

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1187-1188

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Daisy saw how Weston completely lost control of himself. Unable to hold back, he grabbed Stella's wrist and pulled her to her feet.

Stella staggered to her feet and followed him, stumbling a few steps.

Bradley was behind Stella, and he wanted to follow her, but Ben immediately grabbed him by the shoulders. He said to him with a cold face, "Sorry. I hope you don't intervene with Mr. and Mrs. Ford's private matters."

Daisy watched the two leaving one after the other and felt a little sore in her eyes. She took a deep breath and held back her tears. Then, she said to the others, "It's fine. Let's continue with the details of the contract that didn't work out earlier."

Ben was worried about the way Daisy played it cool. "Are you okay? It's okay if this project doesn't work out. Mr. Ford will take care of it."

The project was no longer that important by the look of Weston earlier.

Daisy shook her head. She told Ben, "As his secretary, I have to do everything well for him."

Weston took Stella to a dark corner and pinned her against the cold wall.

Stella felt pain shooting up her back. Then, a large palm came to her.

Weston looked down and trapped her in his arms. His mesmerizing eyes were as deep as the universe and the stars, trying to suck her in.

Weston had had enough of her hurtful words. He pinched her chin and made her look into his eyes. "How exactly do you want to torture me?"

As Stella met his eyes, her expression gradually changed. She put her hand on her arm and gently pushed him away.

"Shouldn't I be asking you that?" Stella reminded him, " You tortured me so much three years ago. Haven't you had enough? What? Do you want to do something to me again? Are you going to lock me up somewhere or bully me and threaten me with my family?"

Weston suddenly felt weak. He embraced her in a deep hug and said in her ear with a husky voice, "I won't do any of that to you again."

After that, he suddenly straightened up and pressed her head hard against his chest. "Do whatever you want to me, but please, never ever leave me again."

Stella was somewhat surprised to see him in such a vulnerable state. She reached out and nudged his chest,

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If I heard correctly, were you begging me?"

Weston looked at her steadily. "If I beg you, will you stay?"

Stella smiled. "That seems insincere. You won't beg until I say so."

Weston said without hesitation, "Please."

Stella paused slightly and met his burning gaze. She suddenly turned away and reminded him, "You know I'd never agree."

"Then why did you come back?" Weston asked. Stella could feel his breath on her ear. It was hot enough to make her skin flush with goosebumps.

Stella felt uncomfortable and tried to push him away, only to find Weston holding her tighter in his arms.

Weston held her as if he missed her so much. Holding her was the only way to calm his surging emotions.

Stella sighed again. She looked over his shoulder into the distant air and said softly, "Ah. Mr. Ford, I think you've misunderstood. I came back for my boyfriend..." 1

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1188

Stella's tone was gentle. She sounded as if she was completely aware of her own hurtful words. Perhaps it was her indifference that cut Weston even deeper.

Weston pulled her away to observe her expression from above. Stella's usually clear eyes seemed a little obscure.

She had a smile in her eyes, but she was not smiling.

Weston could no longer read her real emotions hidden deep inside. All he could see was just a bubble of illusion.

“Stella...” Weston squeezed her shoulder and tightened his grip slowly. “I know you’re saying that on purpose...”

“Mr. Ford, you’re overthinking it.”

The smile on Stella’s face instantly faded. Stella looked at Weston steadily and cut him off, “Why do I have to say that deliberately? I have a boyfriend. Besides, it has been three years. Do you really think I should keep my chastity for you?”

Stella had no idea which word hurt him more.

Weston’s eyes changed at once. He clasped her wrist, You’re my wife. You’re Mrs. Ford. You may have a boyfriend, but it’s best to get rid of him soon.

Stella’s face changed. She shook off his hand with a frown. “Who do you think you are? Aren’t you the one who forced me to divorce you four years ago? Who made me sign the divorce agreement? Why are you pretending as if you love me so much now?”

“I didn’t know how I felt about you then.”

Weston suddenly looked a little sad. He gradually

tightened the force on his hand and explained, “After the divorce, I realized how important you were to me. It was a strange feeling. I couldn’t do anything but imprison you by my side...”

“Enough.” Stella interrupted him impatiently. The last thing she wanted to do was to listen to his explanation.

“You’re just sad for losing what you used to have. If you had sympathy for me, it wouldn’t have come to this...”

“Weston, you’ve hurt me all over before. It’s time for you to learn how to let go.”

Stella looked straight into his eyes. Her pupils seemed darker than her hair color. She said slowly and coldly, “From now on, please stop haunting me again. It’s really annoying.”

Meanwhile, Daisy had been drinking herself into a stupor in the private room.

Ben’s earlier words served as a reminder to her. What was the point of her working so hard? She was good at her job but not irreplaceable.

She worked so hard for Weston, but so what?

Weston was able to take things into his hands and complete them within minutes. He would not be moved by her efforts.

If so, why bother working so hard?

Daisy had gone to so much trouble and followed Weston around for three years. However, she was incomparable to the woman’s short presence.

“Miss Daisy, why are you drinking alone here?”

A supplier came over and sat next to her. He rubbed her arm lewdly. “Isn’t it boring to drink alone? Shall I join you?”

Daisy frowned in disgust. “No, thanks.”

After that, she pulled out the jacket that was pressed against him and stumbled to her feet. In actual fact, she was trying to get to Weston.

The man, however, yanked her hand and pulled her back. He made her sit in his arms and stroke her chin with a teasing smile. "You'd do anything to get a deal, wouldn't you? So why aren't you willing to drink with me?!"

Daisy's face immediately turned unpleasant. She had no idea that her determination to do anything for Weston would become a casual and lowly open invitation to just anyone.