

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 41

Chapter 41

The air was tense once again.

Stella paused for a moment before immediately standing up. With her mouth covered, she rushed out.

The moment Stella stood up to leave, Weston's vision flickered for a moment, but he recovered very quickly.

His eyes turned dark as he exuded an even colder and darker aura than before. It was difficult to tell what was going through his mind at that point.

The smile faded from Guinevere's face. Earlier, she felt assured by Weston's protective stance over her, but now, she had completely lost her appetite

She pulled her napkin off and stood up. "I'm full. I'm heading to the washroom."

As she stood up, the chair behind her was pushed back, and its legs screeched uncomfortable against the floorboards.

Weston's face turned even darker as a cold glint flashed past the depths of his eyes. This time around, Yvonne wasn't as clueless as before. The fork she had in hand paused right at her mouth, the food hanging in mid-air, "Why do things feel so strange between these

people?"

Lucas remained calm and composed throughout the ordeal, looking up only to glance briefly at Stella when she rushed out.

He held Yvonne's wrist and successfully sent the food hanging on her fork into her mouth. "Focus while eating." Dr. Quirk had always been cold and unfeeling and uncaring about everything. On the other hand, Yvonne was a nosy parker by nature and abhorred injustice and evil. This sometimes gave Lucas a headache, although he would simply let her do as she pleased most times, He would let her be if she wanted to watch the fun. Dr. Quirk was only concerned as to whether she ate well.

In the washroom.

Stella felt much better after vomiting. She was getting ready to head back when she recalled how she had behaved earlier. Her steps slowed down.

Along the corridor. Guinevere walked over from the other end, her high-heels click-clacking down the corridor, her elegant figure as a model sashaying gracefully. Stella's eyes turned downcast. She glanced momentarily at Guinevere before shifting her gaze away, intending to walk past her.

She was afraid that she might not hold back her anger if she stayed even a second longer.

if it weren't for her, her child wouldn't have...

But she knew that she was now Ella and not Stella. Given her status and abilities now, she had no way of pitting herself against them at this point.

So what if she were to face off against them? She would only end up being at their mercy. Only when the day she could climb over their heads and claim victory came would the score with them be settled appropriately.

She told herself that this was not the time now.

Stella took a deep breath and walked past Guinevere, her vision unwavering. Guinevere burst out laughing and held Stella's arm. "Why are you hiding from me?"

Stella's brows furrowed as she turned to her side. "I'm not."

"Why are you walking around me, then?" Stella found her claim hilarious. "This is a single path, and I'm just passing by you. What's more, I don't even know you and have never offended you. Why should I hide from you?"

An innocent smile remained on Stella's face as she counter-questioned Guinevere as if she truly did not understand Guinevere's motivation,

Each time Stella encountered Guinevere, she always cowered in unspoken fear, as if weakness and cowardice ran in her veins. Her lowly and humble countenance was precisely what emboldened and bolstered Guinevere each time they faced off.

Whether it was Stella or Ella standing right before her, her unflinching counter-questioning made Guinevere feel uncomfortable inside.

It was as if the person she had always looked down upon suddenly resisted her one day, baring her fangs and claws right before her. Frustration and disdain simmered in her heart.

"Ella, your name is Ella, right?"

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Guinevere's gaze landed smugly on the expensive dress that Stella was donning. As if realization dawned upon her, she said, "Yvonne is generous indeed. Her family owns an haute couture production line, and the garments can't be bought even if one has the money. She is a candid and righteous person, indeed. Making friends with people like her would save one a lot of trouble and bring many benefits."

Stella's eyes flickered as she turned towards Guinevere and said, "Sorry, but were you trying to hint it was me?"

Guinevere was stunned, not expecting Stella to be so forthcoming.

She recovered from her minor shock and stepped forward suddenly, leaning in closer to Stella. "I'm just casually chatting with you and just made a passing remark on something about Yvonne that I just recalled. I didn't expect you to wear that hat on yourself." The smile on her face appeared genuine. "Don't take to heart what I just said. I wasn't referring to you. If what I said made you misunderstand, I apologize." In the face of such criticism, Stella only felt like laughing.

She clenched her fists and released them. "There's no need for an apology. I just hope you won't say such misleading things in the future."

Guinevere's face turned dark as she sneered and flung Stella's arm away.

Stella stepped forward, intending to leave, when she suddenly stopped in her tracks. "Ms. Cohen, I'm one who doesn't like to beat around the bush. After all, I don't know you, and it's my first time seeing you. If you have any thoughts or opinions about me, please make them

clear. I would be clueless as to how I have offended you otherwise."

Guinevere's brows hitched as she said with surprise, "Why do you keep feeling like you've offended me?"

She was actually implying that Stella wasn't even fit to offend her in the first place.

Stella pursed her lips slightly. "I know that I resemble someone you used to know. Although I have no idea how much I look like her, the fact that Yvonne keeps talking about her tells me that we really look alike. I have no idea what grudges or back story you share with her, but pardon me, Ms. Cohen. I really don't know you, and I suggest that you don't vent the anger you have towards her on me. I will not take such unreasonable anger lying down."

Her tone was hasty but not perfunctory, as if she really wanted to draw a clear line between herself and that Stella Sealey of the past.

It was a pity, though. Having dabbled in the entertainment circle for a good while, Guinevere wasn't one to trust easily.

Her eyes narrowed as a cold glint flashed past her eyes. She maintained her proud stature, saying, "I did have some conflict with that lady you resemble, but I wouldn't exactly call it a grudge. She's merely a woman overestimating herself in trying to seduce Weston. I can't even quite remember what she looks like and only remembered that such a person existed when I saw you."

Her nails dug into her flesh as pain seared through her.

Stella forced herself to remain calm. She looked on at Guinevere, trying hard to appear curious. "I see. What happened to that lady in the end?"

"What happened to her?"

Guinevere dragged out her voice as if trying to recall the past. Eventually, she shook her head and smiled, "I think she failed in the end and committed suicide by jumping off a building. It's been almost a year since then, after all. I don't really remember the details. Weston and I were helpless in all these. Women were throwing themselves on him, but she was the first to commit suicide over him."

Her brows furrowed as she explained, "I really don't understand women these days. Why would they bother to get themselves involved with men who already have wives and families?"

Guinevere kept her eyes fixed on Stella, trying to catch tell-tale signs. Stella remained unmoved and turned smilingly towards Guinevere and stared right back at her, "Yeah, why do such women exist? Why would they want to force an already married man to divorce and leave his wife?"

Guinevere collected herself as if she had just remembered something. Back then, Stella was the one who was married to Weston.

All things considered, she was the one who had gotten herself involved with a married man.

Stella looked at the subtle change in Guinevere's face and smiled. "There's something that I still don't understand. Why is it that at times, when it's clearly the man at fault, women always like to shift the blame on other women? Especially when they clearly know that the other party is innocent, women like to accuse other women of seducing their men and destroying them? Afterward, they would turn back to their men at fault in the first place and become all lovey-dovey once again..."

She straightened herself up and shook her head. "Not everyone is like you, Ms. Cohen. Not everyone thinks of Mr. Ford as a precious treasure."

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Chapter 43

Guinevere's face turned so dour that it looked frightening.

So many twists and turns over a simple meal.

Upon seeing Stella finally returning to her seat, Yvonne immediately put her bowl down and heaved a sigh of relief. "I thought you had an upset stomach." Stella sat down beside her and smiled. "No, I didn't. I just felt slightly unwell. Sorry for making you worried."

Yvonne replied casually, "Good that you're alright. The thought that you might be pregnant even crossed my mind!" Guinevere, who had stepped in after Stella, stopped dead in her tracks upon hearing Yvonne's words. As if recalling a memory of the past, her face contorted with rage without any seeming rhyme or reason.

The thought of Stella and her child came to her mind!

If it weren't for the fact that Stella got pregnant, if it weren't because she knew that Weston had acquiesced for Stella to give birth to that child, she would never have walked down that extreme path of no return! And she wouldn't need to be on tenterhooks all the time right now... Right from the very beginning, Guinevere had never looked Stella right in the eye and cared about her as a person.

She was merely a woman that Weston made use of to anger her. It was beneath her to pit herself against Stella.

Yet, no matter how little Weston actually cared for Stella, their marriage was a fact that existed, and they had physical intimacy between a husband and a wife...

However, after both of them reconciled, Weston never touched her that way ever again.

Guinevere knew clearly that she had tumbled into bed with Weston that one time only because she was intoxicated, which was how they got back together.

In fact, her memories of that night were a blur, and she could only vaguely remember some snippets.

When she woke up the next day and saw the complicated look in Weston's eyes, that was when

she knew that what had been looking forward to happening had finally come true.

For a man like Weston, it was not a big deal for him to have many women at one time, and divorce was commonplace. On the contrary, Weston had always lived chastely and was not one to philander around. In fact, Guinevere was his first woman, and he was not physically intimate with another woman before her.

As such, he thought that it was only right for him to take responsibility for her.

Guinevere was happy for him to do so.

In their relationship, Weston fulfilled his role well as the thoughtful lover,

As a boyfriend, he had an excellent upbringing and cultured demeanor as a result of his wealthy family and the generosity and the big-heartedness of a rich heir, but these were never what Guinevere wanted in the first place.

She wanted his love.

She wanted him to love her as much as she did him.

Although they initially lived harmoniously with mutual respect, Guinevere demanded more and more from Weston, Conflict began to arise in their relationship, which ended up on the verge of breaking apart.

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Chapter 44

Guinevere had always waited for Weston to turn back and reco

She did not expect to see him getting together with another woman. All the more, she did not expect him to get married to another woman while she was with child.

Until now, Guinevere lived in regret over the presumptuous and conceited decision she made back then.

Had she told Weston earlier that she was pregnant, thin

ght have turned out differently

In the study

Lucas was talking business with Weston, and Yvonne, who had no interest in hospitals and patients, pulled Stella away the moment the men began their discussion.

"They are discussing Henry's condition again. I don't understand what they're saying. It's so boring." Stella followed behind her, and a familiar name caught her attention. "Henry...Henry Moore?" "You don't know him. He's a good friend of Weston," Yvonne explained. "He's on good terms with Guinevere as well. The three of them grew up together, and both men actually liked Guinevere at one point, but she only had eyes for Weston and was always chasing after him. Afterward, Henry ended up with someone else..." She paused and said, perplexed, "I'd say Guinevere already gave birth to Weston's child. Why doesn't he just marry her?" A glint flashed past Stella's eyes. "I have no idea. Perhaps he will, soon."

She had no idea why both of them were still not married yet.

Since Weston loved Guinevere so much, why doesn't he hurry up and secure her hand in marriage? There was nothing stopping them, was there? "Perhaps," Yvonne threw out a casual remark. "Oh yes, I meant it when I said previously that I wanted to introduce a man to you. I know an excellent young man who is still single. Do you want to try things out with him?"

Stella didn't know whether to laugh or cry at Yvonne's sudden change of topic. "I'm not exactly in the right frame of mind to think about relationships..." "You're single right now, aren't you?" Yvonne pulled her arm and tried to persuade her, "It's fine. You don't need to feel obliged to enter a relationship with him immediately. It's good to get to know more people. You're consumed by work all day long. It makes me feel suffocated just looking at you."

Stella shook her head adamantly, "I don't want to have anything to do with men right now. I just want to focus on earning money."

Yvonne didn't take her words to heart and instead said, "Why are you saying such things at such a young age? Work is, of course, important, but it shouldn't stop you from getting to know more men and dating them. Women need to learn to enjoy life..."

She was chattering on obliviously until Lucas called out for her from the study. She responded to Lucas before saying to Stella, "I'll head over to see what's going on. Feel free to look around. I'll have someone send you back later."

Stella nodded and looked at Yvonne as she returned to the study before walking towards the courtyard.

She soaked in the fresh night air and felt her mind clearing up.

She exhaled lightly and had just walked a few steps when she suddenly felt a strong tug on her arm.

Before she could react, she felt herself being pulled to a corner by a strong force.

She looked up and gazed into a pair of deep, dark eyes. The air around her, and even her nose, were filled with his imposing, overwhelming scent Stella instinctively pushed him away, her entire posture resistant against him, “Mr. Ford, what do you want?”

The look of reluctance in her eyes made Weston narrow his eyes. He pinched her chin between his fingers and lifted her face towards him. “Are you here on purpose to see me?”

Stella thought he must be joking. Sneering, she replied, “I wouldn’t dare. Mr. Ford, you spared no effort in preventing me from appearing before you. I naturally will try my darndest to avoid you if I can.”

His grip around her arm tightened, and the look in his eyes deepened.

Weston did not see anything else aside from aloofness and cynicism in her eyes, and she clearly had her defenses up.

His gaze was too aggressive. He was merely looking at her in silence, yet the subtle pressure he was exerting on her made her catch her breath.

Stella was exceedingly uncomfortable, being stared at by him in that way.

She furrowed her brows and turned to her side, “Mr. Ford, please say if there is something on your mind. It is inappropriate for us to be alone like this. What’s more, Mr. Ford, you have a wife and a…”

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She paused for a moment and smiled as if a thought flashed past her mind. “A child.” She looked straight into Weston’s eyes and said the two words emphatically.

Instinctively, Weston released her hand as those two words left her mouth.

Stella wanted to see something from his gaze, but it was a pity that she couldn’t see anything.

At that moment, she couldn’t help but laugh at herself. Was she expecting a man like him to feel sorrow and guilt over that child?

He wouldn’t. He only cared for the child he had with Guinevere, whereas she and her child were but just lowly ants in his eyes, deserving only to be stepped on by him and thrown aside like a rag doll. “Mr. Ford, if there’s nothing else, I’ll be off.” Stella pushed him aside, but at the next second, he grabbed her wrist again. It was then that she lost all patience with him. “What exactly do you want?” She turned her face around and

looked at him with frustration,” Don’t tell me you just want to catch up and reminisce about the past?”

Weston had never seen such cold frustration in her eyes and felt an inexplicable lump in his chest.

He swallowed the words on the tip of his tongue and instead said, “Remember your identity now. Don’t you dare create any unnecessary trouble for me?” Stella’s eyes turned even colder. “Of course, I don’t need Mr. Ford to remind me of something like that. I just hope that you can control your wife and stop her from getting in my way from the washroom and asking me if I’m Stella Sealey!” With her back against the light, she could see Weston’s face darkening upon her words.

She did not know if it was because of her provocative tone or something else entirely. Stella lowered her gaze onto his hand that gripped her wrist tightly, before looking back into his eyes. Lifting her hand nonchalantly, she said, “Do you still insist on grabbing my hand and refusing to let go?”

With that, she looked at a figure behind Weston. A supple, beautiful figure was walking over in a hurry. The corners of Stella’s mouth curved upward, as scorn filled her heart at the sight of Guinevere anxiously looking for Weston high and low.

Since when did the high and mighty Ms. Cohen, the bright star of the entertainment industry, ever get so anxious?

How could the appearance of a mere woman who resembles Stella Sealey make her so antsy?

Weston followed Stella’s gaze and saw the figure behind him. His brows furrowed slightly.

By the time he turned back around, Stella had flung his hand away and turned to leave. The sight of her leaving without any hesitation at all made his eyes turn dark. He continued looking on as she disappeared into the darkness. The footsteps from behind came closer as Guinevere said through shallow pants, “Weston, why are you here?”

She clearly saw Ella just now but did not ask him why he was with her. Even if she hated to admit it, she could not deny that Ella’s appearance had rattled her thoroughly. The mere appearance of someone who looked uncannily like her made her lose all her senses, and her emotions were raging like wildfire, unable to be appeased. Weston composed himself and said “nothing” without so much as looking at Guinevere.

He went on, “Let’s go back.” Guinevere collected her thoughts and instinctively reached out to hold Weston’s arm, but he had long walked off. Seeing the back of his retreating figure, Guinevere’s eyes darkened and turned cold.

Why?

What exactly went wrong? They were back to what they were in the past, yet why did everything feel so different?

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Chapter 46

Yvonne and Lucas spent some alone time in the study before finally heading out. Just as they exited the study, they saw Stella walking from the courtyard toward her. "Ella!"

As they called out to her, they noticed how pale she was, as if she had somehow lost her soul.

They asked with concern, "What's the matter? You look terrible..."

Yvonne grabbed her hand anxiously and asked, "Your hands feel so clammy...do you feel unwell? Should I have my husband take a look at you?"

Stella shook her head and smiled, "I'll probably head home earlier. I had wanted to keep you company longer tonight, but I'm afraid I'll have to back out on my word. I'm sorry." "It's fine. We can always hang out next time," Yvonne tightened her grip over her arm reassuringly. "Shall I have my driver send you home?" "Sure, thank you." The last thing Stella wanted was to see Weston and Guinevere again, yet she had to bump into them, against her will, in the parking lot. The driver was already waiting for her in the car. Weston saw Stella and Yvonne walking out of the elevator from afar. He opened the passenger door to let Guinevere in and simply stood there without moving after shutting it. It was only when Stella walked towards them that he offered mildly, "I'll give you a ride?" Stella completely ignored his offer and walked right past him as she continued chatting with Yvonne like nothing happened.

Yvonne, on the other hand, heard Weston's offer loud and clear. "Mr. Ford, since when did you become so eager and helpful?" she asked, surprised. "This doesn't look like something you'd

do."

Instead of responding to Yvonne, Weston turned to look at Stella and said four simple words, "It's on the way."

Stella clenched her fists. Before she could open her mouth to respond, Yvonne said, "You don't even know where Ella stays. How would you know if it's on the way?" With that, she looked at the two of them doubtfully, somehow feeling a strange vibe between them. "Do you two not know each other?"

Stella shook her head. "We don't."

with that, she grabbed Yvonne's hand and said, "Let's go. My house is not on the way for Mr. Ford."

She almost had to force Yvonne into the car.

Yvonne looked at Stella strangely, "Are you hiding something from me?"

Stella's lips turned pale as she opened her mouth to speak, but no words came out. She looked instinctively at Yvonne before quickly looking away.

She genuinely saw Yvonne as a friend and did not want to lie to her, but...

She opened her mouth and said with difficulty, "I'm sorry, I..."

"Forget it, don't force yourself if you don't want to tell me."

Before Stella could finish, Yvonne cut her off nonchalantly. With a wave of her hand, she said, "We only just got to know each other, so it's fine that you don't want to say certain things. You know where to find me if you feel like telling me. I'm not that nosy to the point of prying into secrets." Yvonne mumbled as she flashed Stella a smile. Stella looked at her with gratitude in her eyes. "Thank you." Yvonne knew her way around people, and she knew how to make people feel comfortable around her as long as she wanted them to. There was something that Guinevere said right: It was beneficial being friends with Yvonne. In the beginning, Stella was not aware of how eminent Yvonne's family was. She merely got closer to her because she could click with her. It was only after Stella left in the car that Yvonne finally returned. Upon seeing Weston get into his own car, she began mumbling under her breath. There seemed to be something going on between the three of them, but she couldn't pinpoint what was wrong... However, she recalled how Guinevere spoke of a lady who resembled Ella a lot. For all she knew, it was because of that lady that made the atmosphere tense and awkward. That thought made a lot of sense to Yvonne. It was true that sometimes, she would mistake Ella for Stella in her mind. Until now, she could not fully believe that such a huge coincidence would exist. Stella and Ella were like one and the same. Sometimes, she would even treat Ella as Stella, as if Stella was

standing right before her.

In the car.

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Guinevere thought that she had finally gotten used to the quiet atmosphere between them, but it suddenly occurred to her, right when the air around her became suffocating—she and Weston had gotten to the point of having nothing to talk about.

Previously, she could sweep things under the rug, turning a blind eye toward the truth of the matter, but Ella's appearance was the last straw that broke the camel's back.

She stared at the hard, unflinching look on the face of the man seated next to her. It was as if nothing could move his stony heart. He had always been like this, sitting silently by himself. No one else could figure out what was on his mind. Back then, she had fallen so hard for that mysterious, deep look in his eyes. Yet now, she hated the cold divide he had erected between them. Finally, when she could bear it no longer, she decided to be the first to break the silence. "Don't you have anything to tell me?" It had always been like that. Between the two of them, she would always be the one accommodating and compromising, following in Weston's footsteps. Whereas Weston had never changed one bit for her. The thought made Guinevere's heart grow cold. She had always thought of Weston as being accommodating towards her. Everyone believed that Weston indulged her and doted on her, be it herself or the people around her. But in fact, how many times had he actually compromised for her sake?

He looked at her and said mildly, "What do you want me to say?"

It was an expected response. Guinevere smiled bitterly. "Don't you think Ella looks uncannily like a particular person?"

"Who do you think she resembles?" Weston threw out a question, seemingly casually.

"Weston! I don't want to play mind games with you. I just have one question for you: Do you blame me?"

Guinevere's voice quivered as she asked the question. "Do you believe what Stella said before she jumped off that building? Do you think I was the mastermind behind those people, and do you blame me for causing her death?"

She became agitated the more she spoke. Weston, however, merely looked at her with furrowed brows. "You're overthinking things." "Then why have you treated me so coldly and indifferently these days?" "I've always been like this." Weston looked at her and emphasized, "This is not the first day you're getting to know me." "Yes, that's right. You've always been like this..."

Guinevere repeated his words in a daze, and she slumped back into her seat, defeated. She covered her eyes with her arm. "You've always been like that. You've never changed. What exactly has changed, then?" No one offered an answer to her question.

Not even Weston. It was as if he was oblivious to the emotions exploding from within Guinevere. He turned his attention to the documents in his hands.

He remained silent throughout the ride.

Guinevere gradually regained her composure and restored herself to her usual demeanor as the car drove right to the mansion. "It's already past ten. I wonder if Zack is asleep." Zack was the only common topic left between the two. Guinevere felt that they were still a family, despite not being married to Weston, only because of her child. Obtaining a marriage certificate was only a matter of time. Indeed, upon hearing Zack's name, Weston finally broke his silence. He lifted his arm and glanced at his watch. "He should be asleep by this time." "It's alright. Even if he's asleep, I'll have the nanny carry him out. He'll cry and fuss at night anyway. I'd rather keep him awake for a while now. It might help him sleep more soundly through the night," Guinevere said with a smile. Weston furrowed his brows. "I can come by to see him tomorrow."

With that, he strode upstairs.

Guinevere's eyes darkened as she followed him. "Why don't we go to his room and see him without waking him up?" Her son would be turning one in a few months.

Although she was still sleeping in a separate room from Weston, she didn't want to miss an opportunity to spend some alone time with him.

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When the two of them entered the baby's room, the nanny was changing Zack's diaper.

Weston stopped right outside the door and did not enter the room.

Guinevere did not notice him acting strangely and walked right into the baby's room to take a look at Zack

Although the baby was still young, some of his features did bear some resemblance to the men of the Ford family. After changing the baby's diaper, the nanny carried Zack from the cradle and approached Guinevere. "Ms. Cohen, do you want to carry him?"

At the nanny's gesture, a look of displeasure flashed past Guinevere's face. However, she said nothing since Weston was still around. Instead, she said, "Let me." With that, she reached out to take the baby over from the nanny's hands.

However, the moment she carried Zack who was still asleep in the nanny's arms, his eyes flew open, and he stared at her wide-eyed for a few seconds before exploding into a deafening wail.

He raised his tiny fists and clumsily flung his hands around, his face flushed red with tears. He was clearly resisting Guinevere with all his might.

Guinevere was suddenly at a loss, unsure of how to deal with the baby. She could only hold Zack stiffly in her arms and attempt to coax the crying baby, "Hush baby, don't cry..."

Yet, the more she tried to coax him, the louder Zack wailed until he almost couldn't breathe. Guinevere had no choice but to hand the baby back to the nanny. The nanny immediately came forward and patted Zack's back. "My little young master, don't cry, don't cry..." It was only then that Zack calmed down. Tears hung from the corners of his eyes and the pitiful look on his face broke the nanny's heart. "Don't cry, don't cry..." Guinevere's lips pursed slightly as she remained silent, despite the displeasure simmering in her heart.

This was the child that she carried in her womb for ten months, but because she faced some issues in childbirth and she was not well for a period of time right after she gave birth, she did not spend much time with Zack. Coupled with the fact that she had hordes of professional help at home, given the wealth and opulence of the family, she hardly even carried the baby in her own arms ever since she gave birth to him. By the time she fully recovered, the child had begun fearing strangers. As an actor, Guinevere knew that it was a matter of time before she had to return to the showbiz. As such, she prioritized regaining her figure and did not bother breastfeeding the child.

That wasn't a big deal to her, though. The family spent loads of money hiring nutritionists to

ensure that the child did not lack the nutrition it needed to grow up.

That, however, did not manage to cover the gap in their mother-child relationship, which was why Zack displayed such resistance towards her,

Guinevere glanced towards Weston who was just standing at the side and asked him, "Do you want to come over and carry him?"

"Must you insist on making him cry?" Weston looked at her, not in frustration, but not with eagerness either.

He did carry Zack a couple of times and was exceedingly patient with the baby, but that was about it.

A family like the Fords had everything at their disposal, and no lack of professional help in everything. They didn't need to lift a finger and therefore lacked the opportunity to display their love and affection as parents

What's more, Weston was not one to wear his heart on his sleeve in the first place, and so Guinevere did not see it as a big deal.

Zack was his son, after all. He could not ignore him completely, could he?

The two of them stood stock still in the baby room for a while longer before they turned around to return to their rooms.

Perhaps the baby had been crying so loud it woke up the rest of the household, that the two of them bumped into Whitney on their way out. Whitney adhered to a strict bedtime regime, and she should have been asleep for half an hour, now that it was already eleven at night. Yet, she was rudely awoken by the baby's cries. Wearing a silk nightgown, her elegant and graceful demeanor was greatly enhanced. Despite her age, she had maintained her appearance well. "Why did both of you return so late?"

"We had to attend to something at Fremont city, and the traffic was heavy along the way back."

Whitney nodded. "Why did Zack cry so loudly just now?"

Weston remained silent.

Guinevere replied rather awkwardly, "I missed him, having not seen him for a few days. I just wanted to carry him, but didn't expect him to cry so hard..."

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Whitney's brows furrowed. "Since you know he's not close with you, don't bother him while he's sleeping! It's hard to coax a baby to sleep." The rebuke in Whitney's tone deepened the displeasure in Guinevere's heart, but she kept it to herself.

"Forget it. Go and rest, both of you. I'll go in and look at Zack." The two of them were just about to walk off when Whitney suddenly asked them, "Are the two of you still sleeping in separate rooms?"

She looked between them before her gaze finally landed on Weston, "It's been almost a year, and Gwen's almost fully recovered..."

The meaning in her words was clear. Weston cut her off and remarked casually, "There's no hurry."

Guinevere stood at a side and guessed that Weston would give such a nonchalant answer. Yet, it did not stop her from feeling disappointed at hearing the response directly from his mouth.

Weston had initially slept separately with her because they were not yet married. What's more,

she was pregnant at that time, and sharing the same room would bring certain inconveniences.

After giving birth, he came up with the excuse that she hadn't fully recovered to remain in separate quarters.

As such, they might look like a married couple on the surface, but they were, in fact, still not sleeping together at night. Weston did not even bother preparing a marital home for them, and both of them were still staying in the Ford mansion.

Guinevere had tolerated all these simply because guilt ate at her heart.

Even though Weston had never openly blamed her for Stella, she knew in her heart how much she wished for that kidnapper to die in the hospital.

As long as he was still alive, she would never be able to rest in peace. Although that man was a vegetable and on the verge of death while lying on the hospital bed, Weston would still check up on him from time to time. Why would he bother with a kidnapper?

They both knew that Stella's words caused doubts to arise in Weston's heart.

Yet, Stella had long passed on. Even if Guinevere wanted to settle the score, she couldn't very well do so with a dead woman.

All the more, she could not do so with Weston himself. Therefore, she could only tolerate his treatment of her and patiently wait for the day that he would wholeheartedly believe in her.

She had been waiting for so many years, and she didn't mind waiting for a while longer.

"It's alright, Mrs. Ford. I'm about to call for a press conference soon to announce my return to the entertainment circle. It's a critical period for me, and Weston's simply being considerate by sleeping in separate rooms with me..." Whitney stared wordlessly at her for a long while.

Guinevere wasn't sure whether she was right, but she sensed a tinge of pity in Whitney's eyes. She took a step back, a glint flashing past her eyes as humiliation tore through her. Pity? Why did she pity her? She had everything right now; Weston was by her side, and she had her career and family. Everything she ever wanted was secure in her hands.

Why in the world did Whitney Davis pity her?

Whitney got married to Weston's father when she was at the peak of her popularity. She gave up her career and the glory that came with it just to become a housewife.

Guinevere found herself superior to Whitney in every way. What gave Whitney the right to pity her? Along the corridor outside.

Weston pulled his arm out from Guinevere's grip. "Go to sleep. His voice sounded from above her head, so calm yet distant, leaving Guinevere with nothing to pick on. When he turned around, Guinevere suddenly hugged him from behind. "Weston, I really love you...let's not be angry with each other any longer, alright?"

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Chapter 50 .

She had been putting up a strong front during this entire period, pretending that nothing was wrong between the two. But she clearly knew that there existed a huge gap between Weston and herself in her heart.

Ella's appearance today made alarm bells ring out loud and threatened her like never before. Even though Ella did not do anything except make an appearance, it sent Guinevere's life and her relationship with Weston into complete upheaval.

She hugged him tighter. "Do you still blame me?"

Weston stayed still and let her continue hugging him. He did not respond but did not return the hug either. "Why would I blame you? You did nothing wrong."

Guinevere slowly tightened her hold around his waist as her heart turned cold. She refused to let go as she gritted her teeth and said, "About Stella Sealey... you still blame me for it, don't

you?"

For a brief moment, Weston stiffened up, but he quickly spun around and looked down at the woman before him, "You're a victim yourself in that incident. Why would I blame you?" His voice was low, and it was hard to tell if he meant anything else. Guinevere knew that he had no hidden meaning, but an inexplicable sense of guilt somehow arose in her heart. A chill ran from the bottom of her feet to the top of her head, and she couldn't care less about anything else, "Do you still find it hard to forget about Stella Sealey? Do you still have feelings for her? She's dead... does that make you feel guilty?" This was the first time she had spoken so blatantly about that woman after that incident happened.

Guinevere looked anxiously at the man before her, and saw his brows knit together.

His eyes remained unfathomably deep and cold. "Back then, I had to choose one of the two of you. I chose you. Gwen, what else do you want?"

His eyes were cold, absent of any other emotions. His eyes were also piercing, as if trying to see through Guinevere. All of a sudden, Guinevere released her hands and stepped back. "... She wanted to speak, but her throat felt constricted, and she could not utter a word.

She had achieved her goal. Out of the two of them, Weston did not hesitate to choose her. Clearly, this meant that she was a lot more important to him than Stella was, right?

But why was she constantly feeling insecure...

At the hospital

The man sitting on the wheelchair toyed around with the plants by his side, completely ignoring the complaints coming from a woman next to him.

Guinevere noticed him spacing out. Displeased, she complained, "Henry, are you listening to a word I'm saying?" Henry put down the potted plant and looked up at her. "Gwen, you shouldn't be complaining about your issues with Weston to an outsider like me. What's more, I have no way of helping you solve your relationship woes."

"Aren't we all good friends who grew up together..."

"Gwen, if you don't come clean, there's no way I can help you, even if I want to," He pushed his wheelchair and stopped right before Guinevere. He pulled out a piece of tissue and wiped his long fingers without any change in his expression, "Did you just come here today to complain about how Weston doesn't care much about you?" Guinevere's face changed as she chuckled self-deprecatingly, "Even you can tell that in one glance...yet he can't."

She clenched her fist and looked towards Henry, a dark look in her eyes. "Tell me honestly; Does Weston have feelings for that Stella Sealey?" Henry had a complicated look in his eyes as he glanced at the woman before him whose eyes were shut tight.

Before he could open his mouth to reply to her, Guinevere asked in a perplexed tone, "Is she more beautiful than I am?"

Henry shook his head and chuckled lightly, "When did you become so lacking in self confidence? Gwen, who else in the entertainment industry would dare to claim they are more beautiful than you?"

Her beauty came at the price of unspeakable money and time, on top of her excellent genes. If she still could not claim top spot in terms of beauty, she must've spent all that money in vain.