

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 571

Chapter 571

Everyone around her fell silent.

It wasn't until another secretary seated next to her asked, "Daisy, do you feel unwell?" did Daisy snap back to attention with a shake of her head. "No, I'm fine."

As the work day was almost coming to an end, her phone rang, and she saw an incoming text from Xavier.

"Dinner?"

Daisy was slightly annoyed, but upon recalling how Xavier had helped her, she decided to reply anyway.

"Sure. Come over and pick me up."

She had just clicked on "Send" when the sound of familiar footsteps could be heard coming from the other end of the corridor.

Xavier walked toward her and waved the phone in his hand. "Turns out that it was a good idea for me to come in advance. At least you have enough of a heart to agree to a meal with me."

Daisy was slightly taken aback at his appearance. "Why are you here?"

Xavier took over her bag. "Since it's a date, of course, I have to prepare in advance."

A serial sweet-talker, a man like him, would naturally avoid telling Daisy that he was actually here because of Weston.

His spy in the company informed him that a representative from a distributor who had never appeared before came looking for Weston.

This made him curious, and he naturally wouldn't give up the chance to snoop around.

He was just about to begin investigating the distributor when he saw Weston carrying Guinevere out. He decided against creating more trouble for Weston, and instead came over to look for Daisy.

Daisy took his word for it that he had specially come looking for her, and she felt touched amidst her mixed feelings. "Don't do this again. It's better that we meet outside of the office. It'll be hard to explain things if Mr. Ford sees us..."

“What’s so hard to explain?”

Xavier found her concerns unfounded and lifted his hand to caress her face. “Is there a need to explain anything, given our relationship now?”

Daisy tightened her grip over her bag and glanced at the secretary’s room behind her.

The secretaries in the room were smart enough not to stare at them, but she knew that they were probably gossiping under their breath about her.

Her silence made Xavier furrow his brows. “What? Do you want me to announce our relationship in front of everyone?”

Daisy shook her head. “That thought didn’t even occur to me

“What do you mean?”

The two entered the elevator, and Xavier leaned against the wall. He chuckled, “Are you worried about Weston knowing about us being together, or are you worried about that ex fiancé of yours?”

Daisy cut him off immediately and explained, “I’ve told you many times that I don’t harbor any special feelings for Mr. Ford. Please don’t malign me! If Mr. Ford were to hear about this, he would misunderstand, and I don’t want that happening...”

The smile remained on Xavier’s face.

However, it hinted at something else. “You’re just worried about Weston getting the wrong picture. What about me? What if I misunderstand?”

He suddenly lunged forward and trapped Daisy between his arms. “I am a man with a fiancée as well. Isn’t it sincere enough that I announce you as my girlfriend to the world?”

Daisy turned her face away. “Indeed, it is sincere, but it has nothing to do with Mr. Ford.”

For someone like Xavier, who was often surrounded by women, be it rich heiresses, celebrities, or models, he had never actually publicly admitted any of them as his girlfriend

To the outside world, Zeta was his official fiancée.

But to Daisy, he was willing to bring her along to private gatherings and introduce her to his brothers, so long she agreed.

Daisy knew that he was being serious about their relationship

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That was the highest level of acceptance one could expect from a man like Xavier Ford.

Still, Daisy had her own concerns. "What about that fiancée of yours?" she suddenly asked. "Both of you are bound by an engagement contract. How will you explain things to your family if you have a relationship with me?"

"You are worthy of being Weston's secretary, after all-alert and clear-minded."

Xavier lifted her chin. "In that case, I'll be frank. As long as you are willing, I can bring to rest all your concerns. Of course, this will have to be based on firm determination on your part. I can't possibly up-end my life's peace and stability for an unsophisticated, fickle-minded woman. What do you say?"

"It seems you don't like me as much as you claim," Daisy smiled. "I thought you would treat me at least like how Mr. Ford treats Ella."

The way Xavier treated her was more like how one would treat a favored pet.

Xavier shook his head and laughed carelessly. "You can't get Weston out of your mind, can you? Do you care how he treats Ella?"

Daisy collected herself. "Whatever it is, I will never be the other woman..."

She didn't want to discuss Weston Ford anymore.

The elevator doors slid open with a ding.

Xavier held her waist and walked out. "Don't worry. I won't make things difficult for you. But you must tell me. Who were those people looking for Weston?"

"I'm not too sure myself. I heard that they are from a distributor..." Daisy replied nonchalantly.

At the hospital.

Hayden was getting ready to clock out on time when he saw a man carrying a woman in the distance.

A bunch of bodyguards in black were making way for them, and the entire scene was enough for him to guess who the man was.

He sighed and called Lucas.

“We might have to cancel our dinner plans today. Guinevere is here.”

“Okay.”

Lucas looked at Yvonne. He had answered the call in the study, and Yvonne was working by his side. She wore a pair

of black-rimmed glasses, making her face look extra petite.

His fingers tapped on the desk. “I got it.”

With that, he ended the call.

The beep of the dial tone told Hayden that Lucas would be off to keep his beloved wife company, whereas he had to work overtime in misery.

By the time he put his phone aside, Weston had arrived by his side. “Dr. Quirk.”

His voice was cold and distant with nary a hint of anxiety.

He glanced down at Guinevere in Weston’s arms. “Her condition was triggered again?”

Weston nodded as he calmly placed Guinevere on the bed behind the curtain.

Hayden saw how Weston skillfully maneuvered Guinevere

and his gaze deepened.

He quickly walked over to Guinevere by the bed.

At the sight of the woman shutting her eyes tight, as if strongly detesting her surroundings, Hayden furrowed his brows. “Is she conscious?”

He remembered the first time he treated Guinevere and realized how much her condition had stabilized. Why was her condition triggered again today?

He saw Guinevere opening her eyes, and he walked toward her. “How do you feel?”

Guinevere looked past him toward Weston, who was behind him. “Don’t go.”

Hayden turned around to look at Weston. "The patient is emotionally unstable and wishes for you to stay. Please make a decision only after she's fully conscious."

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"Do I need to be with her during the treatment process?" Weston asked.

Dr. Hayden nodded, but his brows furrowed into a frown when he looked at Guinevere. "Given her current situation, she needs someone she can trust by her side, or it'll be hard for me to keep her under control. If she were to hurt herself, it wouldn't be good..."

Weston sat down by the bed.

Guinevere immediately grabbed his hands. "Don't go. Stay with me, all right?"

Hayden's eyes glinted as his gaze deepened. "Ms. Cohen appears to be very dependent on you."

Weston remained silent. "Please begin," he said after a while.

He looked up at Hayden. "Do whatever it takes to get her back to normal."

On the other side of the hospital.

Stella finally felt rest assured upon confirming that Roger was fine.

Her face turned solemn when she saw Roger hemming and

hawing. "What is it that you find so difficult to confess even to me?"

"I don't mean that..."

Both of them settled down on the chairs along the corridor.

Riley had gone to the washroom, so they decided to wait for her there.

Anger simmered in Stella's heart at Roger's silence. "After you did something so dangerous last night, you're still unwilling to tell me why? Do you still treat me as your sister?"

"Of course I do! You're my only family, I just..."

Roger stammered for a long while before saying, "Stella, I don't really want to pursue my studies overseas."

“What did you say?!” Stella raised her voice. “Everything has been prepared, and you’re telling me you don’t want to study overseas?”

Disappointment filled her eyes, causing Roger’s head to hang down low. “I’m sorry, it was just a random remark...”

Stella sensed that she had overreacted, and she took a deep breath to calm herself down. “Can you tell me the reason for that sudden thought? Haven’t we agreed on this previously? Are you in some sort of trouble?”

“None of the above.”

Roger shook his head, struggling over whether he should come clean.

Upon seeing the look on Stella’s face, he gathered his courage and said, “Stella, I realized that one of the institutions sponsoring me overseas is related to Weston Ford ... although he might be clueless about which student he actually sponsors, I can’t stand the thought of him sponsoring even part of the trip.”

The air around them turned silent the moment he explained himself.

Stella remained quiet for a long time.

Roger snuck a peek at her face, trying to guess what she was feeling.

However, Stella didn’t have much of a reaction. “Oh, I see,” was all she said after a moment of spacing out.

Her reaction was so calm it made Roger feel lost. “Stella, we had agreed previously that we’ll never have any connection with that man. If it makes you feel uncomfortable, I can choose not to study overseas. It’s not like I was desperate for this chance in the first place...”

“Don’t say such things,” Stella cut him off. “I know that you really like Compassvale University. To be honest, what you are concerned about doesn’t really affect me.”

“Stella, haven’t we agreed to never let that person affect our lives anymore?”

“You’re not the only student he’s sponsoring. It’s very normal that a big company does some corporate social responsibility. They are obliged to do so, to enhance their corporate image and reputation.. and you earned this scholarship based on your merit, not some underhanded means. It is a chance you deserve. As long as you hold your head up high and be honest, the sponsor doesn’t matter.”

“I know...” Roger said, “But I just don’t feel good about it.”

Stella was about to say more when Riley came out of the washroom

“Sorry for making you guys wait!”

“What took you so long?” Roger furrowed his brows.

Riley stuck out her tongue playfully. “I’m sorry. I saw a famous celebrity over there and went to check things out...”

“Did you know? Guinevere Cohen is here at the hospital too!”

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When Riley walked out of the washroom , she saw Weston carrying Guinevere into the hospital.

She didn’t notice Guinevere at first and was instead attracted by the handsome man, gushing over how lucky she was to see someone so good-looking at the hospital. That was when she realized that the woman in the handsome man’s arms was Guinevere Cohen...

Guinevere was a prominent celebrity known as the ‘film queen.’ It was easy to recognize her immediately.

She was excited to share what she saw, but Roger’s face had turned stiff.

“What’s the matter?”

Something was wrong.

Thinking she must’ve said something wrong, Riley apologized. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to make you wait so long

She had indeed made them wait, but it was only for a couple of minutes.

She had always been carefree and easy-going, constantly worried about whether she had upset others.

“Let’s go.” Roger stood up, his face clearly upset, though he didn’t say much.

Stella remained silent as well.

Riley immediately felt anxious, "What's going on? Did I say something wrong...?"

Stella glanced at her and said, "Don't imagine things. Roger is just in a bad mood, and it's not because of you."

"Oh..." Riley still felt uneasy.

Seeing Roger sitting alone in front, she couldn't help but say, "Stella, can you tell me more regarding Robb?"

"What about him?"

"Just things that he usually likes. I want to avoid angering him."

Stella, in turn, couldn't hold back her reminders to Riley. "Don't give in to him too much. He has quite a tantrum. You're precious to your parents, too. Don't put yourself at a disadvantage over a man."

Riley widened her eyes. "This is the first time I've heard a sister talk about her brother like this. He's your brother, after all. Don't you wish that other women treat him well?"

"Of course, I hope others will treat him well."

Stella rubbed in between her brows and sighed. "But being a woman, I don't want to see other women suffering. I know him best; he has the ability to get obsessed over the slightest

thing. As much as I hope that he has a loving girlfriend, I can't possibly be jeopardizing another girl's life, can I?"

"I don't think he'll jeopardize mine!" Riley interjected, smiling. "I like his temperament... Wicked yet cool..."

Stella shook her head, "I really have no idea what young people are thinking nowadays."

Both women chatted merrily.

None of them noticed the person looking at them from the other end of the corridor.

Weston was getting some fresh air on the balcony when he saw Stella walking past him. He was about to walk toward her when he saw Riley next to her, and he changed his mind.

He texted Stella.

“Where are you?”

Stella sent Riley into the car.

She was about to get into the car herself when she saw the text. Her face stiffened. She didn't reply, but she didn't get into the car either.

She looked at her surroundings and made sure no one was around before saying to Roger, “Head back to campus and send Riley back. I have something else to attend to.”

Roger immediately lowered the window. “Stella, aren't you coming with us?”

“I have something to settle. Some last-minute work just cropped up at the studio.”

Roger looked disappointed. “You were just talking about coming to school with me...”

“I've visited your school so many times. You're no longer a child. Why? Don't you dare to return by yourself?”

Riley immediately added, “He's not alone, either. I'll be with him!”

She leaned against the window and said to Stella, “Don't you worry. I'll take good care of him.”

“Who needs you to take care of me?” Roger glared at her, dissatisfied. “Plus, she's not your sister but mine. Don't act like you're close with her.”

He had said this many times, but Riley had never taken him seriously.

Over her dead body, would she be so obedient!

The sight of the two bickering with each other put Stella's heart at ease.

She shut the door and watched the car speed away into the distance before pulling out her phone.

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At the hospital.

Weston returned to the ward after smoking a cigarette. Hayden heard a noise at the door and signaled to Guinevere, who was lying on the hospital bed.

“He’s back.”

Guinevere was anxiously picking on her nails, but she immediately sat upright at Hayden’s signal.

“Weston?” she called out anxiously.

Her eyes fixed on Weston as he walked to her side. The sight of him finally calmed her down.

Hayden looked at Weston. “Seems like you can’t just walk off now.”

Guinevere grabbed his hands, allowing him to go no further.

Weston looked at the clock on the wall and sat by her bedside. “Continue the treatment.”

Outside the hospital.

Stella glanced at her watch and called Zeta.

“Dr. Taylor, are you free now?”

“What’s up?”

“I’m almost out of medicine. When will be a good time for me to hop over and get more supplies?”

“I’m a little busy today....” Zeta glanced at her schedule. “Do you have time today?”

“What’s a good time?”

“Right now?” Zeta pressed her phone against her ear with her elbow as she typed on the keyboard with her fingers.

“Now?”

The sound of fingers tapping the keyboard came through the phone, and Stella heard her say after a moment, “Yes, right now. I have an online conference later and need to go overseas tonight. I do have some time right now.”

Stella hesitated. "I see..."

She didn't want to bump into Guinevere in the hospital.

If she guessed correctly, Guinevere was at the hospital and Weston would certainly be by her side. She didn't want to risk it...

"Dr. Taylor, how long will you be overseas?"

"For a month or so. Why do you ask?"

Zeta put the phone against her other ear, oblivious to Stella's concerns. "How much longer can your pills last?"

"Probably another three to five days."

"That should be enough." Although she was still a virgin, she knew how these things worked.

What's more, as a doctor, she had friends who specialized in this area and knew it was normal that a person would be engaged in three to five times of sexual activities a month.

She naturally concluded, "I think that should be enough for one month."

Stella remained silent.

Given Weston's frequency, however, the pills would be gone in a week.

How would she hold out for the remaining three weeks?

If she didn't take the pills, she couldn't even accept a kiss from him. Weston would surely sense that something was wrong.

Stella said rather carefully, "I'm sorry, Dr. Taylor. I'm afraid the pills might not last one month..."

Zeta put aside what she was doing and said hesitantly, "If he has such high demands, try communicating with him instead. It's not good for you to take so much medicine."

She could finally understand why Stella was in such misery.

Stella looked like a woman with a low sex drive, sometimes even coming off as cold.

Yet, her other half was needier in this aspect. If they couldn't come to an agreement, Stella would be in for a hard time.

These things would require both parties to come to an agreement, though the men were the ones who couldn't get things going in some cases. There were also cases where the man had such a high sex drive that their female partners found it hard to swallow.

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Chapter 576

"You must discuss things with him in advance," Zeta said without further thought. "These drugs will take a toll on your body if you keep taking them."

Stella asked in a light voice, "Is now the only time I can come over to get the pills from you?"

Zeta furrowed her brows, knowing that it would be tough to change Stella's mind at this moment. "Yes, I only have time right now. If you can make a trip here, I'll be waiting for you in the office..."

Stella took a deep breath. "All right, then."

Even if there was a good chance she'd bump into someone she didn't want to see, the thought of having to endure the torture over the next month made her decide to step into the hospital again.

The hospital was so large, anyway, and she might not necessarily see them.

In the office.

Zeta said, "This is enough for one month. Come find me again if you need more."

She handed the pill bottle to Stella.

Stella was about to reach out to take the bottle when Zeta suddenly stopped her, "I'm being serious. It's not that I want to interfere in your private life, but this drug has its side effects, not to mention hormone pills... You should think this through. Do you have to ruin your own health just for a man?"

Stella shook her head, "It's not because of a man. I just..."

Her knuckles turned white as she clenched her fists.

There was no way she could accept Weston just like that. Without the drug's effect, she wouldn't stand physical intimacy with him.

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If she didn't take the pills, there was no way she could fulfill their one-year agreement.

She had no idea what Weston would do to deal with her and Roger.

"It'll just be for a year..." Stella looked at her. "I'm sure I won't need these pills in a year."

"One year?!" Zeta furrowed her brows. "What exactly..."

She was about to ask what exactly was going on, but as a doctor, not probing into her patients' private lives was a professional ethic.

"In any case, I've made clear to you the pros and cons. You make your own decision."

"Okay."

Stella took the pills and thanked Zeta before turning to leave.

She had just opened the office door when she saw the door of a ward on the other side of the corridor opening.

Everything stopped moving at that moment.

Out came a tall, towering figure, a man she was painfully familiar with

Weston was destined to be the center of attention wherever he went. That perfect side profile of his was enough to enchant even the hardest of souls.

He was carrying a woman in his arms, a woman with whom Stella was very familiar.

The moment she took a look at her face, she recognized that it was Guinevere.

Aside from Guinevere, no other woman had the honor of being carried in Weston's arms in public.

The two of them heard the commotion on Stella's side and looked over.

Stella stepped back instinctively and used the door to block her from her sight.

"What's the matter?" Guinevere looked at Weston, confused.

Weston retracted his gaze. "Nothing."

With that, he left with her in his arms.

Stella hid behind the door while staring at them from their backs.

Standing in a blurry daze, she felt like she had just been given a tight slap.

She was like a pitiful and miserable clown, always hidden in the shadows.

Each time she wanted to leave the shadows, she would find herself trapped by Weston.

The last time she asked him if he was in love with her, he didn't deny it.

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Chapter 577

But, so what if he'd fallen in love with her?

His love was ludicrous, to say the least.

He loved her, yet he forced her to do something she didn't want. He loved her, yet he ensnared her in a trap that she would never escape from. He loved her, yet he made her life living hell...

Stella waited till both of them left before coming out of the room.

She thought that Weston didn't see her, but the next moment, she saw Weston suddenly stop in his tracks and turn around

Their eyes locked.

Stella was completely stunned, not expecting him to suddenly look over.

Weston remained calm as he fixed his gaze upon her. He retracted his gaze and remained silent as he continued carrying Guinevere into the ward.

In the ward.

Hayden followed behind him into the ward. "The treatment

has taken effect, just that I am still not sure why it suddenly relapsed. My suggestion is to do a thorough check-up and find other physiological reasons..."

Before he could complete his sentence, Weston cut him off." "Tranquilizers."

"What?"

“Give her a tranquilizer shot,” Weston looked straight into his eyes. “She is still emotionally unstable. Calm her down first.”

Hayden didn’t expect him to raise such a simple yet violent request. “Although tranquilizers can stabilize her for the moment, it wouldn’t solve the mental issue. My suggestion is to tackle the root problem...”

Weston looked at him in silence.

His lips were pursed into a thin line. I understand. I’ll get the nurse over to inject a sedative. Mr. Ford, will you be by her side, or do you need a care worker?

“Find a care worker.” Weston glanced at his watch and sat down next to Guinevere. He pulled out his phone and texted Stella.

“Wait for me at the parking lot.”

Hayden snuck a few glances at Weston but didn’t say anything further as he busied himself with the necessary arrangements as per Weston’s instructions.

Guinevere heard Weston asking for a care worker, and her eyes turned downcast. “Aren’t you going to stay with me?”

Weston said, “I’ll arrange for someone to be with you. Just tell her if you need anything.”

“I don’t want anything except for you to be by my side...”

Weston looked at her silently.

He didn’t even need to say much to reject someone. Just one look was enough to establish the cold, hard distance.

Guinevere retracted her hand. “If Stella were lying on this bed, would you leave just like that?”

Before he gave her an answer, she laughed self-derisively. “What’s the point of me asking that? She’s already dead. There’s no point for me to ask something like that...”

She had deliberately said those things.

Since Weston put her in such misery, she also wanted to make things difficult for him.

Her mind was set on the thought of Weston being in love with Stella

If that were the case, she would use Stella to provoke him.

Weston immediately saw through her intentions but didn't react much. He simply tucked her hands into the covers and asked the nurse to give her the injection.

Guinevere furrowed her brows. A moment later, she shut her eyes and fell into a deep sleep.

Weston stood up and left the ward.

In the parking lot.

The driver reported to him that Stella was already in the car.

Weston wasn't in a hurry to head over. Instead, he lit a cigarette.

There weren't many people in the parking lot. His cigarette lit up in the darkness like a solitary star in the night sky.

Puffs of smoke engulfed his handsome face.

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Chapter 578

Weston stood up and turned around to see Stella getting out of the car and walking toward him with a strange look on her face.

She appeared so suddenly and quietly.

"Why aren't you getting into the car?" Stella had wanted to leave the hospital when she first received his text, but she decided against it and went to the car to wait for Weston.

She knew that Weston wouldn't let her go when they returned to the mansion.

She subconsciously grabbed her bag tight, and the thought of the pill inside gave her a sense of security.

Weston didn't pay attention to her subtle movement and simply locked his eyes on her. "I was smoking."

His Adam's apple moved as he asked her, "Why did you get out of the car?"

Stella didn't reply to his questions but asked rhetorically. "Isn't Guinevere in the hospital? Why did you come out and not keep her company?"

It sounded more like a confrontation or a reminder rather than an actual question.

Weston's eyes were dark as his lips pursed a tight line and fell silent

Both had nothing else further to say to each other, and they simply stood where they were in silence.

It was cold in the parking garage at night.

Bone-chillingly cold.

Stella simply stood there, tucking her stray hair behind her ear, and exposing her cheeks flushed red because of the cold.

She opened her mouth but did not utter a thing.

"Let's head home first."

"Let's go home."

Both of them spoke at the same time.

They looked at each other and fell silent again.

Weston stepped forward and held her hand. "Let's go home."

Stella wasn't sure if she was right, but he felt Weston's tone soften when he spoke about "home."

She nodded stiffly, "All right, let's go home."

In the car.

They were silent throughout the entire journey.

It was like an implicit agreement between them not to mention Guinevere. They knew that the moment her name was mentioned, silence was the only response.

The atmosphere was like ice between them, and there was nothing that could break the ice.

It was already past midnight by the time they made it home.

Stella saw the text that Roger sent her, informing her that he had arrived on campus safely. Riley also sent her regards, which brought momentary warmth to Stella's hollow eyes. The next moment, she tensed up again.

That was because she saw Weston removing his coat right before her.

He flung his coat on the rack at the door and turned toward Stella. "Shower?"

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Stella tightened her grip over her phone. "Sure."

Weston suddenly crouched down before her and placed his hands over her ankle. "Lift your foot."

Stella almost lost her balance as she held his head for a quick moment before retracting her hand.

She remembered that Weston hated people touching his head.

But Weston did not react to her touch. Instead, he concentrated on helping her put on her slippers, then stood

up before bringing her to the washroom by holding her hand,

Stella thought he would be physically intimate with her in the washroom, but he was very well-behaved and did not touch her in that way.

It was like he really just wanted to have a shower.

Typically, Stella didn't like to soak in a bath and preferred a quick shower.

Weston, on the other hand, really enjoyed soaking in with her.

His hands caressed her entire body, but not in an overly passionate manner. He simply rubbed her skin lightly, in an attempt to make her relax.

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Chapter 579

Stella's eyes narrowed, guarding herself against sinking into his trap. "Why didn't you stay back in the hospital and keep Guinevere company?"

The moment she spoke, she felt the pressure on his hand lifting from her body. The atmosphere that barely managed to warm up turned icy once again.

The bathroom was still steaming with the heat of the water, but it felt as cold as a freezer.

The thorn still lay between them. In fact, it sank deeper with every minute.

As much as they tried to disregard it, the thorn refused to disappear, and they were constantly wounded by it. It became a gap between them that they were unable to fuse.

Weston switched off the tap, and the hot water stopped pouring out

He lifted Stella's chin, "Do you really hope I'll keep her company at the hospital?"

Stella looked straight into his eyes, "I just think it's more suitable for you to stay by her side."

A storm was brewing in his eyes, and his aura overwhelmed Stella.

There wasn't much space in the tub, to begin with.

He looked into her eyes as if fixing his glare on prey in a cage.

She was a trapped animal with nowhere to run.

Stella didn't like him surveying her with that look. She turned her face away, trying to avoid his gaze.

Weston suddenly reached out and lifted Stella who was seated in front of him.

The water sloshed around them, and Stella was wet from head to toe as she was pinned against the bathroom wall, trapped between his arms.

She felt herself getting lifted high into the air, and the uneasy sensation of her feet leaving the ground made her arms instinctively wrap themselves around Weston's neck. "I'll fall..."

"You won't." Weston held both her hands together and held them above her head.

Her back touched the cold tiles behind her, which were wet from the condensation of the hot steam. Droplets glistened on the wall next to her, reflecting the dim light in the bathroom.

Stella felt a little uncomfortable as she called his name. "Weston..."

"I'm right here."

Weston lifted a knee and nudged it against her as he lowered her head and bit her collarbone lightly.

"Aaa..."

Stella inhaled sharply at the slight twinge of pain.

Weston gritted his teeth and released his jaw upon hearing her yelp. "I forbid you to say something like that from now on," his hoarse voice said, inches from her ear.

He tapped on the bite mark on her collarbone. "This is your punishment."

A wave of bitterness overwhelmed her heart. She could only look at Weston in silence.

Weston saw her eyes turn red, and his tone softened. "Feeling aggrieved?"

He lifted his hand and wiped at the corner of her eyes.

Her eyes were just slightly red, and there weren't any tears.

Weston's heart ached as he crouched over to kiss her as if trying to absorb all her tears.

Stella sensed a change in his mood and began resisting his advances. "Don't..."

She had met Weston at the hospital's parking garage and had no chance to take the pill before they got out of the car.

She had reached her limits in bathing with him.

His increasingly bold moves made her no longer able to tolerate things. She gritted her teeth and looked deep in misery.

Weston could sense her resistance and stopped. "Stella?"

Before Stella could stop him, he pressed his lips against hers.

Unlike the soft, tender kiss just now, this kiss felt more like a punishment.

She opened her eyes and stared at the man before her.

The tenderness was gone from Weston's eyes, leaving behind only pitch-black darkness. It felt as if he wanted to crush all her words of resistance in between their locked lips.

He was single-minded in torturing her violently, his posture clearly refusing to take a "no" for an answer.

He was on the brink of losing all self-control.

His arms were like steel shackles, trapping her in place with such force that it hurt.

Panic began trickling into Stella's heart at the sight of him losing control over himself.
"Weston, let me go..."

Chapter 580

Dim lights hung from the ceiling above them.

It was as though a web of fear shrouded them, suffocating every inch of Stella's body.

The kiss he was giving her reminded her of that day on the balcony.

Weston stood right before her, his handsome face uttering such cruel words.

He said that he chose Guinevere.

His reason was that Guinevere feared heights, which meant he wanted her to die in the hands of the violent and wicked kidnapers.

Stella vividly remembered the hopelessness she was drowning in at that point.

She remembered the feeling of the warm blood flowing from her body after she jumped from the building.

She saw herself losing the child she had treasured more than anything else.

The life that she humbly received from Weston was

reduced to a pool of blood.

That was her only child in her entire life.

She was unable to protect her family and unable to save her only child.

"My baby... I'm sorry..."

"I'm sorry..."

Stella shut her eyes as tears streamed down her cheeks.

Those tears seemed to scald Weston as he immediately released his hands. "Stella?"

Stella didn't reply to him. Instead, she mumbled repeatedly under her breath, "I'm sorry...I'm sorry..."

"It's Mommy's fault for failing to protect you..."

She was shivering all over, hugging herself and refusing to let go

Weston realized that her body was heating up and

immediately became alert. "Stella, you're running a fever!"

All that pent-up torment she had undergone over the past few days finally erupted.

By the time Weston carried Stella out of the bathroom, she was already semi-unconscious due to the high temperature.

She was in a daze, her mouth still spouting confused words. She felt terrible, as if her body was being roasted

in an oven.

Weston carried her to the bedroom and wrapped her up in the sheets.

Her temperature was so high that carrying her felt like he was holding on to a boiling pot.

Weston ensured she was covered well with the blanket and touched her forehead, to which his face instantly turned dark.

"Joan, fetch me the thermometer."

"Yes, Sir."

Perhaps they had spent too much time in the bathroom, and the water had long turned cold.

Stella's body condition was already weak, to begin with, and the sudden dip in temperature made her susceptible to fever.

Fatigue was etched in Weston's brows as he instructed Joan to contact the family doctor. He then got up to measure Stella's temperature.

He filled a basin of water and began wiping her down.

Stella was considered weaker than the average woman. The moment she had a fever, she would lose consciousness very quickly. She leaned in his embrace, frail, and mumbled in a daze.

"My baby..."

“I didn’t do anything wrong...Granny, don’t chase me away...”

“Second Aunt, I’m sorry...”

Weston realized that she tended to dream of past memories whenever she was asleep. She always seemed to be in misery, and the words she spoke in a daze always sounded painful.

It was close to dawn, and the sky was beginning to brighten.

Fatigue washed over Weston like a damp cloth, yet he couldn’t fall asleep. .

Stella was still running a fever. So he made the family doctor rush over and had Joan prepare the fever medicine in water so she could drink it.

Stella’s eyes were shut tight as she leaned against the headboard.

Weston held her up and leaned her against his chest. He held a bowl in his other hand, scooped up a spoon of medicine, and fed it to her.

“Given Ms. Steele’s condition, she probably can’t swallow any pills now. She can only ingest liquid medicine for now ...” Joan reminded him.

Weston saw Stella swallow the spoonful, only to see her suddenly spitting it out a moment later.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 580

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