

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 551

Chapter 551

The woman laughed coquettishly. "Michael! You are so naughty. My roommate is still crying in front of the grave! Why don't you go and comfort her?"

The man chuckled immediately. "How many times have I made you cry? I shall make you cry later."

"Ahh... Michael!"

Their laughter could be heard clearly through the door panel. As if struck by lightning, Stella stood still at the room's doorway.

The woman in the room was her roommate, who was very close to her.

And the man who was having sex with her was her uncle, Michael.

He was clearly very considerate and caring toward Diana and even swore to Roger that he would treat them like their own children. However, the funeral had just ended, and he was already having sex with her roommate who attended the funeral.

Stella was dumbstruck as she stood in the doorway. Her whole body was trembling. She could not believe that her uncle would do this to her aunt and that her roommate would do this to her!

Bang!

The door sprang open.

The two people on the bed froze.

Michael, in particular, stunned at the sight of Stella at the door, subconsciously picked up the blanket and covered her roommate. "Stella, why did you come back?!"

you, Uncle Michael. How could you do this to Aunt Diana?"

The man's face turned ugly as the woman in the blanket shrieked and leaped into Michael's arms. "Don't blame him, Stella. It's all my fault..."

Michael interrupted before she could finish. "Don't be silly. It's not."

Then, he looked at Stella coldly. "Since you found out, then I will be straightforward with you. Don't tell Diana about this, Stella."

He stared at her intensely with patience. "Diana and ... It's not like what you think. I will take care of this, you..."

Her eyes were burning with anger. "You still want to hide it from Aunt Diana?"

Diana had been good to her, and she couldn't take Michael's side just because he was a Sealey.

Just as she wanted to take out her phone, Michael grabbed her wrist and flung it violently. "Haven't you caused enough trouble? I am your kin! How can you side with an outsider?"

"What are you arguing about?"

Their argument drew Grandma and Grandpa Sealey's attention. They appeared in the doorway with unhappy faces.

When she saw them coming, she started crying. "Grandpa, Grandma..."

Her parents had been very loyal to them and helped Michael immensely. In return, they were very good to Stella as well.

At least on this matter, she did not think that they would not keep business and personal separate.

Nonetheless, it was her parents' funeral. Michael had gone too far.

She could not help but move forward. "Uncle..."

"What are you fussing about? The guests haven't left. Do you want to disgrace the family?"

Grandma Sealey scolded her fiercely before she could say anything else.

Before she had time to react, the old woman walked up to her and pushed her. "What are you yelling for? Do you want everyone to know that your uncle is screwing around at your

parents' funeral?"

Stella looked at the two people in front of her with consternation. Were they still the most loving grandmother and sensible grandfather of the past?

In the Stardust Mansion.

The woman closed her eyes and mumbled, "Grandpa... Grandma..."

Weston walked to her in his black pajamas and knelt down. He pushed her wet hair off her forehead, frowning. "Stella?"

The man's whisper did not wake her.

She knitted her brows even tighter, and her voice trembled. "I didn't mean it. Don't kick me out..."

"Stella!" He increased his volume, and his eyes darkened. "You are only having a nightmare."

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 552

Chapter 552

Stella refused to listen to him.

Immersed in her illusions, the isolation and helplessness she felt were unforgettable.

Maybe it was because of the incident in the bar that she was too worried about Roger that her memories of her predicament surfaced.

"Grandma, it's Uncle Michael who did something wrong. Instead of blaming me, why don't you blame the wrong person instead?"

The roommate immediately looked aggrieved. Her eyes were red when she said, "I didn't want to come at first. But thinking that Stella was alone here, I came to accompany her. How would I know that I would meet Michael? I didn't know what happened to me. Perhaps I lost my mind. I just couldn't refuse him when I saw him..."

Grandma Sealey's face turned gloomy the moment she heard that. "Both Michael and Diana are at fault. If it wasn't for her inability to control her man, he wouldn't have been seduced by a young woman!"

Grandpa Sealey, who was beside her, echoed, "Indeed, it was your aunt who failed to please her man. So stop standing up for her. We are at your parents' funeral..."

Apparently, they knew that it was the funeral!

Stella clenched her fists.

She was just turned eighteen, the age of adulthood, and her parents died in a plane crash...

The immense shock had even caused Roger to fall sick. Now, she was left alone to face it.

She thought that her relatives would be her support, but out of her expectation, she discovered such a scandal.

“But Aunt Diana has been very good to us, and she always

Stella’s parents were very close to Diana, a very gentle and elegant woman. She clearly had a good relationship with Micheal. Why did it turn out like this?

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“She becomes a part of the family after she is married to Michael, and she is obligated to be good to us. Is it really necessary to bring this up?”

Annoyed, Grandma Sealey interrupted her, “Anyway, this is no big deal, so don’t tell Diana about this. It is your parents’ funeral today, and I don’t want to make it sound too bad!”

Before Stella had time to recover from the shock of losing both her parents, she was shocked again by the stark difference in the behavior of these relatives.

“You guys never used to be like this.”

“That’s not true!” Grandpa Sealey also snapped. “I know you

parents are gone. There is no point in dwelling on those meaningless things. From now on, you have to take up the responsibilities of the family, so don’t embarrass us, okay?”

The embarrassment they meant would be the action of her exposing the scandal of the family.

Stella’s parents were both professors. Since she was young, she was taught to be honest and that making mistakes wasn’t a scary thing. However, she also had to bear the consequences. She should also never run away from her mistake, let alone cover it.

Being educated that way, she had always thought that the people around her would think the same.

But now, she discovered that she was actually living in a world that her parents had worked so hard to hide.

She and Roger had been living in a utopia they created, one that shielded them from the wind and rain. They were flowers in a greenhouse that had never been trampled by storms. Hence, a tiny, ugly truth was enough to totally confuse her.

They were obviously her most trusted relatives, so why did it become like this?

She looked at the few people in front of her, and she instantly grew up.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 553

Chapter 553

Perhaps these people had been pretending all the time and it was only now that their true faces were revealed.

What's more, this happened right after her parents died. The funeral wasn't even over yet, and they were already jostling to take off their masks.

Her parents were the most successful of the family.

As university professors, both their economic and social status came as a great benefit to the family. It was why they pretended to be nice so that they could deceive them.

However, the moment they were gone, that beautiful reality instantly burst like a bubble.

Stella was a young girl who had just turned adult. Everything was too hard for her to accept.

"No. Father and Mother were very close to Aunt Diana. I cannot let you deceive her like this!"

She took a deep breath; her heart twisted in anguish, but she suppressed her emotions and forced herself to put on a cold face. Looking at the people in front of her, she bravely said, "I will not be in cahoots with the likes of you and lie. I must tell her everything!"

She was still too young at that time, and all her emotions

were written on her face. Her righteousness stung them right in the heart

Sure enough, their faces changed immediately.

“Stella! Must you go against us? You are a Sealey. How could you side with someone else!”

Seeing her insistence, her roommate became worried that she would expose the scandal, and she quickly covered beside Michael. “It’s all my fault... Michael, I’ll apologize to your wife. I shouldn’t have fallen for you, and I shouldn’t have fallen in love with my good friend’s uncle...”

“No. As long as I am here, I will not let her do anything to you,” Michael comforted the roommate gently.

The scene stung Stella’s eyes.

Apparently, the family she had trusted and respected so much were wolves in sheep’s clothing. They were actually

toxic.

Michael, her good uncle who had always spoken gently to Diana was now doing the same to another woman.

Diana must be terribly blindsided to be devoted to such a man!

Seeing Stella’s stubbornness, Grandma Sealey’s face turned ugly, “I know you are sad because of your parents’ death at the moment. I forgive you for your nonsense. Now, get back to your room and stay there! You can only come out after the

funeral is over!”

“Why? They are the ones in the wrong!”

“Because you are my granddaughter and your father is my son! Your parents are gone now, so you should listen to me!”

seemed like a total stranger now. “Maids! Send her to her room, and don’t let her out without my permission!”

Stella never thought that they would treat her this way.

Trapped inside the hotel room for a whole week, she had zero contact with the outside world.

Having just turned into an adult, she had completely no idea how to face such a situation.

Roger was still in the hospital, and she did not know how he was doing. In the end, she could only protest by going on a hunger strike to demand her family let her go.

However, no one cared at all.

After the death of her parents, not a single person in the family cared about her and Roger.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 554

Chapter 554

Stella was locked up for the entire duration of the funeral.

On the last day, it was Michael who came to unlock the door.

“Stella, must you be so stubborn? As long as you keep this a secret, you won’t have to suffer.”

Michael was the youngest son born to an aging Grandma and Grandpa Sealey. Naturally, he was spoiled.

Although only ten years older than Stella, she had always respected him, believing that he was a decent gentleman. Unexpectedly, this was what he did to Diana.

To make matters worse, the woman he had an affair with was her roommate.

Stella closed her eyes. Her lips were chapped from dehydration. With a raspy voice, she said, “Why did you treat her that way?”

“Our relationship is not what you think.”

He suddenly knelt in front of her and raised her face. “Your look totally different from your parents, yet you are just as stubborn.”

He relaxed his gaze. “That part is indeed a bit like a Sealey.”

“I am a Sealey!”

She pushed his hands away weakly. “How is Roger?”

“Now you are thinking of him.” He smiled. “Don’t worry. He is alright. As long as you keep your mouth shut, we are all still a family, eh?”

Stella slowly clenched her fists into balls.

“Impossible. You will get exposed one day.”

“One day, but not today or tomorrow.” He stood up. “Stella, I am your elder, so there is something I must tell you. Although you are an adult now, you are still incapable of handling the assets your parents left you. Therefore, I shall keep it for now.”

Her eyes widened. “No way! Father’s will clearly states that...”

“Is that so? Read it again carefully.” He suddenly took out a document.

Stella’s face paled as she read it.

On the paper, it clearly stated that the large inheritance would be temporarily held by Michael. Only after they got married could they get the money back.

She understood it immediately, “You have never regarded Father and Mother as your family! You have only coveted their property!” “Don’t say that.” He stood up. “In fact, if you hadn’t discovered the affair with your roommate, I would’ve still let

you and Roger live a good life, just like how it always was. But since you found out, you have no choice but to accept it.”

“Why are you doing this to us?”

Her eyes were red. “We are a family, aren’t we?”

“Right, we are a family, but why are you so disobedient?”

He squatted down in front of her again with a sorry face.” Unless you are not a Sealey...”

Stella didn’t get where he was getting at but heard him say, “Roger’s diagnosis is out. Would you like to take a look?”

He handed her the report.

After a glance, she threw it away. “It’s impossible ! He can’t possibly have this disease..”

“You guys have nothing at all to fight against me.”

She looked up at him in tears. “I will not stay in the family.”

Without her parents, it was just an empty shell to her.

It rained heavily that night.

The sky poured down its contents in torrents of great fury.

Stella left the house in only a thin black dress.

She had chosen to leave this place, it seemed.

But in fact, everyone knew all too well that she was forced to leave.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 555

Chapter 555

The villa shone with warm light through the veil of rain, yet Stella was walking alone in the dark and wet. When her heels were stuck in the grate, she took them off and trounced forward barefoot.

The long road had no end in sight, and the rain showed no sign of easing. In the frigid cold, her body temperature dropped, and she suddenly lost all her energy.

Suddenly a bright light flashed and came straight at her.

Feeling stiff and frozen from the cold, she didn't even have the strength to run from the luxury car that sped toward her.

How great if everything could just end now, she thought longingly.

She was exhausted.

Perhaps she had been too well protected in the past, but after her parents died, it was as if she had been completely drained of blood.

Her mind was collapsing, and she couldn't handle so many changes alone.

It was simply too tiring to walk on the path without anyone else. However, there was no stopping, and she could only continue trudging down the road.

The wind whistled in her ears, and the cold raindrops fell on her body with no respite.

Continuing her walk would be an arduous journey, and although her feet were torn with bloody blisters, she could only stumble helplessly and aimlessly into the cold rainy night.

"Father, Mother. Don't leave me..."

Stella's forehead was covered in sweat, and she kept mumbling.

The man had been squatting in front of her for a while now, trying to wake her up.

But her dream was too deep. Trapped in that state, she couldn't hear him no matter how he shouted.

After an unknown duration, a light appeared at the end of the road.

She rushed to it, and the blinding light came straight to her,

The black Cullinan had no intention of slowing down.

She stood in place in the blinding rain and finally saw the person in the driver's seat.

A dazzling light flashed in her eyes, and she clearly saw Weston appearing in front of her.

In her dream, however, he shouldn't have known her, much less appear on the mountain road outside the Sealey mansion.

But here he was, simply appearing out of nowhere.

The large car barreled down the road, straight toward her.

waiting for the massive vehicle to hit her, but the next, she had fallen into a familiar embrace.

Her eyes jerked open when the prickly cedar filled her nostrils, awakening her from her dream.

"Stay back!"

Gasping for air, her body was drenched in sweat, and her clothes clung to her body, making her feel uncomfortable.

Weston cupped her chin and looked steadily into her eyes.

After seeing her sober up, he asked, "Are you awake?"

She was still a bit confused and looked at him. "Weston ..."

She felt like she had just been fished out from the water. The red dress she wore stuck to her body like it was part of her skin.

She raised her hand and brushed all her bangs aside. "What happened to me?"

“You were having a nightmare.” He kissed her forehead, his voice unusually soft. “You kept calling your parents in your

dream? Were you missing them?”

Stella closed her eyes in silence.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 556

Chapter 556

Stella never talked to Weston about her family.

Even though Ben had submitted a complete and detailed report of Stella’s background when they first got married, Weston didn’t pay much attention to it because he wasn’t interested at all.

All he knew was that Stella had long severed all contact with her family and left her home with Roger before surviving on their own.

Seeing how tormented she had looked in her sleep just now, Weston realized that he knew too little about her. He even assumed that Stella’s emotions were probably stabilizing gradually since it wasn’t that often that she had nightmares about her baby

Little did he know that her mind was plagued by another nightmare.

She was only in her early twenties. How could she have gone through so much in her young life?

He turned glum. He took her hand and kissed it gently before telling her, “You should go wash up a little, okay?”

Stella was still in a daze. When she finally woke up, she felt like all her energy had been sapped from her body. She needed Weston’s help to even stand up.

“How long have I been asleep?” she asked, her voice raspy.

“About an hour,” replied Weston after glancing at his watch.

He didn’t want to bring up the subject of her nightmare, so he just kissed her forehead and reminded her, “It’s getting late. We should get some rest.”

“Okay,” she responded simply, but just as she was about to take her first step, Weston suddenly picked her up. Rather than resisting, Stella leaned against his shoulder quietly. She just didn’t have an ounce of energy left.

With practiced efficiency, Weston carried her to the bathroom, gently placed her in the bathtub, and then started

filling it with warm water.

“Wait...” Stella protested meekly, slightly distressed because she was still wearing the red evening dress. “You’ll ruin the fabric of this dress if it gets wet...”

“I’ll buy you another one,” he replied nonchalantly.

He then let her hair down and continued bathing her with the same seriousness he’d approach a multibillion -dollar contract

But Stella took no notice of this. Once she’d regained her senses, the only thing preoccupying her mind was the incident in the bar.

“You still haven’t told me how you’re going to deal with Rory

“What did you dream of just now?”

They both spoke simultaneously.

They looked at each other in silence before Stella finally shook her head. “Nothing in particular. It was just a normal dream...”

The hand that was wiping up her body stopped abruptly. Weston frowned. It seemed that he saw through her lie right away.

“You were crying in your sleep,” he stated.

Stella balled up her fists. In fact, she had no idea what she was saying in her sleep and had no interest in continuing the topic.

“What exactly are you going to do with Rory?” she persisted. “And what about Roger? He... he was really drunk. I’m sure he didn’t mean to cause any trouble...”

Weston tossed the towel in his hand into the bathtub, creating a splash

“Even now, all you can think about is Roger ?” he hissed, his eyes staring right into her soul. “Is he that important to you? More important than your own life?!”

Stella pursed her lips and looked coldly at him, not understanding what he meant.

After a long pause, she finally replied, “He’s the only family I have...”

"I've heard that before!" Weston nudged her chin up with his fingers. "Why haven't I ever noticed how heartless you can be?"

Stella's eyes flickered as she saw the wounded expressions on his face.

"I never knew how impulsive you could be either..."

"Is Roger the only thing you care about?" he interrupted her. "You really would do anything for that guy, huh?!"

Stella nodded.

"I told you he's the only family I have. Of course, I'll do anything for him!"

She saw his eyes turn violently dark. He kept his penetrating gaze fixed on her as he snarled, "You really do know how to provoke me."

The grip of his hands on her body grew tighter and tighter. She drew a sharp breath as an aching pain rippled through her body

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 557

Chapter 557

Instead of crying out, Stella simply endured the pain.

But Weston could see that she was hurt, so he let her go.

"Wash yourself," he snapped before getting up and stomping out of the bathroom, leaving Stella alone in the bathtub.

Weston closed the door behind him. Now, all that remained in the bathroom was a thick cloud of mist. Stella couldn't see very clearly. For a good while there, she just sat like a statue in the bathtub.

As the minutes passed, she finally slid down until the bottom half of her face was underwater. She breathed out, creating bubbles in the water. She closed her eyes, but the scenes from her nightmare came flooding back.

She didn't want to remember all those things... but all she could do now was hug herself tight.

Meanwhile, Weston stood on his bedroom balcony with a glass of champagne in hand. The sight of Stella whimpering and sweating in her sleep still ran fresh in his mind. He didn't mean to be so cold to her, but the thought of her willing to risk her life for Roger made him burn with rage.

In this state, it would be best for him to just be cold and

distant right now, as he feared that he might really hurt her. Once his tempestuous emotions finally simmered down, he picked up his phone and called Ben.

“Get Stella’s background information and send it to my email,” he instructed.

By then, it was already midnight, and Ben was about to go to bed, so he was a little confused by this sudden demand.

“Stella’s background information...?” he asked.

Ever since Stella changed her identity, Ben had always been cautious about how to address her. He would make sure that he called her Miss Ella even when he was alone with his boss, just to prevent anyone from overhearing and thus exposing her true identity.

But now, he wasn’t quite sure if Weston wanted Stella’s background information... or was it Ella’s?

Weston merely frowned and said nothing.

That brief silence unsettled Ben, who quickly responded, “I email you both sets of background information right away!”

Weston hung up the phone immediately,

Soon afterward, two compressed files were sent to Weston’s email

Weston went inside and opened his notebook computer to check his email. He then clicked on those files...

Stella Sealey grew up in a completely normal family. Both of her parents were college professors, and they raised her in a safe and loving environment.

Her parents had a good reputation among their friends and family. Stella and Roger themselves were excellent children that never got in any trouble.

But Weston had to pause when he learned which university Stella went to.

She had, in fact, attended the same university that he did!

Indeed, they must’ve surely bumped shoulders with each other, since Weston was only a few years older than Stella. But alas, he simply didn’t know her at all at the time.

The year Stella turned eighteen, her parents tragically died in an air crash where no survivors were found. Not long afterward, Stella and Roger completely left the Sealey household, even though she still had her grandparents and an uncle who was only ten years older than her, and all signs pointed to them being a tight-knit happy family.

Yet for some reason, Stella and Roger completely severed their connection to the family from then on.

Now that he thought about it, Weston recalled that when they got married, Stella only told Roger about it. He didn't think much of it then, though. He simply assumed that she must be at odds with her family for some reason.

But looking at it now, he was sure that something fishy that he didn't know about had to be going on.

Even when news got out that Stella had died falling from a building, no one from her family showed up to look for her.

It was almost as if her family didn't care for her existence at all.

Chapter 558

It was clear Weston knew very little of Stella's past life.

The sound of rushing water filled the bathroom. After soaking in the bathtub for a while, Stella finally got up and turned on the shower.

She had no idea Weston recently loved letting Stella soak in the bath. He would even help her clean her body with a curious fervor as if the activity gave him a lot of pleasure.

But Stella never liked soaking in the bathtub.

Now that he had gotten angry and left the room, there was no reason to keep soaking. So she got out and took a shower instead.

The water soon stopped flowing. Stella opened the door and walked out...

As soon as she stepped into the bedroom, her eyes met with Weston's, and she stopped dead in her tracks.

"You're not in bed yet?" she asked, breaking the silence.

Weston looked coldly at her and said nothing. He seemed to be trying to ignore her.

Stella's eyes glimmered. She, too, said nothing.

Weston was getting more and more unpredictable these days. She had no idea what kind of mood he was in right now, but she was pretty sure that she made him angry in the bathroom.

But that would be bad, because she still had something to ask of him. Knowing this, Stella had to swallow her pride and try to cheer him up. She took a deep breath, softened her expression, and turned her gaze towards him.

"Is the cut on your face okay?" she asked.

When he was helping her in the bathroom just now, she noticed that a little bit of the soapy water had splashed onto the cut on his face. He stormed out before she could clean it, and Stella feared that it might be getting worse.

"If you're not going to bed yet," Stella continued, inching closer towards him, "then let me take care of the cut for you."

"So you did notice that I was injured 100," he finally responded with his icy stare fixed on her.

Stella knew that those words were laced with sarcasm, but she merely pursed her lips and did not argue with him.

Seeing no response from her, Weston suddenly got up and turned on his heels to leave, but Stella quickly grabbed his arm and stopped him.

"If you knew that you were injured," she said, "then why did you have to help me in the bathroom? You need to take care of that cut now, because I saw it got splashed with water. It'll fester if you don't do anything..."

Stella started nagging as if truly worried about him, but Weston turned his back on her and did not respond.

At a loss, Stella took a step forward and gently tugged on his sleeve.

"Just let me take care of the cut on your face, okay?"

Weston finally turned around to face her, looking straight into her eyes. After a long, tense silence, his gaze moved downward and stopped at the hand that was holding onto his sleeve.

"I thought you only care about Roger," he said. "After all, his injuries are far more serious than mine."

Stella couldn't tell if it was sarcasm or disdain in those words.

After forcing herself to calm down, she slowly explained, "Well, he's a grown-up now. He can look after himself. He's got a friend to take care of him as well anyway. I can just go see him tomorrow. But right now, your wound needs to be taken care of

Before she could finish speaking, she was startled by his terrifying scowl. He suddenly took a step forward and pinned her against the wall.

She looked up at him.

The cold of the wall bit into her back. There was nowhere to run or hide from him. Like it or not, she was forced to meet his fiery gaze.

"I'm really sorry..." she started meekly. "I know you're angry, but I didn't know what else to do back in the bar..."

"So you do realize why I'm angry at you?"

His gaze sent shivers down her spine. His whole body seemed to be surrounded by a bloodcurdling aura.

"Do you know what he would've done to you if I hadn't got there in time?!" he asked. "I shouldn't have let him go so easily!"

What really irked him was how Stella would help others without once considering her own safety.

"But things would've gone completely out of hand if you did more than what you've already done..." Stella argued, deliberately ignoring the first part of his sentence.

She thought of how violent Weston was in the bar. He could've almost killed Rory.

Thinking of this, she shook her head and added, "You shouldn't have been so brash."

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“So you do realize why I’m angry at you?”

His gaze sent shivers down her spine. His whole body seemed to be surrounded by a bloodcurdling aura.

“Do you know what he would’ve done to you if I hadn’t got there in time?!” he asked. “I shouldn’t have let him go so easily!”

What really irked him was how Stella would help others without once considering her own safety.

“But things would’ve gone completely out of hand if you did more than what you’ve already done...” Stella argued, deliberately ignoring the first part of his sentence.

She thought of how violent Weston was in the bar. He could’ve almost killed Rory.

Thinking of this, she shook her head and added, “You shouldn’t have been so brash.”

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 559

Chapter 559

“I have no reason to be calm when it comes to your safety!” Weston blurted out.

They were both stunned and speechless by the sudden outburst.

Stella looked up at him. If she wasn’t mistaken, she could’ve sworn that Weston just admitted how much she meant to him.

Weston seemed to realize what he’d just said. The fire in his eyes dimmed, and he quickly let her go. He took one last look at her and, without saying anything, turned and marched into the inner room, slamming the door behind him.

Their bedroom was a massive suite with an inner room where their bed was. It was the door to that room that Stella stared at as she sighed softly

If she let him stay angry this way for long, things would only get much worse. Besides, that guy that she got into trouble with didn’t seem an average guy. Judging by the way he threatened to tell his father about them, it was possible that he was from a rich and powerful family.

Stella weighed the pros and cons. Then she thought Weston’s injuries might have worsened because he was helping her in the bathroom. Hence, she decided to go downstairs and look for Joan.

“Joan, can you please help me get the first aid kit?”

Joan had actually long been in bed, but she was woken up again by the sound of Weston’s car coming home. She meant to ask Weston and Stella if they needed anything, but seeing that they rushed straight into their room, she thought it best not to disturb. But just as she was getting ready to go back to bed, here Stella was, looking for a first aid kit.

“What happened?” Joan asked, “Is it anything serious? Should I call the doctor?”

“No,” Stella shook her head. “Don’t worry. It’s just a shallow cut. I can take care of it myself.”

Joan then disappeared into another room and returned with the first aid kit. Stella sorted out the kit's contents and headed toward the bedroom.

She knocked on the door.

There was no response.

"I'm coming in, okay?" Stella said.

She turned the doorknob and discovered that it wasn't locked.

The door opened with a click.

Stella stepped into the pitch-dark room. Weston would usually leave a night lamp on for her because she would often wake up in the middle of the night from the night terrors she suffered.

But he didn't this time.

Stella stopped in her tracks. She suddenly realized that Weston

had slowly learned her quirks and habits till they were on the back of his hand. He had been helping her even in the areas of her life where she never realized needed help.

But as realizations that came too late tended to do, it left a . bitter taste in her mouth. She had no idea how to feel about all

this.

Quietly, Stella placed the first aid kit on the nightstand and headed to the bed, but on her way, she tripped on something and lost her balance.

She fell to the floor with a loud thud.

Luckily for her, the room was covered in a thick carpet, so it didn't hurt. Still, her fall did make a noise, and surely enough, Stella heard a rustling sound coming from the bed.

The next second, the lamp was suddenly turned on, flooding the room with a warm yellow light.

Stella had to squint to adjust her eyes to the brightness. When she finally looked up, she was greeted with Weston's inky gaze.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 560

Weston's eyes were still cold and distant, but they fixated on her. He was now sitting in bed and seemed to have no intention to come over and help Stella up to her feet.

It was clear to her that he was still angry. He was mad over her recklessness in going to a place like a bar and even provoking someone there, causing him trouble. Knowing this, she did not expect him to come to help her, and she slowly got up herself.

Now that the lamp was on, she could easily pick up the first aid kit and place it in front of him. She sat down on the bed and slowly untied his nightdress without looking at him. She pulled his sleeve down to reveal a large, fresh wound on his shoulder.

With his entire shoulder exposed, Stella could clearly see his bulging muscles. His body looked strong and smooth, even more, impressive than some fashion model's.

Weston remained silent. Stella said nothing either.

As she focused on the wound, her eyes were caught by the bruises on his knuckles. It was plain that he didn't pull his punches when he beat up Rory.

Stella paused, then got the antiseptic, the iodine, some cotton swabs, and the gauze from the first aid kit. Then she proceeded to clean his wound.

The second the alcohol touched the wound, an acute stinging

sensation coursed through Weston's body. But he remained expressionless. All he did was quietly fix his gaze on Stella's face.

It was as if time stood still. Only the clock on the wall was ticking.

Each of Stella's touches was very gentle, as gentle as a feather brushing against his skin. The sting caused by the antiseptic was nothing compared to the tickling sensation induced by Stella's touches.

Wherever she touched him, she brought about an inexplicable

tickling that brought him over the edge.

After taking care of the wounds on his arm, Stella looked up at Weston's face once again. She discovered it was full of cuts and bruises too, not as much as the ones on Rory, of course, but it was evident of the severe damage he had taken.

Those cuts exposed to water when he was in the bathroom had been somewhat bleached white. Without saying a word, Stella reached her hand up to clean them with the antiseptic...

"What are you doing?" he suddenly asked, grabbing her wrist.

“Isn’t it obvious ?” Stella responded. “I’m cleaning your wounds, of course!”

She had just taken care of the cuts on his arm, so naturally, it was now time to move on to his face. Was that not to be expected? Stella wondered why he needed to ask her such a stupid question.

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Hearing this, Weston let go of her hand. He still looked gloomy, though. He didn’t say that he would allow her to go on, but he didn’t stop her either.

The truth was, he hated it when people touched his face. It didn’t matter how close that person was to him; he still loathed

Even Stella could work out during their short marriage that Weston had a strong sense of personal boundaries . But right now, she didn’t think much of it since she was focused on getting his wounds cleaned up.

So she went on and carefully applied the medicine to his face.

As she did so, she couldn't help but marvel at how much luck had been on Weston's side. With this flawless face of his, it didn't matter how many bruises or scars he got-it only served to make him look more striking and add more character to his look

On the other hand, Rory got just a few more bruises than

How different these two people were!

Once Stella was done treating his wounds, she was about to clean everything up when she saw Weston glumly lying back down in bed.

Apart from the few words he uttered just now, he had been practically silent the whole time.

Stella opened her mouth to say something, but she hesitated, and no words came out. She just turned around and went out of the room to return the first aid kit to Joan.

When she got back into the room, all she could see was Weston lying there with his eyes closed.

Her shoulders slumped instantly. She was utterly exhausted.