

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 631

### Chapter 631

Weston paused for a moment. He suddenly looked at her and said, "I thought you were here to ask me something."

Guinevere was taken aback, but she quickly put on a smile.

She was sure that Ella had told him about their confrontation

Did Ella think that she would make a scene with him?

She wasn't that stupid.

She could've used that method to deal with Belle, but Ella was obviously a trickier character.

Her face remained calm. "There is nothing in particular. It is just that I don't have much shooting these days, so I thought of coming to see you. We haven't met for a long time, have we?"

Weston then put down the file in his hands and looked at her.

His eyes were questioning her, but she pretended not to see them. Instead, she arranged the lunchboxes she brought on the table. "I made these myself. Do you want to try some?"

"Since when do you cook?" He raised his brows.

They had known each other for many years, and the arrogant Guinevere never had to cook to impress anyone.

All the rich kids grew up the same way.

When they had too much, they tended to be selfish and cold.

"That was then. We're talking about now," Guinevere laughed. "I think it's a pleasure to cook for someone I like."

When he heard that, he was momentarily lost in thought.

Stella used to enjoy cooking and always prepared various dishes for him. He didn't recall having any favorite dishes. Stella had perhaps spoiled him until he became a

picky eater with fixed preferences. It was just that after they got together again, she would only cook when she wanted to beg him for something. No longer did she cook for him voluntarily. She did it only when she wanted to see Roger or to inquire about Roger. Guinevere got no response and noticed that Weston did not look right. "What's wrong? Do you not like it?"

She was a bit nervous, having made all the dishes yesterday in a hurry with a lot of help from the cook. She even tried them and ensured they tasted good before bringing them to Weston.

This quickly made her realize that she actually didn't really know what he liked.

The man looked up and put down the pen in his hand." You don't have to do all these for me. Just do your job."

She felt that he was being thoughtful and smiled. "That's true, but the two of us are getting married after all, and I'd like to try what it's like to be someone's wife."

The corners of his lips curved upward, but his face remained stiff. "What's so good about being my wife?"

His seemingly unintentional remark made Guinevere straighten her back. "Weston, you should know that I have been preparing to be Mrs. Ford for many years."

He looked at her suddenly. "It is a title that's within your reach."

"Yes," Guinevere replied. "Everyone thinks that I am Mrs. Ford now. Besides, we have Zack... You are right. I have everything I want, so I will not dwell on the little things that don't matter."

This was what she came for.

She was telling him that as long as she was Mrs. Ford in everyone's eyes, they were all insignificant, whether it was Ella or Bella.

She did not care.

She also believed that someone as smart as Weston could

understand her meaning. Weston didn't respond and simply kept quiet. After a while, he asked, "Is this really what you want?" "Of course." Guinevere smiled. "What is there to doubt? My heart has never changed."

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 632**

Weston remained silent.

Guinevere relaxed her facial expression. "Did someone tell you something?"

It's okay. I know a lifetime is a long time, especially for men, she thought to herself. 'It is perfectly normal to grow new interests, but it doesn't mean he has no feelings for you. We should respect the changes in emotions. I believe that you still care for me the most and put Zack and me as the priority, so I will never put those irrelevant people in mind.'

Guinevere squatted down in front of me and put her head on his knees. "Weston, you'll always stay by my side,

right?"

In the Stardust Mansion.

Stella's eyelids suddenly twitched, and her eyes felt sore. She put down the script in her hands and looked at the time.

More than two hours had passed.

She took out her mobile phone and saw an incoming message from an unknown number. There was an address and a weird sentence in the message,

Her gaze intensified. After a while, she put her mobile phone face down.

"Where are you going, Ms. Steele?" Joan asked when seeing Stella going out. "I will call the chauffeur for you." "That won't be necessary. I am just going for a stroll." Before Joan could react, Stella grabbed her jacket and left.

"Ms. Steele!" Joan chased after her for a while.

Stella thought for a while and stopped. Then, she said, "I'd like to have garlic noodles tonight. Can you make them for me?"

"Didn't Mr. Ford say that you can eat it only once a week?"

Stella said, "Yes. just this once."

"Well..." Joan was a bit troubled.

"Please, I'm craving it," Stella insisted.

Joan hesitated, but after some consideration, she agreed.

“Okay. You should inform Mr. Ford when you go out, or he will be worried.”

So, it was actually his disguised form of surveillance.

Stella knew that Joan was only doing her job and didn't make things difficult for her.

“I will tell the chauffeur.”

Joan seemed relieved.

The chauffeur, now an old acquaintance of Stella, sent her to the mall and waited for her in the parking lot.

Stella strolled around casually. When it was almost time, she went to the location where they had promised to meet.

Lively music could be heard coming from the exquisitely decorated restaurant.

This place offered good privacy.

Upon entering, Stella was greeted by a receptionist, and she verified her phone number. She was then escorted to the private room.

The interior design was quite unique. There was a jukebox at the center, and the space around it was divided into beehive-like partitions that, although densely packed, were very spacious. The place also had an outstanding view, and the surrounding area could be seen from the inside, making it the perfect spot for public figures to get together.

Stella quickly saw a stylish and elegant woman sitting in a corner. Wearing sunglasses and a limited edition dress, she held a white porcelain tea cup and slowly sipped on it. Evidently, her graceful manner went beyond words.

Hearing the sound of the door, she looked up and nodded at Stella.

“You are here.”

Stella nodded. She had never expected Wendy to ask her out for tea, and when she read her message, she was a bit perplexed.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 633**

### **Chapter 633**

Stella had only met Wendy once on set. It was only a brief meeting but she actually asked her out for tea?

Moreover...

After a brief survey of the private room, she noticed that they were the only occupants there. It seemed the other cast members didn't receive her invitation.

Seeing Stella's reaction, Wendy chuckled. "Are you afraid that I'll eat you up?"

Stella shook her head. "I don't mean that. I am just a little flattered ... since you are a celebrated veteran, Mrs. Ford."

Wendy was in no way a lesser woman when compared to Guinevere. In fact, she was more successful-she was the unbeatable queen of film, with no one else garnering that many domestic awards as she had in the twenties. Her popularity spread across the continent, where almost everyone had heard her name. She was considered a superstar who had influenced a few generations.

However, she was a person that chose to retire at the peak of her career.

People's impression of her remained at her most glorious moment. So even after she had retired from the industry

for many years, many still knew her. Stella always felt that God had always favored Weston, bestowing him with a compelling face. Regardless, with parents like Wendy and Chris, it wasn't uncommon that people like him to look more attractive than them.

Chris had a handsome face as well. As for Wendy, she was famous for her beauty in the entertainment industry. Such a combination was a sure-fire recipe for producing good-looking children.

Evidently, Weston inherited the best of them.

"You are Ella, right?" Wendy ordered a cup of rose tea for her. "Try this. It's good for the skin.

"Thank you, Mrs. Ford."

Wendy frowned. "Don't call me that. It makes me feel old."

"Um... Senior?" Stella asked tentatively.

Wendy laughed. "Just call me Sis Wendy." "Okay, Sis Wendy."

Wendy suddenly sighed. "How nostalgic. It's been years since I've heard that." No matter how glamorous the entertainment industry was, it was an extremely elitist scene.

Almost everyone called her Sis Wendy at that time. Whether the older seniors or the directors and the producers, they were all respectful toward her.

It was just that no one called her that anymore after she got married.

For many years, people had just addressed her as Mrs. Ford.

At that time, she actually felt thrilled to voluntarily take off her crown to become a vassal of a man.

Now, the very mention of it made her sick. Stella did not think much and said subconsciously, "If you were to return to the big screen now, many people would surely still love you."

Wendy was caught off guard and raised her brows self deprecatingly. "Return to the big screen? I can't go back at my age." After saying that, she ran her fingers through her hair. Although she had taken good care of her appearance, the inevitable signs of aging were clearly visible. She was fifty, after all, and no matter how beautiful she was, she would not be as vibrant as her younger days.

Stella smiled. "The entertainment industry should have more people like you. People regard youth as the only beauty standard nowadays. However, all ages have their

charms. When you were young, you led an entire generation. Why don't you try once more?"

Although Wendy thought those words had a flattering connotation, she was still happy to hear them. "You are flattering me. But how can an old woman lead new trends?"

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The pair drank tea and chatted casually about some work matters before going into the main topic. Wendy smiled and looked at her. She was very kind, but her words made Stella freeze. "Last night... you met Zachary, right?"

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 634**

### **Chapter 634**

Stella jerked her head up and looked at Wendy in astonishment.

Wendy laughed. "Don't get nervous. I am not here to confront you; I just want to confirm it."

Stella tightened her grip on the teacup but did not say anything "I am sorry," she said after a good while. Without needing many words, their attitude answered everything

Wendy slowly relaxed her face. "You should know about the relationship between Weston and Guinevere, right?"

"Yes, I do." Stella closed her eyes. "I never wanted to get between them. I ..."

Before she could finish her, Wendy interrupted, "I am not here to accuse you of anything. Why are you explaining yourself to me?" Wendy laughed again, handed Stella a tissue, and pointed at the corner of her mouth.

Stella raised her hand to wipe it but found nothing there. Wendy laughed again and tapped her finger on the table. "You are with Weston now, right?"

Not waiting for an answer, she nodded to herself. "I should have noticed it earlier. Weston grew up before my eyes. He is my son, after all. I know what is in his mind."

After saying that, she took a sip of the rose tea and sighed, "His relationship with Guinevere is not like what the outsiders think. As a mother, I only hope to see my child happy, so you do not have to be too nervous. I am not coming to pick a fight with you. I just want to meet you to see what sort of woman can make my son happy."

Her words sounded nice, but they somehow felt like a sharp knife.

Her morals and conscience were condemning her.

Whatever the story between her and Weston, Weston's mother did not know anything.

From Wendy's perspective, Stella was the pathetic third wheel between Weston and Guinevere.

But she used words to make Stella excuses. This made Stella feel ashamed.

"I am very sorry." Stella stood up. "I have something up and can't stay any longer."

She was simply unable to stay for another second. Each passing moment was a torment to her.

Wendy did not expect that Stella would try to escape. "Ella!"

She stood up and blocked her path. "Did I say something wrong?"

"No. The fault is mine." Stella did not dare to look into Wendy's eyes.

Wendy looked at her sympathetically. "I know you are feeling guilty. I told you, I am not here to confront you. You don't have to feel burdened."

Stella still could not take it. "Sorry."

Wendy did not stop her after seeing her insistence." Alright. I just came here to tell you that I don't hold any prejudice against you. On the contrary, I know you are someone who can make Weston happy. No mother wants to see her children unhappy. I am no exception."

Stella quickly fled, unable to listen to another word.

Wendy's face gradually turned gloomy and became highly inscrutable as she watched Stella leave from her back.

Stella received a message from Wendy as soon as she left the mall, telling her that she did not wish anyone to know about their meeting.

After replying to reassure Wendy, she turned off her phone and wandered around the mall for a while before heading to the parking lot.

She was ready to get in the car but did not see the

chauffeur-she could guess what he was doing, so she did not urge him and waited beside the car.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 635**

### **Chapter 635**

A familiar voice suddenly called out from behind. "Ella?"

Stella was stunned and looked back. When she saw Yvonne appearing behind her, her eyes flashed with joy." Yvonne? What are you doing here?"

"I came out for a stroll. What a coincidence! I can't believe I ran into you!"

It had been a long time since they met, and Yvonne took her arm warmly. "I heard that you started acting. How is it? Are you getting along fine?" "Great. How about you? Are you still planning to start another training center?"

Yvonne shook her head. "I don't think I'll be doing that anymore. I want to do what I like."

"That's good."

"By the way, do you have time?" Yvonne asked her excitedly. "Do you want to go for a drink?"



Stella paused for a moment, hesitating as she subconsciously looked behind her.

Yvonne knew what she was thinking and reassured her. "Don't worry. It'll be just the two of us. No Lucas."

"If he knows that you are with me, he might be very

angry," Stella joked. "He wouldn't dare!" Yvonne said disapprovingly. "I never restricted him from making friends. So, why should he restrict me from making friends? Besides, he's been pissing me off lately, and I don't want to hang out with him..."

"You haven't made up yet?" Stella asked about their current relationship. Yvonne grabbed her arm as she walked and said, "Let's get some drinks and find a place to sit and talk. I'm parched."

Stella was dragged along by Yvonne.

She swept a glance at the black car. The chauffeur still hadn't returned, so Stella withdrew her eyes and left with Yvonne.

Yvonne was very familiar with this area and asked Stella if there was anything she wanted to eat. Stella said, "Anything. Up to you."

Yvonne took her directly to a restaurant she often visited. "Sit here. I need to go to the restroom."

After ordering the food, she stood up and left her seat.

Stella recalled what Wendy said to her just now and felt disturbed.

She might have been able to justify herself in front of

Guinevere because she knew Guinevere was the third party between her and Weston from the very beginning, but that wasn't so for Wendy. She was completely oblivious about the entire thing, and she also didn't know about her past with Weston.

Stella also couldn't understand why Wendy was suddenly being nice to her. She was very sure about one thing, though, that she should not accept her kindness.

"What are you thinking about? You were so lost in thought."

Yvonne came back and sat in front of her. Without waiting for her answer, Yvonne said excitedly, "Guess who I met just now?"

"Who?"

“Wendy!” She grabbed Stella’s hand in excitement. “You know Wendy Thomas, right? You are a novice in the entertainment industry. She used to be my idol!” Stella’s eyes flickered , and she replied, “I know. She is great.”

Yvonne sighed. “She is very beautiful. She is old now, yet her aura is still so outstanding. No wonder she could marry into the Ford family!”

The Ford family was among the richest of the rich in Ahn City, not to mention Weston being an outstanding heir. This transcended them to a level that no one could surpass.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 636**

### **Chapter 636**

Although Chris Ford was the most desired man among the popular actresses in his heyday; his heart was set on Wendy Thomas and no one else.

Wendy was a normal working-class girl who somehow found her way into the entertainment industry because of her stunning looks. She didn’t just have luck on her side, as she also happened to be an incredibly talented actress. Unsurprisingly, she quickly gained a foothold in the entertainment industry and achieved superstardom at a young age. Soon afterward, she married into one of the country’s wealthiest and most prestigious families, cementing her position at the top of the social pyramid.

In fact, her love story with Chris Ford back then was much talked about, and their wedding was so lavish that it was considered the wedding of the century. “What an enviable woman!” Yvonne exclaimed . “She’s really got it all, hasn’t she? A successful career and a happy family... and unlike other celebrities who married into rich families, she didn’t keep on pumping out baby after baby. Instead, she only ever had one child, who had turned out even more impressive than both his parents!”

Stella said nothing, only wearing a thin smile on her face.

“Oops...” Yvonne slapped her forehead, finally realizing her mistake. “I totally forgot... I shouldn’t have

mentioned Weston Ford. Sorry.”

She was so excited when she saw the legendary Wendy Thomas that she completely overlooked the fact that her son was Weston Ford, the man forcing Ella to be with him against her will.

To think that she even praised him to the skies! His horrible treatment of Ella alone was bad enough to negate all of his accomplishments!

“Bah!” Yvonne spat. “Forget what I just said! It doesn’t matter how impressive he is when he’s a total a\*\*hole!”

“I see you changed your mind pretty quickly!” Stella observed, laughing.

Yvonne’s expression suddenly changed.

“How have you been getting on lately?” she asked Stella, not referring to her career, of course, but her relationship with Weston.

Stella’s eyes flickered.

“I think Guinevere Cohen has found out about us,” she said.

“What?” Yvonne gasped so dramatically that everyone around them turned their heads towards her.

“But how did she find out?” she asked, her voice a lot more subdued this time.

Stella shook her head silently.

“Has she done anything to you?” Yvonne asked anxiously. Just as she finished her sentence, she realized how dumb her question was, so she quickly added, “Oh, my God! She must’ve tried to kill you or something! Are you sure you’re okay?”

“She hasn’t done anything to me,” Stella pursed her lips.

“No way!” Yvonne responded incredulously. “We’re in the same social circle, so I know her! You have no idea how possessive she is over Weston Ford! It’s not just because of his cold personality that no one dares to even go near him; it’s partly Guinevere’s doing too! She would never let any other woman touch her man! I simply can’t believe she hasn’t given you any trouble yet!” “Who knows why,” Stella shrugged. She had no desire to talk about those two anymore. “This is all Weston Ford’s fault!” Yvonne berated, indignant on her friend’s behalf. “No matter how you look at it, none of this would’ve happened if it weren’t for him! So he should be the one to deal with this! You’re powerless now. You can’t possibly stand up against Guinevere Cohen on your own!”

Yvonne balled up her fists in rage and continued, “If he still wants to call himself a man, he would never let Guinevere do anything to you!”

At that moment, the waitress brought their dessert to the table. Stella had just drank a full cup of chamomile tea,

and she had now lost her appetite.

"All I really want from him is to set me free," she said, poking at the custard with the tiny spoon.

Just then, as she glanced outside the window, she saw a familiar figure flashing across her view, and her gaze instantly locked on it.

"What's wrong?" Yvonne asked, sensing something wrong.

Stella turned to Yvonne and, without changing her expression, replied, "Nothing, just someone following me around..."

"Who is it?" Yvonne was now nervous. "Did Guinevere send someone to follow you?"

"No. It's Weston Ford."

"What?" Yvonne raised her brows, perplexed. "Why on earth would he do that?"

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 637**

### **Chapter 637**

"He probably wants to know who I've met, what I've done, what I've said..."

Yvonne frowned and remarked, "This guy sounds like a..."

She wanted to say a pervert, but she didn't wish to frighten Stella.

Stella, however, had long known how deranged Weston could become, and she knew precisely what Yvonne was thinking.

"He has always been a pervert." Stella shook her head.

Yvonne sighed.

"Why exactly do you think he's doing this?" she asked.

Thousands of women out there would be more than willing to be with him, so why did he have to force Ella to be his lover? And why even go to the creepy extent of sending people to follow her around?

"Do you think he's worried that you'd run away?"

"Where am I supposed to run to?" Stella found the thought amusing. "He's probably just doing this to show he owns me."

Nonetheless, Yvonne was still worried that Guinevere might do something to Ella.

“Does Guinevere know that he forced you to be with him?”

“Rather than believing that I was forced to be with him,” Stella massaged the throbbing headache she was having on her forehead, “I think she’d rather prefer to believe that I wanted to stay with him. The thought of Weston Ford forcing another woman to be with him might be insulting and humiliating to her.”

“You’re probably right,” Yvonne responded. “Her pride would never let her admit that Weston might fall in love with someone else...”

It had been a long time since they had a chance to chat, so it was natural that they would talk about their respective partners. But it was obvious that Stella no longer wanted to talk about Weston, so Yvonne changed the topic to her husband, Lucas.

“He’s been really good to me lately,” she said, scooping a spoonful of custard into her mouth. “You remember how I caught him having dinner with another woman, don’t you? Well, it turns out that she really was just his patient. I guess I just get a little too jealous sometimes...”

“That’s unsurprising,” Stella nodded. “He doesn’t seem like the guy who would cheat on you.” “Yeah,” Yvonne agreed wholeheartedly. “We’ve known each other since we were little, and he’s only ever been interested in me.”

“You mean you guys were childhood sweethearts?”

“I guess you can say that,” Yvonne giggled. “He’s actually the son of my family’s driver. We practically grew up together. He’s always been a quiet introvert.”

Stella never knew that they had come from such different backgrounds.

“How did you guys end up together?” she asked.

“Because he’s so handsome?!” Yvonne gushed, her tone implying how obvious the answer should have been to Stella. “He’s the best-looking guy among all the kids that I grew up with. We went to the same elementary school, high school, and even the same university, and he was still the guy that appealed to me the most! I’ve always been following him around, so it was natural that we’d end up together.”

Yvonne had never questioned any of this. To her, Lucas had always belonged to her, and there had never been a shred of doubt in her mind about it. She was also certain that Lucas would never be interested in other women. She was his only one, and she was a hundred percent sure of it.

The only reason she blew up in anger when she saw him with another woman was her habit of being possessive of him. Even though she was fully aware that Lucas would never cheat on her, she couldn’t help but be jealous.

“He must have been treating you like a princess,” Stella observed, a little envious of her friend.

If she hadn't had him wrapped around her finger, she wouldn't have been so quick to lose her temper.

Yvonne was about to say something, but she was suddenly cut off by a voice that sounded very familiar to Stella.

“Stella...? Is that you?”

### **Chapter 638**

Stella's breath was instantly sucked out of her chest. She turned slowly towards the voice and her eyes widened.

Aunt Diana...

She almost blurted out those words but managed to stop herself in time.

The woman walked up to her with eyes red and teary, saying, “Is it really you, Stella? I thought I'd never see you again...”

Yvonne was completely clueless as to what was going on, so she asked, “Who is this, Ella?”

Stella stood up abruptly and shook her head, saying, “I don't know her.”

“You don't know me? How is that possible? I'm your aunt Diana! Have you forgotten me?”

The woman wiped away her tears and turned around to address the man behind her.

“Honey, come here! Isn't it Stella?”

“I'm really sorry,” muttered Stella. “You're completely mistaken. I truly don't know who you are...”

The man walked up with his hands full of shopping bags, and when his eyes fell on Stella, he was visibly floored.

But his reactions were much more subdued than the woman's.

“Please forgive us, but you look very much like my niece,” he explained after a long bout of silence. “My wife must've mistaken you for her.”

“Your niece?” asked Yvonne. “Does your niece happen to be Stella Sealey?”

“Yes! Do you know her?”

“Well...” Yvonne glanced worriedly at Stella. “Yes, I do know your niece. But this woman is definitely not her. She’s called Ella Steele.”

“Ella Steele?” The man raised his brows as he looked at Stella. “Even their names are similar!”

“Yes,” Stella replied while avoiding eye contact with him. “What a coincidence . Anyway, I’m a little busy, so I’ve got to go now...”

“Wait!” the woman interrupted, obviously still unconvinced. “Are you sure you’re not my niece Stella?”

“She really is someone else,” Yvonne reassured the woman. “She’s definitely not Stella Sealey because I used to know her too. When I first met Ella, I was just as shocked as you are. I thought they were the same person, but it turns out they really are different people.”

Hearing this, the woman finally calmed down a little.

“I suppose you’re right,” she shook her head slowly. “Stella is dead. How can I still think that...”

The woman almost collapsed, but the man rushed up in a hurry and held her still in his arms.

“Are you all right?” he asked with a look of concern.

“I’m fine...”

The woman then looked up at Stella with eyes full of anguish.

“I didn’t even get to see Stella before she died,” she lamented. “I never had a chance to find out why she ran away from home...”

Stella mustered up all her self-control not to look back at her aunt. It was clear now that in that family of hers, the only one who genuinely cared for her was Aunt Diana. It was a shame that she was kicked out of the Sealey family before she even had a chance to talk to her.

She heard that Michael Sealey somehow found a way to move abroad after she was kicked out, taking Aunt Diana with him, and they hadn’t returned to this country for a

long time. Perhaps he was scared that Stella might tell his wife what he had done to her.

She still remembered that when her family was notified of her death, none of them showed up or asked any questions, as if her existence meant absolutely nothing to them, dead or alive.

But Aunt Diana was different. She tried her best asking around for news of what happened to her. She simply wouldn't believe that Stella really was dead.

Michael Sealey, on the other hand, was glad that Stella died. Now, no one would ever expose his secrets, and he would forever be his wife's family's favorite son-in-law. In fact, he only decided to return to this country with his wife because he'd learned that Stella was dead.

He glared at Stella one last time. A skeptical man by nature, he would never have believed that such a wild coincidence was real. But he did read about Stella's death in the news with his own eyes, so all he could do was gawk at the woman called Ella Steele quietly.

"Come on," he said, wrapping his arm around his wife's shoulders. "Let's not disturb them. She's really not Stella. Let's go home."

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“I didn’t even get to see Stella before she died,” she lamented. “I never had a chance to find out why she ran away from home...”

Stella mustered up all her self-control not to look back at her aunt. It was clear now that in that family of hers, the only one who genuinely cared for her was Aunt Diana. It was a shame that she was kicked out of the Sealey family before she even had a chance to talk to her.

She heard that Michael Sealey somehow found a way to move abroad after she was kicked out, taking Aunt Diana with him, and they hadn’t returned to this country for a long time. Perhaps he was scared that Stella might tell his wife what he had done to her.

She still remembered that when her family was notified of her death, none of them showed up or asked any questions, as if her existence meant absolutely nothing to them, dead or alive.

But Aunt Diana was different. She tried her best asking around for news of what happened to her. She simply wouldn’t believe that Stella really was dead.

Michael Sealey, on the other hand, was glad that Stella died. Now, no one would ever expose his secrets, and he would forever be his wife’s family’s favorite son-in-law. In fact, he only decided to return to this country with his wife because he’d learned that Stella was dead.

He glared at Stella one last time. A skeptical man by nature, he would never have believed that such a wild coincidence was real. But he did read about Stella’s death in the news with his own eyes, so all he could do was gawk at the woman called Ella Steele quietly.

“Come on,” he said, wrapping his arm around his wife’s shoulders. “Let’s not disturb them. She’s really not Stella. Let’s go home.”

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 639**

### **Chapter 639**

Diana looked at Stella and nodded reluctantly.

“I’m so sorry for bothering you...” she said.

“It’s fine,” Stella replied simply.

“Oh!” Diana began to tear up again. “Even your voices sound identical ! How can you not be the same person?”

Seeing his wife was losing control of her emotions, Michael quickly pulled her away and took her home

After what had just happened, Yvonne was no longer in the mood for dessert.

“Are you done with your food, Ella?”

“Yeah,” Stella nodded. “I’m a little tired. We should get going.” “Okay,” Yvonne replied, then suddenly added, “I never knew that Stella had a family...”

As she was paying the bills, she held up Stella’s chin and said, “You do remember Stella, don’t you? She’s the woman who looked just like you and was also a teacher at my training center.”

“Yes, I remember her. I’ve had so many people mistaking me for her.”

Yvonne sighed.

“At the time,” she recalled , “she was all alone. I never saw anyone coming to visit her back then. She also worked herself to death, so I thought she didn’t have any family left, but I guess I was wrong...”

Yvonne shrugged, then continued , “Tums out she does have people who care about her. In fact, by the looks of it, those two looked quite wealthy too, so I have no idea why Stella had to work so hard back then.”

This was especially evident considering how attached that woman seemed to Stella.

“Who knows?” uttered Stella , looking like she was in a daze.

Soon, it was time for them to part ways.

“Don’t forget to text and call me!” Yvonne reminded Stella.

Yvonne didn’t think much of it when they lost contact for quite a while, but now that she suddenly bumped into Ella again, she realized how much she liked her as a friend and how much she wished to stay in contact with her.

“Okay,” Stella nodded. “As long as Lucas doesn’t mind.”

“Ugh! Don’t even mention him!”

Yvonne then looked Stella in the eyes and earnestly

added, "Look, I don't care what people say. The most important thing is that I want to be your friend! Just remember that and forget the rest, okay?"

As they got to the parking lot, Yvonne ensured that Stella safely got into the car before letting the driver take her home.

Once Stella had settled down in the car, she couldn't help but notice how sweaty the driver was.

"Aren't you tired from running around just now?" she asked.

The driver blinked a couple of times speechlessly.

"Uh, no... I've been waiting inside the car all along..."

Stella laughed. She had no desire to interrogate him.

"Drive on," she told him, staring out of the window. 1

Because of the time she spent with Yvonne just now, she got home pretty late that evening. Weston suddenly called her to say that he had a meeting and told her not to wait for him.

But Stella didn't plan on waiting anyway.

Joan made her a big bowl of garlic noodles that evening, and she gobbled it up to her heart's content. Then she took a quick shower and studied the script for a while before turning in and going to bed.

She had just closed her eyes for a few minutes before

feeling familiar warmth. It was coming from the heat that lingered on Weston's skin.

Stella frowned. She wanted to escape him, but the suffocating warmth followed her like a shadow, pestering her to no end.

"Stop it!" she snapped. "I want to sleep!"

With an irritated sigh, she turned her back towards him, fully intending to ignore him.

But Weston still pursued her relentlessly and eventually found her lips. He kissed its corners, then sniffed it again.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 640**

There was no way Weston would let Stella get her way.

“What did you have for dinner today?” he asked, pinching her nose.

Stella wrinkled her nose and snorted before replying, “Garlic noodles. Why?”

“Did you forget what I told you?”

“No,” she argued. “You told me I could eat it once a week, didn’t you? Well, I used up that chance today.”

Stella stirred and stretched, then yawned and turned lazily towards Weston.

“You promised me yourself that I could have it once a week,” she reminded him. “So you must make good on your words.”

Weston leaned down and bit the tip of her nose playfully.

“When did you learn to be this sly and use my words against me, hmm?”

Just then, Stella sensed a faint smell of smoke coming from Weston’s body.

“Have you been smoking?” she asked, frowning.

“Why? Does that upset you?”

Stella turned up her nose and replied, “I can’t say I particularly like the smell...”

Weston paused and emitted a soft, quiet chuckle.

“You really do know how to get your way, don’t you?”

Stella turned over and nonchalantly asked, “Has Guinevere been talking to you then?”

“You know,” Weston began in his gravelly voice as he pressed his hand gently on her head, “sometimes I just feel like opening up your skull to see what exactly is inside your mind.”

“I’m tired,” Stella yawned. She had no desire to talk to Weston right now. “I’m going to sleep now.”

But Weston had other ideas and pinched on her nose. He was definitely not going to let her fall asleep just yet. “Stop it!” Stella grunted in annoyance. “I really am sleepy right now! Stop bothering me...”

Weston gazed at her wordlessly for a while, then he suddenly got up and announced, “I’m going to take a shower.”

Stella made no reply. She lay still until Weston was gone, then out of bed to get the pills from her handbag and quickly swallowed them.

It had been an exhausting day at work, so Weston didn't plan to bother Stella at all. He just wanted to come home

and fall asleep with her in his arms. But when he got back into bed, he suddenly sensed that Stella's body was warmer than usual.

Her health had been so fragile lately that it gave Weston cause for much anxiety. He was suddenly not sleepy anymore as he placed the palm of his hand on her forehead. "Did you catch a cold again?" he asked her.

By then, the pills had begun to kick in, and Stella became overwhelmed by Weston's intoxicating scent that enveloped her. She opened her eyes, but all she saw was a blur.

"You smell so good..." she murmured hazily.

Weston chuckled hoarsely.

"Didn't you say that you didn't like the smell of cigarettes on my body?" he quizzed. "And now you're saying that I smell nice? Which one is the truth then, hmm?"

Stella stared at his Adam's apple rolling up and down as he spoke as if mesmerized by its movements. The pills were now in full swing, and she could no longer control herself. She wrapped her arms around him lustfully, nuzzled up to his neck, and brushed her lips ever so gently against his ear. "Hurry up and hold me!" she whispered urgently.

Weston's eyes darkened dangerously.

"Do you know what you're doing right now?" he cautioned her.

Stella nodded.

"Why are you still hesitating? Are you too tired today?" Hearing that she was questioning his strength, Weston's expressions changed immediately. "You're not going to get much sleep tonight," he stated rhetorically.

As a successful businessman, Weston always prided himself on doing what he promised. The only place he would ever pull any tricks was in bed with Stella.

But he was not in bed when he said the last sentence, and true to his words, Stella did indeed get very little sleep that night.

The next day...