

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 611

### Chapter 611

Whatever that had happened earlier was all just an act!

Ella had deliberately acted like she was restless and anxious. She had made everyone think that she had stolen the card to mess with her!

What annoyed her more was that Stella actually knew the password!

Did Weston really give the card to her? How could that be?

Guinevere clenched her fist and glared at Stella intensely. Her eyes were becoming bloodshot.

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Stella looked at the stunned saleslady. She could tell how shocked she was by her expression.

The saleslady froze for a long moment and paled. Her palms were sweating. "W-What..."

Stella smiled. Then, her phone rang suddenly.

She glanced and saw it was Weston who had called. She hesitated for a second and immediately answered it.

"Did you forget the password?" Weston's deep voice came from the other end of the call.

When Stella had entered the wrong password earlier, the bank had sent a text message notification to him.

Stella twirled her long hair and said in a nonchalant manner, "Yeah. I accidentally forgot."

Weston chuckled and walked to the balcony. "How can you forget my birthday? Did you do it on purpose?"

When he gave her the card, he had already told her the password. She would never forget his birthday. Therefore, Weston assumed Stella was just playing around on purpose. Her action was quite in line with her recent character

Stella smiled and said casually, "I got the password right in the end. If I had gotten it wrong a few more times, they'd think this card was not mine..."

When she said this, everyone present immediately knew she was speaking to the owner of the card.

A thin layer of sweat covered the saleslady's forehead. She held her breath and guessed it must be some influential and powerful man on the other end of the call.

Stella said with a smile, "They almost look me as a credit card thief earlier..."

Weston put a hand in the pocket of his suit trousers. When he heard that, he frowned slightly. "Are you in trouble? I'll send someone over now."

Stella shook her head. "No need. It's been resolved."

Weston responded with a hum and looked at the time on his wristwatch. "I have an urgent meeting. When will you be done? I'll go pick you up."

Stella refused faintly. "It's okay. Just let the driver come over."

After she hung up, she glanced at the saleslady and said in a neutral tone, "Is there anything else?"

"No! No more! I'm really sorry..."

The saleslady flushed. She did not think Stella would get the password right and even speak to the card owner directly...

"I'll wrap it up for you now!" As she said that, she hurriedly brought the long trench coat over. When she went to find the box, she accidentally bumped into Guinevere, but she could not be bothered.

Guinevere paled when the saleslady had bumped into her. She walked to Stella suddenly and questioned, "Who were you speaking to?"

Guinevere locked her eyes on Stella. There was a hint of resentment in her voice.

The other actresses from the same crew glanced over. Then, they looked at each other in dismay.

Earlier, Guinevere had said that only one person had that card. Everyone thought of Weston. However, how could Ella have anything to do with Weston? Even so, judging by Guinevere's reaction... it was hard to tell.

Stella smiled. She seemed entirely unaffected by Guinevere's anger. "Who do you think it was?"

Stella's knowing tone and the way she looked annoyed Guinevere. She grabbed her wrist in anger. "Are you provoking me?"

Stella shrugged. "If I really wanted to provoke you, I would've asked him to pick me up directly."

## **Chapter 612**

The tension in the store rose. No one had expected things to escalate this way.

Guinevere sneered coldly. "Well, you should ask him to pick you up. I'm curious to see if the card owner is the man I know."

She knew Weston was the one who gave the card to Stella, but she had become irrational because of her raging fury.

She could not break through the thin obstacle between her and Weston. She knew that if she confronted Weston, things would not end well.

However, she could not stand looking at Ella's face.

Ella's face was no different from Stella's, but their personalities were completely different. She could not stand seeing Ella provoking her continuously with Stella's face. If she could, she wanted to rip her apart alive.

She could not stand the idea of Weston seeing someone else as more important than her. All these years, she could not have Weston's love or favor. She could not believe that another woman could do it. Moreover, Ella

was just an insignificant replacement.

Stella sat at the front desk and propped her chin. She said nothing and looked at the saleslady who packed up her purchase respectfully and brought it to her. Then, she smiled and tapped her fingers quickly to send a text on the phone.

"Maybe I should tell him to pick me up. He said he's just finished his meeting, and the mall should be on the way

"You!" Guinevere widened her eyes in shock. "How dare

you!”

‘How dare she text him! What would these people think of me if Weston did come to pick her up later?’

Guinevere’s current situation was like a spouse in denial after the mistress provoked her in person.

Guinevere had always been prideful. She would never let something that hurt her image happen. “Stop! I’m telling you to stop!”

She suddenly screamed and rushed to Stella to snatch her phone. “Did you really text him?”

Stella had expected her reaction and took a step back to avoid her. She said with a smile, “I’m just looking at my

credit limit. Why are you so worked up?”

“Then who did you text just now?”

“I was just typing. I didn’t text anymore.” She smiled and showed her the phone screen in a quick shake. “Don’t be so anxious.”

Guinevere’s reaction was within her expectations. She breathed a sigh of relief after learning that Stella did not text Weston. Then, she felt tricked and glared at her angrily. “You’re playing me again!”

Earlier, Stella had pretended to forget the PIN. At one point, she had thought Ella had stolen the card from Weston.

Now, she had pretended to be calling Weston just to trick her!

Guinevere knew what Stella was up to. Even so, she could not control her emotions. She was provoked and irritated. “You’d better wait and see. I won’t let you get away with this!”

Stella did not say anything and looked like she did not care about her threat.

However, her indifferent look only drove Guinevere crazier. She had lost control of her emotions.

“Excuse me, Miss... This is your coat...”

The saleslady walked to Stella in fear and handed the shopping bag to her.

Another saleslady also wittily gave Stella the phone number she had requested repeatedly. "This is our complaint number..."

They knew they could not avoid the complaint this time. If they continued to be stubborn, more problems might hit them.

They stopped fighting with Stella and regretted listening to Guinevere!

They had thought a big star like her was trustable.

When they thought of that, the saleslady glanced at Guinevere with a hint of resentment. If she hadn't believed her words, this would not have happened. She had actually thought Stella was a vain and poor woman with little money, which had led to this fiasco.

Even so, she did not dare to be too obvious. After all, they could not afford to mess with Guinevere either.

Stella reached for her shopping bag and did not comment much. "Since there's nothing else, I'll be going."

After that, she bade goodbye to the group of actresses too.

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## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 613**

### **Chapter 613**

The few people stood up at once. "Ella, goodbye."

"Bye."

“See you at work tomorrow!”

They were good at adapting according to situations. Their attitude to Stella suddenly changed after they knew she had an extraordinary status.

Guinevere watched as Stella left the clothing store. Then, her face turned grim. She looked at the group of actresses that tried to flatter her and hissed in an unpleasant tone, “You guys seem to like Ella a lot.”

“No, no. We don’t..”

They could not afford to offend Ella, but they could not afford to offend Guinevere either. They felt stuck in a tight situation. It was a dilemma.

They had to pick a side in such a situation. After all, staying neutral would lead to nothing. They were very distressed too.

However, when they saw Guinevere’s gritted teeth, one actress wondered, “Who’s Ella? How can she put Ms.

Cohen in this situation...”

“I’m curious too. Doesn’t Ms. Cohen knew only one man who has that card? It’s someone she knows too. So who is

it?”

“Only her fiancé has such a rank, right? I can’t think of anyone else...”

“So where did Ella get her card from? Could it be Ms. Cohen’s fiancé?”

“Hey! Don’t say that! Ms. Cohen’s fiance loves her so much. Why would he look for a mistress outside?”

Guinevere obviously heard their discussion. She walked to them and warned coldly, “Can’t you stop gossiping?”

The group shut up immediately. “Sorry, Ms. Cohen. We didn’t mean to...”

Guinevere looked in the direction Stella had left with vicious eyes. “This shameless double. One day, I will expose her true colors.’

She was just lucky because Weston found her interesting. Besides, she had the same face as Stella. That was why Weston treated her nicely.

She would not let her have her way!



Stella saw Angelina wandering in the guest area after she came out of the store.

When Angelina saw her, she stood up. "Where were you? I've been looking for you."

Stella said, "I was just shopping in the store."

Angelina walked to her and saw the shopping bag in her hand. Then, she glanced behind her curiously. "Why was Guinevere in there too?"

"I ran into her when I was shopping..."

"Did she make things difficult for you?"

Stella shook her head. "Nah."

Angelina breathed a sigh of relief. "I was so worried. I couldn't find you after coming out of the washroom. I thought you were lost..."

"Why didn't you call me?" Stella asked.

Angelina was stunned for a moment. Then, she patted her head. "Right! Why am I so dumb? I was in a hurry and panicked... I didn't even think about calling you..."

Stella's mood lightened a little seeing Angelina like this. "Sorry. I saw a long trench coat and bought it. What else do you want to buy? I'll shop with you."

"Forget it." Angelina took her arm and asked, "What did you say to Guinevere in that store just now?"

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 614**

### **Chapter 614**

Stella smiled and shook her head without saying anything

Angelina seemed to have understood her silence. "Never mind... Let's not talk about her. I feel a little hungry after going to the toilet..."

Then, she smiled and held her. "Shall we go eat something nice?"

"Like what?"

"How about some garlic noodles?"

Stella said, "I can't really eat heavy food. I'll just accompany you but not eat, okay?"

“How can I eat that alone? Wouldn't it be strange for you to stare at me while I eat?”

Angelina shook her head and said, “Come on! Just try it! I'm sure you'll like it!”

She took her to the food court next door and ordered two plates of garlic noodles from the owner. She ordered slightly spicy for Stella and medium spicy for herself.

Angelina looked like she knew her way around. She probably came to this food court often.

Stella frowned. “It smells a little strong, and it's a little pungent...”

“Garlic noodles are like this. They smell bad but taste good!”

Angelina was very enthusiastic and gave her a small portion. “It's okay. Try it first! You don't have to eat it if you don't like it after trying.”

Stella felt bad declining her after what she had said, so she gave it a try.

Stella had been mildly anorexic since the loss of her baby. Weston had deliberately ordered Joan to take care of her diet. She was not allowed to eat anything unhealthy, particularly these street foods.

Besides, she rarely had the time to eat out and try street foods. She did not really pay much attention to her diet.

Stella had not thought she would like the food, but it was surprisingly good. Despite the pungent smell, it was really tasty, just like Angelina said.

After she finished the small portion, Angelina winked at

her. “Am I right? Isn't it yummy?!”

Stella nodded. “Yeah. It's not bad.”

While eating, they were laughing and chatting about interesting things on the set. Stella had finished her food before she realized it. It had been a long while since she felt this good and satisfied to finish her food. She even craved for more.

Joan would be mad knowing that Stella ate more outside than her home-cooked food with good ingredients. Although Stella always praised Joan's cooking, she rarely ate a lot. However, she could finish a large portion of the unhealthy street food.

Angelina saw Stella smiling and laughed too. “It's just a meal. Why are you smiling?”

“Am I?” Stella rubbed her face. “I just feel like I haven’t had this much fun eating in a long time...”

“You’re exaggerating!” Angelina was easygoing and had a stress-free life. Besides, she came from a wealthy family. Her parents were open-minded and let her do whatever she wanted. Therefore, she could not understand why some people could not eat due to stress.

For her, there was nothing more important than food.

“We can always eat out often in the future, but...”

Angelina looked a little distressed. She put down her cutlery and said, “I can’t eat too much! The camera is very cruel! Recently, Mr. Lane said I might have gained a little weight.”

“You have to control your calorie intake,” Stella said. “You can satisfy your cravings occasionally, but you need to eat nutritious food at all times.”

Angelina laughed at her. “Why are you talking like my mom? If I can’t have all these, what would be the point of

living...”

She had finally had enough and ordered another biscuit. “I’ll have to get back on the treadmill later... or my face will be swollen tomorrow!”

## **Chapter 615**

“It’s because you love eating so much.”

“What do you know? Good food is the most important to me! It’s worth the extra hours of cycling for this delicious

meal!”

Not all girls were always fighting. Sometimes, friendships between girls were also very pure.

Stella felt comfortable hanging out with Angelina. Before she knew it, it was already ten o’clock at night.

She glanced at Weston’s urging text.

The driver was already waiting for her, so she had to say goodbye to Angelina.

When Stella went home the last time, Angelina had noticed the car Weston drove when he picked her up. It was a worldwide limited edition Bugatti. When she looked it up later, it seemed Weston was the only one in Ahn City who owned the car.

However, Weston was Guinevere's fiancé. Angelina had not associated him with Ella yet.

When she saw a black RV picking Stella up today, she

instinctively asked, "By the way, remember the car that came to pick you up last time? Who was that?"

Stella hesitated shortly and asked, "Why are you asking this all of a sudden?"

"No reason. I'm just curious." Angelina suddenly lowered her voice and looked around the road. When she saw that there was no one around, she mustered her courage to ask, "Are you some kind of wealthy lady who came to experience life on the set?"

Angelina had heard some of the rumors about Ella. Since she was close to her on the set, she found some of the gossip outrageous. However, some made her feel unsure

For example, although this black RV looked low profile, it was obviously not cheap. She had figured it might be as expensive as the car Guinevere often used to travel to the

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Could Ella have a strong family background like Guinevere?

Stella shook her head "You're overthinking. I'm just."

She did not know how to explain or introduce herself. She

stuck in an awkward position to outsiders, she was a mix of a party between Weston and Guinevere

Even though she had once been married to Weston, Stella was already dead in the eyes of the world. Ella was the only one who existed in the world.

Like what Guinevere had said, most would only think Weston kept her as a replacement for Stella

"Anyway... it's not like what you think."

"I know! I know!" Angelina stopped asking more questions and looked understanding of her circumstances. "Don't worry. I won't reveal anything to the rest of the crew."

"I'm really not..." Angelina seemed so sure, and Stella knew she had misunderstood.

Stella could not explain and simply went with the flow." Well, please keep the secret for me."

"Okay!"

"By the way, where's your house? Let me take you home." Stella offered to give her a ride.

Angelina felt a little embarrassed. "Is that okay?"

"Of course. You're my friend." After saying that, Stella's

eyes suddenly turned a little darker. If Angeline found out who she really was one day, would she still be friends with her? Just like what happened with Yvonne.

Yvonne knew Weston was the one who had forced Ella to stay with him. However, she could no longer be friends with her.

Lucas would not let Yvonne get close to her. He thought she was the kind of woman who destroyed other's families. Perhaps, he feared she would be a bad influence on Yvonne.

With Angelina's character, she was probably from a wealthy or strict family. Perhaps, her family would not let her associate with a woman like her either.

## **Chapter 616**

Angelina noticed that Stella's expression had somehow become a little sad. She wanted to ask her what was wrong, but she had already arrived at her house then.

When she turned her head, she saw Stella was back to her usual self. "We've arrived."

Angelina thought she had seen it wrongly earlier and shook her head to push the strange thoughts out of her mind. She said with a smile, "Okay. I'll go back first. Be safe on the way home!"

Then, the car moved again and drove away.

The driver glanced at Stella in the rearview mirror. "Miss Ella, you seem happy today!"

"Is that so?" Stella looked at him reflexively and smiled." You can tell."

"There was a strong smell when you got in the car earlier. Did you go for supper?" The driver wanted to say she smelled bad, but he rephrased his sentence to something more subtle.

Stella responded, "I had some garlic noodles."

The driver continued to chat with her. "Is it good? It smells pretty strong. I've heard my daughter talk about it

a lot, but it smells too strong, so I don't like it very much

Stella suddenly looked at him curiously. "Did Weston tell you to chat with me?"

The driver shut up. After a short while, he said embarrassedly, "Am I being too obvious?"

Stella looked at him with a smile but said nothing.

The driver exhaled and said, "I've never received such an order before. Mr. Ford told me to pay attention to your mood and report to him if I noticed you had fun doing something The driver was quite honest. Stella shook her head and said nothing

The driver added, "Mr. Ford really cares about you." He reckoned if a man was so concerned about the woman's emotions, he must love her a lot. The driver knew about Weston's affair with Guinevere, but it was normal for a man to have other lovers outside.

Based on his observation, Weston had never treated Guinevere this way. He did not even bother to please Guinevere, who was a big star and also a household name. Instead, he loved Stella more.

He felt like she should not be so ignorant of his feelings.

Stella knew these people around her were speaking for

Weston. After all, Weston was the one paying their salary. It was the same for Joan too. Joan might seem to have her back, but her employer was Weston.

She did not feel secure talking to them, so she did not say much.

When Stella went back to the Stardust Mansion, Weston was still out. It was just Joan and her.

She saw that Joan was still busy, so she ordered, "Joan, go take a break first. If I need anything, I'll call you."

She had learned how to deal with them. She had stopped using a considerate tone but took on a more commanding one.

As expected, Joan nodded and went to rest.

She was left alone in the villa.

Weston was not home yet, so Stella relaxed a little. She took off her heels and threw them at the entryway. Then, she went to the bedroom.

A gust of wind came when she opened the door. She smelled the smell of garlic noodles on her body and frowned. She planned to take a shower first.

When Weston came back, he found no one in the living room.

Joan had gone to rest, and Stella's shoes were lying around in the entryway.

## **Chapter 617**

Weston called Stella's name once, but no one answered.

He loosened his tie, took off his suit jacket, and casually left it in the entryway.

When he walked to the master room, he heard the sound of water coming from inside. His eyes turned to the bathroom. Then, he strode forward and walked toward the bedroom.

He could see Stella's reflection on the glass door of the bathroom. She was undressing, unaware of his arrival.

The man's hand was on the doorknob. He wanted to open the door and enter directly, but he suddenly stopped and looked straight at Stella's every move reflected on the glass door.

As she bent over and raised her hand...

Weston's eyes deepened slowly. He gulped, and then let go of the doorknob. He raised his hand and knocked on the door.

"Stella..." Weston's raspy voice was low and hoarse. He saw the reflection on the glass door and froze for a moment. Then, Stella's voice came.

"You're back?"

Weston heard her voice tremble slightly and curled his lips in a good mood. "You sound nervous."

For some reason, he loved to see Stella panic or at a loss. He loved seeing her panicking because of him. Her cute frightened look made him want to squish her into a ball.

Stella had wanted to relax, but Weston had come back suddenly. She was at a loss as to what to do next.

When she noticed that Weston did not move and stood still, she awkwardly asked, "Can you do me a favor?"

Weston had never left. Hearing her request, he said, "Just tell me."

Stella squatted down and looked around in the bathroom. She realized she did not bring any clothes or a bathrobe in, so she said, "Can you get me a set of pajamas?"

She did not hear any answer from the man. After a long while, she heard deep laughter. "Sure. Which one?"

Stella was so embarrassed that she wanted the ground to swallow her up. Despite that, she put on a calm face and said, "Anything will do."

Weston could imagine Stella's cute frightened look through the glass door that separated them. Maybe her face was flushed red already, but she pretended nothing had happened and talked to him calmly.

Weston stopped giving her a hard time and went to the

closet to get her pajamas. When he took her pajamas, the phone he casually placed on the bedside table beeped. He took a glance and stopped.

His men told him about Stella's experience at the clothing store in a detailed report. She had probably been mistreated and felt aggrieved.

That explained why she said someone almost took her as a credit card thief when he called her earlier.

The man always wore an impassive face, but this time, his eyes turned cold in anger.

However, he said nothing and went to the bathroom instead. He stopped at the door and knocked. "Stella?"

There was no sound nor answer from inside.

Weston frowned and opened the door without thinking.



The bathroom was full of hazy hot air. He saw Stella curled into a ball in a corner. Just as he was about to walk over, Stella turned around in a panic. She heard the door open and screamed, "Why did you come in suddenly!"

Weston saw the remaining foam on her body and paused. "I called you earlier, but you didn't hear me."

"I just didn't hear it!" Stella frantically tried to cover herself with something. "Why didn't you call me again?"

She was not overreacting pretentiously. That was how she would react to anyone who barged in suddenly.

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Weston put a hand to his brow and sighed. "Haven't I seen all of you already?"

## **Chapter 618**

Stella did not say anything. She pushed him and yelled, "Get out first!"

Although she was pushing him with all her strength, the push was like a tickle to Weston. She could not push him away. Instead, she almost slipped as she leaned back because of the slippery bathroom floor.

"Ah!"

Weston caught her reflexively and quickly held her in his arms, which prevented her from falling to the tiled floor.

"Be careful," Weston reminded.

Stella finally steadied herself and stood on her feet. She leaned into Weston's arms, terrified. Even so, she still kept her hands in front to cover herself.

Weston chuckled at her defensive look. "Now that you look like this, does it still matter even if I see everything or not?"

Stella remained silent and pursed her lips tightly. She looked like she would not let go of her hand no matter what he said.

Weston then looked at her and observed her closely.

Stella's hair was a mess. She had just untied it and draped

it over her shoulders. It was a little wet and had not been washed.

The heat in the bathroom rose and made the air between them a little hazy.

Weston directly picked Stella up in his arms. "You're so clumsy."

"I can shower by myself..." Stella knew he wanted to bathe her again. She refused and said, "I don't need your help."

Weston glanced at her. "What if you fall again?"

"I slipped because of you!"

Weston gave her a faint glance.

Stella sensed the danger in his eyes and shut her mouth immediately. She let him do all he wanted. Weston suddenly smelled something strange after he set the shower temperature. He turned to her. "What's that smell on you?"

Stella lowered her head and sniffed at her shoulder and armpit. She rubbed her nose and asked, "Do I smell bad?"

Weston frowned.

Stella explained, "I had garlic noodles today."

Weston was rendered speechless. He had wanted to help her to remove her inner shirt but froze at her reply.

Stella could see the shock in his eyes and quietly snickered in her heart. She knew Weston was a clean freak and always avoided food that smelled strong, especially if it smelled terrible.

He was picky and demanding about taste and would never tolerate the stench of street food. His demands for hygiene were strict and harsh. He could not stand even a speck of dust.

Stella felt like a walking stink ball after she had finished the meal. Weston must be suffering from the smell on her at this time.

She was pleased to see his suffering. "What's wrong? Is there a problem? If you don't want to do it, I'll bathe by myself..."

With that, she kindly offered to bathe herself and reached for the showerhead in his hand. However, Weston grabbed her by the shoulder and pushed her back into the tub.

"Don't move." Weston's expression was ugly, but he still did not let go. His hands did not stop and carefully cleaned every part of her body.

He was so serious and treated bathing her like a big project. He paid the most attention to the hair because it smelled bad

Stella was happy to be served, but Weston took it too

seriously. She could not stand it anymore when he shampooed her for the third time.

She protested, "Are you done?"

"I have to wash you clean. Otherwise, you aren't allowed to go to bed." Weston gave her a cold look and continued to wash her hair.

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However, Weston was Guinevere's fiancé. Angelina had not associated him with Ella yet.

When she saw a black RV picking Stella up today, she

instinctively asked, "By the way, remember the car that came to pick you up last time? Who was that?"

Stella hesitated shortly and asked, "Why are you asking this all of a sudden?"

“No reason. I’m just curious.” Angelina suddenly lowered her voice and looked around the road. When she saw that there was no one around, she mustered her courage to ask, “Are you some kind of wealthy lady who came to experience life on the set?”

Angelina had heard some of the rumors about Ella. Since she was close to her on the set, she found some of the gossip outrageous. However, some made her feel unsure

For example, although this black RV looked low profile, it was obviously not cheap. She had figured it might be as expensive as the car Guinevere often used to travel to the

do

Could Ella have a strong family background like Guinevere?

Stella shook her head “You’re overthinking. I’m just.”

She did not know how to explain or introduce herself. She

stuck in an awkward position to outsiders, she was a novice. Her party between Weston and Guinevere

Even though she had once been married to Weston, Stella was already dead in the eyes of the world. Ella was the only one who existed in the world.

Like what Guinevere had said, most would only think Weston kept her as a replacement for Stella

“Anyway... it’s not like what you think.”

“I know! I know!” Angelina stopped asking more questions and looked understanding of her circumstances. “Don’t worry. I won’t reveal anything to the rest of the crew.”

“I’m really not...” Angelina seemed so sure, and Stella knew she had misunderstood.

Stella could not explain and simply went with the flow. “Well, please keep the secret for me.”

“Okay!”

“By the way, where’s your house? Let me take you home.” Stella offered to give her a ride.

Angelina felt a little embarrassed. “Is that okay?”

“Of course. You’re my friend.” After saying that, Stella’s

eyes suddenly turned a little darker. If Angeline found out who she really was one day, would she still be friends with her? Just like what happened with Yvonne.

Yvonne knew Weston was the one who had forced Ella to stay with him. However, she could no longer be friends with her.

Lucas would not let Yvonne get close to her. He thought she was the kind of woman who destroyed other's families. Perhaps, he feared she would be a bad influence on Yvonne.

With Angelina's character, she was probably from a wealthy or strict family. Perhaps, her family would not let her associate with a woman like her either.

## **Chapter 616**

Angelina noticed that Stella's expression had somehow become a little sad. She wanted to ask her what was wrong, but she had already arrived at her house then.

When she turned her head, she saw Stella was back to her usual self. "We've arrived."

Angelina thought she had seen it wrongly earlier and shook her head to push the strange thoughts out of her mind. She said with a smile, "Okay. I'll go back first. Be safe on the way home!"

Then, the car moved again and drove away.

The driver glanced at Stella in the rearview mirror. "Miss Ella, you seem happy today!"

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The driver shut up. After a short while, he said embarrassedly, "Am I being too obvious?"

Stella looked at him with a smile but said nothing.

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The driver added, "Mr. Ford really cares about you." He reckoned if a man was so concerned about the woman's emotions, he must love her a lot. The driver knew about Weston's affair with Guinevere, but it was normal for a man to have other lovers outside.

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She did not feel secure talking to them, so she did not say much.

When Stella went back to the Stardust Mansion, Weston was still out. It was just Joan and her.

She saw that Joan was still busy, so she ordered, "Joan, go take a break first. If I need anything, I'll call you."

She had learned how to deal with them. She had stopped using a considerate tone but took on a more commanding one.

As expected, Joan nodded and went to rest.

She was left alone in the villa.

Weston was not home yet, so Stella relaxed a little. She took off her heels and threw them at the entryway. Then, she went to the bedroom.

A gust of wind came when she opened the door. She smelled the smell of garlic noodles on her body and frowned. She planned to take a shower first.

When Weston came back, he found no one in the living room.

Joan had gone to rest, and Stella's shoes were lying around in the entryway.

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Weston called Stella's name once, but no one answered.

He loosened his tie, took off his suit jacket, and casually left it in the entryway.

When he walked to the master room, he heard the sound of water coming from inside. His eyes turned to the bathroom. Then, he strode forward and walked toward the bedroom.

He could see Stella's reflection on the glass door of the bathroom. She was undressing, unaware of his arrival.

The man's hand was on the doorknob. He wanted to open the door and enter directly, but he suddenly stopped and looked straight at Stella's every move reflected on the glass door.

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Stella had wanted to relax, but Weston had come back suddenly. She was at a loss as to what to do next.

When she noticed that Weston did not move and stood still, she awkwardly asked, "Can you do me a favor?"

Weston had never left. Hearing her request, he said, "Just tell me."

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She did not hear any answer from the man. After a long while, she heard deep laughter. "Sure. Which one?"

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Weston stopped giving her a hard time and went to the

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However, he said nothing and went to the bathroom instead. He stopped at the door and knocked. "Stella?"

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The bathroom was full of hazy hot air. He saw Stella curled into a ball in a corner. Just as he was about to walk over, Stella turned around in a panic. She heard the door open and screamed, "Why did you come in suddenly!"

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Weston caught her reflexively and quickly held her in his arms, which prevented her from falling to the tiled floor.

"Be careful," Weston reminded.

Stella finally steadied herself and stood on her feet. She leaned into Weston's arms, terrified. Even so, she still kept her hands in front to cover herself.

Weston chuckled at her defensive look. "Now that you look like this, does it still matter even if I see everything or not?"

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She was pleased to see his suffering. "What's wrong? Is there a problem? If you don't want to do it, I'll bathe by myself..."

With that, she kindly offered to bathe herself and reached for the showerhead in his hand. However, Weston grabbed her by the shoulder and pushed her back into the tub.

"Don't move." Weston's expression was ugly, but he still did not let go. His hands did not stop and carefully cleaned every part of her body.

He was so serious and treated bathing her like a big project. He paid the most attention to the hair because it smelled bad

Stella was happy to be served, but Weston took it too

seriously. She could not stand it anymore when he shampooed her for the third time.

She protested, "Are you done?"

"I have to wash you clean. Otherwise, you aren't allowed to go to bed." Weston gave her a cold look and continued to wash her hair.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 619**

### **Chapter 619**

Stella wanted to tease him, but she regretted it. "Stop it. My scalp is turning white from being wet for so long..."

"Shut up." Weston's hands were full of foam. "Do you want to sleep in the study tonight?"

Stella had wanted to tell him that she was fine with that. However, she quickly swallowed her words as she saw the cold glint in his eyes.

She suddenly called out to him, "Weston."

Weston did not respond.

"... Weston?" Stella hesitated a little and stared at Weston's serious side profile. Then, she reached out and flicked the water to his face.

"Ugh." Weston frowned when the water hit him. He gave her a deep look with a little warning. Even so, Stella knew he was not angry. She looked at him with a smile.

"Weston?"

When he did not respond, she kept calling him.

Weston knew she wanted to play and simply ignored her. He focused on bathing her and vowed to wash the smell off her.

Stella had never seen Weston so headstrong and focused on doing something. She was determined to mess with him.

Therefore, she changed her tone and called him softly, "... Weston?"

It seemed like her real mischievous nature was revealing. It was her nature before her parents had died and before reality and hard life had suffocated her.

Weston's hands stopped for a moment. He looked at her darkly and warned, "Stay still."

Stella smiled and was a little more obedient this time, but only on the surface.

She looked at his serious look as well as side profile and suddenly felt playful. She stretched out her arms, as if unintentional, and she splashed all the water in the bathtub on him.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I got your clothes wet..." Seeing that he did not move, Stella reached out and diligently wiped the wet spot. However, she only made him wetter.

"Sorry. I'll clean it for you now..."

Weston's face grew dark, just like the dark spot on his suit pants. He looked at her with deep eyes. He knew she was playing little tricks with him, but he did not stop her from pranking him.

Stella noticed the change in his expressions and sensed danger, so she stopped before things got worse.

"Keep going." Weston said, "Why did you stop?"

He looked at her with the bath ball in his hand and did not move.

Stella rubbed her nose. "I really did it by accident..."

She squatted down slowly and tried to hide her face under the water.

Weston frowned and grabbed her. "Idiot. It's all bubbles. It's dirty."

Stella went with the flow and leaned against the bathtub. Then, she suddenly lifted her foot and splashed Weston with the water.

She laughed, and her face turned a little red. Weston looked at her steadily, his hair dripping with water.

He was wearing only a white shirt with the bottom tucked into his suit pants. It was his usual look, the typical look of an elite president.

His white shirt was soaked through the waters, revealing his curves through the wet fabric. A drop of water slowly trailed down his perfectly-lined jaws and dripped into his collarbone.

He was good-looking and the perfect work of God. Stella felt a little uncomfortable from his intent gaze. She vaguely felt like she had accidentally overdone it and hurriedly put her foot down.

However, she was too late. She wanted to move, but Weston grabbed her ankle directly and pressed her foot hard against the part of him that she dared not to look straight at

## **Chapter 620**

Stella curled her toes and flushed red.

“Let go of me...” She moved her ankle, only to sense that the thing under her foot was becoming hotter.

She held the edge of the tub with both hands and wanted to jump up. “Let me go! I’ll stop...” “Really? Don’t you think it’s a little late to say that now?” Weston looked at her with a half-smile. He pressed her leg down with a stronger force and let her feel it more vividly.

Stella took a deep breath and stammered as she scolded him, “Y-You b\*stard! Don’t be a rascal...”

Weston glanced up slightly and gave her a look. His face was still calm and composed, but it was completely different from the raging storm inside. The part Stella was stepping on did not look ferocious at all, but it was clearly strong and awakened.

“Who’s the one who kept teasing me? I thought this was what you wanted.” His voice was a little low and husky.

“Y-You’re full of nonsense...” Stella was still trying to defend herself stubbornly. “You’re the one who complained about my stench first. I told you to stop bathing me, but you didn’t listen. It’s all your fault...”

Stella became braver and dared to show some temper in front of him.



Weston rubbed his brows and looked at her in amusement. "Okay, fine. It's my fault. I'll clean you up first." Then, he reached out to her hair again.

Stella disliked the way he was so disgusted by her smell. She quickly shook her head and said, "I'm already clean! Believe me! There's no smell at all..."

The water on the end of her hair splashed everywhere as she shook her head. Weston tilted his head behind slightly, as if he was avoiding the water from her hair.

Stella pouted and looked at him with a grimace. She asked, "Do you think I'm dirty?"

Weston raised his knuckle to his brow. He helplessly grabbed a towel for her and said, "Dry yourself."

Stella was rendered speechless and looked at him with a hint of resentment.

Weston suddenly chuckled and pinched her nose. "Don't catch a cold. Hurry up."

He could tolerate Stella's temper. He would rather have her angry or complaining at him as long as she remained responsive to him. He could tell that Stella might be acting. However, it did not matter anymore. Even if it was her elaborate plot, he was already deep in it.

Stella reluctantly went to get dressed, only to find that the pajamas Weston had brought earlier were wet after the splashing.

She picked up the pajamas in speechlessness and shook them in front of him. "It's all thanks to you."

Weston reached out and pinched her nose. "Who was the one playing in the shower earlier?"

"It wasn't me anyway," Stella said stubbornly.

Weston gave her a faint look. "I'll go get you some clothes. Dry yourself before you catch a cold," he reminded her.

Stella pouted. "Am I so weak? Why are you so worried about me catching a cold..."

"You should know your health the best." Weston glanced at her lightly. Stella felt a little guilty and stopped talking. After he went out, she quickly stood up and covered herself in a towel. She wanted to go out to change and let Weston make a trip for nothing.

She did not expect to see Weston as soon as she got up. She looked at Weston in shock.

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 620

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