

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 51

Chapter 51

Compared to Guinevere, a woman like Stella would be considered pleasant-looking at most. Without the habit of wearing make-up, Stella often wore her face bare and plain. Naturally, she did not stand out much in terms of looks.

Guinevere, on the other hand, was born with a silver spoon in her mouth. Blessed with good genes and pampered since childhood, she became famous at a tender age and spared no effort in maintaining her looks.

Based on this alone, Stella ultimately bore no threat to Guinevere.

However...

Guinevere shut her eyes, her face contorted with pain, deep struggle, and confusion. "Why did Weston choose to marry her back then? She wasn't outstanding in any area, was she?"

In fact, she might have felt better if Stella were an outstanding beauty that exceeded her.

That way, she would be able to understand Weston's choice.

Just as it was choosing a vase or selecting a set of jewelry, it only made sense to go for the most expensive and eye-catching one. Affections may not necessarily come into play.

Stella was decent looking, with delicate facial features that made her pleasant to look at. However, there was no lack of decent-looking ladies around Weston. As long as he was willing, hordes of beauties would be willing to throw themselves at him. Why did it have to be Stella?

Henry pushed his wheelchair to the window.

His silent posture betrayed the simmering impatience in him. Guinevere had no choice but to stand up. "Alright, let's stop talking about me. I came here to tell you something-Weston and I went to Freemont City and spoke to Dr. Quirk about your leg..."

She looked behind her and saw Henry's figure shrouded in darkness. She couldn't help but walk toward him. "She won't be returning. Henry, even if you were to remain wheelchair bound for the rest of your life, she will never come back to you.

"Forget about her. Move on."

From her angle, she could only silently watch him from his back. She couldn't see his eyes that had grown cold, and neither could she see the plant he had tenderly cared for that lay torn in his hands.

Its green leaves fell one by one, and their sap seeped through his palms as he crushed them. After a long while, the corners of his lips curved upward. "You're right. We should always be moving on in life."

He pushed his wheelchair out and swept his hands as if nothing had happened.

Typically speaking, Guinevere would have taken a hint and left. However, because of the inexplicable frustration mounting inside her, she couldn't help but complain, despite knowing that Henry was reluctant to hear more. "When we went to Freemont City, do you know who I

met at Dr. Quirk's house?"

"Who?" Henry asked indifferently.

Guinevere lowered her gaze towards the white table. "I saw a woman who looked a lot like Stella, so much that I think...she might even be Stella herself." "Could two people look so similar..?" she mumbled to herself.

Freemont City.

When Stella reached home, she opened the door as quietly as she could, thinking that Roger was probably already asleep.

She hung her keys at the doorway and heard footsteps in the hall.

She looked up and saw that Roger was still awake. He had just walked out of the bathroom, his skin still moist from a bath. He was drying his hair with a towel as he looked at Stella, "Why are you back so late? I thought you'd be spending the night outside."

Stella exhaled aloud and shrugged off her jacket before hanging it on the clothes rack. She walked towards him and rubbed his forehead, "Washing your hair in the middle of the night again? Watch out for a headache tomorrow morning when you wake up."

Roger was at least a head taller than her, and she had to tiptoe to reach his forehead.

He slung his arm around Stella's shoulder as they sat down on the couch. "You haven't told me whose house you just went to?"

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Stella hooked one arm around Roger's neck and leaned her head against his shoulder. She sighed and said, "Yvonne's. I accompanied her on a shopping trip today and had dinner at her place."

Roger reacted little to Stella's answer, and wasn't much surprised either.

After all, the only person here who was close enough to be Stella's friend was Yvonne.

Back then, when Stella was still searching for a job, she went as far as to ask him if Yvonne would recognize her.

Roger was rather worried, but it seemed like Yvonne had accepted it as a fact, as time went by.

After all, in Amber City, her relationship with Stella remained strictly on a business-only basis.

Although they were on pleasant terms, they were mere acquaintances. She did not even know that Stella had a brother, which was why she believed it so easily.

However, the person Stella met today would probably not be so easily fooled... She did not want to worry Roger, so she changed the subject, "What about you? Who did you have fun with today?"

Ever since his hospitalization, Roger had become more reserved, and he was audibly quieter.

He had always been an intelligent child and even studied in the same grade as Stella. Deemed a prodigy and having skipped many grades, he was still around the same age as his peers, and it was easy for him to adapt to campus life.

"It was just a gathering that some of my classmates organized. It was not much fun."

"Were there other female classmates?"

Stella smiled at him as she caressed his head.

Roger's face was pale, and given that he had lost a bit of weight during the time he was hospitalized, the white T-shirt he wore hung loosely on his skeletal frame.

Stella said, "It'll be the holidays in a few days. Shall I bring you shopping for new clothes?"

Roger pushed her away. "You better be spending more time and effort on yourself. I'm a man. I don't need fancy clothes."

Stella reached out to pinch his cheeks. "A man? No matter how old you get, you'll always be a kid in your sister's eyes..."

"Sis!" Roger cut her off, disliking what she said. "I'm already a grown man. Don't keep treating me like a child!"

He placed a firm hand on her shoulders. "You must tell me if you face any difficulties. I'll be graduating in two years, and I can get a job to share your burden."

Stella remained silent. She stared at Roger for a long while as tears pricked her eyes. Their parents passed away very long ago, and before she had a chance to enjoy her innocent studying years, she was forced to take on the pressure that life brought and experienced the

cruelty of society. Once a proud and pampered princess, harsh reality had greatly mellowed her down. The only thing she yearned for was a safe and warm home. She really liked children, but it was impossible for her to have her own children in this life...

Stella subconsciously placed a hand on her stomach.

Roger saw her subtle movement and his heart throbbed with pain. He gritted his teeth and suppressed the anger that began boiling in his heart.

He did not want to mention that man's name and make Stella upset. He said instead, "Sis, I

swear I'll never let you suffer in the future."

He said it in utmost seriousness, and he clenched his fists agitatedly.

Stella looked at him and rubbed his head affectionately. "I trust you. When you grow up and build your own career, find a nice lady, and treat her well. Start your own little family, and I'll be able to rest assured."

"No, I won't get married!" Roger cut her off. "I'll always stay by your side. I'll never leave you alone!"

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Chapter 53

"Don't be foolish! I still have you. Even if you were to get married, I'll visit you frequently."

There was a hint of sorrow in her tone.

Roger remained silent, but he made a silent vow in his heart.

After a restless, sleepless night, Stella decided it was time to get up. The sky was still dark outside.

She arrived at the training center so early that even the security guard wasn't there yet.

She swiped her card and entered the building. She sat down, placed her bag down, and took out a bun from inside for breakfast.

Roger would usually have breakfast in school, so she didn't bother preparing herself an elaborate breakfast. She was fine as long as she didn't feel hungry.

After she finished her breakfast, she changed into her workout gear and started doing some warm-up exercises.

It was only when she was dancing that she felt like the old Stella—the Stella who was pampered like a princess by her parents, never lacking in love and always glamorous, at the center of everyone's attention.

Her chin was always lifted high and proud wherever she went.

In contrast, she would always walk around with her head and eyes lowered now, as if the only thing she wanted most was to disappear into the crowd, away from everyone's prying eyes.

The soft sound of footsteps sounded from outside. People were starting to stream into the training center.

Those who spotted Stella were not surprised to see her and greeted her as usual.

Stella had always been the most diligent teacher here. Coupled with her strong foundation and patience, she was very well-liked amongst the parents.

Such special, extracurricular training centers would usually have a recommendation system — Parents who liked a particular teacher would recommend that teacher to other parents.

Parents would go ahead and register their kids for classes taught by a specific teacher, and the teacher, in turn, would be able to receive a portion of the registration fees.

Stella was doing some leg stretches when she heard the sharp, sour voices of a couple of women from behind her.

“You’re here so early again. Seems like you’re doing pretty well...”

“I don’t think she’s just putting on a show. She has so many students in her class, of course, she has to come early to prepare. Otherwise, she’d end up wasting everyone’s time.” “Do you really think that she has so many students because she teaches well?”

“What else could it be?”

The woman looked at Stella’s lithe figure through the glass and said with jealousy, “It’s only because she’s pretty! Looks are key in today’s society. Just look at that face of hers. Didn’t you notice that it’s the fathers who come and register their children for her classes? You’re still young and tender and don’t understand how society works!”

Even the young teaching intern could sense the jealousy in her words.

However, she was not bold enough to rebut her, and instead simply smiled and tried to smooth things over, “How could that be? You’re quite pretty yourself, too. What’s more, there are many mothers who register their children for Teacher Ella’s classes too....”

The other woman ignored the second part of her sentence and focused only on the first half.

A wide grin spread across her face, unable to hide her glee. Yet, she went on to say, “How could I be as pretty as Ella? She probably comes in a couple of hours early to do her make-up. Look at her skin-it’s probably some natural – colored makeup she has on. How scheming of her...”

Stella simply ignored the ongoing conversation.

After so many years, she had long gotten used to the people around her.

There would be no lack of people making up stories behind other people’s backs, and there would also be a fair share of people who would try to set the record straight. Thus, she merely focused on being herself, ignoring what the others thought.

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After her class ended, Stella’s body was covered in sweat. Having just changed into a fresh set of clothes, she exited the changing room when she saw some parents gathering outside, talking about something.

Stella did not have the habit of poking her nose into other people’s business. She walked alone to the other side to fill up her thermal flask.

She walked out along the corridor while sipping on her water and saw the group of parents dispersing slightly. She stopped in her tracks upon recognizing someone familiar.

Guinevere?

What was she doing here?

Guinevere spotted Stella almost immediately, despite being separated by the crowd of parents. Her smile slowly faded, but she remained calm and composed as she looked at Stella and gave her a slight nod.

“Ella,” She called out to her, stood up, and walked over.

Those parents looked at Guinevere, then back at Stella before whispering in hushed tones, especially those teachers in the training center who were gawking at Stella with complicated looks on their faces. “She’s here to look for Ella!”

“That can’t be! You mean even a famous celebrity like Ms. Cohen heard about how well she teaches and comes especially for her?”

“Impossible! She must be here for something else! What’s more, Ms. Cohen doesn’t have any children for Ella to teach!”

“What if it’s the kids of her relatives?”

Everyone took turns to throw out their guesses, all of which Guinevere overheard but completely ignored.

She walked toward Stella, asking, “Do you have time? Shall we chat over some coffee?”

Stella shook her head. “I’m sorry. I still have work to do.”

A rejection, as expected.

Guinevere smiled at her. “Don’t be nervous. We parted rather unhappily at Yvonne’s house that day. I specially made a trip here to apologize to Yvonne.”

“Yvonne went overseas for work. You can come again to find her next time.”

With that, she turned around to leave.

Guinevere took a step forward and grabbed her arm. “Come on, don’t embarrass me like this. There are so many on-lookers.”

A look of sincerity was plastered on her face. "It's just a cup of coffee. Or, Ms. Ella, are you afraid of something?"

She fixed her gaze on Stella's face as if searching for clues, suspicious as to why two people who bore such striking resemblance to each other could exist.

She must confirm the truth with Stella or she would never be able to rest in peace.

Stella could sense her intentions. She suddenly turned around and looked at her indifferently, "Since Ms. Cohen has said so, I shall oblige. What's more..."

She paused for a moment and turned to look at the other teachers in the training center with a smile. "Ms. Cohen is a famous celebrity, after all. Your sudden and desperate arrival, looking for me, is akin to advertising. I might have hordes of rich ladies handing their children over to me for all you know. I'll be so glad if that happens."

"Is that so?" Guinevere raised her eyebrows. There was a hint of mockery in her eyes, but she said nothing further.

In the café.

Right after the waiter served them their coffees, Stella got straight to the point. "Ms. Cohen, what exactly do you want?"

Guinevere leisurely sipped on her coffee and stared at the foam on top, "Aren't you even a little bit curious about that woman who looks very much like you?"

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Chapter 55

"You said it yourself-it's just a woman who looks very much like me. There are so many people in the world who look like me. Must I care about every single one?"

Guinevere's brows furrowed, clearly, not used to dealing with such a sharp-tongued Stella."

You're right."

Stella put down her coffee cup and boldly surveyed Guinevere.

Guinevere, the famous celebrity, indeed. She was always so impeccably dressed and eye catching, never allowing anyone else to steal the attention away from her.

Guinevere wasn't very pleased with the way that Stella was staring at her.

The Ella now was indeed very different from the Stella then.

She realized that she would still subconsciously compare Ella with Stella.

Guinevere clenched her fists. Suddenly, she opened her mouth, "Actually, I specially came over today to chat with you regarding Stella Sealey."

"Ms. Cohen, what makes you think that I'll be interested to listen about it?"

"Listening to gossip is something that everyone likes to do, whether openly or not. What's more...'

Guinevere paused for a moment and said jokingly, "Would there be anyone who doesn't want to listen to my gossip?"

A hint of mockery flashed across Stella's eyes as she let out a light chuckle. "I guess I'm all ears, then."

Guinevere fell silent and looked at the table as if considering her words. "You really look very much like her, to the point...I sometimes think that both of you are actually the same person."

She went on, "Actually, I really shouldn't be telling you these things. But in fact, she passed away due to an accident, and I don't feel very good about it on the inside. I wanted to talk with Weston about it, but you know how busy he is with work. He doesn't have time and he's reluctant to hear about such unimportant stuff. He's a very distant and cold man, never willing to spend too much time thinking about outsiders he doesn't care about. As such, he doesn't really understand how I feel about this entire issue..."

What she wanted to convey was that Stella was but an insignificant and irrelevant person to them. As much as Guinevere might be slightly affected, Weston did not take it to heart at all. That was within expectations, though. Stella's eyelashes trembled ever so slightly, but she didn't say anything. The expression on Guinevere's face softened at the mention of Weston. "You should be able to tell that I am rather spoiled. I obviously really want Weston by my side, but because he pampered me too much, I ended up being a peacock and refused to submit to him. During the time when I broke up with him out of spite, that woman appeared..."

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Stella felt a thorn diving deeper and deeper into her heart.

The more she heard about the past from Guinevere's mouth, the sillier she found herself, especially during the period when she was immersed in that marriage.

She thought that Weston was genuinely good to her and that he at least liked her a little, enough to marry her.

She did not expect to be the only one who had been genuine.

She heard herself ask through a parched throat, "Since you and Weston were so in love, why did you two even break up back then?"

Guinevere's gaze drifted away as she recalled the past, "I was at the peak of my career and things were moving so quickly, but I accidentally got pregnant..."

She looked at Stella, "I didn't want the child then, but Weston really wanted it. We had a huge fight and I charged into a hospital insisting on an abortion. After that, we broke up."

Stella's gaze trembled. "So, you two were completely broken up then?" She thought that Weston had always been together with Guinevere while she was married to him. Turns out...

"I didn't actually abort the baby."

Guinevere went on, "I only said so to make him angry. I didn't expect him to take me seriously and think that I really went for an abortion..."

"Subsequently, when I found out that he got together with another woman out of spite and revenge, I was no longer able to fight a cold war with him. I had to tell him that I did not abort the baby, and remind him that if we continue going down this terribly wrong path, it would only hurt that woman."

Stella's face turned paler and paler with every passing moment. She said self-derisively, "In that case, she should be thanking you instead."

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Guinevere did not take Stella's words to heart.

She smiled and said, "I know that the woman was heartbroken, but she would hurt deeper the more she remains obsessed with a man like Weston.

"I was very clear that the longer things dragged out, the greater harm it would bring her. That was why I tried to settle the entire issue as quickly as possible. What I didn't expect was for that woman to be so reluctant to let go. Afterward, I was kidnapped together with her, and the kidnapper was only willing to let one of us go. Weston

decided to choose me, and that woman decided to jump down from the building as revenge on Weston...

"But it was not Weston's fault, and revenge was unsuccessful."

A glint flashed past the depths of Stella's eyes, but she did not say anything further. Guinevere's gaze landed on her belly. I was about to give birth. I am of the rare Hh blood group and can only have one child in my whole life. Weston holds the child in high regard and could not afford to spend time and energy on anything else. Stella picked up the coffee cup before her and sipped on it. The bitter taste spread across her tongue, but she felt numb to it upon Guinevere's words. She was also of the extremely rare Hh blood group and even donated her own blood to Guinevere.

Like her, she could only have a single child in her entire life!

Yet, no one bothered asking her how she felt about losing her only child...

As if trying to subject herself to torture, Stella forced herself to listen to all that Guinevere had to say.

She bore with the searing pain in her heart and heard Guinevere's side of the entire story.

One thing she had never understood was why Weston had to get involved with her when he did not make a clean break with Guinevere. Now, she finally understood why...

It turned out that they were in a cold war due to the baby, and they had taken a break from their relationship.

Weston had simply picked a random woman and married her to spite Guinevere. But at the end of the day, the only woman he loved had always been Guinevere.

That was why just a short while into their marriage, when Guinevere looked him up again and came clean about not aborting the baby, after all, Weston was so eager to divorce her.

From the beginning to the end, she was just like a clown, a nameless one at that, used as a tool to propel their relationship.

Even though she took the initiative to extricate herself from the situation, she did not retain her dignity in the process.

She was also of the extremely rare Hh blood group, with the possibility of having only one child in her entire life.

If she could choose again, she wouldn't get herself involved with Weston, but she had no other choice.

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She merely wanted to leave behind kin, but even that was taken away by Guinevere. If she didn't jump down from the building with the kidnapper, she would have been humiliated by him.

Stella shut her eyes and suddenly looked up to lock gazes with the woman before her. She really wanted to ask her if she felt at least a tinge of guilt in the depths of the night? Weston did cheat on her feelings, but she could not deny that he did extend significant help to her.

If it weren't for him, they wouldn't have been able to get Roger's condition under control. Even though she had to divorce him, she never bore a grudge against Weston.

She was of a lowly position and unable to protect herself. She accepted the fact that she was the losing party in the relationship.

But she had never done wrong to Guinevere, not at all!

She had never interfered in their relationship.

Right from the very beginning, she had never done anything to hurt Guinevere. Yet, Guinevere wanted her life. What right did she have to do that?

What right did she have to vent her distrust and frustration against Weston on her?

What right did she have to demand her death when it was Weston who let her down?

What right did she have?

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Guinevere saw the subtle change in Stella's eyes, and she gradually straightened herself up," Ella..."

Stella composed herself, hiding all traces of emotions from her face. She rested her chin on her hands and asked pensively, "Ms. Cohen, why are you sharing all these with me?"

Guinevere's chest that had tightened upon seeing the expression on Stella's face just now relaxed.

This Ella always gave a strange vibe, and she couldn't help but associate her with Stella.

Now that she observed her reaction towards her words, she looked like she genuinely did not care about what happened to Stella...was she really not Stella?

Guinevere opened her mouth, "Pardon me, it must be because I think you look so much like her that I couldn't help but share a little more..." "There's no point sharing so much with me. I'm not her."

Stella cut her off, "Also, I'm not so close to you, Ms. Cohen. Not everyone throws themselves at every famous celebrity they come across and clamor to hear such meaningless gossip. If you

important to say, Ms. Cohen, please don't bother me while I'm at work."

With that, she stood up and pulled out some notes from her purse, which she placed on the table under her coffee cup. "This money should be sufficient for my share."

She turned around to exit the café, leaving Guinevere alone at the table, staring at her back with a nasty expression on her face.

The Stella of the past would never speak to someone else with that tone.

She sneered at the bills under the coffee cup and shut her eyes.

A moment later, she opened her eyes and glanced at a strand of hair lying in her hands, and her eyes grew cold.

A simple DNA comparison would reveal the answer as to whether they are one and the same person.

Right before work ended.

Stella packed up all her belongings and was about to leave when she heard someone calling out for her from behind, "Teacher Ella!

She turned around and saw the woman gossiping about her this morning. She said expressionlessly, "What's the matter?"

Joyce Duxton saw the distance in her eyes, and her smile faded slightly. "What did Guinevere Cohen look for you today regarding?"

Stella was amused by her question. "What's that got to do with you?"

Joyce behaved like her mortal enemy while gossiping about her behind her back, yet now she was trying to pretend like they were the closest friends.

Joyce's face changed as she said agitatedly, "It was just a casual question. Must you be so proud and haughty? Just because you have more students than the rest of us..." Not bothered to argue with her, Stella stood up and left, irritated. Joyce was still mumbling something under her breath when she saw that Stella had closed the door in her face. "That whore!" she sputtered with a nasty expression. "What's there to be proud of?"

The door closed.

Joyce's insults sounded through the door into Stella's ears.

Stella shut her eyes and walked forward, determined.

She had just arrived at the traffic junction and was about to hail a taxi when a familiar-looking Rolls-Royce Cullinan pulled up right before her.

The window wound down, revealing a dark and handsome side profile. Weston's hand rested leisurely on the steering wheel, his brows raised as he uttered two brief words, "Get in."

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Stella furrowed her brows and ignored him as she continued straight ahead.

Quickly, Weston's patience ran out. He leaped out of the car, grabbed her wrist, and dragged her unceremoniously into his vehicle.

The door then slammed shut.

"What exactly do you two want?!" Stella screamed.

Her eyes were burning with rage as she stared at the man before her with scornful hatred." Weston Ford, you were the one who wanted me to disappear before your eyes. Can you please stop appearing in my life like an irritating fly?"

He tightened his grip over her wrist with a force that almost broke her bone into two.

With a voice as deep and cold as the ocean, he said, "What did you say I am?"

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The look in his eyes was terrifying.

With the restricted space in the car, Stella could feel the chill in her bones.

She looked coldly at the man before her, and whatever remnant of past affection she had for him instantly vanished. "I said, can you please stop... mm!" Before she could repeat her entire sentence, Weston pressed his fingers against her lips.

His body hovered over hers, almost covering her entire body. There was a split second where he almost wanted to cover her mouth with hers when he heard the words he hated.

Yet, he decided against that and simply put his fingers to her lips with a dark look in his eyes." Stella Sealey, don't anger me."

Their gazes locked.

Stella couldn't help but tremble.

She clenched her fists, her guard clearly up.

Weston remained in the position for a long time and, as if suddenly losing interest, he sat up straight and said, "Sit tight."

After what had happened, Stella knew how unpleasant this man's temperament was.

She didn't want to put up an unnecessary struggle and decided to settle down, resigned to her fate. She even fastened her seatbelt. Weston saw her movements from the rearview mirror, and the corners of his lips lifted slightly. "You're pretty good at going with the flow."

Stella avoided his gaze. "What else can I do? I don't want to get hauled away once again." She stared straight ahead expressionlessly. "I know very well that I'll just be doing myself a disservice by pitting myself against a man like Mr. Ford."

The sharp screeching of tires pierced through the night sky.

Stella's head hit the seat before her, but she wasn't injured, thanks to her seatbelt.

She lifted her head, and her gaze landed on a pair of cold, dark eyes. She tried to suppress the anger rising in her heart.

"Mr. Ford's driving skills aren't very good."

She shut her eyes and threw out a casual remark instead of blowing her top at his abrupt braking

Weston glanced past her face and tugged open the top button of his shirt, "As long as my skills in the bedroom are enough to satisfy you."

"You..."

Stella's eyes flew open, completely taken aback that he would say something like that. "Weston Ford, are you mad? You have a wife and a child. Don't you find yourself disgusting for saying something like that to me?"

He remained silent and focused on driving the silvery black Cullinan pulling forward at breakneck speed.

Weston lit up a cigarette leisurely as the massive SUV entered a wide expressway. He leaned his arm on the open window. "Fly, disgusting... what else have you got to describe me?"

Stella looked away with her lips pursed. She refused to say anything further.

Weston retracted his gaze and continued driving his car leisurely.

As he had expected, Stella could no longer stand the suspense after a few minutes, and she couldn't stop herself from asking, "Where exactly are you bringing me to?"

"I thought you refused to speak to me."

"Weston Ford!" Stella was on the verge of losing all patience. "What exactly do you want? Didn't you order me never to appear before you ever again? Why in the world are you doing this?"

"Who did you meet today?"

Silence ensued in the car.

A moment later, Stella collected herself and chuckled self-derisively. "You know about it already? Seems like you really care a lot about Ms. Cohen."

She paused for a moment and looked at him with her brows raised, "Then you must be aware that she was the one who looked me up, right?"

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Chapter 59

"You could have rejected her invitation." "Even if I did, she would be able to find another way to probe me," Stella said mockingly, "Mr. Ford, you're very similar to her. You

should be aware of how people like you and Ms. Cohen behave. Even though I refuse to meet with you, I find myself in your car against my will.”

Free will was a false notion given the difference in their status.

It was a pity that Stella only understood this cruel reality after paying a hefty price. The car stopped in a suburban neighborhood.

It was a relatively deserted place, with no cars in sight even after a long period.

Weston flicked the ashes of his cigarette as smoke wrapped around his fingers. The deep, dark lines along his side profile looked even more mysterious under the smoke.

Stella waited for a long while, but he never opened his mouth. She unfastened her seatbelt. “Mr. Ford, what exactly do you want?” “Keep away from Gwen.”

The four words sliced through her heart like a knife.

Stella’s eyes trembled. Her heart had long been torn to pieces; how could she still feel that subtle throb of pain? But it was subtle and no longer as deep and searing as before.

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She remained silent for a while before saying, “You should tell her that instead. Or rather, tell yourself that. Anyhow, stay away from me, you both”

Weston put out his cigarette and folded his arm back into the car. He looked straight into

Stella’s eyes and said, “Your face makes her suspicious. If you don’t want your new life to be rudely interrupted, keep your distance from her.”

Stella pursed her lips. “In that case, why didn’t you send Roger and me to an even further and more secluded city? Or even to another country? You should have considered something like this happening by settling us down in Freemont City.” No one offered an explanation to her question.

Weston looked at the cigarette he had put out between his fingers. Emotions stirred deep within his dark eyes, but it was difficult to tell what he was thinking.

Ben had asked him the same question too. “Mr. Ford, isn’t Freemont City too risky? Although it does allow us to keep a close watch over Ms. Sealey and her brother, it also increases the risk of someone else finding them out.”

He himself did not know what he was thinking.

By the time he snapped back to attention, he was clear about only one thing: He had to keep Stella right under his nose.

It was an accident that day at the Quirk's residence. Weston naturally knew that Stella lacked

the ability to deliberately appear before them.

He should have quickly defused the situation and minimized the impact that Stella's appearance had on Guinevere.

That was the most rational way.

Yet, as if he was possessed by a ghost, he made the most ridiculous proposal: To send her home along the way.

Even Yvonne could tell that something was fishy, what more Guinevere.

Weston suddenly hated himself for losing self-control. He collected himself and said in a tone cold as ice, "Since you requested it yourself, I can send you and Roger out of the country."

Stella lifted her head and looked at him in disbelief, "What do you treat us as? Sending us away wherever you please?" She pushed the car door open agitatedly, "We have no relationship whatsoever, Weston Ford. Ever since you made that decision, you have no right to interfere in my a

el

Since she had been given a new identity, from that moment on, she was Ella Steele.

Ella Steele had nothing to do with Stella Sealey of the past.

"Stella Sealey!"

Weston yelled her name with a subtle hint of emotion. "Sit down."

It was that same cold, commanding tone as if the entire world should be at his beck and call.

Stella gritted her teeth and pushed the door open with force. She slammed the door in his face and turned around to leave.

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Now, she had a temperament that contrasted starkly with that of the past.

Weston knew that clearly, but he did not want her to get used to behaving like this.

He could only accept people obeying his orders. He still preferred how submissive she used to be.

“I repeat: Get in the car.”

The silvery black luxury car inched forward alongside the lone woman walking on the road.

Weston followed right next to her, staring straight ahead without looking at her, “Stella Sealey, don’t be a fool.”

He gave an ultimatum, “There are no taxis for hire around. Do you intend to just walk home?”

Stella slowed down in her steps and looked at him, “So what? What does it have to do with

you?”

Upon her words, an engine revving rang into the night sky.

Weston stepped on the accelerator and sped off without a word.

In the wake of the smell of burnt rubber and flying dust, Stella was stunned for a moment by the car that left so suddenly, then she chuckled self-derisively.

Weston Ford was the same as always, a man so arrogant that he cared for no one else aside from himself.

The fact that he could tolerate her repeated attempts to challenge his authority already exceeded her expectations of him.

She looked around her. Indeed, there was no one around, not even a single car.

It took around one hour to drive here from the city, based on her estimation.

Stella exhaled aloud and pulled out her phone to navigate her way out of the neighborhood.

She had just taken a few steps when a silvery gray car stopped right next to her.

“Hey, beautiful. You’re all alone?”

The window of the sports car descended, and a face donning a pair of sunglasses emerged.

He looked rather flamboyant, with a face that could be considered handsome, as much as male celebrities in the entertainment circle.

There was an equally beautiful woman sitting on the passenger seat. Her skin-tight bright red dress showed off every bit of her curvy, good figure.

Stella was very certain that she did not know him and continued walking straight ahead, ignoring him.

The car continued driving slowly next to her despite her clear rejection.

“Are you really intending to walk back home from here? There are no stops along this entire stretch of road. You need to walk at least three to four hours to reach a place where you can

hail a taxi.”

“None of your business,” Stella snorted mildly. The man in the car chuckled. “A stubborn one, this one.”

He glanced at the shoes she was wearing. “Aren’t you afraid of wearing out your shoes?”

He pulled off his shades and revealed a beautiful pair of eyes. It was a handsome face indeed.

Somehow, Stella found him rather familiar, his face resembling someone she knew.

She pondered about it and realized that his features looked somewhat like that of Weston, which made her detest him even further. The man appeared to be of excellent temperament. “Why don’t I give you a ride?” Upon his words, the woman in the passenger seat furrowed her brows, “Darling, there’s only one passenger seat in here.”

His sports car only had space for one other passenger. If he wanted to give this woman a ride, what about her then?

The bright smile that was still on his face as he talked to Stella faded instantly. “In that case, you’ll just have to walk home like this lady is doing.” The woman’s eyes widened, and she said frustratedly, “Xavier Ford, you’re a madman!”

She picked up her bag and threw it at him.

Xavier caught it and threw it aside, his face growing cold. "What are you waiting for? Scram!"

The woman opened her mouth as if wanting to say something. Eventually, she decided against it and swallowed her words. She pointed at his nose. "Fine, you have guts!"

With that, she opened the door and got out of the car.

Before she regained her footing, the silvery gray vehicle had already sped off mercilessly into the night.