

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 761

### Chapter 761

She put her luggage down and looked around. Fortunately, she did not have anything valuable with her. She sorted out her belongings a little and sighed as she saw the kettle. She decided to go outside to buy some mineral water for herself.

When she passed by the front desk, the hotel owner was lying on the chair while playing with her cell phone. She burst into laughter now and then.

Stella glanced at her once and quickly looked away. There was a supermarket across the street, but the environment around Midtown didn't look too safe.

Stella came out from the store after buying some mineral water and vaguely saw a familiar car speeding by. She paused and pretended not to see it. Then, she walked in another direction.

Ben sat inside the car and saw Stella emerging from the hotel earlier. He was a little worried and urged Weston, "Mr. Ford, this is not a safe place, and the environment is appalling. Should we go and pick Ms. Steele up?"

Weston rubbed his brow and looked at Stella walking away determinedly. He said in a low voice, "She's the one who wants to go to such places. Leave her be."

He figured it was probably better to let her suffer a little bit. She would know when to come back once she had suffered enough.

After that, the car drove away. Stella was relieved and did not want to go back to that place. She slowed down and walked on the street leisurely, thinking about what to do next. Then, she heard an old lady's cry for help coming from a distance.

"Help! Help!"

She frowned and walked over to the voice. "What happened?"

She saw a gray-haired old lady dressed in thin clothes in an alley, lying in a corner next to a garbage can with an overwhelming stench and messy hair. There was some blood stain on her face too. She was helpless and asking for help.

When she saw her, she choked out a sob. "Nice young lady, help me. I fell, and I can't stand up..."

Stella did not think much and hurried forward. "Where's your family? I'll contact them for you."

“Thank you. Thank you, young lady...”

When Stella bent down to help the old lady, someone suddenly struck her from behind. A hard pain hit her.

Stella realized something was wrong. Before she could

shout for help, she had lost her strength and gone weak uncontrollably.

She tried to open her eyes and struggled to see who had hit her. However, her eyelids grew heavy. Finally, her world went black, and she passed out.

A few gangsters in the quiet alley carried a woman into a van and quickly left. The car was going in a different direction from the luxury Cullinan . They were like two points of light destined to go in opposite directions and never intersect.

Stella did not know how long she had blacked out for. All she saw was nothing but darkness. There was still a dull pain in the back of her head. She was unsure if the impact had damaged her nerves. The sound of ringing would not stop in her head.

The surrounding movement sounded far at times and near at times; it would be silent in a second and chaotic in the next. She shook her head and tried to clear up her mind slightly. She remained in the same posture as when she fainted and barely had any strength. After a little while, she opened her eyes.

She looked down and found herself restrained to a rocking chair. Her limbs were tied to the chair, so she could not move.

When she moved just a little, the rocking chair started

moving at once. When it shook, it made a creaking sound.

The room was already small and dim. Any slightest movement or noise was easily amplified and reverberated in the room.

It seemed that the kidnapper had deliberately kept her tied up so that when she woke up, they would know immediately.

## **Chapter 762**

Stella took a deep breath. Her heart was beating quickly.

She recalled the brief moment before she was knocked unconscious and realized that the old lady was fishy. She was unsure if this was a targeted crime by a criminal gang or an act of revenge. She calmed down and forced herself to analyze her situation.

She only knew a few who had a grudge against her. Only those few would seek revenge from her.

There were Xavier and Guinevere. Who else? There was Joyce too.

However, the only ones who could kidnap her were Guinevere and Xavier.

If it was a criminal act, the gang would be only after her for profit. They would probably sell her somewhere for a good price or her organs.

Stella immediately thought of the social news she had read before. Cold sweat ran down her back. Either way, it would be hard for her to escape. She gritted her teeth and forced herself to calm down. Then, she looked around for something to cut the rope on her hands with

However, the room had been cleared out. There was

nothing around except for some broken tables or chairs.

A wave of despair struck Stella and engulfed her. Cold sweat kept trickling down her forehead. Suddenly, she remembered her last kidnapping. Guinevere had used the kidnapers and forced Weston to choose between the two of them. He gave her up after her traumatizing experience.

This moment reminded her of her trauma. She felt her nightmares coming back to her and fell into a trance. It was like the same nightmare all over again.

While she was dazed, someone suddenly kicked the door open. Two burly men came in.

"I heard some noise earlier! The girl must be awake!"

"Why would she wake up so easily? I was thinking of taking a couple of sips..."

"Why are you always thinking about drinking? Once we complete this job, you can drink all you want! Don't delay any longer. Let's finish the task first."

The two men's accents sounded familiar to Stella. When Guinevere had kidnapped her the last time, the kidnapers had spoken in the same accent. Stella trembled and slowly clenched her fists. She dug her nails deep into her flesh as a reminder to stay alert.

"Boss! She's quite pretty."

One of the men stopped in his tracks and looked at her with a lingering gaze and greedy eyes. People in the lower society would do anything to make a living. They were thirsty

for money and women. Whenever they met some beautiful woman, they would lose their minds and think of nothing else but their bestial urge.

They were just like the previous kidnappers . Her death was not the only thing they wanted. They even wanted to taint and humiliate her before she died.

The other men still had some sense and scolded him.” You could do it if this was not an urgent job and special case. She’s different! Haven’t you heard the instruction from the top? We’re sending her over and selling her at the lair! You can enjoy this short moment of bliss, but you’d leave a heavy smell on her. Do you still want the money?”

“Right... But it’s such a pity. She’s not just pretty. I heard she’s highly educated too. She can dance and play the piano... I haven’t met such a good one in a long while! If it weren’t for the time constraints, I really want to get a quick shot...”

“Stop being an idiot! Finish this job first, and we’ll be handsomely paid! You can hire a girl to act as an intelligent woman and play with you then!”

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## Chapter 763

“Acting is different from the real thing. Besides, how could a hired prostitute compare to a free meal?” “Okay, okay. Let’s stop here. You’re making me excited too! Let’s get down to business.”

Stella held her breath and listened to their vulgar conversation. Indeed, someone was targeting her. It seemed like they were going to sell her into a place where she would have to...

She did not know Xavier very well, but she had spent some time with him because of Weston. A man like him would not use such a dirty trick.

Who else but Guinevere would treat her like this?

When the two men came forward to carry her, she suddenly said, “I know you’re after money. Whatever your boss is giving you now, I can give you double!” The men stopped at once. “She’s really awake?”

The other chuckled. “How much can you pay us? We’re getting two million dollars from this!”

Then, he moved his glance up and down and observed Stella. “I can’t believe you’re worth so much...” “We can’t make so much money on a usual day!”

“And that’s just the fee for selling you. There’s no telling how much you’ll fetch! Two million could only be a drop in the bucket!”

Stella took a deep breath and paled. Money might not be everything in this world, but for those who were desperate for it, a mere two million dollars could buy dignity, and even life.

Stella acted calm and continued to negotiate with them. “Did she offer you only two million? If you let me go, I’ll give you five million.”

The burly man gave her a few glances. “Where would you get five million from? If you’re so rich, why would you be living in that filthy place?”

“I have the money!” Stella hurriedly explained, “I’ll have someone send it to you. Let me contact him...”

The man barked in laughter. “I know who you want to contact. Your man, right? Didn’t he kick you out already? You’re broke and living in such a shabby place. He must be over and done with you!” The other man echoed, “We’ve seen this a lot. They have all the money and women they want. An unwanted woman like you won’t matter!”

Stella clenched her fists. It seemed like Guinevere had warned them and given them a heads up. This trick would not work.

She could only warn them, "You know he's powerful too. Don't you think he'd be angry to know that you sold his woman to such a place?" "So what? He can just spend more money and play with more innocent girls!"

The other man kicked something to the side and spat in disdain, "Besides, it's not like he hasn't played with you before. Soon, other men will play with you so much that you'll be tainted and dirty! Will he still want you then? I'm sure he wouldn't even look at you!"

'So that's what Guinevere had in mind...' Stella suddenly figured out Guinevere's plan. This time, she did not just want to kill her. She wanted to push her to the edge and let her suffer in a living hell.

She still wanted to say something, but the two men ignored her. They came forward and stuffed a rag in her mouth. "Alright. Cut the crap! We need to hurry up and send you over. We shouldn't let the customer wait!"

Ahn City. The black Cullinan was driving steadily on the highway. When the car had gotten two blocks away, Weston suddenly put down the tablet in his hand. He massaged his brow and said in a deep voice, "Turn the car around."

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 764**

### **Chapter 764**

Ben was startled and did not react in time. "Turn the car around? Toward where?"

Weston looked up and shot him an impatient glare.

Ben understood his message at once. "Are we going to pick Ms. Steele up? Alright! I'll turn the car around now!"

Ben did not know what he was excited about, but he was proud to have predicted that this would happen. He had known Weston could not bear to see Stella staying in such a place.

Two men in suits strode into the small hotel in Midtown. The hotel owner was still busy on her phone when they came in. She was a little stunned to see them.

"You guys... are looking for a room?"

Ben had come into the small hotel with another bodyguard. They were here to bring Stella back.

Ben knew Weston's temper well. A stubborn man like him would never come in person.

Ben cut to the chase and said, "A beautiful woman came to stay earlier. Which room is she in?"

"That's our guests' privacy. We can't."

Before she could finish her sentence, Ben dropped a stack of cash in front of her.

"Hurry up while I'm still willing to talk to you."

"Alright, sure!" The lady broke into a bright smile and gave him the room number at once.

Meanwhile, Weston was waiting in the car outside the hotel. Not long after, Ben came running out in a hurry. He looked like he was panicking. Ben informed Weston, "Mr. Ford, Ms. Steele isn't in her room..."

Weston frowned and looked at Ben. His face gradually turned cold.

"What do you mean?" he asked coldly. Ben would not have come to him with this look if Stella was only away from the room. There must be bad news.

Ben wiped his sweat and explained, "The lady in the hotel said Ms. Steele went out to buy water. I had someone go to the nearby supermarket to look for her. They said she did buy the water but had left a long time ago. She never returned to the hotel..."

"We've checked the nearby surveillance. She has not been anywhere else except the supermarket to buy water."

Weston's expression turned very ugly. "Keep looking," he ordered. Then, he pushed open the car door and got

out. "I'll go and check at the hotel."

"Alright, Mr. Ford."

Ben led the way. The lady earlier was still shocked by their sudden interruption. She went to Stella's room to see what was wrong. When she heard a noise downstairs, she hurriedly rushed out.

"What's wrong? What's going on..." She saw a handsome man walking in. He had a strong and tall stature and looked powerful in his smart-looking suit. She was a little shocked.



“Y-You guys...”

Ben came out from behind Weston. “We’re just here to look for someone. If you don’t want trouble, tell us what you know.”

“Okay, okay...”

Meanwhile, Weston went to Stella’s room. He looked at her things in the room with a solemn expression.

She did not pack much. It was mostly her toiletries. She really did not take anything he had bought for her. Her charger and necessities were still in the bag. That meant she was not going elsewhere. She might have gotten into trouble.

As he thought of that, his face turned grim. The air around him dropped to a freezing temperature.

The men around him dared not make a sound.

Weston looked like he was about to kill someone. “Find her,” he ordered in a cold and serious tone. “If you can’t find her, get lost!”

Stella was taken to a car with her eyes blindfolded and her mouth gagged.

## **Chapter 765**

Stella could not see where she was going. She knew they were transporting her elsewhere from the bumpy ride in the car. The car finally stopped after some time.

Stella could not see or speak. However, she could hear the sound in her ears and some noisy music in the background.

She was sensitive to music and could vaguely guess she was outside a bar. Unfortunately, she had no chance to escape with the two burly men guarding her side.

She did not have anything that could be used as a weapon. She had only managed to hide a razor blade that she had found when they took her to the car earlier,

She could cut the rope, but that would be too much trouble. Anyway, she would have no way to fight against them.

They never removed the black cloth over her eyes and just kept her blindfolded. The people next to her dragged her forward by the arm. She could not speak and stumbled a little.

The men were getting a little impatient. One of them hissed, “You’re too slow!”

Then, he picked her up and carried her inside.

The men thought she had no vision, but the black cloth was not that thick. When the light was brighter, she could see a little. However, she could only make out blurred shadows. She could not see the bar's sign.

They were walking in a long hallway as the noise and music outside were getting further away.

She reckoned they were taking her to a quiet or private place. It might be a secret trading place. Finally, they came to the door of a room and stopped.

When the door opened, they threw her in.

Thud! She fell directly to the ground.

Stella frowned and cried out in pain, but she could not make a sound with the mouth gag.

She hit the ground so hard that the pain was unbearable.

She had yet to recover from the fall when there was a sudden sound of leather shoes walking in front of her. It came from far away and gradually stopped in front of her. She felt a man standing in front of her and crouching down. Stella had a bad feeling. As expected, the man removed her blindfold. When she opened her eyes, she saw a fat and disgusting man staring at her with greedy eyes. The fat man narrowed his eyes and examined her as if she was an item for sale. He just kept checking her out.

"Not bad, not bad at all..." He tipped her chin and twisted her face left and right to examine her.

"She's good-looking. She's pretty! I like it!" he said and suddenly touched her chin to feel her skin.

Then, the enthusiasm in his eyes grew. "I really like her soft skin. It's so smooth! Good! It's been a long time since I've seen such soft skin."

The fat men thought only teenagers would have such good skin. Unfortunately for him, it was way too risky to get his hands on teenage girls. Things would be difficult if someone caught him red-handed.

Teenagers were young, but they were not well developed yet. It was not fun to play with them.

He clicked his tongue twice and asked, "She's in her twenties, right?"

“Early twenties,” said a man in the back. The middle-aged man was extremely satisfied with his purchase. He looked like he wanted to strip her naked at once.

He picked her up again and looked at the curves on her body. He kept nodding and said, “That’s several million dollars well spent...”

Stella was disgusted and panicking at the same time. However, she was a little confused when she heard him

say several million.

He might have bought her with several million, but the two men who had kidnapped her had also made several million. That meant, if she was sold... it would not be a one-time deal. Perhaps, the buyer might change hands and sell her off again.

A chill rose from her spine. She kept telling herself to calm down, but she could not help but shiver in fear.

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The way she trembled in silence made the buyer even more excited.

"Look at this little beauty's terrified look... Don't be afraid! I'll give you lots of love!"

As he said that, his eyes suddenly glowed in excitement." She's so young. Could she still be a virgin? That'd be a nice surprise!"

At the same time, outside the bar.

Guinevere sat in a Maserati and looked at the entrance.

The two burly men walked out and glanced around.

Guinevere would never make a deal with them in person, so she had sent someone down.

"Don't worry! It's all done! They're inside already!"

One of the burly men patted his chest and said, "You can rest assured! We've done the job well. We've worked together before. You should know us well!"

The other man smiled. "Didn't we help you take care of the woman before too? Don't worry. We'll clean up everything! We won't leave any trace of evidence!"

"Wait..." Guinevere suddenly clicked on the walkie talkie

and told the man she sent to ask them, "Have you taken Ella's Indecent photos and videos?"

"That's not to worry. We've sold the woman there, Someone will take plenty of photos and videos of her soon! We'll just pay someone and get the footage later."

Guinevere curled her smile in pleasure.

These were her men and her family's forces. Every family had some dark secrets, and they were no exception. She had used her family's power to deal with Stella the last time. This time, she did the same. However, she wanted Stella's life last time and had made the whole incident too big. This time, she was much more cautious and decided not to take Ella's life.

In her eyes, Ella was just a plaything. She was not as much of a threat to her as Stella had been. Therefore, she had her sold to a place like this, making her fate worse than Belle's.

After she was tainted, would she be able to stay by Weston's side without shame? By then, many men outside would have played and slept with her!

Weston would not want her anymore. He might still have feelings for her, but she would have Ella's indecent photos and videos in her hand. After seeing those, Weston would no longer be interested in her.

After all, were there any men who would like a woman

who had been tainted by another man?

Guinevere's face became distorted in her evilness. She was no longer the proud and elegant woman she once was. How many people could hold themselves back from a man like Weston?

There were plenty of women out there who wanted him. She was one of the very few who were eligible and worthy of him. Besides, they had a child together.

With Zachary around, he would never be able to deny her status. How could she give up on such a great opportunity? How could she give up on him?

She was just one step away from having him. She could have had him entirely.

She would do anything to have Weston. Before this, it was Stella. Then, Ella came. Both of them had all his attention. How could they?

She could not even get to spend one passionate night with Weston.

It was not fair. Guinevere believed she was better than them, but why? She had done anything she could to get Weston to look at her, but he never had her in his eyes.

Meanwhile, among the two women she hated, one was long dead, and the other was the dead woman's replacement. They did not have to do anything to win his love.

She was so much better than all those women. How could Weston not see her? She must get rid of those women with her own hands. She would get rid of them, one by one, until all of them were gone-until Weston finally had her in his eyes.

Although concealed in the darkness of the night, her expression turned gloomier than the night. A dark malicious light flashed in her eyes and returned to the abyss.

"I will make Ella's life a living hell!"

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### **Chapter 767**

Guinevere gave her orders.

At the same time, in Ahn City. Weston's face seemed clouded with darkness. Ben took his cell phone and walked over to him in silence.

Weston had an intimidating aura around him. No one dared to approach him. He was like a death reaper.

Even so, Ben still bit the bullet and went forward. "Mr. Ford, we've gotten some news..."

Weston looked up and gave him a fierce glance, making Ben shudder.

Ben hesitated for a moment before he bowed his head and said, "But this has something to do with Ms. Cohen too..."

Ben sounded a little troubled. The Ford and Cohen families were closely linked and had a lot at stake. He had been helping Weston to deal with the matters relating to the two families' cooperation. After the marriage cancellation happened not long ago, the two family's business partnership was at the highest tension point.

"If Ms. Cohen is the one behind this, we might not be able to confront her directly. Otherwise, the previous deal may be delayed—"

Before he could finish, Weston interrupted him coldly, "Don't show her any mercy."

Ben was startled. "But we can solve this under the table

“No. Let’s go now,” Weston cut him off and got up to leave.

Ben looked at his back and said, “Yes, Mr. Ford...”

It seemed that Guinevere had really angered Weston. She kept playing all the tricks behind their back. Usually, a little warning was enough, but this time, she had targeted Stella and hurt her.

Ben figured Weston probably would not let her get away with this.

Meanwhile, Guinevere was outside the bar. She took a look at the time and prepared to leave. Weston probably hadn’t gotten the news yet. Ella would be played and tainted by plenty of men by the time he realized it. A smile appeared on her face at the thought of that.

A blinding light flashed across the road as she drove out of the parking lot and passed an intersection. She squinted her eyes and saw a black Cullinan coming straight at her.

“Ah!” She screamed in fear and hurriedly hit the brakes.

She accidentally hit the button to turn on the windshield wipers.

The wipers moved back and forth, but the blinding light never ceased. It was still coming at her.

Guinevere’s eyes widened in terror. She honked her horn, slammed the brakes, and swerved to avoid it.

‘What’s going on? Is the other driver crazy? Are they planning to die with me?!’

She finally saw the Cullinan’s owner after the high beams went off. She had seen this limited edition car in a magazine before. There were only three of these worldwide. One of them belonged to Weston.

She had researched the cars in Weston’s garage and knew every one of the limited edition cars he had, so she recognized it quickly. A cold sweat covered her back when she recognized his car. She dared not think about Weston’s reason for appearing here this time. For the first time in her life, she wanted to escape from Weston. She quickly turned around and drove the other way.

‘It’s just a coincidence... she told herself. ‘It’s just a coincidence...

She wanted to drive away, but the Cullinan quickly reversed and turned in her direction. The car was coming for her. The car came rushing straight in her direction.

Bang! There was a loud noise.



After the loud bang, she lost control of the car and crashed into a guardrail on the side of the road. The front of the car was dented from the crash.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 768**

### **Chapter 768**

Guinevere's head was spinning from the activated airbag.

She was dizzy for a long while and did not recover.

She was still holding on to the steering wheel in her hand. She closed her eyes, feeling dizzy. The front hood of the red car was crushed and distorted in shape. A large part of it was dented.

She looked up and saw Weston's Cullinan parked next to her car.

Guinevere's hands were shaking. She gripped the steering wheel and tried to step on the accelerator to get the car out. She was still holding on to her delusions. She thought Weston did not mean it. Maybe it was just an accident.

Even so, she did not dare to leave the car and ask him. She was in denial and wanted to escape. However, Weston's action in the next moment completely shattered her hope.

The black luxury car suddenly reversed in her direction before she could react. It rushed toward her again, and a loud bang sounded.

The car had crashed into her car again.

Guinevere screamed out loud. "Ah!" It was a moment of sheer panic.

"Stop! Stop!"

Weston was oblivious to her screams. From this distance, she could see his cold face. The murderous aura on his grim face was evident. He seemed like he wanted to kill her.

Weston slammed on the accelerator again. He reversed a little, then crashed into her car again.

It seemed like crashing onto her car once was not enough to vent his anger. He seemed like he intended to wreck her car and die with her. He kept crashing onto her car over and over again in madness.

It went on and on without stopping.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The loud noise made Guinevere unable to think. The fear of death overwhelmed her as the car shook violently. Her vision was blurred. She could not stand it anymore and shouted, "Stop it!

"Weston...!"

She did not know how long it had been before Weston calmed down a little.

Guinevere's hands trembled as she saw the Cullinan finally stop. When the car door opened, his long legs in suit trousers were the first thing she saw. Weston was still wearing his same imposing look. He walked toward

her step by step. Weston closed the car door with a loud bang. His eyes were like ice. The savage aura around him made him look like a messenger from hell.

He did not speak and set his jaw into a hard line. He looked like he was here to murder someone when his handsome face was devoid of emotion.

Guinevere's heart trembled violently. She knew, deep in her heart, that he was here for Ella. She was still afraid to face the truth and was a little scared.

Her thoughts were in a mess. She did not know what to do. At the same time, Weston was already standing in front of her car.

"Get out." It was two concise words that contained a murderous aura and coldness. He refused to waste time with her.

Guinevere stiffened. Her hands kept trembling as she opened the door with a shudder.

The next moment, Weston grabbed her wrist, dragged her out, and slammed her to the ground.

Guinevere was wearing high heels and did not expect Weston to find her so quickly. She could not steady herself and fell to the ground. "Ah!" She sprained her ankle and felt a sharp pain. The pain in her ankle almost brought her to tears.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 769**

### **Chapter 769**

"It hurts..." Her eyes went red as she looked down at the cold ground.

“Weston...” She was on her knees, but her pitiful appearance did not rouse any sympathy in Weston. Instead, he was disgusted by her. He walked to her and lifted her chin with the tip of his leather shoe. He looked down into her eyes. “I’ll ask you only once: Where’s Ella?” He cut to the chase without wasting any time. His voice was so cold that it could kill. Guinevere froze a little at Ella’s name. Her eyes turned redder as she slowly clenched her hands into fists. She said through her gritted teeth, “I don’t know what you’re talking about... I’m not in contact with her. How would I know where she’s gone”

Before she could finish her sentence, Weston cut her off in a deep voice.

“Guinevere, don’t test my limit.” A hint of sinister glint flashed across his cold eyes. “I don’t hit women, but...” He squatted down in front of her. “I have other means.”

At the same time, in a room at the underground bar. There was nothing but dead silence in the room.

Stella looked at the man who had fainted in front of her and cringed away from him. She stared at the ashtray in her hand and was still a little stunned. The blood dripped from the ashtray onto the floor, emitting a sickening smell.

When the man came to pull her clothes, she had picked up an ashtray and smashed it on his head, knocking him out. The man’s blood was also full of that disgusting smell

– it was greasy and sickening.

There were no lights turned on in the room, so it was dark.

Stella squinted her eyes to adjust to the dim light. She saw the man lying on the floor and twitching a little.

Stella withdrew her gaze. She did not breathe a sigh of relief yet and hurriedly took out the small blade from her pocket while fumbling to turn on the light. Then, she realized that the room was no ordinary room.

She saw whips, candles, and some strangely-shaped things around. Her face gradually turned pale. She could not imagine what was in store for her.

Stella’s first reaction was to take out her phone and call for help, but the kidnapers from earlier had thrown her phone away. If she wanted to contact the outside world, her only option was...

Wait! A phone.

Stella’s eyes suddenly lit up with a flash of hope. She held her breath, moved to the man, and kneeled gingerly.

She searched around his body with trembling fingers. She had only one thought in mind, which was to call the police. She needed to get a cell phone and contact the outside world.

She tried to calm herself down and kept searching around his pockets with her trembling fingers. When she finally found a cell phone, the man lying on the ground suddenly opened his eyes.

“Pretty girl, what are you looking for?” He spoke with a disgusting tone. “Are you done playing? Do you think you can knock me out with your weak strength?” Stella’s eyes widened in fear. She reflexively withdrew her hand and turned to run away. However, she was too slow. The man pounced on her, pressing her shoulder down on the ground.

He looked her up and down with his greedy eyes and smile. “How did you know I liked role-playing? What did we just play? The little sheep and the big bad wolf? Now that the big bad wolf is awake, what will you do next?”

As he spoke, he reached out and pulled her clothes.

“Let go of me!” Stella struggled hard and tried to slash his neck with the knife. However, there was a significant difference in strength between a man and a woman. She

was not strong enough to fight back at all. She raised her knee to kick him, but he restrained her easily.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 770**

### **Chapter 770**

There was a stark difference between them in physical strength and figure. Stella could not shake him in the slightest. His disgusting breath that came near engulfed her.

Stella closed her eyes in pain. A tear dropped from the corner of her eye as she trembled. Humiliation, despair, and hatred had all mixed together and stirred up into a complicated emotion in her.

So disgusting... So disgusting... So disgusting...’ Stella thought in her mind. Then, a loud bang sounded. Someone had suddenly kicked open the door from outside.

A harsh light suddenly filled the space, illuminating the rising dust all around. A tall figure appeared at the end of the light.

The room door was broken and kicked down on the floor. There were still specks of light in the air as the man’s face became clear in the haze of dust.

Stella was in a trance. When she saw the familiar face emerge in the light, she felt like she was still dreaming.

Weston stood there with his back to the light in the dim

and shadowy place. The aura around him was murderous and forbearing. She could sense a vague hostility from him.

The moment he rushed in, it was as if time had frozen.

Stella did not blink and kept staring at him. She almost forgot to move her eyes. After a short moment, she finally felt her dry eyes and a surge of tears that streamed down her cheek. Little by little, her tears ran down her chin and into her collarbone.

She cried.

She cried silently and did not dare to make a sound. She kept biting her lower lips and swallowed all her sobs.

The perpetrator, who was still on top of her, froze for a moment. He stared blankly at the fierce Weston, who had a murderous aura around him, standing at the door.

Weston had a delicate and handsome face, but his eyes were icy and cold. It was as if he was a reaper that had come from hell. Weston's hostility had shocked him so much that he had forgotten how to react. He stared at Weston blankly as the latter walked toward him.

The man on top of Stella did not move. He seemed too stunned to move. His fat hand was still on Stella's waist. He looked like he was about to pull her pants down. The perpetrator's frozen posture caught Weston's

attention and made him furious. Emotions deeper than fury and a desire to kill permeated Weston's red eyes.

Every step he took was like walking on a sharp blade.

The perpetrator became nervous and did not dare to breathe. At last, Weston stopped in front of him.

The perpetrator finally returned to his senses and slowly said, "W-Who are... Argh!"

A staggering scream came from the room. It was so loud that it could penetrate the walls. The people outside could hear the wailing inside. Stella stiffened and closed her eyes for good.

As the fat man collapsed, the force on top of her body was finally gone. She hurriedly stood up and hid in the corner. She cowered and curled up into a ball.

The fat man let out a loud howl in pain that resonated across the room.

The incessant sound of punches landing on the fat man continued.

From the shadows on the wall, Stella could tell how hard Weston was punching him. He kept punching him continuously without stopping.

Stella hugged herself tighter. She bit her lower lips and tried to ignore the scene next to her. The fat man's painful howls eventually faded to a

breathless wail. He begged for mercy weakly, but Weston never stopped. He kept punching him while glaring at him. It was as if he wanted to kill him.