

Mr. Ford Is Jealous

Chapter 1211

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Weston didn't care. He grabbed her wrists and put them behind her back, then, lifted her with both his arms.

"Ah!" Stella exclaimed as she felt her feet dangling midair. She watched as he pushed herself against the wall and kissed her more passionately.

Weston pinned her hands down and kissed her repeatedly as if trying to eat her up. Her whole body became numb and soft from the force he exerted, and she simply couldn't break free from his shackles.

"Mm, let go of me..." She whimpered weakly.

Weston seemed to not hear her as he continued his assault of kisses. He kissed her so intensely. He seemed like he was trying to make up for all the years in her absence.

No one knew how long the kiss lasted. At last, Weston panted in her ear and said in a muffled voice, "Keep your distance from that man."

Stella's eyes seemed dazed. She was gasping for air.

When she heard his muffled voice, she took a moment to breathe before realizing who he meant.

Stella clenched her fists in anger. Her fingers were trembling slightly. “What does he have to do with you?”

Weston refrained from answering. Instead, he said indifferently, “If you ever let him call himself the father of those two little ones again, I’ll make him regret it.”

Stella gave him a cold look. “Are you going to hurt him?”

“If he didn’t act like a clown in front of me like he did today, I’d have considered letting him go.”

Weston caressed Stella’s face. “I know you treat him like Roger, but I don’t care about him. Even if Roger is still alive, I wouldn’t forgive him if he had any ulterior motives toward you.”

Just as he finished, Stella suddenly looked up at him with red eyes and gave him a hard slap.

The air between them froze. Amid the dead silence, they could hear the breathing of the other.

Stella glared at the man in front of her with intense hatred burning in her eyes.

She hated him because of his ridiculous actions—he disrupted her life after causing her miscarriage and abandoning her—he trapped her by his side and made her a mistress.

Not only that, he only forced herself to obey and pushed Roger to the verge of death. As a result, Roger killed himself because he refused to be Weston's tool in threatening Stella. Stella hated him so much for all the things he had done. However, Weston simply mentioned it so lightly again, as if it was nothing to him. Weston didn't fight back. Soon, an obvious, red mark appeared on his face. He pressed his tongue against his cheek and looked at her with a smile. "Are you done?" Stella did not say anything, but her body was still shaking.

"Stella..." Weston took her wrist and put it on his face again. "If that's not enough, slap me again. I don't care as long as it makes you happy."

"Get lost!" Stella pushed him away sharply. She couldn't stand the very thought of Weston, that haunted her like a demon.

"How can you be so guiltless? He wouldn't be dead if not for you. Why are you using the same tactics on those I care about?"

Stella was getting a little emotional and agitated. "I'm telling you, no! Never again!" "Do you think I'm weak because I'm working

with you on this project? Or do you think that I must cooperate with you and have no other choice?”

“I never thought so.” Weston cut her off.

Weston stepped forward and cornered Stella. He said in a muffled voice, “I’m glad you came to me. You know, I wasn’t lying when I said I’d give you the whole Ford Corporation.”

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