

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 331

Chapter 331 Roger sat down next to the hospital bed and took Stella's hand. "Sis."

No one knew how frightened he was when he received the call and heard that Stella had fallen from a platform several meters above the ground while filming a movie. She was the only family he had left. He did not want anything to happen to her.

After their parents passed away, the two of them became dependent on each other. Stella would not have had such a hard time if it was not for his disease. She used to be such a cheerful and good girl, and she always wore a smile on her face. She was so proud and beautiful, cherished like the princes in their family. However, she suffered so much because of him.

Stella would not have married Weston so easily if it were not for his medical bills. She would not have had to suffer so much and be abandoned by Weston. Roger almost lost Stella. Since then, the fear of losing her lingered. It would never go away.

The incident when Stella fell from the building traumatized him. He feared that Stella would leave him one day. She was the only one he cared about in the world.

Bradley finally fulfilled the nurse's requests, after which she left. When he came in, he saw tears welling up in Roger's red eyes. He shook his head and teased, "How old are you? Why are you crying in front of your sister?" Bradley felt curious about it. He was an only child and did not understand such a strong bond between siblings.

Roger quickly held back the tears when Bradley came in. He said without looking at him, "Thank you for sending my sister to the hospital."

"No problem," Bradley said. Then, he suddenly asked, "How old are you?" Roger replied, "I'm nineteen years old." "You're pretty young." Bradley stared at Roger a little longer and said, "Did anyone say you looked like your sister?" Roger ignored him.

'He's quite introverted,' Bradley thought to himself quietly. His introverted personality was unfit for the entertainment industry, but his face was very good-looking for films.

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Bradley stared at him so much that Roger felt uncomfortable. "Do I have something on my face?" asked Roger.

“No.” Bradley said with admiration, “There isn’t anyone like you in the entertainment industry nowadays. It’s rare to see someone with your temperament.”

Roger frowned and looked at him warily. “What are you trying to say?”

Bradley smiled and shook his head. “It’s nothing. Are you still studying?”

“Are you verifying my identity?” Roger was very wary.

“I’m just having a casual conversation.” Bradley’s tone remained unchanged. “Your sister is acting in my movie. Are you afraid that I’d hurt you?”

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\* Roger pondered about it. Indeed, Stella was working for Bradley now, so he should not offend

him. What if Bradley was an intolerant man? He might give Stella a hard time because of his Prudence. Thinking of that, Roger softened and said, “Thank you for sending my sister to the

hospital.” “Don’t worry. I’m responsible for this too.”

Bradley rubbed his brow. Looking at the innocent young man, he became a little more sincere and asked, “What year are you in now?”

OR

Roger was a little annoyed and unwilling to talk too much. However, he patiently spoke to him about some common topics. During the conversation, his eyes remained fixed on Stella and never looked away.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 332**

Chapter 332 Bradley was a little touched by Roger’s sincere concern for Stella. He had produced many movies, mostly about love.

Love was powerful. Many people in the world just could not escape the greatness of love. Love had always been an unchanging topic from ancient times, which proved the human’s endless pursuit of love.

Today, Bradley felt the charm of family love. The love between family members bound by blood included sincere affection and deep love from the heart. It was no less than romantic love.

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This inspired him. Perhaps, he could explore the theme of family love in his next movie production. "I'll go pay the bill. You can stay here with your sister. Call me when she wakes up." With that, he took his phone and exchanged contact information with Roger. Bradley was hesitant to give Roger his phone number. After all, he was a public figure. Many people, including the nurse, recognized him in public places such as a hospital. However, Bradley put that doubt to rest after thinking about Roger's behavior earlier. After Bradley left, Roger finally breathed a sigh of relief. He held Stella's hand and looked at her. He was relieved to feel her warmth gradually rise..

Roger did nothing but sit next to her bed as he waited for her to wake up.

Bradley was about to return to Stella's ward after he had paid for the medical expenses. Then, he saw a familiar face in the hospital.

"Mr. Ford?"

Bradley saw the elegant and handsome man in the black trench coat. He seemed to look a little anxious.

Bradley took the initiative to greet him. "What a coincidence. Are you visiting a friend in the hospital?"

Bradley walked to him and looked around. There was no one else around Weston.

Did Weston come to the hospital alone?

"Mr. Ford, are you unwell?" .

Weston frowned and gave Bradley a look. Ben had informed him in the call earlier that Bradley had sent Stella to the hospital.

He rubbed his temple and uttered with an unreadable expression, "Hi, Mr. Lane. Why are you in the hospital?"

Bradley did not notice the strange tone in his voice. He answered openly, "An actress in my production set got injured during an action scene practice. I took her here and informed her family..."

Then, he paused a little and looked at Weston, "By the way, Mr. Ford, you might remember

her. You just met her the other day."

ults that so? Which one?" Weston asked indifferently. It was as if he could not recall it at all.

Bradley said with a smile, "Maybe you were busy and forgot. You watched her ad-lib acting when you came over that day, but you weren't very impressed with her."

**SO**

Weston arched his brow. "I wasn't impressed? Why are you using her, then? There seems to be something about her that you appreciate."

Weston's comment made Bradley think a little. He wondered if *Weston* meant what he said

or implied something else. Experienced businessmen might mean more than what they said. Bradley could not be as straightforward with him as he was with Roger. He smiled and explained his reasons to Weston. "Ella is still an inexperienced actress with no basics, but she fits the role very well. I've carefully considered your opinion that day, but I thought about giving her a chance because she might surprise me."

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**Chapter 333** "Also, she's quite hard working and honest. She doesn't seem like someone who would take shortcuts."

Bradley's comment appeared like a complement to Stella. In fact, he was telling Weston that his choice was based on the consideration of the movie, not because of any connection or shady relationships.

Ultimately, Weston was still an investor in his movie.

Guinevere was the only female lead of the film and joined capital into the production group. She was also Weston's fiancée.

For Bradley, it was an art to talk to the investors. Besides, Stella was pure and clean without any ulterior motive. He must not let Weston misunderstand their relationship. Otherwise, Stella might not be able to act in any film in the future.

Stella did not come from a professional background. If she left such an impression on the investors, she might not be able to secure any acting roles in the future.

People like Bradley were very experienced in the entertainment industry. He was eccentric and unlike most, but he had long been a man of the world. He did not want to use those techniques if possible, but he would do so when necessary.

It was clear that Bradley was defending Stella. Weston's expression changed a little when he heard that, but his face remained unreadable. He questioned, "If you think so highly of this new actress, why did you let her get injured?" Bradley was a little surprised. He did not expect Weston to pursue this matter.

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He gave it a thought. Perhaps Weston was hammering away at him about the production set's safety. After all, Guinevere was about to start shooting soon.

He reassured Weston, "Mr. Ford, please rest assured. We'll strengthen our safety measures. I promise this situation will not occur again, especially when Ms. Cohen comes into the set."

Weston looked at him and said nothing. Then, he turned to leave.

Bradley watched him leave and was puzzled for a moment. He could not figure out what was going on in Weston's mind, so he shook his head and returned to the ward. Meanwhile, in the ward, Stella woke up at some point of time. When she opened her eyes, she saw Roger sitting next to her.

Stella was surprised. "Roger, why are you here?"

Roger immediately looked up to her when he heard her voice. "Sis?"

Roger came from the university in a rush. He did not sleep well last night and had a test in class. When he had just finished the paper, he received a call from Stella's workplace.

He was already very exhausted before rushing over. His under-eyes were dark blue, and his eyes were red and tired.

"I got a call from your director, so I rushed over from school... Sis, are you all right?"

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Roger sat up straight and rang the nurse's bell at the bedside, "I'll call the doctor over." Stella coughed twice and closed her eyes. It took a few moments before her thoughts returned. She rubbed her brow and muttered, "I think I fell while hanging in midair..." "Bradley said you hit your head, but it's nothing serious."

Roger fidgeted a little and suddenly frowned. "Why don't we check again? I'm still worried." Bradley happened to follow the doctor through the door as Roger said that. "The doctor has checked. What's there to worry about?" Bradley said, "I've paid the bills." Then,

he turned to Stella, "Do you still feel unwell, or are you in any pain?" Stella shook her head. "I'm fine. Thanks, Mr. Lane..."

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As the doctor performed a series of tests on Stella, Bradley glanced at Roger. He told him, "Don't be so worried. If your sister has any after-effects, come to me.

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"I promise you that the safety measures are always in place. Your sister is safe in our hands. We aren't the kind of crew who mistreats the te

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Chapter 334 Bradley rarely had the patience to explain so much to a person.

Roger did not make any comment. He nodded his head and said, "Thank you."

Roger was no longer as worked up as before. When he just came, he wanted to demand an explanation from Bradley. After he calmed down, he knew it was best to get along with the crew to make Stella's life easier. "Thank you for taking care of my sister on the set..."

Bradley was surprised by Roger's sudden change of tone. It seemed like he suddenly understood how to be grateful. Upon realizing that, Bradley laughed.

"You're a lot like your sister," Bradley commented. The siblings were not worldly at all, but they were very adaptable. It was rare to see people like them. They had hearts of gold and still knew how to adapt to survive.

After the examination, the doctor said, "There is a slight concussion, but the rest isn't a big problem."

Roger was so relieved to hear that. "Thank you, doctor."

Soon, it was afternoon.

Bradley uttered, "Both of you must be hungry. I'll go and get some food for you."

Stella sat up quickly. "How can I trouble you?" She coughed twice more, still feeling a little dizzy.

Roger helped her up and put a pillow on her back. Then, he poured her a glass of water.

Bradley was touched to see Roger busy helping Stella. He praised, "Your younger brother is quite understanding."

He had seen quite a few women who worked hard to help their younger brothers. There were also many siblings who supported each other. This kind of affection was quite precious.

Stella smiled. "He's a very mature child. He's good at studying too." Stella's eyes were full of pride when she talked about Roger. She did not shy away despite Roger's presence. "He's been a smart kid since he was young. He's had a lot of scholarships and was awarded the top student award a while back. He's always gotten the first place"

"Sis." Roger interrupted her embarrassedly, "Stop it."

Seeing Roger's embarrassment, Bradley laughed out loud. "You're a grown up now. Why are you so shy from your sister's praises?" Roger remained silent. His mouth was set in a line as he poured a glass of water for Bradley as well.

Bradley had taken a liking to him.

Roger suddenly said very seriously, "My sister is really impressive." He looked into Bradley's eyes and said word by word, "My sister was a bright student. She graduated from Ahn City University as an outstanding graduate. She studied dance and piano before university. She has also won international awards for both dance and piano. However, she didn't develop further in this area since then." Bradley was surprised. "You've won awards?"

Many children today came from good families. It was normal for them to acquire many skills, but only a few could win awards.

"Yes!" Roger was very proud of her too. "My sister won the Swan Cup for dancing and the Golden Wheat Trophy for her piano performance!" Both of these awards were very prestigious and authoritative in their respective circle. Bradley worked in the entertainment industry, so he knew a lot about these. He looked at Stella in surprise. "If you're so good at this, why did you work as just an extracurricular teacher?"

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It was a long story. Stella did not feel like explaining to him. She only smiled and said, "Well, aren't I working on your set now?" Bradley paused for a moment. He knew she did not want to talk about her past, so he changed the subject. "It's great that you

have dance skills.” He said, “If you have real talent, there are plenty of opportunities for you here.”

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**Chapter 335** Roger’s eyes flickered a little. He seemed like he wanted to say something. However, he held back his words after glancing at Stella’s expression.

Roger was still reluctant about Stella’s career in the entertainment industry. She even got injured in such a big accident today. In the future...

He dared not to think further.

At last, Roger stood up and said, “I’ll go and buy some food. Mr. Lane, what would you like to eat?”

“I’m fine with anything. Just don’t make it too spicy.” Roger nodded and left the ward. After he left, Bradley and Stella were the only ones left in the ward. “Your younger brother truly cares about you,” Bradley said. Stella smiled. “Yeah.” “I just realized that he’s the only family you have left.” Stella looked at Bradley with a smile and slightly dimmed eyes. “A few years ago, our parents died in an accident. Now, it’s just us.”

“Sorry. I didn’t mean to remind you about your pain.”

Stella shook her head. “It’s the truth anyway. However, it’s all in the past.” She said with a smile, “We’re living in a good life now, aren’t we?”

Actually, life now was just as hard. However, she was not the kind of person who liked to complain to others.

Bradley was quite interested in Roger. “You both are good-looking. Also, your brother has a personality that’s rare in the entertainment industry.”

Stella understood his implied meaning. She frowned and said, “Maybe, but he doesn’t like to deal with strangers. He’s relatively introverted. He’s studying computers now, so he has good future job prospects.”

Both of them were adults. They might not speak their intention clearly, but they had understood each other’s meaning. Bradley was interested in Roger and wanted to recruit him. However, Stella politely declined.

She knew the ugliness of the entertainment industry and did not want Roger to be involved in such an environment. Besides, Roger’s personality was unfit for the industry. He w

ould not be able to deal with the people here. He was very impulsive and had a clear sense of love and hate.

Based on the previous incident with Jack Wale, it was clear that Roger was unfit for jobs that required a lot of social interaction.

Bradley felt regretful. “Male celebrities in the industry are much more popular than their female counterparts now.”

**They could be** equally good-looking, but a female celebrity’s opportunities were always fewer **than a male** celebrity’s.

Besides, Roger would be graduating from a famous school. He had a real degree and was as good at computers. If they marketed him well, he would easily be a big hit with his good foundation. However, Stella did not want her brother to be a celebrity. She could not force him to be one either.

Bradley asked a few questions about Roger’s studies and suddenly saw the corner of a document in his bag.

Bradley hesitated a little and asked, “Is this Robb’s bag?”

Roger came in a hurry. When he rushed over from class, he simply stuffed everything into his bag and ran over.

When he saw Stella, he forgot everything and threw his bag on the sofa next to them.

Bradley helped him to sort it out and was about to put the bag away. Then, he saw the words printed on the document and arched his brow. He muttered, “Maybe it’s indeed a waste of talent for Robb to join the entertainment industry. He’s such a good talent. He should further his studies.”

Roger qualified for a full scholarship to study abroad. This showed that he would likely contribute to the country’s scientific research in the future.

If one was just talking about money alone, the entertainment industry was certainly the fittest place to make money. However, it was different when it came to research.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 336**

Chapter

336 Bradley was usually unpredictable and liked to scold people, but he had always been very respectful of those who had real talent. Stella could feel that, after knowing that she had won those awards, Bradley changed his tone. He was now talking to her as equal beings, rather than a superior to a subordinate

. She could clearly sense his admiration for Roger as well. "Yes." She was a little proud. "I hope he can keep furthering his studies. He's a good fit for computer science."

Bradley turned the page again casually. "I am not sure about his ability to live on his own. If he could get the placement to study abroad, he would definitely have to take care of himself. With his learning ability, learning a foreign language would not be a problem. It will depend on which country he goes to."

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"Wait!" She was confused. "What do you mean?"

"Don't you know yet?" He frowned and looked at the document in his hand, making sure that he was reading it right.

"This is the application form for studying abroad, and it's a full scholarship. Opportunities like this are usually given to those students at the top of their academic level. Didn't he tell you that?"

As soon as he said that, an anxious voice suddenly came from the doorway. "What are you looking at?"

Roger just came back from buying lunch. When he suddenly saw that Bradley was flipping through the application form, his expression changed, and he rushed in. "Give it back to me!"

He dropped the food on the table and snatched the papers in Bradley's hands, then stuffed them into his bag hurriedly. Then, he zipped it up and tossed it aside.

The whole room fell into silence.

He did not turn around, his back facing Stella.

He could feel that her eyes were staring intensely at him, making him feel very anxious. Stella could not react at first. But seeing his actions, she already had a vague premonition. Her voice was cold. "Roger, what's going on?"

His back stiffened, but he did not turn around.

After a while, only then did he look at her. "Let's eat."

Pretending as if nothing had happened, he took out the food boxes, opened them, and put them on the table one by one in front of her. She

took a deep breath. "Let me ask you: What is that application form all about? What is this studying abroad about?"

Her tone was very cold. Even Bradley smelled that something was not right. His face softened a bit, and he looked at Roger. He realized that this matter might not be that simple. Roger did not say anything and still pretended to be calm. Stella took a deep breath and looked at Bradley. "I'm sorry. I lost my composure just now." "It's nothing," he replied. "If you two have anything to say, I shall go out first. It just so happens that there are things left to be done on the set."

He said and stood up. Holding the jacket in his hands, he wanted to leave. "I have already informed the hospital. You can stay here until you are fully recovered before you return to the set. Don't worry about the progress. I will take time to arrange it."

After all, this was caused by the crew. Naturally, they had to take responsibility. Bradley was a responsible man. But Roger called out to him. "Mr. Lane, I ordered you a meal. Why don't you finish it before leaving?" Stella echoed, "Why don't you have it with us?" "It is not necessary," Bradley said. "You can have a proper talk with each other." With that, he closed the door and left. Looking at his back, Roger froze.

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**Chapter 337** It was then that Stella laid her eyes on Roger. "Tell me: What's going on?"

He remained silent.

He served her some soup. "Have some soup first." She looked at him quietly with a serious face.

He could not bear it anymore and started explaining honestly, "Mr. Hall told me that there was a placement for studying abroad and that I could apply for it if I was interested, so he gave me this form."

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Stella paused for a moment and asked, "Is that a good thing?" He nodded reluctantly. "It is, but I don't really want to go."

"Why?"

"Living abroad is not very comfortable, so I don't really want to go. Moreover, I will be very far away from you, then I won't have much time to come back and see you when I miss you."

This was indeed an aspect to consider, but... She asked, "Apart from this, in your mind, do you want to go?" He did not say anything. He froze for a moment and shook his head quickly. "I've never thought of going abroad. I will not fill up this form. When the time comes, I will let Mr. Hall give the chance to other students who have the intention in this regard."

She did not say anything.

Taking the soup, she took a sip. He was relieved to see that she did not seem to be angry and started eating beside her.

He thought that this matter was over.

But just after they finished eating, she suddenly said, "I checked on the Internet and found that the quota for studying abroad is very small. There seem to be only three students in your university who can qualify for it."

He was stunned and avoided her eyes subconsciously. "The web would certainly say so, but actually, it is not necessary to go..." "But it would be better for your future to go, wouldn't it?" She stared at him intently. She was unwilling to miss the slightest change of expression on his face. She knew him well.

If he did not want to go or it was not beneficial to him, he would never hide it from her.

Since he did not want to discuss this with her, it meant that studying abroad was not like what he said.

Her tone was cold. "What are you hiding from me?"

He shook his head. "I really don't want to go, Sis. Don't force me..."

She let out a long breath. "Give me the form."

He was not sure what she was going to do, but he still obediently handed it to her. She scanned it. "I will go to the university to find out more about it. If this is really good for you, I hope you can take this opportunity." "Sis –"

"You don't have to say anything. Don't you like computers a lot? If you can learn new knowledge by going abroad, it is a better option for you..."

She started nagging. It was the same old story.

He was annoyed. "Then have you ever thought that if I were to study abroad, it would be difficult for me to come to visit you? Like this time, when you had an accident. I'd have to book a ticket many days in advance to come back, and you might already be discharged from the hospital by the time I arrive!"

"I don't need you to rush back for me."

She said, "I can take care of myself. Didn't you tell me before that you are already an adult? It's just studying abroad; it's not like you're not coming back forever." "No! In short, I don't feel comfortable with you being alone in the country, unless..." He blurted out. "Unless you come with me."

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 338

Chapter 338 There was a moment of silence in the ward.

No one spoke up for a while.

Stella looked at Roger somewhat blankly, as if she hadn't expected him to have such a thought.

Roger's reaction was different from hers.

He blurted out without thinking at first.

But after thinking it over, he gradually thought that it might work. Why couldn't she go abroad with him?

He suddenly changed his tone and looked at her. That's it! You can go with me."

He grabbed her hands. "Can you come with me? I will survey some cheaper places when I apply for it. Dormitories in foreign universities are very expensive and difficult to apply for. I can rent a house outside to live with you..."

She looked at him steadily. "You have even asked about the rentals. It means that you actually want to go, right?"

He was speechless.

She did not

let him stay for long, nor did she respond to his request for her to go with him to study abroad. He still had class. After looking at the time, she urged him to go and asked him to come back after class.

Although she was alright now, she still had to stay in the hospital for at least another half a day to make sure she was okay before she could leave.

She asked him to come straight after his afternoon class to settle the discharge procedure with

her.

Originally, she did not intend to let him worry about this matter.

But looking at his state, he would be even more upset if she did not let him come. So, she could only coax him to go back to class first.

After he left, she was the only one left in the ward. She closed her eyes. Only then did she feel the after-effects of the collision on the set that made her still a little dizzy.

She did not show it when he was here.

But once he left, the aftermath pain pervaded.

She let out a breath, only to hear the sound of the door being pushed open.

“Forgot something again?” She thought it was Roger, so she sat up slowly and asked automatically.

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The person did not reply but simply closed the door. The sound of steady footsteps was heard from the doorway to the bedside.

She suddenly opened her eyes with a premonition, and then she met Weston’s eyes.

The man was looking at her from above.

Those eyes were as dark as the night sky. His back was against the light, and his figure was tall.

Standing in front of her, he blocked all the light outside the window.

She paused, and no one spoke first. After a while, she heard him ask, “Feeling better?” She nodded and gave a short response, not saying anything extra. He sat down next to her. She closed her eyes straight away and turned away without looking at him again. As soon as she saw him, she remembered the wedding candy she had eaten on the set. The rich and creamy taste of the candy was still lingering in her mouth. It was rather bitter. He sensed her indifference, and his face sank. ‘When we parted this morning, she was still that good-natured,’ he thought. ‘In just one morning, she’s already like this, lying in a hospital bed, pale.’

His tone wasn’t good. He reached out to stroke her hair. “If you keep going on like this and not taking care of yourself, I’ll reconsider whether I want you to stay on set.”

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Chapter 339 It was supposed to be a word of concern, but it sounded different when he was the one who said it.

Stella clenched her fists and opened her eyes. "It was just an accident. You have no right to interfere with my decision!"

The man's face sank. "Who has if I don't?"

He tilted her chin and made her look at him. Bending down, he took her in his arms. "How can I let you stay any longer after you had an accident in just a short time?"

She frowned and forced herself to suppress her emotions. Looking at him calmly, she said, ". Aren't you busy today? Why did you come over?"

"What do you think?" Weston asked in return. Seeing her being stubborn, he suddenly got a little upset and bit the corner of her lips. "Why are you so angry?" He already sensed that she was not in the right mood when he came in. She was a bit repulsed by him.

Although her obedience was mere pretence, she was only acting like her old self, but she did not even want to do that now.

She closed her eyes and suddenly chuckled.

She straightened her back in his arms. "Help me get something."

"What is it?"

"That bag on the coffee table. I want some candy!"

The man stared at her, as if trying to read her mind from the expression on her face.

Seeing that he did not move, she broke away from his embrace without saying anything and went to get it herself. Suddenly, he held her shoulders and pressed her against the bedside rail, cupping

her face and kissing her. Only after experiencing her moment of tenderness and affection that he knew how unbearable her indifference to him was. Even if her previous good behavior, obedience, submissiveness, and all were pretence. It was only a show for him.

Yet he liked it.

So, when she returned to her cold self, just like when they reunited, he could not control his animosity.

He kissed her, wanting to cover her with his scent so that she had nowhere to escape. He wanted to make her unable to face him with this repulsive expression, so that she would have only him in her eyes and in her heart, just like in the past, and could not resist anything from

him.

She struggled at first. In the end, she just let him be. Like a doll, she let him fiddle with her however he liked without saying a word. Considering that this was a hospital, he finally stopped. His forehead against hers, he breathed heavily.

She was gasping as well. Her lips were swollen, and the corner of her lips was bleeding, making her look very pitiful. It was especially her pale face that stirred the man's emotions. With his calloused thumb, he touched the corner of her lips and asked with a hoarse voice, "Does it hurt?"

She shook her head and suddenly curled the corners of her lips upward, laughing. Only that laugh was ironic—so ironic that she was unwilling to say anything to mock herself. He lowered his head and sucked her lips.

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Then, he stood up and walked to the coffee table to get her bag.

"Since when do you like candy?"

He opened her bag and took a red velvet box out of it. He frowned.

She looked at his face and laughed. "It's a gift from somebody after all. I don't want to waste

*it.*"

"Who was this from?" He sat beside her and took her into his arms. Holding the box with one hand, he opened it with another. Apart from the chocolate and toffees, there was an exquisitely crafted card. He caught a glimpse of the two names on it, written side by side. 'Weston and Guinevere.'

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Chapter 340 Stella did not look at his face.

She knew that his expression must be interesting right now.

(The chocolate tastes nice. I have also eaten two of these toffees. They are not bad either...”

She smiled nonchalantly. “Did you choose this wedding candy, or was it Guinevere? It should be her, since you don’t really like candy...”

Before she could finish her words, the man snatched the candy she picked up and put it back into the box. He then slammed it shut and threw it into the rubbish bin.

“Who gave it to you?” His voice was very cold.

Like ice.

She chuckled and said, “Everyone in the crew got one.”

Her expression was relaxed, so relaxed that it made her look a bit cruel.

Weston stared at her, trying to find anything in her expression that was different from her previous demeanor.

But there was none.

Apart from faint mockery, there was only a hint of unconcerned smile.

An inexplicable irritation grew in his chest.

He tugged at his collar. “I’ve warned you. This crew is not the place for you.”

His words carried a hint of impatience.

She paused and relaxed her face. “It’s just a wedding gift. Don’t worry. I don’t care about such things at all.”

“Since you don’t care, then why are you throwing a tantrum?”

She laughed. “How would I dare to? If I really were to throw a tantrum, I would not have brought this over.” She continued, “They taste good. Why did you throw them away? What a waste.”

“Stella.” He suddenly interrupted with a deep voice, “Stop pissing me off.” “Hey, don’t be angry.” Her tone became more relaxed as she helped him straighten his collar. “I think today is a good day for you, right? Did you get your marriage license with Guinevere, or is it some other anniversary? It’s supposed to be a happy day, so don’t get upset because of

me.”

“Stella!”

He was really angry this time when he shouted her name.

His dark eyes were surging with unrestrained emotions, looking as if they were about to devour her,

“Do you think you can provoke me by deliberately saying all these?”

What will I gain by provoking you?” She was amused. “Haven’t I always been pleasing you?”

“If you really were, you would not have this kind of reaction.”

“Then what reaction do you expect from me?”

Not saying anything, he pressed his thin lips into a horizontal line.

He had such a delicate and well-defined face. He looked so handsome no matter which angle she looked at him from.

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Unfortunately, he was equally ruthless. He was such a mighty and powerful man, who showed very little tenderness to her. It was very little, but he expected her to be grateful for it. The man’s eyes darkened. Suddenly, he reached out and grabbed her chin. He exerted a little force, yet she could already feel the rush of pressure from it. She met his gaze and did not flinch. She just stared at him. After a moment, the man leaned down and breathed hot air into her ear. In a low voice, he said, “If you keep up this attitude, I will consider extending the term for a year.”

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“You!”

He had stepped directly on her sore spot. One year was all she had hoped for, and she only hoped that after this year, he would really let her go.

She clenched her fists at once and looked at the man in front of her with some reluctance.

Then, she took a deep breath. “I’m a little tired. I want to rest.”

She seemed to have acquiesced.