

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 581

Chapter 581

Cough, cough...

The black liquid dripped from the corner of her mouth onto her collarbone, a stark contrast to her pale face.

Weston grabbed some napkins and wiped her mouth, coaxing tenderly into her ear. "Be good, take some medicine so you'll feel better, all right?"

He wasn't sure whether Stella heard his words, but she simply hummed in response and turned her face away.

Weston fed her another spoonful.

Stella's brows furrowed tightly in a sign of protest.

Before she could swallow the medicine, she coughed persistently as if she had choked.

Cough, cough, cough...

Weston placed the bowl on the bedside table and patted her back gently. "Slow down."

A moment later, Stella recovered herself but remained semi-conscious.

She shut her eyes and fell back asleep.

Weston looked at her weak state and sighed helplessly. "You really do know how to torture someone."

Stella wasn't completely knocked out and could hear what he said.

She was caught in between a state of alertness and confusion, and she could even make out that familiar musk of his cologne.

She wanted to open her eyes, but her eyelids felt like they'd been nailed shut, and they were unable to open.

It was like a blanket of thick mist surrounded her; even if she managed to open her eyes, she wouldn't be able to see anything anyway.

Her temperature was still high, and Weston had to get Joan to fill another basin of water to clean up the medicine residue on her body and fetch another dose of medicine.

“Those with high fever may not be able to drink anything ...” Joan reminded.

“We might need to give Ms. Steele an injection later.”

Weston’s brows furrowed upon seeing Stella shudder subconsciously at the mention of the word “injection.”

She feared needles.

He made this discovery long ago when Stella donated her blood to Guinevere.

“Give her the medicine first,” he said.

“But she might refuse it entirely...” Joan hesitated. “She spat it all out.”

Weston didn’t say anything further as he simply stared at Stella, who was sound asleep.

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He picked up the bowl, took a spoonful of the medicine, and covered her lips with his.

Stella wasn’t conscious and therefore did not have her guard up against him.

Weston pried her mouth open and fed the medicine to her through his mouth.

Bitterness filled her entire mouth.

Stella furrowed her brows, but before she could react to what was happening, she felt an inexplicable force sending the medicine into her throat.

The warmth swept past her throat so swiftly that she was forced to swallow it down.

Cough, cough... Cough, cough, cough...

She began coughing again, but thankfully, she did not spit out the medicine this time.

Weston saw that the method worked and fed her the rest

of the medicine with his mouth.

Joan immediately turned around and left the room without a word.

Although an elderly woman, she wasn’t exactly traditional or conservative.

“Mr. Ford and Ms. Steele share such a great relationship ...” she lamented as she left the bedroom and shut the door quietly.

The two of them were left alone inside.

After feeding her the last mouthful , Weston placed the bowl on the bedside table.

The moment he turned back, he saw Stella with her eyes open. He had no idea when she'd woken up.

Her eyes were bright as they stared right at him as if

pondering over something. Stella had a pair of beautiful eyes, bright and crystal clear.

Coupled with the dazed look on her face, it made one yearn to dote on her and love her.

Weston's heart trembled as a ridiculous idea popped into his mind.

## Chapter 582

Before they were divorced and were still in a good relationship , Stella always couldn't help but praise him for his beautiful eyes.

Both of them were uninhabited at that time, and they were truly immersed in their rawest of emotions.

Stella would always stare into his eyes, immersing and losing herself in the depths of his eyes.

But what Stella didn't know was that her eyes were equally stunning

Despite seeing countless beauties in his time, Weston couldn't deny that she had a stunning pair of eyes.

“What happened to me?” Stella coughed and asked.

Weston snapped back to attention and sat down next to her. “You caught a cold, and you're running a high fever now. Lie back down.”

Stella shook her head. “I didn't mean that...”

She looked straight into Weston's eyes. “What were you doing just now?”

He felt uneasy under her stare, a feeling that felt foreign to him. However, he remained calm as he replied, “ Feeding you medicine.”

Stella pursed her lips as if not believing his words. Its corners were slightly brown from the medicine.

She pointed at the corner of his lips. "Why do you have the medicine stain on your mouth?"

Weston paused for a moment. "You fell asleep just now and refused to drink the medicine. I had to find a way to make you take it."

Realization dawned upon Stella, and her mouth tightened into a thin slit.

Both of them had clearly been a lot more physically intimate previously. Yet, a simple kiss was capable of making her feel uncomfortable.

She felt her heart leap. Then, lowering her eyes, she clenched her fists tighter.

She could not afford to develop feelings for him.

Wasn't the past enough of a painful lesson?

This man could simply make others develop feelings for

him so easily. Conversely, he could also break their hearts instantly.

Her face paled as she tried to change the subject. "Were you here taking care of me all this while?"

Weston said, "Yes."

He kissed her forehead. "You weren't difficult to take care of."

Stella smiled at him. "Thank you."

He stood up, his brows furrowing.

He would rather she throw a tantrum or have a cold war with him than flash him such a fake smile.

He pulled a napkin and wiped away the medicine stain on her mouth. "Do you have any other questions?"

Stella knew he was referring to Guinevere at the hospital, but she remained silent.

He wiped his mouth clean and chucked the napkin into an ashtray. After which, he reached out to wipe away the fine hair on his face.

Perhaps it was because she was not feeling well that Stella was being exceptionally obedient.

She was even happy to receive his touch and rubbed his fingers against hers.

Weston's heart leaped , and he felt something crumble.

He wrapped her entire face in his palm. "Stella..."

Her face was very petite, small enough to fit in his palm.

The exquisite feel of her face against his hands made his voice hoarse. "Don't look at me like this."

Her gaze was like a thick blanket of mist enveloping him. When she looked up at him, it felt like she was under his complete control.

Stella's behavior was irresistible to him.

Stella had no clue looking at him that way had driven Weston mad. She blinked innocently at him, her face still rubbing against his palm. "How am I looking at you?"

Her face was silky smooth, unlike his slightly coarse and rugged fingers. The difference in textures seemed to cause sparks to fire between their skins.

Stella blinked, confused. "Did I do something wrong?"

She looked in a daze, her face still pale, and a mist enveloped her eyes.

Weston's eyes darkened as his throat tightened. "Time to take your temperature."

He was still struggling to keep alert. Knowing that Stella was still ill, he didn't allow himself to be consumed by passion and lose all of his senses.

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## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 583**

### Chapter 583

With that, he took out the thermometer, threw the sheets open, and stuck it under Stella’s armpit without any warning.

Stella felt the chill and struggled instinctively.

Weston pressed her arm down.

“Don’t move. We’ll need to do this again if the measurement is inaccurate.”

When Stella was still in a daze from her fever, he had to take her temperature so many times.

“Why don’t you just use a thermometer gun?” Stella asked.

The moment she asked that, a thought came to mind, and she kept quiet.

Weston glanced at her. “You remember?”

Stella kept silent and scrunched her nose.

When Weston was sick previously, she tried to use the thermometer gun to take his temperature but ended up breaking it because she didn’t know how to use it.

Joan probably hadn’t found the time to buy a new one.

A moment’s silence later, Weston looked at the time. “All right, it’s done.”

He parted the sheets again to retrieve the thermometer.



However, Stella immediately said, "I'll do it myself."

She sat up, crinkling the sheets as she did so.

She took out the thermometer and glanced at it.

Weston stood there and asked, "How high is it?"

Stella paused and didn't say a word.

She actually didn't know how to read the thermometer. She only knew that she needed to look at the silver line, but she didn't know which line it was. In fact, she thought she could see many lines reflecting in the thin glass tube and couldn't find the most obvious one.

"98 degrees, I suppose." She felt like her body temperature had returned to normal and randomly blurted out some number.

Weston looked calmly at her, "98 point...?"

Again, Stella gave him a random number.

The corners of his mouth lifted. "You can see the decimal?"

"Isn't it written on the scale..." Stella insisted.

Weston saw through her immediately. "You don't know how to read off a thermometer?"

Stella kept silent.

He was right.

Her parents had never taught her how to use one when she was young. She also didn't know how to identify counterfeit notes. She was clueless about things that required her to use her sight as a gauge.

Weston chuckled and sat next to her, wrapping her in his embrace. "I'll teach you."

She did feel much better than before, but she could still sense the heat spreading from her back because she still had a fever.

Men usually had higher body temperatures than women.

She couldn't concentrate as she felt Weston leaning into her ear and speaking in that lush, deep tone of his, like a cello.

“Very simple. Just look at this. There is a very obvious silver line here.”

Stella pursed her lips and looked at where he was pointing. After adjusting her angle several times, she finally saw what he was talking about. “It’s very simple indeed...”

Weston kissed her cheeks. “Something so simple, and you only figured it out now?”

Stella shook her head. “I just never had a chance to learn it...”

“Just like how you don’t know how to play billiards?”

Stella remembered the day when Weston brought her to the club to play billiards. On second thought, Weston had indeed taught her many new things.

Aside from the hurt he caused, she had learned an unfathomable amount of things from him. Including one painful lesson too many.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 584**

### Chapter 584

Her thoughts were still all over the place when Weston said, “You still have a mild fever.”

He kept the thermometer away. “The family doctor will be here later.”

“There’s no need to go to such trouble.” Stella furrowed her brows. “I’m fine now.”

She looked at the clock and noticed that it was in the wee hours of the morning.

If the family doctor were to come, Joan probably wouldn’t have much time to rest.

“Let’s not bother others...”

“Have you ever considered the fact that they might be very happy to be bothered?”

Weston lifted his hand and tucked her hair behind her

ear. “If they weren’t bothered, the family doctor wouldn’t have a reason to exist, and I wouldn’t need to hire Joan at such a high salary. They’d be out of a job if you don’t have any needs.”

His words rendered Stella speechless.

Perhaps she was still not completely alert yet because of her mifepristone fever. She pulled the sheets high up and wriggled in. "I want to sleep and don't want to see anyone else..."

His eyes shifted. "You're an adult, but you're still afraid to see the doctor?"

Stella shook her head.

She was just worried about injections.

She hated injections .

Even though she didn't say it out loud, Weston knew what she was thinking and rubbed her head affectionately. "Don't worry. He'll just be here to do a check-up."

Nonetheless, Stella refused to believe him. "You're lying just so I'll be fooled into getting an injection..."

Weston stared at her before lowering his head in a chuckle.

"What are you laughing at?" Stella asked, upset.

"Nothing." Weston rubbed her head again and stood up to leave.

When he returned, a first-aid kit was in his hand.

Stella saw him sit by the bedside , where he unwrapped her sheets and pulled out her leg.

She quickly held his wrist down. "What are you trying to do?"

Weston didn't look at her. Instead, he placed her leg on his knees. "Your foot's injured. If I don't treat it, you might not even be able to walk tomorrow."

Stella was stunned for a moment as she followed his gaze and saw a tiny blister on her foot. A strange feeling occurred in her heart.

He had managed to discover such a small injury on her foot.

She had dressed up magnificently for the banquet , and Bradley and Angelina were both impressed by how stunning she looked. Yet, she was the only one who knew how painful the heels were for her feet.

Before her parents passed away, she had been doted on like a princess and was never willing to try out such things that made her uncomfortable.

Subsequently, she was so consumed with making a living for herself and Roger that she found herself no time to dress up.

Things like high heels that were beautiful but impractical

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were not things she could be bothered with.

Stella had thought that she disguised herself very well, yet Weston could still sense it.

She pressed his hand down to stop him. "Let me do it myself."

She retracted her legs to avoid his touch.

Weston furrowed his brows, dissatisfied with her actions. He almost forcefully pried his hand away from hers. "You're still running a fever."

Her cheeks were still slightly flushed.

Weston easily overcame her weak struggles and placed her leg back on his knees. He lowered his head and focused on treating her blister.

He moved carefully and delicately, cautious about treating it well.

Stella was resistant at first, and her face was tensed up. Moments later, she found herself lowering her guard.

She didn't know what ointment Weston had applied on her. It felt cold at first but heated up on her skin quickly after.

His slightly coarse fingers rubbed gently around the blister on her ankle, which made the pain in that area more bearable for Stella, although it still felt slightly uncomfortable.

Weston saw her relax and lifted his head to look into her eyes. "Feeling better?"

Stella could see her own reflection in his eyes and nodded her head in a daze.

"Yes."

Weston lowered his head again, focussing on rubbing the ointment on the ankle.

Chapter 585 The arches of Stella's petite feet curved in a gentle slope.

The feeling of her legs on his knees brought a subtle, inexplicable feeling to her.

Somehow, the action felt rather suggestive to her.

Perhaps because a woman exposing her feet had always been regarded as an act of intimacy, emphasized further by the stark contrast between his dark suit trousers and her fair skin.

Stella suddenly felt uneasy and instinctively wanted to pull her legs back.

Weston grabbed her ankles and furrowed his brows. "Behave yourself," he warned.

[Read next chapter 586](#)

Stella's face flushed a bright red.

Weston would always warn her with those words at times

like this.

Somehow, after he said it, the air between them changed.

Weston looked calmly at her until it made her cheeks flush bright red. He asked, "Is your temperature rising

again?"

Stella was sure he'd done that on purpose. "That's quite enough... you've applied enough ointment ..."

She pulled her leg back as she exclaimed.

Weston immediately grabbed hold of her leg, his thumbs resting on her inner thigh.

He didn't move any further, but Stella could sense the turmoil that churned in the depths of his eyes.

She struggled against his hold in an attempt to extricate herself from the suffocating atmosphere.

Weston suddenly leaned in real close to her and rubbed his nose against her ear. "Help me wipe my hands."

Stella trembled and heard him go on before she could respond. "My hands are all wet."

Stella's felt her breath catch in her throat. She glared irritably at him.

“This is ointment!”

Where did the water come from?

Weston put his hand right in front of her eyes and said unflinchingly, “Is that so?”

His long and slender fingers were poised gracefully before her face.

It made Stella’s face flush even redder as heart-thumping memories came flooding back into her mind. She threw open the sheets and covered her body with them.

She stuck a hand out, pulled out a piece of napkin , and flung it in his face. “Wipe it yourself.”

Weston chuckled lowly and grabbed the napkin before wiping his fingers with it.

Stella refused to look at him. Her head was still buzzing, and her face was still feeling warm.

As she lay on the bed, fatigue washed over her.

Weston wiped his fingers clean.

To begin with, he was a clean freak and wouldn’t allow the strong smell of ointment to linger on his fingers.

A moment later, he sat back down and pulled the sheets off Stella’s head. “Aren’t you afraid of suffocating yourself to death?”

He lifted his hand and pinched her cheeks.

He could still feel the warmth from her fever.

His brows furrowed. “Still having a temperature?”

Stella shook her head and snatched the sheets back. “No, the fever has subsided. I’m rather tired, and I want to sleep...”

“The doctor will be here soon. Stay awake for a while more.”

Stella

shook her head and whined in a rare moment of childishness. “I don’t want to wait anymore! I really want to sleep...”

She really needed some rest, and she shut her eyes, as if ready to fall asleep at any moment.

Weston chuckled at the sight of her behaving so childishly when she was unwell. "All right, then. Take a nap first. I won't bother you until the doctor comes to check on you."

Stella remained silent as she snuggled comfortably under the covers.

Moments later, her breathing slowed as she fell fast asleep.

Chapter 586

Weston sat by her bedside and looked at her.

He simply stared at her till Joan knocked on the door. "Sir, the doctor is here."

Weston signaled her to ask the doctor to wait outside.

Stella

fell asleep very quickly, but perhaps she had felt warm that she instinctively stuck her foot out of the

sheets.

Weston stood up, looked down at her, and lifted his hand to touch her fair feet.

Stella immediately sank back into the covers.

A while later, she turned around such that her back faced him.

The corners of Weston's mouth curved upward in a silent smile.

His deep eyes twinkled in the dark.

Stella was left all alone in the bedroom.

She opened her eyes and stared blankly at the ceiling above her.

She had to exercise so much self-control to suppress that disdain inside her when she was interacting with Weston.

It seemed Weston believed her act.

She sat up, fished out the medicine that Zeta gave her from her bag, and popped two into her mouth.

Whether Weston would eventually do anything to her, she could not tolerate the torture any further.

It turned out that being touched by someone hated to the core could be so revolting.

Stella was still running a fever, and her body was still fighting the virus inside of her. This meant that the medicine took more time to take effect.

She fell asleep after that, and amidst her grogginess, could sense that Weston brought someone into her room.

She recognized one of their voices as that of the family doctor who diagnosed her with mental issues. One of them sat next to her bedside and listened to her heartbeat.

Another person stood a distance away and spoke to

Weston.

She did not open her eyes but could hear what they were talking about.

“How has Ms. Steele been recently?”

That was the psychiatrist who had claimed that she had emotional issues.

Weston said, “She appears normal , just that she would talk in her dreams.”

“What does she say, specifically?”

Stella clenched her fists as Weston’s answer confirmed her suspicions. She apparently tended to say things she hid deep in her heart when she was dreaming.

Therefore, he always knew that she cared very much for the child she lost and could never accept him again.

He knew everything.

“When a person is under extreme stress and unable to find an outlet to vent, she might release the pressure in her dreams. To reduce such symptoms, Ms. Steele would first and foremost have to lower her guard. But from what I can see of her condition now, that appears to be very difficult for her...”

The psychiatrist said with a heavy heart, “What’s more, for severe mental illnesses where a patient suppresses herself to an extreme degree, it might result



in pathological changes. When that happens, counseling alone would be insufficient for treatment, and various medications might be required...Oh yes! Has Ms. Steele's health been in good condition recently?

Weston lifted his hand and rubbed in between his brows." Her immune system is very weak."

"This can't go on," the psychiatrist said. "Her health will be affected, sooner or later."

"I got it."

The doctor seated next to Stella took her heart rate. A moment later, he put down the apparatus with a solemn look on her face.

Weston walked to Stella. "How is she?"

"Her cold is much better, and her fever has subsided. It shouldn't be a problem. But..."

The doctor hesitantly said, "Is Ms. Steele under some kind of medication?"

Chapter 587 Weston furrowed his brows. "No, she's not."

"Except for some vitamins," he added a little later.

"I see," the doctor nodded. "My suggestion is for her not to take any supplements or health products without proper consultation from a doctor. If she were to take any medication without proper understanding of her

condition, it might result in an unnecessary burden on her health. She seems fine at the moment, but some people might experience certain side effects even with ordinary vitamins. It's better to be safe than sorry."

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Stella tensed up at their conversation.

No one realized that her fists were clenched tightly under the sheets.

After a long while, the doctors finally left the room.

She felt the bed sink on the other side and heard his low voice.

"Since you're already awake, there's no point pretending you're asleep."

Stella's eyelids trembled. She didn't expect Weston to see

through her.

She slowly opened her eyes. "How did you know?"

Her voice was hoarse, and her lips were chapped.

Weston didn't say much. Instead, he stood up and walked to the kitchen to grab a cup of water for her.

After seeing that her lips were moist from the water, he said, "Your eyes don't move like that when you're deep in sleep."

When he entered the room just now, he saw her eyelashes trembling and knew that she wasn't asleep, and was merely putting up an act.

He had thought that she just didn't want an injection, the reason she had pretended to be asleep.

Afterward, he began to suspect that she had other motives.

"Stella, what exactly are you hiding from me?"

Stella remained silent.

Weston went on, "If it's because of what happened at the hospital today, Gwen and I..." |

"You don't need to explain yourself."

Stella cut him off and said solemnly, "I am very clear about our relationship and my position in this entire situation. Don't worry. I will do my best to fulfill your desires this year, and it won't affect your relationship with Guinevere..."

He had cheapened her countless times and in myriad ways, even threatening her with her loved ones so she'd stay by his side. Wasn't it just so that she would do his bidding and not create trouble for him?

Anger flashed through his eyes as he reached out to pinch his chin. "Must you speak to me like that?"

Stella didn't know why he suddenly became angry, but she softened her tone and said, "I'm sorry, I'm not feeling very well..."

Weston released his hand upon sensing her temperature rising again, "... Rest well."

He didn't want to pursue matters while she was still ill.

That night, Weston never returned to the bedroom but went to the study instead.

He might have been working or resting, but Stella didn't bother trying to find out. She only knew that the two pills she took just now made her body heat up uncomfortably.

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She wanted some water but couldn't make a sound past her throat.

Towards the latter part of the night, she finally sensed someone feeding her water.

She opened her eyes and was shocked to see Weston by her side.

"Weren't you at the study?"

Her eyelids drooped drowsily as she asked in a daze, "Why are you back again..."

"I was at the study, but I remembered that there is a silly girl who's still not well whom I'm still worried about, so I came over to take a look."

Weston had no idea when he became so soft-hearted and concerned about Stella's health, worried that something would happen to her during the night.

Indeed, the moment he entered the bedroom, he could see her sleeping fitfully.

After feeding her some water, Stella felt much better, but she could still feel her body emanating heat due to the effects of the medicine.

She suddenly hugged his arm and cried, "I feel awful..."

Chapter 588

Weston felt how warm her body was, and his face darkened. "Has your fever returned?"

Stella shook her head. "I don't have a fever now..."

She rubbed her face against his chest and repeated for emphasis, "I feel so uncomfortable. Help me..."

Physical intimacy was not foreign to them, as they had been husband and wife for a time and were now in such a peculiar relationship.

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Her

actions betrayed her intentions, and Weston could tell what she wanted. At that rare moment, he was slightly taken aback. "Are you sure? Your condition now

Stella threw caution to the wind and hugged him. "I really feel very uncomfortable..."

She lifted her head, and Weston saw tears glistening in her eyes. "Kiss me, please."

Weston gulped, trying to swallow through his constricted

throat, finding the look she was giving him irresistible.

He pressed her shoulders down and warned, "I might lose

control. Tell me to stop if it hurts."

He could never resist her, especially in times of physical intimacy.

Towards the latter part of the night, even when Stella cried out for him to stop, he was unable to do so.

Perhaps because of the medicine or other reasons, Stella was much more passionate than she usually was.

Her health was in poor condition, yet she chose to provoke Weston.

Weston was clueless about her medication and simply thought she was asking for it.

Early next morning, Joan left the house in a hurry, not wanting to disturb both of them.

They had made such a ruckus last night that even a mature lady of Joan's age felt embarrassed and did not know how to face them.

Weston slept all the way till noon, which was a rare occurrence.

It was also his first time waking up and not seeing Stella

by his side. Her side of the bed was empty when he woke up.

He rubbed the space between his brows, got out of bed, and found Stella in the kitchen.

Stella was standing at the counter, wearing a pink apron, and busying herself around the kitchen.

Joan had gone out to stock up on kitchen supplies. She glanced into the fridge and saw many things she could busy herself with.

The sight of her in the kitchen appeased the slight annoyance in his heart when he did not see her by his side when he woke up.

He did not alert Stella to his presence. Instead, he went to the bathroom to wash up and drank a cup of iced water before heading to the kitchen again and folding her into his embrace.

“Good morning.”

He rested his chin in the crook of Stella’s neck and inhaled the mild fragrance of her hair. Finally, he croaked in a low, hoarse voice, breathing warm air into her ear, “What are you doing?”

Stella instinctively trembled at his sudden attack but relaxed a moment later and smiled silently.

Weston hugged her waist, which was so slender he was worried he might snap it into two if he were to exert any more force. He said in a silky - smooth voice, “Whipping up something for me to eat?”

Stella knew he was deliberately speaking into her ear, and she felt her knees almost give way. She collected herself and continued what she was doing methodically. “For both of us to eat,” she corrected him.

She went on to chase him out of the kitchen, “Go out. I’ll be done in a minute.”

Weston lowered his head to see how she deftly placed the noodles in the boiling water and refused to let her go.

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## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 585

Chapter 585 The arches of Stella's petite feet curved in a gentle slope.

The feeling of her legs on his knees brought a subtle, inexplicable feeling to her.

Somehow, the action felt rather suggestive to her.

Perhaps because a woman exposing her feet had always been regarded as an act of intimacy, emphasized further by the stark contrast between his dark suit trousers and her fair skin.

Stella suddenly felt uneasy and instinctively wanted to pull her legs back.

Weston grabbed her ankles and furrowed his brows. "Behave yourself," he warned.

[Read next chapter 586](#)

Stella's face flushed a bright red.

Weston would always warn her with those words at times

like this.

Somehow, after he said it, the air between them changed.

Weston looked calmly at her until it made her cheeks flush bright red. He asked, "Is your temperature rising

again?"

Stella was sure he'd done that on purpose. "That's quite enough... you've applied enough ointment ..."

She pulled her leg back as she exclaimed.

Weston immediately grabbed hold of her leg, his thumbs resting on her inner thigh.

He didn't move any further, but Stella could sense the turmoil that churned in the depths of his eyes.

She struggled against his hold in an attempt to extricate herself from the suffocating atmosphere.

Weston suddenly leaned in real close to her and rubbed his nose against her ear. "Help me wipe my hands."

Stella trembled and heard him go on before she could respond. "My hands are all wet."

Stella's felt her breath catch in her throat. She glared irritably at him.

"This is ointment!"

Where did the water come from?

Weston put his hand right in front of her eyes and said unflinchingly, "Is that so?"

His long and slender fingers were poised gracefully before her face.

It made Stella's face flush even redder as heart-thumping memories came flooding back into her mind. She threw open the sheets and covered her body with them.

She stuck a hand out, pulled out a piece of napkin , and flung it in his face. "Wipe it yourself."

Weston chuckled lowly and grabbed the napkin before wiping his fingers with it.

Stella refused to look at him. Her head was still buzzing, and her face was still feeling warm.

As she lay on the bed, fatigue washed over her.

Weston wiped his fingers clean.

To begin with, he was a clean freak and wouldn't allow the strong smell of ointment to linger on his fingers.

A moment later, he sat back down and pulled the sheets off Stella's head. "Aren't you afraid of suffocating yourself to death?"

He lifted his hand and pinched her cheeks.

He could still feel the warmth from her fever.

His brows furrowed. "Still having a temperature?"

Stella shook her head and snatched the sheets back. "No, the fever has subsided. I'm rather tired, and I want to sleep..."

"The doctor will be here soon. Stay awake for a while more."

Stella shook her head and whined in a rare moment of childishness. "I don't want to wait anymore! I really want to sleep..."

She really needed some rest, and she shut her eyes, as if ready to fall asleep at any moment.

Weston chuckled at the sight of her behaving so childishly when she was unwell. "All right, then. Take a nap first. I won't bother you until the doctor comes to check on you."

Stella remained silent as she snuggled comfortably under the covers.

Moments later, her breathing slowed as she fell fast asleep.

Chapter 586

Weston sat by her bedside and looked at her.

He simply stared at her till Joan knocked on the door. "Sir, the doctor is here."

Weston signaled her to ask the doctor to wait outside.

Stella fell asleep very quickly, but perhaps she had felt warm that she instinctively stuck her foot out of the

sheets.

Weston stood up, looked down at her, and lifted his hand to touch her fair feet.

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A while later, she turned around such that her back faced him.

The corners of Weston's mouth curved upward in a silent smile.



His deep eyes twinkled in the dark.

Stella was left all alone in the bedroom.

She opened her eyes and stared blankly at the ceiling above her.

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It seemed Weston believed her act.

She sat up, fished out the medicine that Zeta gave her from her bag, and popped two into her mouth.

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After a long while, the doctors finally left the room.

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Stella’s eyelids trembled. She didn’t expect Weston to see through her.

She slowly opened her eyes. “How did you know?”

Her voice was hoarse, and her lips were chapped.

Weston didn’t say much. Instead, he stood up and walked to the kitchen to grab a cup of water for her.

After seeing that her lips were moist from the water, he said, “Your eyes don’t move like that when you’re deep in sleep.”

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Weston had no idea when he became so soft-hearted and concerned about Stella's health, worried that something would happen to her during the night.

Indeed, the moment he entered the bedroom, he could see her sleeping fitfully.

After feeding her some water, Stella felt much better, but she could still feel her body emanating heat due to the effects of the medicine.

She suddenly hugged his arm and cried, "I feel awful..."

Chapter 588

Weston felt how warm her body was, and his face darkened. "Has your fever returned?"

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He did not alert Stella to his presence. Instead, he went to the bathroom to wash up and drank a cup of iced water before heading to the kitchen again and folding her into his embrace.

"Good morning."

He rested his chin in the crook of Stella's neck and inhaled the mild fragrance of her hair. Finally, he croaked in a low, hoarse voice, breathing warm air into her ear, "What are you doing?"

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“Good morning.”

He rested his chin in the crook of Stella’s neck and inhaled the mild fragrance of her hair. Finally, he croaked in a low, hoarse voice, breathing warm air into her ear, “What are you doing?”

Stella instinctively trembled at his sudden attack but relaxed a moment later and smiled silently.

Weston hugged her waist, which was so slender he was worried he might snap it into two if he were to exert any more force. He said in a silky - smooth voice, “Whipping up something for me to eat?”

Stella knew he was deliberately speaking into her ear, and she felt her knees almost give way. She collected herself and continued what she was doing methodically. “For both of us to eat,” she corrected him.

She went on to chase him out of the kitchen, “Go out. I’ll be done in a minute.”

Weston lowered his head to see how she deftly placed the noodles in the boiling water and refused to let her go.

Stella began chopping up vegetables and frying two eggs. "Can you don't hug me so tightly? It's hard for me to move around."

Weston saw the bright red marks on her neck, and his eyes turned dark.

He knew that if he continued hugging her, he might just eat something other than the noodles she was preparing. Thus, he acquiesced and finally let her go, pecking her lightly on the cheek before turning around toward the

living room.

Stella had always been an excellent cook, and she managed to whip up two bowls of noodles and fried eggs in no time. "I saw many things in the fridge, but those ingredients require more work than I'm unfamiliar with. Just make do with these simple noodles I prepared, all right?"

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 588**

### Chapter 588

Weston felt how warm her body was, and his face darkened. "Has your fever returned?"

Stella shook her head. "I don't have a fever now..."

She rubbed her face against his chest and repeated for emphasis, "I feel so uncomfortable. Help me..."

Physical intimacy was not foreign to them, as they had been husband and wife for a time and were now in such a peculiar relationship.

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Her actions betrayed her intentions, and Weston could tell what she wanted. At that rare moment, he was slightly taken aback. "Are you sure? Your condition now

Stella threw caution to the wind and hugged him. "I really feel very uncomfortable..."

She lifted her head, and Weston saw tears glistening in her eyes. "Kiss me, please."

Weston gulped, trying to swallow through his constricted

throat, finding the look she was giving him irresistible.

He pressed her shoulders down and warned, "I might lose

control. Tell me to stop if it hurts.”

He could never resist her, especially in times of physical intimacy.

Towards the latter part of the night, even when Stella cried out for him to stop, he was unable to do so.

Perhaps because of the medicine or other reasons, Stella was much more passionate than she usually was.

Her health was in poor condition, yet she chose to provoke Weston.

Weston was clueless about her medication and simply thought she was asking for it.

Early next morning, Joan left the house in a hurry, not wanting to disturb both of them.

They had made such a ruckus last night that even a mature lady of Joan's age felt embarrassed and did not know how to face them.

Weston slept all the way till noon, which was a rare occurrence.

It was also his first time waking up and not seeing Stella

by his side. Her side of the bed was empty when he woke up.

He rubbed the space between his brows, got out of bed, and found Stella in the kitchen.

Stella was standing at the counter, wearing a pink apron, and busying herself around the kitchen.

Joan had gone out to stock up on kitchen supplies. She glanced into the fridge and saw many things she could busy herself with.

The sight of her in the kitchen appeased the slight annoyance in his heart when he did not see her by his side when he woke up.

He did not alert Stella to his presence. Instead, he went to the bathroom to wash up and drank a cup of iced water before heading to the kitchen again and folding her into his embrace.

“Good morning.”

He rested his chin in the crook of Stella's neck and inhaled the mild fragrance of her hair. Finally, he croaked in a low, hoarse voice, breathing warm air into her ear, "What are you doing?"

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## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 589**

### **Chapter 589**

Stella spoke mildly as if she had completely forgotten the conflict from last night. It seemed she just wanted to turn the page and never mention it again.

Things had always been like that between them, sweeping things under the rug and pretending those issues never existed.

After they were reunited, Weston had wanted to return to the way they used to interact, but he always felt a barrier with Stella.

She appeared to excel in acting, but there were times that he could sense that they were simply fooling themselves.

Today was a rare break for them, in which they weren't busy with anything after breakfast. So, they decided to laze in the hall and watch television.

Weston sat on the couch and folded her in his arms.

Stella leaned against his chest and switched channels aimlessly, bored out of her mind.

She had no idea what Weston liked and assumed he must enjoy watching financial news that she was completely

uninterested in. When she flipped to a financial news channel, however, she heard Weston say, "Watch something you like."

Stella began switching channels again.

Serial dramas weren't something she fancied, either. She did catch some romantic dramas in her youth, just like what many young girls did during her time. After her parents passed away, she hardly found herself in the mood to watch such flicks that felt so disconnected from

reality.

Now that she had joined the crew, there was an impetus for her to watch more dramas and movies to better improve her skills.

Various different programs began playing on the screen.

Advertisements, variety shows, period dramas...

Stella's eyes glazed over all the programs, but nothing truly caught her attention.

Suddenly, she paused as a glint flashed past her eyes.

She saw an adorable little girl on the screen and simply stared at her.

It was a beautiful, adorable female toddler dressed in overalls and a hat with wings on top. Her mother was standing next to her as they played together.

The little girl listened obediently to her mother's instructions, and she lifted her chubby hands as she asked innocently, "Did I do well?"

"It looked fabulous. I love everything you do!"

The mother lowered her head and kissed her cheeks.

The little girl smiled brightly, flashing her dimple.

Stella's grip over the remote control tightened as an inexplicable feeling washed over her.

She didn't even know whether the only child she had and lost was a girl or boy.

If it were a little girl, she might have been as intelligent and adorable as the girl on the screen.

It was a simple advertisement, yet it made Stella's eyes well up with tears, and she was unable to extricate herself from her overwhelming emotions.

Weston sensed that something was wrong. "What's the matter?"

Stella didn't let him catch a glimpse of her eyes.

Nothing. I don't want to watch the television anymore."

Weston looked at the screen, saw the adorable little girl, and realization dawned on him. His eyes turned dark and heavy.

He wanted to ask her if having a child was so important to her.

However, he instinctively felt such a question would be too cruel to ask.

Yet, he couldn't understand Stella's undying desire for a child.

"Forget it if you don't want to watch it anymore," With that, he switched the television off. Suddenly, he lifted Stella's chin.

“Let’s try for another child.”

Stella’s eyes widened as she looked at him, flabbergasted. “Are you kidding me?”

“I’m not.”

Weston lowered his head and rubbed his nose gently against hers. “Let’s try for another child.”

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 590**

### Chapter 590

Stella was at a loss as she stared at her own reflection in his eyes.

A moment later, she said self–derisively , “You’re truly forgetful. I’m of the extremely rare Hh blood group and can only have a single child my whole life. I lost that only child I ever had...”

“So what?” Weston leaned closer to her. “We can always try.”

She could tell that he was serious about it, and she furrowed her brows, detesting the thought. “Don’t joke about such things! I’ll never have another child in my lifetime, and I will never have the chance to be a mother!”

Agitated all of a sudden, she shoved him away. “Whatever you say or do will never change this fact!”

Her reddened eyes were filled with tears now.

Stella yelled almost hysterically , “Please don’t suggest something so foolish next time! You know better than anyone else that I’ll never have my own child, and I’ll never be a mother like those women on television!”

The trauma she had gone through almost took her life. She had wanted so badly to have a happy family and a child to call her own.

She would do everything she could to raise her child well, be it a girl or a boy. She would give her child everything.

But she would never force her own thinking on her child.

She would watch her child grow up well.



As her very own flesh and blood, her only hope was to see her child growing up happily and healthily.

All she wanted was a child of her own.

Weston pulled her into his embrace. "I'm sorry."

He said into her ear in a hoarse voice, "I never gave up on you. I never planned for them to take you away the day you were abducted."

He knew that his explanation was too late and too little. In fact, Stella might not even be willing to hear him out.

But at that point, he simply couldn't think of anything else better to say.

Indeed, his words only made Stella struggle harder against him, "I don't want to hear you say that! You just

want me to return to what I was in the past, the Stella Sealey who was blindly in love with you!"

"But I'm not Stella Sealey. I'm Ella Steele right now..."

She suddenly calmed down and took a deep breath. Then, looking at the man before her, she said, "Yes, I am Ella Steele now, and I don't need a child."

Stella shook her head, torn between laughing and crying. She was clearly emotionally distraught. "You're right, I don't need a child at all... I don't like children, the only thing they know is to cry..."

All of a sudden, she grabbed Weston's collar. "Don't you already have a son? His name is Zack. He's so adorable, and he looks so much like you..."

"You suggested that we try for another child, but you already have a child of your own... how could you say something like that so casually?"

She was beginning to blabber.

Stella looked at him in doubt, her eyes still teary.

The look on her face shattered Weston's heart. "If I were to say that Zack isn't my child, would you believe me?"

If the child wasn't his, who then did it belong to, she thought to herself. Her?

She pressed her forehead against his chest and suddenly banged it hard. "I'll never have my own child again; I'll never be pregnant again..."

Her voice was wracked with sobbing.

Weston's hands trembled as he pressed against her back to hold her tighter. "You will..."

But he knew all too well that those were mere words of comfort.

In the study,

Weston stood on the balcony, his back facing the shelves as he fixed his gaze on Stella, seated on the swing in the garden.

He had one hand in his trousers pocket, and her tears still stained his white shirt.