

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 868

Stella nodded. Her legs started to feel wobbly, but her mind was still sober.

It felt fascinating.

She looked straight at the man in front of her. Only when she was right in front of him did he sense that something was off. He frowned at what he saw.

“Have you been drinking?”

The strong stench of alcohol on her pierced his nose, and he suddenly laughed sardonically, pinching her cheeks.

“Did you just drink it?”

Stella nodded in honesty.

“Why?” asked the man.

“For courage,” she replied.

She rubbed his palm. “I was afraid that you’d scold me, so I drank a little when I came out...”

The man was dazed momentarily.

He looked at her obedient self and quickly came back to his senses. Pinching her face again, he said, “You are making me angry on purpose.”

Then, he brought her downstairs and stuffed her into the car. “Stay right here. I’ll get you some water.”

Stella nodded and leaned against the window to watch him.

Weston headed to a nearby store while she stayed in the car staring at his back, looking a little foolish.

Weston shook his head helplessly.

He had left the window open, and Stella waited for him, looking at the people passing by.

The car was parked on the roadside not far from the store. Only when she was within his view could he feel relieved.

She was staring at him blankly when she suddenly heard a familiar voice.

“Ella, is that you?”

The man sounded a bit hesitant.

Stella turned her head, and she smiled when she saw the person calling her.

“Mr. Hall, it’s been a while.”

“Long time no see.” Justin stopped in his steps.

He thought he was mistaken, but it turned out she was really Stella.

She must be drunk. Her face was red, and she looked extraordinarily well-behaved, lying lazily on the sill of the car’s window.

Her actions simply seemed a little dangerous and out of place. This made him think of Bryce.

He was still a child, after all, and every time he brought him out for a drive, he liked to lay on the windowsill. It was an unsafe action, and the boy would usually get a scolding later.

Justin surveyed his surroundings. “Are you alone?”

She shook her head. “Weston is buying some water.”

Justin nodded and chuckled. “About you... I didn’t expect you to be his ex-wife.”

Previously, he thought that Stella was the third person in the relationship and was Weston’s kept woman, and he didn’t have a good impression of her.

Then, when he discovered that it was Weston who’d forced her into the relationship, he felt pity for her.

Perhaps men were not good at telling pity and love apart.

He impulsively wanted to marry her, while, at the same time, helping her escape Weston’s clutches.

But for someone who could resolve things easily like Weston, his efforts turned out to be nothing but rash attempts.

After that, as he received no more news about Stella, he gradually returned to his normal life.

He didn’t expect that the next time he heard about her, it would turn out to be such a different story.

He thought that the engagement ceremony was the result of Stella's hard work and that she had successfully squeezed Guinevere out of the position.

He didn't expect that she was originally Weston's wife.

This clearly explained why Weston had refused to let her go before—it turned out the two had long been entangled with each other.

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Stella blinked. "I'm sorry for not telling you..."

She looked down, and her eyes were dull. "Does everyone know now?"

"It's hard not to," Justin said. "Even Bryce and the others talk about it in school.

"Guinevere is very famous with the kids nowadays, and they like to follow her news.

"Moreover, Weston's influence is bigger than her. He just doesn't like to show his face.

"Even Tina, who does not care about these things, knew about your story."

Justin did not know why he talked so much to a drunk person.

Stella was obviously drunk, and her mind was a bit unclear.

Perhaps it was because he hadn't seen her for a long time that his heart wavered when he saw her again.

"How have you been?"

Stella nodded somewhat mechanically.

Justin laughed at himself. "I am being superfluous. He even fell out with the Cohens for you. He should be treating you well..."

Once again, she gave him the same response, seeming as though she didn't even think about it.

Justin sighed lightly. "You are such a bad drinker, and he lets you drink so much?"

"It's me who wanted to..." Stella defended him somewhat embarrassingly.

She rested her chin on the windowsill until a mark was left on her skin.

She felt very uncomfortable, but she had no idea to get out of the situation. Frowning, she rubbed her chin, then rested her head on the window again.

Justin found it very funny.

He reached out subconsciously to rub her head.

"What are you trying to do, Mr. Hall?"

A deep, cold voice resounded from behind him.

The startled Justin looked back and saw Weston striding toward him.

A bottle was in his hand, and his pace was steady. The black trench coat intensified his cold aura.

Even Justin had to admit it—this man was a natural alpha.

And because of that, he always felt that Weston wouldn't take Stella very seriously.

However, if such a man decided to love a woman deeply, no woman would be able to resist it.

Seeing Weston coming to her from afar, her eyes lit up. "You're back!"

If she was not in the car, she might've just wiggled her feet in excitement.

The man had been gloomy, but when he saw her eyes full of joy, his tension eased a bit.

He walked to her and raised his hand to touch her red cheeks. "Tired of waiting?"

"No."

Stella was really drunk. Disregarding Justin's presence, she happily placed her cheek on his palm. "Did you buy me water?! want some."

"Okay."

Weston handed her the bottle, but she did not take it. She fixated her eyes on his hand. "Feed me."

When Justin heard that, he felt uncomfortable and cocked his head to one side.

Weston swept a glance at him. Without saying anything, he unscrewed the bottle cap and held the bottle in front of her mouth. "Drink slowly. Don't choke yourself."

Stella stared at him blankly, then tilted her head and drank from the bottle while watching her man's face.

Although she was drunk, her senses remained sharp.

Weston seemed to be a little pleased.

Justin coughed lightly. Unable to make himself stay any longer, he said, "I'll be leaving, Mr. Ford."

Weston hummed in response without looking at him. "She is drunk. If you are willing, I can send you an invitation to our wedding, and we can catch up then.

After saying that, he raised his hand to wipe away the water at the corner of Stella's mouth.

His gentle movements gave Justin complicated feelings.

Whether it was Stella's dependence on him or Weston's unconcealed possession and favor toward her, he had to admit that they shared a bond that he could not interfere with.

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Stella was completely unaware of the tragic situation that was to unfold

Yvonne was right. That liquor had a very strong delayed effect.

She looked at Weston deeply as if not realizing Justin was there.

Weston looked sick when he saw Justin, but his annoyance greatly cooled after seeing her cuteness and the way she looked at him when she was drunk.

Especially when it was right in front of Justin.

Stella's intimacy greatly lessened his anger. This woman seemed to know it very well.

She knew how to make him angry, and she knew exactly how to pacify him.

No matter if it was intentional or unintentional, she could always easily make his heart waver.

"If I have time, I will attend the wedding."

Justin could only reply politely.

He nodded at Weston. "I'm sorry to have bothered you guys. Bryce is waiting for me in the car... I wish you guys a happy wedding in advance."

"Thank you, Mr. Hall," Weston said.

Justin turned around and left.

It took a great deal of self-control to restrain himself from looking back, but he knew that Stella would not look at him even if he did.

She never liked him from the beginning and had accepted his proposal solely because she wanted to be rid of Weston at that time. It was only because of this that he managed to convince Stella to agree to it at that time.

Everything was out in the open, clear as day.

But why did he feel so downtrodden?

The drunken Stella was obviously a bit more pleasant than usual.

He wanted to settle the score at first, but seeing her confused self, he could not make himself do it.

The car soon arrived at the apartment.

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At the underground parking lot Stella had been very obedient along the entire journey and was only starting to act a little silly.

With blank eyes, she leaned back on the seat and shook her shoes off her feet. "It's so hot..."

Weston turned off the engine and held her wobbly legs in place, securing them to the seat.

"Don't move."

Stella pouted in annoyance and glared at him. "You meanie ...".

It was a non-intimidating glare, more of a coquettish one than threatening.

He unfastened the seatbelt and got out of the car. Then, he walked over to the passenger seat and picked her up.

Feeling the sudden lightness, she hugged the man's neck subconsciously.

Perhaps it was because she was drunk that she clung to him a little tighter than usual.

"Don't you ever drop me."

Weston was amused to hear this. "With that weight of yours, it's unlikely to happen."

"Is that so..."

Stella's eyes glimmered as if a naughty idea came into her mind, and she started struggling.

Weston's voice turned hoarse. "Don't move."

These two words sounded like a warning.

How could she have listened?

After all, she could use her drunkenness as a shield.

She placed her hand on his shirt and picked on his topmost button.

"What are you doing?" With his Adam's apple rolling up and down, he looked down at her with a halfhearted deterrence in his eyes.

Stella smiled.

If it was not for the unusual redness on her face, he would have thought she was doing it on purpose.

"Aren't we going home to bed?" Stella's eyes were too innocent to look like she was up to no good.

"I'll help you undress now."

Weston silently strode into the elevator.

The two figures reflected clearly off the metal door panels.

Their stark difference in size was apparent. In his arms, Stella looked like a tiny chick that nestled under its mother's wings.