be able

to support

When that time comes, you can resign from your job and won't need to find work. Just focus on studying, and I will pay for your tuition when you get into graduate school. You have always wanted to further your studies, right? Anyway, you are still young. It's still not too late for anything." He moved forward a few steps in the queue as he spoke, and after picking a few dishes that she liked, he walked with her side by side.

The place was so crowded that finding an empty seat was almost impossible.

After a hard time rummaging around shoulder-to-shoulder with the massive crowd, they managed to find themselves a clean spot. The sheer number of human bodies jammed packed in one spot caused a deafening droning, and they had to almost shout to even hear each other.

"Stop talking nonsense. I plan to let you go to graduate school after you graduate. I heard from Mr. Hall that your grades are excellent, and you have a high chance of getting a postgraduate recommendation. You should work hard on that." He frowned.

"Sister, I don't want to go to graduate school. I just want to get a job." She was eating some apple pie, but when she heard him say that, she put down her knife and sighed. "I really do not need you to make money for me. The money we have now is enough to cover our expenses for the rest of our lives." "But that's Weston's money. I don't want to spend it at all," he subconsciously blurted. The moment he mentioned that name, he quickly realized that he had said the wrong thing. "I'm sorry. I don't mean to mention him," he said with his head lowered. She smiled. "It's nothing. You said nothing wrong." She hurriedly finished the food on her plate. "Hurry up and eat. I'll have to go to work."

The moment that person was mentioned, the atmosphere between the two people stiffened. He realized he shouldn't have tried to act strong in front of her, especially because of that man.

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Chapter 255 But Roger could not stand to live under Weston's shadow for the rest of his life.

"Stella, I am serious about what I said just now. I hope you'll consider it and stop treating me like a kid. I really can support you." "We'll talk about it when we cross the bridge." She smiled, not taking his words seriously.

She put some salad on his plate and rubbed his head. "Hurry up and eat. You still have a class in the afternoon. I saw your class schedule, and it's very packed today. You should take a nap after lunch, or you won't be able to focus."

He nodded, and they focussed on the meal. Meanwhile, a good number of people had cast their eyes their way. Roger could be considered a celebrity in the university. A very bright student and extremely good-looking, these qualities made him the man of many girls' dreams.

The girl who confessed to him this morning was neither the first, and she'd definitely not be the last.

Initially, they thought that Roger was the type that only focussed on his studies and wasn't interested in women. The last thing they expected was for him to bring a beautiful girl to the cafe and openly have lunch with her. Some students who knew him winked at him when they passed. "Not bad. No wonder you refused the girl this

morning. This one here is not bad either.... quite nice-looking. At that, Roget put down his cutlery and looked into the guy's eyes intensely. "She is my sister." "Oh? Your sister!"

"She is your sister?"

As the conversation prolonged, they ate much slower. All too soon, break hour was almost over, and she urged him to quicken his pace. "Alright. Hurry up and finish your food. Stop bothering about that nonsense."

When they had completely finished eating, there was only a bit of time left before the next lecture.

She sighed. "Great. No more time to rest."

"Why don't we go for a stroll then?"

He grabbed her arm. "Take a walk with me. This is the first time you've come to visit me here."

"You are already a college student. Do you still need someone to visit you?"

"Aren't you the one who said I will always be your little brother, no matter how old I am?"

"And you're the one who told me not to treat you like a kid."

They choked at each other's words.

She shook her head helplessly. "Alright, I'll walk with you for a while." After walking a short distance, she was suddenly reminded of something and looked at him. "What's up with that girl this morning? It seems lots of people in the university like you." "Look at my face. Isn't it normal that people like me?" When she heard his answer, she smiled and shook her head. "You are such a narcissist. I wonder who you take after."

Her parents were very humble. They were brilliant scholars, but they kept a low profile. But Roger had been flamboyant from a young age. It was only after a serious illness that he had become more restrained.

However, his temper still remained in his bones, and he was still a little capricious.

The siblings had an endless conversation, and before they knew it, it was time for class.

She urged him to go, and he reluctantly said his goodbyes.

After parting, Stella walked around the campus for a while. Out of nowhere, she suddenly saw Justin walking toward her.

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Chapter 256 With the huge university campus covering a massive area, Stella didn't expect to meet him again.

She planned to lower her head, pretend not to see him, and walk past him.

However, Justin walked straight to her and said, "Ella, can I talk to you for a while?" She froze. "Mr. Hall, what do you want to talk about?"

He pressed his lips. "It's something about Weston. I think you have the right to know about it."

After sending Bryce to the office, he had managed to squeeze some time to come to her.

They had not contacted each other for a long time and he felt that he should not meddle in matters about Weston, but after much consideration, he still felt that he had the right to know.

He thought he had gotten over her, but he did not expect that he would be stirred when he saw her.

As they sat in the gazebo, she believed that she could never talk to him calmly again.

“What exactly is the matter, Mr. Hall?”

Knowing that she did not want to stay with him long, he wasted no time and went straight to the point. “Are you together with Weston now?”

She said nothing in return, but her silence answered the question.

Justin took off his glasses and closed his eyes. His hand clenched into a fist on the marble table.

After a good while of silence, he finally spoke. “I know it’s inappropriate to say this, but he’s not a good man.” “Is that all you want to say? If you are done...” “He does not only have you. He is also seeing other women behind Guinevere’s back,” Justin interrupted. He suddenly opened his eyes and stared into hers with a gaze as sharp as an eagle’s. “You know about Lowe Garden, right? You met him there as well. After you left, he went to another woman and has been supporting her in secret. Guinevere has been looking for that woman everywhere.”

Stella was looking down so he couldn’t figure out her emotions.

Noticing how silent she was, he could not help but ask, “Don’t you have anything you want to say?”

“What do I want to say?” She looked at him with a bitter smile.

“What is my relationship with Weston? Can I say anything about what he wants to do?”

“You don’t have to put yourself in such a low position.” He suddenly felt a throbbing pain in

his heart. He originally disapproved of her choice, and she clearly had the opportunity to be with him openly, and yet she chose to be Weston’s unseen lover. He had even warned himself not to keep in touch with such a woman.

However...

“Ella, it’s not too late for you to turn back.”

“Turn back? Don’t kid me. If I had the chance, I wouldn’t have chosen this path in the first place.”

He dropped his gaze. “I’m sorry. I was too weak.” He remembered that she was also reluctant at the beginning.

It was he who did not protect her.

“It’s not your fault.” She stood up, unwilling to delve further into the topic with him.

“I am very sorry for nearly getting Bryce into trouble earlier. Let’s not see each other again in the future, Mr. Hall. I’m afraid that you might be implicated,” Stella said genuinely. She was indeed sincere. He knew she was speaking from her heart.

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Chapter 257 But the moment she stood up, he stood up as well, and instinctively grabbed her wrist. “Ella!” As though scalded by hot water, Stella forcefully shook her hand off. “We are at school, Mr. Hall! Please control yourself.”

After that, she left.

Justin chased after her, but looking at her back, he stopped in the end. He stood in the

gazebo, lost and full of despair.

What he did not know was that in a hidden corner, a man had just taken a photo on his cellphone, where the image of the two people holding hands was clearly captured.

In the ward.

Initially, Xavier had planned to go to Henry, but thanks to what happened on the balcony, he didn't want to stay any longer. He found an excuse and left in a hurry.

Henry was fiddling with another potted plant Weston had brought for him absent-mindedly when he suddenly said, "Your uncle is rather obtuse."

Weston didn't even look up. "What did he tell you just now?"

"Nothing. He was just probing." He pushed his wheelchair and put the potted plant in the shade.

Then, he came back. "Don't give me these things again. I don't like them." "Why do you have so many then?" He put down the newspaper and rubbed his eyebrows. "Tell me what you like."

"How generous... Will you give me anything I want?"

"Say it."

"Are you this generous with those women of yours?"

"Which woman?" Weston sniffed and asked with a raised eyebrow.

It was rare that he would even talk about this.

Henry sneered without saying anything. "You've been a bit out of line lately. Guinevere will not just stand and watch."

He was implying something, prompting Weston to stare at him intensely with his dark eyes. But he did not respond and simply said, "Pull it together. After all, I was the one who let you have her. Be nice to her."

His tone was flat as if he was saying something unimportant.

Weston shook his head. "I can't hear how solemn your advice is."

"Did you mean it when you said you would give me anything I want?" Weston replied, "You are a Moore. Do you really need me to get anything for you?"

"You are being too humble, Mr. Ford. Who doesn't know that Weston Ford is among the richest men in the nation? You were so generous to a bar girl in Lowe Garden, giving her a villa without a second thought," he reminded. Weston finally understood what he was talking about and laughed. "Guinevere came to you?" "I didn't say anything," Henry said, raising both his hands while looking innocent. "I've always been tight-lipped. I don't talk about other people's secrets." "I know." Weston stood up and put his suit jacket on his arm. "Thanks a lot," he said as he patted Henry's shoulders.

"Don't. It has nothing to do with me. If she knows about it, she will be very sad. Can't you just behave yourself?" "You don't know about what happened that year." Weston's eyes suddenly turned cold

Henry looked at his sullen, cold face and wanted to say something but Weston interrupted. "I will help you keep an eye on that little bodyguard. Just don't get your hopes up. She's probably already..."

He did not say the rest of the words. Seeing Henry's cold face, Weston knew he understood what he meant and left without saying another word.

Chapter 258 It was only after Weston left that Henry snickered and said with a hoarse voice, "What do you know? She can't possibly die."

That woman was just like a cockroach. How could she die?

After he said that, he was immersed in the shadows.

The sunlight outside was pleasant, but it could not shine on his body.

The sunlight shone through the window, slicing the ward into halves of light and darkness.

He stayed in the darkness for a long time, and when he reached out, wanting to touch the sunlight outside, it was as if he was forever separated by a barrier.

Near the end of the afternoon, Stella texted Roger.

"I need to go on a business trip this evening so I can't go home. Please be good when you are at home alone."

She had had a meal and chatted with him for a long time this afternoon

He was already very satisfied so he did not say anything and simply reminded her to take care of herself.

She let out a breath and thought for a while before telling the chauffeur to send her back to the villa.

Weston had not come back yet, and Joan was cleaning the house. Seeing Stella sitting on the sofa in a daze, she approached her and asked, "Ms. Steele, would you like to eat something?"

She shook her head. "No, I'm fine." Then, she glanced at the clock. "What time is it?"

"It's almost dinner. I'll cook after I finish my work here."

Stella paused for a moment, then suddenly got up. "No, you go and do your own thing. I'll

cook."

Joan was a bit taken aback. "This is not in accordance with the contract. Mr. Ford hired me to take care of you. How could I let you cook?"

Stella stood still and smiled at her. "He told you to take care of me, so shouldn't you listen to me?"

Not expecting she would say something like that, Joan hesitated for a bit.

But Stella was already pushing her out of the kitchen. "Don't worry. He won't say anything."

Then, she closed the kitchen door.

Some vegetables were already being processed in the sink. It seemed Joan had prepared them for dinner tonight.

Hence, Stella decided to use them to make some common dishes.

When Weston returned to the villa, Joan greeted him. "Mr. Ford..."

She whispered into his ear about Stella's strange behavior today. The man frowned.

"She cooked the meal herself?"

He did not expect this.

He thought that she was still angry with him and it would take him some time to coax her out. However, he didn't expect that she was already willing to cook for him.

He could not deny that he was flattered by her behavior.

He handed over his suit jacket to Joan and said, "I'll reward you with a bonus."

Joan was surprised. She thanked Weston a few times and left happily.

The moment he entered the house, he smelled the aroma of food. Stella's cooking had a distinct fragrance. He stood at the door without making a sound, looking at her busying in the kitchen.

After a while, he walked to her slowly.

He wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her into his arms. "Why did you think of cooking today?"

She froze. Hearing the deep voice of the man, she calmed herself down and said, "I came back early. Since there was still time, I thought I would cook first."

He kissed her cheek. "You weren't even willing to make me some pasta before."

He nibbled on her ear and seemed to grumble.

Stella frowned, said nothing, and continued her work. Weston showed no intention of letting her go.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 258

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Chapter 259

Stella's movement was a bit restricted so she said to him, "Can't you just let me go first? Wait in the living room. It'll be quick."

"No." He hugged her.

His thin lips slid all over her face. At first, he was only kissing her cheeks, but he had slowly moved to her ears. Gradually, he moved down, not knowing how to restrain himself.

Stella felt a tingle spreading across her skin.

She grimaced and shrank away, wanting to avoid him, but the man only held her waist tighter.

"Don't move," he said with a hoarse voice beside her ear. He was holding her so tightly that she could feel the changes in his body.

She took a deep breath, hand still tightly holding the spatula. Her fingertips were white.

"Stop fooling around. It will be ready soon. Just wait for a little."

"No, I am very hungry now." His breath became heavier as he was talking to her. He said word "hungry" particularly loudly. She understood what he was trying to say, but

pretended not to understand. "We can't eat yet. Can you wait?" He pinched her ears and deliberately misinterpreted her words. "Okay. I'll wait then. Don't let me down."

Stella knew he wasn't referring to the food, but her. But since he had already let go of her, she said nothing more and focused on cooking. She made three dishes, so it took quite a while.

Weston waited for half an hour before Stella emerged from the kitchen. Wearing the familiar apron, her hair was tied to the back as usual, with only some hair hanging beside her cheeks, casting a light shadow on her delicate skin. He stared at her intensely, not paying attention to loud ramblings of the television. After she served all the dishes on the table, he strode to her. She turned around to remove the apron. He held her wrists and his Adam's apple moved. "Let me do it," he said.

She could only let go and let him put his hands on her waist to untie the apron gently. With the strings tied into a bow, he fiddled with it with his fingers, not releasing it right away. Through the sweater, he rubbed against her waist. She felt ticklish and her reflexes made her avoid his touch. He chuckled and untied the apron. Stella lowered her head to remove the apron as soon as it was loosened around her waist but he pressed her neck. "Don't move. I'll do it." She wondered when he had become so dawdling and sighed. "You do it then." Holding her waist with one hand and holding the thin strap behind her neck, he helped her to remove the apron. She felt helpless. "Is this really necessary? The food will get cold if we wait any longer." "Who says that we are eating this?" He suddenly pinned her to the wall while hanging up the apron, disallowing her to duck out of the way. "Isn't she right in front of me?" He tilted her chin up and kissed her. Slowly, he probed deeper. His kiss was very deep and his eyes were closed, but those deep eyes were more focused than ever at that moment. It was as if her lips were the only thing in the world that could make him so enchanted.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 260

Chapter 260

Stella thought that he was really a man which no woman could resist.

If he was serious, no one would've fallen for his eyes.

But why was she not feeling anything? In fact, all that was left in her heart was a little trembling pain.

She shut her eyes and let the man ravage her lips.

It wasn't until when the corner of her lips was bitten and she felt a tingling pain that she saw Weston opening his eyes, looking at her unhappily. "You can't even concentrate on the kiss, huh?"

Stella grabbed his arms and took a deep breath before saying, "I am hungry." Sure enough, the man's eyes changed, and he seemed a little helpless. Then, he sighed beside her neck and rubbed her head. "Let's eat." This was the first time she was willing to cook for him since the reunion. So, he would naturally give way to her. Besides, her cooking was very good... at least it suited his taste. She paused but still served some food on his plate. "Do you like this?" she asked. He looked at her with great intensity and suddenly put down the cutlery. "Say it. What's the matter?"

She was stunned.

Perhaps he must have felt that her intention was a bit obvious. So, she decided not to beat around the bush anymore and said directly, "Before I get a new job, can I live with Roger for a while?"

"No," he rebuked directly. Stella knew that he would disagree, but didn't expect him to be so straightforward. She was in a daze for a while, before she put down the cutlery and said gloomily, "Okay." She stood up and abruptly, the chair noisily dragging on the floor as it was pushed back. His face changed. "Where are you going?" "I'll go to the room." He rubbed his eyebrows and was exasperated by her. "You made such a big deal today, just for this? Now that you're not satisfied, you're giving me the look?"

Stella stood still and turned her head around, forcing a smile at him. "I am not."

She knew that if she wanted to live a good life in the future, she could only please him. Weston said nothing. Suddenly, he gestured to her. "Come here."

She refused to move.

He frowned. "Do you want me to come over and pick you up?"

Only then did she reluctantly walk to him. The next second, she was tugged by him and fell into his arms. She was pinned onto his left thigh, not allowed to move around. He tilted her chin and shook her head lightly. "You don't even have a bite after making a feast. Are you trying to piss me off?"

She said, "I have no appetite."

"Is it because you don't have an appetite for me, or you don't have an appetite for the food?"

Her eyes flickered and looked away suddenly. "I have no appetite for either."

She thought he would be angry, but heard his chuckle instead. Then, she felt a stinging pain in the corner of her mouth.

Stella hissed angrily and pushed him away instinctively

But the man only tightened his grip. With their foreheads pressing against each other's, he said with a deep voice, "Since when did you grow a temper?" She took a deep breath to make her voice sound calm. "I never did. Let me go first."

"What can you do if I don't? It's a shame I was happy just now." He pinched her face and made her look into his eyes. "So you are doing this for a purpose?"

"Didn't I fail to achieve my purpose?"

She looked straight into his eyes and said, "You did not grant me my wish anyway. Let's pretend this is made for you."

"You're good at being coquettish." Weston was going to be exasperated by her. "Just pretend that it is made for me What do you take me for? What kind of person am I? Do you think you can settle it with just a meal?"

"What do you want then?"

"What do I want? I am sure you know." He moved his hands down slowly. "You have been starving me."