

# Mr. Ford is Jealous

Chapter 501

## Chapter 501

When Stella saw that he wasn't going to change his mind, she got a little annoyed.

"Whatever. Just keep it simple," she replied nonchalantly.

Weston didn't say anything as he embraced her in his arms and kissed her.

As they were kissing, she felt his tongue trying to pry her mouth open.

Then, she heard him mutter, "What do you desire?"

She shut her eyes and acted like she heard nothing.

He knew all too well what she wanted.

She wanted freedom , to run somewhere far away from him and start a new life.

If she was being honest, she wanted him and Guinevere to pay back for all the suffering she had endured.

He knew what she wanted, but he would never give her that.

On the set.

The snow had fallen heavily these past few days, delaying the shooting However, thanks to the entire crew's efforts, progress

had been made, though she was worried that Guinevere's temper outbursts would disrupt the shoot. She had no idea what Bradley had said to Guinevere but after that day, Guinevere never again lost her temper.

Many people thought that Guinevere had changed into

another person, but no one dared to talk about her.

After all, she was a mighty and powerful woman.

If it ever got to her that people were gossiping about her, they would have to pay the price.

Moreover, some crew members were starting to distance themselves from Stella.

Everyone knew that the reason behind Guinevere's sudden burst of temper was because Stella outshone her by a good margin.

A celebrity's acting and movie storyline didn't really matter. What mattered was that they shone in it.

Whether it was beauty or acting skills because what they were scared of the most was comparison.

Although pulling dirty tricks behind the opponent's back was common, such an open competition demanded a certain level of emotional intelligence. Stella was also proven to be a serious person. Despite the fact that she normally got along well and was unconcerned about others, she was very serious about her job and made quick progress.

Not only did Guinevere note her progress, but Caspian did, and changed his mind about her.

"I really can't tell that this is your first time acting. Your acting was quite awkward at first, but now, you're amazing at it," he told her one day, complimenting her.

However, his manager dragged him away with a sour face before they could talk even more.

Ever since then, she felt that everyone would keep their distance from her.

Some side actors were still nice to her, as it didn't ruin their career, so they didn't really care about it.

Tug-of-wars commonly happened behind closed doors. They weren't usually fought on the table, but in private.

Stella could feel the people around her changing, but she didn't care much about it.

Ever since she had decided to walk this path, she was ready for this.

Everything changed quickly in the circle.

She'd get to the point where he couldn't control her. It would be fine, so long she did her best and slowly but steadily worked her way up.

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On the other side of the film scene.,

Everyone could feel that the atmosphere was tense lately, but no one dared to ask Guinevere or Bradley about what was happening—after all, the two held the highest status among the crew.

Guinevere stared intently at the script in her hands, but she couldn't concentrate.

When her manager saw this, he whispered, "Ella is a lot calmer, and others know how to be around her. See, if you're generous, they will listen to you and..."

Before he could finish, though, she shot him an expressionless glance.

The manager consciously shut his mouth, suddenly realizing that Guinevere might get irritated.

She rubbed her forehead in fatigue.

She knew that they cared about profit the most, so they were trying hard to please her.

But she didn't want any of those. All she wanted was to be just like Ella, who needed to do almost nothing to have people stay by her side.

It was unlike her situation, where she had to work her \*ss off to get to a certain level where she'd be adored.

Lately, however, she had little time to care about Ella, having another thing to worried about,

After Belle left, there was this new girl,

She didn't know who that person was, but she was perhaps Weston's secretary or assistant.

The only person she knew who worked for him was Ben. As for the rest, she couldn't recall much.

Weston was very rigorous when it came to working and he never allowed her to interfere. Hence, she knew little about the people who worked for him. Otherwise, it wouldn't just be Belle that she'd have to deal with.

The realization only made her feel even worse. She thought everything would be fine once Stella had been gotten rid of, but then Belle appeared. And after she was gone, then came another unknown girl.

What made her anxious was that Ella looked exactly like Stella.

"Bradley is calling for you!"

Guinevere put down the script in her hands and stood up. "Okay."

She really didn't have the extra energy to deal with these messy things. There were only two things she could do: film, and the other, finding out the identity of the woman

Weston had been with recently.

...and that thing with Bradley.

As this was the third time, Bradley's patience was at its limits, and he gave her a stark warning. She knew better than upset him again.

After all, Bradley had made slight changes to her and Ella's part according to her opinions.

Although Stella was bugging her, she was devoid of any energy to further bother about the matter.

After a day of shooting, Stella sat next to Bradley and saw his assistant suddenly appear from nowhere. He wanted to have a conversation with him.

Bradley frowned when he heard his assistant's words." You know I don't go to events like these."

"There's no other choice. The organizer insisted. If you don't come..."

"Fine. I know."

Bradley was an artist, and he hated it the most when people employed dirty tricks.

Even so, in order to get anything done, one had to have intelligence.

Bradley, a man with a high EQ, had the ability to pacify people.

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**Chapter 503 But he hated this kind of lifestyle. ,**

Especially social gatherings. To him, it was nothing more than a place to grab profits off of each other, disguised in a sea of beautiful dresses and tasty champagne.

With the invitation card in his hands, he suddenly turned to Stella. "Ella, come here."

Being called out suddenly, Stella stood up and walked towards him as she thought she must've made some mistake. "Did I mess up my part?"

"No. You improved a lot actually."

A gratified look appeared on his face at the mention of this. "It doesn't occur to me that this is your first time acting. During your first shooting, it was obvious you were inexperienced, but I don't see that anymore. This career suits you."

"Thank you, Bradley ..."

She was shocked by his sudden compliments.

Bradley hadn't forgotten why he called the rookie over, and he handed her the invitation letter in his hands. "Are you interested in attending?"

Stella was stunned for a while before taking it and reading it. "But such an event usually invites the big

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shots in the circle..."

Perhaps small-time actors like her didn't qualify to attend such an event.

Bradley replied, "Don't be nervous. It may look like it's some sort of professional business meeting but everyone is there to have fun. Don't take it too seriously."

He stopped for a beat before continuing, "If you decide to be a professional actor in the future, you could use this opportunity to broaden your connections. I hate this too, but it's an unfortunate necessity in the entertainment industry."

Stella understood what he meant. "Thank you. I will do my best and fight for it."

Bradley nodded his head in delight and patted her shoulder. "Don't disappoint me."

At Stardust Mansion.

Weston seemed to have some memories about the gala that Stella was talking about.

He put down the documents in his hand and looked at her. "You want to go?"

She nodded. "I promised Bradley."

. The man paused in his actions for a split-second.

Stella seemed to notice something was off with him and immediately walked to him and wrapped her arms around

his neck. "Don't overthink it. We're just colleagues."

When he heard this, he lowered his head and chuckled before suddenly pinching her nose. "Do I seem that unreasonable to you?"

Stella pursed her lips, didn't say a word, and merely stared at him.

Her eyes, however, told him that he was, indeed, that unreasonable.

Weston stopped laughing, lifted her, and seated her on him.

He was inside the study room with stacks of documents in front of him.

Stella sensed danger and immediately shook his neck. "It's quite late now, so quickly finish your work, or you'll have to slog till midnight..." He lowered his head and touched her nose. "You have no faith in my ability to work or my ability in bed?"

Was she that afraid that he would take that much time, till midnight? Did he lack so much self control? She didn't say a word, but she still held that hesitation on her face.

. Seeing her like this made him doubt himself.

No matter how late he worked, he would still have energy for her, and she didn't even have to wake up. However,

there were times when Stella forgot to take her medicine and awoke in the middle of her sleep.

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Stella glanced at the stacks of documents on the table and felt her head throbbing. "You must be very busy since you came into the study the moment you got home. Let's not let things get in the

way."

She behaved like she was thinking for his sake.

However, Weston didn't let her go. "So, are you complaining that I didn't spend enough time with you?"

"That's not what I meant..."

Stella had been put in a tough position. He clearly knew what she meant but had deliberately made it difficult for her.

Weston let out a sneer, lifted her up, and placed her on the table.

Her instinct was telling her that something was wrong. As she tried to escape, he held her waist and pushed her backward.

He sat facing her like that.

- She didn't feel safe sitting in that position and said anxiously, "Stop messing around. Go do your work. I'm going to bed."

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"It's still early." Weston's voice turned deep all of a sudden.

He reached his hands out to touch her hair, feeling its softness on his fingertips.

The light inside the room was bright. The man looked down at her condescendingly and could see every line on her face clearly.

Weston was a towering figure. Although Stella wasn't as short as compared to other girls, she looked extremely tiny beside him.

There was an obvious height difference between them.

Even though she was sitting at the table, she was still shorter than him.

He looked down and stared at her eyelashes. Feeling his heart skip a beat, he leaned in to kiss her. Along with Stella was another actress in the same situation—Angelina Thompson.

Her performance was also amazing but the difference between them was that she had just graduated as an

acting major.

\* She performed very well in school, but because of her

slightly inferior appearance to her classmates, she never got a chance in getting good roles.

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Angelina was gorgeous and attractive among the ordinary, but there was also no shortage of beautiful women in the entertainment industry. Even standing next to Stella made her look more like an ordinary person.

That said, like Stella, she had a good personality and was very professional in her dealings.

The next morning, after Angelina finished her scene, she headed to Stella to tell her about it.

Instantly, Stella felt a little less nervous. She thought that she'd have to endure the whole day alone.

"I was worried that I wouldn't have anyone to talk to and I'll just stand there like an idiot..."

"It's fine. I was scared too. Hey, if I feel awkward, I'll go to you so we can be together, alright?" Hearing this, Stella laughed. "You're putting your hopes on the wrong person. I'm probably more awkward than

you."

"You never been to these galas before?"

Stella shook her head.

Angelina let out a chuckle. "What a coincidence . I have , never been to one before too. Will we be standing there

like idiots later?"

"Maybe."

The other guests heard laughing and talking and subconsciously turned in their direction.

Angelina wasn't an important figure, so they didn't care who she mingled with.

But who would have thought that she'd receive Bradley's invitation as well?

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Everyone knew well enough that Angelina was given the opportunity because of her outstanding performance. But some still talked bad about her despite knowing their skills couldn't be compared to hers, thinking she must have gotten the opportunity by using dirty means. Just like Stella, she was being gossiped about behind her back.

"I can't believe that Bradley has a thing for them. Normally on set, nothing suspicious happens, but he is now alongside the lead actors..."

"They have quite the skill!"

"Right! Now that they're serving the same man, let's see how close they'll get to each other."

Such gossips were a norm within the entertainment circle.

It was as if some people were solely born to think of the worst of someone else.

Although Stella was accustomed to the situation, she still felt a little uncomfortable.

\* When Angelina saw the look on her face, she tried to comfort her. “Don’t care what they say and just keep moving forward. As you move forward, many will stab

you from behind, but they would slowly get smaller. There will always be people who will talk about you, and it’s not something you have to be concerned about.”. Stella understood her friend and flashed her a smile.

“By the way, do we need to do anything before going to the gala?”

“Have you bought a dress?” Angelina asked.

Stella shook her head.

“How about we go shopping after the shooting?”

Without thinking, Stella agreed.

But after calming down, she remembered that Weston would usually send his driver to pick her up.

After some hesitation , she said to Angelina , “Give me a second. I need to make a phone call.”

She went to a corner and called Weston.

“I want to go shopping with a co–worker on set...”

“Is it a man or woman?” came his teasing voice from the other end of the call.

“Of course, it’s a woman.” She didn’t think that he would ask such a childish question. “If it’s a guy, do you think I would dare to tell you?” “So, you do plan to go out with a male colleague?”

Weston stood on the balcony and his back look huge and strong He just finished singing a few important documents, and there was a smile in his eyes.

The workers in the office felt that his mood had lightened up lately despite his face showing barely any emotions, but he didn’t seem that depressed anymore.

Weston was very satisfied last night, so he agreed to her request.

But not without giving her a time limit. “Be home before nine.”

Stella swiftly agreed.

After a moment, Guinevere called him.

His eyes gradually darkened, and he picked up the call without emotion.

He was as cold as always.

Guinevere was used to him being this way. "There's a gala next week. Are you interested in coming?"

She asked him like usual.

\* Such banquets usually required guests to bring along a female companion. If he attended it, she would have to go along as well, as she was his wife.

Weston rubbed his forehead with frustration. "I've never been interested in events like that."

As if she had long guessed his answers, she sighed and said, "I'll go with someone else then."

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There was a slight mistrust in her voice.

"Okay," he mumbled.

"Would you be mad if I went with another man?" Guinevere hesitated and asked again as she didn't get her desired answer.

Weston lifted his wrist and looked at his watch.

Although he didn't show it, she could hear the nonchalant and half-hearted answer he gave her.

"Don't ask such childish questions."

He had never restricted her from making any friends, with the agreement between them not to get involved in each other's private space. When she heard this, she swallowed all the words she wanted to say. "I understand..."

After hanging up the phone, Guinevere held back the surging anger and suppressed all the emotions.

It was undeniable that Hayden was indeed talented. After a few times of treatments, she could wonderfully control her emotions.

Thanks to his shrewd medical skills, now she has completely remembered what happened before and knew

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what happened to her and Weston's relationship.

She shut her eyes, and it was as if she could hear Zachary's cries.

The noise buzzed incessantly around her ear, and it annoyed her.

She finally knew why she despised him.

But because she was his mother, she had no choice. Before having him, she knew he wasn't Weston's child.

She knew that Weston wasn't the man from that night, but a man who put her in so much pain that she hated him with her all.

She wouldn't be with Weston if it weren't for the fact that she could bear only one child, the business agreement with the Ford family, and Chris and Wendy's marriage. Coupled with Wendy's poor health, such a blow wasn't something she could take.

But even so, what was the point?

Even if Weston wasn't treating her truthfully, he could only stay beside her.

Her place was unshakable as long as Weston saw Zachary as his son and everyone knew she was his wife.

"Prepare a dress for me."

Guinevere stood up.

"Okay. Do I need to inform the media?" her manager asked immediately.

"What do you think?"

She entered the fitting room, and rows of gowns and dresses were in front of her.

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Her eyes browse through the gowns and were unsatisfied. "Are there any new branded gowns?" "We have a few large foreign brands. If you're willing to wear them, they are willing to work with you." "Of course. Also, I only wear limited edition gowns

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Guinevere put her orders, and her manager nodded immediately. "You'll be the most beautiful woman on that day!" he gushed.

Besides her best actress title, she was also known for being a perfectionist.

A gorgeous woman by design, she was willing to spend money on her face and figure and even had her clothes customized and tailored.

Many A-list film stars didn't dare to provoke her because of her family background and Weston.

So, for the past years, no one could overthrow her place in the circle.

The minute she appeared, she would stand out among all. No one dared to challenge her—in fact, they would go as far as to dress up simply in front of her.

If Guinevere were to be compared to someone else, she would always win hands down, no matter who she was compared to. Soon, the person who had been compared to her would be bothered by negative news. It could be said that Guinevere's position in the circle was very domineering, and no one was allowed to provoke her. When Angelina and Stella went shopping, they didn't

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waste too much thought and energy on picking a gown as they knew that Guinevere would be there. As long as the gown looked fine, it was enough.

Evidently, the two girls simply wanted to shop together.

It had been a long time since Stella made friends. Since the conflict with Yvonne and Lucas, she had stopped contacting them.

Yvonne seemed to feel that she was distancing herself. In order to not put Stella on the spot, she stopped contacting her, too, unless it was necessary.

Since she didn't have many friends, she appreciated the times she spent with Angelina.

Angelina, very outgoing and two years younger than her, was basically a normal girl. Stella felt very relaxed with her, and the two soon found themselves in the perfect gown. Since she was fair-skinned, Angelina suggested that she try on the red dress. But Stella felt it was too over the top and opted for the light gold instead, while Angelina went for a white gown.

They chose somewhat basic dresses so that they wouldn't stand out among the crowd. Despite that, being simple and humble folk, they were very satisfied with their uncomplicated purchase. The other reason they had come to shop besides picking out a dress was to relax.

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"I really think you should try the red dress. When you were trying it on earlier, the other customers in the store were amazed! One girl even got mad because her boyfriend couldn't stop looking at you!"

As Angelina retold the story, she couldn't help but laugh out loud. "If I were the girl, I'd break up with him!"

Stella didn't take it seriously and flashed a smile. "He probably wasn't even looking at me. Plus, you're just being a little much. There are so many beautiful girls on set. I know what I look like."

When Angelina heard this, her eyes widened. "Don't tell me you don't know you're beautiful."

There were indeed many beautiful women in the entertainment industry, but Stella clearly stood out.

Perhaps she was unlike Guinevere, but in Angelina's eyes, Stella was prettier.

"Maybe if you weren't that beautiful, Guinevere won't be so against you..."

Stella didn't reply, stopping in her tracks when she saw a fancy black car driving towards her from afar.

Angelina sensed something was wrong and asked in concern, "What's wrong?"

She shook her head and replied, "Nothing. I have something to do. I need to leave now..."

Angelina was weirded by this but suddenly saw the black car in front of her, and her eyes widened in amazement. "Wow! This is the first time I have seen a license plate with such an awesome number... Isn't this the kind of car only big shots with lots of money can afford?"

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Angelina wanted to tell Stella about the car, but she left in a hurry.

As Angelina stared at her back, she was a little puzzled. "Why is she running so quickly as if a ghost is chasing her?"

At the junction.

The minute Stella got inside the car, she heard the man's deep voice asking, "Did you have fun?" She put the bag on the seat and looked outside the window.

Seeing that Angelina didn't follow her, she sighed a breath of relief. "Didn't I tell you that I'll get a cab home? What if my colleagues see you?"

Her tone was filled with accusatory vibes.

The man's eyebrows scrunched into a frown, and he shifted his gaze away from the documents in his hands and focused on her. "Do you think I'll let you take a taxi back? Do you know how much news there's been recently? Your security awareness is so poor..."

"Then let me drive to work," Stella interrupted him.

After the words were released, the temperature in the car

immediately dropped.

The two had locked horns, with none willing to step back.

After a moment of silence, Weston put aside the documents and rubbed his forehead as he said, "I'm too tired to fight with you."

He then pulled her to sit on him. "Stella , let me lean on you for a while."

She realized how bad her attitude was earlier. She was just thinking about how to apologize , when she realized that he had let it go.

She sighed and put her hands on her knees. "I was a little anxious just now because I am scared that people would know. I'm sorry. I shouldn't talk to you like that."

Weston caressed her hair but didn't say a word.

But Stella understood what he was trying to say. After a pause, she turned to him and lowered her head to kiss him.

Now, she seemed to have found a way to calm him down. Sure enough, the man's eyes instantly softened.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and leaned on him as she whispered beside his ears, "I just don't want to cause you unnecessary trouble."

"It's never trouble when it comes to you."

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He stared into her eyes. "When have I ever resented you?"

She smiled and said, "You never did..."

He lifted his hand and flicked her on the forehead, "At least you still have a heart."

Stella didn't say a word but lowered her eyes as she tried to savor the silence they had.

After a while, she seemed to remember something." What should I do at the gala?"

"So, now you remember me when you need my help?"

She leaned her head on his chest and said, "I bought a dress earlier..."

"Really?" He glanced at the bag on the side and said, "Wear it and let me see later."

At Stardust Mansion.

Weston had never been interested in women's clothes, but he frowned as he watched Stella wear the light golden dress.

"This is your fashion taste?"

It seemed he really disagreed with her aesthetics.

She had a beautiful figure, yet she'd keep wrapping herself up tight.

He knew she feared the cold, and he'd barely seen her

wearing such formal dresses.

The cutting was simple, and the light gold suited her tone, but that was all to it.

It was an ordinary dress, but it looked attractive on her. With her black hair hanging free behind her back, she gave off a hazy kind of beauty.

Weston closed up to her from behind and placed his hands on her waist. His voice sounded hoarse suddenly as he asked, "You sure you want to wear this?"

"Do I look good?" she asked as she nodded.

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She stared at herself in the mirror. , Standing close to each other in front of the mirror , she was looking into the mirror while he stared at her.

After a moment, he met her eyes in the mirror. "Yes."

Weston only muttered one word.

Stella could sense the danger in his eyes.

"I've never seen you like this before..."

His lips were now next to her ears, ever so lightly grazing them as he let out a hot puff of air with every exhale.

Her heart drummed in her chest.

Ever since coming home, he never took his eyes off her. So, she didn't have the time to take the medicines.

She wasn't sure if she could get into that state if he wanted to...

Weston still hadn't noticed anything wrong with her throughout the time she took the medicines.

It was just that she was a lot more nervous than usual.

"Your heart is beating so quickly..."

His hand suddenly moved upward from her waist, and he

frowned. "Relax a little."

She inhaled sharply. "I need a shower." "You did earlier," he reminded her before suddenly lifting her chin and kissing the corner of her lips. "Did you forget?"

She shook her head and pushed him away with some difficulty. "I need a drink..."

"Sit here. I'll get it for you." He let go of her and walked out of the room.

Immediately, she ran to the bedside table and opened the bottle of medicine.

She poured out two pills and swallowed them.

At that time, the sound of Weston's footsteps got closer to the door and she quickly threw the bottle into the drawer and shut it.

In the next instant, a shadow appeared behind her.

He was looking down at her and asked, "What are you doing squatting here?"

"Nothing." She stood up quickly.

Anxiety was written all over her face.

He stared at her with the glass of water in his hand.

The black and blue silk nightwear made his figure appear big and strong as he stood before her. "Water."

He handed her the water.

She took the glass over and took a sip and the dryness in her throat eased a little.

She took a breather , put the glass on the bedside table, and then sat on the bed.

The next second, he climbed on the bed as well.

Stella shut her eyes, thinking that he would make the move, but she saw him reaching for the bedside table and taking out the medicine instead.

"What is this?"

Instantly, she held her breath and her heartbeat hastened.

But she quickly regained her composure and answered, " Vitamins..."

"Really?" He glanced at the bottle, and it was indeed vitamins.

"You were looking at this?"

"Yes. My mouth is dry, so I need the vitamins..." She tried her best to make her voice sound calm.

"Huh?" He threw the bottle away and lowered his head to look at her.

"Which part is dry?"

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His hand went up slowly along her wrist until it finally reached her shoulder.

"I feel that they're... very moist."

As he spoke, his lips pressed on hers, and he chuckled.” What do you think?”

Stella didn't know how she held it in until the medicine took effect.

All she knew was that the first half an hour was a hellish torment.

She repulsed his touch so much that all she could do was lie straight on the bed with a pale face.

Weston soon realized something was off. “What's wrong?”

She shook her head, unwilling to speak.

He lifted her chin and forced her to meet his gaze. “Tell me, where do you feel uncomfortable? I don't like it when people lie to me.” She sucked in a breath and forced a lie. “Don't mess up , my dress.”

“So, this is what she's worried about,” he thought to himself.

A teasing smile flashed in Weston's eyes, and he put his hand on the fragile straps and stroked it gently, “In your eyes, is this cheap dress more important than me?”

She shook her head, and her eyes turned red. “I just bought it. Don't ruin it.”

He felt his heart ache when she said it. Perhaps it was because her face seemed pitiful... but at the same time, he really wanted to destroy it. Although he said that he wouldn't tear it, the movements of his hands spoke the complete opposite.

Stella didn't have the strength to fight back at all.

She too doesn't know how she got through it. Maybe the medicine she took effect later because she felt like her mind was swept away by a storm that she let him do what he wanted

She doesn't remember what happened later, but all she heard was a sickening rip.

When she woke up, there was a mess all around, and she could smell the aftermath.

Her chosen dress had been torn apart, with half under the sheets and the other half on the carpet.

\* Stella forced herself up to take a look at her slender arms stretched out on the quilt. Faint red marks could be seen on her wrist.

Her fingertips picked up the light golden fabric that was thrown on Weston's suit.

With the movement of her getting up, the tie hanging on the bed frame also fell, and it fell on her shoulder, covering the bite marks left he left on her. Her body ached badly, but she could only care about the dress he tore.

The next second, there was a wave of heat from the back.

He pulled her into his arms. "Awake?"

Her back was against his chest, and the warmth made her feel a little restless. "Don't mess around... I have to go on set tomorrow, and you must go to work..."

"Does your heart ache?" he asked her.

Stella knew Weston was talking about the dress and deliberately shook her head. "I'll buy a new one."

"Why do you look so sad?" He lifted her chin, and as he stared at her face, suddenly biting the tip of her nose lightly. "It's only a dress. I'll get someone to send you a new one."

She immediately frowned and refused. "No need. I'm just going to a business banquet. I don't want to attract other people's attention..."

Nonetheless, he didn't let her do as she pleased this time. "You can buy one for yourself. But whenever you buy one,

I will tear one. You know I have the energy..."

"You..."

She paused and glared at him. "How are you this unabashed!"