

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1111-1112

Chapter 1111

Undoubtedly, he was worried that Guinevere would make a big deal out of the two slaps she received.

But the man's eyes unexpectedly revealed a kind of smile.

He put his finger on his brow ridge and chuckled. "She actually hits people?"

"Miss Cohen must have said something unpleasant to Mrs. Ford."

Ben said, "Mrs. Ford seemed to be very angry."

However, even if it was Guinevere who provoked her first, assaulting someone wasn't right. What did this rather relieved tone of Mr. Ford mean?

Weston knew what Guinevere had said to her. It was nothing more than to irritate Stella with the deal between them. All he had to do was go back and coax her a bit.

"Is there anything else?"

"Mrs. Ford..."

Ben hesitated but still told him the truth in the end. "Mrs. Ford met Justin today. It seems he's gone to Tina's office to help her out."

The man opened his eyes and cast a cold glance at him.

Ben touched his nose nervously, wondering if he had said the wrong thing

"But Mrs. Ford should have nothing to do with him anymore, and I didn't see any inappropriate behavior..."

The more he said, the worse it became until he did not know why he was being honest.

He clearly knew how possessive Weston was of Stella. "I'm sorry, Mr. Ford..."

"The company has sent over the details of the contract..."

He attempted to change the subject, but Weston interrupted coldly.

"What did they do?"

"Nothing! Really!" Ben said. "It was just a friendly hug when they parted. But I am very sure that it was a polite hug!"

The more he spoke, the more anxious he became.

Weston swept a cold glance at him with eyes that were like crackling ice.

The air around them froze, and the temperature dropped a few degrees.

Ben shut his mouth and didn't dare to say more.

Stella headed straight to the kitchen once she got back to Stardust Mansion.

Joan was a bit surprised. "Ma'am, do you want to cook by yourself?"

Stella nodded.

It was the last dinner, she thought.

She wanted to bring it all to a close.

Joan was unsure of Stella's intention and thought she had changed her mind and wanted to be with Weston properly.

So, she said nothing and went to do her own work happily.

Soon, the Maybach pulled into the gate of the mansion.

Joan was waiting outside and she greeted Weston when he got out of the car. "Mr. Ford, you're back..."

She paused for a moment, realizing Weston did not look so good. "Did something happen?"

Weston ignored her. He casually handed her the suit jacket and strode into the mansion.

She could feel his solemn aura just by looking at his back.

She exchanged glances with Ben, who got out of the car soon after and asked softly, "What happened? Why does Mr. Ford look so angry..."

Ben shook his head, signaling her not to ask more

questions. "We'd better stay out of his business with his wife and do our own thing." He was annoyed that he had just said the wrong thing and deeply regretted it.

Chapter 1112

Stella was in the kitchen when she heard footsteps and subconsciously looked back.

Seeing Weston walk in, she asked, "Why are you back so early today?"

“What, you don’t want to see me?”

The man pushed the man directly against the glazed table the next second.

Her back hit the hard surface of the table, and she hissed out of pain. “Be gentle... Let go of me...”

Weston’s eyes darkened. Hearing her refusal and thinking of her meeting with Justin today, he thought she was rejecting him because she had met someone else.

This only prompted him to clutch her waist harder. “I can’t even touch you now, huh?”

“What are you talking about?”

She struggled a little, and her face showed impatience. However, it was this look of impatience that irritated Weston.

A cloud of gloom flashed across his eyes. He untied her apron, threw it on the floor, and carried her directly up to the countertop as he reached out to probe upwards.

Stella shuddered at the touch of his calloused fingers on her skin and slapped his hand away forcefully. “What are you doing?!?!”

Weston bit her earlobe and uttered one word.

“You.”

The water behind her was still boiling.

She felt one tender kiss after another land on her neck. She trembled as her skin felt his warmth.

She took a deep breath to calm herself down before hoarsely pleading, “Not here, okay?”

Weston was gasping. As he heard the unmistakable tremble inside her voice, he had no choice but to settle down.

Looking down at her disheveled clothes, he tidied them a

bit.

“Go and take a shower,” he said.

Stella frowned slightly, somewhat disgusted by his beastly behavior that craved sex anytime, anywhere.

But thinking that today would be the last time, she relented.

She was about to get down, but Weston picked her up and headed straight to the bathroom.

She didn't know what was happening, but she could

clearly feel that he was in a hurry today.

If it were not for the fact that her legs were shaking, she was sure he would have pushed her into the bathroom and had his way with her already.

This time, he seemed more intent on cleaning her whole body, especially her arms, back, and chest.

He grabbed her arms and lathered her body again and again under the shower to the tune of her skin becoming a little red and sore.

Uncomfortable and in pain, she could not help but remind him, "I'm already sparkling..."

"Does it hurt?" He looked up and asked.

She nodded. "What's wrong with you today?"

He stared at her and, without saying a word, lathered her body again before finally wrapping her in a towel and bringing her out.

That one thought of her cuddling with Justin was way more than he could rationalize.

Even scrubbing her until her skin was red couldn't wipe off the soot that choked his heart.

Stella struggled to sit up after being placed on the bed.

"Wait.

"Are you thirsty ? Let me get you some tea, okay?" she

said to him.

Weston's eyes darkened even more as he stared at her in silence. Stella already had a hunch about what was to come when she saw his face.

His tempestuous, deep eyes swirled with countless dangerous whirlpools , as if whipping up a tornado that was about to make landfall.

Stella got up, and as she passed by his side, she could hear his heavy huffing.