

Mr. Ford Is Jealous Chapter 1079-1082

Chapter 1079

Angelina finally learned something about the situation surrounding Stella today. Although it was all very upsetting, and she still did not know Stella's condition in the end, at least she found out about one thing—that she could never tease any information out of Weston's mouth.

Even though she actually met Weston Ford himself, she still ended up getting no information about Stella. At least he made her finally give up the undertaking entirely, and she would still thank him for that one helpful deed.

Angelina picked up her bag and looked at the time. It was already very late. She was just about to call a friend to pick her up when something in the distance of the underground parking lot caught her eye—it was Weston Ford, and he was with another woman. She paused.

That woman was not Guinevere Cohen—in fact, she was quite sure she had never seen this woman before.

But that face somewhat reminded her of someone else, especially her eyes and eyebrows — she seemed to bear a slight resemblance to Stella.

Angelina dashed behind a nearby pillar to hide. Those two could not see her now, enabling her to eavesdrop on their

conversation.

Belle was a little alarmed when she saw Weston.

"Mr. Ford, what are you doing here?" She then scanned her surroundings and added a little nervously, "I just came back to Ahn City because I have some business to attend to. I'm leaving immediately after I've dealt with everything..." Weston leaned against the car door while smoking a cigarette. Exhaling a faint cloud of smoke, he glanced at her, asking, "What kind of business?"

Belle pursed her lips when she heard the question before deciding to honestly admit, "An old friend from Lowe Garden told me she could introduce me to a new job..." Back then, she was forced to leave the city because of Guinevere Cohen. Although she received hefty compensation from Weston Ford, thanks to her being accustomed to a lavish lifestyle, it did not take long before she spent her money once she returned to her hometown. Owing to that, she thought she could find a place where she could return to her old job again.

She shouldn't have come back to Ahn City, though. Guinevere Cohen would never let her reappear in Weston's life ever again. If Guinevere were to ever find out that she was here, she would certainly not let her off the hook and attempt to eliminate her as she did in the past.

But Belle did not expect to meet Weston here either. She carefully regarded him and asked, "Miss Cohen isn't anywhere nearby, is she, Mr. Ford?"

Noticing her anxious and wary looks, Weston tapped the ashes off his cigarette twice. "You seem very afraid of

her."

Belle lowered her eyes and looked aggrieved when she told him, "She'll be upset if she sees me. I wouldn't dare to provoke her either. Besides, I've heard you're back with her again lately..."

"Sounds like you're fully up to speed about things," Weston sneered, but he looked completely indifferent with no discernible expression.

Belle was actually quite smitten by this man, but she was also afraid of him because she could never guess what was exactly on his mind.

Having followed their news after she left Ahn City, she knew everything that had happened to them. The engagement party and the wedding were so extravagant, not to mention how the oleander poisoning turned out to be such a massive scandal; one would actually have to live under a rock not to be up to speed.

She heard that Guinevere Cohen and Weston Ford had been getting much closer to each other lately. Many even speculated if they were going to rekindle their relationship.

Belle had no idea if any of that was true, but she knew one thing for sure—if Guinevere Cohen were to ever see her, she would be taught a harsh lesson.

She had planned to stay away from Weston Ford forever, but after her short stint of poverty, the sight of a rich, handsome man suddenly induced her with courage and audacity.

After all, being with Weston Ford once was something she could boast about for the rest of her life.

Chapter 1080

Weston didn't ask much of Belle when they were together. At most, he would go to Lowe Garden to meet her once or twice, and even then, he never allowed her to get anywhere near him.

But that was good enough for her. She could still remember how all the other women gawked at her with unmistakable envy in their eyes. Even if she did nothing besides accompany him, Belle would still feel completely satisfied.

Weston was simply the most unforgettable man she had ever been with, and no one came close to being as strikingly handsome, wealthy, mature, and powerful as he was.

She even got a little carried away sometimes, especially when she got to see his body up close. It would be then that she would almost forget the horrifying lesson Guinevere taught her.

She had always been kept on her toes, kept eagerly waiting to see what this man could offer her.

Back at the Golden Eve Apartment, although Guinevere reminded herself that she did not want to appear

possessive and jealous, she still could not help herself from sleuthing around Weston's movements and whereabouts.

She had expected him to go straight back to Stardust Mansion, but to her surprise, he had gone to a completely different place. Lowe Garden.

Lowe Garden was situated right on the border between Ahn City and Fern City. They operated a shady business, so this location made it the safest and most convenient for them.

Everyone in the elite circle knew Lowe Garden was the exclusive version of a high-end club, a place for the rich and powerful to have fun.

They operated under a membership system, so joining the club simply because you had the money was completely out of the question.

Inside, a variety of services were offered to their members. It was, after all, a place where wealthy men would go to enjoy themselves, so the club strove to provide its best in every aspect and catered to their every whim and fancy.

Guinevere clenched the phone in her hand tightly.

"Was he really at that place?" she asked. "I saw him with my own eyes, Miss Cohen! He even brought a woman with him!"

Guinevere shot up to her feet.

"What woman?!"

She thought of Belle; the presumptuous woman who had once dreamed about becoming Weston's mistress and the one who was eventually forced out of Ahn City by Guinevere herself.

In this regard, Guinevere considered herself to be much better than Stella.

If Stella truly loved Weston, it would be impossible that she wasn't at least bothered by that woman's existence.

But Guinevere was also certain that no one else ever loved Weston as much as she did. She truly believed this in her heart.

"Keep an eye on her," she ordered. "Check the woman's background. Make sure Weston knows nothing about this."

"Yes, Miss Cohen..."

She hung up the phone. If she found it difficult to fall asleep before the call, she found it impossible to sit still now. She started to wonder why every time Weston made a promise to be with her, he would immediately do something and upset her like this. He had never been the kind of man to fool around with women. Even though he

occasionally went to socialize at places like Lowe Garden, he rarely ever let any woman near him.

He had always been a dignified man, soaring high above everyone else; always unreachable, always unattainable.

As long as he did not want them to, those women would never have the audacity to touch him, let alone throw themselves at him.

Besides, for the entire time he was with Stella, rumors about him fooling around with other women had never floated around.

So why was it that every time he promised to be with her, he would start to mess around with women? Guinevere thought of one possible explanation, and it made her face turn pale as a sheet.

He didn't do it on purpose, did he?

Not only was Weston a remarkably talented businessman, he was also frighteningly good at manipulating people.

So, could he be taunting her on purpose, or could it be his way of telling her that even though she finally found a way to force him to be with her, she would never get what she truly wanted?

Chapter 1081

He also wasn't going to become the man she wanted so obediently. In Lowe Garden, under the dim light, the man put two ice cubes into his glass of champagne.

Lively music played in his ears.

Weston glanced at the girl who was playing the piano. She was wearing a butterfly mask. He asked casually, "What is she playing?"

He remembered that Stella played it before in Stardust Mansion.

He was not a big fan of music. Although he learned the basics when he was young, he quickly turned to learning the financial stock market instead.

It was only because Stella liked it that he roughly learned about it a little later.

His question prompted the manager to flash a flattering smile. "Mr. Ford, she is our new girl, and she's amazing on the piano. If you like her, I will get her to play for you in your private room. How does that sound?"

Weston was only asking about her casually, but when the manager advertised her so diligently, he swept a glance at her. "Why is she wearing a mask? Is she very ugly?"

The butterfly mask she wore nearly covered the entire face of the girl. The manager smiled as soon as he heard that. "Of course not! How could an ugly person come to our place? They are all beautiful in their unique ways. She is wearing a mask only because she is too beautiful!"

The manager continued to promote the girl. "But she wants to focus on playing the piano, so..."

He laughed sneakily. They were all men, after all, and it wasn't too hard to understand such a ruse. Belle, who was beside Weston, seemed dissatisfied. "Mr. Manager..."

After putting in so much effort to get to Weston's side, she thought it would surely be her stage tonight. Who knew that a newcomer would suddenly appear?

"What's the big deal about being able to play the piano?" she muttered, thinking that she could even dance...

Weston rubbed his brow, seemingly having lost his patience. "Let them all come here."

The manager was overjoyed. "Fantastic! We will arrange it immediately!"

Although Weston didn't go to Lowe Garden frequently, he had an exclusive private room there.

He would never stay long in a place where others had fun.

The manager knew this man's temper well enough and attempted to butter him up while leading him into his private room.

"Don't worry, Mr. Ford. No one else uses this room, and it is bright and spacious! If you need anything, just tell me and we will get it done for you, by hook or by crook!"

The manager's boisterous behavior annoyed Weston, and his dissatisfaction showed on his face.

The manager was very good at reading people's minds, so he promptly shut his mouth and prepared to leave.

Before he left, he whispered to the girl in the white dress. "Usually, you can put up a show, but you must never offend this guest. He is a big man. If you offend him, we won't be able to run our business anymore, understand?"

The girl nodded. She looked somewhat cautious and restrained.

After giving her the reminder, the manager nodded to Weston respectfully and said, "I will go out right after I talk to her. Little Butterfly just turned eighteen, and she is not very knowledgeable in certain things, so I am worried that she might upset you. If she does anything wrong, Mr. Ford, please do not hesitate to teach her. She is still young, so you can teach her..."

The manager squinted his eyes, and his words overflowed with obscenity, especially when he mentioned the girl's

age. The girl wearing a mask felt awful.

She hated being sold like a commodity.

Belle could not watch it anymore and said, "Don't worry, Manager. I am here. I will teach her properly."

"Then I shall be relieved."

The door of the private room was closed.

Belle put on a friendly smile and reached out to grab the girl's arm. "Don't worry. Mr. Ford is the most gentlemanlike man I have ever met..."

She tried to be a kind sister, but the girl wearing the butterfly mask drew her arm with some disgust, said nothing, walked past her, and went to Weston. It was as though she was disgusted by Bella.

Chapter 1082

Feeling humiliated, the woman sulked instantly.

Was this girl just disliking her for being dirty?

Wasn't she the same as her? She did not deserve the right to dislike her!

But she did not dare to say anything in front of Weston, so she only grunted in annoyance.

"It seems this little sister does not like me, Mr. Ford. I..."

Weston was irritated by her. "Shut up."

Belle widened her eyes in shock. She felt exasperated.

The girl wearing the butterfly mask could not help but chuckle, delighted to see Belle not getting any advantage in front of Weston.

Weston raised his eyes and looked at her, sizing her up.

Belle immediately came forward and said, "Don't be angry with her, Mr. Ford. She is still a little girl who does not quite know the rules..."

Listening to her clumsy explanation, the little girl felt even more ridiculous.

Even she could see that Weston was irritated by her noisiness.

Yet she still tastelessly tried to please him.

The girl thought of herself as a bit high-minded.

She thought she was fundamentally different from a woman like Belle since she did not sell her body but only her skills.

This was why they could still see a hint of arrogance and nobility in her eyes, even with a mask on.

Weston lit a cigarette and said nonchalantly to Belle, "You can go now."

Belle was taken aback. "Mr. Ford, have I done something that upset you..." "You are too noisy."

He looked at her indifferently. "Wait in the room outside and go out when the time is up."

Belle was already very familiar with this routine.

When Weston came for her previously, it was probably like this every time.

Sometimes, he would watch her sing and dance if he was in a good mood, but if he wasn't, he would simply make her wait in the room outside.

When the time was up, she would go out.

It might seem to the outsiders that they spend the night together, but she knew very clearly that Weston never

touched her. He was an extremely squeamish man. Not to mention touching her, there had never been any physical contact. He always seemed dignitary. His long bony fingers were on his knees while he slowly cleaned them one by one with a wet tissue as if a person's touch was profanity rather than flatter.

Belle got up and left, knowing the routine well.

However, the girl with the butterfly mask obviously could not understand the situation.

If Weston did not like Belle, he should just let her leave. Why did he make her stay outside and let her off only after the time passed?

Was he trying to make people think that Belle was well –

liked by him? Was he giving her some face?

But he certainly did not look like that sweet of a man with his attitude just now.

Weston closed his eyes to rest, then opened them slightly.

Seeing her still standing there dumbfounded , he asked coolly, "Play the piano. Do you need me to teach you?" The girl came to her senses right away. She nodded and rushed to the piano. "What song do you want to listen to?"

Her incredibly sweet voice melodiously filled the room as she spoke, and he could tell that she wasn't very old.

Weston doubted whether she had even turned eighteen.

Anyway, he was not interested in it.

He tapped his finger on the table lightly, reminded of the tune Stella would always play on the piano, "A Maiden's Prayer, Op. 4." The girl froze for a moment. She put her hands on the keys and was a bit taken aback. "This is also my favorite piece..."

He frowned but said nothing.

The way the girl looked at him was a little different now.

She had been working here for some time. Before she reached her legal age, Lowe Garden was quick to use her juvenility as a selling point, and only arranged for her to perform musical performances.