

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 531

Chapter 531

“Shh... Keep your voice down. She might hear you.”

Stella wondered

if they were deliberately speaking loud for her to hear. She had heard everything they said clearly. Even so, she remained impassive and let them say what they wanted.

What she

did not know was that her indifference was a unique sight in the eyes of others.

The dress she wore today made

her seem like an angel from heaven. She usually wore simple and elegant clothes, but this red dress made her look charming and hot.

Despite her look, the air of indifference

to the world around her stood out. The contradiction made her seem like a fragile beauty. It made others unable to look away from her.

That was what Yates saw.

He saw Stella standing there surrounded by those people who mocked her. However, she simply ignored them and did her own

thing.

At that instance, he had a strong urge to walk over to her. That was what he thought and did.

When she was in deep trouble earlier, he did not lend a helping hand. This time, Yates did not choose to ignore it.

Before Brooke could react, he saw Yates walking straight toward Stella.

“Yates! Are you crazy? What are you doing?”

Yates ignored him. He walked to Stella and greeted her with the standard gentleman’s salute. “Beautiful lady, would you dance with me?”

Stella was stunned for a moment. She did not expect Yates

to invite her for a dance and immediately refused him without thinking much. “Don’t bother if you’re just trying to help. If you dance with me now, you’ll get into trouble...”

Yates, who was reaching his hand out, stopped abruptly. He did not expect Stella's rejection.

He smiled helplessly. "I've already walked to you. Isn't it more embarrassing to be rejected?"

Stella said, "No one's watching now. It's not too late for you to leave. Besides, your manager, Brooke, is angry..."

Yates deliberately avoided looking at Brooke. He stubbornly held his hand in front of her and said, "Dance with me."

Stella hesitated and looked around. She saw no one was looking, so she lowered her voice and said to him, "I'm serious... I don't want to make things more complicated."

If she danced with Yates at such a time, she could already imagine the negative comments that would engulf her later.

Yates seemed to be very stubborn and reckless. For once, he felt impulsive and desperately wanted to ask her to dance with him.

Brooke had come over and said behind Yates, "Did you drink too much? Excuse me, Ella. I'll take him back now."

"Okay." Stella had no objections.

Yates finally sobered a little and gave Brooke a reluctant look. In the end, he said nothing and withdrew his hand.

It was hard to muster the courage, but Stella's coldness had dashed all his courage.

After they left, others finally noticed the commotion here.

Someone sneered, "It seems that no one is willing to invite Ella for a dance. One guy finally came over but was taken away. What does it mean? It means she's a harbinger."

The onlookers who were watching the earlier commotion all fell silent. Those who remained were Guinevere's bootlickers, so they all attacked Stella verbally.

They could see the two's conflict and thought they could win Guinevere's favor by belittling Stella.

After one song was over, the dance floor moved on to the next song.

Bradley said something to his partner and walked up to Stella." Dance with me."

He said, "May I have this pleasure?"

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Bradley could see Stella's awkward situation.

Stella

shook her head. "Don't worry about me... Just this much... won't hurt me. Besides, I'm not that fragile." She smiled.

Bradley, however, frowned. "How can I leave you alone like this?"

He did not expect things to go so badly. A small accident earlier made everyone reject Stella.

It

was only normal for the people in the entertainment industry to protect themselves and stay away from trouble. However, Bradley could not do the same. After all, she was his film's actress.

Stella was still hesitating.

Bradley said to her uncompromisingly, "Give me your hand."

He was so firm that it made Stella hesitate. Just as she was about to extend her hand, a tall shadow suddenly cast over her from behind.

A slender hand reached out from the side and blocked Bradley.

Stella looked up and met a pair of familiar eyes.

He wore a mask, but she could feel his familiar aura behind his mask.

It was Weston.

Stella froze in place. She had never thought Weston would

come here. She blurted out, "Why are you here?"

“Will you dance with me?” Weston had walked up to her. Before she could react, he had took her hand in his palm.

Panic flashed through her eyes momentarily. She looked at Bradley, who was eyeing Weston suspiciously.

“This is?” Bradley was looking at him too.

“Mr. Lane, I’ll dance with him...” Stella interrupted him and feared that he would notice Weston’s real identity. Then, she dragged Weston into the dance floor without saying a word.

Weston did not seem worried that others might recognize him.

He gently embraced Stella and carefully pressed a kiss on her forehead. He simply ignored the gazes of those around him.

“Those people are mocking you. Why did you just listen in silence and not fight back?”

“How can I fight back? They did that because they wanted to please Guinevere. She always wants to make my life hard.”

Weston paused and suddenly looked down at her. “Are you complaining to me?”

“No. I’m just surprised. You’re so bold to come here wearing a mask. What if someone recognized you? What would happen to your relationship with Guinevere?” She sounded like she was gloating at him.

Even so, Weston could sense the slight jealousy in her tone.

He tipped her chin in a surprisingly good mood. “Well, since

you’re complaining to me, it doesn’t seem right for me to ignore it. Tell me—what do you want me to do with her?”

“Can you bear to hurt her?”

“I can, as long as you tell me to.”

Stella sneered and did not take him seriously. Instead, she looked around nervously.

“No one will notice,” Weston said. “Focus on the dance with me.”

Stella felt like he was just too full of himself. “Everyone is looking at you now. Weston, are you sure Guinevere won’t recognize you?”

"I thought you were hoping she'd find out about me. Why are you worried now?" Weston inched closer to her, seemingly unaware of her concerns. He hugged her a little tighter and muttered, "Who said no men would ask you to dance? Hmm?"

"You..." Stella gritted her teeth. "I don't need you to help."

"I know. If I hadn't come, some other men would ask you to dance, right?"

Weston curled his lips coldly. "If I hadn't come, were you going to dance with Bradley?" His tone sounded a little threatening.

Stella turned her head away and refused to answer his childish question. She questioned, "How did you enter with a mask? Did the organizer let you in?"

"What do you think?"

"Enough. I know you're very powerful..." Stella suddenly felt

speechless. "You should hurry and leave after this. Someone might notice."

"It seems like you're really worried that your relationship with me will be known to others..." Weston stopped mid sentence abruptly and watched Stella's confident dance moves.

"You can waltz?" he asked.

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Weston suddenly recalled something and chuckled softly. "I almost forgot that Roger mentioned it before. You're good at dancing. You've won many international awards too. Dancing should be a piece of cake for you."

Stella said nothing and was very nervous.

Weston wanted to help her relax. "Focus on the dance. The music has changed."

Before Stella knew it, she realized that the gentle and long music had suddenly become passionate. The palm around her waist suddenly tightened its force.

She subconsciously followed Weston's steps as he led the dance. Soon, they attracted a lot of attention.

“Who is he? Where did he come from?”

“I don’t know. He even has a mask! Why’s he being so mysterious?”

“He’s probably the mysterious guest tonight...”

“Really? Did the organizer set this up? If he’s the mysterious guest, why is he dancing with her...”

“I don’t know... Who’s that woman anyway?”

“There’s no way she’s just a simple actor. She has so many men protecting her. Her real identity can’t be this simple.”

Guinevere also looked this way.

It was no surprise that everyone’s eyes would focus on Guinevere as she danced with her partner, and it was not surprising for them to be momentarily distracted to gloat at others’ mistakes.

However, she soon noticed that someone on the other side of the room was stealing everyone’s attention from her.

The people were genuinely admiring the other pair’s dance.

Guinevere’s dance step gradually stopped. Her partner looked at her strangely. “What’s wrong? Did I do something wrong...”

Guinevere stopped dancing. “It’s not that. I don’t feel like dancing anymore.”

“Are you tired? Let’s take a short break.”

Guinevere suddenly became very irritated and impatient. She pushed him away and kept staring at the masked man. He gave her a very familiar feeling...

Guinevere’s expression was turning uglier. It seemed like she had recognized him, but she found it unbelievable. She walked to the side and took out her phone to call Weston.

The phone rang for a long time, but no one answered.

Guinevere took a deep breath. Her hands were trembling. It was impossible! How could he be Weston?!

How could Weston appear in a mask and come to an event like this?! How could he dance with Ella...

That woman was Ella, not Stella!

Besides, Weston had never seen Ella since they met at Yvonne's place. How could they suddenly get together?

Guinevere tried to convince herself. While consoling herself, she finally realized that her hands were shaking violently. She could not make a second call.

After a long time, Ben picked up the call. "Ms. Cohen, what's the matter?"

"Where is Weston now?" she asked straightforwardly. "I have something to tell him."

"I'm sorry. Mr. Ford is attending to some business. He'll be back soon... Do you have a message for him?"

"Tell him right away! I have something important to ask him."

"Yes, please wait a moment..."

Guinevere ended the call angrily. Then, she waited for Ben's reply.

The masked man couldn't be Weston! That was definitely not him!

Stella noticed Guinevere's reaction. Then, she turned to the masked man and finally noticed his attire.

It was his usual black suit for work.

The gilt cufflinks revealed his extraordinary status. His mask was specially made and had covered almost his entire face.

No one could see the handsome face behind the mask. They could only see his tall and strong stature. Even so, they could

sense the powerful aura around him.

Besides, his attire seemed to go well with Stella's red dress.

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Chapter 534 "Guinevere seems to have recognized you..."

It was just a mask. The mask would not change the familiar feeling.

Guinevere had been with Weston for years. How could she not suspect anything? How ever, Weston seemed unbothered. He did not panic and did not even care if Guinevere found out.

He held Stella in his arms and moved slowly. "Don't think about anyone irrelevant. Let's finish our dance."

He did not plan to be this impulsive. However, when he saw Stella was going to give Bradley her hand, he finally realized his possessiveness toward her.

He could not stand seeing Stella dance with another man. All of her belonged to him. He wanted to be the only one in her eyes and heart.

She must focus her eyes on him only. She must not look at anyone else. He would not allow her to look at anything but him, regardless of gender, human, or object.

He wanted her world to be all about him. He did not know when he had become so sick. By the time he realized, there was no way to save himself.

He kept tightening his force on Stella's waist until it hurt her. "Let me go..."

Their dance steps were disrupted.

Weston relaxed his grip a little. "Sorry," he said.

After a short dance, he took her in his arms and slowly led her to a quiet corner with no one else around. He rubbed her ears and asked affectionately, "Did you miss me?"

Stella said, "I've just separated from you for a short while..."

"Is that so?" He raised his hand and tucked her hair behind her ear. "I thought you had been gone for a long time. Before you left, I told you to tell me your troubles. I thought we were apart for too long that you obviously forgot about that..."

Stella moved her mouth a little and wanted to say something. In the end, she remained silent and only looked around. The people around them were looking at her.

Everyone was just watching when Yates came over to invite Stella. However, their gaze changed when Bradley came over to ask her to dance.

Yates and Bradley had a good reputation in the circle, especially Yates. For years, Yates had been known as the good guy in the business. Everyone that cooperated with him was amazed. Besides, he was never involved in any negative scandals or exposure.

When a good man like him went over to Stella, people assumed that he was helping her. However, when people like Bradley reached out to Stella, they started looking at Stella in a different light.

Bradley was a recognized genius in the circle. Even an actress of Guinevere's status would not necessarily gain his respect. He

had high emotional intelligence and would never choose to please the strong and bully the weak. A man like him was willing to help Stella. This meant there must be something special about her.

In addition, Bradley was the one who brought Stella over. Many began to ask about Stella from the actors in the same cast.

For example, the man who invited Angelina for a dance lowered his head and said, "You're quite familiar to Ella in the crew. What's her relationship with Bradley..."

Angelina let go of him at once. "What do you mean? Do you doubt their relationship?" Her tone was clearly unhappy.

Although she was not very close to Stella, she considered Stella a friend.

Angelina was a righteous person.

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Chapter 535 He smiled apologetically. "I'm sorry. I was just casually asking..."

"I'm feeling unwell. I'll stop dancing."

"Alright, then..."

Angelina looked in Stella's direction worriedly. She also wondered about the masked man's identity.

Stella was already at the center of attention. As soon as Weston appeared, she could feel the gaze coming from all directions. Now, everyone was curious about her identity.

"Say, this little actress... Could she be the daughter of a rich family? She's probably a lo
w—

profile person who rarely shows herself. Could it be that she's here to experience the life of the entertainment industry?"

"That's possible as well. No one knows her..."

"Her temperament is nothing like an ordinary person's."

"How is she ordinary? She attracted the attention of so many bigwigs..."

"Not even Ms. Cohen has such a presence."

Those people who were deliberately belittling Stella earlier to please Guinevere felt a little restless. They were worried that Stella had a strong background. In that case, did they just get themselves in trouble?

Meanwhile, on the other side, Guinevere was still waiting for

Weston's reply. She paled and trembled with her nails deep in her palms.

She had wanted to make a fool of Stella, but she did not expect to make her the center of attention instead. Anger, jealousy, and resentment grew in her heart.

All she had was a face like Stella's —she hated that face so much.

Why was there another face like Stella's in this world? She should never exist in this world.

Endless dark thoughts were screaming in her head. Guinevere knew she must not lose her temper, but she could not hide all her emotions perfectly. As she stared at Stella, a glint of hatred

flashed in her eyes.

Stella...

She clenched her fist tighter as her gaze became more and more vicious. If she could, she wanted to kill her.

"What the h*ll is Weston doing? Why isn't he answering the call?"

Ben replied late and said on the phone, "Mr. Ford is busy. He's probably in a meeting... If you have any urgent matters, I'll pass the message to him later..."

Guinevere did not answer, but her face immediately darkened. Her grim face scared her male partner beside her. "What's wrong?" he asked.

Guinevere took a deep breath and hung up immediately. She kept glaring at the two on the dance floor.

The music changed from a soothing waltz to a passionate tango. The men and women were spinning on the dance floor.

Weston held Stella by the waist and slowly swayed to the music. As they danced, he kept staring at her with deep eyes.

In the past, she liked his eyes the most. It felt like she could easily fall into his eyes when he looked at her like this.

However, her heart was silent now. She asked calmly, "How are you going to end this?"

"Let's finish this dance and leave the rest to me." He did not seem to be worried about her concerns at all. Instead, he savored her nervousness. "When you were about to accept Bradley's invitation, I thought you liked dancing."

Stella remained quiet. Weston suddenly inched closer, as if to kiss her. Stella turned away immediately.

A sense of embarrassment washed over her as she noticed the glances. "What do you want?"

"What do I want? Don't you know the best?" Weston was so close that he was almost kissing her ear. "Hey, stay away from Bradley, okay?"

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Stella had to hold back her emotions to not kick him. She said coldly, "He's the director. I'm just an actress. I can't avoid seeing him. How can you be so unreasonable?"

"Well, I'm just unreasonable." He picked up a strand of loose hair on her shoulder and played with it between his fingers.

The two of them were so close. When they spoke, the heat brushed against their ears.

The distance made Stella feel oppressed.

She took a deep breath and tried to calm down. "I'll speak to Bradley after this. I'll tell him that I'm going home first because I'm not feeling well..."

“Good.” Weston lowered his voice and whispered into her ears,

That’s my good girl.”

When their dance was about to end, a person who looked like an assistant walked over in a hurry. He looked like he wanted to

say something.

Stella could tell he was looking for Weston, but he could not make it too obvious. The man stopped and said, “There’s

someone over there looking for you.”

Weston frowned and looked at him.

That man immediately said, “Sir, Ben called about an urgent matter.”

He instinctively glanced in Guinevere’s direction and lowered his **head at once**.

Weston had taken a long time to train his team of assistants. They were all capable at work and very loyal.

Stella understood it and said sarcastically, “Looks like she’s panicking.”

Weston suddenly held her shoulders. “Do you think I’d let someone control me?”

“I don’t think so, but she’s going to freak out if you continue to ignore her call...”

Stella glanced at Guinevere from a distance. She found it ironic to see Guinevere constantly making phone calls frantically.

After she said that, she pushed Weston away and wanted to leave. However, he gripped her hand tightly and refused to let go.

“Stella...”

Stella shook his hand away. “You should take care of your business. I’ll speak to Bradley and meet you in the car.”

Weston paused a little and looked at her. He urged, “Don’t go anywhere.”

Stella turned to leave without answering him.

Weston watched her leave and unbuttoned his cuffs with a

slight headache. After that, on the balcony. There was hardly anyone around.

When the call finally connected, Guinevere's voice became a little agitated.

"Hello? Weston! Where are you..."

"What's wrong?" His voice was as cold as ever.

Guinevere then realized that she was overly agitated. She took a deep breath and calmed down. "I'm fine. I just wanted to ask where you are now..."

"You sounded in such a hurry. I thought you had something urgent." Weston's voice was soft and slow. He rested his fingers on the railing and looked out at the distant scenery.

At the same time, the music on the dance floor came softly.

When he closed his eyes, the image of Stella running away filled his mind.

Guinevere seemed to have heard the music from the other end. She frowned. "Why is there music over there?" It sounded so similar to the music at her side.

An absurd thought gradually formed in her mind. She could not get the absurd idea out of her mind. She was reluctant to believe it, but she could not calm down.

Her voice trembled. "Did you come to the party—" It was a question, but there was no tone of doubt.

"I don't remember needing to report my schedule to you." Weston cut her off softly, "If there's nothing else, I'll hang up now."

"Wait! Weston!" Guinevere stopped him at once and clenched her fists. "Are you still not over Stella..." she blurted out almost immediately. In that instant, she felt the atmosphere freeze.

Stella's name had always been taboo between them. Guinevere would not have asked the question unless she was pushed to the verge.

She knew things between her and Weston would change once she brought the topic of Stella up

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She had been so hostile to Ella all this while because she thought Weston might have fallen in love with Stella. However, Stella was long gone.

Guinevere would not fight with a dead woman, but Ella was different. Ella was a living person. Not only that, but she had a face identical to Stella's. Therefore, Ella became the biggest threat

Guinevere was worried that Weston would notice Ella one day..

Weston might use her as a replacement. Guinevere did not want to see that happen.

Weston fell into a long silence on the other end of the call. Guinevere was left without an answer for a long time. The wait was simply torturous. She almost wanted to beg him to tell her the answer

Weston simply lit a cigarette. The smoke made his deep features look more defined.

Then, Guinevere heard Weston snicker. "You made me choose. I chose you. What more do you want?" It seemed like he had answered the question before.

Guinevere suddenly recalled asking him the question previously. However, his answer seemed to be different from the last time.

From Weston's tone, she sensed he had made up his mind about something. At that instance, a part of her heart felt

empty. An indescribable panic swept through her senses.

"The party's over ... Weston, I want to see you, okay? I haven't seen you in a long time... I miss you. Zack wants to see you too. He likes his daddy the most."

"If I remember correctly, he likes the nanny more." With that, Weston directly ended the call.

Guinevere felt a chill run through her body when she heard the disconnected beep from the call.

She looked at the screen of the phone for a long time. At last, she gritted her teeth and said, "Investigate this! No matter what, don't let him have any contact with Ella.."

"Alright, Ms. Cohen..."

As soon as Stella found Bradley, Angelina greeted her. "Ella, are you okay?"

The crew had a dedicated rest room.

Angelina immediately took Stella's hand. "Who was the masked man earlier?"

Stella hesitated a little and shook her head. "I don't know either."

She seemed a little quiet and guilty for lying to Angelina. She could not look into her eyes. Instead, she turned to Bradley and said, "I feel a little unwell. Can I go home now?"

There was no reason for Bradley to stop her. He gave her a few glances and said, "If you're unwell, you can go home first. I'll

take care of it here."

"Thanks, Mr. Lane."

"You're welcome," Bradley said and turned to Angelina. "You can leave with her. The two of you can keep each other company."

Angelina knew he wanted her to accompany Stella on the way home because he was afraid for her safety. Just when she wanted to nod in agreement, Stella spoke first.

She said, "No. It'll take too much time. I'll be fine on my own."

Bradley interrupted her. "Don't be stubborn. We all saw what had just happened. I've asked someone to investigate that woman. Rest assured that we won't let anyone deliberately smear your reputation."

Stella's eyes suddenly felt a little teary.

Even though there were people like Joyce who hated her for no reason, there were also people like Angelina and Bradley who helped her unconditionally.

She took a deep breath. Her eyes were a little red, but she did her best to resist the urge to cry. She looked at them and said, "It's fine... My family is here to pick me up."

"Is that so..." Angelina thought about it and uttered, "Remember to call me when you reach home. Mr. Lane and I will be worried about you."

"Okay." Since she had said her family was coming to pick her up, Bradley did not force her to stay. After they had exchanged a few words, Stella turned and left.

As Bradley watched her leave, his eyes slowly deepened. Finally, he heaved a sigh.

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Weston's car was already waiting outside.

While Stella walked over to the black car, she kept looking around. After making sure that no one saw her, she was ready to get in

The driver was already waiting ahead. He was not surprised by Stella's behavior.

After the door closed, he said, "Don't worry, Ms. Steele. We checked when we came here. There's no one here."

Stella nodded. Then, she put her bag aside and straightened her dress. Suddenly, her phone rang. She took a glance and saw it was a phone call from Roger.

After a short pause, she answered the call. "Hello?"

There was a lot of loud music coming from the call.

Stella frowned at once. "Are you at a bar?" She could tell where he was at once.

Roger remained silent.

Stella suddenly became anxious. "What's going on? Why are you so quiet?"

After a long silence, a clear female voice sounded from the other end.

"Is this Robb's sister? I'm his classmate. He just got into trouble in the bar. Can you please come over?"

Stella panicked at once. "What happened? Where are you now? I'm coming over..."

Once she had ended the call, she pulled the door open and wanted to get out

The driver quickly stopped her. "Ms. Steele, please wait. Mr. Ford ordered you to wait in the car. He'll be here soon..."

"I'm in a hurry. Can you take me to a place first?"

"Um..."

"If you're worried, you can go with me. I'm really in a hurry!"

The driver said, "Then I'll ask Mr. Ford..."

“There’s no time! Talk to him while you drive.”

Seeing her in such a hurry, the driver could only do as told. He stepped on the accelerator and drove quickly. However, he kept an eye on his phone the whole time, fearing Weston’s disapproval.

He waited but received no reply from Weston, so he had no choice but to send Stella there first.

When Stella arrived at the destination, she finally felt the coolness of the night. Her evening gown had a thin strap. As the cool air breezed past, goosebumps covered her skin.

When she got out of the car, she sneezed reflexively.

The driver wanted to say something, but she had walked off. He had no choice but to call Weston. “Mr. Ford...”

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Stella did not take these trivial matters to heart. She hurried to find Roger.

She rushed to the bar in her high heels. Before she even entered, she could hear the loud music from inside. It was so loud that it seemed to deafen her ears.

She could imagine how crazy it was inside through the thick door. Stella had never been to this kind of bar before. Even when she went to The Dog House, she would only go to a quieter and cleaner place.

It was her first time in a place like this. When she got to the door, she was a little hesitant.

The red evening dress made her look out of place in a bar setting. However, it wowed the crowd and caught everyone’s attention.

As soon as she walked in, the two doormen standing at the door kept staring at her and never looked away.

They noticed her pacing back and forth at the door, so one of them stepped forward and asked, “Pretty lady, why are you standing here? Are you looking for someone?”

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Stella nodded calmly. "I'm looking for someone," she said. Then, she walked past them and went straight in.

The two men had wanted to strike up a conversation with her and ask for her number. However, they did not bother after seeing her coldness.

Stella entered the bar and finally realized how noisy it was inside. She only felt the vague loudness outside the door. As soon as the door closed, the music was so loud and almost made her deaf. All of a sudden, she was in a different world.

She was in a hurry to find Roger. However, the sea of people in front of her was an obstacle. Many people bumped into her in just a few short steps.

She was still in her high heels, so she had to lift the hem of her skirt to walk to the side. She had wanted to call Roger, but she hesitated when she took out her phone.

She could call him, but she knew it would be hard for him to hear her voice in this environment.

It took her a while to find a slightly quieter place. However, she suddenly realized everyone was looking at her with strange gazes. They looked at her with the gaze of a predator.

Stella stopped in her tracks at once and looked down at herself. Her outfit was indeed very eye-catching. The red evening dress perfectly outlined her body curves. It was not too revealing but full of charm. Every move of hers had a striking brilliance.

She frowned and covered her chest. She simply ignored the gaze and only wanted to find Roger quickly.

Everyone on the dance floor was dancing, but it was a different vibe from the party she had attended earlier. The men and women danced with not much restraint. It was the perfect vibe to do anything they wanted.

Stella tried her best to ignore the indecent scenes. She just wanted to find Roger as soon as possible.

She had been with Roger since childhood. She knew Roger very well.

Roger was very obedient and would never come to a place like this. Something must have happened.

The next second, someone tapped her on the shoulder.

She turned around and saw a young boy standing in front of her with a flattering smile. "Miss, can I buy you a drink?"

He was young, and he spoke a little irritatingly.

He looked like a kid, but his hair was dyed red. He also had an exaggerated stud on his helix.

Stella wondered if the stud would hurt his ears.

She paused for a moment and wanted to refuse him. Then, she suddenly thought of something and asked, "Have you seen this person?"

She clicked on Roger's photo and showed it to him. The young man named Rory raised an eyebrow, but he did not

look at her phone. Instead, he smiled. "Is this a new way to get my attention?"

Stella dismissed her thought earlier. "Sorry. I'm here to look for someone. If there's nothing else, please move aside."

Before she could finish her sentence, Rory suddenly blocked her path. "Don't go yet! You've come to this place, so you don't have to pretend to be so noble, okay?"

Stella was very disgusted with him. "Move aside."

"Gee. You've got a temper." Rory's gaze on her moved up and down a few times. "But... I just love a lady with your personality. Girl, why don't you dance with me?"

Stella instantly remembered that Weston had said the same thing to her at the party earlier. Her impatience grew stronger.

"Get lost," she warned.

Rory's expression turned a little ugly. He only came to get her number because of the people around him that coaxed him. However, he had failed and gotten rejected so many times before he even started. Naturally, this had hurt his ego.

His face turned grim. "How can you be so arrogant!"

He reached for Stella's shoulder and led her to his group of friends. "I'd like to introduce you to my friends..."

Stella knew she was in trouble when he forcibly led her there uncompromisingly. She directly shook her hand off and hissed, "Get lost! Don't mess with me." Then, she turned to leave.

Her rejection irritated Rory. He blocked her path stubbornly. "I've got my eye on you today. You got a problem with that?"

He reached out for her waist and would not let her go. "This bar is my territory. You'd better behave."

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His hand was about to touch Stella's face. Stella turned her head away with disgust in her eyes. "Get away from me!"

Rory was furious the next moment. "Stop pretending!"

He reached over and tried to kiss her.

Stella felt disgusted, but she could not break free. Suddenly, a gust of wind swept through.

A figure rushed over out of nowhere. Then, a fist hit Rory in the face.

"Leave my sister alone!"

Bang! It sounded so hard, as if he had hit him with all his force.

Rory screamed and took a few steps back. He closed his eyes and slowly fell to the ground, wailing.

The people around them were stunned by this sudden commotion. Everyone looked over here.

Stella looked up and met Roger's gaze.

Roger clenched his fist with his eyes slightly red. He rushed to her and asked, "Sis, are you okay?"

A girl followed him and quickly came to help him. "Careful!"

Roger shook off her arm and looked at Stella. "Sis, are you hurt anywhere?"

place like this?"

Roger did not care about her questioning tone at all. All he wanted to know was whether Stella was hurt. He nervously glanced up and down before hissing, "Who told you to come here? Why are you wearing such clothes?"

He was relieved to know that she was not hurt. "Sis, you scared the hell out of me..."

Earlier, he saw someone like her in the bar that was in trouble. Therefore, he came over to see if it was her.

It was indeed her.

As Roger spoke, he took off his jacket and put it on Stella.

Stella pushed his hand away and said seriously, "Come with me."

Roger finally realized something and looked at the girl beside him coldly.

The girl immediately dropped her head and touched her nose uncomfortably.

Roger knew she was behind this. He pursed his lips and said with cold eyes, "I've told you a million times! Stay out of my business!"

"Sorry..." The girl lowered her head more.

"Robb, let's go." Stella recognized the girl beside him. She had confessed to him before.

Stella took a deep breath and told him, "You don't have to blame her. If it weren't for her, I wouldn't have known you were in such

a place,

She said coldly, "Since when did you become so ill-behaved? You're going to study abroad soon. Why are you getting into trouble at this time? Even if you want to relax, you shouldn't come to places like this!"

*Sis, I'm not a kid anymore. It's normal to visit a bar..."

“You can go to a bar, but not a bar like this...” Stella did not know how to describe the place. There were many types of bars, but this was not the right place for him.

“Besides, you have a girl with you. If something happens, you may not be able to protect yourself! You may even hurt the people around you!”

The girl quickly waved her hand. “Sis, don’t blame him. I came along voluntarily...”

Roger barked impatiently, “Who’s your sis? Don’t spew nonsense!”

Stella glared at him. “How can you speak to a girl like this? Was that what I taught you?”

Roger fell silent.