

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 381

Chapter 381 If it meant that Stella would treat him more tenderly, Weston thought, then perhaps risking his life last night was worth it after all. "I'm not sick," he insisted once more. "Don't worry about me." "Who's worried about you?" Stella refuted. "I was simply worried that you'd spread your cold to me, that's all!"

"If I really wanted to, then I wouldn't just be talking to you right now, would I?" Stella quickly caught his drift. She glared at him but said nothing, getting up to get Weston's notebook.

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Once she was gone, Weston leaned back against the headboard and rested a little. Then he picked up his phone and checked his emails before putting it aside again. Soon he saw Stella returning to the room with his notebook in one hand and holding her mobile phone up to her ear with the other hand. "Okay..." she was saying. "I understand. I'll wait till the crew sorts out everything, then. Mm hmm. Okay, I'll take my time and study the script on my own for the time being..."

She was probably talking to Bradley Lane, Weston thought.

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He waved his hand at her, motioning for her to put his notebook down in front of him. Stella obediently did as she was bid and even helped him open it up for him. "You go on working then," she said, "I've got some things to do so I'm going ... " "Wasn't filming canceled?" Weston interrupted her the moment he heard that she was going out. "Where are you going? I want you to stay home with me."

"The filming was canceled," replied Stella. "But I still have to go to the university..." "If you're planning to meet up with Justin Hall again," he interrupted, cutting her short the second he heard the word 'university'. "Then I would advise you to change your mind immediately. You really don't want to invoke my anger." "Just because I'm going to the university doesn't mean that I'm going to meet Justin!" she argued. "You see him every time you're there! Don't expect me to believe that it's all a coincidence!"

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"But it was just a coincidence! Ugh, you're impossible to reason with!"

Stella glared at him and turned to leave, but before she could get anywhere, Weston grabbed her wrist

and pulled her onto the bed. "What are you doing?!" she yelled, scowling at him. Then she noticed that his face was startlingly red and her anger subsided. "You really are sick, aren't you? You probably have a fever too. I'll call the doctor..." "No!" he interjected.

His

dark eyes were fixed on hers. Stella could've sworn that they looked moist and seemed to be quivering. But how could that be? Would someone like Weston Ford display a moment of weakness? "Stop acting like a child," she said. "You're not afraid of the doctor, are you?" Weston said nothing. He merely hugged her from behind more tightly, wrapping his muscular arms around her slender waist, refusing to let her leave.

"I don't need any doctor," he told her. "All I need is you." He rested his chin gently on her shoulder and brushed the tip of his nose lightly against her neck. With these small, extremely tender gestures, he treated her as if she was a precious fragile thing made of glass.

But it did not move her. She only found it amusing.

"Stop it,"

she tapped on his arms. "Come on, you're really running a fever. I think I'd better call a doctor..."

"I said no!" he insisted, hugging her even more tightly now. "All I need is to have you by my side. You're my medicine." Stella was speechless. She had never heard Weston say such cheesy romantic words. She would never have expected them to come out of his mouth and it only made her feel suspicious. "...stop acting like a child!" she scolded him before pushing his hands away and standing up. But Weston was still adamant. He grab

bed onto her hand, refusing to let her leave. But as she stared icily down at him, he had no choice but to slowly let go of her hand. Weston's meek and hesitant gestures surprised her, but what threw her off even more was the glum look on his face. It was as if he was genuinely hurt by her treatment of him.

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Chapter 382 Stella was taken aback, having never seen Weston looking like that.

In the past, his rare bouts of illness would merely inflict slight colds upon him that would go away the next day. During their marriage, Stella had only ever seen him get sick once, but just that once was enough to make her feel as if the sky had fallen on her.

She stayed by his side and waited on him hand and foot. She would've chosen sickness in his place if she could. Her mind was so fully occupied by him that she couldn't do anything else, except take care of him.

Weston's expressions changed slightly. He seemed to be remembering the same thing too. "Please stay by my side, okay?" he begged. It was not at all like Weston to have those imploring eyes. "I..." Stella wavered. "I'll call for Joan to take care of you." As soon as she finished her sentence, she saw the light in Weston's eyes diminish. He closed his eyes and then in a jiffy, his old distant and aloof personality returned. "Okay," he answered her briefly in a low, hoarse voice. The abrupt regression to his old self unsettled Stella for some reason. "I'll stay home all day," she told him while avoiding his direct gaze. "I'll be in the study, reading my script. If you need anything, you can call for Joan." She then rushed out of the room. Weston's eyes followed her until she closed the door behind her.

He remembered being sick once when they were still married. It was only a slight cold back then, far less serious than what he was going through now. In fact, he didn't even feel ill at all. It was Stella's keen eyes that noticed he looked a little off, so she insisted on taking his temperature.

He didn't know how lucky he was back then. Not only that, he even found Stella's concern irritating. Since it was only a cold, he thought she was overreacting and turning it into a big deal. How annoying! But he didn't make any objections. He just let her do whatever she wanted, touching and checking his body here and there, taking his temperature again and again, and even trying to cool his body down with an ice pack. Then she'd cover his body with a thick blanket and give him a bowl of chicken soup so he could keep warm. All that and more for a simple cold.

Weston had never been treated this way before. Or rather, he had only been waited on in such a way by the servants, and rarely ever received such tender care even from his own parents.

From the outside, he appeared to have a perfect family with perfectly loving parents. The funny thing was, Weston used to think so too..

However, he now realized that he had never actually had a real taste of tender love and care. He used to think that because he could have anything he desired in this world— all the money, resources, and status that many people could only ever dream of — simple and basic things like **genuine love** and connection with his family became so insignificant in comparison that he was unable to feel or appreciate them.

He continued to believe in that until he married Stella. Only then did he start to re-examine his life. He started to ask himself: had there ever been anyone in this world who was so tough that they didn't require love? Even now, he had no answer to that question.

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Meanwhile, Stella devoted all her attention to the script to distract herself from all those messy feelings that cluttered her mind. Lately, the film crew had been hit with hurdle after hurdle, and Stella could hear the frustration in Bradley's voice when they spoke on the phone. Although she didn't cause any of the problems they were facing, the entire saga still made her extremely anxious. Bradley's patience had been wearing thin thanks to Guinevere breaking one promise after another, and now, the filming was hampered further by the bad weather. There was a high chance that they might have to rush through the filming process to catch up to the deadline. Thus, determined not to cause any more delays due to her personal problems, Stella had to make sure that she was a hundred percent prepared before filming was recommenced

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Chapter 383 Stella knew all her lines by heart, but she decided to go through it one more time. Unsure about some of acting's technical aspects, she searched the internet and watched some videos and r

rehearsed her lines again. Only after doing that for a few more times was she finally satisfied.

After a while, she was interrupted by the sound of knocking on the door. "Miss Steele," Joan called. "Mr. Ford is asking for you." Stella frowned and looked at the time. To her surprise, two hours had gone by without her noticing it. "Okay," she nodded to Joan before getting up and leaving the study. "Could you bring this in with you too?" Joan asked, referring to the tray in her hands that contained freshly-made lunch for Weston. Stella paused, then took the tray. "Okay, leave it to me. You can go for your break now."

"Thank you, Miss Steele."

Joan was a talented cook. She had made Weston a bowl of light soup, and though it looked plain and unassuming, Stella caught a whiff of it and thought it smelled tantalizing. It even made her feel a little hungry.

She quickly brought the tray to Weston's room, knocking on the door and waiting for his answer before entering.

"Why did you have to knock before entering your own bedroom?" he asked, looking up at her from his notebook. "I didn't want to disturb you working," she replied.

"You think too much," he said, and his eyes turned back to the screen of his laptop.

She pulled up a tiny desk next to him and placed the bowl of soup on top of it. "Joan just made this for you," she told him. "It smells delicious. You should eat it while it's still warm."

Weston glanced at the bowl. "Did Joan make this? I thought you did."

Stella said nothing to that. She just placed a spoon in the soup and told him, "Enjoy your meal."

She then turned around and tried to leave, but Weston grabbed her arm without even looking up.

"Stay and eat with me."

Stella hesitated for a while, then said, "I'll tell Joan to bring in another bowl of soup then."

"There's more than enough for both of us here," Weston glanced at the soup beside him. "You don't eat much anyway."

Stella assessed the amount of soup in the bowl. Considering that the bowl was actually filled to the brim, she sat down on the bed and scooped some of the soup into a smaller bowl that was on the tray.

Seeing this, Weston finally put his work aside and gazed quietly at Stella as she was dividing the soup.

Stella never used to wear makeup. She did now, though she kept it light and natural. Weston thought she looked best without it. She might look a little plain then, but her shapely brows and bright eyes stood out more that way. Especially those long eyelashes of hers, which looked like tiny fans that cast a shadow under her eyes on her exquisitely flawless skin.

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Weston reached his hand out and swept a strand of Stella's hair behind her ear.

Stella felt his warm touch and it sent a shock wave throughout her body. But she kept calm and went on scooping the soup as if nothing happened. Then she handed Weston the bigger bowl and said, "Here you go.". Weston neither moved nor said anything. "What's wrong?" she asked, puzzled. "Aren't you hungry?"

"Feed me."

Stella pretended not to hear him and picked up her spoon to try the soup. "Mmm!" she gushed. "Joan's cooking just gets better every day!" The soup was very much to her taste, surprising because although she wasn't a picky eater and would try anything, she still had a discerning taste and was generally hard to impress.

"It's still nowhere nearly as good as your cooking," Weston stated suddenly, his gaze still fixated on her, scrutinizing each and every little movement she made.

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Chapter 384 “Don’t be ridiculous,” Stella replied, her expressions unchanged. “Joan’s a professional. Of course her cooking is better than mine!” Weston could sense that she didn’t want to talk about this any further, so he said, “I’m glad you like Joan’s cooking.” “Oh, yeah!” she echoed, not hesitating to heap praise upon Joan. “She really is an incredible cook!”

Stella had always loved piquant and savory food, but her stomach would start to churn if she ate too much spicy food. She typically avoided it if she could, especially now after her miscarriage, where she had basically lost all interest in food and ate just to stay alive.

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Seeing that Stella was happily enjoying the soup, Weston gently caressed her cheek with his fingers and teased; “Hey, I’m the patient here. Shouldn’t you be feeding me?”

“There aren’t any rules about patients needing to be fed!” she disputed. “You only have a cold! Your hands are perfectly fine! Feed yourself!” It was clear that Stella had no desire to feed him, but Weston did not falter. “You mean you’d feed me if I hurt my hands, right?”

Stella’s eyes darted towards Weston and she stared at him in horror as though terrified that he would really do something so ridiculous. After hesitating for a while, she put down the spoon and bowl in her hands and picked up the other bowl. She stirred the soup and scooped up pieces of meat and brought it near Weston’s mouth.

“I believe it’s not too hot anymore,” she said. “Go on.” “How do you know it’s not too hot when you didn’t even blow it?”

Stella was speechless.

Weston loved teasing her this way. He loved seeing her getting annoyed and bothered. It made her seem vivacious and amusing. “Hurry up,” he urged, stroking her forehead. “I’m hungry!” Stella reluctantly drew the spoon close to her mouth and gently blew on it, then nudged it back towards Weston.

“There! Happy now?”

With a mischievous smile, Weston finally drank the soup. He eventually finished half of the bowl, with Stella feeding him by the spoonful. The soup smelled so appetizing that it made Stella’s mouth water. She got hungrier and hungrier until suddenly, her stomach growled. She turned crimson red. She took a peek at Weston, praying that he didn’t hear it.

But luck was not on her side.

Weston glanced at her stomach with a half-smile and asked, "Are you hungry?" "Didn't I just tell you that I was hungry?" Stella mumbled shyly, her eyes staring at the floor. Then she looked at the bowl of soup and added, "There's only a little bit left. Come on, hurry up and finish it!" Weston said nothing. He picked up Stella's bowl and scooped up some soup, gave it a blow, and nudged it towards her.

"Eat up," he told her. "What?" she frowned. "My hands are fine! I don't need you to feed me!" "Stop complaining!" Weston snapped. "I've already scooped some for you, so just eat it." Stella stared at him, speechless. When did Weston become so childish? Did he really want them to feed each other? What exactly was he thinking? But he stubbornly held the spoon next to her mouth with a look in his eyes that said he would never give up until she gave in.

So Stella had no choice but to just open her mouth and eat the soup.

At that moment she saw a playful twinkle in Weston's eyes. It stunned her. She had never seen him this lighthearted before. In fact, she also sensed that there was an inscrutable change in their relationship. But Stella did not wish for this change to happen. "I'm full," she announced, suddenly putting the bowl down and standing up. "Get Joan to clear these bowls out once you're done. I'm a little busy right now and I must go." She then rushed out of the door right after speaking. Weston's eyes followed her as she left. The glimmer in his eyes dimmed.

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Chapter 385 Stella shut the door behind her. The flush of red on her cheeks vanished instantly.

Now, only cold indifference remained on her face.

It was now early evening. While Weston had been busy working in the bedroom, Stella herself had been poring over the script for hours. Now devoted to the art of acting, she was well aware that she had neither formal training nor any experience to speak of, so she had to rely on hard work and determination to build up her skills. Bradley Lane once told her that she possessed a unique aura. Stella didn't quite understand what he meant, but she did notice that while acting, she found it very easy to get into character and completely empathize with the character she was playing. She had gone through the scripts so many times now that she felt as if she truly inhabited that world.

She closed the script and sighed softly. Her character had noticed that everyone was paying more attention to the heroine. At first, she told herself that it was understandable that the masters focussed on the heroin

e since she had gone missing since she was a child. Slowly, however, she realized that the more affection they showed to the heroine, the less attention they would give her, giving rise to envy and jealousy.

It wasn't that the masters had been treating her badly, though. It was just basic human nature to feel insecure and competitive when there were rivals. This had been true since time immemorial.

Stella had to admit that this was a well-written character, complex, dynamic, and multi dimensional. She was petty and disgraceful, yet her fate was sad and tragic. Meanwhile, Weston was just about to be done working for the day when his father suddenly called.

"Where are you?" his father asked in a glum voice. Weston had never been particularly close to his father. To the outside world, Chris Ford appeared to be a loving father and Weston seemed like a devoted son, but only the two of them knew that their relationship had soured almost to the point of animosity.

As for the reason why, even Weston himself wasn't sure anymore.

"What do you want?" Weston asked tersely.

"Do I have to want something to call you?" answered Chris, irritated even though he did indeed want something from Weston.

He didn't like the tone Weston used. He was his father, after all. He should be able to call his

own son without needing any particular reason. "If you have something to say," Weston replied as he massaged his temples, "then just say it. I don't have time for your long-winded speech."

Weston realized that his temperature had increased, possibly because he'd been slugging like a mule all afternoon. In the past, something as trivial as a cold wouldn't faze him—he just needed a few hours of rest and he'd be as good as new.

But it hadn't been so this time.

It seemed that this cold was hitting him harder than expected. "I've heard what happened

yesterday," Chris continued, seemingly not noticing anything wrong with Weston's raspy voice. "What exactly is going on between you and Guinevere?" The Cohen family did not make too much of a fuss about Weston's refusal to get a marriage certificate with Guinevere since it would hurt more than benefit if they forced Weston to do what he didn't want to do. But if problems arose in the relationship

between Weston and Guinevere, things could get really worrisome. Weston listened quietly to his father for a while before bursting into laughter that reeked of mockery.

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“Do you still think that I have feelings for her?!” he taunted. The derision in Weston’s voice was not lost on Chris. “...but the way things stand now,” he muttered, “there is just no turning back. In any case, just think of it as a plea from your father...” “Weston,” he added after a pause. “You must know how damaging this would be to our family if the truth gets exposed, don’t you?” Weston said nothing. “All the things that the Fords have built through pain, sweat, and tears will be obliterated in an instant,” Chris continued. “Doesn’t that bother you? Our family will be turned into a laughing stock! And with your mom’s weak heart...” “Don’t drag her into this!” Weston angrily interrupted. “You have no right to even talk about her!”

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Chapter 386 It was rare that he showed his emotions.

Even when he was furious, there would only be a mere change in tone, something that gave him an air of authority without even the need to flare up.

“Chris, do you still remember what you’ve done? Have I not done enough covering up for you?”

Silence ensued.

Weston could almost hear Chris breathing over the phone. “Weston, I admit that I’ve let you down. But think about it. Is there any turning back, now that things have come to this point?” “None whatsoever,” Weston snarled coldly.

He looked at the closed door.

As his thoughts drifted to the feeling of having Stella sitting next to him, the air around him filled with her subtle fragrance. How could they possibly turn back? Even if he wanted desperately to salvage the situation, it would definitely not be easy. “Consider it me begging you. Spend more time with Gwen...just for this year! After the two of you get married, everything will be fine...” “Are you still hoping that we’ll get married?” “Weston, you’ve already promised me!”

“Do you really think that you can rest easy once I marry her? Someday, the truth will be found out.”

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“If you and I both keep our mouths shut, who will find out?” Chris stressed, his voice raised. That incident was a handle on him throughout his entire life. He must never let anyone find out about it. “Are you intending to hide it from Mom forever?”

Chris remained silent for a moment before saying, “Do you think she’ll accept the truth if I told her?”

Weston kept quiet. He hung up and smashed his phone hard against the wall.

He knew that hiding the harsh truth from Wendy for the rest of her life was the wiser decision.

Joan heard a loud noise from inside the room and immediately knocked on the door. “Sir, is everything okay?”

Weston remained silent. . A moment later, he replied in a low voice, “Everything’s fine. Go be busy.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Joan thought about it and still felt uneasy.

She walked to Stella’s room and knocked on the door. “Ms. Steele...”

Stella was so immersed in reading her script that she did not hear someone knocking on her door.

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Joan knocked harder. "Ms. Steele?"

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Stella finally heard her and walked over to open the door. "What's the matter, Joan?"

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Joan looked concerned as she recollected what happened earlier to Stella. Stella furrowed her brows. "He's a full-grown adult. Nothing will happen to him." With that, she made a move to close the door.

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On second thought, she remembered that Weston had caught a cold and was running a fever, and instructed Joan. "Go and get a thermometer and have Weston take his temperature." "Does Sir have a fever?"

"I think so."

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Joan immediately retrieved the first-aid kit and knocked on Weston's door once again.

Weston, however, rejected her attempt. "It's fine. Go and do your work." Joan found herself stuck in a difficult position. Although she was paid so handsomely, she did, at times, feel somewhat useless. All she could do was go over to Stella for help. Stella sighed and placed her script on the table. She took over the thermometer from Joan and said, "Go back to your work." Joan could finally let out a sigh of relief. "Yes, Miss." It was only after Stella entered Weston's room that Joan finally removed her apron, with a smile spread across her face. Weston hadn't spent so much to hire her just to take care of their daily living. Sometimes, sensing what her employer really desired was a critical skill she had to pick up.

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Chapter 387 Thinking on one's feet and being quick-witted were of utmost importance to remain employed in such a wealthy family.

This time, Stella entered the room without knocking on the door. Weston looked over. "What are you doing?" "Joan is worried that you'll die from your sickness and asked me to bring you some medicine." "Did you come over of your own accord or was it because Joan asked for your help?" "What do you think?" Stella's tone was mild as she sat at the side of his bed and retrieved the right dosage of medication. She handed him a thermometer. "Open your mouth and put this in." He paused for a moment, keeping silent as he stared at her. Stella couldn't comprehend what he was thinking. "What are you staring at me for? Measure your temperature."

Weston's interest was piqued as he stepped back. "How rare. I used to always be the one to command you. Now, it's your turn."

Stella was stunned for a moment. A while later, she glared at him and flung the thermometer on the bed. "Do whatever you want."

With that, she stood up to leave. Weston grabbed her wrist with a smile. "We were married once, and you're still so shy?"

"Who said that I'm being shy? I just find you unabashed!"

Stella flung his hand away and tried to leave again, but Weston didn't let her.

He was almost done with his work anyway, he thought, as he pulled Stella into his arms. He stuffed the thermometer in her hand and requested, "Help me take my temperature."

"Are you a child? Don't you know how to use a thermometer? You either put it in your mouth or stick it in your armpit!" "I don't. Teach me." Stella took a deep breath. "Do you take me for a fool?"

"Of course not," Weston caressed her hair. "I really don't know."

He rubbed his forehead against hers. "Just feel how warm I am..."

Stella instinctively wanted to avoid his touch, but she could only struggle in vain.

When their foreheads touched, Stella gasped in shock. "You're really quite warm to the touch."

Previously, when she touched his forehead, she found it only slightly warm. Now, however, it felt like his temperature had risen.

“Do you really not want to go to the hospital?”

She looked at him with curiosity and realized that he even managed to spend the entire afternoon working. “You really think you’re superman.”

Weston remained silent, and only his heavy breathing could be heard.

Stella could feel his breath hot on her skin. It was so warm that it made her feel uncomfortable. “Weston, did the fever burn you silly?” “What nonsense.” He lowered his head and bit her shoulder. “Even if I become silly, don’t you dare think about leaving.”

Stella remained silent. How could he still be thinking about stopping her from leaving at a time like this?

“Did I owe you big time in my last life?” Stella cursed under her breath. She pulled away from his embrace and walked off to pour him a cup of water.

“Drink some,” she instructed.

Weston looked at her, unmoving.

Stella said, “Do you need me to feed you water?!”

“I said that I can’t move my hands,” he leaned back and insisted. Stella took a deep breath and slammed the cup on the bedside table. “Do as you please. In fact, if you were to die from your fever, I’ll have the chance to leave.” “Don’t you dare!” Weston croaked in a low voice. “Stand right there, don’t move.”

“Why should I listen to you?” Weston shut his eyes and said, “Come over. Let me tell you more about that overseas university.”

Stella halted in her footsteps and turned to look at him. “Really?”

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Chapter 388 Weston knew that without a little temptation, she would never take the bait. “After I finished work, I spent some time looking into vacancies for foreign students. Are you sure you don’t want to hear more about what I found out?”

Stella leaned in immediately. “I do.”

Weston felt a tinge of jealousy at the sight of her being so excited. “Aren’t you being a tad too good to Roger?” “We are family. It’s only natural that we treat each other well,” Stella said. Weston paused for a moment without responding to her immediately. It’s only n

atural to treat family members well. He chewed on Stella's words and couldn't help but feel a sense of irony in it. "Not necessarily. Many family members end up stabbing each other in the back for self interest."

Stella furrowed her brows. "That shouldn't be so. Most families I know live peacefully and harmoniously with each other."

Although such family dramas were commonplace on television, she still held onto the belief that most ordinary families were just like what her family was before her parents passed on.

Weston caressed her head. "Don't be too idealistic."

"Humans are good by nature," Stella corrected him. "Some are just forced to a corner and end up doing bad things when they face insurmountable challenges."

She seemed to be alluding to something.

Weston's hand paused for a moment before he resumed toying with a lock of her hair between his fingers. "Just be direct and say you're talking about me. There's no need to beat around the bush."

Stella burst out into peals of laughter. "I wouldn't dare to talk bad about you. What if you extend our one-year timeline?"

Weston suddenly chinned Stella's chin and kissed her hard. "When did you have such a smart mouth?"

He had wanted to pry her mouth open with his tongue, but a thought suddenly crossed his mind, and he released her.

Before Stella could react and push him away, he had already let go of her.

"Your health isn't exactly in a good condition. I don't want to spread the virus to you," Weston wiped the corner of his lips and said casually. Stella took a deep breath and straightened herself. "What about the information you said you wanted to show me?"

Weston clicked on a website. Stella browsed through it and asked, "Why is it all in French?" "You can't read French?" "Of course, I can." Stella pulled the laptop closer and began reading page by page while Weston stood by her side and observed her.

He was surprised to find that she could read at a very swift pace. "You're pretty good at French," he remarked casually. Stella's brows furrowed. "I took formal lessons when I was in university." "I don't remember you being a French major." Stella

nodded, "I took it as a minor. My results were pretty good, comparable to that of Roger's. I was even classified as a gifted student."

She seemed rather proud of her academic achievements.

Roger and she had always been her parents' pride and joy, and they were always the benchmark of excellence amongst their neighbors. Had it not been for the accident that changed their lives, she would still probably be the precious princess doted on by her parents, blessed with a decent job she loved, chasing her dreams, and living the life that all would envy. She turned downcast at the thought of her past. As if affected by the sudden downturn in her mood, Weston held her hand and squeezed her fingers. "You know you can always tell me what you wish to do in the future." He kissed her ear. "I'll help you fulfill all your dreams." "I want freedom. Can you help me with that?" Stella asked him with a smile. She did not mean it sarcastically, and had, in fact, said it with slight melancholy. In any case, she knew that Weston would never agree to it.

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Chapter 389 Indeed, Weston pursed his lip tight upon her words. He simply looked at her without a direct response. Stella shook her head. "There are some things that you can never give me."

In Ford Mansion's backyard.

Chris hung up and didn't dare to turn around and face the woman behind him.

Guinevere said nothing. With a watering can in one hand and the other fiddling with flowers, it was as if she had expected the outcome.

It was winter, and all the plants in the garden had been imported from overseas.

However, perhaps the harsh winter conditions this time caused none of the flowers to be in bloom.

Dr. Hayden Quirk suggested that she keep herself busy by way of distraction. She was officially joining the crew in two days to film her scenes, and she decided to spend whatever free time she had tending the garden. In any case, it was something that she often saw Henry doing.

She wasn't exactly sure whether it really had a positive impact on keeping one's emotions in check, but now that she had a go at it herself, she found it to be rather true.

Guinevere heard herself asking Chris calmly, "What did he say?"

Chris wore a nasty expression on his face, and he didn't offer Guinevere an immediate response. He had been so cocky before he called Weston, yet his face was now ashen with disappointment after the call.

Guinevere had heard what he said over the phone and knew Weston wouldn't agree to Chris so easily.

The look of anguish on Chris' face piqued her interest instead.

Chris collected his thoughts and said guiltily to Guinevere, "Something cropped up in Fern City, which is why Weston doesn't have time to return. Don't overthink it."

"I'm not..."

Guinevere put down the watering can. "I know that he's busy with work. I just want to hear his voice, that's all."

She tried to portray the image of an infatuated, faithful woman, vastly different from the proud and haughty Guinevere of the past.

With a sigh, she said, "I'll be joining the crew in a few days and will probably not be home much to bother you and Wendy..."

"I didn't say that." "Aren't you worried that the more I interact with Wendy, the more I'll think about things I shouldn't?"

Guinevere suddenly looked at him with a complicated smile. Chris' heart leaped with anxiety as chills ran down his spine. "What are you thinking about?" In a split second, Guinevere went back to looking lost. "I don't know. Fragments of memories suddenly flashed in my mind..." She bit her lips as her face contorted with pain. "My head hurts." She held her forehead and stumbled a few steps forward.

Chris immediately stepped forward and held her, asking with concern, "What's the matter? Are you having another episode? I'll call Hayden over right now..." "No need," Guinevere shook her head weakly.

From the corner of her eye, she spotted Wendy, taking care of Zack upstairs, standing on the balcony, staring at them coldly.

Guinevere suddenly leaned against Chris' shoulders, "I feel so dizzy. Let me lean on you, Uncle

Chris kept still and let her lean against him, an inexplicable feeling in his heart. He suddenly remembered that he was still in the Ford Mansion and wanted to push her away when he heard her mumble under her breath, "When I can I call you Dad..."

Chris retracted the hand he had reached out and pushed her away as conflicting emotions raged within him. "It's just an address. In my eyes, you are already my daughter-in-law." "Is that so?" Guinevere sneered in her heart. She didn't know who the better actor between Chris and herself was. He called her his daughter-in-law and Zack, his good grandson. He didn't seem to consider their current relationship absurd, to say the least.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 390

Chapter 390 Guinevere leaned against his shoulder and looked at the flabbergasted Wendy.

She had once been the queen of the entertainment circle in her heyday.

Now, it seemed like her glamor was only in appearances. They exchanged glances.

Guinevere acted as if she just spotted Wendy and anxiously pushed Chris away. "Auntie..."

Chris' back stiffened and he broke out in cold sweat as he straightened himself. He turned his head stiffly over and saw Wendy standing right behind him. Guilt crept up his heart. "Wendy..." He clenched his fists and forced himself to calm down. "Why did you come down? It's very cold and windy outside..." He stepped forward. Wendy looked at Chris walking nearer to her with a smile on her face. "Nothing. I just didn't see both of you in the house and was wondering where you two had gone."

Chris immediately put up a front and held her hands up with a smile. "I came out to take a call and saw Gwen tending to the garden. I was worried that she would tire herself out and came over to remind her to keep warm and take care of herself."

"You're very concerned about her."

Her words made Chris' heart leap in his chest, but he remained calm and smiled, saying, "She's Zack's mother, after all. Even though she's not yet married to Weston, she'll one day be part of the Ford family" Wendy stared at him for a moment before chuckling coldly, "Indeed."

With that, she pulled her hands away from his.

"You're right; it's rather windy out here. I'll go take a look at Zack. Go on chatting, you two." "What do I have to chat with her about? We're of different generations, no less."

Chris said in a strange tone as he held Wendy's hand again. This time, she didn't push him away. Chris felt more assured and walked with her back to the mansion, chatting with her happily along the way.

Guinevere stood right where she was, staring at the back view of the seemingly loving couple,

a mocking look in her eyes. The watering can was left forgotten on the ceramic tiles. She stared at them for a while before pulling her phone out and dialing Weston's number.

The phone rang for a while before it hung up automatically.

Guinevere looked crestfallen.

If she eventually couldn't get what she wanted, she would make sure they would never have peace in their lives.

If Weston couldn't love her, then she wanted him to hate her.

Be it love or hate, she wanted to leave an indelible mark in his life. She would never be willing to just be a passer-by that was easily forgotten. Like that short-lived Stella Sealey, so what if she had his child? She didn't even manage to preserve her own life in the end.

In the hall.

Weston's phone kept ringing for so long that Stella had to remind him, "Someone's looking for you." "Don't bother," He didn't seem to care who the caller was. "If it's something urgent..." Stella was about to persuade him otherwise when she saw the look of nonchalance on his face. A thought came to mind and she decided to keep quiet. It may not be someone from the office, but perhaps that woman from Lowe Garden, Guinevere, or some other kept woman he had outside.

That possibility made Stella's heart turn cold in an instant.

She really shouldn't be so affected by what Weston did. She could not afford to get herself emotionally involved with a man like that.

A man who was warm and tender when he felt like treating you well, so much so that it felt like he could pluck the stars and the moon from the sky and give it to you. Such a man could also turn cold and heartless in a blink of an eye. He might be interested in her right now, but there was no guarantee that the past wouldn't repeat itself in time to come. When that day rolled around, she might end up in a worse plight than Belle. As if sensing that Stella was distracted, Weston grabbed her shoulders and pulled her close. They were watching a classic movie.

