

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 997

Chapter 997

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In Warren's eyes, this was the most serious thing.

This man was not targeting Weston— it was Weston who had acted so brazenly and was severely injured while protecting Stella – giving him a reason to make things difficult for Stella.

Weston would, of course, wouldn't grant him the chance.

Putting on a calm expression, he asked, "Is there anything else you want to say, Grandfather?"

I!U.

Apart from the moment his face turned pale when the acid hit him, he behaved no differently than his usual, stoic self.

Warren sullenly surveyed him and only waved his hand." Nothing. Stella was scared, right? You take her up to rest."

LU

Throughout the whole process, Weston did not show any abnormality.

He brought Stella upstairs. Under the light, Stella saw the man's face. It was as handsome as ever, albeit with a little

innate indifference.

The side of his face was so sharp that he looked like he'd reject someone even without looking at them.

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She finally could not resist and asked, "...Are you really alright?"

She knitted her brows tightly, looking very worried.

He lowered his eyes and looked at her. His gaze had softened a little, not as cold as before.

He rubbed her head and did not say anything.

As soon as they returned to their room, his hand slowly slumped down, and he croaked in a hoarse voice, "Go get the doctor."

Those words started her, and her face turned grim immediately. "You are hurt! Why didn't you say so just now?"

He smiled, but his face was a bit pale. "I will explain later. Get the doctor quick."

Not delaying one bit, she grabbed his phone and frantically looked for the family doctor's number.

L

When the doctor came, he avoided being seen by Warren.

In the bedroom on the third floor—Unable to understand why he was silent, Stella asked Weston, "Why didn't you

say something when you were hurt?"

Why did he hold it back?

He swept her into his arms, avoiding the part burned by the acid, and whispered in her ear. "It's nothing serious. Luckily, the hall wasn't so hot, so wearing a jacket..."

LI

"That's acia!"

She pushed him away, trying to check his back but was stopped by him.

He stared at her quietly. "Stella, are you concerned about me?"

She pursed the corners of her mouth, and her eyes twinkled. "What do you think?"

Her eyes began to well up with tears.

1

Weston was moved. Raising his hand, he rubbed the corners of her eyes. "I won't feel any pain if you cry for me."

"Tears are salty!"

Stella's eyes were a bit red, and she sounded a bit nasal. She pushed his hands away and said, "If my tears drop on your wound, it will hurt like hell!"

He chuckled and took her into his arms. "It really doesn't hurt..."

Of course, she didn't believe a word he said.

ILU

She waited patiently beside him. Only when the doctor arrived did she stand up and step aside.

He sat on the sofa and tossed the jacket aside casually. The skin on his right side had already burned through. There was a burn mark on his white silk shirt.

She gasped at the sight before her.

No wonder she didn't see it. As long as he blocked that area with his arm, it was basically invisible.

Just looking at it felt painful.

The doctor also frowned when he saw this. "How long has this been left untreated?"

With a shrug, Weston instructed the doctor instead. "It's no big deal. Oh, remember to avoid them on your way out. Don't let anyone see you, and don't let anyone know I'm injured."

Stella's eyes flickered.

Then she felt a bit bitter.

Had he remained mum on how badly injured he was because he didn't want Guinevere to be responsible?

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In the room, the family doctor treated Weston's wound.

Stella stole a few glances and stepped aside. Just as she was about to turn around, Weston grabbed her wrist.

"Where are you going?"

His expression suddenly became extremely cold as he looked at her in silence. She was taken aback, then quickly explained, "I want to go to the balcony..." He still fixated his eyes on her, not letting go of her hand.

TIL

Stella pursed her lips. Suddenly, she thought of something and asked in concern, "What's wrong? Does any part feel uncomfortable?"

Weston did not say anything.

"Don't wander around," he said after a while.

She understood what he meant and said helplessly, "I am just looking at the balcony. I don't want to disrupt your treatment..."

Obviously, Weston was dissatisfied with her explanation. "Was today not enough to teach you a lesson? You know, you might be watched."

"I can't always stay under your nose and sit still all the time, can I?" she replied with a frown.

Weston felt that there was nothing wrong with that. "What's wrong with staying right under my nose?"

The doctor felt awkward listening to their conversation. "Mr. Ford, I am going to dress your wound. It might be a little painful."

"Carry on with your job. Don't worry about the rest." The doctor nodded immediately. "Understood." Then, he focussed on treating Weston's wound, pretending not to listen to their conversation. Stella waited beside him patiently.

Her hand was clutched by his so she could only sit beside him and watch as his shirt was removed, revealing a large area of his lean body.

She saw the hideous wound on his waist and abdomen and her eyes flickered.

How was it that severe...

In the end, she didn't leave and stayed beside him.

Weston grabbed her wrist with one hand, and his eyes fell on her face, not caring the least for the gaping burns on his waist and abdomen.

Stella, however, looked shocked.

"Doctor, is it very serious?" While carefully treating the wound, the doctor said, "Chemical injuries are usually very serious. But Mr. Ford is lucky, the concentration of the acid was low, and his clothing blocked it, so it didn't hurt the dermis."

She let out a sigh of relief. "That's good..." He was injured because of her, after all.

If anything serious were to happen to him, she would indeed be very sorry. The doctor took care of it quickly and reminded him to keep the wound dry. Then, he packed up his bag and got ready to leave.

LLLL

After he left, Weston grabbed Stella's wrist and dragged her to his side

"Watch out!" she exclaimed and stared at the side where he had been injured. With the wound now wrapped in gauze, she was careful not to put pressure.

"It was difficult to get it bandaged. Don't touch it..."

"It's just a small injury. Don't be so anxious," Weston replied indifferently.

His words not only made her feel better, but they were actually what he really had in mind.

He did not even want to continue on this. Instead, he looked at her and said, "From now on, you are not allowed to get out of my sight."

"Haven't I already been under your nose all this time?"

LL

Weston pinched her chin and said with a decisive tone, "You know what I mean, Stella. I won't allow this to happen again. Wherever you go in the future, you must be accompanied by me. And if I'm not available, you can't go anywhere except where I think it's safe."

This sounded even harsher than when he locked her up inside Stardust Mansion.

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Stella looked at him in disbelief. "Don't tell me you'll follow me to the bathroom as well?"

"I've said it. You have to be within my sight."

He didn't even seem to feel the least bit horrified by what he said. "I will never let such a thing happen again. Even if you are at Stardust Mansion, I will ensure someone keeps watch on you, and you are not allowed to go anywhere alone."

are

"You are crazy!" In disgust, Stella tried to pry herself away from him.

"I am."

He suddenly hugged her tightly and pinched her chin hard, forcing her to look into his eyes

"Even if I'm crazy, it is better than seeing you get hurt."

If he wasn't with her today, which part of her would that acid have hit?

Her face?

Her body?

Or worse, her throat?

Her neck was so fragile...

Weston slowly placed his hand on it.

It was so tender that it seemed it would break if he exerted a little force.

A more concentrated acid would've burned through her neck easily.

Her life was so fragile. Any tiny mistake would kill her.

He even began to blame her frailty.

If only she had an indestructible body, he wouldn't have to worry so much.

Nonetheless, Stella still found it unacceptable and thought that he was crazy. "I accept you making me stay home, but don't you think you've just crossed the line?"

He obviously didn't think so.

He bit her ear and said, "You're supposed to be mine. You're supposed to stay by my side. You're not allowed to go anywhere but to look at me."

He was saying it as if he had rights over her. "You don't have to have anyone else by your side but me."

"You are so..."

She did not know the words she should use to describe him.

Her whole body trembled now. That complicated feeling she had for him had vanished, and all that was left was

fear.

He knew she was shaking but pretended not to see it and kissed her cheek.

"I know you cannot accept it now, but it will be all good when you get used to it one day."

"Weston, do you really want to turn me into a woman whose entire life is about you?"

"It's not what I want; it's what I'm already doing," he corrected her.

He felt excited when she said she was becoming a woman whose life was only about him.

Apart from excitement, he felt indescribably satisfied.

"Stella, be good and stay by my side. Just do as I say. Having me alone is more than good enough," the man murmured in a low voice.

There was a water sound coming from the bathroom.

Although the doctor had just reminded Weston that he should try not to get wet, Weston was seriously obsessed with cleanliness and would certainly not want to comply with the medical advice at such a time.

What he just said made her feel more suffocated than

ever.

She thought that maybe this was just the beginning. The man called Weston had no bottom line.

He kept her in the mansion , but this was not enough –

His demands were getting more and more excessive and paranoid.

She even believed that if he could, he would chain her to him and take her everywhere he went.

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Chapter 1000

Chapter 1000 Stella wondered if there was anything left for her to say. She was but a pendant he kept by his side, a doll in his hands, a human doll for him to toy with.

As she was thinking, the figure in her mind popped out again. The dark figure with an identical face to hers screamed in her ears.

“You should not pity him! Follow your original plan. Your child misses you very much, and she should reunite with you as soon as possible...”

The voice in her mind was enchanting, urging her to move on.

She walked to the balcony and brought in the oleander.

There were already a few flower buds blooming. The pale pink flowers adorned the bright green branches. While she looked at them in a daze, the voice rang in her ears.

“Don’t waver! Soon, everything will be over... Do you want to keep living like this?”

Stella closed her eyes. Her hands were shaking a little.

But it was best to remove those flowers.

She didn’t notice that the sound of the water in the bathroom had stopped.

So she was unaware of his grim face when she stepped out of the bathroom door without seeing him.

He seemed to be very sick now.

If he didn't see her for a mere second, he would immediately suspect that she had escaped... or that someone was trying to hurt her.

As long as she was not by his side, he would think of these possibilities.

In the end, he couldn't stand those feelings anymore and wanted to keep her by his side all day long.

He found her in the kitchen.

The water had just boiled when she felt a warm embrace from the back.

She leaned backward. "Done washing up?"

He kissed her ear. "Yes. Do you want to check?"

She let go of him and turned around to check on his wound, deliberately ignoring his question that suggested something else. "You didn't get any water on the wound, right?"

She did not watch seriously when the doctor was bandaging him up.

He thought she did not care about him.

He pinched her face. "Only now do you know to care for me? »

She smiled. "Of course not. It's just that I felt embarrassed to talk too much when the doctor was here. I was afraid that he'd laugh at me..." "What's there to laugh about when you were concerned about your husband?"

He cupped her face and kissed her passionately.

"They know about our relationship, maybe..."

He teased her with a husky voice beside her ear. "...they know what we are going to do tonight."

She froze for a moment. "Let's not do it tonight... You are injured. You need to rest." He took her hands and put them around his waist. "It's not like I am hurt there. What are you worried about?"

Stella was rendered speechless.

Then she said helplessly, "If I am not mistaken, it's on your waist, right?" "What's wrong with my waist?" He did not take her words seriously. "I'm still more than capable enough to

do it."

"Besides..." He suddenly held her waist and pressed her toward him just a little so that she could feel his temperature. "You're so lazy. Isn't it time for you to be diligent? For once?"

She hated to be on top, but he seemed keen to let her have the lead. Only every time when it came to the end, she was basically forced to take the lead.

She obviously didn't like it, but he enjoyed it anyway, evident from how keen he would be to make her keep spooning and begging.

She was not as shameless as him, though. After being teased a few times, her face blushed.

"Go out first. I've cooked you something."

He looked over. "What is this?" "A drink that helps you to sleep."