

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1185-1186

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1185

Chapter 1185 Stella had a unique sense of charm in the light. Stella's beauty was immense, so breathtaking that nobody could take their eyes off of her.

She had a kind of charm that completely bewitched him. He was staring so hard at her that he almost forgot to reply.

When the guy next to him nudged him in the arm, he finally came back to his senses. "I'm so sorry... Come over! Miss, please sit over here. I'll pour you a glass of wine!"

Bradley shot the guy a cold glare. He got up and walked to Stella, "If you don't want to, I'll take you out now."

"No, it's fine." Stella looked him in the eye and said faintly, "Even if we leave now, he'll still find ways to come to me later. There's no need to keep hiding. I've done nothing wrong, have I?"

Bradley looked at her steadily and did not say anything. At last, he sighed and returned to his seat.

Stella glanced at the current seat and saw only one empty spot next to Weston, seemingly left on purpose. She let out a laugh. "I can't sit next to someone I don't know. Why don't you move me to a seat with someone I know?"

"What do you mean by you don't know?"

The man next to Weston immediately said, "You'll know him after you get to know each other better. Just sit here and talk to the person next to you more. Fate has gathered us! Speak more and get acquainted!"

Weston looked up at Stella in silence. He watched her approach and sat down next to him, showing no hint of cowardice.

Weston raised an eyebrow and said, "I thought you'd say no."

Stella laughed and put her hand on the back of her chair. "I have no reason to."

She sounded unbothered and acted as if there was nothing to refuse. In fact, she didn't refuse him because she was afraid of getting into a mess.

Her seat would not change her treatment of him.

Weston's eyes gradually turned sullen. His hand was already on her waist. "It looks like you've learned a lot abroad. You can handle this kind of occasion with ease now. Why don't you teach me about it, hm?"

Stella pulled his hand away impassively. "Excuse me, sir. I may be available, but not every man can meet my requirements."

"Oh? Is that so? Tell me your requirements then."

Stella tapped the corner of her mouth. "I don't have any requirements. I only care about those who make me happy."

"How can I make you happy?"

Weston took her waist and pulled her closer. He let her feel the heat of his body and whispered in her ears, "Tell me and see if I can do it."

The investors were glad to see the two whispering to each other intimately. They winked at each other, thinking that had made the right decision.

Everyone said Weston was deeply in love with his long – dead wife and had never gotten close to any women. Well, what was he doing then?

How could men have no needs? That would only happen when they did not find the woman they liked.

Daisy sat in the corner without much presence. As she listened to the lewd conversations revolving around her, she felt like hiding somewhere dark and blocking the noises out of her world.

Daisy had been working with Weston for a long time. She would drink on his behalf and had done so much for him. Even so, he never looked at her...

Daisy thought Weston agreed to share a room with other patrons because he was finally interested in another woman. She did not expect to see Stella again!

‘Not Stella again...’ Daisy thought, feeling a little sour and self-deprecating. ‘Yeah. Who else but Stella could make Weston act so strangely?’

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1186

Chapter 1186 Daisy kept drinking like she wanted to get herself really drunk.

Ben couldn’t stand looking at her like that. “You’re drinking too much. What are you doing to do later? Mr. Ford needs someone to follow up on the details of the contract later,” he asked.

Daisy gave him a hard stare. “Can’t I drink a bit? I’m just drinking a little more than I usually do. Was I born to do all the work for him? Can’t I have a little emotion of my own?»

Ben gaped, dumbfounded by her question. After a short pause, he said incredulously, "But it's your job. Mr. Ford is paying you to work. We're all paid to work, aren't we?"

Daisy spoke and made it sound like Weston was some kind of capitalist who did not pay his employees.

Weston naturally had capitalist roots, but he had always been generous to his employees.

Ford Corporation did not get to its glory through pure exploitation. It became successful thanks to Weston's brilliant business acumen and crafty business techniques.

Daisy was stunned by Ben's question and didn't know what to say. She swallowed them all and continued sipping her wine.

Suddenly, Daisy staggered to her feet and went to Stella with a smile. "May I offer you a toast?" And she meant it. She really wanted to raise a toast to Stella.

Daisy never thought that after all these years, Stella could still grasp Weston's heart with little effort.

Seeing Daisy wobbling, Stella told Weston thoughtfully, ". Your secretary seems a little drunk. Why don't you tend to her?"

Weston frowned and gave Daisy an unpleasant look. "Get out of my face." Daisy lowered her eyes at his cold words. She explained, " Sorry, Mr. Ford. I just want to... to be a good friend with Mrs. Ford."

After a short pause, Daisy chose to call Stella that. Weston's reaction was as expected. She was pleased to see Weston ease his frown slightly.

See? She could make him happy, after all.

Stella frowned and looked at Daisy with amusement. "Excuse me, it looks like you're drunk. You're starting to talk nonsense..."

"I'm not talking nonsense!"

Daisy suddenly squatted down in front of Stella and looked at her with tears.

She choked, "I don't know why you haven't contacted Mr. Ford for so many years, but I saw how sad he was for you. He was really broken... Please, just look at him again, okay?" Daisy said it with sincerity and a sore nose. She looked like she was about to cry.

Stella listened to Daisy's sad words, feeling troubled. "How about this? You seem pretty thoughtful about Weston. Do you think he can't live without women? If so, why don't you sacrifice and become his?" Stella said with a sincere tone and gentle smile, but her words humiliated Daisy. It was a great insult to her.

Daisy clutched the hem of her dress and roared, "Why are you pushing him to another woman? Are you happy with that? He has waited for you for three years! For three whole years!"

Daisy's voice trembled as she spoke up for Weston, unable to help herself. "Don't you feel a little bit of pain for him? Don't you feel any guilt at all?"

Stella rubbed her nose apologetically. "I'm sorry, no. But if you like him that much, I'd really like to see you two..."

Before Stella could finish her sentence, she felt a hard and painful grip on her wrist.