

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 836

Chapter 836

Stella was woken up the next morning by a loud noise.

To her surprise, she actually had a good night's sleep last night despite all that had happened.

The voices outside the door grew louder and louder. Stella frowned and forced her eyes open. Then she felt a warm and gentle embrace enveloping her from behind.

"Did the noise wake you up?"

Stella turned around and looked at the man with groggy eyes, asking, "What... What time is it?"

"It's still early," Weston replied, leaning down and planting a kiss on her face. "Why don't we sleep a little longer?"

He then tucked her back into the thick layers of blankets.

"You must've been really tired yesterday," he added.

"Not really," she yawned and turned around to lean on his chest. "I think Guinevere was a lot more tired."

She brought up the name as if that person no longer had any power to bother her.

"Yesterday was a mishap..." Weston ran his fingers through her messy hair.

"But I promise you that she will never appear in our

lives ever again."

Stella was silent for a long time before she asked, "Don't you have anything else to tell me?"

"What other things should I be telling you?"

"Well," she replied in a timid voice, "everyone found out about US yesterday.."

"Yes, everyone knows now."

"I didn't plan on revealing anything yesterday," she said, closing her eyes.

"I know." Weston swept her hair away and kissed her. "I understand you completely. You don't have to explain anything to me."

"If..." Stella uttered, slowly opening her eyes. "If Guinevere hadn't appeared suddenly, I would never have said all those things..."

"I know," Weston assured her, his lips now moving closer to hers. He went in and kissed her passionately. "I understand completely. You don't have to worry about anything. I'll handle everything. All you need to focus on now is getting ready to be Mrs. Ford."

A wry, sardonic smile cropped up on her face, but she quickly hid it. She took Weston's hands and asked him, "What does everyone think of me now?"

Did they pity her? Suspect her? Or did they regard her with contempt and anger? After all, Guinevere and Weston had treated her so abominably, yet she was now still willing to be Weston's wife.

"Don't bother yourself with what others think of you," he told her, raising her hands up to his lips and kissing them gently. "With me by your side, no one would ever dare to mock you."

"Not to my face, perhaps..."

Stella lowered her eyes and continued, "But what would they be thinking about me in their hearts?"

"You can't control what people think." Weston lifted her chin and looked into her eyes. "But I promise you, Stella: I will never let anyone harm you again."

Light flashed in her eyes. She smiled and placed her hands on the nape of his neck.

"Okay, I trust you."

After a moment, she asked him, "Which identity should I be using now?"

Weston was about to say she could use any name she liked. She was still the same person, after all. But he changed his mind when he looked into her eyes.

"Ella," he replied.

Stella would never forgive him. Ella, on the other hand, was the woman who had told him that she would like to start over with him.

After a brief pause, Stella smiled and nodded, saying, "Okay, from now on, Stella Sealey no longer exists. There is only Ella Steele now."

They then fell back to sleep again in each other's arms.

It was only later when she woke up again that she learned the person who had been making all the noise outside was Diana ...

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Chapter 837

Stella got up and put on her clothes. She turned to the man standing beside her and asked softly, "Can I go out and talk to her for a little while?"

Diana was her aunt, after all. When Stella was still living in her old home, it was Diana who had truly cared for her. After the death of her parents, Diana had been the only source of warmth and support she had apart from Roger.

Even if she loathed to see Michael, she still wished to give Diana an explanation about everything that had transpired. It even occurred to her yesterday, when her true identity was revealed, that Diana would come to see her.

"Are you sure?" Weston asked, wrapping his arms around her from behind. "Michael is here with her too, you know."

"I know," she replied. "But I still want to see my aunt."

He said while pinching her earlobe playfully, "You still haven't told me why you don't get along with your uncle, yet you seem to love your aunt very much."

"Didn't you say you've looked into it before?"

Stella sat down at the dressing table. Weston's warm breath brushed against her skin as he spoke. It tickled her, making her want to move away from him, but Weston wouldn't let her get away. He nuzzled up closer against her ear and whispered in a seductive voice, "I can look into anything in this world, but I can't look into your heart and find out what your preferences are."

Stella couldn't help but giggle.

"Did you really think that my behavior toward my aunt and uncle is all due to my preferences?"

"No." Weston planted little kisses from her ear all the way down to her neck. "But it doesn't surprise me that you wouldn't like any other man apart from me."

Those words made Stella pause, then she caught the meaning he implied between the lines.

“What nonsense are you thinking about? He’s my unde!”

Weston breathed heavily by her ear and said, “What would you say if I told you that I’m even jealous of how close you are with your aunt?”

“I would say that you’re completely out of your mind!”

Stella was different now. She would never have dared to joke around and say such things to him in the past. But that did not bother Weston one bit; in fact, he indulged her and played along with her.

“So what if I really am out of my mind?” He teased her. “You’d still belong only to me anyway...”

Eventually, Stella did end up meeting Diana that day, albeit under Weston’s watchful eye. Nevertheless, Stella didn’t mind that at all because she had no desire to see Michael. With Weston there with her, she knew that Michael wouldn’t dare to be so bold with her. —

Especially when she saw the way Michael was glaring at her

vehemently when she turned up, as if he was ready to tear her apart and get rid of her...

But knowing that Weston was right there beside her, he had no choice but to conceal his feelings and appear civil.

“Mr. Ford,” he said, “since it turns out that Ella is in fact my niece, Stella, I’m sure you wouldn’t mind letting US talk to her for a while, would you?”

“Of course,” replied Weston. “There’s no problem at all. But my fiancée would like to have a private chat with her aunt. Why don’t we give the ladies some space to catch up?”

Since Weston was so forward about it, Michael had no choice but to relent.

“Sure,” he replied with a slight sneer before glancing at the two women in front of him. “I’ll wait for them right here, then.”

Weston knew that Stella was at odds with her uncle, but he didn’t know the reason why. They had been in a rush just now, so he didn’t have the time to ask her about it.

But looking at Diana, who was on the verge of tears the moment she saw Stella, Weston was fairly sure that she would not cause Stella any harm, so he had no qualms in letting her speak to Stella alone.

Meanwhile, Stella and Diana settled down in a quiet private lounge.

“I knew you were Stella!” cried Diana. “I knew it the first time I saw you! I was sure that I couldn’t be mistaken!”

“I’m so sorry,” Stella muttered. “I had no choice but to keep my identity a secret, Aunt Diana.”

Stella seemed better able to keep her composure than her aunt, because she knew that after such a ruckus that had occurred during the engagement party, there was a high chance that her aunt would come to see her, so she had braced herself for this meeting since then.

But Diana had completely misunderstood Stella’s reserved attitude toward herself.

“Tell me, Stella-have I done anything wrong to make you unhappy? Or did your uncle do anything to offend you?”

At the time, Diana was still blissfully oblivious to her husband’s infidelity. She even regarded Michael as a sweet, doting husband who was always there for her.

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Chapter 838

“Of course not, Aunt Diana!”

Stella frowned with concern and added, “Please don’t overthink it and get the wrong idea! You’ve done nothing wrong!”

“Then why didn’t you reveal your real identity to me when I saw you at that shopping mall?”

“Well...” Stella smiled bitterly. “You’ve heard of what happened at the engagement party yesterday, haven’t you? That was the reason why...”

“I can understand that.” Diana pursed her lips. “Still, you could’ve just told me that you were Stella. I never would’ve revealed it to anybody else! Didn’t you know how happy I was when I saw you? I was heartbroken when you insisted that you were Ella Steele, not Stella Sealey...”

"I'm sorry, Aunt Diana."

Stella had no idea what else to do apart from apologizing. She couldn't possibly tell Diana that she had to keep her identity a secret because she knew something Michael was doing everything in his power to hide from the rest of the world that he'd been cheating on Diana behind her back, and that the woman he had cheated on her with was Stella's own roommate.

Meanwhile, Michael waited anxiously outside, his eyes kept shifting toward the door behind which his wife and Stella were

chatting.

"You look nervous, Mr. Sealey."

Even Weston could clearly see that he was tense and agitated.

"It looks like you're afraid that my fiancée would reveal something to your wife that you wish she wouldn't know." Weston stated his observation.

The corners of Michael's mouth twitched in concealed chagrin. He turned to Weston and said, "You're overthinking, Mr. Ford. It's only because I'm anxious to talk to Stella myself. She is my own niece, after all."

"That reminds me." Weston drummed his fingers on the coffee table. "I do find it strange that while my fiancée was excited to meet Mrs. Sealey, she had no desire to talk to you at all, even though you are the one related to her by blood."

"Is that a genuine question?" asked Michael, now on pins and needles. "Or are you insinuating something?"

"Which do you think it is?"

"I wouldn't dare to presume to know what you're thinking, Mr. Ford."

At that point, the door opened, and out came Stella and Diana. Michael immediately rose to his feet and rushed toward his wife.

"Are you okay?" he asked, concern written all over his face.

"Of course I am!" Diana replied. "I was just catching up with Stella. Why wouldn't I be okay?"

"I..." Michael fumbled, realizing that his overreaction might look too suspicious. His eyes darkened as he glanced at his niece. "I was just worried because you'd been in there for a long time. I wondered what you two were talking about."

He was obviously testing the waters to find out if Stella had revealed his secret to his wife. Stella found his antsy attitude in front of her aunt immensely amusing.

What was the point of looking so concerned about his wife now when he didn't seem to care a jot about her when he cheated on her?

"A long time?" Diana sighed, discontented but still oblivious to the looks exchanged between her husband and Stella. "What do you mean, a long time? It felt like we'd hardly talked about anything at all! There's still so much to say... Stella, we must meet up again, okay?"

Before Stella could say anything, Michael wrapped an arm around his wife's shoulder and reminded her, "Don't forget that Stella is soon to be Mrs. Ford. You can no longer expect her to come out to see you anytime you'd like!"

"Why not?" asked Diana, disconcerted by what her husband had said. "She'll still be the same person even after getting married! She's our niece no matter what! She's only getting married, not getting sold to other people!"

Those words created instant tension and awkwardness, especially since Weston was still right there.

"Don't be ridiculous!" barked Michael with a stolid face. "She should know her place once she's gotten married. It has nothing to do with getting sold to anyone!"

Diana didn't like her husband's response at all, but she had always made a point of not challenging her husband in front of strangers, so she didn't argue with him about it for the time being.

Weston saw that Stella was not looking very well, so he approached her and took her hands into his before announcing, "As long as my fiancée is willing to see you, you may come and see her anytime you'd like."

The warmth in his tone created a stark contrast to the way he had treated Michael earlier.

Diana was pleasantly surprised herself. She didn't have that good an opinion of Weston up till then, mainly because of what she had learned that he and Guinevere had done to Stella. But seeing the way he treated Stella now softened her heart somewhat.

"I don't care what happened between you in the past," she uttered to Weston, "but Stella is my niece. I would hope that you wouldn't take advantage of the fact that her parents had died to treat her poorly. I would never forgive you if you hurt her again!"

"I promise you that I will take good care of her," declared Weston somberly while his captivating eyes, which crowned his exquisitely handsome face, were fixed on Stella's.

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It was almost impossible not to get lost in those alluring eyes.

"With me by her side," he asserted, "I will never let anyone harm her."

Eventually, Michael had managed to persuade Diana to go home, albeit reluctantly.

As soon as they got into the car, Michael immediately asked her, "What did Stella tell you when you guys were alone

together?"

Diana had noticed earlier that Michael had been acting really weird lately. At first, she chalked it up to him being overwhelmed with joy since finding out that their niece was alive after all. But now, it was beginning to look like something fishy was going on

"Nothing in particular," she told him. "We were just catching up."

She paused before adding with a frown, "What's up with you, anyway? Why do I have a feeling that you're unhappy for some reason?"

As soon as the words came out of her mouth, she realized how improbable her conjecture was. She might have been very close to Stella, but it was Michael who was related to her by blood, and he had maintained a good relationship with his niece all along. They had seemed to be at odds with each other for a

while when Stella's parents died, but it had only been a brief quarrel and nothing more. Diana simply could not believe that her husband would be upset that his niece had returned.

But why was he acting so bizarrely now?

Seeing that she was beginning to suspect something, Michael turned gloomy. He sighed heavily and pulled her into his arms.

"Diana," he murmured, "you know that I love you, right?"

Diana was startled. She fell silent for a moment before bursting into laughter.

“Of course I know that!” she exclaimed, hugging him tightly.” Who else would you love if not your own wife?”

“If someone comes to you with some lies about me to break US apart, who would you believe- them or me?”

“You,” she answered without any hesitation. “Because you’re my husband. You’re the one I want to be with for the rest of my life. Why would I trust anyone else over you?”

Michael smiled contentedly.

“You really are such a silly goose.” He held her close, his face a picture of tenderness, “but I just can’t help but love you anyway.”

As soon as his face was hidden from his wife, the affectionate expressions on his face vanished entirely.

He cursed Stella’s name under his breath. He must find a way to silence her forever, so she could never expose his secrets to his wife.

The two of them met at a cafe. They sat across from each other. Michael was wearing a suit, looking as if he was here for a business meeting.

Weston was sitting at a different table not too far away. He was willing to give them some space, but he was still close enough to warn Michael not to get any ideas.

“You’ve found yourself a powerful protector indeed,” he commented with a smile that looked half friendly and half mocking.

“Yes, I certainly did.” Stella smiled and played along. “You didn’t expect me to be a sitting duck, helplessly waiting for your attack, did you?”

Though she was smiling, her eyes were piercingly cold. The smile on Michael’s face quickly dissipated. He continued, “I know you haven’t told her about that... incident. What should I do to make you keep that secret forever?”

Stella stirred her coffee nonchalantly and replied, “I have no idea what you’re talking about, Uncle Michael. Which incident are you referring to?”

She was only taunting him, of course. She knew perfectly well that he was referring to the incident where he cheated on his wife with her roommate.

“I don’t care if you don’t believe me,” Michael sneered with simmering rage, “but I have truly changed. It happened so long ago, and I’ve now become a completely different man...”

Seeing that Stella was unconvinced, he decided to change his approach

“People screw up all the time when they’re young. Am I right? Besides, I haven’t done a single thing to make Diana unhappy ever since then...”

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Chapter 840

“Haven’t you?” Stella picked up her coffee cup and took a sip. “How can I be sure of that when your own wife is still oblivious to the fact that you cheated on her many years ago?”

“That was the only time it happened!” he insisted as calmly as he could through gritted teeth. He was seething with anger, but he knew it would be best to control his emotions. “I’d completely cut my contact with that woman ever since then...”

“Are you sure that was the only time? Judging by your conversation with her back then, it sounded more like a repeated offense to me.”

“I was just starting up my company back then,” he argued. “I had to meet so many people and entertain lots of clients, so it was impossible for me not to forget myself sometimes. But eventually, I managed to firmly establish the company, and ever since then, I’ve never fooled around at all!”

“Oh,” Stella responded, her voice studded with biting scorn. “So you managed to establish your company then, huh? I wonder: How exactly did you do it?”

After her parents had died, Michael had usurped all the money and properties that should have been inherited by Stella and Roger, stolen all of her parents’ pension compensation money, and kicked the siblings out of their house.

At the time, Roger was critically ill and desperately needed the money for his treatment.

If it hadn’t been for Michael, Stella would’t have had to go through all the harrowing experiences she’d gone through these past few years. She wouldn’t have had to give up her studies and give up on her dreams.

Michael was aware of all that. He knew that he’d wronged Stella and Roger. He quietly rested both of his hands on the table and interlaced the fingers of one hand with the other.

“I’m really sorry about what I’ve done many years ago. I don’t care if you don’t believe me, but the truth is, I was in an extremely desperate situation. My company was about

to be sold, and if I let that happen, I would never gain the trust from my wife's family. I needed them to accept me..."

He paused and heaved a long sigh before continuing, "I know things were difficult for both of you too. I know that Roger needed the money for his treatment. But I had no choice! I had to choose between you two and my wife..."

"You didn't have to choose between US and Aunt Diana," Stella interjected bluntly. "You only had to choose between US and your own comfort and wealth."

"I know you must hate me." Michael gritted his teeth. "But you can't possibly believe that I gladly did all that, can you? We're family! I've known you since you were born! Are you just going to disregard the close bond that we had in all those years when you were growing up?"

Stella's face suddenly turned sullen.

"You're right," she said. "You were so close to US in all those years; that was why it hurt so much when you betrayed us! Do

you know how unbearable it was to find out that your own family backstabbed you? It was simply unforgivable! What have we ever done to you? How could you do such a thing to us! We were your family!"

Stella's eyes reddened, and she was on the verge of tears. Seeing this, Weston instantly rose to his feet and walked over to her.

There was nothing that Michael could do now but to suppress his emotions and stay in control.

"I'm truly sorry for what I've done... I had no choice."

"You told me that you did it all for Aunt Diana's sake," Stella countered him with disdain. "But what about the time you cheated on her with another woman? Did you do that for her sake too?"

"This world is not as simple as you imagine," he replied. "It's completely normal for men to fool around sometimes. Take Weston, your own fiance, for example! Not only was he with Guinevere, he'd even been with other women at Lowe Garden! What's the difference between what he did and what I did? But none of this matters anyway!"

He paused to change into a more emphatic voice, "As long as you are the only woman in his heart, it doesn't matter how many women he fools around with out there, because they don't mean anything to him!"

"Why don't you tell Aunt Diana what you just told me?" Stella stared blankly at him. "See if she'd forgive you after that."

Those words finally brought Michael over the edge. He sprang

up to his feet and blurted, "She must never find out about this! You know what she's like! She'll never be able to handle it!"

Michael tugged at his collar before adding, "If you could forgive Weston, then why can't you forgive your own uncle too? Trust me-all men with health and position would definitely make the same choice that I did at least once in their lives. If you don't believe me, you can just ask Weston how many kept women he has. Yet you're the only one he allows to be publicly acknowledged as the woman by his side, and the woman he would marry. He even broke off his previous engagement to Guinevere just for you! Isn't that more than enough?"

"... It sounds like you're talking about me."

Weston appeared at their table. He swept a glance over Michael.

"I heard that you were discussing the nature of men, Mr. Sealey," he said, his voice heavily tinged with threat. "Would you mind if I join you and listen in?"

"I've said all that I wanted to say," said Michael, making sure to keep his emotions in check. "It seems that you've heard everything as well. So why should I waste your time by repeating myself?"

Weston sat down next to Stella and wrapped his arm around her waist. His movements were so smooth and natural that it looked like he'd done it a million times before.

"You sounded desperate to drag other men down to your level, Mr. Sealey. Did you think that it would make you look better and justify your past actions by doing this?"