

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 961

Chapter 961 "He's treating her like a bird in the golden cage," said Xavier in a disapproving tone in an exclusive club.

He lit up a cigarette and took a drag on it.

The sound of billiard balls colliding with each other filled the air.

The whole place was vivacious.

It had been a long time since Weston last came to this kind of place.

Even the billiard hall owner found it curious.

"Why hadn't Mr. Ford been out having fun after getting married?" he asked Xavier.

Everyone there knew that the woman Weston Ford married was not Guinevere Cohen but the woman that he had brought here to play snooker with him in the past.

Yet none of them would have expected that he would be missing from this place after getting married.

"What's wrong?" Xavier countered him with a smile.

"So what if he's not here? I'm here, aren't I? Am I not bringing a good enough business to you?"

"I didn't mean that at all, Mr. Xavier! You're always joking with me!" Xavier said nothing in reply.

Daisy was right next to him and was quietly pouring him a drink.

Seeing that he brought up Weston and Stella, she asked in a casual tone, "Why hasn't Mr. Weston brought Stella out anywhere lately?" "Who knows?" Xavier tapped his cigarette.

"He went through all those troubles just to get that woman, yet now that he's finally got her, all he does is tuck her away at home." He sniggered, then added, "Only Weston would treat a woman like a precious treasure.

Is he worried that we'd forget that?" He blurted out those words in front of Daisy without a care in the world.

Daisy was well aware that Xavier was not the kind of man who would prioritize women above everything else in his life.

Nevertheless, he had been treating her very well And so Daisy remained silent as she dropped a slice of lemon intohis drink and handed it over to Xavier.

He preferred his drinks that way.

Xavier put out his cigarette and took a sip of the drink from Daisy.

The high alcohol content made him squint.

“Why are you asking so many questions anyway?” he asked, looking at Daisy through the clouds of smoke.” Don’t tell me that you’re still pining over him?” Xavier,” Daisy’s expression changed abruptly.

“Were you about to ask if I still pine over him every time he’s mentioned?”

She then stood up andcontinued, “In that case, then I’ll make sure to never say a word about him again in front of you,” She then turned on her heels and left, Xavier didn’t react much.

He simply watched Daisy stomp away with a slightly guilty look on her face with a sneer, Soonit would be Warren Ford’s eightieth birthday.

Xavier was sure that when the day came, Weston would allow Stella to come out.

That evening, Stella was sitting on the swing in the back garden and surrounded by a group of bodyguards.

As she swung, the chains on her feet made a crisp, jingling noise.

She was still swinging in the air when a tall figure walked up and stood behind her.

It was only when a pair of strong arms held her still that she swiftly turned around andnoticed the man.

“You’re back,” she said.

Those were the exact words she uttered every day when Weston got home.

“You’re back.” She said the exact same words without the slightest change or variation as if she were a robot programmed to say certain words and do whatevershe was asked.

“Mm,” Weston responded in a low voice before picking her up into his arms from the swing.

Stella complied and held his neck for support.

He then carried her from the back garden to the master bedroom upstairs.

She sat down on the bed with both feet resting on the floor.

Weston began taking off his suit jacket.

His thin lips were tightly pursed, and his expression was inscrutable.

His words, however, were nowhere near as calm as his actions.

“What have you told Hayden Quirk?” he asked.

“Why did he seem so eager to help you?” As he spoke, he pulled out the belt around his waist.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 962**

Chapter 962 Stella knew exactly what his gesture meant. The intensely intimidating aura that Weston exuded was palpable too. “I didn’t tell him anything...” she backed away from him instinctively.

Her feet were still bound together as she shrank away, and the golden chains clanged noisily around her ankles as she moved.

Weston ripped off his belt and tossed it aside.

He knelt on the bed with one knee and stared at her like a hawk.

“If you didn’t tell him anything, why was he so emotional when he talked about you?” He supported her, so she sat upright and raised her chin with his fingers.

“Why were you so reckless, Stella?” Those words sounded like a grievance, but they also sounded like a warning.

“If you won’t behave even after being locked up, perhaps I should cut you off from the outside world completely so you’d finally be a good girl.” Stella took a deep breath, heaving her chest slightly.

“I’m sorry...” she whimpered.

She had to muster all her willpower to stop herself from shaking.

“I won’t see him again, okay?” “You won’t see him again?” Weston sneered.

“What about your psychological problems?” “Forget about that,” Stella shook her head and smiled bleakly.

“Besides, what’s the point of those treatments anyway? It might even make you angry for noreason.” As she spoke, she sat up and wrapped her arms around his waist.

This sudden tenderness startled Weston at first, but it was ultimately effective.

He half embraced her and gently ran his fingers through the flowing black hair that hung down her back.

“Are you sure?”

“Mm-hmm,” Stella nodded obediently.

“I know I can’t have sex with you right now, but I have...

other ways to please you.” her before leaning down and kneeling on his waist.

Then, she reached out her hand and touched his manhood.

Weston’s eyes fluttered violently.

He placed one hand firmly on the back of her head.

His long fingers slipped through her hair, and his grip slowly tightened.

His gradually increased force until he started to clasp his hands on her head.

Stella took a deep breath to steady her breathing.

Above her, she heard Weston’s breathing getting heavier and knew he was about to lose control soon.

Her eyes, however, glanced past him toward the balcony.

Her oleanders were growing excellently.

Perhaps its flowers might even bloom in a few days.

After a long time, it finally ended.

The overpowering and primal stench of semen filled the air.

Stella lay flat on the bed, looking all meek and docile.

Even Weston was unusually gentle.

He walked out of the bathroom with a warm damp towel in his hand, sat on the bed, and carefully wiped Stella's mouth and face.

"Did you choke?" he asked.

"No. I swallowed quite a bit, though..." Stella closed her eyes and asked him, "Did you like it?" He kissed her again and again before answering in a husky voice, "Yes." "Good," Stella smiled.

She had become so docile and well-behaved now that she almost seemed like a wild cat whose claws had been filed, trapped in an invisible golden cage without the means to extricate herself.

Stella let the man clean her up without any resistance.

He then climbed into bed and fell asleep with his arms around her.

She listened to his steady heartbeat with a smile still lingering on her face.

She squirmed, but it only made him hug her even more tightly.

"Stella..." she heard his low voice coming from above her head, which was quickly accompanied by a soft and tender kiss.

"Hayden Quirk won't come here ever again." He took her hand and kissed it lightly, adding, "From now on, your whole world will consist of me and no one else." Stella's eyes trembled slightly in the dark.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 963**

Chapter 963 The next day, Hayden did not come as expected.

After that day, Weston planned to put her in handcuffs, but he later dismissed the idea after he saw how well she behaved.

She could walk around with only ankle cuffs as long as she remained in Stardust Mansion.

Stella had no problem with that, just like a dummy with no excess emotion beyond what Weston wanted her to show.

She was cold as usual, but she had learned to please him in all sorts of ways...

in the kitchen, the bedroom, the living room...

They would become like the typical loving couple whenever Weston returned home, leaving traces of their love in all corners of the house.

Somehow, when looking at the woman who was trying so hard to please him, Weston felt as if he was looking at the Stella from two years ago.

She was just as shy and delicate then, with he being the only thing in her eyes.

The sole purpose of her existence was to make him happy.

He picked her up, pinned her on the glass table, and kissed her passionately.

When the two separated, blotches of saliva lined the corners of their mouths.

The man put his finger on it and wiped it off gently." Stella, you are so good." She smiled and rubbed his palm.

"Did you like it?" "A lot." He went on unabashedly, "So much that I am about to go crazy." He placed her on the table to elevate her to a higher position higher.

Arms braced her sides, and before she could react, his hands slipped under the hem of her dress and coursed around recklessly.

She wrapped her arms around his head, and her eyes closed as her body began to tremble.

She did not know how long it took before it eased off a little.

"Weston, I can't separate my feet.

"It's inconvenient, with the ankle cuffs like that." He frowned and swept a glance at it.

The shackles around her feet could only be parted slightly.

They had, in fact, reached their limit.

Weston simply put her feet together, turned them to the side, and embraced them again passionately.

He still did not take the cuffs off.

It was late at night, and Stella curled under the blanket, looking out the window at the stars in the sky, a little lost in thought.

The man had fallen asleep.

She got up slowly and walked to the living room when Joan happened to come out of her room as well.

"Mrs.Ford..." "Joan, why are you still awake?" Stella replied, a little startled.

Her reaction seemed a bit sheepish.

How could she come out when the two were making such a scene, regardless of location? How embarrassing would it be then if she caught them in the act? "I am getting something to eat. Do you want me to make you some?" "No." Stella shook her head.

"You should be resting earlier." "Sigh." Looking at her slender back, Joan was unsure, but she had a feeling that Stella was getting thinner and thinner." Mrs.Ford..."

She called Stella out of a sudden.

"Actually, I have something I'd like to tell you." "Go ahead." "I know you don't like to go out much, and Mr.

Ford has protected you well, but sometimes, it is still necessary that you accompany him...to socialize."

Joan reminded her.

"With his status, Mr.Fors sometimes needs a female companion, and of course, it should be you ... but you haven't been going out.

It leaves room for others to take advantage of." Stella understood what she was trying to say.

She looked at Joan and asked gently, "Have you heard any rumors?" Joan sighed.

"I'm not in a position to say that either. It's just that..." She quietly glanced in the direction of the room door and whispered in Stella's ear.

"It's all over the place out there that lately, Mr.Ford has been getting closer to Ms.Cohen again..."

Mrs.Ford, they have a child together.

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 964

Chapter 964 Stella did not react much to it. "Is he spending a lot of time with Guinevere these days?" She mumbled, "It doesn't matter. That's his own business. It's out of my hands."

"But...I'm afraid Ms. Cohen has still not given up on him!" Joan said that and glanced at the ankle cuffs on Stella's feet with mixed feelings.

Although Stella was Weston's legitimate wife — she had also been one once, there were simply too many women eyeing him outside.

Even if Guinevere seemed to have settled down recently, who knew what she had in mind? Joan was really worried for Stella.

If Stella could give in to Weston and plead for mercy, she was sure he would forgive her with his affection for her.

Stella simply smiled.

"Thank you, Joan.

I know you care for me.

But this is my own matter.

I know what to do..." Joan could only nod helplessly upon seeing her reaction." I shall leave you alone then."

"Sure, go to sleep now." After she left, Stella went to the balcony.

The rows of potted plants were all quietly slumbering.

She first walked to the snowrose and observed it: carefully, then she walked to the oleander and stared at the flower bud that was about to open.

"It will bloom in a few days..." She thought that although oleander was very poisonous, she should still increase the dose just in case.

A thick black mist suddenly appeared beside her ear, transforming into a person as small as her and whispering hoarsely.

"Yes, that's it..."



He locks you in a cage like an animal and cuffs you like a criminal.

Why should you be so submissive and accepting? Wait until the flowers bloom, then kill him! Kill him, and it will be all over!" Stella heard the woman urging in her ears.

"Don't you miss your child? Let's all go to hell together then..."

The culprit should too!" She was dressed in a white robe, soaked in the early morning dew.

Quietly looking at the flower bud in front of her, the white figure seemed shrouded in a black mist.

A few days passed.

Everything was the same as before, except that Joan seemed less present in the mansion.

Since Joan talked to Stella that night, she saw her less and less.

It was not until today that she suddenly realized that she had not seen Joan for days.

Perhaps the time she spent at the mansion had been too harsh and uninteresting.

The chains on her feet were a constant reminder of how slowly time was passing.

After just a few days without seeing Joan, it made Stella feel like she had not seen an outsider in a long time.

To her, time in this mansion felt like it was standing still.

Weston had finally driven out everything in her life, leaving her entire world in his hands.

"It's been so quiet in the mansion lately..." Stella spoke to the plant as she watered it.

She muttered to herself and even hummed.

"Don't you think it's been such a long time since anyone talked? Is it because of Weston's anger that everyone is afraid to talk? In front of her, the peaceful and quiet potted plant remained as it was, and no one answered her words.

She didn't need anyone to answer her, though.

She could simply talk to the air by herself.

"I had a dream last night, and I think I dreamed about my baby."

