

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches

Chapter

938

Chapter 938 Unfortunately, Stella's effort was futile. Weston's touches only made her tenser. She did not dare to relax at all. In the past, she had to take medication before she could be intimate with him. Her condition improved a little a while ago, and as long as Weston was patient enough and made her comfortable during foreplay, things would go smoothly after that. Too many things had happened today, though. It was unsurprising that Stella wasn't in the mood. "Relax." Weston coaxed her patiently. He was confident that he knew her body better than she knew it. He familiarly ran his hand to places where she would feel something until she curled her toes and flinched. "Don't clench your teeth," he uttered. Weston raised her hands and parted her pursed lips with his finger. He teased her teeth with his fingers and reached to play with her shy tongue. Stella was forced to part her mouth. A little heat escaped from her lips. Weston's eyes darkened at that look of hers. He leaned forward and kissed her. After the kiss, he propped himself up on her side and rasped, "Nervous?" She usually would have relaxed by now, but she was still tense. Stella could barely open her eyes. She said hesitantly, "I don't know. I..." She thought her condition had improved a lot. After all, during the few previous sessions... Weston had given her a good time. She no longer felt as disgusted as she did in the past when she had to grit her teeth for hours without medication. She could only enjoy the intimacy after taking the medication, but she did not quite remember her feelings after sobering up. That was why she would be tense and nervous the next day and relied on the medication to ease her tension. Stella was rarely conscious of the pleasure he gave her. In most of her memories, she could only recall the times she had to force herself to endure or the time he pushed her to her limits until she begged for mercy in tears. When he gave her pleasure, he might overdo it and give her too much. She was afraid of reaching her climax. Stella was extremely distracted and not in the mood. Weston understood her circumstances. He was more patient and gentle with her, but he soon realized something was wrong. She was completely unaroused. Weston could tell that she was trying to cooperate, but the way her eyelashes fluttered as she closed her eyes revealed her true emotions. Weston stopped teasing her. "Stella..." Weston required a ton of willpower to hold himself back. His forehead was sweaty, and his veins popped on his firm arms. "Try to accept me. Hm?" Stella simply nodded, but her body's reaction was terrible. At last, Weston propped up and looked at her steadily. He sighed and got off her. Then, he lay down next to her and took her into his arms. "I'll let you off this time." He kissed her forehead and said, "You must be tired today. Get some rest." Stella looked up at him in surprise. "But you're..." Weston tightened his hug, and she could feel his discomfort. The skin on her leg was extremely smooth and tender. She could feel the constant source of heat against her leg. Weston closed her eyes and said in a low voice, "If you stay quiet, it might calm down faster." Stella closed her mouth and quieted down. She initially thought Weston would definitely do something to her on a day like this. He would never compromise himself in his desire. During their short marriage, she only felt they were a real couple during her intimacy with Weston. Weston rarely spent the night at home. Occasionally, he would come back for a meal with her, but their frequency in bed had never changed. Perhaps it was just an essential need of an adult man. Stella did not think too much

of it back then. But, looking back now, it seemed Weston had a greater desire than the average man. He always looked like he had to keep his urges under control. However, in reality, he kept losing control whenever he pinned her down. He recently learned to pay attention to her feelings and tried to please her, but in the end, he would still do whatever he wanted. Besides, she had made him furious today. She thought he would at least punish her, but he did nothing. When Stella woke up the next morning, Weston was already standing beside the bed and buttoning his shirt elegantly. Weston saw that Stella was awake, so he leaned over and pressed a kiss on her forehead. "Go wash up," he urged. "Okay." Stella smelled the aftershave on him and sobered up a little. After breakfast at the hotel, Weston took her to the car and headed straight to the hospital. Stella looked out the window, feeling puzzled. "Where are we going? Aren't you going to work?" Weston held his tablet in hand and looked at the quarterly report. He said, "We're meeting Zeta." Convert made her tenser.could be intimate with him. 1 T Her condition improved a little a while ago,