

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 211

Chapter 211

When it came to this, Weston and Lucas had the same opinion. "If there's nothing important, don't go to places like that anymore," he warned. Stella knew her identity now so she naturally wouldn't rebut him. "Okay. I understand." She would remember this day. The last day of October. On this day, next year, she would be able to escape the cage that had entrapped her. She would be counting down the days from then. At the thought that she would be leaving Weston, she felt like she could breathe again. She didn't know where he was taking her. The car window wound down, and she looked out at the view. Seeing her hair was in a mess because of the wind blowing, he rolled up the window a little bit. "Be careful. Don't put your head out." He was reminding her like he was taking care of a child. She cupped her chin with her palm and through the reflection of the window, she could make out his side profile.

It was only a reflection, yet she could see his perfect jawline. She stared at him without any emotion in her eyes. Stella could see why Guinevere was head over heels for him. But she was far more aware since she understood that underneath the gorgeous and pleasant exterior, lay nothing more than a selfish demon. When she lost her child, she had also lost all her love for him. Now that she was half a soul, of course, she wouldn't find him attractive. The car stopped in some suburb. Thinking he had just taken her out to relax, she was stunned when she saw the piano shop in front of her. "Musx?" She didn't think that he would bring her here. As someone who learned piano from a young age, she naturally knew which company made good quality musical instruments. For those who enjoyed music especially, an instrument was as precious as an unseverable limb. Stella was the apple of her parents' eye, and they did everything they could to provide for her. She loved to play the piano so they spent a lot of money and bought a piano from Musx. Loving the sound it made, she couldn't get her hands off it and played on it for many years. The death of her parents, however, burdened her with debts. Having little choice, she sold it to

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get money.

Musx was the one brand that every music student yearned for. It was like the Rolls-Royce of musical instruments, at the very pinnacle of what it could offer.

The name alone was enough to guarantee the quality.

The annual output of musical instruments declined as the craftsman aged, making them more valuable. Even those with money wouldn't necessarily be able to purchase them.

Even if one eventually managed to place an order, the customer would have to wait for a long time before they could get the real thing. Musx's boss was a grumpy old man, but

his extraordinary level of craftsmanship enabled him to make each of his instruments perfectly tailored to its player.

Many capitalists had tried to collaborate with the boss, hoping to mass-produce his instruments, but they were all rejected.

Everyone in the industry knew that this was a brand with a soul.

Seeing Stella's longing and excited expression, Weston knew that they had come to the right place.

"Go inside and take a look," he said as he patted her head.

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From the outside, it was difficult to believe that such a lowborn place was the birthplace of Musx, a revered and renowned international brand of musical instruments.

Stella wasn't sure if it was psychological, but as she came in, everything around her seemed so sacred.

From the outside, nothing looked unusual. The building materials were half wood and half cement, devoid of any sense of design. Undoubtedly, it looked a bit nondescript. As they walked through the gate, they saw a few apprentices grinding wood in the yard. Musx's founder was now an elderly man with a peculiar temper. He accepted apprentices, but he had strict standards, requiring them to complete all of the steps without the assistance of others. So, when anyone entered, their eyes would be feasted on the sight of an army of apprentices doing laborious work. The minute Weston and Stella walked in, a woman in a dress came to welcome them. "Mr. Ford, Mr. Kennedy is resting inside. Please follow me."

She was an older woman, but she maintained her appearance well. Dressed in a white gown that accentuated her hourglass figure, her outfit featured a lotus on the hem, which was adorned with cyan silk thread that looked delicate and elegant. Stella couldn't help but take a couple more looks at it. Weston didn't really care about it but seeing that Stella was looking at it so fascinatingly, he held her chin and asked, "How are you looking at a woman so seriously?" "So, you mean that it's fine if I look at men?" she subconsciously rebutted him.

His face darkened instantly. "Don't even think about it."

His possessiveness was excessive. He was right to oppose her gazing at males, but it seemed the crime of looking at women was just as severe.

He was especially irritated when Stella was completely focused on another person. Weston couldn't understand why he was feeling like that. Stella would only affect him when she was around him, but never had he once thought of letting her go.

The woman saw that Stella was interested in her dress and smiled gently at her. "Mr. Kennedy has been interested in dresses lately. He's even learning how to make them. This is one of his creations while he was practicing."

"But it's so beautiful!" Stella gasped in awe. "Mr. Kennedy is just playing around. He can't compete against the professionals." The woman seemed to know a lot about Mr. Kennedy, and her remarks were filled with

reverence for him. But it wasn't mindless devotion, and there was even a hint of helplessness. "He's usually like this. His orders from last year have piled up until today. Customers would've been pushing him if it weren't for his image! He has an odd temperament in that he dislikes being pushed, and procrastinates a lot. He'll be learning how to make leather bags one minute, then outfits the next. He simply can't focus on what's necessary." Stella laughed when she heard this.

She hadn't thought that Mr. Kennedy had reached the stage where he was willing to humble himself and learn new things from other experts.

Although he was a little weird and caused lots of headaches to the customers, his attitude was the same as a young person's. "Those who do art have that little thing that gives people headaches." The woman shook her head helplessly.

She brought the two of them into the hall, pulled open the curtain and Stella could smell the scent of sandalwood.

It was a very special soothing scent.

Stella had been to temples before, and it smelt similar, although not exactly the same.

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"Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Ford is here."

The woman pulled apart the curtains to the room and yelled. Stella and Weston stood outside, waiting together. Suddenly, a deep voice came from inside. "Let him wait for a bit. I still have some unfinished business."

The woman put down the curtain and gazed at Weston apologetically. "Mr. Kennedy is still not done yet. You may have to wait for a while."

She was in charge of welcoming guests there and she knew that they couldn't make customers like Weston wait for too long. Although Mr. Kennedy was weird, there were some people even he couldn't afford to offend. Artists like them could have their temper, but at times, in front of money and power, they had to lower themselves. Weston, on the other hand, was quite easygoing. He shot a glance at Stella and asked, "Do you want to take a walk?"

The woman could tell that Weston had come mainly for Stella and was focussing all his attention on her. "Ms. Steele, you're interested in my dress, aren't you? Mr. Kennedy collects different designs of dresses. Do you want to come with me and look?" Instantly, Stella's interest was piqued, and she nodded. Seeing that she was happy, Weston let her roam around. The woman focused her entire attention on Stella, knowing that if Stella was pleased, Weston wouldn't bother them. "Are all these instruments made by Mr. Kennedy?"

Stella couldn't help but be amazed when she saw the wall filled with hand-crafted items.

"Not just Mr. Kennedy, but also the apprentices," the woman remarked with a smile. "Look! Their names are written on the wall. Some have already achieved mastery, while others are still learning. There aren't as many stringent levels here. If you think your work is good, you can share it. Others may criticize you if they believe you are unworthy." Stella really liked the environment there. Along the way, she saw many excellent works and couldn't help but be in awe. It had been so long since Weston saw her look this satisfied. "This is the dress section. Many female celebrities tailor their dresses here." "Our brand is unique from others in that it is totally dependent on chance. Many individuals wanted to wear this garment on the runway shortly after Mr. Kennedy created it. But he was

unconcerned about fame or prestige. It was eventually presented to the actress Guinevere."

After the woman finished speaking, she realized that something was wrong. She quickly shut her mouth, and introduced the next dress with a normal expression, "There are also some other dresses. You might want to have a look at them."

The smile on Stella's face gradually disappeared and she simply said nothing.

Although the woman didn't say anything, it felt like she knew what Stella's identity was.

How could anyone not know Weston's other half, the famous Guinevere?

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Although they were smiling and treating her politely, they had every right to look down upon a home wrecker like her.

Stella shut her eyes and released a sigh. Instantly, her mood was gone. Weston could tell something was off with her because ever since she heard Guinevere's name, she had been keeping quiet. After the woman left, he suddenly grabbed Stella's wrist and whispered, "I'm not married

yet."

After reuniting, this wasn't the first time he had told her this. At first, Stella thought he was just lying to her but now as she gazed into his eyes, she knew he was being honest. But she was devoid of feelings. "Why are you telling me this?" she questioned quietly. "Do you want me to give the two of you a present or do you want me to attend your wedding?" Besides from all that, she doesn't know why he would tell her these. Sure enough, his face fell. He stood up and stared at her steadily. Before he shifted his gaze away, there weren't any emotions in his eyes. Not long later, Mr. Kennedy appeared fifty minutes later than the originally promised time. But he doesn't look apologetic as a bright smile was hanging on his face and he greeted Weston. "Mr. Ford, I can't believe you had the time to come here. To what I owe you this pleasure."

The heater inside the room was at a high temperature. Weston took off his jacket and hung it on his arm as he looked at Mr. Kennedy. "I'm here to get a piano." "Piano? When did you continue to play the piano again?" Mr. Kennedy was taken aback. "You used to lose your patience when learning it as a kid. Why did you suddenly think about picking it up?"

Mr. Kennedy was a professional, so Weston had always respected him. Before this, he felt it was a pity that Weston quit piano because he was talented, but then he realized that Weston was just too smart.

He was a fast learner but whether he would continue learning or not depended solely on his interest

Mr. Kennedy knew that he was going to inherit the family business in the end. All of these were merely a hobby to him as he would never change his career.

Mr. Kennedy understood that doing business earns more money.

But what he didn't think was that after so many years, he would see him in Musx. Weston turned to look at Stella and said, "No. It's for her."

Mr. Kennedy only noticed the woman beside him now. He adjusted his glasses and looked at Stella more closely. His countenance changed dramatically as he inquired, "Who is this?" "Her name is Ella, and she can play the piano really well." Weston introduced her.

“Really?” The elderly man’s face got more solemn, and he didn’t say anything, instead, looking at the woman beside him.

The woman shook her head at him, her face filled with embarrassment as she lowered her head.

Everyone was silent, as if not interested in the private lives of the two of them.

But Stella felt her face heating up.

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Any woman in her position would feel the exact same thing.

She was the home wrecker, and she could feel the names and labels that others were bestowing on her,

Although they didn’t show it, they must have looked down at her.

she really wanted to get out of this suffocating situation, especially in front of a professional she admired.

Mr. Kennedy looked at her before saying, “It’s Ella, right? Sure. Since Weston asked me, I won’t question anything. Come here.”

Stella hadn’t processed it yet and subconsciously glanced at Weston.

He was standing next to her, helping her arrange her clothes. “Follow him. Don’t worry about the rest.”

As though knowing her concerns, he lowered his head and whispered next to her ears, “No one will say a word here. Don’t worry. Go and pick a piano.” At that, she pursed her lips and followed him.

But she seemed a little hesitant, as if afraid of something.

The woman in the gown maintained her elegant posture throughout and murmured to Weston next to her, “Mr. Kennedy may require some time to comprehend her. Mr. Ford, please join me for some tea.” Weston followed her but after a few steps, he stopped and said, “I’m sorry but I need to be with her.” The woman was in a dilemma. “This has never happened before. They won’t take a long. Mr. Kennedy just wants to know her better.”

Weston didn't say a word. Instead, his actions proved his attitude, as he walked in the direction Stella headed. The woman quickly followed him.

"Mr. Ford!"

She had no other choice but to compromise. "When a customer is doing their assessment, outsiders aren't allowed in. I hope you can understand this and don't disturb Mr. Kennedy." Although it seemed she was making excuses for Mr. Kennedy, she was in fact protecting him.

Art wasn't like business. Business' only concern was with interests and regulations, but art concerned imagination and personal sentiments. It was not inhibited by rules.

As Mr. Kennedy's assistant, she needed to tell these things beforehand. If he was disturbed during the assessment, he might get mad, and when that happened, Weston would be upset as well. Hence, she couldn't afford to let anything happen to Mr. Kennedy and Musx

Weston, on the other hand, didn't seem to care one bit. He followed her into a room and through a curtain, he could see Stella.

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She was seated in front of Mr. Kennedy, looking very nervous. In private, Mr. Kennedy was considered a kind man.

The first thing he did was poured a cup of tea for her.

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This gesture left Stella a little taken aback. "Let me..."

"How can I let you do it?" He cut her off immediately. "This is a habit of mine. You don't have to drink it if you don't like it."

Stella awkwardly froze before retracting her hand and muttered a thank you.

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He didn't respond to her. Instead, he pointed to a piano in the corner and said, "Go there and play a song for me."

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Stella set the cup down, moved up to the piano, and carefully sat down. The piano was ancient, and it paled in comparison to the high-end beautiful instruments shown outside. An off-key tone could be heard as she gently placed her fingers on the piano keys. She scrunched her eyebrows, said nothing, and began to play a simple rendition of "Ode to Joy." It wasn't that good because the notes were off-key. Before she could finish the whole song, Mr. Kennedy interrupted, "Weston said you learned piano before. How can you mess up such an easy song?" "I'm sorry. I haven't really mastered the techniques."

"I won't build instruments for those who can't play them," Mr. Kennedy scorned. "No matter how excellent the instrument is, you can't release its full potential if you're incompetent on it. People would laugh if they find out you played on my piano." To him, the piano wasn't merely a lifeless contraption, but a life that contained a soul. He would rather destroy a piano than give it to a performer who couldn't perform well. Stella knew that he probably had a prejudice against her, so she put on a humble attitude throughout the end.

When she was with Weston, they were polite to her but once he was away, they showed her their true colors. When it came to cheating, the weaker one always ended up taking the blame. She was a woman and the fairer one in the relationship. No one would care if she was forced or if she did it willingly. With her face devoid of emotion, she merely smiled and looked at Mr. Kennedy. "The piano is so off – key; I wonder if something nice can come out even if you play it, Mr. Kennedy." Kennedy narrowed his eyes, eyeballing her from head to toe. When he first laid eyes on her, he knew she was the resolute and unyielding kind of woman. While she played the piano, he could tell that she had good basic skills, a good attitude, and was very humble. But something was lacking. Her rebuke earlier showed him her true colors. "Since you knew it was off-key, why didn't you say a thing? How should I know whether you're telling the truth or making up excuses?" "The key is indeed off. It doesn't matter if you make a piano for me. I just hope that you won't misapprehend the next person that comes here."

Stella stood up. "I don't really want a piano anyways, since I don't have much time to play it. I really don't deserve one. Even for Weston's sake, it'll be a waste if make one for me. It'll be better to give it to those who need it more."

Mr. Kennedy grinned and brushed his beard. He stopped Stella just as she was ready to go. "Hold on! You said Weston forced you to come here. He'll raise issues for me if you go away like that."

"I'll tell him myself," she said without turning her head. "You really don't?" he asked with some apathy. "I thought about it earlier, and I was going to make a grand piano for you. It's such a shame that you don't want it anymore." Stella instantly froze in her tracks and gawked at him, shocked and speechless.

It was as though Mr. Kennedy had transformed into a whole new person, one that had way less hostility toward her. "I don't care about the matters between you two. I just want an honest person playing my instrument... to give it life..."

As he spoke, he suddenly became serious. "I don't know why, or what you have to hide, but don't forget your original intention... and don't lose yourself in material things."

Stella stood there without saying a word.

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Her eyes were crimson, and the old guy in front of her appeared to sense the loss and battle raging within her heart during the brief seconds they shared. People who loved art appeared to have pure hearts. Stella, too, wished she could maintain her innocence, but...

"The me now really don't deserve your piano. I know you only make a few pianos in a year. You should leave it for those who deserve it more than me." Seeing her persistence, Mr. Kennedy waved his hand. "Alright. You can go out." Stella shut the door and the minute she turned around she saw Weston waiting for her in the corridor. Seeing that her eyes were red, he frowned and walked to her. "Why are you crying?" He gently wiped the tears off her face and said in a heavy tone, "What did Mr. Kennedy say to you?" She shook her head. "Nothing." Not believing what he heard, Weston walked past her, trying to push the door open. "What are you doing?!" She immediately pulled his hands. He glared coldly and in a chilling tone, said, "Although he's my teacher, he can't bully my

girl."

"He didn't bully me," she said helplessly. "I don't want to play the piano anymore." "Why? Don't you like it?" He stopped in his tracks when he heard this. She shook her head and said, "Even if there's a piano at home, I won't have the time for it. Plus, Mr. Kennedy only produces a few pianos in a year, and there are still so many people waiting. I don't want to take anyone's place." Weston calmed down when he heard her say the word 'home'. He reached his hands out to caress her face. "Stop caring about others. If you want it, I'll give it to you." "I really don't want it now." She gazed at him with sincerity and honesty. He gently pinched her cheeks and felt helpless. "Stella, when will you ever stop putting other people before yourself?" This stunned her for a little while. It was indeed true. She had always put others first, no matter what she did.

The expression on her face dulled, and she whispered, "I won't do that, ever again." The original plan was to get Stella a piano but since she didn't want it, he took her home. Their car sped down the highway.

"Where do you want to go next?" he asked her.

She shook her head and turned to him suddenly. "Don't you have anything to do?"

Although her words were ambiguous, they did make Weston think that she didn't want to be with him anymore. His forehead scrunched into a frown, he asked, "Do you hope that I have something else to do?" Her eyes flashed, and she didn't say a word.

It was indeed what she had intended, and she didn't want to make it obvious.

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They had agreed to be with each other for a year. Throughout this period, she had to behave like how she had before. Although Stella knew she couldn't entirely play the exact woman she was, and Weston knew they couldn't go back to the way things were, he would still take it if she was ready to put on an act. "Nothing. I'm simply curious. You appeared pressed while answering the phone earlier." She knew how to silence him by bringing up topics he doesn't want to discuss. Weston understood that she knew the call earlier was about Guinevere, and she had deliberately brought it up because she didn't want him to continue any further. The man smiled. In fact, instead of showing any anger, he even caressed her head. "You're bold now."

It was the second time he had said that about her.

She propped up her chin with her hands and turned to the window. As they passed by a road, she suddenly laughed out loud. "What are you laughing about?" He stared at her through the front mirror. She pursed her lips and shook her head. "Do you remember this road? It was here that you left me and drove away," Stella said.

The moment he heard what she said, he immediately slammed on the brakes. The car came to an abrupt halt in the middle of the road. It was a little dark, and the emotions on the man's face were hardly legible. After a quiet moment, he lit up a cigarette and took a long drag. "You haven't forgotten about the past." Stella wasn't one to hold a grudge, but from her words, she seemed to still hold one against him.

She stared at him blankly as he smoked. The glowing fag swayed between his long, thin fingers, letting out a stream of white smoke that made his looks much more endearing than before. He had a habit of dressing in dark colors, making it difficult for anyone to discern what he was thinking. The old her liked to guess what he was thinking. Now, she knew how to mess with his emotions.

She recalled the memories and said with a smile, "I couldn't forget even if I wanted to. I walked back home alone that day. Such an experience doesn't happen every day." She was lying through her teeth.

He could clearly tell. After leaving her there and driving away, he had actually called Xavier to take her home. He didn't know why he didn't do it on his own.

Perhaps it was because they were arguing at the time and no one wanted to apologize first, or he didn't want her to realize that he had no other options.

Now, she had learned how to clinch the past and deal with him slowly.

He could see right through her intentions-she was attempting to guilt-trip him into doing whatever she wanted.

She was like a new player on the block that was trying to play mind games with him, but yet, he saw right through her.

Nonetheless, he wasn't proud that he could see through her attempts at a charade.

Weston would've preferred not to understand her-he would rather be oblivious to the fact that she held no affection for him, and that her every word and action was calculated.

She wasn't planning to defraud him of his money. She wanted to leave him.

He stepped hard on the gas pedal. Stella's entire body flung backward into the seat, unprepared for the abrupt action. The expression on his face was of a furious boar, and this left her perplexed.

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Stella gazed outside the window, feeling uneasy. He should've made a concession to her, but from the expression on his face, he didn't appear to be feeling remorseful. Stella's face darkened.

In the end, she still couldn't see through him. She was too naïve to think that she could play mind games with him. Weston had lost all mood to take her around, driving straight back to the mansion instead. Joan approached them as soon as they entered the home. "Someone is searching for you at the old mansion, Mr. Ford. They were undoubtedly in an emergency and couldn't reach your phone." To help Stella choose a piano, he had moved all his work to the next day so no one could bother them.

When he heard this, he didn't say a word but walked to the balcony and answered the phone.

On the other end, he heard a lady screaming "Weston come back now! Guinevere lost her mind. She wants to choke Zachary to death!" Wendy was hysterical, overwhelmed

by the jumbled cries of women, children, and the surrounding sounds. In the midst of chaos, Chris took command of the phone and stated sharply, "Weston, come home immediately."

Weston rubbed his forehead in frustration and his face was solemn. "I remember I reminded you before."

Chris noticed the blame and question in his voice. "Guinevere just wants to see you now!" he begged, his expression dismayed. The scene was a mess. The maid was carrying Zachary in her arms and kept avoiding Guinevere's attack

It was as if she had gone mad wanting to kill her own son.

With his head throbbing, Chris yelled into the phone, "Come home immediately! No matter where you are just come here now!" Guinevere had totally gone out of control. Only Weston could convince her to calm down. He wanted to help Guinevere but who would have thought that his appearance would only provoke her and made her recall the past that she tried hard to forget. However, Weston not picking up her calls made things even worse and it directly caused her to break down

She was out of control now. If she continued to be like this, there was no way they could explain it all to her family. Weston's face darkened and he turned to look at Stella before shifting his gaze away. "Take care of her. I'm coming now." At the other end of the phone, Guinevere couldn't stop shouting as if she had lost all rationale.

Chris didn't want her near Wendy, feared that she would say something to her.

Only when he hung up the phone did he sigh in relief. But it was only a brief period of relief. He immediately said to Wendy, "She's unstable now. Go upstairs. Don't let her hurt you." Wendy's eyes flickered and she stared at him dully before turning to look at Guinevere.

"No matter what she shouldn't hurt Zachary. He is her child. How could she have the heart to kill him?" she muttered to herself. However, she didn't notice that the look on Chris' face had changed. Not daring to give her another look, he asked the servants to take her upstairs with Zachary. The maid picked Zachary in her arms and held Wendy's hand before running upstairs, wondering what in the world had actually happened to Guinevere.

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When Guinevere spotted them escaping, she raced forward to stop them. "I'm going to kill him. He shouldn't be here. I'm going to kill him!"

Her eyes were red, and Chris blocked her path. "Enough! He's your son!"

"He isn't!" shouted Guinevere, scratching his face.

"Open your eyes! See clearly that he's the son you've given birth to!" he shouted. "He's one of the Ford's!!!"

"Right. He is, in fact, a member of the Ford family." A sudden thought crossed her mind, and she appeared to sober up a little, with a sneer emerging on her face. She slowly walked toward Chris and when he saw the look on her face, he seemed to realize what was happening and slowly backed away. Although he was a man of age, he was still charming. Even at this age, there were still many women that would fall for him. He and Wendy were a well-known and loving couple, and no one had ever questioned their relationship after they had been through so much together.

But there was one exception...

"He is indeed a child of the Ford family." Guinevere's laughter was a little maddening. The maids around didn't know what was happening and could only stare at her with fear in their eyes. Chris felt like his head was about to crack at any moment. He rubbed his forehead and said, "Everyone go upstairs now. Don't come down without my permission."

"Yes, sir."

No matter what, he couldn't let Wendy come down. Seeing how the confrontation went, Guinevere had fully lost control and might say something she shouldn't. He sucked in a deep breath and said to her, "Calm down a little. Didn't we have an agreement? Do you have to..."

"Am I the one who broke the promise? It was Weston! Ask him to come and see me now!" she broke down and yelled pitifully. "Why isn't he here yet? Is he with Stella?" "But she died a long time ago! Who would he be with right now?" She yanked at her hair in frustration, trying to figure it out with a face covered in tears. Every bit of her that was like a goddess seemed to disappear. "How can he treat me like this?! Didn't he say that we'll get married?" It was as if she had forgotten what had happened before. Even Chris couldn't grasp what was going on with her. "Guinevere, calm down. Don't hurt

Zachary. He's your son!"

"I know he is my son!" she muttered under her breath. "He's mine and Weston's son. I won't hurt him. With him here. Weston would come back to me, right?"

She looked up and her bloodshot eyes seemed full of confusion.

But Chris wouldn't believe another word she said. He took a deep breath and said, "Weston will be home soon. Calm down. You can talk to him later."

Only then did she calm down. She tugged her hair and wondered why she was acting like that earlier.

She looked at Chris puzzlingly and asked, "What did I do?"

He let out a deep sigh and stared at her with mixed emotions. "You lost control earlier. Don't worry. Your unstable emotions are probably due to you just giving birth. We'll see a doctor soon. I'll ask Weston to stay with you."

Guinevere rubbed her arms and nodded as she lowered her head, not daring to look into his eyes. "I understand."

Her expression, however, was filled with cynical mockery, amalgamated with a tinge of manic cruelty.

But it was gone in a blink of an eye.