

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 865

Weston swept a glance at her, and the anger he had managed to suppress rose again.

At Little Puppy's desperate actions, Weston grabbed his wrist hard and tossed him to the side.

And so he was thrown to the side like a helpless little chick as if he weighed nothing. It didn't take much to fling him away.

Thud.

Before Little Puppy could react, he felt his head spinning as he was lifted off the ground and thrown onto the coffee table.

Searing pain tore through his entire back. He gasped, then lost his senses for a good while...

This man had a terrifying amount of strength, bringing credence to the fact that he had an excellent physique.

Damn. If he was coming to compete for business, how were they even going to survive?

Little Puppy was so upset that his eyes turned red.

"You hit me? How could you!"

He began to act pitifully.

That was his style, anyway.

The lady guests, all older than him, had their maternal instincts fired, unable to bear seeing him cry. It was why many of the

handsome men here were obedient and well-behaved.

"Sis, I am in so much pain... This man is rough. If he can hit me now, I'm afraid he might vent his anger on you when he is not happy."

Little Puppy began to argue on his own behalf as best he could.

Although this man bettered him physically, he had an awful temper, which meant his service would certainly pale in comparison.

Stella felt a headache coming on. "He's not..."

Before she could say anything, Weston, who was beside her, interrupted coldly.

"What did you call her?"

Little Puppy shuddered and quickly hid behind Stella. "Sis, he is so mean... If it were me, I would never be this mean. I'll be worried that I might scare you off..."

Stella felt helpless.

Was this how a two-faced man behaved?

The commotion soon drew Yvonne's and Angelina's attention.

When the two saw Weston, they were shocked beyond words.

"Why is he here?"

Angelina hurriedly pushed away the man beside her and stood up.

She had a natural fear of Weston.

No matter where this man went, he had an overbearing aura that would depress anyone.

Yvonne, on the other hand, wasn't shocked because of that.

She looked behind Weston for a few moments automatically. Seeing that he was the only man coming over, she let out a sigh of relief, worried that Lucas would find out.

However, when she realized what she was thinking, she suddenly straightened her back again. So what if he knew?

She had, in fact, been provoking him on purpose. Once he went to work, he would ignore her for days.

Although she clearly saw him communicating with others, he never returned her messages.

Undoubtedly, Yvonne was very dissatisfied with this.

She was originally a young lady who had grown up pampered with the blessings of many.

For so many years, she had always chased Lucas, but he never treated her with respect.

Lucas was a man who was nice to everyone..

But when it came to her, he had always treated her according to how he wished.

Yvonne had seen his gentle side, as well as his nasty, out-of control side.

He always did as he pleased.

The last time he said he was working overtime at the hospital, he ended up meeting with a female patient in private. Yvonne was so angry that she went back to her mother's house, but it did not take long before he took her back home.

She suddenly felt that when she was with Lucas, she seemed to be in a pit at all times, helplessly under his control.

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Although he said he doted on her, he was cold to her one time too many

In fact, he reserved his coldest side for her.

When he was happy, he would coax her like a baby, but when he was not, he would chuck her aside like she was nothing.

This upset her very much.

She was relieved

to see that Lucas wasn't the one who came, but on second thought, it angered her a little.

How was he so indifferent and unconcerned when even Weston knew to come and look for Stella?

"What should we do now?" Angelina asked her in a low voice.

Yvonne shook her head to clear her mind.

She walked to Weston. "You are not married yet. Is it necessary to be so strict?"

Weston immediately shot her a cold glance.

He knew that apart from Yvonne, no one around Stella would do something so outrageous.

"Come with me." He stopped looking at her and said to Stella.

Yvonne knitted her brows. "We just came over and have not played for long..."

Noticing that a fight was about to explode between them, Stella quickly smoothed things over.

"It's getting late. I'll head home..."

Hearing this, Little Puppy got up from the coffee table immediately. "Sis, are you leaving?"

He looked

very aggrieved. "He just came, but you are already taking him home... I have been with you for so long..."

Stella said. "I'm not... I'm not..."

She quickly explained.

Yvonne suddenly

understood what was going on and smiled at Little Puppy. "You don't think ..."

She pointed at Weston. "...that he is your colleague?"

"He's not?"

are

Little Puppy glared at him with hostility. The manager said we are not allowed to snatch customers. This guy said nothing and took her away. Do you think ladies automatically like you because you are tall and handsome?

Unable to hold it any further, Yvonne burst into laughter.

"Hahaha..."

"Weston, I didn't expect this to happen to you one day!"

The man's face was extremely dark, and he looked at her coldly.

Yvonne shuddered. She tried to shut up, but despite her best efforts to conceal her laughter, her shoulders kept shaking.

Her reaction confused Little Puppy. "Isn't he..."

Stella sighed. "He is not what you think. He is my... fiancé."

She showed him the diamond ring on her ring finger.

Little Puppy froze momentarily before his eyes widened in shock.

"You're really engaged?"

Now he knew why she had been acting so uncomfortably.

She was just a little restrained, he thought. After all, why would she come to such a place if she was the conservative type?

He did not expect that she was really getting married...

Thinking of this, he felt sour. "People like us are only meant for you to have fun with. When it comes to marriage, you only choose people like him..."

He then took a glance at Weston. His tone was full of resentment.

Weston pulled his collar and looked at him impatiently. "Don't compare you with me. Do you think I am a gigolo like you?" Weston snapped bluntly, not mincing a single word.

Little Puppy widened his eyes. "You are the gigolo! Your whole family all are gigolos!"

He put his hand on his chest as if he was hurt. "We are doing proper work! Why is your mind so dirty?"

Weston's face turned green at the curses, and the finger pointed at him.

"Shut up," he rebuked coldly.

He could make people shiver just by standing there with the frigid air his body exuded.

Little Puppy looked at Stella pitifully. "Sis, he shouldn't be insulting me like this. If I really am a gigolo, why would you possibly come to me when you are getting married?"

He kicked the hot potato to Stella.

Stella took a deep breath and pulled Weston's sleeve. "I will go back with you. It is just a misunderstanding. They are really doing a... proper job." Weston brushed her hand away with a sneer.

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"Hurry up. I'll be waiting for you outside."

The entire event had made him extremely impatient.

Before he left, he swept a glance at Yvonne. "I've asked my man to send the surveillance footage here to Lucas. You should start praying."

Yvonne exploded instantly. "You're crazy!"

Weston sneered and left without looking at her.

Just by looking at his back, Stella knew he was angry.

She was doomed.

She scratched her head.

Yvonne's face was as white as a sheet.

It was fine if he simply told Lucas, but to actually send Lucas the surveillance footage...

This made her extremely unsettled.

Angelina looked at Yvonne and then at Stella. All she could do was comfort them.

"You were bringing me out to see the world, and you did not do anything outrageous. Besides, I have widened my horizon, so this trip was fruitful."

Yvonne and Stella were speechless.

They could only comfort themselves this way.

Weston had given an ultimatum, so Stella could only leave first.

She took her handbag and glanced at the man in the corridor.

With his back facing her, smoke drifted from his fingertips.

He was smoking.

Stella was taken aback.

He appeared to have quit smoking for a long time.

She did not realize when it started, but he had basically stopped smoking in front of her.

It seemed like he was very angry tonight.

This made her a bit afraid to go out.

She glanced at the liquor on the table, grabbed the glass, and gulped it down.

"Wait! This is..."

Before Yvonne could react, Stella had already drunk it.

"...very strong."

Stella put the empty glass on the table in front of her. "I saw you drinking it just now."

Yvonne said helplessly, "Don't you know that my alcohol tolerance is very high?"

Stella shook her head.

She had just drunk it, but her face was already turning red.

Yvonne patted her cheeks. "It's good that Weston came to pick you up, or I would have had to find a way to get you back."

This liquor tasted sweet, but its delayed effect was very strong.

Even Lucas felt a little dizzy after drinking it for the first time, let alone Stella

She did not even look like she drank that much.

Nonetheless, Stella felt considerably sober after a shake of the head. "It's not that strong, right?"

"You will know soon. This stuff is intoxicating."

"I'll leave first, then."

Weston was waiting for her outside, so Yvonne did not think much about it.

It shouldn't be a problem for Stella to walk a short distance.

Stella said goodbye to Angeline, grabbed her bag and left.

It was a short distance from the private room to the corridor.

The wind should sober her up, but her face was getting hot.

Weston stood tall with his back facing her, a cigarette still burning between his fingers.

Hearing footsteps, he extinguished the cigarette and turned around.

"Come here."