

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 621

Chapter 621 "Why are you so quick?"

Weston threw the clothes on her head. "Didn't you tell me to get you clothes? Put them on."

"You should go out first..." Stella took the pajamas off her head. "Get out."

After that, she noticed the change of emotions on the man's impassive face.

"I thought you wanted me to bring you clothes and help you wear them?" Weston teased.

"I did not! I didn't say that!"

Weston curled his lips and strode in to close the bathroom door. His intention was clear.

Stella took a few steps back with her pajamas in her arms. She kept retreating until there was nowhere to go. Then, Weston pressed her against the cold wall. "Didn't you say it's enough? I'm going to get dressed..." She pushed him with some difficulty.

Weston's breath lingered on the top of her head. "Calm down." His voice suddenly turned deep.

Weston suddenly reached out to her and picked her up. He pressed her against the wall and cushioned the back of

her head with his big hands. Then, he lowered his head and kissed her passionately. "Woo... Umph..." Stella whimpered, but her voice was swallowed in their kiss. Her whimpers soon turned into low murmurs and moans.

LIIT

The water in the bathroom was both hot and cold.

Weston had always been unrestrained in his intimacy with her. He might've continued with his mad folly if it were not for Stella's body.

1

Fortunately, Stella remembered to take medicine when she returned, but since it had taken effect, she felt listless, though it wasn't too unbearable. However, in the end, she was so exhausted that she barely had any strength to move.

Weston noticed something was wrong with her, but he knew she would never tell even if he asked. Thus, he only used more strength, planted a gentle kiss on her forehead, and held her even harder.

Only when he held her in his arms could he truly feel that she was by his side.

In a daze, Stella felt Weston's hand on her belly at the peak of their intimacy. Although he was relentless and exerted brutal strength before this, he became very gentle when he reached that fragile place.

She was so tired at that time that she could not think much.

Weston looked at her belly, seeming like he was seriously considering planting a tiny new life there.

Stella always thought Weston's suggestion of having another child was a joke. However, his expression seemed to say otherwise. He did not seem like he was joking but seriously thinking about it.

It was a silent night.

Stella was fast asleep, but Weston never closed his eyes. He lit a cigarette but quickly put it out after some thought.

Just as he expected, Stella did not sleep well. When it was almost morning, she suddenly frowned and mumbled something in her sleep.

Maybe she never noticed it herself, but she always had horrible nightmares about the lost child or her begging the old relatives not to kick her out. Between the two, though, she mumbled about her lost child the most.

Weston held her in his arms, comforting her softly. "It's just a dream. Don't be afraid. I'm right here." Sometime later, Stella finally calmed down and fell asleep. Weston sat on the edge of the bed and looked at her with a dark, inscrutable gaze as he placed his hand on her belly.

It was just about having another child. As long as he wanted it, there had to be a way.

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Stella slept soundly that night, perhaps from the effects of the medicine. Recently, however, she seemed plagued by more and more fatigue each time she woke up.

Perhaps she'd been taking too much medicine lately, or perhaps it was Weston's insatiable appetite.

The next morning, Stella heard a baby cry before she woke up. It startled her, and she thought she was still in a dream.

After a while, the baby's crying became extremely clear, as if it was coming from the living room.

Quickly, she lifted the covers and ran out of the bedroom without her slippers. She rushed to the living room and shouted, "Baby!"

Then, she saw Weston standing there with a baby in his arms. When he heard her running, he looked at her.

"You're awake?"

Stella thought she was still dreaming. She froze at the door, unable to stop staring at the baby in his arms.

Weston paused a little and introduced the child. "This is Zachary. Come and meet him."

Stella jerked her head up and put her hand on the door frame, looking at him in disbelief.

"What do you mean?"

Weston frowned. "Don't you like kids?"

Stella fell silent and almost dug her nails into the cracks of the door. "Are you mocking me?" she asked, her nails screeching noisily on the door,

She liked children, but only her own child, the child who was gone before she could meet him.

Her feelings were not for charity, and there was simply no reason why she should like Guinevere's child.

Weston had Zachary picked up yesterday. The butler from the Ford mansion did not know about Weston's property here. They only knew Weston took Zachary with him, but they did not know where it was.

Of course, it was not Weston who looked after the baby. Joan was the one who cared for him all night. Zachary, however, cried nonstop this morning, and Weston had come to pacify him. He did not think it would wake Stella up.

He believed that Stella would be happy to see the baby, so her reaction took him by surprise. With the baby in his arm, Weston walked over to her. "You don't like him?"

Stella could see the baby's crying face as he approached

her. She closed her eyes and turned her head away. "I don't know what you mean. That's the child you had with Guinevere. He has nothing to do with me..."

"Last night, you said you wanted children."

"I never said that!" Stella growled, annoyed.

Weston paused a little. Zachary, his face flushed red, refused to stop crying.

Weston turned to Joan, "Take care of him."

"Okay, sir." Joan hurried forward and took Zachary away from him. She gently patted her back and coaxed, "Good boy. Let's get us some milk, shall we?" As the cries of the child faded, Stella breathed a sigh of relief and slumped weakly against the door frame.

After noticing how pale she'd become, Weston strode forward and picked her up in his arms.

"Are you feeling unwell?"

Stella said nothing. She leaned on his shoulder and looked at him as he put her on the bed.

"It's still early. If you're not feeling well, you should rest," Weston said.

Stella shook her head and looked at him intently. "Why did you bring Zachary over?"

"You were mumbling in your sleep about wanting a

baby." Weston reached out and tucked her messy hair behind her ear.

Stella sneered suddenly, not knowing whether to cry or laugh. "Is that why you brought Zachary here? Are you asking me to treat him as my own child?"

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Stella found him unbelievable and unbearable. What was he even thinking? Why would he insult her like this?

“Do you know how painful it is for me to lose my baby? If it wasn’t for you and Guinevere, I wouldn’t have lost my baby!”

All of a sudden, she screamed hysterically, pulled the pillow behind her, and slammed it hard into Weston. “You b*stard!”

Weston remained still, allowing her to vent her frustrations on him.

Stella relentlessly poured her frustrations until she was a little tired. Then, she reached out and tidied her messy hair.

“If you don’t want to see him, he’ll never appear in front of you again,” he promised her.

LA

Stella suddenly looked at Weston with hollow eyes. “Must you make me into that person?”

Weston pursed his lips tightly and remained silent.

“Do you have to turn into someone who hates even children?” Stella’s eyes were blank and out of focus. “I’ve made up my mind that I’ll stay with you for this year. Why must you torture me like this?”

She thought that they’d come to a mutual agreement last night, and she was going to treat him with the same attitude until the one-year contract expired.

She could embrace Weston with the help of medication, but why did he have to do this to her?

Why did he have to open her wounds over and over again?

The child was a pain she could never forget. Weston actually had the nerve to bring the child he had with Guinevere, and even asked if she liked the baby... How could she like the baby? She hated them! She hated all of them for taking everything away from her.

Meanwhile, in the living room.

Zachary wailed and bawled the entire time. Joan thought he was hungry and made some milk for him, but he threw up all of it after two sips. Zachary’s crying, however, just simply wouldn’t stop. Joan had experience with children, but every child was different. It had been years since she had last taken care of a child, and she panicked for a moment and was anxious. “Don’t cry, little master. Are you hungry?”

It was not like he was hungry either... What was wrong? Could it be the diapers? But she had just changed his diapers! What could the problem be?

Joan was afraid if the baby kept crying, something would happen to it. She hurried to the bedroom and knocked on the door.

"Sir, Ms. Steele? The baby won't stop crying. What should I do?"

Stella had calmed down a lot. When she heard Joan's request for help, she took a deep breath and said, "You should go to your son first. I'll lie down for a while."

"Have a good rest," Weston said. He stood up and tucked her in.

He looked at her eyes quietly and suddenly leaned over to kiss her forehead. "I'll deal with it."

"I don't want to see him again.

"I don't want to see anything about you and Guinevere," Stella said as she closed her eyes.

After a while, Weston responded with a single word.

"Okay."

She listened to his footsteps leaving and finally fluttered her eyelashes and opened her eyes.

However, the scene of her meeting Zachary wouldn't stop playing in her mind.

She had actually met him once in the crew before, and at that time, she had mixed emotions and did not give him a good look.

When she saw Weston standing in the living room with the baby in his arms, their harmonious appearance made them look very much like a father and son.

No, they were, in fact, father and son. Stella covered her eyes with her hand as she let out a cynical chuckle.

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Chapter 624

All things aside , Zachary did indeed resemble Weston a lot.

The men in the Ford family all had the same delicate eye and eyebrows. Stella couldn't help but think of her own child...

If her child could be born, would he resemble Weston too?

He would probably look a lot like Zachary if it was a boy. If it was a girl, maybe she would look more like herself. However, Stella would never know.

After all, her child would never be born. It was dead from the day Weston abandoned her.

His child with Guinevere would be the star in everyone's eyes and loved by them. But what about her child?

UL

Her child did not have a good life and died prematurely before it even came into this world. As for her, she had experienced a lot of setbacks herself, trying to keep the child.

At first, Weston asked her to get an abortion.

The more Stella thought about it, the more uncomfortable she felt. She felt suffocated.

Right. She was the only one who looked forward to having

a child. For Weston, perhaps, things would be better without it.

Stella suddenly found herself at a dead end. The awful sensation suffocated her. The same despair that once drowned her engulfed her once again.

Lost, she had no idea what to do. All she could do was curl into a ball.

Back in the living room.

Joan paced back and forth anxiously, unsure of what she should do next.

She saw hope when Weston finally came out. "Sir, what should I do? The baby won't stop crying!"

Weston glanced at Zachary. Joan thought the kid wanted to hug him, so she handed Zachary to him.

"Maybe he's not used to the people here. If he continues to cry like this, won't it be bad for the child?"

Weston said nothing and looked at the baby in his arms. After a short moment, he told Joan, "Contact the butler and send him back to the Ford mansion."

"Ford mansion?" Joan was startled. "Isn't he staying here for a while?"

When she saw all the bags in the car earlier, she thought Weston was planning to keep the child for a while and

improve their relationship. She had also believed that Weston would get Ella acquainted with Zachary.

Hence, she couldn't understand the thinking of these wealthy folk. Why would he let his mistress care for his spouse's child? However, looking at Weston's attitude, Ella had probably rejected him.

When she thought about it again, it only made more sense. Weston's family owned a large business, and they could take good care of Zachary with just a nanny. Besides, Zachary's mother was a big star. It was not their turn to worry.

"Okay, sir. I'll contact the butler now."

"Waaa! Waa-Waaaaa!" Unable to understand what was going on, Zachary's tiny face was full of snot and tears. Joan, a mother herself, found the baby's cry a little unbearable. "He can't just keep crying like this... It breaks my heart..."

Weston seemed like he finally understood something. He looked at her and asked, "Are you sensitive to a baby's

cry?"

Joan paused for a moment and then shook her head helplessly. "Sir, all mothers are the same. They can't bear to hear their child cry. It is a mother's instinct..."

Weston's mouth was set into a tight line after hearing

that.

Stella stayed in bed for a long time. After some time, she suddenly felt a weight beside her sinking into the sheets

Chapter 625

Weston sat beside her and said in a low voice, "I've gotten someone to send Zachary back."

“Oh,” Stella answered, her voice somewhat muffled.

“It’s getting late. Get yourself something to eat?” Weston’s indifferent tone made it sound like sending Zachary away was just a trivial matter.

Stella suddenly pulled the covers down and looked at him in confusion. “Weston, for someone like you, is a child a mere tool and heir for its family?”

Believing that Weston loved Guinevere very much, she never expected that he would cheat on Guinevere by staying with her without Guinevere’s knowledge.

She thought Weston valued his child with Guinevere, but from how they interacted, it seemed he didn’t really care about the child. In fact, he seemed a little unfamiliar with the way he hugged the baby.

Weston frowned. “What kind of answer do you want from me?”

“I just want to hear the truth.”

“The truth is, he’s not my child.” Weston suddenly stood up and looked at her. “So I don’t understand that feeling.” 1

Weston had told her that many times, but Stella never took it seriously. She looked at the man’s eyes in silence. There was nothing but calmness inside.

Stella suddenly laughed and shook her head. “You’re a really bad liar.”

Apparently, he was attempting to so blatantly and casually deceive her.

Weston knew Stella wouldn’t believe a single thing he said. Thus, he stroked her hair and urged, “Get up and eat something. You have a bad stomach. You have to eat breakfast.”

Stella paused for a while before nodding. “You go out first. I’ll be there.”

Weston did not say anything. He got up and went out, giving her some time alone.

Stella quickly recomposed herself. When she walked out of the room, she seemed normal again. Suddenly, she felt that her acting had improved. Noticing the strange behavior, Joan became a little cautious around her. “Miss Ella, you’re up? What would you like for breakfast?”

She knew the child earlier was not Stella's child and that the tension between Stella and Weston was rising. Fearing she might say something wrong, she decided to be extra careful.

Stella behaved like usual and acted as though the earlier incident had never happened. "Let's go with the usual."

"Yes, miss."

Joan was about to leave when Stella recalled something and asked, "By the way, Joan, can you make garlic noodles?"

"What?" Joan stopped in her tracks and thought she had misheard Stella.

"My colleague took me to eat garlic noodles yesterday. I think it's pretty good," Stella explained.

"Um..."

Joan knew how to cook it, but Weston had given her special instructions to pay attention to Ella's diet. She had to help improve her appetite but also ensure the meal didn't lack nutrition.

It was okay to eat garlic noodles, but it was not a nutritious meal.

Joan felt troubled and turned to Weston for help.

Weston remained expressionless. He poured a glass of milk for Stella and said, "Didn't you have it yesterday?"

Stella mixed the salad beside him. "I had it yesterday, but can't I eat it again today? Besides, it's quite tasty. I haven't eaten so much in a long time..."

Hearing this, Weston put down the toast in his hand and glanced at her. "With your current condition, you shouldn't be so willful when it comes to food."

"How am I willful?" Stella lost her appetite immediately.

Seeing that the two were about to quarrel, Joan hurriedly calmed them down. "It's okay. I can make it less pungent. It's okay to eat a little."

Weston and Stella just had an unpleasant altercation over Zachary's matter. He wanted to avoid another conflict with her if he could.

"Only once a week," he conceded.

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Although Stella was a bit dissatisfied, she knew that he could outright forbid her from eating those things if she kept arguing.

So, after much contemplation, she decided to negotiate. "Last night's meal doesn't count. Let's count from now. Once a week?"

Weston stared at her in silence, his eyes seemed to be telling her it was up to her to decide. "I will take it as a yes if you won't speak," Stella continued

The man rubbed his brows helplessly. "I won't take care of you when your stomach aches."

Although Weston said that, he knew that it would be impossible for him to ignore her when she was sick.

Joan, who was nearby, let out a sigh of relief. She thought that they would quarrel because of Zachary, but nothing seemed to happen. At the same time, it confused her somehow.

Didn't Ms. Ella have feelings for Mr. Ford, even for a bit?

She didn't seem jealous at all.

This was Weston's son from another woman!

...or was it that the rich were all like this?

Joan shook her head. The world of the affluent was simply too complicated. They had a peaceful breakfast together. Then, Weston answered a call. Stella looked at him from his back as she wiped her mouth.

After a while, he walked to her. "Did you meet someone yesterday?"

She smiled. "Isn't it a little late to be asking now?"

She shrugged. "I bumped into Guinevere in the fashion boutique yesterday. She seemed to know about us already.

"Did she give you a hard time?"

Although Weston had learned about the incident, he still wanted to hear it from her.

"Of course she did. Look at who I am now..." Stella laughed. "She even said that you were simply using me as a stand-in for Stella." Speaking of this, she became

sentimental. “She’s so arrogant. How would she react if she found out that I am Stella and that you actually saved me, then changed my name and forced me to stay by your side? To such an arrogant woman, you must’ve been really cruel to her. I

am very curious about how you turned a person like Guinevere into a madwoman after she met you.”

This was in no way a compliment.

However, Weston knew all too well that she was trying to be sarcastic and did not want to dwell on the matter, and he simply slapped his forehead instead. “Why didn’t you tell me earlier?”

“Tell you what?” Stella was confused. “Oh, you mean Guinevere already knew about our relationship? My bad. I was too tired yesterday, and I forgot to tell you. Anyway, now that you know, what are you going to do?”

She looked at him eagerly, anticipating his response.

Weston, however, disliked her showing that face. “What do you think I’ll do?”

“Who knows? Maybe our one-year contract will end earlier?” Stella spoke her mind with a smile.

The man saw right through her. “You just want to leave me that badly, huh?”

“How can that be?” She was still dutifully playing the role of someone who loved him dearly. “Of course, I want to stay by your side. It’s just that I wouldn’t be so shameless to stay by your side if you didn’t need me.”

“Do you really mean it, or are you acting?” he asked suddenly

Stella said nothing. After a while, just as she was about to answer him, the man interrupted her. “Don’t answer

me.”

Chapter 627

He knew that she wouldn’t give him the answer he wanted.

Almost instantly, Stella got tired of playing her “deep – affection” trick on him and asked directly, “So what are you going to do about it? I will cooperate.”

Indeed, she had deliberately provoked Guinevere since getting her enraged would increase the chances of ending the one-year contract earlier.

Looking rather distraught, Weston remained silent. "You were too bold. Do you think you'll be able to escape from me once she finds out about this?"

He had hit the nail on the head. Stella couldn't admit or refute him.

Weston suddenly stretched out his hands and cupped her face, forcing her to look into his eyes. "I know what's on your mind, Stella. A year is a year, and I will absolutely keep my word. But if you have something else in your mind, I can always extend that year..."

"You—" Stella's eyes widened in shock.

"Are you saying that I am mean by forcing you?" He parched his lips a bit, but his face remained stiff.

"You just don't get it, do you? I want you, so I'll keep you

by my side no matter what it takes."

It was one of those rare days where the cast was given a day off. Weston's company, however, wasn't always so free.

Stella heard that the project in the western suburbs was nearing completion. Often hearing him asking about its progress on the phone, she reckoned it a huge project so huge that even the Cohens were involved.

Nonetheless, she wasn't interested in those things. She simply focused on reading her script.

Weston came out from the study and found her sitting on the sofa. "I am going to the office for a while. Stay at home and behave yourself." She nodded. "Take care."

He did not reply.

It was then that she put down the script in her hands and walked to him, resigned to her fate. She took the tie he handed over to her. "You are almost thirty, but you still can't get your tie right?"

"You have lived for over twenty years, so why do you drag your feet while trying to tie a tie?" asked the man flatly.

Stella was speechless.

She realized that though he did not like to talk, it didn't

mean that he wasn't eloquent with his words.

However, it had to be said that it would be impossible that a very decisive man in the business industry wasn't articulate... except when he was too lazy to care about anyone.

Stella, who was not used to doing such things in the past, could actually tie a Windsor knot easily now.

This was all thanks to Weston for making her learn all sorts of skills she had never been exposed to before.

"Done."

She tightened the knot and helped him fix his collar. "Fetch me the jacket," he demanded.

Stella obediently went to get his suit jacket. His wardrobe was in no way less modest than hers. In fact, it was even more luxurious.

She opened it and was greeted by rows of bespoke suits.

Thinking that they were the same and there was not much difference between them, she randomly grabbed a black jacket, something he usually wore.

But just as she took it down, something fell out of the pocket and landed on the floor with a thud.

She took a look at it and found that it was a ring box.

She stared at the box for a while, then picked it up and opened it. In it sat a pink diamond ring.

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Nonetheless, she wasn't interested in those things. She simply focused on reading her script.

Weston came out from the study and found her sitting on the sofa. "I am going to the office for a while. Stay at home and behave yourself." She nodded. "Take care."

He did not reply.

It was then that she put down the script in her hands and walked to him, resigned to her fate. She took the tie he handed over to her. "You are almost thirty, but you still can't get your tie right?"

"You have lived for over twenty years, so why do you drag your feet while trying to tie a tie?" asked the man flatly.

Stella was speechless.

She realized that though he did not like to talk, it didn't mean that he wasn't eloquent with his words.

However, it had to be said that it would be impossible that a very decisive man in the business industry wasn't articulate... except when he was too lazy to care about anyone.

Stella, who was not used to doing such things in the past, could actually tie a Windsor knot easily now.

This was all thanks to Weston for making her learn all sorts of skills she had never been exposed to before.

“Done.”

She tightened the knot and helped him fix his collar. “Fetch me the jacket,” he demanded.

Stella obediently went to get his suit jacket. His wardrobe was in no way less modest than hers. In fact, it was even more luxurious.

She opened it and was greeted by rows of bespoke suits.

Thinking that they were the same and there was not much difference between them, she randomly grabbed a black jacket, something he usually wore.

But just as she took it down, something fell out of the pocket and landed on the floor with a thud.

She took a look at it and found that it was a ring box.

She stared at the box for a while, then picked it up and opened it. In it sat a pink diamond ring.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 626

Chapter 626

Although Stella was a bit dissatisfied, she knew that he could outright forbid her from eating those things if she kept arguing.

So, after much contemplation, she decided to negotiate.” Last night’s meal doesn’t count. Let’s count from now. Once a week?”

Weston stared at her in silence, his eyes seemed to be telling her it was up to her to decide. “I will take it as a yes if you won’t speak,” Stella continued

The man rubbed his brows helplessly. “I won’t take care of you when your stomach aches.”

Although Weston said that, he knew that it would be impossible for him to ignore her when she was sick.

Joan, who was nearby, let out a sigh of relief. She thought that they would quarrel because of Zachary, but nothing seemed to happen. At the same time, it confused her somehow.

Didn't Ms. Ella have feelings for Mr. Ford, even for a bit?

She didn't seem jealous at all.

This was Weston's son from another woman!

...or was it that the rich were all like this?

Joan shook her head. The world of the affluent was simply too complicated. They had a peaceful breakfast together. Then, Weston answered a call. Stella looked at him from his back as she wiped her mouth.

After a while, he walked to her. "Did you meet someone yesterday?"

She smiled. "Isn't it a little late to be asking now?"

She shrugged. "I bumped into Guinevere in the fashion boutique yesterday. She seemed to know about us already.

"Did she give you a hard time?"

Although Weston had learned about the incident, he still wanted to hear it from her.

"Of course she did. Look at who I am now..." Stella laughed. "She even said that you were simply using me as a stand-in for Stella." Speaking of this, she became sentimental. "She's so arrogant. How would she react if she found out that I am Stella and that you actually saved me, then changed my name and forced me to stay by your side? To such an arrogant woman, you must've been really cruel to her. I

am very curious about how you turned a person like Guinevere into a madwoman after she met you."

This was in no way a compliment.

However, Weston knew all too well that she was trying to be sarcastic and did not want to dwell on the matter, and he simply slapped his forehead instead. "Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

"Tell you what?" Stella was confused. "Oh, you mean Guinevere already knew about our relationship? My bad. I was too tired yesterday, and I forgot to tell you. Anyway, now that you know, what are you going to do?"

She looked at him eagerly, anticipating his response.

Weston, however, disliked her showing that face. "What do you think I'll do?"

"Who knows? Maybe our one-year contract will end earlier?" Stella spoke her mind with a smile.

The man saw right through her. "You just want to leave me that badly, huh?"

"How can that be?" She was still dutifully playing the role of someone who loved him dearly. "Of course, I want to stay by your side. It's just that I wouldn't be so shameless to stay by your side if you didn't need me."

"Do you really mean it, or are you acting?" he asked suddenly

Stella said nothing. After a while, just as she was about to answer him, the man interrupted her. "Don't answer

me."

Chapter 627

He knew that she wouldn't give him the answer he wanted.

Almost instantly, Stella got tired of playing her "deep – affection" trick on him and asked directly, "So what are you going to do about it? I will cooperate."

Indeed, she had deliberately provoked Guinevere since getting her enraged would increase the chances of ending the one-year contract earlier.

Looking rather distraught, Weston remained silent. "You were too bold. Do you think you'll be able to escape from me once she finds out about this?"

He had hit the nail on the head. Stella couldn't admit or refute him.

Weston suddenly stretched out his hands and cupped her face, forcing her to look into his eyes. "I know what's on your mind, Stella. A year is a year, and I will absolutely keep my word. But if you have something else in your mind, I can always extend that year..."

"You—" Stella's eyes widened in shock.

"Are you saying that I am mean by forcing you?" He parched his lips a bit, but his face remained stiff.

"You just don't get it, do you? I want you, so I'll keep you

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Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 627

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Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 628

Chapter 628

Stella recognized it at once-it was the one she saw at the shopping mall and liked.

Not wanting Weston to buy her a diamond ring, she had said she didn't like it and ended up with just a bracelet instead.

It did not occur to her that he would buy this ring back.

She stared at the ring for a while before quickly putting it back in its original place, pretending she didn't see it.

For someone like Weston, buying a diamond ring was casual. It did not mean anything.

Never again would her heart waver for these petty gifts.

In the hallway,

Weston rubbed Stella's head and kissed her cheek. "Wait for me to come home."

She nodded. "Can I go out with my colleague?"

He paused. "Are you referring to the colleague who brought you out for tea?"

She looked at him warily. "It was me who asked her out. Don't trouble her."

"Am I that unreasonable in your eyes?" He pinched his nose. "Alright, but you must tell me in advance. You are only allowed to eat junk food once a week, so don't exceed your limit."

“Okay, alright...Why do I suddenly feel like I have a dad?”

“What are you talking about?” The man squinted dangerously. “Nothing...” Stella said, “Why don’t you head to the office now? The chauffeur is waiting for you outside.” “There is no rush. I still have one more thing to do.”

“What?”

He lowered his head and studied her with an intense gaze.

Even though she hated him, she had to admit that he did possess the best-looking eyes she had ever seen.

Even without opening his mouth, he was captivating enough , just by gazing at her with his beautiful eyes. It was as if they could talk. Every time he looked at her like this, she had an illusion that he loved her deeply.

She lowered her eyes slightly, stood on tiptoe, and kissed him on the corner of his mouth.

“Happy now?”

Weston smiled pleasantly and kissed her ear, “Good girl.”

And he left.

She stood on the balcony and watched his black Bugatti slowly leave the villa. Only then was she relieved.

Her heart could only be at ease when he was not around.

Whenever he was home, she would be wary of him since he’d get horny. She even had to find a chance to take her medication whenever she could. The last time she took medicine, it worked. However, Weston suddenly settled down a lot, and it tormented her.

Zeta had also told her that this medicine had side effects if she took too much. In fact, she had been feeling way less energetic and a lot sleepier than before.

She still needed to find another way to solve this problem, or he would eventually discover that she relied on the drug to get intimate with him. The weather today was nice, so she stayed in her study to read her script.

The current project she was currently working on was nearing completion, and due to her excellent performance, the director had given her other scripts in advance, planning to recommend her to other colleagues,

Correspondingly, she should then gain some fame after the movie's release. If things went well, she might even become an instant hit.

Stella, on the other hand, wasn't expecting much. Without high hopes, there wouldn't be any disappointment. All she wanted was to work on her career diligently.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 629

Chapter 629

Bradley often described her as a paradox-contradicting qualities mixed together in one body. She was obviously an ambitious person, but her clear eyes looked unambiguous. She did not like competing with anyone, but she would never back down and give up on progress.

At Ford Corporation's skyscraper

The project in the western suburbs was in full swing, with endless meetings being held one after the other. Being the biggest project of the year, the company had attached great importance to it, making the employees feel the tension in the atmosphere.

As long as the project went well, Ford Corporation would progress to another level.

As it was already the top corporation in Ahn City, it could make a name for itself in Fern City if the project was successful.

Then, Weston would undeniably become the youngest and richest man in the country, catching everyone's attention.

His fame would only rise. By then, people would still dig

into his personal life even if he tried to keep a low profile. Hence, it was important for the public relations department to keep up with the public opinion. "Mr. Ford, I have prepared all the materials for the meeting. Do I hand it directly to Mr. Sullivan, or..."

The staff in the secretary department were all working on a tight schedule.

Daisy sorted the documents in her hands and knocked on the door of the CEO's office.

Always very professional when it came to working, she never allowed her personal feelings to get in the way. Weston was no different. He marked a few important points on the papers and told her to prepare for the next meeting.

Before she left, though, she swept a glance at him.

However, noticing that he had no intention to talk to her, she paused for a while, failing to say what was in her mind in the end.

What she probably had to do now was to do the job as best she could, not get involved in the matter between Xavier and Weston. She also couldn't make a decision for them.

"Anything else?" He took a sip of the coffee and looked at her with little expression on his face.

"It's nothing," she hurriedly muttered as she snapped

back to her senses.

In the area near the third motorway, an agent was in a black car, holding a tablet. As he read the scripts and decided on the next film Guinevere would star in, he suddenly received a message.

"Guinevere, Zack was not in Ford Mansion last night."

"I know. I think Wendy took him somewhere."

Davis frowned. "It's a little strange..."

"How so?" Guinevere was getting impatient. "Stop bothering me with such things when we are working!"

"Guinevere..." Davis wanted to tell her that Wendy seemed to have been in Ford Mansion the whole time last night at first, and Chris was abroad on a business trip. So, apart from Weston, nobody would take Zachary out. But looking at her impatient face, he said nothing more, convincing himself he was thinking too much. "By the way, did you inform Mr. Ford that you were coming?" She put down her mobile phone immediately and gave him a stern look. "Do I need to inform him in advance? Think about our relationship. Do you really think that's necessary?"

"I don't mean that, Guinevere. I just heard that Mr.

Ford's been very busy these days. It will be a waste of time if he is not there, so I think it'll be better to tell him first."

Although he tried to make it sound as sensible as possible, she still figured out the meaning between his lines.

"Are you mocking me? You think Weston and I are not on good terms, don't you?" "I really don't mean that..." Feeling that it was getting increasingly difficult to communicate with her, he stopped talking. "Mr. Ford will be delighted to see you."

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 630

Chapter 630

Guinevere had no idea why she was going to meet Weston. Having just had a showdown with Ella yesterday, she didn't know what Ella would say to Weston. What she knew, though, was that she deeply missed this man.

Once they arrived at the office, the quick-witted receptionist instantly informed the CEO's office.

Daisy happened to come down with the papers, and when she saw Guinevere, she was startled.

"Ms. Cohen?"

She took the initiative to greet her.

If it were in the past, she would've never gone beyond the scope of her job, but somehow, she felt a bit guilty when she saw Guinevere-perhaps it was because of her knowledge of Weston's affair with Ella that she didn't know how to face Guinevere. Truth be said, it had nothing to do with her-she was simply an ordinary employer of the company, and there was nothing she needed to be worried about in the first place.

Guinevere looked at her. "Where is Weston?"

"Mr. Ford is preparing for a meeting now. Do you need me to bring you to him?"

"No. I won't disturb him since he is busy. I can wait in his office."

"Alright, Ms. Cohen. Please come with me."

After saying that, Daisy escorted her to Weston's office.

When they were in the doorway, they both stopped in their tracks.

Guinevere looked at Daisy and said, "You can leave me now."

Daisy was a bit stunned. Knowing that Guinevere was chasing her away, she suddenly felt a sense of repulsion welling within her.

Nonetheless, Daisy still nodded, saying, "Okay. Please call me if you need anything." Guinevere did not reply. She opened the door and entered the office directly. Daisy stood in front of the door, sensing hostility in Guinevere's actions. Her heart skipped a bit. She thought that she hid it very well, but Xavier saw through her and publicly announced her feelings for Weston. This made her embarrassed to face Weston. Could Guinevere see her feelings toward Weston?

Guinevere did not think much about it.

She had always been very confident and never once regarded other women as a threat. Maybe it was because of yesterday's incident that she had lost her confidence and felt that all the beautiful women around him were dangerous.

Only now did she also realize that there were many beautiful women around him.

Never losing to anyone in the entertainment industry for so many years, she was constantly confident about her appearance.

However, she discovered that he did not seem to care about how a woman looked, at least not as much as she thought he did.

The fact that he would get Ella as a stand-in made her feel that he was very different from the Weston she knew.

"Are you still working?" She gathered her emotions and took the initiative to speak.

Weston was reading a document and frowned in annoyance when he heard some noises.

"Anything?"

Apart from Guinevere, no one could enter his office without permission.

Of course, Xavier liked to do this as well.

Regardless of how harmless they tried to portray themselves, it was very easy to see through their ambitions. Weston never exposed them, though. Guinevere came in. "Nothing. I am simply dropping by because you were too busy."