

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 965

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Chapter 965 When she was saying that, she started to smile. "I always wanted a daughter ... I don't know if we'll ever see each other again."

That was what Weston saw when he got home.

He tossed his jacket aside and walked to Stella, and hugged her from the back. "What are you mumbling to yourself?"

Stella leaned on his arms without change in her expression. "Just some random stuff." She put down the watering can in her hands and turned her head to look at him. "Why are you back so early today?"

"I had a meeting just now, and the project matters are basically decided. There is nothing much to do during this period, so I can stay home with you."

He kissed her cheek and asked, "What were you talking about just now? Were you badmouthing me, hmm?"

She smiled and took the initiative to wrap her arms around his shoulders and kiss him. "No, I didn't say anything bad about you."

Weston was naturally happy to see her initiative.

The two exchanged a long, breathless kiss in the backyard.

Only when Stella was panting and out of breath did he let her go and touch her little tummy.

"Are you hungry?"

"Not really."

She said honestly, "I am not very hungry. But if there is anything you want to eat, I will make it for you."

In Joan's absence, Stella was the one who cooked most of the time.

An exemplary cook on her own, she used to cook for Weston using whatever method she could to try to please his appetite.

Now that she was basically at the mansion all day, she had more time to devote to him.

He knew that their relationship was a bit toxic now.

But he was very satisfied.

"Sure. Don't hurt yourself."

"Okay." In the kitchen, she boiled some water and put in some deodorized onion, ginger, and garlic.

He did not eat these, and she had to pick them out later.

She knew his preference very well. He did not like strong flavors and preferred to go mild most of the time. However, it could not be bland.

Simply put, he was very demanding but lazy to care as he often had to socialize when there was a lot of work in the company. Sometimes, she would cook him soup when he came back smelling of alcohol.

She was really full of him at that time. His every movement was infinitely magnified in

her eyes.
But she could no longer find that mood now.
On the balcony , Hayden's voice was unmistakably clear on the phone.
"Mr. Ford, I told you her condition will only worsen."
Weston's eyes turned gloomy. Thinking of how Stella was talking to herself just now, his eyes were dark. "What will be the consequences?"
"I can't be sure now. It will depend on how it develops.
· But one thing I am sure of: if you keep her at home and she does not have any contact with anyone outside, there will be big trouble later."
He hung up the phone and looked at the slender figure in the kitchen. His eyes darkened, immersed in unreadable feelings.
"I cooked some soup, but I don't know if you like it." She sat down in front of him and served him a bowl.
He took it, albeit somewhat silently. Stella noticed the changes in his mood but did not say or ask anything.
She knew that if he wanted to tell her anything, he would've just said it.
After the meal, she went for a stroll in the backyard like usual.
Weston stood at the floor-to-ceiling window, looking at Stella pacing downstairs as if she was completing a daily mission, and he rubbed his temples in exasperation.
She did not seem to have changed much and looked like a normal person. However, when he thought of the way she was talking to the air, his eyes darkened, and he walked to the yard. " Stella, come here."

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Chapter 966 Stella walked aimlessly. Upon hearing the man calling her in his deep voice, she stopped in her tracks and smiled.

"What is it?» She looked perfectly fine, devoid of the slightest sign of mental deterioration.

Weston walked to her.

His eyes were gloomy.

"...Do you want to go out?" She was taken aback.

"Go out?" She pursed her lips and sized up the man in front of her, then shook her head.

"No." "Why?" He walked over to her and picked up a strand of hair, wrapping it around his fingertips to play with it.

"I remember that you wanted to go out to see those friends of yours some time ago." She shook her head again.

"That was before.

Now, I feel that staying home is just as nice." She did not know if Weston really wanted to bring her out or was simply testing her.

She was tired of this game of escapism.

He had a million ways to make her uncomfortable as long as things didn't go his way.

She did not want to fight or run away anymore.

She just wanted to live in peace.

The tiredness in her eyes caught his eyes.

His heart ached at that moment.

"Stella, tell me the truth." He picked her up and sat down on a wicker chair with her in his arms.

"You have been very obedient lately.

If you want, I can take you out for a walk."

She listened to his heartbeat silently.

He ruffled her hair, running his fingers through her hair and rubbing it slowly.

After a while, she wrapped her arms around his waist.

"I don't want to go out, but I am okay if you need me to accompany you." He exerted a little force to force her head up.

She looked into his eyes with a very obedient look." What's wrong?"

"In what circumstance do you think I'd need your companionship?" he asked.

With a little hesitation, she pursed her lips and lay on his chest.

After a while, she chose to tell the truth and recounted her conversation with Joan that day.

The man listened attentively and didn't respond.

She hugged his neck.

"I am sorry. I should not have told you this. I thought that you had your own plans, so I never told you..." She paused for a while and said, "Joan is right.

If you need a female companion, maybe I should take up the responsibility of being Mrs. Ford and be by your side." His gaze changed, and he sized her up as if trying to determine the genuineness of her words.

He seemed somewhat pleased.

It could be seen from the corners of his eyes.

"Do you want to take up the responsibility as Mrs. Ford, or are you jealous and don't want to see another woman be my female companion?" "Both, I guess..." She laughed and buried her face in his arms to keep him from seeing her expression.

"Do you want another woman to be your female companion?" This was a disguised confession that she was jealous.

He was really pleased and pulled her up and kissed the corner of her lips.

"With you around, I don't need anyone else." He parted her legs and let her half-kneel around his waist, his arm passing under her armpit and wrapping it around her back.

With her entire body held in his arms, he almost encircled the petite woman in her entirety.

Only then did the man let go and tidy her hair." Tomorrow is grandpa's 80th birthday. Why don't you accompany me to the banquet?" She paused for a moment and then smiled a little with her eyes.

"Okay."

She pecked him on the cheek.

"I will go wherever you go." Her words undoubtedly pleased the man in front of her.

He had kept her at home so heartlessly only because of her escape, where he had to keep her tethered to him.

He didn't allow her to contact anyone; he was the only person she could see.

But now, she was telling him that she would go wherever he went. It was like someone flipped a switch, releasing certain emotions that were impossible to withhold.

He picked her up and headed straight back to the bedroom.