

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 641

Chapter 641

Most people on the film set noticed that Stella must not have had a good night's sleep since the dark circles under her eyes were so prominent. Luckily, because she would be filming scenes in the latter part of the movie when her character had turned evil, she would basically be wearing heavy makeup, which meant her drained look wouldn't affect the filming much.

But then the makeup artist was taken aback when she saw the marks on Stella's neck. "Whoa... what are those red patches?" She suspected that they might be hickeys, but Ella was such a young actress who was just starting out. She couldn't possibly be so reckless and started dating already, could she?

Stella looked into the mirror and frowned when she saw the red patches.

She must've really lost control last night. She reminded Weston time and time again not to leave any marks on her body. Usually, she could stop him when she was still relatively clear-headed, but she was completely under the drug's spell last night. Weston evidently did not hold back—her whole body was pockmarked with red marks left by him.

"They're just rashes from my allergy," she explained calmly, though she was flustered inside. "My skin is really sensitive, so this happens every time the seasons change..." "I see," the makeup artist nodded, though she didn't seem all that convinced. "I'll try my best to use the mildest compound on you then." "Thanks," Stella quietly sighed in relief.

Once she had changed into her costume, she made sure to pull up the collar to cover her neck. Fortunately for her, it was a period drama, so the costumes covered most of her body, enough to conceal all of the hickeys.

As long as the makeup artist did not spread rumors about what she saw, no one would find out about this.

The shooting soon started, and although Stella didn't get much rest the night before, she still gave an outstanding performance. Being her last day on set, she shot the scene of her character's final confrontation with the heroine. She would be defeated by the heroine, of course, and she would end up dying a miserable death.

Unlike the stereotypical villain, her character's death wouldn't be some triumphant scene but a rather tragic and bittersweet one. Her character, Sophie, was never purely evil and had merely been led astray because of a single misstep.

The shooting was done for the day and Stella was removing her makeup when Bradley Lane suddenly approached her.

“You did really well today,” he told her, standing behind her as she was removing her makeup. “You clearly showed the character’s desperation and tenacious determination to see through to the final judgment.”

“Thank you,” Stella replied, sounding a little uneasy because she didn’t want Bradley to see the hickies on her neck.

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But Bradley didn’t sense anything wrong. He just smiled and added, “You know, it was actually a huge gamble on my part when I decided to cast a complete newcomer with absolutely no experience. Who would’ve thought that not only did I win my bet, but you even managed to surpass my expectations!”

“I will never forget your kindness and support, Mr. Lane.”

“Stop being so formal! Anyway, what’s your next plan? Have you decided on which role to take up next?”

“No,” she replied. “I’m still thinking about it.”

“There’s no rush,” Bradley advised. “Take your time and consider it carefully. I hope you’ll have a long and successful career instead of just accepting any role hastily for the sake of popularity.”

“Alright,” Stella nodded. “I promise you that I’ll be meticulous.” Although it was still too early to tell, Bradley had been really impressed with Stella’s conduct so far.

“I’m the one who discovered you,” he said, “so I hope that you can go really far in this industry.”

The crew members around them started to realize that they were having a private conversation , so they started to slip away to give them some privacy.

Stella gathered up the hem of her heavy costume and got up to her feet. When she turned around, however, Bradley noticed she was still wearing heavy makeup.

“Why haven’t you removed the makeup yet?” he asked.

Stella was actually afraid that Bradley would see the hickeys on her neck, but she wasn’t going to tell him that, of course.

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Chapter 642

Stella made a mental note not to ever let Weston be so reckless with her body.

“What kind of film do you plan on directing next?” she asked Bradley, trying desperately to change the subject.

“Me?” he laughed. “I see that you’re getting bolder now, huh? You even dare to ask me about my future plans! Well, I don’t mind telling you anyway.”

Stella waited for his answer enthusiastically, then she heard Bradley’s light chuckle before he stated, “My current plan is to have no future plans!”

Stella was speechless.

“After what I’ve gone through directing this movie,” he added earnestly, “I do believe I’ve earned a rest. This movie really has taken a toll on me.”

He let out a heavy sigh, then continued, “I definitely would not be working with a demanding actress next time.”

Stella knew exactly who he was referring to and just smiled without expressing any opinions on the matter.

“Anyway,” said Bradley, “you’re done for the day, so go home and get a nice rest. Make sure you’re ready for your last scene.”

“Yes, Mr. Lane.”

“Good,” replied Bradley. “I’d better go shoot the next scene now. I wonder if Angelina is ready yet. I should go talk to her before we start.”

Stella nodded and Bradley was about to leave, but he stopped and turned around suddenly and said, “Oh, by the way, there’s something else that I forgot to tell you.”

“What is it?”

“Your brother came here to find you, but you weren’t here, so I told him to go back to his classes and I’d tell you he was here later.”

Stella sprang up to her feet the moment Bradley mentioned her brother.

“When did he come?”

"Yesterday," answered Bradley. "Are you two in some kind of a tight spot right now? Your brother looked extremely worried about you."

"Not particularly ..." Stella then became anxious. "What did he say to you? Did he tell you why he was looking for me?"

"He didn't seem to be in any sort of trouble," Bradley recalled. "He said he just wanted to see you, that's all."

Stella paused, then asked, "Did he... ask you where I live?"

"No." Bradley then eyed her suspiciously. "What exactly is going on here?"

Stella calmed herself down and in a serious tone asked Bradley, "Could you help me with something please?"

"What is it?"

"If my brother comes here again and asks you where I live, could you tell him that I am staying at a place that the crew has arranged for me?"

Bradley stared straight at her without giving an answer.

Stella sighed and explained, "I'm renting a place on my own right now, but my brother is always worried about my safety. He's been insisting on staying with me, but I'm afraid that it would distract him from his studies ... He'll be studying abroad soon, so to put his mind at ease I told him that I'm staying at a place that the crew has arranged for me."

"I see... But why can't you just tell him the truth? He's an adult. I'm sure he'll understand."

"We grew up together," Stella sat down slowly. "We worry about each other a lot. It's not that we're overreacting, it's just that..."

A bitter smile crept up on her face and she added, "We are both each other's only remaining relative. I completely understand why he would be so worked up about my safety."

If she had been in his shoes, she would be just as restless as he was, if not more.

"So you're going to reassure him with a white lie?"

Bradley didn't quite understand such a tight bond between a brother and a sister, but he could sympathize with Stella's dilemma.

“Next time he comes looking for you, I’ll cover for you.”

“Thank you, Mr. Lane.”

“So where do you actually live right now?”

Stella paused. She didn’t think that he’d ask the question.

“I’m renting a place in an apartment complex just two blocks away like the other actors.”

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Stella would often overhear the cast members chatting and gossiping. From there, she learned that most of them lived in an area just two blocks away. Not only was it near the film set, but the rent was cheap as well, so even though the facilities there were quite old, it was still a pretty good place to stay. “You live there?” Bradley’s brows knitted in concern. “Then your brother was right to worry about you. I don’t think there are any securities there. It’s pretty dangerous for you to live there alone.” “It’s really not that bad,” Stella smiled. “Everyone’s there, and we all take care of each other and watch each other’s back.”

Bradley had more things to say on the matter, but Stella changed the subject again, so he knew instantly that she had no desire to discuss it any further.

He soon left, leaving Stella alone in the dressing room. She then went on to change her clothes and remove her makeup. She was about to leave when Angelina suddenly burst into the room.

“Ella! Ella! Are you leaving now?”

“Yeah, I’m done for the day. What about you? Wanna go home together?”

“Sure!” Angelina nodded. “Just give me a minute. I’ll come find you once I’ve taken off my makeup.”

“Okay.”

Stella was waiting for Angelina in the hallway when she saw Guinevere approaching from a distance. She had just finished filming. Stella stood aside, giving Guinevere a wide berth to pass through. Guinevere was in a good mood, buoyed up by the flattery her entourage kept feeding her. But her expressions

soured the instant she saw Stella.

Her manager was explaining her schedule to her, but Guinevere's sudden silence distracted him. He followed Guinevere's gaze and frowned when he saw Ella Steele.

He was absolutely puzzled by Guinevere's hatred for Ella. She had never done anything to offend Guinevere, she had just been a hardworking actress all this time, and her attitude had been pleasant throughout. In fact, the two barely ever interacted with each other apart from the scenes that they were both in. So why did Guinevere despise Ella so much?

Was she too immersed in the role she was playing?

That might be possible, but it still didn't fully explain Guinevere's sheer antipathy towards Ella. Nonetheless, things wouldn't look good for Guinevere if she got into a fight with someone right now, so he

thought it best to distract her from Ella.

"Let's go this way, Gwen."

"Why? Are we going to make a big detour just because she's there?"

"That's not what I meant," the manager chuckled wanly. "I just don't want you to be upset, that's all."

"What should I be upset about? I'm not going to be bothered by a mere stand-in."

Guinevere made sure to emphasize the last words of her sentence when she was passing by Stella.

Her manager was utterly stumped. Didn't Ella act as her stand-in for just one short scene? Why did she have to bring that up again?

But Stella alone could grasp what Guinevere's words were really implying. Still, it didn't bother her one bit. In fact, she smiled in amusement, stepping aside to let Guinevere go through.

The more indifferent Stella looked, the more it dismayed Guinevere. She snorted haughtily before stomping away from Stella.

Soon afterward, Stella could clearly hear Guinevere's voice from a distance saying, "I went on a date with Weston last night, and I was so exhausted that I got up late this morning. So sorry to keep you guys waiting!"

The crew could clearly hear how chirpy she sounded, so naturally, they knew exactly how they should react.

“You guys are such a sweet couple!” one of them gushed.

“Thanks, but I really shouldn’t let my private life affect the filming progress. I’m really so sorry, guys...”

“Don’t worry about it! Your performance was exceptional today! All you needed was one take!”

The conversation went on and on.

Stella’s expressions remained unchanged, but the glimmer in her eyes faded.

So that was the real reason why Weston got home so late last night. He was on a date with Guinevere.

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Chapter 644

She had assumed that he’d been really busy at work today, which was why he came home late at night.

But in fact, he’d been accommodating two women simultaneously while handling a multi-billion dollar project. Stella had to begrudgingly admit that he was a rather impressive man.

She shook her head, wondering why she’d waste her time thinking about all these meaningless things. She picked up her phone and called Roger.

“Sis?” he answered almost instantly.

“Roger,” she replied as she got into the car. “I heard that you came looking for me on set. Why didn’t you call me first?”

Roger had just come out of the cafeteria, with Riley close on his heels. He was initially delighted to see that Stella was calling him, but hearing her question made him pause.

“I was planning to give you a surprise,” he explained, “but you weren’t there, unfortunately. Anyway, where do you stay right now? Can you give me your address? That way, I can go straight to your house when I want to meet you next time.”

“You should let me know in advance next time you’re coming on set,” she told him. “I’m not the boss there. If you show up suddenly and go straight to Bradley Lane like that again, you might cause delays for the shooting.” “But Bradley Lane didn’t seem to mind...”

“He was just being polite,” argued Stella. “You shouldn’t take advantage of people just because they are being gracious to you.” “Okay,” Roger relented. “I got it...”

“Have you finished your classes yet?”

“One more lecture, and I’m done for the day.”

“Great! I’ll go see you later then. I’m done with filming for the day myself.”

“Really?” Roger’s eyes lit up. “I’ll be waiting for you then!”

“Okay. Are you with Riley right now?”

Stella was obviously teasing him. “I’m hanging up now!” he snapped, grunting vaguely. Stella laughed when she heard the beeping tone. She then turned to the driver and said, “Take me to the mall. I’ve got some things to buy.” “Yes, Miss Steele.”

Stella soon arrived at the nearest mall. She thought of

buying a new set of clothes for Roger, but as she walked past a familiar storefront, she paused and stared at the locked door, lost in thought.

The last time she was there, the staff mistreated her, and she was humiliated by Guinevere Cohen. Although she managed to turn things around in the end, the place still evoked bad memories in her mind.

Nevertheless, it did surprise her that in a short period of time since then, the store was now out of business.

An employee of the retail outlet next door was standing nearby welcoming the customers. When she saw Stella standing there, she approached Stella and struck up a conversation with her. “Hello, there!” she chirped. “Were you trying to shop there? That store recently closed down because of their bad service. Why don’t you look around our store instead?”

“I’m looking to buy men’s clothes,” Stella replied.

“Ah, no worries. We’ve got that too!”

Stella liked the employee’s amiable attitude, so she followed her into the store.

“Did that store close down because someone made a complaint?” Stella asked.

She remembered asking for their customer service number, but she didn’t actually call them. All she wanted

was to give them a scare.

But it wouldn't surprise her if someone else made a complaint about them, judging by how bad their service was.

"I think they must've offended someone important," the employee replied. "I heard that there was an incident in the store two days ago. Soon after that, their store was closed, and two employees were fired..."

"How many days ago?" Stella interrupted. "When was it exactly?"

The employee replied, and a strange look flashed across Stella's face.

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Chapter 645

It happened to be the exact day she bumped into Guinevere Cohen. Was it mere coincidence, or did someone lash out on her behalf?

"This is our latest design, Miss. May I ask how old is the man you're shopping for?"

"He's eighteen."

"Ah, perfect! Our new designs have been especially popular among youngsters. They're modern, fashionable, and made of high-quality materials that..."

Stella listened to the employee intently, hoping to find a set that would suit Roger best. Then, someone appeared outside the store, waving his hands frantically at Stella. However, she didn't notice him at all.

"Excuse me, Miss, but is that gentleman over there your friend?"

Stella turned in the direction the employee was pointing, and her eyes met with Michael Sealey...

She froze. Her pupils shrank.

Outside the store, the man in a black suit was smiling radiantly at her. He seemed to be saying something, but she couldn't make out his words due to the glass between them. She guessed it must probably be a polite greeting

or something

Stella took a deep breath to calm herself down and turned to the employee to excuse herself before putting the shirt in her hand down and walking out of the store.

Michael stood at the store entrance as if waiting for Stella. His back was facing her. He should be about forty now, yet age had done nothing to him save for endowing him with an air of maturity.

With a successful career added to the mix, it wasn't hard for Stella to understand why her roommate chose to be with him, even if it meant throwing her honor and decency out the window.

But she was no longer Stella Sealey. She was Ella Steele right now. Even if it was true that she would be facing the relative who had betrayed her, all she could do right now was to put on a mask of friendly politeness.

"What a coincidence!" she smiled. "I didn't think I'd meet you here!"

"Quite a coincidence, indeed," echoed Michael. He gazed at her with what seemed to be a warm smile on his face. But it didn't matter how harmless he looked; Stella had seen his true colors a long time ago.

"Is your wife not with you today?" Stella asked, tilting her head to look behind him.

"She's still a little shaken emotionally, so she's still

resting at home." "Oh," Stella nodded. "If there's nothing else, then I..." "I'm Michael Sealey," he cut her off before she could finish. "I just want to apologize once again for mistaking you for someone else that day." "It's fine," she replied briefly. "I get mistaken for her a lot, actually. I must really look like the woman named Stella..."

"You don't just look like her," Michael interjected, eyeing Stella up and down. "You're basically identical to her in every way. Even your names sound similar. If I didn't know that Stella died a long time ago, I would've thought she's standing before me right now."

"But the dead don't come back to life," Stella shrugged. "You both should try to move on from her death. If Stella knew that so many people cared about her, she would've been happy."

"Happy?" Michael's sunny countenance was suddenly clouded over. "I'm not so sure about that. In fact, I'm afraid she might bear a grudge against me."

"Well," Stella pursed her lips, "that's a private matter of your family. I'm just an outsider ; it's best I don't poke my nose in it."

Michael took a step back, smiled, and said, "I saw you buying a man's suit just now. Is it for your boyfriend?"

"You're not married yet, I presume?"

“No,” Stella denied before she could think about it.

“Oh?” Michael raised his brows. “Then who is it for? Don’t tell me that you happen to have a brother too?”

Stella could see that his eyes were full of suspicion. She couldn’t admit to that, of course, so she tried changing the subject.

“Excuse me, I’m a little busy, so…”

“Why do you seem so scared of me?” Michael interrupted her again before chuckling. He suddenly stepped closer to her and stared her down.

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Chapter 646

Michael Sealey was a man who yearned for total control in all circumstances.

Stella had always looked up to him as an affable and friendly man in her young ignorant days, but she finally realized that he was actually your classic two-faced hypocrite.

“Of course not. Why would you think that way? We aren’t close, and just because I look like your relative…” She left her sentence hanging as a sign of her tacit rejection, and Michael caught her hint.

“Pardon me for bothering you. Why don’t I treat you to a cup of coffee?”

“There’s no need for that.”

“Please, give me a chance to express my apology,” Michael insisted sincerely.

“Really, there’s no need.” Stella furrowed her brows to express her annoyance.

“All right, in that case, I shan’t bother you any longer.” Michael knew that it was time for him to draw the line.

“But please, at least let me give you a ride?”

Stella opened her mouth to reject him, but before she

could speak, someone put an arm around her shoulders, and she felt herself being pulled into a familiar embrace.

“This is…?”

A low voice asked from above her head. Stella looked up and stared right into Weston's eyes. He wore a smart suit; his face was exquisite as usual, with his entire appearance as eye-catching and stunning as they came. His gaze softened as he looked back at Stella. "Have you been waiting for long?"

Michael's interest was piqued the moment he saw Weston, who had suddenly appeared. "Is this... Mr. Ford of Ford Corporation?"

Weston turned to look at him. "It seems you know me."

"Of course, the illustrious Mr. Ford. Famous even overseas," Michael stuck his hand out. "I'm Michael Sealey, General Manager of Chroma Inc." Weston shook hands with him, though he looked disinterested in the man.

With his other hand still around Stella's shoulders, Weston pushed her into his side with more force. "Done shopping?"

Stella nodded. "Nothing really caught my eye..."

"Thien, let's head back."

Stella nodded.

"Hang on!" Michael stopped them with a smile on his face. "Meeting here all together shows that we have an affinity. Why don't I treat you both to a meal?"

Weston didn't reply to him immediately but instead lowered his head toward Stella.

She remained silent as she subtly drew a cross on his palm with her finger.

Weston chuckled lowly and grasped her finger in his palm. He turned to Michael and said, "I'm sorry, but we have somewhere to go. If you have any issues, feel free to make an appointment with my assistant."

His response clearly expressed his unwillingness to entertain Michael. Keeping things business-like and professional was sometimes akin to a rejection. Michael naturally understood this and accepted Weston's name card with regret in his heart.

"Pardon me for bothering you two." The expression on Weston's face remained unchanged, clearly unaffected by Michael's presence.

Michael turned to glance at Stella a few more times before finally taking his leave, though he said nothing more.

The view of his back disappearing in the distance made Stella finally heave a sigh of relief. Weston continued holding her shoulders and pulling her into his embrace. "Nervous?"

Stella shook her head, her face dark with displeasure.

He remained silent as he guided her in another direction. When they were in the car, Stella shut her eyes before suddenly turning to him. "Why aren't you asking me who that man was?"

Weston looked back at her. "Should I be asking you?"

Stella chuckled, "In the past, you cared about someone like Justin Hall. I thought you would question me..."

Weston furrowed his brows, "You seem to think I'm a man who gets jealous easily."

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Chapter 647

Stella's silence was akin to an agreement.

Weston steered the wheel and chuckled to himself. "Do you take me as a three-year-old kid?"

"Don't you behave like one in front of Mr. Hall?"

Weston scoffed. "Seems like you do care about that man, still standing up for him at a time like this."

Stella pursed her lips. "There you go again..."

She just couldn't understand why Weston held so much animosity against Justin. In all senses of the word, things were impossible between her and Justin

Weston clearly did not want to dwell on Justin any further, remaining silent as he steered the car into the freeway. That was when Stella remembered to ask him, "Why did you suddenly come over to fetch me?"

Weston looked mildly at her. "Didn't you feel nervous about facing your uncle alone?" Stella's eyes widened. "You..."

Weston's brows arched. "I know that he's your uncle and that you don't share much of a relationship with him."

Stella pursed her lips and fell silent. Indeed, given Weston's identity, he could find out every single detail about her family background. "Since you already know about him, there's nothing much for me to explain..."

Stella's heart was heavy, and she remained silent throughout the ride.

When they drove past Fern University, she suddenly called out to him to stop the car. "Drop me off here. I agreed to meet Roger."

Weston looked at her disapprovingly. "You're falling right into Michael's trap if you really meet Roger now. He still doesn't fully believe that you're Ella. If he finds out about Roger, your true identity will be exposed."

Stella understood what he meant and remained silent, pursing her lips in thought.

A moment later, she texted Roger to tell him that something had cropped up last minute, and she was unable to meet him.

Weston glanced at her and tapped his fingers on the steering wheel. "Even if you were to stop Roger from going to find Michael, Michael might still take the initiative to find Roger. There are many ways to prove whether you are Stella Sealey, one of which involves

looking up Roger."

Stella shut her eyes. "Is there a way to prevent Michael from finding Roger?" "At this moment, it probably won't come to his mind that Roger is studying at Fern University. However, since Chroma Inc's business focus has shifted domestically, the chances of bumping into him will inadvertently increase. Unless..."

"Unless Roger goes overseas," Stella completed his sentence, knowing what he implied. This issue couldn't be delayed any longer. She suddenly remembered something. "He recognizes you too!"

"So what?"

"Will he go around shooting his mouth off after seeing us together?"

Weston's eyes turned cold. "He's a smart man. He knows what to say and what not to say."

"How are you so confident that he won't expose your extra-marital affair to the world?"

Weston chuckled lowly. "Whether or not this is an extra marital affair is one thing. Even so, so what if the world knows about it?"

His arrogant tone left Stella with an unsettling feeling.”

Aren't you worried about the Cohen's?"

“Don't vex yourself over these things. Just focus on staying by my side.”

The car drove into Stardust Mansion.

Weston parked the car and leaned nearer to Stella, lifting her chin. “Your excessive worrying about these issues makes me think that you're trying to find opportunities to leave me the moment you can.”

Stella turned her face away. “Don't overthink things. I'm just worried about circumstances, that's all.”

Weston looked at her, trying to figure out the inner workings of her mind. He turned her face back to him and kissed the corner of her lips. “Just do as I say.”

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Chapter 648

Weston kept to his word and only allowed Stella to eat junk food once a week.

From then on, all the meals that Joan whipped up were nutritious. They tasted delicious, but Stella never had much of an appetite and often ate just a little before returning to her workstation.

Joan felt perturbed at the possibility that her cooking skills might have deteriorated . She glanced at Weston, who was seated on the couch, and asked, “Sir, shall I cook something else and send it to Ms. Steele?”

“No need for that.” Weston looked in the direction of Stella's workstation. “Let her be.”

Joan nodded and went off to busy herself with other things.

Stella would be shooting the film's last scene tomorrow, and she was taking it very seriously. She glanced at the clock and noticed that it was already eleven o'clock at night.

She stretched her arms out and saw a dim light coming from the corridor outside. That indicated that Weston was probably still awake, and her heart sank.

She took out the bottle of medicine and pondered for a moment before popping one.

She had just swallowed the pill down with a gulp of water when her door was opened. Weston stood by the doorway, wearing a deep blue robe." Still awake?"

He had washed up and was ready for bed; his usually neat, slicked-back hair drooped casually at the side of his forehead, softening his sharp, handsome features.

Stella put down the script in her hands. "I'm just about to sleep."

Weston nodded and turned to leave, though he left the door ajar behind him.

Stella walked into the bedroom and saw Weston already on the bed. When he saw her enter the room, he put down the book in his hand.

"Go take a shower," he told her.

Stella nodded and walked into the bathroom. The warm water splashed on her body, accompanying the rise in her body temperature as the medicine took its effect.

She shut her eyes and stood under the shower, trying to recall what time she had taken the medicine. Perhaps it was because she had been taking so much lately that she felt its effects more intensely during this

period.

Conversely, she would feel more tired after the medicine's effects faded.

There were still two more weeks before Zeta was scheduled to return from her business trip. Only until then was she able to get her hands on some new medicine.

They had sex till late last night, and Weston didn't intend to do anything to her tonight.

A while after the shower stopped running, he saw Stella walking out dressed in a robe. Before he spoke a word, she threw open the covers and dove into bed. Her slightly cold skin touched him, carrying with it moisture fresh from her shower. The temperature began rising.

He furrowed his brows and pressed the back of his hand on her forehead. "Do you feel sick again?"

Stella shook her head.

The smell and temperature of his body surrounded her and stole her senses. She rubbed her forehead submissively against his palm and crooned, "Let's sleep

Although that was what she suggested, her actions completely contrasted with her statement.

Weston grabbed her arm and surveyed her. "You didn't get enough rest last night, and you're still trying to create trouble for yourself tonight?"

Stella remained silent as she reached out to unravel his robe sash. Weston grabbed her wrist before she could do any further damage.

He flipped her around, and both of them instantly changed positions.

He hovered above her, and even amid her hazy daze, she could feel his intense stare.

Weston lifted her chin and gave her a hard kiss.

It was like a raging fire encountering light, gentle rain, vaporizing it in an instant, then repeating itself again in endless torrents.

The next morning.

Chapter 649

Stella woke up even later than before.

Her whole body ached as though her limbs no longer belonged to her. Her knees felt weak, and she almost collapsed on the carpet when she got up. As usual, Weston woke up earlier than her, and he was already seated at the dining table when she came downstairs.

Joan had prepared breakfast and was walking out of the kitchen when she saw Stella. "Ms. Steele," she greeted. "Awake already?" Weston put down the book in his hand and glanced in her direction. "Have some breakfast." Stella nodded and walked toward him, her footsteps heavy.

She sat down and glanced at his book resting on the table. She asked with curiosity, "What book is that you're reading?"

She also saw him reading this book last night, but its cover was in a language she did not recognize. Weston said coolly, "A French book. Eat something first." He caressed her head and put the book away. Stella retracted her gaze and sipped at her milk.

It was warmed to a perfect degree and slid down her throat with relative ease. The sensation gave her momentary reprieve from her fatigue, but her voice was still hoarse.

She cleared her throat as a large hand reached over to brush away the crumbs at the corner of her mouth.

"You're as messy as a child."

Stella lowered her head and grabbed a napkin to wipe her mouth.

Weston retracted his hand and lowered his gaze at her, "I'll be going to work in half an hour. You better say whatever you want to say now, or you'll have to hold it in for the rest of the day."

He had always been able to see through her in one glance.

Stella coughed and looked up at him. "That clothing store in the mall... did you do it?"

"Phrase your question clearer." Stella pursed her lips. "The employee of that shop was fired, and the shop closed down as well..." "And so? Isn't that what you wanted?" he said nonchalantly as if it didn't matter to him one bit.

Stella suddenly looked up at him. "I didn't even specify which shop it is. How do you know which I was referring to?" 1

Weston held her hand and used a napkin to wipe her fingers. After her fingers were all clean, he flung the napkin aside and said, "Since you were bullied in the first place, what's wrong with me bullying them back?"

It was him, indeed.

Stella let him wipe his hand and hold her wrist. His slightly calloused thumb rubbed back and forth on the back of her palm.

"I thought you wouldn't bother yourself with such trivial matters..." she said quietly.

"As long as it makes you happy," Weston chimed as he lifted her chin to make her look into his eyes. "Tell me, are you happy?" "I'm not." Stella looked back into his eyes and said slowly.

She went on cautiously, "It was clearly Guinevere who created trouble. You promised that you would never let her make things difficult for me. Are you breaking your promise now?"

Her crystal clear eyes held no trace of other emotions.

Weston looked deeply at her as if he could see through her completely. "Do you know what you look like right now?"

He answered his own question, "You look like you're

jealous."

Stella kept herself calm, defiantly arguing back. "Do you know what you look like right now?"

"Like what?"

"Like you're guilty."

Weston found her comment hilarious. "Hah! Guilty?"

"Yes. You promised that you wouldn't let Guinevere do anything to me, yet she provoked me multiple times. Aside from dealing with some unimportant people, you've never actually dealt with her harshly," Stella explained, going straight to the point.

"You want me to deal with her harshly?"

"I just think that it's wrong to promise something that you can't fulfill."

Chapter 650

Weston's eyes turned dark. "Where did you learn this from? Negotiation and keeping scores." "I've already suffered in your hands once, and I needed to learn how to protect myself." Stella suddenly leaned closer and positioned her chin in his palm. She looked innocently at him. "Didn't you say that you like me?"

She turned her face up at him, shooting him a look that looked dangerously like the look she gave him last night.

She was completely at his mercy, with tears falling down her cheeks, either from ecstasy or unfulfilled desires. Weston pinched her chin and bit the corner of her lip.

Only after she yelped in pain did he finally let go.

"As you wish," he said.

At Fern University.

Stella saw Roger holding a book in his hand and sprinting towards her. She immediately strode to him with brisk steps. "Slow down! Why don't you have an umbrella with

you?"

Roger rushed under the shelter of her umbrella, placing one arm over her shoulders and the other taking over the umbrella from her.

Both of them walked in the rain towards the entrance of the school.

“I saw that it was just a short walk and didn’t want to keep you waiting.”

Stella looked at him helplessly, “Don’t be like this next time. You haven’t fully recovered, don’t expose yourself to the rain.”

“All right, I got it,” Roger had her nag about this for the umpteenth time.

Stella glared at him, which made him say solemnly, “I really got it. I won’t do it again.”

Stella heaved a sigh of relief.

He was too young and energetic, often neglecting his own health. He seldom took her words seriously and would only pay more attention whenever she pretended to be angry.

“Why did you come alone today? Where is Riley?” Stella asked.

Roger rubbed his nose and said, clearly uncomfortable with the shift in topic. “Why are you asking about her? She’s not your sister.”

Stella glared at her. “Can’t you treat her better?”

“Why must I? She’s not my sister.”

“But she likes you. Can’t you tell?”

“So what? Must I like her back just because she likes me?”

“Roger Sealey!” Stella raised her voice.

Roger immediately piped down. “All right, all right. Let’s stop talking about her.” The two walked out of the school entrance and hailed a cab.

When Roger heard the destination Stella had in mind, he asked, “Stella, did you strike it rich? Why are we going to such an expensive place?”

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 649

Chapter 649

Stella woke up even later than before.

Her whole body ached as though her limbs no longer belonged to her. Her knees felt weak, and she almost collapsed on the carpet when she got up. As usual, Weston woke up earlier than her, and he was already seated at the dining table when she came downstairs.

Joan had prepared breakfast and was walking out of the kitchen when she saw Stella. "Ms. Steele," she greeted. "Awake already?" Weston put down the book in his hand and glanced in her direction. "Have some breakfast." Stella nodded and walked toward him, her footsteps heavy.

She sat down and glanced at his book resting on the table. She asked with curiosity, "What book is that you're reading?"

She also saw him reading this book last night, but its cover was in a language she did not recognize. Weston said coolly, "A French book. Eat something first." He caressed her head and put the book away. Stella retracted her gaze and sipped at her milk.

It was warmed to a perfect degree and slid down her throat with relative ease. The sensation gave her momentary reprieve from her fatigue, but her voice was still hoarse.

She cleared her throat as a large hand reached over to brush away the crumbs at the corner of her mouth.

"You're as messy as a child."

Stella lowered her head and grabbed a napkin to wipe her mouth.

Weston retracted his hand and lowered his gaze at her, "I'll be going to work in half an hour. You better say whatever you want to say now, or you'll have to hold it in for the rest of the day."

He had always been able to see through her in one glance.

Stella coughed and looked up at him. "That clothing store in the mall... did you do it?"

"Phrase your question clearer." Stella pursed her lips. "The employee of that shop was fired, and the shop closed down as well..." "And so? Isn't that what you wanted?" he said nonchalantly as if it didn't matter to him one bit.

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Both of them walked in the rain towards the entrance of the school.

“I saw that it was just a short walk and didn’t want to keep you waiting.”

Stella looked at him helplessly, “Don’t be like this next time. You haven’t fully recovered, don’t expose yourself to the rain.”

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Stella glared at him, which made him say solemnly, “I really got it. I won’t do it again.”

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Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 650

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