

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1083-1086

**Chapter 1083 She couldn't deny that the management here really knew how to leverage the preferences of those men.** Easily attainable things weren't deemed as precious. They had to be hung far above the treetops and over the bright moon before they could evoke any desire to be picked.

Those men would always gawk at her lustfully, dying for her to play a song for them.

However, no one could say a name when she asked them what song they wanted to listen to.

The girl knew clearly that these men did not know or even liked music.

Their concept of music was merely something of an appetizer or a catalyst for something else.

This man was an exception.

He seemed to have no regard for those things. This made her feel that he was different from those men who just wanted to play with her.

Besides, he was excessively handsome.

This was very attractive to a girl who had just stepped into society.

Although she worked here for the money, she hated it and found it vulgar.

If she were not forced to do so, she would've never sacrificed her dignity just for a petty dime.

She always thought of herself as someone different, far superior to those women around her.

She always felt that she was nobler than them.

This was why she held a demeaning attitude toward Belle.

As she began to play the piece, her mind was a mess, and she made several mistakes.

Weston frowned. "Is that the best you can play?" The girl felt embarrassed by his interruption. "I am sorry. I will start over..."

He even knew that she played some wrong notes?

The girl's face blushed very unusually. However, she quickly calmed herself down to play the song in its entirety.

After that, she regulated her breathing and finally did not make any more mistakes.

When she finished, she looked at Weston, anticipating his comment.

To her surprise, he did not react much to it and rubbed his temple. "Wait outside with her."

The girl was shocked. "Mr. Ford, I..."

"You can't understand?"

"No, I just..."

She pressed the corners of her lips and said, "I can also play other songs for you if you want to listen to any."

"No need. Wait outside with Belle." His words were aloof and direct.

The girl clenched her fists as she felt his dismissive attitude. Dissatisfied, she defended herself. "I am not like her. I am not that kind of woman."

Weston opened his eyes and looked at her with a slightly twisted face.

He wasn't even slightly interested in the kind of woman she was. "What are you trying to say?"

The girl said, "The manager asked me to come over and play the piano for you, and that was what I did. He doesn't allow me to do the stuff Belle does, so I mustn't stay with her."

Her statement sounded ridiculously childish.

Weston sneered. "You think you are very different from her?"

"Not very, but I'm just not like her," insisted the young girl with a strained neck.

He stared at her for a moment.

There was a certain stubbornness in her eyes that was similar to Stella's.

"What's your name?"

Her eyes fluttered, and she looked down to hide her inexplicable shyness. "I am Nicole Douglas. My friends call me Nicole."

"Nicole Douglas."

He said her name once, thinking that the name sounded nowhere nearly as good as Stella's. "I see. Go to the manager tomorrow morning, and he will give you what you want."

Nicole blushed and gently clenched her fist. "Mr. Ford, perhaps you might've misunderstood something? I'm not trying to get your money."

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“Whether you want it or not has nothing to do with me. To me, this is a done deal.”

#### **Chapter 1084 The word “deal” deeply stung the tender heart of the young girl.**

These days, even those men who had the word “deal” clearly written on their faces would coax her. No one would say that word directly in front of her face.

Weston’s words just now were like a slap in her face, leaving her ashamed and, at the same time, a little annoyed,

“Mr. Ford, I think you misunderstood. I just play the piano, you may be used to treating me with the same attitude as you treat that woman outside , but I want to tell you that even if I work here, it doesn’t mean that you can trample on my dignity!”

Weston flicked the ash off his cigarette. “So?”

The embers between his fingers glowed brightly in the dim surrounding , exuding a cold sense of misanthropic decadence.

Nicole raised her head, stretched her neck, and said, “I make my money with my own hands, so I don’t take your insults!”

She said proudly, “If you are interested in me, you should pursue me openly like the other men in Lowe Garden, and

you should get in line.”

Weston laughed out loud as if he had heard something funny. “Pursue you? Do you think that those guys are pursuing you?”

Nicole frowned.

The contempt in his words made her feel sick. “I am not a fool. Of course, I know what their pursuit means, but at least they respect me.”

As if desperate to prove something, she continued arguing her case with Weston. “Mr. Ford, I’m not going to be like that woman out there who would immediately offer herself up the moment you beckon her.”

Weston did not place his eyes on her again and asked the manager to come and take her away.

The manager was stunned upon arrival and questioned her quietly beside her ear. “What are you doing? Didn’t I ask you to serve him well? Were you stubborn and offended him?”

Nicole felt aggrieved and insisted resolutely, “I did not. It’s Mr. Ford who does not like me.”

She swept a glance at the calm man. Seeing that he wasn’t taking her seriously, she grunted angrily, “Manager, if there’s nothing else, I’ll leave first.” “Hey! You...”

Seeing her strutting off, the manager was so angry that his head throbbed. He could only appease Weston first for fear of upsetting him.

“Mr. Ford, I’ll teach her a lesson right now...”

Finding them to be a nuisance, Weston made them all wait outside.

His phone was sitting quietly when suddenly, he picked it up and disabled the do-not-disturb mode.

Joan did call a few times, but there were no other messages.

Stella had been so clingy these days that she behaved like someone with Stockholm syndrome, though she had never actually contacted him on her own.

She never seemed to care when he was not in Stardust Mansion.

Only when he returned to the mansion would she put on an act.

It felt so real.

The man’s eyes flashed with a hint of self-deprecation.

He actually believed it. It was such an obvious act, yet he couldn’t see through it.

If it were not for the test report, knowing that Stella was

trying to kill herself, he probably would not be suspicious of her right now.

Weston ordered some drinks and gulped down a few glasses.

Under the dim light, his dark eyes seemed even stiller and colder.

His finger rubbed over the familiar number, but he still did not dial it.

He stood up, grabbed his jacket, and turned to go out.

Belle was drowsy from all the waiting. When she saw him coming out, she stood up hurriedly. “Are you leaving, Mr. Ford?”

“Yes.”

The man walked past her and headed straight out.

Belle was reluctant to let him go, and she was about to go after him when a sudden thud from one of the rooms in the corridor caught her attention...

“Do you really think you are something?”

A slender figure was thrown out of the door, only to be dragged back by the ankle.

The woman raised her head, her face covered in tears. "I said that I don't sell my body!"

### **Chapter 1085 "Nicole?"**

Belle looked at her in surprise. "Why do you..."

Nicole had just upset Weston, so the manager felt that if he didn't give her a lesson, it would cause him a big mess in the future.

It just so happened that a big client had been very interested in her. He had a preference for young girls, so the manager made Nicole come over.

However, little did he expect Nicole to get angry and refuse to serve the client properly, not to mention making the client lose his patience and slap her twice.

She broke down immediately, crying and wailing that she wanted to go back. "I've said it already that I don't sell my body!!! You cannot force me..."

When she saw Weston, her eyes shone with hope as if witnessing her savior. "Mr. Ford..."

The moment she shouted for him, she saw that man walking past in front of her without even giving her a second take.

All she saw was his handmade leather shoes gradually moving away from her, clicking away on the translucent marble floor.

It was as if he had gone to a different world, leaving her in the dusty spot.

Belle also looked at her gloatingly for a few moments, not intending to go after Weston. "Weren't you very arrogant before this? Now you know how to beg for mercy."

In the parking place outside the gate of Lowe Garden, Weston sat in the car, embers glowing red between his

fingers.

He had quit smoking for some time but started again recently, though the cigarettes could not suppress the restlessness in his heart.

In the end, he made a call to Stella.

It was already midnight, and there was no answer.

He did not care that Stella might be asleep and kept calling, determined to wake her up.

It took a long time for the call to get through.

Stella's voice came on the line, as he had hoped. She sounded sleepy, obviously having been woken up earlier. "Hello? Are you back?" she croaked in her husky voice that was thick with sleepy laziness.

Weston took a long drag and exhaled a huge cloud of smoke. "Stella, do you want me to go back?"

The woman who wanted to kill him was now pretending to be deeply in love with him.

He wanted to know how far she had perfected her acting skills.

Stella sobered up a bit.

She took her phone with her and leaned against the bay window, staring outside at the night sky. "I was waiting for you? Where did you go?"

"You didn't wait for me. You fell asleep." Weston did not hesitate to expose her. Stella didn't know why he suddenly became so difficult to coax.

After a pause, she asked gently, "So are you coming

back?"

Weston did not say anything. The final drag he took from the finishing cigarette almost burned his fingertips.

Just as he stepped on the gas to pull out, a petite figure ran out through the gate of Lowe Garden

"Let me go! Let go of me!"

Nicole's face was covered in tears, and she ran out in her thin white dress, followed by the security guards who were chasing after her.

Weston watched steadily as his eyes darkened. "Stella, have you always wanted to leave me?"

Stella's breathing became heavier, but she said nothing.

She noticed that Weston must be in a bad mood, so she did not speak for a while.

The man suddenly laughed. "I won't be coming home for a few days because I have some work to do. I'll have Tina contact you before the trial."

After saying that, he directly hung up the phone.

He then turned off the phone, threw it into the shelf, turned off the engine, and pushed open the car door to

get out.

## **Chapter 1086 Stella did not feel like sleeping again after hanging up the call.**

She was leaning against the balcony window. Underneath her feet was the soft carpet that Weston had laid throughout the villa to prevent her bare feet from getting cold by stepping on the floor.

Although Weston told her countless times that she was not allowed to get out of bed barefoot, he still had the entire villa carpeted just in case.

He had always been meticulous.

Stella could not help but think that he was like an obsessive–compulsive, infiltrating her life in every detail. His mind could retain every single detail.

He took care of her in every way but never respected her thoughts.

Maybe he really wanted her to suffer from Stockholm syndrome, which for him was not a disease but a crowning success.

If she really got used to his presence and gradually softened into his tenderness, she would become the most miserable person in the world—because once Weston pulled away and left her where she was, she would be at a

loss.

It was too dangerous to fall for such a man.

The news that Weston had taken a young girl from the gate of Lowe Garden soon went viral.

There was another woman who was with him that night. Belle.

So, gossip soon spread that Weston had been seen with two women at Lowe Garden at night—one of them was a young woman who had just turned an adult and a gifted student at a nearby art college.

When Guinevere heard the news, she swept all the bottles and jars off the table and onto the floor.

“Sluts! They are all sluts!”

She originally planned to put on light makeup and have dinner with Weston, only for him to decline her invitation half an hour ago.

She thought it was because he didn't have the time due to work–related matters, or maybe he was accompanying Stella , but she did not expect him to be in Lowe Garden last night.

She had warned Belle long ago to stay as far as she could from Ahn City and to never return.

It seemed she should have taught her a hard enough

lesson that it would knock her paralyzed.

Guinevere's eyes gleamed a little wickedly.

And the girl called Nicole was such an insolent girl.

"I want those two women to never step into Ahn City again. As for the one before, chop off both her feet, and for the one who played the piano, scrape her hands. You know what to do!"

"Understood, Miss Cohen."

After she finished giving the order, she let the servant tidy up the messed-up bedroom. Mrs. Cohen walked in at the sound of her voice and frowned when she saw the scene in front of her. "Why are you suddenly losing your temper again?"

She sat next to Guinevere, put her hand on her daughter's shoulder, and sighed. "You need to restrain yourself. I know the news that came out last night made you uncomfortable, but your father was already very unhappy that you used the family's connections to deal with those irrelevant people. Now, you're making a scene again..."

"Mother!"

Guinevere interrupted her, feeling rather aggrieved. "I, too, do not want to trouble the family and use our connections to do something risky, but I really can't stand it anymore. I cannot stand any of the women that appear around him!"

She could not lay a finger on Stella because Weston protected her too well.

Her best chance to get rid of Stella had long passed.

She failed to ensure Stella was really dead on that rooftop two years ago. Couldn't she teach that woman called Nicole and Belle a lesson now?

The more she argued, the more emotional she became. When Mrs. Cohen saw that her eyes were already tinged with a touch of madness, she immediately stopped talking.

She did not dare to provoke her daughter any further.