

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 101

Chapter 101

At this moment, Weston felt no different from the regular folk that had to grind daily. He felt like a headless chicken, stumbling around in the glass enclosure without direction.

He was not the only one feeling lost.

Guinevere looked at his figure and felt empty in her heart. The feeling of impending loss tormented her. She could not sit still anymore. She stumbled towards him and hugged his waist from behind. "Did I do something wrong? Can you tell me directly? Don't punish me like this, please..."

This time, Weston did not push her away.

Instead, he turned around and stared at the woman in front of him.

His eyes were dark and deep. After a long silence, he finally said, "I was wrong."

Stella had Weston drop her off at the intersection. She did not want anyone to see him drive her to work. When she arrived at her work building, she went to the parking lot first, and then walked towards the elevator. Unexpectedly, a figure suddenly appeared at the corner without warning. She was so shocked that she took a few steps back until a familiar voice came. "Sis, it's me." Stella let out a sigh of relief. She looked at Roger in front of her and became worried again. "Why are you here?" Roger looked at her with flickering eyes. "I'm worried about you." Justin had called him last night to explain the situation. Even so, he was still worried. He did not want to sneak out in the middle of the night and make Stella worry, so he waited for her here early in the morning. Justin promised that Stella would go to work on time the next day, which was why he took his chance to meet her here. After hearing him out, Stella's face sank. "Are you stupid? Can't you just call?"

She was furious. "Look at the time now. Don't you have class? Why did you come to look for me? Are you going to school or not?"

Roger said nothing, but his eyes suddenly grew red. He kept his head down and said, "I'm glad you're fine. I'm going to school now."

After that, he turned to leave.

Stella watched him walk away and moved her lips. She took out her phone and finally realized it had been turned off automatically last night when the battery died.

Startled, she hurriedly chased him.

“Roger!”

She pulled his wrist and called his name, but her words remained stuck in her breath.

Roger stopped and glanced at her. “I’ll go to school now…”

“I’m sorry,” Stella interrupted him and apologized softly. “I didn’t notice that my phone was turned off.” Roger gave her a reassuring smile. “It’s okay. I’m glad you’re fine.”

Stella’s nose tingled as she looked at him carefully. Roger looked very haggard with his terrible dark circles and pale face. There were obvious creases on his clothes. Perhaps, he did not sleep well last night and came here wearing yesterday’s clothes.

“Don’t do this again. I’m your sister. I’ll definitely take care of myself.”

Roger nodded, “You can go to work first. I’ll see you after class.”

Stella checked the time. “If you take a taxi, you can make it to your first class in time. Remember to eat breakfast.”

“Okay.”

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 102

Chapter 102

Stella hurriedly walked into the elevator.

Roger watched her go. After a long while, he finally retracted his gaze and turned to leave. When she arrived at the training center, Yvonne immediately greeted her with an anxious look. “Ella, you’re back! Are you alright?”

She looked very worried. Before Stella could say anything, Yvonne grabbed her arm and observed her carefully. She was relieved to see that Stella was safe and unhurt.

“You scared

me!”

“What’s wrong?” Stella looked at her in confusion.

Yvonne sighed. “I heard all about last night. That man is too unreliable! How dare he send you to a place like Lowe Garden!”

She knew what Lowe Garden was like. There were times when Lucas had to go there for social engagements.

Her beloved Lucas was a very loyal man. He was restrained and cold to women outside. Whenever he came back from there, however, a little scent would occasionally linger on him

Lucas claimed he had never touched a woman outside. However, even if he did not have the slightest contact with anyone there, it was hard to avoid some smell sticking onto you in such an environment like that.

The place was catered to the wealthy. They came in expensive clothes, valuable watches, and luxury cars that normal people could never afford. This did not mean that they were all nice people. Most were two-faced and loved to have affairs.

A woman like Stella would surely suffer at a place like that. When Yvonne found out about that,

blamed herself for not keeping a good watch.

Stella comforted her, "I'm fine. Look, I came to work well, didn't I?"

"I'm glad you're fine. Otherwise, I'd tear Smith into pieces!"

Yvonne knew a little about Smith's situation. She knew he had a daughter in school who needed a dance tutor, so she introduced Stella to him.

She thought he would not do anything absurd since it was introduced by an acquaintance. She never expected his assistant to make such a mistake!

"Do you know who messed up your contact information? It's his assistant. Mr. Smith is known to have affairs outside. His assistant is also his mistress. She's just a pretty bimbo that's useless and brainless! I've called and scolded him. Mr. Smith has fired that assistant..."

Stella felt warm seeing Yvonne kept talking about it. It had been a long time to feel such warmth from others other than Roger.

When Yvonne had finished, Stella said solemnly, "Thank you."

Stella's tone was so serious and made Yvonne a little embarrassed. "Why are you thanking me? It was my negligence. You're working for me. If something happens, it's my responsibility."

Then, Yvonne suddenly remembered one more thing. "By the way, do you still want to be a tutor for Mr. Smith's daughter? He called me and suggested making an appointment. If you agree, he'll send someone to pick you up. The same situation won't happen again." Stella thought she would have lost the job opportunity after this incident. She did not expect such a turnaround.

"It's okay. Ask him to give me the address. I'll take a taxi there."

"You don't want a free ride? Why are you so nice!" Yvonne looked at her disapprovingly.

The two talked and laughed. When Stella walked through the corridor, she noticed someone was staring at her. She

followed the gaze and saw Tina's face.

Tina realized that Stella had noticed her. She hurriedly lowered her head and snorted.

Stella said nothing and retracted her gaze. Yvonne noticed Stella's strange reaction and asked, "Are you okay?" Stella shook her head. "I'm fine." She checked the time. "My class is starting. See you later." "Alright."

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 103

Chapter 103

After Yvonne left, Tina looked up again and said disdainfully, "People with connections are different. They didn't even go to the interview last night and got a second chance!"

The person next to her heard her say that. She opened her mouth and wanted to say something, but she thought about it and kept quiet instead.

Stella had strong dancing skills and won many prestigious awards. There was no doubt about her professionalism. These little kids here love here.

During class, when the children were stretching, Stella took the chance to go to a quiet corner. She closed her eyes, feeling a little tired. She had been unable to sleep and spent almost the whole night staying wary of the man next to her.

She would rather Weston give her a hard time than take things slowly. She did not know what he really wanted to do.

She knew Weston would not give up easily, but she really did not want to get involved with him anymore.

Was there any way to get rid of him forever?

She suddenly opened her eyes and thought of someone. Lying down lifelessly in the hospital ward...

A well-dressed woman next to him looked at his miserable state and snorted coldly. "You're so old. How did you get into so much trouble for a woman? Isn't your new love a little too late?"

Justin said nothing and closed his eyes tightly.

“Why? You found a new flame, so you don’t want to speak to your ex-wife?”

The woman crossed her arms on her chest and kept glancing back on forth at the man’s face. “What a pity. You’re pretty good-looking, but you can’t be compared to the younger handsome men outside. Now, your face is...”

She “tsked” twice, laughing at his misery. “No wonder the young woman isn’t interested in

you.”

“Have you said enough?” Justin finally opened his eyes and gave her a cold glance. “Enough with the sarcasm. Leave!”

“If it weren’t for our son, do you think I’d want to stay here and look at your face?”

Tina’s face suddenly changed and became impatient. “You’re Bryce’s father. Now that you’re hospitalized, he insisted that I come to see you. What can I do?”

Hearing her talk about Bryce, Justine’s eyes softened a little. He rubbed his brow with his hand and said, “Tell him I’m fine, so he doesn’t have to worry.”

“That’s what you said! If he asks again, I’ll say that I’ve come and taken care of you.”

Justin agreed, “Yeah.”

Tina did not stay. She grabbed her bag and turned to leave at once.

Justin sighed heavily looking at her resolute back. He took out his phone and stared at the little boy’s photo on the wallpaper screen. The little boy who resembled him smiled brightly at the camera.

A special look of affection glimmered in Justin’s eyes. After a while, he then called Stella, “Ella

When the call connected, he said raspily, “You finally answered the phone.” It was almost time to leave work. Stella got dressed and received an unexpected call from Justin

She was relieved to know that Justin was okay. She had wanted to call him to see how he was doing, but stopped because of Weston’s warning. The last thing she wanted was to involve more innocent people in their mess. After giving it a thought, she simply said, “We shouldn’t contact each other anymore.”

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 104

Chapter 104

When Stella finished speaking, she heard a sudden breath hitched on the other side. Then, came the man's hurt voice.

"Have you made up your mind?" Stella answered inaudibly. Justin suddenly became a little worked up. "Weston is a great guy, but you've just met him. Do you know what kind of person he is? He already has a family, so you should stay away from him!"

Stella hoped she could stay away from him, but it was not up to her to decide. The only thing she could do was to leave Justin out of it. "I've told you already. Don't worry about me. Let's not meet again." Stella tried to sound aloof, "You're just Robb's teacher. We are nothing beyond that." After that, she hung up directly

She gave it a thought and decided to block his number. She did not think that he had any deep feelings for her. It was probably just some infatuation. Besides, the two had only known each other for such a short time. It was best to stop the mess like this.

She put away her phone and left work.

Yvonne seemed to be in a good mood today. She immediately changed into a sophisticated dress after class and started to touch up her makeup in front of the big mirror in the dance studio.

Stella glanced at her as she passed by. "You look so beautiful. Is it a special day?" Yvonne looked up and smiled at her. "It's my husband's birthday today. He's coming to pick me. We're going to celebrate." Stella was dumbfounded and laughed. "It's your husband's birthday, but he has to pick you?" "Of course. It's his birthday, but I'm the one celebrating." Yvonne smacked on her lipstick and looked at her reflection in the mirror.

"Perfect!"

She screwed the lipstick cap in and tossed it into her bag, then stood up and made a spin for Stella. "Is there anything that needs fixing?"

Stella shook her head. "You look fine."

She looked at her neckline, walked up to her, and helped her fix the messy hair behind her ears. "You look great in this lipstick."

These shades were hard to sell at the cosmetic counter. Most people would go for everyday colors that were easy to wear.

Yvonne had a bright face. She required little makeup, though strong colors worked the best on her. Just a little bit of accent would make her extremely eye-catching.

Stella smiled seeing Yvonne left happily going on a date. Then, her phone suddenly vibrated.

She took it out to check, but her smile immediately disappeared after seeing the text.

The text came from an unknown number with no name. However, she could tell who it was by the tone of it.

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On it were merely two words. "Come down." Stella closed her eyes and took a deep breath. Then, she put her phone in her bag. She waited for the rest of the people in the training center to leave before leaving. At last, she took the elevator to the parking lot. After walking a few steps, she saw the familiar black Cullinan driving slowly towards her.

The man signaled her with a double flash and looked relaxed. He leisurely lowered the car window and ordered concisely, "Get in." Stella glanced at him then withdrew her gaze. She walked forward, ignoring him. She knew her resistance seemed pointless, but she did not know what else she could do other than these.

Would making a police report help? She closed her eyes in despair. For someone like Weston, as long as he did not do any real harm to her, calling the police would not help.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 105

Chapter 105

What else could she do?

Weston seemed to have guessed that she would not just follow him so easily. He followed behind her without any rush.

When they got out of the parking lot, Stella squinted, dazzled by the sunlight outside. Weston finally opened the car door, walked up to her, and grabbed her wrist. "Don't challenge my patience." Stella pushed his hand away. "What else can I do? Why can't you let go of me?"

She had said it countless times to Weston. Weston had heard it many times, but he simply ignored her and shoved her into the car without a word.

Stella was very thin. She was so thin that she had no strength to fight him. After being tucked into the passenger seat, Stella made a conscious effort to get up. However, the man pressed her to the seat and held her shoulder.

“Sit properly.” Weston was too close to her. He stood outside the car, tall and straight. He could hold her in place with just one hand while the other hand pulled out the seat belt. He casually ran his fingertips across her slightly heaving chest. She did not know if it was intentional or not, but it did stop there for a while. Finally, he helped her to fasten the safety belt.

After that, he looked up and met Stella’s angry eyes. He was slightly stunned to see the humiliation in her eyes.

He quickly calmed down and gently stroked her cheek. “I know you don’t like it, but I hope you can get used to it soon. We have a long time ahead of us. If you can’t relax, you’ll be the only one who suffers.”

Stella felt a chill in her bones to hear him say such words to her. “Must you force me like this?”

What did she do wrong to him?

She did not want to pursue anything from the past. All she wanted was just a good and peaceful life. Why must he bother her?

“Why? Did I murder your family in my previous life? Why must you torture me so much!” Stella was on the verge of losing control of her emotions.

Weston looked at her for a few steady beats and said nothing. He got into the car from the other side, started the car, and drove slowly towards the road ahead.

The scenery outside the window moved quickly. The man’s fringe cast a shadow under his eyes.

After a long silence, he finally said, “Consider it a debt you’ll pay for killing my family in your last life.”

Stella closed her eyes. She roared out, “You have no shame!”

Weston said without hesitation. “I only want you.”

It was as if her anger had been crushed by the icy iceberg. Stella could feel the cold pain in her anger. Before the flames of her anger went ravaging, they extinguished in the icy coldness, leaving nothing but a deserted land. And her heart that would never come to life again.

“But I don’t want you.” After a long moment, Stella said in a raspy voice.

She almost begged, “Why must you torture me? I haven’t done anything wrong to you. You have Guinevere and a son now. There are plenty of willing women around you if you want them. Why can’t you just let me go?” “Because I don’t want to let you go.” Weston drove with an impassive look. He looked blankly inscrutable, but the emotions were rumbling in his eyes. He wanted to ask Stella the same question as well. Why could he not let her go?

He was searching for an answer too, but he never got it right.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 106

Chapter 106

The car drove on with no destination in sight.

Stella asked him, “Where are you taking me?”

Weston glanced at the navigator. “Where do you want to go?”

“I don’t want to go anywhere. I just want to go home.” “You can go to my place.” Stella took a deep breath and refused to speak another word. Weston glanced at her with a helpless smile. “Do you want to eat something?” It was time for dinner, but Stella hadn’t the appetite. “Anything.”

She had only treated him with a horrific attitude, but he appeared to not mind at all. He casually searched for a restaurant and suggested, “This place has a good rating. Shall we give it a try?”

With just a glance, Stella could tell it was an expensive place to eat. “Nevermind. I can’t afford

it.”

The man frowned upon hearing what she said. “I remember giving you a huge fortune, more than enough for you to sustain your lifestyle. Don’t tell me you can’t even afford a meal now.”

Stella closed her eyes, “Money will run out eventually. Do you think it’ll last forever?”

There was a time she thought she could be her parents’ precious child for the rest of her life. They loved her and cherished her.

Overnight, her world was turned upside down. All she had in the past had vanished.

Life was unpredictable. No one knew this better than her-often, a fine line stood between heaven and hell.

Nothing in the world was eternal and reliable. The only one you could rely on was yourself.

She used to be a precious little princess to her parents, but she was no different than a mere commoner now.

Weston looked at the road ahead and said casually, "How old are you? Why do you sound so

old?

"One's age doesn't necessarily correlate to experience. Some people are very lucky. They can live like an innocent and ignorant child all their lives. They can keep their childlike innocence until they grow old, but for others..."

Stella's face turned slightly bitter. "Some others may be still young, but life has worn them

out."

Weston finally looked at her. "Are you talking about yourself?" Stella came back to her senses and realized who was sitting next to her. She collected her thoughts and stopped talking. Weston tapped his fingers on the steering wheel and suddenly felt a little annoyed.

He had rarely spoken to Stella about these. When the two were together, it was Stella who had trailed behind him, learning his hobbies and habits. This was his first time listening to Stella's heart, albeit in such a tense atmosphere

Finally, they arrived at the restaurant,

Stella glanced at the exterior design of the restaurant. "Are you going to take me out like this in public? Are you not afraid of being seen by others?"

"I'm not a public figure, so don't you worry."

"Do I have to remind you that Guinevere is a huge star? Anyone on the street knows her name. Besides, both of you are often in the headlines. Your title as the richest man in Ahn City alone garners a lot of attention. Are you sure we won't be found out? What if Guinevere goes mad after knowing about my existence and tries to kill me again?"

Stella felt as though she had reached a dead end. Weston was forcing her to be by his side; Guinevere, on the other hand, was hostile to all the women around Weston. She would get rid of all of them.

It was like they were working together to keep her in trouble. Weston looked at her and gestured for her to take his arm. He only said two words, "Trust me." Stella's eyes were full of indifference.

The words "trust me" carry the least weight in Weston's promises. In Stella's eyes, what he said meant nothing to her.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 107

Chapter 107

Stella got out of the car directly and ignored him.

Weston glanced at her. He was full of patience and did not mind her behavior.

Stella walked straight ahead and happened to catch a glimpse of a familiar car. Her eyes lingered for a moment, but she did not think much of it and went straight into the elevator.

Weston walked in behind her unhurriedly.

This man always seemed to be like this. He would control his own pace and no one could disrupt him. "You say no, but your actions say otherwise."

Stella ignored his tease. She said indifferently, "I'd rather cooperate and see what you want to do instead of struggling unnecessarily. I don't have time for you, but I can't escape either. No matter how I struggle, you'll find ways to achieve your goal. It's better that I obey. I can't fight you anyway."

Weston hated the way she described their relationship. He did want to make things difficult for her, hoping to get her back to the way she was before. However, he did not expect her to use the word 'fight.'

'Forget it,' he thought. It was just a matter of time, and he had the patience.

After entering the restaurant, Stella discovered the contrast inside. It looked grand on the outside but was incredibly low-profile inside.

This was a corridor made of stone. She could even see the pattern of the stone on the walls.

Stella curiously touched it with her hand and felt the rough texture on her skin. Weston was right behind her, watching her curious movements with a hint of gentleness in his eyes. It was there. He just did not notice it himself.

He fixed his gaze on Stella the whole time, occasionally moving closer to her.

The man's chest was right behind her back. He watched her walk and stop but did not rush her. The road ahead was getting narrower and narrower.

After walking for a long time, Stella still did not see a waiter. "This isn't like a restaurant. It's like a maze here."

She suddenly stopped walking and looked suspiciously at the man behind her. "Are we going the wrong way?" Weston did not answer her question. Instead, he tipped up his chin and urged, "Continue walking,"

Stella continued walking suspiciously. The further they went, the darker the corridor became. It seemed like it would never end.

There was only a faint visible light ahead.

Stella noticed that the surrounding environment suddenly darkened. She did not know when the light was gone.

She became a little scared and didn't dare go any further. When she looked behind her, she realized the light from behind was gone too. Only Weston was still standing beside her.

"Scared?" The man's low voice came from above her head. Stella pressed her lips. "What is this place?"

"Once you go in, you'll know." Weston continued following her around with the same nonchalant attitude.

He watched her cowering in a ball. A sudden urge suddenly grew from his heart and flowed in him, making him act by instinct. He took her in his arms without any second thoughts, "If you're scared, lean on me."

The familiar scent of his was the air she breathed, and Stella was lost in thought for a moment.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 108

They used to be very close and physically intimate, and touching each other felt different each time. At least, it was different for Weston.

He held Stella in his arms reflexively. With his strong arms, he did not allow her to refuse him. Stella finally came back to her senses and frowned. She wanted to push him away. "I can walk myself."

"Weren't you scared earlier? Are you not scared anymore?"

Weston looked at her managing a brave face and did not let her go.

Stella felt extremely uncomfortable. "If you don't let me, I'm not going in."

Weston's face turned gloomy upon hearing that. He stared at Stella for a moment, and his tone became cold.

"Whatever you want," he said. Then, he let go of his hand, and walked straight ahead. Stella had to follow him. She did not know how long she had been walking when she suddenly heard unfamiliar footsteps up ahead. She was immediately alerted and stayed wary until she heard the waitress's voice. "Hello, do you have an appointment?" Finally, she could let out a sigh of relief. It was really a restaurant. What kind of restaurant was this? The surroundings were so dark; it looked more like a maze and a cave. The waitress held a white candle in her hand. She wore no expression on her face, but she remained very polite. She invited the two guests into the private room.

Stella finally had the chance to look around. In addition to the narrow corridor, the two sides were like a honeycomb-like design. There was one small room on each side. It was not too spacious but interestingly decorated...

When they arrived at their destination, the waitress opened a small wooden door. The door was so short that Weston had to bend over to get in. Stella followed behind him, but it was dark ahead. The waitress reminded her, "Be careful."

As soon as the waitress said that, Stella stepped on something, stumbled, and was in a daze.

Fortunately, a pair of arms caught her in time and wrapped around her waist. Weston held her firmly and whispered in her ear, "If you can't see, hold on to me." Stella let go of his hand and ignored him. She had been very rude to him today, and though Weston had dealt with her with the utmost patience, it was wearing thin. He frowned a little and left her alone.

After the two were seated, the waitress placed the candles on the table and arranged the tableware for them while greeting them.

“Welcome to the Noir Restaurant. This place is special because you’ll pay attention to the food in front of you. You can’t play with your cell phones, and try not to be distracted by other things. You can communicate with your companions appropriately, but try to give all your attention to the food as best you can.”

After that, she took out a silver tray. She looked at Stella, and then at Weston. “Please put your cell phones on here. Someone will bring them back after you finish your meal.” Stella had never been to a place like this before. She looked at Weston. Seeing that he put his phone on the tray without any objection, she did not say anything and handed her phone over. After the waitress left, only the two of them were left. It was very dark in there, and all they could see were the silhouettes each other’s faces and the dishes in front of them. The room remained silent for a long one. No one spoke first. Subsequently, the dishes were served one by one. During the whole time, neither of them said a word to the other. Weston seemed to be giving her the silent treatment because of her repeated obtuseness. Stella enjoyed the silence. She could save her energy because of his silence. Besides, she was pretty hungry and cared little about who was sitting across the table. Quickly, she started digging into the food. Though, despite the circumstances, she had to agree that the food tasted excellent.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 109

Chapter 109

The only thing about the restaurant was the dark environment. No wonder Noir Restaurant

The waitress’s introduction somewhat made sense. The food tasted a little bit more delicious when she focused all her senses without all the noises around her.

The last course was steak, which was served in a complicated way. It was laid on a copper plate with a roaring charcoal fire underneath. Due to the high temperature, the staff needed to isolate the heat. Several people carried the equipment in, but the steak serving was only so large.

Stella looked at the pathetically portioned, perfectly plated dish and was at a loss of words.

Seeing that he did not move, Weston tapped his finger lightly on the table. “Help me cut it.” Stella was startled. She thought she misheard him until he repeated himself. Her face turned cold. “Don’t you know how to cut it yourself? Cut it yourself and eat it.”

Weston crossed his fingers together. For some reason, he was patient with her again. “I want to eat whatever you cut.”

“Then don’t!”

Weston said nothing and just looked at her like that.

Stella suddenly remembered the scene at Yvonne's house the other day. She watched how Weston served so gentlemanly. He took the plate in front of Guinevere, cut the steak for her, and gave it to her.

He was so gentlemanly and kind. When it came to her, he demanded her to serve him. What did he take her for? A nanny? A maid?

Her heart was cold, and she refused to do it. After a while, she said, "I'll ask the waiter to cut it for you."

"Forget it."

Weston stopped her. Seeing how reluctant she was, he lost interest. He quickly cut the steak into small pieces and then pushed it in front of her. "Eat."

"Eat," he commanded, one cold word without a trace of warmth.

Stella's eyes flickered. She did not refuse, but deliberately she ate the beef while eating. She did not eat a single bite of the meat at all.

Naturally, Weston did not miss her actions. His eyes turned cold.

After the meal, the waiter returned both of their cell phones.

Stella impatiently turned on her phone to see if there were any new missed calls or texts. She wondered if Roger would be worried because she was past her usual time home.

Weston was displeased throughout the entire whole time. Stella simply ignored him.

When they got to the parking lot, Weston suddenly warned her in a deep voice, "There's a car

next to you."

He took her by the arm and pulled her aside.

Stella mindlessly looked up and met his eyes. She saw Weston's displeased eyes, but she pretended that she saw nothing. She pursed her lips and continued to look at her phone.

The two walked a few more steps, when suddenly, a hesitant voice spoke up from behind. "Ella? Weston? Why are you two here?!" Stella stiffened. Stunned that she recognized the voice, she did not dare to look back.

The voice belonged to Yvonne. Her palms were sweating, and she looked straight at the man in front of her.

Weston looked as if nothing had happened. He looked at Yvonne, who stopped behind Stella.

“What a coincidence.”

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 110

Chapter 110

Yvonne did not say a single word. She only observed them quietly, glancing up and down as if trying to discern their relationship.

She managed a smile at Weston, “It’s such a coincidence. Most of the guests in the Noir Restuarant are couples. Are you two...” Stella clenched her fists tight, letting her nails dig deep into her flesh.

She desperately wanted to explain to Yvonne, but she could not make a sound. She wanted to say she had nothing to do with Weston, but even she found that hypocritical . Yvonne must think of her as some shameless woman who would had affairs, right?

After a brief silence, Weston spoke first. “We just happened to meet each other. There’s nothing special.” “Really?” Yvonne nodded. She seemed to believe them, but her perfunctory attitude was clear. She gave Stella a meaningful and complicated look.

Stella could not look her in the eye. What else could she say?

It was Weston who forced her. Would Yvonne believe it?

The two of them had just become friends not long ago. It was normal not to trust her...

Weston frowned looking at Stella drowning in shame. He took a step forward and blocked

Yvonne’s view. “If there’s nothing else, we’ll be leaving first.” Lucas, who had been silent, took Yvonne’s shoulder. “See you next time, Mr. Ford.”

Weston nodded. He took Stella and left without looking back. Meanwhile, Yvonne stood still and watched them leave with a complicated expression. Lucas knew what she was thinking. “Don’t worry about other people’s business. Just mind yourself.”

Yvonne got a little angry and glared at him. “I was just surprised. Ella looks like such a good child. I didn’t think she would...”. She could not say that foul word to describe Ella. It was true that she disliked Guinevere, but she and Weston were a couple. Why was

Ella doing this? Yvonne was very fond of Stella, not only because they resembled each other. Even their experience and personalities were similar. She never thought Stella would do such a thing.

Yvonne felt a little disappointed. Lucas could not stand her depressed look. "She's just a colleague from the training center. Is she worth making such a big deal out of?" Yvonne stopped smiling ever since she got into the car. She had plastered her gaze out the window and sighed periodically. Otherwise, she would turn her head at him, shake her head, and say nothing

Lucas hated seeing her like that. He put the documents in his hand aside and pulled her into

his arms. "It's my birthday today. Should you be so concerned about an outsider?" He reached out to pinch her face. "You've known her for such a short time. It's only natural that you don't know her well enough yet. Don't bother yourself with this."

Yvonne knew he was trying to comfort her, but she did not like him speaking so harshly. She could not help but reach out and pinch his face back. "Forget it. Today is your birthday, so I'll stop."