

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 111

### Chapter 111

After she finished, the man held her waist and rasped, "It's my birthday. Are you taking me to just a meal?"

Yvonne was tickled from his hot breath. Her skin tingled, so she pushed him twice. "Don't do that. It tickles..."

The driver was still driving in front, so it was not right for them to do this in the backseat. Even so, Lucas did not let go. Instead, he tightened his hold on her.

"That won't do. At least show me your sincerity." "How much more sincerity do you want?" Yvonne was a little annoyed. While they were facing each other nose-to-nose, Lucas reached over and pressed something on the side. Then, the privacy divider in the car rose. The luxury car had a very spacious interior. After the divider was raised, the back seat was converted into a well insulated private space. No matter what they did, the people in front would not hear it.

Yvonne finally realized what Lucas wanted to do. She flushed shyly. "Why are you so passionate today?" "Since you don't have a present for me, I'll get it myself." Lucas looked straight at her. He always had a cool look about him. As a doctor, he wore a white coat all the time and looked very neat. Sometimes, the occasional faint scent of disinfectant on him made Yvonne especially mesmerized. He rarely lost his composure except for his passionate time with her. However, he had never been so bold either.

Yvonne soon forgot about Stella. The car did indeed have good sound insulation, but it did not block vibrations.

Yvonne blushed, then she hurriedly reached out and hugged the man's neck. "We're almost home. Hurry up..."

Lucas breathed softly in her ear, then pressed his lips against her ear again. "I can't hurry with this..."

Unlike the atmosphere between Yvonne and Lucas, it was different here. The air around Weston was almost freezing. Stella did not say a word to him and walked forward on her own.

After getting in the car, she did not want to talk to him either.

Weston looked at her in the rearview mirror and drove. "You can't stand to be seen with me?"

Stella took a deep breath and suddenly covered her face with her hands as tears streamed down her cheeks uncontrollably.

She was strong enough to endure everything before. She did not know when she had become so strong, but she felt she could bear anything as long as she could get away from this man.

However, caught off guard by Yvonne's surprised and somewhat disappointed eyes, she had lost all her strength.

"In the eyes of others, I'm just a shameless homewrecker."

Stella was clearly crying, but there was a hint of sarcasm in her crying tone. "I consider her my best friend, but I'm such a disappointment in her eyes."

A rush of anger suddenly rose in Weston's heart. "Why are you crying because of Yvonne? How long have you known her? How is she so important to you?"

"She is important to me!" Stella suddenly dropped her hands and glared at him with red eyes. "How can people like you understand how we feel? "You've always been above it all. No matter what you do wrong, everyone will look for reasons to justify your mistake. No one will ever really blame you! "But what about me? I didn't do anything at all, yet I have to bear much greater pressure because of you. You can do anything you want, but I can't. I can't even escape from your side without getting hurt badly! "What exactly have I done to offend you? Why can't you let me go?!" After a day of holding in her emotions, Stella had finally reached her limit.

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It was not Stella's first time saying something like that to him. She kept begging him to let her go.

Weston was not totally unaffected, but he chose to ignore those strange emotions bottled up in him. Never had he experienced such an uncontrollable urge.

The car stopped beside a quiet road. Weston rolled down the window and rested his arm on the window. He lit a cigarette and held

it between his fingers, but he did not smoke it. He just left it like that. When the lit cigarette butt reached his fingertips, a subtle pain pinched his skin. He dusted off the ashes and looked at Stella. "I've told you. Your only option is to follow me. You can name any price you want." "Why? You already have Guinevere. Why can't you let me go?"

When she asked him this, the man's eyes flickered slightly before he fell silent again. It was unclear whether he was asking himself a question, or asking her.

"What do you think?"

He did not know either. He could not understand his desire for her. Why? What was it for?

Did he only want her because he did not have enough of her during the marriage? Did he want more of her body? If he did, he would have slept with her last night. However, he did not. He just held her in his arms and slept all night. Even Weston was confused. He could not figure out what he was thinking. He would like to ask Stella what she did to make him less and less like himself.

"It's impossible between us. You should give up." Stella took a deep breath. "I can't become your secret lover just for some money..." "You're working so hard that you're willing to work at that kind of place. I thought you wouldn't mind having more money." "It's not the same!" Stella replied. "That's my job. I'm earning money legally. I don't have to mind others' opinions of me. But what about you? You're forcing me to be your secret lover. What will others think of me?"

She could not forget the way Yvonne looked at her earlier. It was unbearable. There was no disgust in her eyes, but only complicated emotions and disappointment. Very few people truly cared about her since her parents died. Only Roger and Yvonne cared about her.

If she got involved in Weston's relationship as the third party, how could she continue to stay in the training center? How could she face Yvonne?

"You keep talking, but you still care about that woman the most." Weston put out his cigarette and unbuttoned his collar in annoyance. "If you care about her presence so much, I'll take care of it for you."

"What are you going to do?" Stella's eyes widened in shock. "This is between us. Don't involve others!" "You know we shouldn't drag others into this, so why are you rejecting me for the sake of others?"

"I'm not rejecting you for anyone. I just don't want to be with you. Don't you understand? There's no turning back between us! You're the one who asked for a divorce. You asked me to abort the child. On the rooftop, you didn't choose Guinevere over me. The moment you told me to die, it was over for the both of us! Why do you have to barge into my life over and over

again

"

“Don’t ask me that question again,” Weston interjected her in exasperation. He closed the window and unbuckled his seat belt without hesitation. Then, he moved to the passenger seat and put the seat down.

He grabbed Stella’s wrist and pressed it on top of her head. Then, he lifted her chin and forced her to look into his eyes.

“Do I need a reason to do something? All I want is you. I won’t give up no matter what. Your only option is to submit to me,” he gritted his teeth and whispered in her ear with an imperative dominance. Stella shut her trembling eyes. “Why don’t you just kill me now?” If he were to control her life, she would rather not live.

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The only thing she cared about was Roger. Roger had grown up now. His health had gradually improved, and he had returned to school.

Her death might be a blow to him, but she believed that he would get over it and have a good future. Her presence would matter little to him by then.

A strong sense of despair loomed over her. Perhaps, Weston had sensed it too. In that instance, all his anger was completely extinguished.

He released her and leaned on her shoulder and neck. He gritted his teeth and slowly relaxed his clenched fist. “Let’s both take a step back... Stella, I won’t trap you forever.”

“What do you mean?” Stella looked at him. Weston suddenly propped himself up and looked straight into her eyes.

“Just stay with me for a while. I’ll hide your identity. No one will know about us. However, we must return to how we were when we were married. Once the time’s up, I’ll let you go. You can make a request to me too.”

“Why should I agree?” “This is your only option. No matter what you’re mine.” He had to figure out why he became what he was now. Why did it have to be her? Why was he so desperate to have her back?

Maybe he could find the answer after experiencing his marriage with Stella one more time.

After getting out of the car, Stella returned home in a daze. What Weston said in the car was still echoing in her ears.

She could not understand how he had the audacity to make those demands! He asked that they go back to the way things were when they were married, and he would end their relationship when he got tired of it. What did he take her for?

“Are you alright?”

Roger was walking out of the kitchen while drinking water. He noticed Stella’s strange expression, so he put down the glass in his hand and walked to her. “Are you tired from work?”

Stella shook her head and managed a smile. “I’m fine. I’ll go get some rest.”

Roger followed behind her and did not leave. “Should I call the doctor?”

Stella shook her head. “No, thanks. I’ll go take a quick nap.”

She did not want to bring her troubles to Roger. After entering the bedroom, she threw herself on the big bed.

Must she submit to Weston’s unreasonable demands? Otherwise, should she fight to the death

Was there any way to make him lose interest in her?

Stella’s heart sank slowly. What if she married someone else? Weston was a proud man. He would not be able to accept her if she did that.

Weston parked his car in the underground parking lot under the apartment building. When he saw some big black cars parked there, his face turned gloomy.

His eyes showed nothing but an icy chill. Just like he expected, when he returned to the apartment, someone who was not supposed to be there got up from the sofa. “You’re back.” Guinevere spoke. She was a little embarrassed, but she maintained a natural expression.

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Weston looked at her first, and then shifted his gaze away. When he saw the elders sitting on the sofa, his mouth was pressed into a tight line.

He stayed silent. Guinevere’s eyes flickered slightly before she hurriedly walked to the entryway and held his arm. “My parents want to meet you. Do you mind?”. Weston had properties in almost every city. Some places were his private apartments, but he had never let Guinevere in before.

Guinevere wanted him to bring her to his private properties, but he declined her request.

She kept his rejection in mind. After hearing about the incident in Lowe Garden, a sense of crisis grew.

The current Weston was no longer the same abstinent Weston from before. She was afraid that the two of them would drift apart even without Stella's presence.

She had no choice but to put her pride away. She took more initiative to actively get closer to him.

She was worried that coming here so suddenly would make Weston angry. Therefore, she invited her parents over, hoping that they could forgive her willfulness for the sake of the two families' relationship.

"Oh, Weston. I haven't seen you for a while." Mr. Cohen looked at him. He sat on the sofa with a serious look and said solemnly, "Guinevere has promised to bring the baby to see us after giving birth to him, but you haven't found time to come yet. Are you busy with work? I haven't seen you for a long time already." Guinevere's mother also spoke up. "I heard that the project in the western suburbs has already started. You must be busy lately; that must be why you didn't have time to visit us. It just so happens that Guinevere's father is free, so we came up here for a visit. Are we disturbing you?"

The elders were silently pressuring him with the questions.

Weston glanced at Guinevere for a moment without any emotion. He looked polite and distant. "Not really. It's just that you two came here without prior notice. I hope you don't mind the hospitality." "We're here just to see how Guinevere is doing. Now that you two have a baby, when are you going to get married?"

Weston came home a little late today. The three of them had been waiting for a long time. While waiting, Guinevere's parents seemed to have noticed something. However, Guinevere

insisted that there was nothing wrong with her relationship with Weston, so they did not press further.

Looking at it now, Weston did not seem to be very keen to marry Guinevere.

Weston and Guinevere sat down on the sofa. Hearing their direct questions, he knew there was no way to avoid this matter. After a long silence, he said, "Mr. and Mrs. Cohen, I'll leave it to you and my parents to decide for us. I have no opinion."

Guinevere's eyes immediately lit up. She looked at the man beside her with delight. However, Weston avoided her eyes and took a sip of his tea instead.

Mr. Cohen looked at him with relief. "I'm glad to hear that."

When they just came over, Mrs. Cohen kept complaining to him that getting pregnant out of wedlock was a family scandal. Guinevere should not be doing such a thing to get him.

However, now that the child was born, it was pointless to complain anymore. They just needed Weston to agree. After all, Guinevere was the one who insisted on marrying Weston. They might be a little annoyed, but they would not say anything. "In that case, let's discuss it with your parents sometime." "They seem to be very busy these days. I don't know when they'll have time," Weston said indifferently. Guinevere's joy faded a little. However, she was still much more relieved than before. "It's okay. We're not in a hurry. We can take it slow."

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Seeing her daughter so aggrieved, Mrs. Cohen frowned.

"Weston, I know you've always been a good boy. Have you been under too much pressure at work lately? Are you emotionally unstable? I heard some gossip.... Anyway, you need to rest and spend more time with your family."

Weston was known to be the dream lover of the rich ladies in the circle. Unlike the immature rich kids, his focus was mostly on work.

He was destined to be a step above the rest from birth. He did not waste his talent and resources, leaving his peers far behind.

It was rare for someone of his current age to master and control the core business of his family. As a result, whenever the parents were lecturing their disobedient children, they would use Weston as an example and tell them to learn from him.

Wealthy families were most afraid of the existence of illegitimate children. They shared the same inheritance rights with other children. A rich lady would certainly consider the man's private life when choosing a husband. If an illegitimate child somehow appeared one day, it might threaten the status of their biological children.

Weston was known to be abstinent from women. All these years, Guinevere had been the only woman by his side. To many, he was considered a loyal and dedicated lover.

However, there were some rumors about Weston's past. Weston had another woman with him, but she disappeared. No one knew if the rumor was true, or if they covered it up.

It was a matter between the two children. As parents, they could not interfere too much. However, they had to voice their views about their daughter's marriage. "Actually, we know you're not that kind of man. The rumors out there can be quite unpleasant. It may also affect your reputation. All Guinevere and you need now is just the marriage certificate and wedding ceremony. As long as you two have a good relationship, the rumors will go away. The wedding will be a long process. Why don't you register your marriage first?" Mrs. Cohen put forward her request in a casual tone.

Guinevere was a little nervous and looked at the man beside her.

Weston's eyes remained inexplicable. He did not agree to nor refuse their suggestion. After a long moment, he finally said, "I don't have a problem with it, but getting a certificate is not child's play. It'll involve our assets and other issues. I'll let the professionals handle it."

This was indeed a problem worth considering. Guinevere's parents did not object. "Indeed. It's the union of two families, and some things need to be made clear."

"Also, another thing..." Weston paused and looked at Guinevere. "I'll have someone arrange a premarital medical examination as soon as possible so that we're responsible for each other."

Hearing this, Guinevere became puzzled. "We have a child already. Is there a need to do such a test?"

"It's just a part of the marriage process. Why shouldn't we do it? You may have a child already, but we can get to know each other's health better this way."

He had a point, but Guinevere found it strange. However, since he finally yielded to their requests, she could only nod and agree. "Then we'll do as you say."

The conversation this time was pleasant. Guinevere's parents did not stay any longer.

Before leaving, Mrs. Cohen told Guinevere to stay. "We'll leave first. Spend some quality time with Weston."

Guinevere stood at the door and sent them both out. When she closed the door and turned

around, she saw Weston standing behind her. He looked at her coldly with no expression on his face.

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Guinevere took a step back subconsciously, made uncomfortable by the look in his eyes.

She looked away to avoid his eyes. "Father and Mother suddenly told me that they would come here today when they pass by—"

She explained with her tiny voice, but was interrupted by Weston before she could finish what she was about to say. "It's late. I'll send you home." She looked up at him in disbelief. "Are you still planning to chase me out at this hour?" The man furrowed his eyebrows. In the light of the living room, his features became more and more distinct, but they grew colder at the same time. He stared at her without saying a word. She suddenly felt a pang of sadness in her heart. She closed the door, then hugged his waist and buried her face in his chest. "I have been very anxious all this time. I feel that you are getting further and further away from me. Are you really serious about it when you promised my parents that you would marry me just now?"

Weston's arms remained at his side. He did not respond to her hug.

It was a few moments later that she heard him say, "First, we have to get a medical checkup."

Her eyes flickered as she looked up at him. "Why must we get a checkup?"

"It's the procedure."

"Really?" She felt something was not right, but she didn't dwell on that matter. "Can I stay here tonight?" As she was saying that, she leaned her head back on his chest. Listening to the man's powerful heartbeat, she boldly probed her hands, which were around his waist, downward. "Zachary is

almost a year old. Let's..." Her signal was so apparent, but before her hand could touch the vital part, the man grabbed her wrist. He ripped her out of his arms with only a bit of his force, and looked down at her with an obscure and inexplicable expression. "It's late. I'll send you back." He insisted.

She suddenly clenched her fists. "No! I don't want to go back! Why do you still want to fight with me when we've come to this point? I've put aside my dignity and my pride. What else should I do to get you to let go of the past? Are you still angry with me because of Stella?"

The moment she mentioned Stella's name, there seemed to be a raging storm in his eyes. It was not until an unknown period of time had passed that he gradually calmed down. "You are thinking too much." With his hoarse voice, he said, "It's not convenient for you to live here without your

necessities."

She loosened her grip. She had repeatedly made overtures to him, but she was still treated so harshly. He never refused her squarely, but he would reply to her with ambiguous words. He was apparently keeping her out of his heart, but he would never let her feel totally hopeless. She closed her eyes. "Okay. If you insist, then send me back first." She took a deep breath and looked at him with red eyes. "I have plenty of time to wait for you." After that, she turned around and walked directly out the door. She was Guinevere, the one who never admitted defeat to anyone.

She had offered herself to him, but it was still the same outcome.

She had had enough. Even if she was willing to compromise for the sake of Weston, she was not willing to beg without caring for her dignity. What else did he want from her?

Did she really have to strip naked in front of him, and only then would he look at her again? She wiped her tears away as she was turning around and calmed herself down. As long as they registered their marriage, they would become a legal couple. Besides, they had a son. By that time, she wouldn't care about those nebulous things. Whether it was Stella or the woman who appeared in the Lowe Garden that day, she would not care a bit.

It was already very late when she returned to her apartment.

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After Weston sent Guinevere back to her apartment, he looked at his watch and guessed that Stella should already be asleep, but he sent her a message anyway.

All his previous numbers were blacklisted by her, so he got another new number. It wasn't an issue for him, and she did not block his number again.

Perhaps she knew that her action was of no use, so she simply gave up.

Thinking of this, the man smiled.

After some time, he still did not receive any reply.

He didn't expect that she would text back anyway, so he went to the bathroom for a quick shower. But when he came out, he saw a weak light blinking on top of his phone. The moment he checked his phone, his eyes darkened.

It was Stella.

He picked up the call but did not say anything, waiting for her to speak. After a while, he heard an unfamiliar voice of a man. "Who are you? Why are you texting Stella in the middle of the night?"

At a drive-in cinema.

Stella didn't expect that she would be dating another man in just one short year.

She felt that she might not have the courage and energy to love anyone again after her terrible experience.

It was not that no one tried to pursue her, but she just couldn't bring herself to do so. Weston's relentless pursuit made her realize that there might be only one way to make him

give up-first, she had to get herself a boyfriend. Regardless, she did not want to let other people treat her as a tool, like how he did before.

So, she explained her situation clearly beforehand. "I have an ex who is still clinging on to me, and I have no plans to start a new relationship, so..."

They were all adults, so there were things that they understood even when they did not say it. That man smiled. "It just so happens that I was also forced by my family to go out on a blind date and have no intention of dating anyone. If you don't mind, we can become a couple. Then, we can break up anytime and anywhere when necessary without causing stress to each other."

As long as both parties made it clear beforehand, Stella could still accept it.

This man was introduced to her by a colleague in the training center. According to her colleague, they had been neighbors since they were young. So, she knew him well and assured

that he was a good man.

After informing Roger, she went out with this man for a movie,

It was her first time going to a drive-in cinema.

A huge screen was installed at the large parking area with all sorts of cars. They found a spot with a good view. This man was driving a sports car. It was very comfortable when the wind blew.

He opened a can of beer and handed it to Stella. "Want one? If you cannot drink this, I brought some juice."

She smiled. "Yes, I can have a beer."

He was a gentleman. He had had several relationships before, all of which he treated seriously.

It was because of his ex-girlfriends that he had lost interest in dating anymore. But his family kept on urging him, so he came for the blind date.

Listening to his story, Stella felt that their experiences were very similar. As the two chatted, they did not realize that it was already very late. Just at this time, Weston sent over a text message.

The moment she looked at the message, she stopped talking. The man sensed something and asked, "Your ex?" Then, he held out his hand, smiling. "Here, let me help you."

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Before Stella could respond, the man had already found the text message and called the number directly.

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When she heard a beep on the other end, it was too late for her to stop it even if she wanted to.

She subconsciously reached out to grab it, but the man pressed her forehead and pushed her away gently. He placed his index finger to his mouth and made a 'shush' gesture, winking at her.

Stella's face sank as she heard him saying, "Who are you? Why are you texting Stella in the middle of the night?" He sounded very provocative Stella raised her eyebrows immediately and opened her mouth. It was not that she was worried that Weston might misunderstand something, but that this person might anger him The reason that she started blind dating was to make him give up as he would encounter this scene sooner or later. She did not expect that this man was so straightforward, so she was worried that he might enrage Weston. After all, Weston was crazy and would do anything. When she was holding her breath and waiting for a reply, she heard a long beeping sound. The call was cut off. Upon that, the man handed the phone back to her and shrugged helplessly. "Your ex doesn't sound like he has much patience." Stella's eyes darkened. Looking at the screen of her phone, she fell into deep thought. The man reached out and waved in front of her. "Why do you look so defeated? You aren't still in love with him, are you?"

He chuckled playfully, but Stella did not take it to heart. Instead, she looked at him very seriously. "He is a bit of an unscrupulous person who does not have much morality. I think... it is best that we end it right here."

This man was a bit impulsive. He was not the best option for her.

She was being too impulsive as well. She was too eager to get rid of Weston. The moment she said that, the man looked at her with interest. "Do you think that I can't beat your ex?"

"I didn't mean that..." Stella paused and sighed. "I am being too impulsive. I am sorry to have gotten you involved in this." Then, she nodded and unbuckled the seatbelt. When she was about to get out of the car, the man grabbed her wrist, signalling for her to

remain seated. "That's too sudden. Your reason for ending this is a bit hurtful." Stella asked somewhat helplessly, "Didn't you say that we could end this anytime?" She actually used his words to refute him.

"Okay." The man let go of her and laughly ruefully. "I was only getting a little interested in you just now, but you are such a spoilsport. It's no fun."

Stella rubbed her nose in embarrassment. "Then I shall get going now. Sorry for taking your time."

"Wait, I will send you home." The man pointed at the steering wheel. "After all, it's my childhood friend who introduced you to me. Although we couldn't be a couple, I should still be a gentleman."

Stella looked out the window. It was indeed very late, and it was not safe for her to go back alone.

So, she sat back down. "Thank you, then."

"You are welcome." The man purposely raised his tone. He looked at Stella in the rearview mirror and smiled before he shook his head and looked away.

The car left the drive-in cinema.

Then, the man said, "Honestly speaking, it is the first time I've been rejected by someone with such a reason."

They had already decided that it was temporary. Although he did not mind it, he still could not help but feel a little aggrieved. "What kind of a person is your ex, seeing as he can make you so anxious?"

As Stella thought of Weston, her face turned cold. "He is a nobody. Just scum."

Seeing that she was unwilling to say more, the man stopped asking. After sending her to the lobby of her apartment and seeing her entering the building, he turned around and left. Stella walked toward the elevator after his car was gone.

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As soon as she pressed the elevator button, a tall figure suddenly appeared beside her.

She jerked her head up, and her eyes met with a pair of black sunken eyes.

Weston grabbed her wrist and dragged her to a corner without saying anything. Hands on her shoulders, he directly pushed her into the escape route.

Nobody would come here, so it was scarily quiet. Besides, the surrounding was so dark that they could barely see anything. Stella was startled and immediately pushed him away with all her might. "What are you doing?" Her voice was a bit piercing to the ears in the empty space. The man covered her mouth directly with one hand and used the other to pull off her thin sweater before he kissed her neck. It was already autumn, so the night was a bit chilly. Because she went to a drive-in cinema, she wore a white cardigan. It could also be described as a knitted sweater; it was soft and not very thick. It was very stretchy, so it could be easily pulled off the shoulder. Even in the dark, her complexion was able to catch the man's eyes. Blinded by lust, he relished the scent of her body, leaving behind marks on her skin, his wild breath spreading around her neck. Stella could feel that he was kissing her relentlessly, and an aura that belonged only to him engulfed her whole body. She was powerless to resist. No matter how much she struggled, it was to no avail. "Let go of me! Let go! You are crazy!"

She cursed nonstop, hoping that he would stop. But he did not seem to hear her and pressed her against the wall harder.

IUNIE

At such a close distance, she had already noticed his change and looked at him in disbelief. It was the moment she was in a daze that he lifted her and pinned her on the wall. In the narrow and dark space, her tears just rolled down her cheeks. She cried in silence, not even making much noise, but it miraculously calmed him down. In the dark, his eyes remained sharp. With sarcasm, he said, "What are you crying about? You seemed to be very happy just now." He saw her getting out of a man's car, smiling happily. He had never seen her smiling so brightly at him. "Were you trying to provoke me when you

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called me?"

With one hand holding her waist, he lifted his other hand to wipe away the tears at the corner of her eye. Then, his hand followed the tear down to her cheek, her neck, and then slid down to her bosom.

She shuddered and closed her eyes immediately, forcing herself to ignore the humiliating touch. "I have told you very clearly that it's impossible between us. Besides, we have already been divorced for such a long time. Why can't I start over?" "I told you to go back and reconsider it because I wanted to give you some time. I didn't want to push you too hard. But this is the answer you gave me? Start over, you say?" The man suddenly lowered his voice and intensified his movement. "Don't even think about it."

She cried out almost instantly. That disgusting feeling made her no longer able to keep her cool. "Let go of me, let go of me!" "What, now? Are you trying to remain chaste for your new lover?" His tone was harsh and cold as ice. "Tell me—who is he? Is he the one from last time?"

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It was then that Stella began to feel relieved. Luckily, the man had already left. If Weston bumped into him, he might cause more trouble.

When the man saw her not making a sound, his eyes darkened, and he jumped to conclusions. "So, is it the man called Justin?"

Taking advantage of the moment, she pushed his hand away impatiently. "It's not him. But it has nothing to do with you anyway." "Must you still act like this when things have come to this point?" He suddenly softened and spoke to her calmly. "Stella, you are not a stupid person."

Since she was ready to step over his line, she should not retreat when she was stepping on it.

This would make him feel tantalized.

Sensing her thoughts of retreating again, he snorted. He lifted her chin up with his slender finger, forcing her to look directly into his eyes. "At a time like this, do you think you can still run away on your own?" His eyes suddenly turned cold, and his tone was exuding a hint of menace. "Don't let me see you get this close to another man again. Otherwise, you know what I'll do." He leaned closer to her, and his low voice rang beside her ear. "And don't let me know if anything happens between you and them."

She bit her lower lip so hard that she tasted blood, and she could barely keep herself calm. She looked at him and said, "You already have a wife and a son, but now you are making such a request to your ex-wife, who was once pregnant with your child but was forced to jump from the penthouse and had a miscarriage. Don't you think you are too despicable?" Every time she dreamt, she would see her child in a bloody mess.

She wanted to forget, but he kept on appearing in front of her, forcing her to recall it.

Hence, she chose war.

With so many spikes placed between them, they were both bound to lose. He figured out her intention, and his face turned even more hostile. Suddenly, he pressed his lips and laughed. "Now that you said it, I think I am. But what can you do about it? This is how I am. I am just so despicable and cannot bear to see my ex-wife have relations with another man."

"You are shameless!"

"How many times have I told you?" Seeing her raising her arms and was about to slap him, he easily shackled her wrist and pinned it above her head. "Of course I'm shameless. What I want the most now is you-don't you see?"

His reaction seemed to be intensifying.

Her whole body was shaking. She bit her lower lip hard until her face paled.

Only then did he notice something was wrong and let go of her. "Are you crazy?" He saw her brilliant red lips and pale face, which was getting uglier with the light outside. "Open your mouth."

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She refused to listen.

With his calloused finger, he rubbed her lips. It was as if he was coaxing a child, pinching her chin and shaking it. "Good girl, open your mouth. It will hurt." She opened



her eyes and looked at him with a stoic face. "Do you still care if I'm in pain? This little bit of pain is no more than a thousandth of what you've given me."

The man suddenly froze and looked at her from above. Their eyes met, but he could not see a trace of emotion in her eyes. Since when did she not have the same look in her eyes anymore?

He tried but failed to recall which day it was. Was it the day when he asked for the divorce? Or was it the day she had the abortion? Or was it the day he went to the Civil Affairs Bureau to get the divorce papers? Or the day he was on the rooftop?

It seemed like the change didn't happen all of a sudden; it was accumulated.

So, even if he wanted to understand the answer to this question, there seemed to be no way to reverse the change. But he was not convinced.