

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 986

Chapter 986

Chapter 986 Stella appeared calm and composed, but her back was soaked with cold sweat.

“Mom?” she asked while resolutely putting on a calm facade, perhaps because she was hiding something. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing...” answered Wendy with a shake of her head. Stella’s voice brought her senses back.

Sure that Stella must’ve not known about how poisonous the oleanders were, she tried to warn her.

“That plant over there...”

Crash!

Before she could finish, a loud noise coming from the window interrupted her.

The two women jumped in fright. They hurried to where the noise came from and saw a black figure crashing into the room from outside. The window had been broken in, and the floor was littered with shards of shattered glass “Careful!”

Stella’s split-second response managed to stop Wendy from getting hit by the flying glass.

Wendy was so spooked that her face turned white as a

sheet. She stood motionless and stared at the figure lying on the floor. “What... What on earth is going on here...?” she asked in a daze.

There was a gaping hole in the windowpane that brought a biting chill into the room as a gust of wind blew in.

As soon as Stella regained her senses, she quickly called out for the bodyguards. “I think he’s one of the workers outside,” she told Wendy, trying to calm her down. “He probably fell in accidentally.”

Stella noticed that the person wore a work uniform while holding a wrench, so she assumed he must be one of the maintenance workers.

“Are you okay?” she asked him.

The man moved slightly and groaned before answering. “I’m... I’m so sorry...”

He slowly propped himself up, revealing his large plump face.

“I’m here to repair the air conditioner,” he explained. “I was installing an overhead unit when I slipped and fell. I was only hanging on a steel wire, and I had no choice but to break the glass window and lunge in...”

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The man went on to apologize profusely. There were still bloodstains on his face from being cut by the glass. He picked up his peaked cap on the floor with shaking hands, all the while apologizing.

Seeing this, Wendy frowned but finally calmed down. “That’s enough...” she said, but before she could continue, she had to catch a breath when she felt a sharp pain in her heart.

Stella noticed that the man was swaying slightly as he stood, so she asked in a gentle voice, “Are you hurt?” “No, no...”

The man waved his hands, still looking terrified.

“I’m fine...” he reassured her. “I really didn’t mean to break in through the window like that. I’m really sorry. I’ll... I’ll pay for the damages...”

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Stella walked to the window and glanced at the broken glass pieces before saying, “You were here for repairs. Accidents happen. Make sure you don’t slip again, and be more careful. Nothing’s more important than safety.”

“I—I’ll be more careful...”

!

The man did not expect Stella to treat him so kindly. He kept glancing at her several times, but he didn’t dare to look at her directly.

With his head hung low and his eyes darting around frantically, the hands that he kept behind his back still trembled.

Wendy was already resting on the sofa as they waited for

the bodyguards to come and handle everything. Suddenly, her face turned terrifyingly pale. She grasped at Stella, who was beside her, and said, "Stella, get my medicine..."

Stella turned around and noticed Wendy's blanched face. Beads of sweat rolled down her forehead, and her breathing was short and unsteady, as if she was getting out of breath

"Mom, what's wrong?!"

"Quick... grab my medicine!"

Wendy breathed laboriously. Her face slowly turned from white to blue, and her lips trembled. She seemed to be in a lot of pain. At first, she was still holding onto Stella's arm tightly, but now her grip was loosening...

"Mom!" Stella was starting to panic. "Are you okay? Where is the medicine?!"

She guessed that Wendy was probably suffering from some underlying disease, so she began searching her body for the medicine.

Wendy pointed at the coffee table.

Stella instantly understood her meaning, so she rushed towards the coffee table and grabbed Wendy's bag. She reached inside and took out a white medicine bottle.

"How many do you need?" she asked.

She speedily obtained a glass of water and placed it near Wendy's mouth before feeding her the medicine as instructed.

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Chapter 987 Just then, the bodyguards and the housekeeper rushed into the room

"What's the matter, Mrs. Ford?"

"What happened here?!"

The housekeeper had worked at the Ford Mansion for many years, and the second he saw Wendy collapse on the sofa, he hurriedly rushed over. "Madam! Did you have another heart attack?"

This revelation surprised Stella. She asked Wendy, "So you have... heart disease?"

Wendy nodded. By now, she had calmed down significantly.

"I've had it for many years now," she explained.

She then turned to the housekeeper. "Don't worry, I'm fine. Stella has given me my medicine."

"Thank goodness..." The housekeeper breathed a sigh of relief. His gaze turned toward the stranger in the room, then frowned and asked sternly, "What's going on here?"

That plump man had been stunned because of Wendy's sudden heart attack, but he came back to his senses upon hearing the housekeeper's sharp voice.

"I'm sorry, boss. I slipped and fell just now..."

The housekeeper looked around to evaluate the situation. He then looked out the window and glanced at the overalls the plump man was wearing. He now had a rough idea of what had just happened.

"Didn't your company train you before you came here?" he barked. "And to think that you've caused such trouble on such an important occasion... Can you even afford the consequences if something happens to Mrs. Ford and Madam Ford?!"

The housekeeper's attitude was vastly different from the way the two women had reacted. Being put in charge of the entire operation within the Ford Manor, it was also his subordinate who was responsible for hiring the maintenance workers there. Thus, if any problem occurred due to the fault of the workers, the person who ultimately had to answer would be him.

It was unsurprising then that he was especially stern with the plump man.

"Who's your supervisor?" the housekeeper demanded. "At the rate they're going, I wonder if they're even qualified for their job! You were paid a lot so you could repair, not break in through the window and give people a scare!"

The plump man's face reddened instantly. He was already injured, to begin with, and bloodstains still covered his

face. Now, the housekeeper's severe admonition distressed him so much that he couldn't even raise his head.

"Excuse me..."

Stella tried to interrupt the housekeeper as she could not watch it going on any longer.

“Leave it,” Wendy whispered, grabbing her arm to stop her. “Let the housekeeper do his job. He’s much more experienced than you. He knows exactly how to handle *it*.”

Just after she spoke, heavy footsteps were heard approaching from the door.

“Wendy!” Chris had hurried here as soon as he heard what had happened. “Are you okay?”

He rushed to Wendy’s side, looking deeply distraught. Grasping her shoulders, he looked at her anxiously.

“Are you still in any sort of discomfort?” he asked. “Should we go to the hospital?”

“No,” Wendy shook her head and told him, “I’m fine. Just get all these people away for now. Don’t let this disrupt Father’s party...”

Though it was not that big of a deal, if the news of her heart attack blew out of proportion, she might just be accused of trying to hog all the attention:

Chris understood her line of reasoning very well, and seeing that she was much better, he nodded and reassured her, “Don’t worry. I’m the only one who knows about this.”

Wendy stared fixedly at him, unsure if his undisguised concern for her was all genuine. Suddenly, all her resentment for him was mixed with a new litany of other emotions.

This mixed bag of feelings perplexed her.

Chris paid no attention to Wendy’s changing emotions because he noticed that Stella was still beside them.

“Are you hurt?” he asked out of politeness.

Stella shook her head.

She glanced at the plump man. She wondered if it was just her mind playing tricks on her, but for some reason, she had a feeling that that man had been staring at her from the moment he broke into the room.

Yet every time she looked at him, the man would instantly look away.

The gut feeling made her hair stand on end. She could only hope that she had been overthinking.

For the time being, the room was unsuitable for anyone to stay in, let alone Weston and Stella. The housekeeper sent the people away while Chris took Wendy back to their room.

Weston only heard of what had transpired after it was all over. He returned to the room only to find Stella cleaning and rearranging her pots.

He strode in, grabbed her wrists, and made her put the things in her hands down.

“Let other people do it,” he told her. “I wanted you to stay in the room to rest, not busy yourself with these chores.”

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Chapter 988

Chapter 988 Weston made Stella stand up.

She glanced at her potted plants destroyed by the man who fell in earlier and became somewhat distressed.

“The soil is full of broken glass...” she grumbled.

“Let others deal with it.”

Weston’s eyebrows twitched when he saw that she was about to clean up the soil with her bare hands. With a much sterner voice, he told her, “Stop. You’ll hurt your hands.”

He forbade her from doing anything else and pulled her away.

“Did you get hurt just now?”

“No,” she shook her head. “I didn’t.”

She then paused to think before asking, “Does your mom have a heart disease?”

“Yeah,” he answered briefly, casting his eyes down at her. “She’s had it for many years.

“We’ll move to another room,” he told her as he led her to the bathroom. “Someone will come and move our stuff later. Right now, you should wash all the dirt off your paws.”

Weston was a notorious neat freak. In fact, he was almost at his limit when he had to suppress his revulsion while holding her dirty hands.

“These aren’t paws,” Stella muttered with a pout. “These are my hands...”

He chuckled and placed her hands beneath the faucet before washing them meticulously. The metal wash basin was lavish, and the gray countertop was spotless. This choice of color gave the room a chic atmosphere while not looking too cold and impersonal. Stella’s hands were milky white, making her skin look as delicate as jade. The peach fuzz on the back of her hand and the flush of pink on the exposed fleshy parts of her fingers starkly contrasted against the dark gray backdrop, making her skin look exceptionally translucent and exquisite.

“Stella...” Weston stood behind her, almost encircling her within his arms. His lips were right next to her ear when he softly murmured in a hoarse voice, “How is it so fair, hmm?”

He was referring to her skin.

Stella turned her head slightly away, trying to avert from his touch. But no matter how she tried to evade him, he still caught up to her, with his hot breath filling the crook of her neck.

“And so, so tender...” he murmured before planting kisses from the back of her ear to her cheek. “You smell divine.”

“Weston...” Stella remained relatively clear-headed. “It’s still early. It’s not even dark outside...”

Weston was a stoic man who had always kept his feelings and emotions concealed. Only when he was in bed would he say such sweet and tender words to her. He was especially generous with praise when he was ablaze with desire.

He had always been captivated by her body. He didn’t just love her skin, but he even adored her feet.

Whenever his passion was at its peak, the praises he lavished on her far exceeded these...

And they always made Stella blush to the roots of her hair. She would sometimes be so flustered by his words that no matter how exhausted she was from their lovemaking, she would still try to cover his mouth with her trembling hands so that he would stop talking.

“Does that mean,” Weston chuckled and teased her by twisting her words, “that you’d be okay if we do this after dark?”

As he spoke, he interlaced his long fingers between hers. The sensation of their rubbing knuckles created shockwaves; it was as if an electrical spark passed

through them as they touched. He was only washing her hands, yet he managed to arouse an ardently erotic sensation inside her. Her knees were now weak. She could only lean back against his chest and moaned, "Weston..."

Her voice was sultry and smooth as silk as his name lingered on her lips for much longer than usual.

Weston knew that she was at her limits. If he kept on teasing her, her eyes would redden, and she wouldn't be able to handle it.

"We're done," he said. "Your hands are clean now."

He slowly let go of her and grabbed a paper towel to wipe her hands dry.

"Your fingernails are getting quite long," he commented. "Isn't it time to trim them?"

He always paid extraordinary attention to her body. Nothing, not even the tiniest detail, could escape his notice.

"They are quite long indeed," she replied as she glanced at them, "but they're not so long that they get in the way."

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Chapter 989

Chapter 989 Weston said nothing. He leaned against her face, and kissed her a few times before murmuring, "Once we get to the new room, you can rest for a little longer before the dinner happens, okay?"

The tone of voice that he used suggested tender intimacy, as if they were a loving married couple.

They both had something in common — they were both excellent pretenders.

Even though their relationship was so damaged that it was like a ship riddled with holes, as long as Weston was willing, they could easily put up an act and pretend that they were deeply in love with each other.

Stella nodded and replied, "Okay."

The staff who were supposed to help them move their stuff had been waiting outside.

Stella frowned as she watched them move her potted plants from the balcony.

"Let me handle that one," she told them.

She looked at her oleander plant worryingly, fearing that they might damage it somehow.

"It looks like you care a lot about that plant," Weston stated as he held her waist. He looked into her eyes and asked, "Do you like this kind of plant in particular?"

His searching eyes made Stella feel a little guilty, so she turned away from him and replied, "Not really. It's just that it is especially delicate. It must be handled with care, or it will be damaged. I'm a bit more cautious with it, that's all."

"I'll tell them to be careful with it then," Weston said, playing with her fingers.

Yet, even so, Stella couldn't shift her gaze from the oleander plant.

Weston didn't like it when her attention was on anything else but him, even if it was just a potted plant.

"So what if it gets damaged? I can just get you a new one. In fact, I can get you as many as you like."

Stella looked at his somewhat gloomy face and sensed something, so she asked him in a helpless tone, "Don't tell me you're jealous of a potted plant?"

Weston didn't speak, but his eyes were staring deeply into hers, as if trying to peer into her soul. Stella always got extremely nervous whenever Weston turned silent like that. She couldn't read his emotions or guess what ran through his mind. He often did that concealing his thoughts and feelings from her and

making her panic.

After a long time, he casually toyed with her hair and reminded her in a husky voice, "You can have a hobby, but it must not take up too much of your time."

He didn't mind her spending so much time and effort on these inanimate plants that couldn't even talk or move, with the only condition that she spent the majority of it with him and him alone.

Caring about anyone or anything more than she did for him was strictly disallowed. Not even a potted plant.

Stella's eyes flickered. With a playful tone, she asked him, "You're not going to punish me just because of some plants, are you?" "What if I insist on taking care of them?" she continued, leaning into his arms and stroking his chest. "You won't go as far as to throw them all out, will you?"

Weston grabbed her groping hand and plainly said, "Try me."

"You can't be serious!" Stella's expressions gradually changed. "But they're only potted plants..."

"As I said, try me."

Weston chuckled in his deep voice, yet there was no humor in the eyes that looked straight at her.

Of course, she could try and see if he would punish those plants for stealing her attention away from him.

The little light that was left in Stella's eyes gradually faded away. She didn't speak and merely leaned against his chest, completely motionless.

Weston stroked her hair, leaned down, and kissed her on the forehead. "Go on," he said. "Go rest. I've got some things to do."

"Okay," she replied tersely.

Weston got up and left. Stella watched him leave, and her eyes gradually turned darker and darker.

It appeared that she had finally made up her mind.

She was no different from a flower kept inside a glass dome, forever separated from the warmth of sunlight by the cold hard glass. While the flower might seem to be thriving from the outside, inside, it was actually utterly exhausting, devoid of all hope save for a tiny glimmer that one day, a drastic occurrence would finally destroy everything

When tomorrow came, the oleander flowers would finally be in full bloom.

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Chapter 990

Chapter

990 Once the staff had moved everything upstairs, Stella immediately closed the door.

Within a quarter of an hour, the extremely efficient crew had cleared up the old room and moved everything to the new room upstairs.

The Ford Mansion was so massive that it contained hundreds of rooms. Because of Weston's obsession with cleanliness, he would never stay in a room that had been used before.

Luckily, very few had ever been to the upper floors of the Ford Mansion. The suites there were also brighter and more spacious than the ones below.

The potted plants were arranged on the balcony of the new room just as they were previously. Stella walked over to the oleander plant, knelt down, and carefully observed it.

Some promising flower buds had already shown themselves. After tonight, they would all be in full bloom.

With that in mind, she plucked one, careful not to touch the moist sap on it, and calculated how many she would need to have enough poison to kill an adult.

How many she would need to kill a man.

Although the room was resplendent with light, the spot Stella knelt at seemed to be blanketed in darkness.

She knelt there quietly, darkness slowly eroding her petite figure.

From the outside, nothing about her seemed out of sorts. It was as if she had already accepted the situation she found herself in.

But no one knew how much misery she had been concealing inside.

Dr. Quirk was right. Her psychological problems had worsened to a point where she could not control herself, to a point only

revenge that would lead to death could give her peace of mind. She closed her eyes, recalling the words Weston uttered just moments ago.

That overbearing, controlling man

He wouldn't even let these plants off the hook. He would punish her even for this.

He would ruin her whole life.

He would stamp out all the hope she had left.

None of the commotion that happened affected Warren Ford.

Soon, it was time for dinner. Weston went upstairs to fetch Stella himself, perhaps because he was concerned.

Stella ended up not getting much rest. When Weston entered the room, he found Stella reading a script on the sofa. He frowned as he walked up to her. "Are you still planning to be an actress?" Stella put the script aside, leaned her face against his waist, and shook her head. "I was only reading it to pass the time."

She raised her head and looked up into his eyes. They were inky black, like the surface of the turbulent sea where a storm was brewing. No one could ever guess the emotions he was hiding behind those eyes.

"Didn't you want me to spend less time with those pots?" she asked softly. "That's why I decided to do something else... to spread out my energy on different things..."

Weston initially wanted her to spend her time on him, not for her to do other things. But still, since she was so obedient, he was willing to overlook such a trivial mistake. In fact, he even felt satisfied because she actually listened to him and tried something he wanted her to do.

"If you had that much energy to spread out, I don't mind helping you expand it."

He spoke in a meaningful tone, clearly trying to imply something specific.

Knowing exactly what he meant, Stella grasped his clothes tightly.

Weston noticed how her body stiffened up, and he

chuckled. He patted her head and told her, "Don't worry. I won't do it right now. I'm not that foolish, you know."

Stella relaxed a little once she heard that.

“Let’s go downstairs,” she said. “If we’re late, we’ll keep Grandpa waiting.”

...

Stella walked down the stairs to the grand hall. When they got there, many had not arrived yet. They had come early to take their seats in advance.

Wealthy and prestigious families like the Fords paid great attention to etiquette. When the time came for dinner to start, Warren Ford would make sure he was the last to arrive, fashionably late.