

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 651

Chapter 651

“Yeah, I received my pay and wanted to treat you to something nice since you’re about to go overseas.” She went on hesitantly, “Why don’t we invite Riley to join us? By way of expressing my thanks to her.” “No need,” Roger shrugged. Stella had already made reservations at the restaurant. After placing her order, she thought about it before saying solemnly to Roger, “If you really don’t like Riley and see no possibility of being with her, find a time and make things clear with her. The longer you drag things out, the greater the hurt you’ll cause her. Do you understand?”

Roger furrowed his brows. “Why do you keep talking to me about her? I’m about to go overseas. Let’s not talk about outsiders!” Stella reached out to rub her head. “You brat! Do you really know that you’re going overseas soon? Now that you’re all grown up, I can’t always be by your side, and you’ll get to know new people. Riley will be going with you on your studies abroad. It is imperative that you handle your relationship with her, leave no regrets or hurt her, do you get me?”

Roger was beginning to get annoyed with her nagging.” Then I’ll just stay here and keep you company!”

He was saying it as a casual remark, but Stella’s face fell immediately. “Don’t you even think about it! Do you think you’re still a child, making such immature remarks whenever you please? Don’t joke about your future!”

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Roger didn’t expect her to be so agitated. He lowered his head and said, “Okay, I get you...” Stella didn’t know how sincere he was. She pondered about it for a moment and eventually decided to tell him, “I met Michael two days ago...” “What?” Roger’s eyes widened, and he almost stood up. “Isn’t he supposed to be overseas?”

“Yes, he recently came back,” Stella pressed his shoulders to sit him back down. “Don’t panic. Hear me out. I met him at a shopping mall yesterday, and he was with Diana. They recognized me at first, but I told them I wasn’t Stella Sealey, but Ella Steele. They barely believed me, though. I think Michael has his doubts.”

Roger began to get worried. “Whatever it is, it is rather unbelievable that there are two people who look so alike.”

“Looking similar might be something that could be overlooked, but if they see you in Fern City, then they would never believe me...”

That was what worried Stella the most. Roger was still rather hesitant. “So what if Michael knew? We’ve cut all ties with him a long...”

“Do you remember how he treated us back then?”

Roger fell silent the moment Stella asked him the question.

Of course, it was still in his mind. Back then, their parents died in a plane crash, and he was bedridden from the trauma. Stella was left to host the funeral alone and clean up the Sealey family’s mess.

As young and ignorant children who had barely mingled with society, they were completely taken advantage of by the older family members, who even chased them out of the family. They did not even leave them a single cent for Roger’s medical bills. They wouldn’t have been so impoverished and destitute if it weren’t for Michael. They wouldn’t have had to bow down to Weston Ford just so they could settle the medical bills, and they wouldn’t have found themselves in their current, sorry plight.

Past memories came flooding back into Roger’s mind, making hatred arise in his heart. “If I were to see him in the flesh, I certainly won’t spare him!”

He wanted to ask Michael why he was so cruel to them back then.

In retrospect, he had been so nurturing to them when their father was still alive.

Stella shook her head. “He’s doing very well now. You

should try your best to avoid appearing before him. If he were to know that I am Stella Sealey, he would surely find a way to deal with us.”

Since they had decided to start afresh, they shouldn’t get involved with anyone from their past.

Roger understood her rationale and nodded. He was about to open his mouth to speak when he saw two people entering the front corridor. His eyes froze as he trembled violently.

“What’s the matter?” Stella followed his gaze and was about to turn her head when Roger reached out to turn her head around. “Nothing, don’t look!”

But it was too late.

Stella saw Weston and Guinevere at the entrance.

He was in an impeccably sleek suit, making him look all tall and handsome, while the stunning woman next to him latched onto his arm. They were like a match made in heaven.

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Roger was still unaware of things between Stella and Weston. As such, his first response upon seeing Weston and Guinevere was to avoid having Stella see them, lest the sight of them would ruin her day. However, since Stella had spotted the two, he saw no need to continue the charade. He looked at his sister with concern. "Stella, it's fine. It's just an unabashed couple. You'll easily find a better man in the future."

Stella's face remained expressionless as she retracted her gaze. She shook her head and said, "This isn't something you should be bothered by."

Roger remained silent as he surveyed Stella nervously. Stella looked up and smiled at him. "Are you worried about me because you think that I still have feelings for Weston?"

"I didn't mean that," Roger immediately denied her claim. He furrowed his brows and went on, "How could a man like him be worthy of my sister?"

"Therefore, just avoid them the next time you see them."

What Roger really wanted to do was to give Weston a good beating, but he knew that it would only serve to create trouble for Stella. Thus, he chose to remain silent

instead.

At the reception counter.

Guinevere hooked her arm around Weston's. "I thought you'd be very busy during this period. To think that you actually have the time to treat me to a meal..."

When she received Ben's call, she became exceedingly flattered and overwhelmed.

After all, ever since that incident with Stella, she had been the one taking the initiative rather than Weston.

This was, in fact, the first time he invited her out.

Was it because she took the initiative to seek reconciliation at his office the last time?

Her parents were right-all men were the same. They might fancy novelty, but they would be even more appreciative of a generous woman.

If she were to micro-manage, it would only serve to annoy him further. But if she were to give him the freedom he wanted, it would make him like her even more.

What she needed right now was to be even more understanding to him than Ella.

Given her status, Guinevere had to disguise herself

whenever she went out so she would not be recognized. It was a natural choice to reserve a private room, which happened to be opposite the cubicle Stella and Roger were dining in.

After seeing both of them leave, Roger heaved a sigh of relief. "They're finally gone." Stella, who was initially nonchalant about their appearance, suddenly burst out laughing at the look of hatred on Roger's face. "What are you laughing about? How could you laugh about this!" Roger looked at her, confused.

"Why are you so angry? The two are bound to be together," Stella shrugged casually. "Me, angry?" Roger scoffed. "I'm raging! I can't believe I used to think Weston was a decent man who could care for you."

He must have been blind back then to even call Weston his brother-in-law when he ended up not caring about Stella a single bit.

"If I weren't sick back then, I would have beaten him senseless!"

The waiter began serving them their dishes.

Stella poured him a cup of water. "Didn't you punch him once already?"

Roger took over the cup from her and took a huge gulp. "I was sick back then and didn't exert full strength..."

The fire burning in his heart showed no signs of subsiding.

"You're the one who officially got married to him, yet rumors are spreading everywhere about how Guinevere is Weston's first love. How could that woman be so shameless?"

Whatever it was, his sister was the one who registered her marriage with Weston. Why did she have to be the one to retreat the moment Guinevere appeared?

What did they take his sister for?

"All right, that's enough. Let's stop thinking about these people," Stella patted his head affectionately. "Let's just enjoy our meal. After you go overseas, we'll have very few chances to share a meal."

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Roger finally decided to swallow his words.

Anger boiled in his heart. He really did not want to go abroad under the sponsorship of Weston's company.

But he knew that Stella would be distraught if he told her his true thoughts. Left with little choice, he could only hide his true feelings deep inside.

In the private room. Guinevere shrugged off her coat and sat opposite Weston. She smiled and said, "This is our first official date after I gave birth. What a day to remember." Weston browsed through the menu and handed it to her. "See what you'd like to eat."

He had never been warm or emotional toward her.

Guinevere had long been used to his temperament, and though her smile waned a little, it did little to douse her excitement. "I heard that this restaurant serves great caviar, and coincidentally, it's currently the caviar season. Shall we give it a try?"

"You decide."

Guinevere nodded and placed her order. She suddenly

remembered something. "Is there something you'd like to eat?"

She never knew Weston's taste preferences. The last time she cooked for him, she had no idea if it was to his liking, though he finished the meal.

Weston's tone was mild. "Anything is fine." Guinevere's eyes shifted; her enthusiasm slightly doused. "Then I'll order a portion of steak."

After she placed the order, both of them fell silent with nothing else to talk about. Guinevere tried to search for a common topic. "Have you been very busy at work recently? I heard my parents say the western suburb project is progressing very quickly. Do take care of your health." Weston nodded, his mouth glued as he continued reading the documents in his hands. Guinevere complained in a well-measured coquettishness, "You're on a date with me, but your mind is still on your work. Isn't that a bit too much?"

Weston put down the documents in his hand. "What do you want to talk about?"

Guinevere cupped her chin in her palms. "This movie of mine is almost don't filming. I'll have some time after the promotional period. I heard there'd be a break period after this phase of the project is over. Shall we go on a

holiday?"

Weston placed his hands on the table, his fingers lightly tapping on the surface. His eyes were deep and dark as usual, and his thoughts unfathomable to others.

Guinevere felt inexplicably uneasy, being stared at by him in that way. "Is something the matter?" "Nothing, I just think that perhaps you might not have the time."

"How could that be?" Guinevere countered with a smile. "I'll especially carve out time for the holiday. As long as you have the time, we can set off anytime!"

"Is that so?" Weston picked up his cup and sipped on it.

His movement revealed his wristwatch, the one that he had been wearing a long time ago. Guinevere remembered the watch, the one Wendy had

given him during his coming-of-age celebration.

Weston might look nonchalant about many things, but he merely chose to hide his thoughts in his heart.

That thought made her gaze soften affectionately.

She believed that she would have a place in the heart of such a sentimental man.

"Weston, do you have anything to say to me?" Guinevere

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said tenderly, "If you are unable to make time from work, it's fine. I can wait for you. We don't need to go on a holiday immediately."

Weston remained silent as he stared at the cup in his hands.

His long fingers tapped on the glass. "I thought you'd be busy figuring out how to make life difficult for others in the crew."

The smile on Guinevere's face disappeared in a flash. "What do you mean? I don't understand."

"I thought that you'd be busy spending all your time thinking about how to deal with other people and wouldn't have the energy for anything else," Weston repeated, something that he rarely did.

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Guinevere was in disbelief as her face paled.

She snapped back to attention and asked incisively, "Did someone tell you something?"

"Seems like you know exactly what I'm talking about," Weston looked up at her.

Guinevere took a deep breath and suddenly chuckled rather self-derisively. "So the purpose of this date was actually to seek justice for Ella Steele?"

Before Weston could reply, she went on the defensive and folded her arms around her chest, saying with an air of indifference, "I knew at that time that she would complain to you, but I didn't expect her to be so quick about it... how petty."

She surveyed her nails and went on, "Weston, I can understand that men like you fancy a little novelty outside, but isn't this rather bad taste on your part?"

Weston remained silent, letting her go on.

Guinevere poured a cup of water and took a couple of sips. "What do you want me to do?"

"I don't want history repeating itself," Weston said leisurely but with a trace of coldness in his eyes. "I'm sure you know very well what you should be doing."

Guinevere kept sipping on her water in an attempt to douse the rage rising in her throat. Trying to act magnanimous, she said, "Of course, do you think I'll

stoop to Ella's level? She likes creating trouble for you, but I don't. I just find it tiresome for you."

She shrugged and said with feigned nonchalance, "Ella obviously complained to you that I picked on her during the shooting, right? She probably misunderstood me. Why would I bother picking on someone who poses no threat to me? That'll only serve to devalue me."

"Try to think of something else to say that sounds more convincing," Weston didn't make things explicit, but his tone made his thoughts clear.

Guinevere saw the waiter serving their dishes and had to keep her temper in check. "Hello, Sir and Madam, your orders are all served. Please enjoy your dinner." After he left, the two were once again alone in the private room.

Guinevere turned to look at Weston. "Weston, are you thinking of making me apologize to her?"

"If you really did what you did, isn't an apology necessary?" Weston picked up the fork and knife leisurely and talked like he was chatting about the weather, but the imposing tone was hard to ignore.

Guinevere knew that he wasn't negotiating with her and her fists clenched so tightly around her cutlery it was as if blood would begin oozing out any moment. The next second, she released her grip and said, "It was just a misunderstanding. A simple explanation will do. I've never picked on her. She's the one overthinking things." "I haven't pinpointed any particular incident, but it seems like you're very clear about what I'm talking about," Weston said mildly, placing the steak he had sliced into her plate and exchanging it with her uncut one.

Such a thoughtful and gentlemanly move had become a habit to Weston.

But Guinevere couldn't stop her heart from melting, "I know. She just thinks I bullied her that day at the mall, right?" Guinevere knew that there was no point hiding from a man like Weston.

He was a brilliant man and would never be fooled by anyone.

Many a time, he merely wasn't bothered to expose another person's lies.

Therefore, she decided to admit it openly. "I did act rashly that day, but I wasn't targeting her. I mistakenly thought she was one of those vain girls who loved to buy

imitation goods online because she couldn't afford the authentic ones. I know I've always looked down on people like that, which is why I intervened. I didn't expect her to misunderstand me."

She picked up her wine glass and clinked it against Weston's glass. "Don't worry. I'll settle this. When it comes to things between women, I know better than you."

Weston remained silent as he picked up his wine glass and sipped on it.

However, a moment later, he looked up at Guinevere and said, "I won't allow Ella to be poor and shabby, so don't mistake her as vain and unable to afford such things."

The smile plastered on Guinevere's face faded instantly, and she could not force a smile no matter how she tried.

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Guinevere picked up her wine glass and finished the remaining contents in one gulp.

She looked back at Weston. "I know what you mean. Sure, I can apologize to her, but you must promise me one thing."

"Speak."

Guinevere took a deep breath and squeezed out a smile, "I don't want someone insignificant ruining our relationship. I'm not as immature and insensible as Ella, and I'm fine with you wanting to placate her. She's just another toy of yours that you'll lose interest in soon, after which she'll be nothing, and there's no need for me to stoop to her level..."

"What exactly do you want?" Weston cut her off, his tone betraying his annoyance.

Guinevere paused for a moment, pretending that she did not hear what he said. "I want you to take some time to go on a holiday with Zack and me. His grandmother keeps talking about the three of us getting together for family bonding."

with that, she placed her hand on the back of Weston's

and gently tapped her fingers coquettishly on it. "Well?"

Roger came out to meet Stella over his lunch break and had to return to campus soon.

After their meal, Stella was to send him back to school.

She called for a cab and was about to enter it when Roger said, "Stella, I can head back by myself. You don't need to send me back."

Stella paused mid-stride, "Are you sure?"

Roger said helplessly, "Please, I'm a full-grown adult. Will anything happen to me on a cab back to school?" He was right, but didn't Roger always like to stick with her?

Why did he suddenly stop her from sending him back to school?

Roger saw her pause in her movement, lifted his hand, and waved it in front of her.

"Stella, what's on your

mind?"

"Nothing..."

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“Don’t worry. I’ll be independent from now on and won’t let you worry.”

Stella looked at him, glad to see him behaving maturely.” Good that you think that way.”

With that, she shut the cab’s door and looked at it drive off.

In the car.

Roger looked back at Stella who slowly disappeared into the distance and heaved a sigh of relief. He said to the driver , “Send me to this cake shop before going to this school.”

If it weren’t for Riley, he would have wanted to spend more time with Stella. It was all because she kept demanding this particular cake and made him bring it back for her.

He felt frustrated inside, but for some reason, he did not reject her request.

After seeing Roger off, Stella was fully intending to leave. She did not want to bump into Weston and Guinevere.

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But, as Murphy’s law states, anything that can go wrong will go wrong. She had just turned around when she saw the two exiting the restaurant. She immediately took a sidestep to avoid them.

But it was too late.

Guinevere was holding onto Weston’s arm and looking up at him to say something. She felt a sudden movement from the side, looked over, and locked eyes with Stella.

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Guinevere’s face froze. A moment later, she instinctively furrowed her brows.

Naturally repulsed at the sight of Stella, she was about to say something when she remembered that Weston was still next to her. She collected herself, pretended not to see Stella, and continued talking to Weston.

“The dishes were not bad today. What did you think?”

Weston couldn't see Stella from his angle. "Let's go to the car?" he said mildly, ignoring her question.

Guinevere held onto his arm intimately. "Let's go for a stroll together, okay?"

Weston frowned and glanced at his watch.

Guinevere knew that it meant that he needed to return to work. She tightened her grip over his arm, saying coquettishly, "We haven't been on a date for so long, and it's so rare that we leave Zack behind at home to just enjoy each other's company. Can't you stay with me a while longer?"

"Where do you want to go for a walk?"

The two of them began walking over.

Stella retracted her gaze upon hearing their conversation.

She did not want either of them to notice her presence.

Guinevere clearly wanted her to hear their conversation as she deliberately led Weston toward Stella. When she walked past Stella, she suddenly slipped." Ahh!"

She shrieked, prompting Weston to instinctively reach out to steady her. "Be careful."

Guinevere accidentally bumped into Stella, and Stella stumbled a few steps back. She stepped aside hurriedly with a hiss of pain.

Weston looked over at her.

Stella immediately lowered her head so that he wouldn't see her face. She didn't say a word and turned to leave.

Guinevere saw Weston noticing Stella and immediately leaned into his arms, moaning in pain, "I think I sprained my foot..."

Weston turned back to look at her, his brow furrowing," Can you still walk?"

"I don't know, probably not..." She sighed. "I probably sprained my ankle. What should we do?"

Weston didn't say anything further but simply hauled her up in his arms. "Be more careful next time."

From the vantage point of being in Weston's arms, Guinevere looked incisively at Stella.

Stella couldn't be bothered to spare both of them another gaze and simply walked in the opposite direction. Guinevere suddenly thought of something and looked in the direction that Stella left, "I think I accidentally bumped into someone just now. Why did she just leave without a peep?"

Weston remained silent.

When they arrived at the parking lot, he settle Guinevere onto the seat and instructed the driver to start the engine. Guinevere was rather confused upon seeing him looking like he was leaving. She grabbed a corner of his shirt. "Aren't you going back with me?" "Are you not done with acting yet?" Weston looked down at her, his eyes looking both sympathetic and heartless at the same time. Guinevere sat silent for a moment. "What do you mean? I really accidentally sprained my foot just now."

Weston pulled his arm away. "I hope you took to heart what I said just now, that you truly understand what I mean, and stop spending unnecessary energy on things that you shouldn't be doing." Guinevere's eyes shifted. "I really don't understand what you're saying. Do you think I was pretending to sprain my foot? Yes, I did exaggerate things, but I really injured my ankle. I merely needed your help to carry me back to

the car. Was that asking too much?"

Weston rubbed the middle of his brows.

"Go home and have a good rest."

The look of him not even willing to say more to her made tears well up in Guinevere's eyes. "Are you going to look for her right now?"

Both of them knew who she was referring to.

Weston paused for a moment and left without turning back and replying to her.

Guinevere clenched her fists as she looked at his retreating figure. She suddenly yelled out loud, "Weston Ford, remember what you promised me!"

It's all right, she said to herself. He might find Stella novel at this point and spend all the time he wanted with her, no problem.

He would eventually return to her and Zack. She didn't need to be anxious or worried.

She could wait.

On another street, Stella pulled the strap on her bag and headed towards a taxi stand.

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Stella's phone suddenly rang.

Sensing that it was a message from Weston, she did not take her phone out.

After walking a few more steps, a call came as if the texter knew her thoughts.

She didn't pick up the call, but her phone kept ringing.

Hence, she stopped walking and took a deep breath before answering the call.

"Hello?"

A low male voice sounded from the other end. "Come to the car and wait for me."

"Hello? I'm at..."

He had hung up before she could finish.

Stella furrowed her brows, feeling anger boiling inside. She ignored him and continued walking.

The next moment, a black car pulled up to her.

She recognized it as the one in charge of fetching her around.

As she expected, the car stopped right in front of her, and the windows rolled down to reveal the driver's familiar

face.

"Ms. Steele, Mr. Ford instructed me to come over to fetch you. Please get in." "I have something else to attend to," Stella instinctively rejected the ride. The driver looked at her pleadingly, clearly being put in a difficult spot. At that, Stella sighed and decided to get into the car. The car quickly drove towards a premium apartment, losing no time at all. In the parking garage, Stella looked at the driver and asked, "Where are we?"

The driver shook his head. "I'm not too sure myself. Mr. Ford gave me this address and said that he would come over soon. He asks that wait here for a while for him."

Stella was annoyed to no end. She let out a deep breath in frustration and lowered the windows to seek some fresh air.

She had just calmed down when she saw Weston's flashy luxury car driving in from the entrance.

She paused for a moment and retracted her hand that was on the door handle. She leaned back into her seat and stayed still

Very soon, Weston was at her door.

Stella wound up the window.

His cold but handsome face was right outside it.

Seeing Stella clearly bringing the windows up, he rubbed his forehead and glanced at the driver.

The driver immediately caught his hint and unlocked the car door.

Stella heard the sound of the doors unlocking. At the next moment, his hand reached over and hauled her into his arms.

The driver immediately shut the door and drove off.

The two of them were left in the parking garage.

Stella struggled against his grip. "Let me go!"

Weston pressed her into his embrace. "Don't move! Stay still."

Stella had no choice but to stop moving obedient, but her resistance was clear on her face. "Let me go, do you hear

me?"

Weston steadied her in his arms and carried her toward the elevator.

The elevator doors opened to reveal an empty carriage.

He strode right into it and pressed a button.

Stella started struggling in his arms again. "Let me go! I

can walk by myself!"

Weston ignored her and continued holding her in his arms.

After arriving at a specific floor, he put her down, pressed her against the wall, and kissed her.

He kissed her so hard that her lips bled. He only pulled himself back a little when he felt the sharp taste of blood in his mouth.

Stella kept struggling against his hold, yelling and kicking him. "Let me go! I said, let me go!"

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She continued thrashing around violently in Weston's arms.

He held her even tighter in his arms and didn't say a word but continued kissing her with abandon.

He kissed her so hard and so intently as if he didn't want to know what Stella really wanted to say. He kissed her single-mindedly with the goal of making her forget about everything else.

Stella punched his shoulders hard.

In turn, he pried her mouth open and soaked in her essence, until his jaw felt sore, which was when he slowly began releasing her.

Stella felt the air leaving her lungs as she slowly stopped resisting and sunk into his embrace. Her eyes looked soulless as she simply let him be.

Weston sensed that she had stopped struggling and became gentler with her.

The fearsome biting and tugging ritual slowly melted into soft, tender kisses.

His violent over burst was reined in, and she felt he was treating her like a precious treasure.

Stella remained in his arms as her strength left her body. Tears welled up in her eyes, but she tried desperately to swallow them.

A tear rolled down her cheeks into the corner of her mouth. Her eyes and the tip of her nose were red, making her look poignantly hopeless.

The look on her face made Weston stop whatever he was doing.

He leaned his forehead against hers, still panting as he rubbed the tip of his nose against hers and apologized hoarsely.

He had lost control of himself.

He instinctively wanted to coax her, but the cold look on her face and the thought of her ignoring him earlier and wanting a fresh start with another man made it a behavior he was unable to accept.

The annoyance and frustration brewing inside him made him lose all his senses. He only had one thought: To kiss and possess her to rid her of all those nonsensical thoughts.

But what he did had clearly hurt her.

Weston rubbed her nose affectionately with his and apologized quietly. "I'm sorry." Stella's eyes looked vacant and soulless, and his apology elicited no response from her.

A moment later, she looked up at the man before her." Can't you just stay by Guinevere's side?"

Why must he come looking for her and bother her? Why must he torture her?

Isn't it good that he and Guinevere remained together?

They were a match made in heaven. Why must he force her?

Stella had never been to this apartment before.

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Chapter 659

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She had no right to express her genuine thoughts and feelings.

A moment later, Stella took a deep breath and collected herself. "There's no protection here," she forced herself to say through gritted teeth.

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Chapter 660

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His words sounded rather ambiguous.

Stella glanced at him, who looked calm and collected.

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Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 658

Chapter 658

She continued thrashing around violently in Weston's arms.

He held her even tighter in his arms and didn't say a word but continued kissing her with abandon.

He kissed her so hard and so intently as if he didn't want to know what Stella really wanted to say. He kissed her single-mindedly with the goal of making her forget about everything else.

Stella punched his shoulders hard.

In turn, he pried her mouth open and soaked in her essence, until his jaw felt sore, which was when he slowly began releasing her.

Stella felt the air leaving her lungs as she slowly stopped resisting and sunk into his embrace. Her eyes looked soulless as she simply let him be.

Weston sensed that she had stopped struggling and became gentler with her.

The fearsome biting and tugging ritual slowly melted into soft, tender kisses.

His violent over burst was reined in, and she felt he was treating her like a precious treasure.

Stella remained in his arms as her strength left her body. Tears welled up in her eyes, but she tried desperately to swallow them.

A tear rolled down her cheeks into the corner of her mouth. Her eyes and the tip of her nose were red, making her look poignantly hopeless.

The look on her face made Weston stop whatever he was doing.

He leaned his forehead against hers, still panting as he rubbed the tip of his nose against hers and apologized hoarsely.

He had lost control of himself.

He instinctively wanted to coax her, but the cold look on her face and the thought of her ignoring him earlier and wanting a fresh start with another man made it a behavior he was unable to accept.

The annoyance and frustration brewing inside him made him lose all his senses. He only had one thought: To kiss and possess her to rid her of all those nonsensical thoughts.

But what he did had clearly hurt her.

Weston rubbed her nose affectionately with his and apologized quietly. "I'm sorry." Stella's eyes looked vacant and soulless, and his apology

elicited no response from her.

A moment later, she looked up at the man before her." Can't you just stay by Guinevere's side?"

Why must he come looking for her and bother her? Why must he torture her?

Isn't it good that he and Guinevere remained together?

They were a match made in heaven. Why must he force her?

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