

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 751

Chapter 751

Stella paused and looked at the door. She was surprised that Weston had come so early. Her face changed a little. She hurriedly withdrew her gaze and said to the screen, "I have something to do. Let's talk later!"

Roger sensed something was wrong. "Sis, where are you now? Did someone come back? Are you staying outside? You didn't go home?"

Before he could say anything else, a loud bang sounded as the room door opened.

Stella jumped in shock and stared at the gloomy – faced man in the doorway. She wondered what was wrong with him.

"Sis? Sis?" Roger was still urging on the other side of the screen.

Stella hung up in a hurry. As the call had disconnected, there was only a prolonged beeping tone.

"Sis!" Roger listened to the robotic female voice from the other end of the call and became anxious. He tried to call back, but no one answered on the other end.

Riley emerged from the kitchen and was surprised to see his overreaction. She had to reassure him, "Maybe she's

busy. Don't worry."

"How can I not be worried?" Roger pursed his lips tightly. "I just heard someone come in!"

"Your sister is a grownup. It's normal for her to have friends."

"But she never told me who she was living with!"

"She doesn't have to tell you everything... She can make her own decisions."

When Roger heard that, he gave Riley a cold and unpleasant look. Riley was afraid he would be angry, so she stopped. "Fine. I'm going to stop talking."

At the same time, in the apartment.

Stella closed her laptop and watched as the man walked toward her. She had never seen Weston wearing such a grim look and felt a little nervous. "What's wrong with

you?”

Weston had always had a powerful aura around him. He carried himself confidently and was intimidating to most. When he remained quiet, that aura of him became more apparent. When he looked at Stella with his cold and sullen face, he felt she seemed like she was on the chopping block and at his mercy. She had no idea what had made him like this.

“What’s wrong—” She wanted to get up, but Weston walked up to her and pinned her down in the cold chair. He didn’t answer her question. He only looked at her with a look that made her shudder.

“What’s with you?” Her voice trembled a little. “Mmh...”

Before she could finish her sentence, Weston cupped her chin and kissed her forcefully. He gave her a long and hard kiss, as if he wanted to swallow her whole. He kissed her harder and harder, making her scalp tingle and her mouth sore.

Stella instinctively begged for mercy. “Please stop...” But he never stopped.

He kept kissing her hard, as if causing her pain was his intention. Stella was still clueless about what was going on. Her eyes grew a little red. “It hurts...”

When he heard her cry out in pain, he seemed to come back to his senses a little. He rubbed his fingers hard against the patch of skin that was tinged with red.

After a long moment, Weston muttered in a hoarse voice, “So you know it hurts?” As his gaze darkened, he kept breathing his hot breath into her ear, burning her ears. Stella did not know what was wrong with him. All she knew was he was scaring her a little. “Don’t... It really hurts...”

Weston took a deep breath and looked like he had regained his senses. His actions became much more relaxed and gentle.

He placed his hand on her slender neck and slowly inched down. Then, he spoke and cut to the chase.

“I want you,” Weston said.

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Stella was stunned and caught off guard. “Now?”

She wanted to call Roger back or at least say goodbye to him.

“Now.” Weston’s tone was unmistakable. “I want you now.”

He did not even have time to take off his clothes. He just placed Stella on the table and swept all the paper and pens off the table. He lifted the hem of her dress and impatiently pulled it over her head without unbuttoning

Stella did not know what was wrong with him. She struggled and uttered impatiently, “I don’t want to do it now.”

Why must she obey all his orders and give him what he wanted? Besides, he had come back too suddenly. She did not have time to take the medicine.

Weston’s eyes turned colder when he saw her strong reluctance. Earlier, she still had a submissive look. As soon as he wanted to do it, she had become very repulsive. However, she was clearly passionate before. Unless...

Weston guessed that Stella resisted him because she was not on the pills.

“I want to.” Weston’s face was grim. Ignoring her refusal, he put her hands together and pinned her hands above her head. He lifted his knees against her legs and showed his possession over her.

“I want you,” he said again. Stella finally realized Weston was dead serious. “I really don’t want to... Not now... Weston, don’t do this!”

“You don’t want to, or you can’t?” Weston did not stop his actions. He lifted her dress up in a bold and fierce motion. As expected, he found her eyes closed tightly in the next moment. She froze.

Weston took a deep breath. He became gentler and patient in his movements, but Stella was not in the mood at all. She closed her eyes tightly and did not realize the gravity of the situation.

Weston asked her, “You really don’t want it?”

She answered honestly, “I’m not like you. You’re always thinking about that kind of thing anytime and anywhere.”

Weston suddenly let out a low laugh. However, his laugh seemed meaningful. Stella did not understand what was so funny about this. She broke away from his grip. “Stop it...”

Weston suddenly pinched her cheeks and made her pout.

He forced her to look into his eyes and asked, "What about the vitamins you've been taking?"

His low and mellow voice came with a clear hint of restraint.

Stella looked at him with wide eyes. She wondered why he had suddenly brought up the matter and figured it out in the next second. That explained all of Weston's strange behavior today.

She slowly clenched her fist and fell into a short silence. "Why are you asking this all of a sudden?"

"Show it to me."

Stella hesitated a little. After a short pause, she took out the medicine from her bag. Weston looked at the white box with an intense gaze. "Is this the medicine you've been taking?"

Stella gave a short response and gradually became more nervous.

Weston lifted her chin and made her look into his eyes. "

Tell me. What's inside?"

"Vitamins," Stella said.

Weston smiled again. "Vitamins ? Good. Now take one." Stella looked him in the eye and reached for the bottle. However, he snatched it back the next second.

"Since it's vitamins, I should be able to take it too."

Stella's eyes went wide in fear. She did not say a word, but her eyelashes were trembling. She knew he must not take it. If he did, he would know what the medicine was.

It was something Zeta had given her. The effect was apparent. Otherwise, she would not have taken it for so long. It only took around fifteen minutes to feel the sensation.

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Weston had unscrewed the bottle cap and poured out a capsule. Stella's eyes went wide at his action.

The usual Weston was already too much for her to handle. If he took this pill...

She suddenly reached out and knocked the pill away from his hand. "Don't!"

She said, "Don't eat this!"

Weston's expression changed at once. He threw the bottle to the ground and spilled the pills all over the floor.

Then, he held her chin and forced her to look into his eyes. "Isn't it just a vitamin? Why can't I eat it?"

A storm was brewing in his eyes. He was no longer his usual calm self.

Stella looked into his eyes and saw her reflection in them. She was unable to speak. He pinned her and forced her to sit on the table as she said with a trembling voice, "You knew..."

Weston tightened his grip until he left a red mark on her chin. He did not care and asked, "When did it start?"

He did not know when she had started taking the drug right under his nose.

Stella paled slightly. After a short silence, she told him the truth.

"From the beginning." Weston closed his eyes for a moment. Then, he leaned his head down and rested against her neck.

Stella could see the visible veins appearing and disappearing on the back of his hand from this angle. She saw the pale blue veins lurking beneath his skin. He was like a long-sleeping beast that had woken up in a fury. The tense atmosphere scared her a little.

Stella did not move-she did not dare to. After a long silence, she heard him asking her in a hoarse voice, "Did you eat it every time?"

Stella shook her head. "There were times when I didn't... I couldn't eat it in time."

Weston recalled his memories with a deep gaze. There were a few times when she was not in the mood. She had remained unaroused no matter what he did. It was as if she was holding something back.

He was unwilling to see her reluctant look, so he had stopped halfway. He had thought she was not feeling well. It turned out that she had not taken her medication that would arouse her.

Weston's hand was still on hers. He slowly tightened his grip. For a moment, he wanted to choke her to death. "Do

you feel so uncomfortable with me?”

Stella's eyes turned gloomy. She was scared, and even her heart was trembling. Stella was truly terrified. She had never seen Weston in so much anger. He looked like he wanted to kill someone.

She feared he would change his mind and force her to stay by his side. She feared he would not let her go anywhere.

She had been waiting for this year to be over. She did not want any unexpected change to arise at such crucial timing. After a long standoff, Stella surrendered first. “Sorry. I didn't mean to...”

They had never been equal. Stella knew her position.

She hugged his neck and showed her submission. “I just wanted to make you happy. I didn't mean to hide it from you. I was afraid you'd be upset if you found out...”

Nevertheless, Weston pulled her hands away. Then, he held her hands together and gripped her tightly. He was using such great strength that he might crush her hands. Stella was in pain. She whispered, “Don't hold me so hard

She deliberately used a soft tone. In the past, Weston would stop giving her a hard time after she had shown

her submission. However, her way of speech did not seem to work with him anymore.

Weston pressed his forehead against hers. There was no warmth in his actions except for an overwhelming sense of pressure. “I know you didn't mean it. You just can't accept me.”

Stella looked at him and did not understand why Weston had interpreted it this way. After a short moment, she said with lowered eyes, “I've tried my best.”

Her submissive look made him more furious. A wave of indescribable emotions rose in his heart. It was a mixed emotion of sourness and blazing anger—a feeling he had never had before.

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Stella did not give any explanation. She kept her head down and pressed her forehead against his shoulder. She was afraid to look at his face.

A few moments later, she said, "It's my issue... I'm sorry. I didn't want you to feel uncomfortable because of my situation. That's why I was on the pills."

"Well, that's very considerate of you." Weston laughed instead of showing his anger. However, he squeezed her chin, as if he wanted to crush her.

"Sorry..." That was all Stella could say.

"Why are you saying sorry to me?" Weston wanted her to look into his eyes, but all he saw was her avoidance. She was trying to run away from this. At that instant, he suddenly felt like all of this was simply pointless.

What was the point of forcing her? She had to take the medication before she could accept his intimacy.

"You should go," Weston said suddenly, then let go of her.

Stella was stunned. She looked up at once and was still puzzled by his words.

"G-Go where?"

Weston refused to look at her. "There's no point for me to keep a woman who can't sleep with me without medication."

He turned away and said, "If I want, I can have plenty of women. Do you think I must have you?"

Stella's eyes trembled a little. She was surprised that Weston had finally had it figured out. For a moment, joy took over her. Was he finally letting her go?

Even so, she did not dare to show any of her joy. She feared this was just another test from him. After all, he was always unpredictable. Otherwise, he would not have kept her trapped by his side for so long.

Stella took a deep breath and made herself sound calm. She double checked with him softly. "Are you letting me

go?"

"What's wrong?" Weston let go of her and stood up straight. He swept a glance at her and asked, "You aren't willing to leave?"

'Of course I'm willing,' thought Stella in silence, but she did not answer him. She just wanted to confirm if he was letting her go or testing her. Weston could see the

anticipation and nervousness behind her calm facade. A great sense of humiliation hit him. No one had ever shown so much dislike for him. Never had anyone disliked him this much.

'This woman is impressive. All my messed-up emotions are because of her, but she continues to act like she's innocent. She could easily walk away after messing with me.'

"Why aren't you leaving yet? Is it because you can't let me go?" The man's voice was a little sarcastic and full of despair. Stella hesitated a little with a complicated expression. Recently, Weston had been extremely sweet to her, except in bed. He was just a little dominant when it came to those matters. It had been a long time since he had spoken to her in such a tone. It was as if she was just an insignificant person to him.

Stella pressed her lips. A wave of complicated feelings hit her after the initial joy. Despite that, she did not take it too hard. She only moved a little and broke free from the man's arm.

"Alright, then... I'll leave now."

Weston released his hands and acted like he did not care. He refused to look at her. "Get lost."

That was all that he said.

Stella's eyes flickered a little, and she suppressed the strange emotions. Then, she left without looking back.

Stella went back to her room to pack her clothes. She had little luggage and only took her own belongings. She did not take the things that Weston had bought for her.

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Weston had bought her many things, including the bracelet, necklace, nightgown, and bags. She did not take them with her and packed quickly.

In less than fifteen minutes, she was done packing and stood in front of Weston with her luggage.

Weston poured himself a glass of champagne. When he saw her like this, he shifted his gaze away and said coldly, "Take all your stuff with you. Don't leave them here. It's an eyesore."

Stella looked down. "I packed all my belongings... The rest are the things you bought for me."

After saying that, she took out a card and placed it on the coffee table. She told him, "I'm returning this to you too. I've left whatever I've bought with the card in the room. If you have time, you can check the bills."

She said that, but she knew Weston was not a stingy man. She was just desperate to draw a line with him.

Weston added two ice cubes into his glass. As the ice hit the glass, it made a crisp sound.

Clink! That sound made Stella feel a little restless. At this point, she became more worried and nervous that something would go wrong.

From his sudden return earlier, things had escalated faster than she could imagine. She did not expect that he would let go of her so easily. She could not help but think that if she had known he would react like this, maybe she should have let him know earlier.

Weston finished the champagne in the glass in a gulp as his Adam's apple bobbed.

When he tilted his head up, his action revealed his clearly defined jaw and the perfect outline of his figure. He did not say anything yet, so Stella waited for his reply.

Weston stood with his back facing her. After a short moment, he finally said, "Take the worthless stuff away with you. If you won't, throw them away."

Stella lowered her glance and said softly, "Then could you please help me discard them... Or let Joan take care of it."

Weston did not turn to look at her. He continued to let her face his cold and broad back.

Stella stared blankly ahead for a moment and finally muttered softly, "Goodbye." Then, she took her luggage and turned to leave. Weston was left alone in the room. He waited until he heard the sound of the door lock and closed his eyes. When he opened his eyes again, there was nothing but coldness in his eyes. The deep emotions within were unreadable.

When he recalled the way Stella had left without hesitation just now, he suddenly slammed his glass on the floor.

Crash! The wine glass broke into pieces on the floor.

He had already slammed a glass in the office earlier. The wound on his hand was still bleeding a little. His wound had reopened because of his actions and painted his palm red.

From the moment he came back, Stella had not noticed the wound on his hand.

It was dark at night, but Weston did not turn on the light. His figure seemed to have blended into the endless night with nothing but coldness and loneliness looming around.

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At first, Stella was still in disbelief. She could not believe it until she actually walked out of the apartment and left. She had easily escaped Weston's grasp. She looked back to find that Weston did not come after her. The dark apartment behind her looked like a great abyss. She had expected the beast to come after her, but he did not.

Was she finally free?

Stella pressed her lips. She was much more relaxed. After taking a few steps, she suddenly ran. She had left behind

all those complicated emotions. Her only thought was that she was finally free.

She finally did not have to put up an act with the people she hated. She did not have to face her unborn child's questions in her nightmares. It had always haunted her. How could she be so close to the person who had killed her baby?

—

At last, she did not have to live and be tormented by all these feelings.

Stella stopped a cab and let out a long sigh of relief.

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Stella headed to her home with Roger next to Fern University. It was already very late when she arrived. After all, it took a couple of hours to travel by car from Ahn City to Fern City.

When she got out of the cab, it was already half past nine.

She dragged her luggage into the neighborhood and sensed that something was wrong. This was supposed to be a safe and quiet neighborhood in the university town.

Many people were coming and going. The people living here were mostly teachers and students, so it was rare for the neighborhood to be so crowded. Stella did not think much about it. As she entered the front door of her building, a man in uniform gave her a look.

The man was dressed in gray work clothes and spoke an unknown local dialect to her. He only made a gesture to her, but she did not understand him.

There was a group of people chattering about something there. She waited for a moment and saw that the man did not say anything other than showing the gesture earlier. She stopped caring about it and went into the elevator.

When she arrived at her floor, she walked out of the

elevator. After taking a few steps, she saw several people standing in front of her house and pointing at the door.

She froze for a moment. "Is there something wrong?" The group of people heard her and looked back. They did not care about her and said in annoyance, "We're working here! Don't disturb us! Go away!"

The man had a heavy accent, but Stella understood him. She frowned a little. "This is my house!"

She took the keys and walked over. "Why are you gathered here?"

One of the men who looked like the leader looked at her and said, "This building is a major safety hazard. All the residents have been evacuated for safety reasons."

Stella's face changed. "What do you mean? I never received a notice. The property management didn't say anything..."

She wanted to open the door. "This is my house. I live here."

When they saw her reaction, they directly pulled her away and stood in front of her, blocking her. "Didn't we explain just now? There are many safety hazards here! Before the notice is taken down, no one can live here!"

Stella's face changed again. "Then where am I going to live? I have no place to go. You have to give me a place to

stay."

"Can you be reasonable, miss? We're helping you to remove the safety hazards problem. Forget that you're not thanking us-you're even asking us to arrange a place for you to live?"

“But if you don’t let me in, I have nowhere else to go...”

“Then what do you want us to do? Should we stop our job just because of you? Do you want every resident to live in a building with safety hazards just because of you?”

“That’s not what I meant.”

“Leave! Don’t disturb us!” That man chased Stella away impatiently.

Stella did not expect such an issue. She had to calm down and ask, “When will you be done?”

“It’s hard to say...”

A worker surveyed around and said, “You’ll have to wait until we eliminate the safety hazards. We can’t treat your safety issues lightly, can we? If you have to stay in a building with safety hazards issues, you’d feel uncomfortable about it!”

Stella finally understood. They were just giving excuses to delay her!

She knew there was no point in arguing, so she had no choice but to head to the nearest hotel. When she took out her identification to check in, she felt something

strange was going on.

The receptionist had helped check her in, but after processing her check-in on the computer, she looked troubled.

The receptionist returned her identification card with an awkward look. “Miss, I’m sorry. Your ID isn’t valid now, so I can’t check you in.”

“Why?”

The receptionist shook her head. “I’m not sure, but your ID doesn’t match the security system on our computer. It’s considered an unidentified check-in. The hotel has rules against this, so we can’t check you in.”

Stella slowly clenched her first and thought of Weston.

She had known he would not let her go that easily. He did it on purpose! Everything from the group of people standing in front of her building and the hotel might all be his doing

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Stella took her luggage and did not make things difficult for the front desk employee. After she walked out of the hotel, she called Weston.

Weston did not answer at first. She listened to the beeping sound on the phone and grew irritated.

When the phone was hung up automatically, she looked at her dark cell phone screen and took a deep breath. Then, she called him again.

This time, Weston took his time and finally answered it when the call was about to be disconnected.

“Yes?” His indifferent tone made Stella furious.

“Are you kidding me?” She stood in the cold wind on the street with her cell phone and luggage. “Did you do this? Did you leave me without a place to stay to make me come back and beg you?”

Weston walked out onto the balcony with a glass of champagne in his hand. He looked out at the nightlights in the city and said, “It’s pretty late already.”

He did not answer her question and said something else unrelated to her question. Even so, Stella understood his message.

It was already very late, but she had no place to go. She had no other choice but to look for him.

“You’re so petty and mean!” Stella’s face turned ugly. “Do you think you’re going to win like this? I’m telling you

– I’m never going back!” Weston snickered and said indifferently, “You’re quite determined. So why are you calling me?” Stella closed her eyes. “Were you lying when you said you’d let me go?”

“No. That wasn’t a lie.” Weston stood up straight and put his hand on the railing. He looked at the distant starry sky and said, “You can stay outside, and you can come back if you can’t find a place outside. I won’t force you.”

He said he would not force her, but all he did was remove all her options.

Stella was so angry that she miraculously calmed down. “Do you think that by locking up my house and forbidding the hotel to let me stay, I wouldn’t be able to find another place to go?” Weston’s gaze turned dark. He said indifferently, “Well, you do have your friends.

“But who can you go to?” He looked down at the time on his watch and mentioned a few of her friends.

“Yvonne? She might take you in, but she’d probably have a big fight with Lucas. Angelina? She’s a good choice. Well, Henry happens to be looking for her...”

“You’re despicable and shameless!” Stella did not want to hear more from him and hung up quickly. At that point, she had the urge to smash her phone. However, she held back.

Indeed, she wanted to ask a friend for help. However, she knew she could not go to them after Weston’s reminder. She would only cause trouble for them. Besides, even if they could take her in now, she could not stay with them forever.

Weston was strong enough to make her homeless in the city. Well, unless she went to one of those small and dodgy hotels.

Ahn City had developed rapidly in the last few years. Even the small hotels in the alleys had become more formalized in the procedures. They would require online registration and real name verification before she could check-in.

She searched for several hotels with her luggage, but she could not check in. She put her hopes on the Internet cafe and tried to get a private room, but the result was the same.

Her identification was invalid everywhere. It was almost midnight, and many stores were still open on the street.

Ahn City was a city that never slept, but Stella was not in the mood to enjoy the gorgeous night view. All she

wanted was to find a place to rest.

That was when Weston’s phone call came. He reminded her, “It’s almost midnight. Have you found a place to

stay?”

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"Is it fun to play me?" Stella was exhausted and sounded tired. "You were the one who promised to let me go..."

"I did, and I didn't force you to come back," Weston replied calmly.

Stella closed her eyes. She refused to play this word game with him. "Must you push me to the verge and force me to a dead end?"

"Dead end?" Weston answered with a low chuckle devoid of any warmth. "Why would I? I don't have the heart to do that."

Stella's heart trembled. "Why? I can't be intimate with you unless I take the pills... So what's the point of keeping me around?"

This time, it was Weston who hung up without warning.

Stella listened to the disconnect beep on the call in despair. She looked at the traffic at the intersection and felt exhausted. She gave it a thought and decided to go to a twenty-four-hour cafe.

She sat there all night and did not dare to fall asleep.

She was in a public area. There was a staff member at the front desk who occasionally glanced at her but said nothing.

Stella was not the only one in the coffee place. Few other students were studying hard for their exams, while a few white-collar workers were working overtime on their laptops. However, there were not too many people at this late hour.

Stella let out a breath and suddenly felt lost. She felt like she was drifting on the sea without any direction or home.

Sella walked out of the coffee shop with her luggage just after dawn.

Ahn City was so big. She believed she would find a way out of this. She was mentally ready for the setbacks but did not expect it to be so hard to find a place to stay under Weston's power and influence.

She finally found a shabby hotel in a small alley in the middle of the city. She would not have realized it was a hotel if it weren't for the eye-catching sign hanging outside the entrance.

The words on the sign were fading and barely readable. The yellowing sign was dim and not illuminated either. Somehow, the hotel looked like it was not in operation.

Stella took a deep breath and decided to try her luck. She took her chance and went inside. A fat middle-aged lady was sleeping on a recliner. When she heard the noise , she did not even look up. "Staying

here, right?"

Stella nodded. "How much for a night, please?"

The lady looked up at her. When she saw a pretty little girl like her, she said, "We're not doing that kind of business here. Don't bring a man over. Otherwise, if the police raid here, I won't be responsible!"

Stella did not understand what the lady meant at first. When she finally did, her face flushed red. "I'm not in that kind of business. You've misunderstood..."

"Who cares about that?" The lady's accent was heavy. "Anyway, I'm just informing you in advance. Don't get caught looking for customers! Else, you'll pay the fines!"

Stella stood there awkwardly for a while. She held her suitcase in her hand and was in a dilemma.

The lady became a little impatient and clicked her tongue. "Are you staying or not?"

Stella said, "Let me think about it..." She knew this environment was not great, but she did not expect this. It was beyond her imagination. She hoped and tried to look for a slightly safer place.

At the same time, a black luxury car stopped at the crossroads across the hotel. It was a low-profile car, but it still attracted a lot of attention. With its price tag, it did not fit in with the state of the street.

Weston sat in the car and watched Stella emerge from the hotel dispiritedly. His eyes gradually grew dark. Ben, who was sitting in front, asked Weston, "Mr. Ford, do you want to continue and follow her?"

Weston said nothing and looked out the window.

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Ben understood Weston's thought. He looked at Weston's cold face from the rearview mirror and could not help but sigh. He did not understand why these two people had suddenly gotten into a fight.

He was surprised to see Stella carrying her suitcase around while searching for a place to stay.

At first, Ben had thought they had broken up, but when he saw Weston's face, he knew they were just angry at each other. Ben tried to figure out what was in Weston's mind.

When he saw Stella coming out, he moved the car to the side. It was this action that caught Stella's eyes.

She glanced over instinctively and stopped dead in her tracks as she saw a familiar car. Her gaze met with Weston's through the car window. For a moment, they looked at each other. Neither of them looked away at first.

Stella clenched her fists slowly. She recognized Weston's car and knew he was waiting for her to get in. However, this was her last chance...

She had made Weston angry enough that he was willing to let her go. He might eventually give up on her with just some persistence from her end.

Stella gritted her teeth and ignored Weston. She turned to leave.

"Um..." Ben was stunned for a moment. He saw Weston's face grow colder and cautiously asked, "Should we still follow her?"

"No need," Weston snapped. "She'll come back after she's suffered enough."

Ben nodded but sighed again. "That alley just now looked like such a bad and dirty environment. No one will go there unless they have no choice..."

He wanted to speak up for Stella, but Weston remained unmoved.

Ben had no choice but to drive away.

Stella walked away. When the car drove right past her, a gust of wind came. A leaf flew up at her feet and then fell to the ground. In the rearview mirror, Weston watched as Stella's reflection grew smaller and gradually disappeared. Never once did Stella ever look up at him.

Weston loosened his collar with some annoyance. "Cancel all her cards."

If she wanted to suffer, he would let her suffer.

"Will do, Mr. Ford."

At the Ford Mansion. It was rare for Weston not to be at work. He even had the mood to play chess with Warren.

Warren was happy to play chess with him, so he set up the game and played a few rounds with him. He played with the black chess pieces in his hand and asked, "Why are you suddenly in the mood to play chess with me today?"

Weston answered, "Didn't you say there's no one to play chess with, and that you're bored?"

"It's not that. Rather, they aren't good enough. All of them are bad at chess! They all lost within two moves. It's boring!" Weston laughed. "I'll play with you today."

Warren stroked his beard. "I heard someone say you've fallen out with that woman, Ella. What happened? Did you guys have a fight?"

Weston's eyes changed a little. He moved the white chess pieces in his hand a little but did not say anything.

Warren immediately understood from his expression. "Whatever it is, it's ungentlemanly to kick a girl out like that."

Weston paused and then said faintly, "She's just throwing a little temper tantrum. It won't do any harm." Warren gave him a look, as if saying he had guessed

correctly. "I knew you two weren't seriously fighting. You can't bring yourself to let her go anyway," he said and took a sip of tea. "You may have quarrelled with her, but it's not that nice to chase her out like this."

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 760

Chapter 760

Warren gave Weston a piece of serious advice.

"Women need to be coaxed. Go and make her happy before it's too late. Buy her some gifts or jewelry. Otherwise, she'd stay angry at you."

As he said that, he suddenly yawned. "I'm old and easily tired. Let's stop here today. You should quickly go and get her back."

"Okay, Grandpa . Have a good rest." Weston got up and watched as Warren left.

After that, at the study on the second floor.

Xavier was inside the study and casually flipping through a book. When he saw Warren come in, he grunted, "Are you done with chess?"

Warren glared at him. "Didn't you hear everything? Why are you asking a question you know the answer to?"

Although Warren had given him a serious reprimand and punishment not long ago, he still could not have anything against him. After all, he was only blessed with Xavier in his fifties.

Xavier nodded. "Yeah, I heard it all."

He did not expect this. Ella was so precious to Weston,

but he actually threw her out. His eyes deepened. Then, he suddenly smiled because he knew someone who would be happy to hear this.

Guinevere was impatient when Xavier called her. "What does Ella's matter have to do with me?"

Xavier reminded her, "It's a good time for you to get your revenge. Whenever Weston is around her, you can't even lay a finger on her." Guinevere scolded him, "Who do you think I am? Why would I compete with a woman like that?!"

After saying that, she hung up the phone. Her eyes instantly turned maliciously grim.

She looked at the darkened cell phone screen. After a while, she sent a text message.

She had known Weston would get tired of a woman like Ella eventually. The two had been together for less than a year. There she was, already running away from him.

In that case, she would help them out. It was time to get Ella out of Weston's world for good.

Stella searched for a whole day and still could not find a place to stay. It seemed like Weston's authority was greater than she had thought.

She dragged her luggage and looked at the crowded street with a bitter smile. In the end, she dragged her luggage and went back to the small hotel she saw in Midtown earlier.

It was late at night.

The woman from earlier saw her coming in. She took a drag from the cigarette in her mouth and looked behind Stella. She noticed she did not have any men with her and asked, "So, you still want to stay here?"

Stella nodded. She said, "I can't use my identification now

"That's fine!"

The hotel owner took the cigarette out of her mouth and exhaled a puff of smoke. "Just don't bring anyone strange

in."

Although her place had always been shady, the law enforcement had been strict lately. They must not be caught in the act.

She turned on the computer that looked dated. Then, she typed a little and took out a piece of hard paper that looked like it had been torn from a cigarette box. She wrote a series of numbers on it and handed it to Stella.

"This is your new ID. In case someone comes to check, tell them this. They won't make it difficult for you."

Stella could not understand, but she still took it and thanked the lady. The lady then handed her the keys.

Stella stared at it for a few moments. It was not a room card but a traditional key. It was not very secure.

When she went to open the room door, she realized that anyone could push the door open with just a little brute force. The key might not be needed at all.

There was also an obvious stench in the room.