

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 671

### Chapter 671

It wasn't until Weston questioned her again that she came to her senses and answered, "It was nothing. It was just a colleague from the crew."

He paused for a while, then Stella said, "I've been out too long, so I'll hang up first. We'll talk about it later!"

She was getting braver and dared to hand up on him directly.

Weston put down the phone and stared at his phone screen with darkened eyes.

On the balcony.

A gust of wind blew, making Stella more awake.

She shook her head. Fortunately, Yates had come to remind her just now; otherwise, standing here for too long would lead to suspicion.

Just as she was about to leave, she saw him walking out of the bathroom and smiling at her. "You're done with your call?"

She nodded.

Yates went up to her and walked side by side with her." Did I scare you just now?"

Stella smiled. "It's fine."

"It was too dark just now, and I didn't see you on the phone. So, I thought you were standing there alone. Sorry..." "It's okay." Stella looked down and deliberately kept a distance from him.

He saw it and said helplessly, "Am I a monster that you have to avoid me like this?"

She was stunned by his sudden question and shook her head. "I'm not avoiding you. But your manager probably wouldn't want you to get too close to me." "... You can tell?" Yates suddenly turned around, shoved his hands in his pockets, and gazed into her eyes as he stepped back slowly.

Stella could only slow down and follow his pace when he was walking backward. "I think everyone could tell. But I understand that the entertainment industry is complicated, so it's alright to be on guard..."

“You know that’s not what I mean.” He looked down at her face; his eyes flickered. “After so many years, I should have a little personal space. I can discuss work matters with him, but I don’t want him to control me too much.” When she heard this, she raised her head, somewhat surprised.

Logically speaking, he shouldn’t talk to her about this.

These were his feelings. “I don’t know the situation between the two of you very well...” She pondered her words before saying, “How about you go back and discuss it with your manager?”

Yates sighed, “You seem to be very wary of me.”

“Nonsense.” She smiled before saying, “Don’t overthink.

The two of them strolled.

Fortunately, no one passed by in this corridor. The night was hazy, and it was hard to tell who they were anyway. Yates stared at her and suddenly stopped in his tracks. “Ella.”

He called out her name.

She looked at him curiously and asked, “What’s wrong?”

Perhaps it was because of the alcohol, but Yates felt slightly different from his usual self.

He raised his hand and tucked her hair behind her ear. “Your hair is a little messy.” Before Stella could react, she saw that he had reached out his hand and immediately took a step back. “Yates...”

She was startled. She didn’t expect him to do that all of a sudden.

She didn’t know how to react.

“I can do it myself.” After speaking, she stroked her hair a few times and lowered her head. “It’s getting late. Angelina and the others are still waiting for me, so I’d better head in now...”

A trace of hurt flashed in his eyes as he saw the refusal in her actions. “Go ahead.”

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## Chapter 672

Yates didn't know what was wrong with him.

He looked at her and felt like doing it, so he did. "I'm sorry." He apologized as he saw the frightened look on her face.

Stella avoided his gaze. "Let's go back to the private room first."

"I'm going to get some air, so I won't be going in for the time being." He rejected her invitation.

Stella nodded and turned around to leave.

As she walked, she quickened her pace, as if afraid of being caught up by the people behind her.

Her heart was beating a little faster, not because she fancied him, but because she feared the trouble coming along.

She wasn't stupid. She knew Yates' actions just now meant something

But she had no interest in relationships, and she had never even planned to develop a relationship with people in the circle.

Besides, she couldn't have anything going on with other men at all with Wenston around. Even if she got out of his

control one day, she wouldn't choose people from the entertainment circle to date.

It was too troublesome, and there would be many difficulties and challenges.

Besides, with his personality, Yates wasn't suitable for dating, and they were in the same crew. If word got out, it would likely be regarded as rumors, and his manager would never allow such a situation.

What was he thinking?

Just as Stella was about to enter the room, she heard Guinevere's voice coming from behind her.

"Bravo. You got a new man so soon."

She stopped and looked back at Guinevere. "What do you mean?"

“Nothing.” Guinevere put her arms on her chest and tapped her delicate manicure on her forearm. “How does it feel, flirting around with Yates?”

Stella frowned. “Don’t cast your dirty thoughts on others. There’s nothing between us; we just ran into each other.”

Guinevere chuckled when she heard this and looked at Stella as she said, “I’m quite curious. If you said that I have dirty thoughts, then what does it make you for someone who willingly became someone else’s lover?”

Stella didn’t say a word, but her eyes were cold. “This is between us. Don’t involve innocent bystanders.”

“It seems that you are quite protective.” Guinevere clicked her tongue. Her words were laced with sarcasm. “Are you in a hurry to look for someone new because you knew Weston would grow bored of you? Although Yates is not as good as Weston in terms of family background and career, he is easier for you to control.”

Stella glared at her coldly and raised her eyebrows suddenly. “You are wrong. I still prefer Weston. There aren’t many who are as good as him. Besides, he’s rich. Why do I need to look for another man?”

“What did you…” Guinevere’s face changed instantly.

Nevertheless, she remembered Weston’s warning and took a deep breath while looking at her. “You won’t be happy for long.” With that, she knocked her out of her way, opened the door, and walked straight in. Stella looked at her leaving view and was still a little puzzled.

‘Did she actually just let me go? That wasn’t like Guinevere at all.’

After a while, Stella returned to her seat. Angelina saw that she looked terrible and, with a mouth full of food, asked her, “What’s wrong? Did you have a tummy ache? I also find this dish a bit spicy.”

She forced a smile and answered, “No. I was just a little bored.”

Just as Guinevere sat down, Yates’s manager came over. “Guinevere, did you see Yates when you went out just now?”

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He went out to look around but couldn't find him. He had thought Yates had gone looking for Ella, but she was back, and Yates wasn't, so he was a little worried.

Guinevere took a sip of wine, looked at Brooke, and smiled. "I don't know. He probably went somewhere else. Just give him a call."

"His cell phone is still with me..." Brooke said anxiously, "I can't let anything go wrong right now."

Guinevere glanced in Stella's direction and suddenly uttered, "Yates is already this old. His fans should be able to accept it if he is in a relationship, right?"

Brooke didn't know why she said this and was a little wary. "There's no such thing..." Guinevere raised her chin in the direction of Ella and said, "If the two of them are together, you have to tell me. I don't want Yates to misunderstand me because of my fight with Ella."

Brooke's face dropped immediately. "How can you think such a thing? Yates has nothing to do with Ella! They don't talk much, so how can they be together?"

"Is that so?" Guinevere covered her mouth with a surprised expression and apologized. "I'm sorry. Maybe I

was mistaken."

Brooke sighed and went out to look for Yates. But the more he thought about it, the more uneasy he felt.

Why did Guinevere say that just now?

Did she see something? It must be that the two of them were having a thing right under his nose!

Brooke was filled with rage instantly. As soon as he entered the corridor, he saw Yates walking in his direction. He walked to him angrily and shouted, "Where have you been? Do you know that so many paparazzi are watching you currently? What if someone took pictures of you!"

"Just let them." Yates was speechless and walked past him. "I didn't do anything wrong."

"Stop right there! Did you meet with Ella just now?" Brooke chased after him. "I called you just now. Why didn't you answer? Was it because you were with her?"

Yates did silence his phone and went to see Ella.

He felt guilty at first, but Brooke's aggressive tone annoyed him. "This is my private matter. Why does it concern you?"

"Yates, what is with this attitude of yours?" Brooke was done with him. "Don't forget who's the reason you're

famous today. I can give you everything and take them away from you. With your status, many people can take your place—"

"Yes, I know that." Yates cut him off. "Can you tell me something I don't know?"

With that, he pushed the door open and walked in.

Brooke had wanted to say something, but he could only hold it in and glare at him as everyone watched them.

It seemed like Yates did have something with Ella.

Brooke knew him well enough to know that Yates had feelings for her.

The two had worked together for many years, and Yates had always been rational. Without a doubt, it was Ella who had seduced him!

After all, that woman was not at all restless at the banquet.

Thinking about it, he glanced in her direction, his face gloomy.

At the billiard hall.

Weston's face was dark. He was casually smearing powder on the snooker cue, but his whole demeanor became icy after he looked at his phone.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 674**

### **Chapter 674**

Weston put away his phone, leaned over slightly, and with one shot, he cleared the table directly.

Xavier was stunned and immediately clapped his hands." Your skills are unmatched."

He walked to him, looked at the scene in front of him, and sighed, "Are you determined to win a meal from me?"

Weston didn't say a word but walked to the bar and took a sip of the champagne. The white sportswear highlighted his tall figure and flexed the tight muscles on his arms.

The waitress on the side stared at him a few times, then quickly looked away, feeling a blush creep on her face.

Whenever Weston came, it would be a feast for their eyes.

Usually, the men who came there were middle-aged, fat, and disgusting. Men with charming faces like Weston often stood out from the crowd and attracted attention.

Weston leaned against the bar, took out his phone, and glanced at it again. On the screen, it was shown that Stella was walking in the corridor with another man, who seemed to be her colleague.

He thought of the male voice that had suddenly interrupted his conversation with Stella earlier, and his eyes darkened slightly.

From the picture, both were keeping their distance.

But the man's hands were on her cheek, as if trying to fix her hair.

The action was so loving.

And Stella didn't even push him away.

After taking a few more glances, he deleted the photo and threw his phone on the table, making a loud noise.

The waitress on the side was startled by him and straightened up quickly, not daring to breathe out loud.

On the other side, Xavier took a shot, and the black billiard ball rolled to the other side, missing the hole.

He hissed and raised his head, only to see Weston's gloomy face. "Shouldn't you be happy I missed it? Why the long face?" Ignoring him, Weston grabbed a towel, wiped the sweat from his forehead, and threw it aside. "You can play on your own. I'll get going."

"Wait! Where are you going?" Xavier put the snooker cue aside and followed him. "We just started not long ago, yet you're bored already? Is there something bothering you?"

Weston pushed him away and said, "Don't try to get any words out of me. I know what you're thinking."

Xavier chuckled. "You're still mad about last time?"

He playfully shoved Weston's shoulder and said, "I'm your uncle; can't I say a few words about you? It's not like I'm stopping you from looking for women outside."

Weston shot him a glance and took off the wrist gear.

Seeing this, Xavier instantly backed away. "Fine. I know you love that woman. We won't talk about her anymore, okay?"

Fascination was written all over his eyes as he stared at Weston. Stella was indeed different to him.

Because of her, he had received a beating from Weston last time.

Although there was competition between both, they rarely spoke about it. They were frenemies, as one would say. Yet that was the first time Weston had fought with him for another person. "Don't blame me for not reminding you— Zachary's birthday party is coming soon. I'm pretty sure the Cohen family is up to something. You should hide your precious Ella. Otherwise, there will be trouble coming for her."

"Are you reminding me or warning me?" Weston threw away the things in his hand, turned to get his phone, and

glanced at the time before saying, "I'll give you a piece of advice: Don't be too interested in her."

"Or else?" Xavier looked at him calmly.

The man didn't answer but downed the whole glass of champagne in one gulp. "You can try to find out the consequences of angering me."

Xavier stared at Weston's figure slowly walking away, and a somewhat ironic sneer appeared on his face.

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### **Chapter 675**

Daisy came out from the side and wiped his sweat with a towel. "Mind your tongue and don't provoke him. You just made up with him. Do you want to fight with him again?"

She had been watching the two playing billiards by the side just now. As Xavier's companion, she did her due diligence —she carried his clothes , brought him water, and wiped his sweat for him.

At work, she was his secretary. But after work, she was his girlfriend.



Xavier suddenly grabbed her by the wrist and looked at her. "I can't believe you got into character so easily. Are you being caring to me?"

Daisy frowned, broke free from his grip, and said, "I was just giving you a friendly reminder. Whether or not you listen to me is entirely up to you."

As she spoke, she turned around and was about to leave.

Xavier stared at her slender back with hazy eyes.

She was dressed in a caddy suit today, and her hair was tied into a high ponytail, which was his favorite style.

He had always liked women who were confident and beautiful.

Her figure was very much to his taste.

Xavier stretched out his hand, pulled her back, and placed her on the billiard table. "Really? So, were you reminding me just now for my own good, or were you just worried you wouldn't get to see Weston again?" "What nonsense are you talking about!" Daisy instantly turned furious and interrupted him angrily. "Can you stop talking nonsense! There is nothing between Mr. Ford and I!"

"Shh..." He placed his finger on her lips to shut her up and asked, "Why are you so angry every time he's mentioned?"

Daisy turned her head to the other side, ignoring him.

She had already tried her best to restrain herself from looking at Weston just now, but she couldn't help being attracted by his every move.

It was just as she had imagined.

Besides being resolute and decisive at work, he was also a handsome, charming man who could achieve excellence in any matter.

The playboy, Xavier, had his charms, but she preferred Weston, who had such overwhelming good qualities.

She closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and put her head in Xavier's arms. "I just don't like you making

assumptions about me."

He smiled and lifted her skirt.

The skirt was very suitable for him to do something naughty

He whispered beside her ears, "Come with me to a banquet in a few days."

"What banquet?" Daisy cooperated with his actions and tried to keep up with him.

Xavier smiled. "Weston's son's birthday banquet."

At Stardust Mansion.

Weston had come back earlier than Stella did, which was a rare sight.

As soon as Stella put down her bag, she saw the man sitting in the living room and paused. "You're back."

Weston didn't say a word.

She bent down to change her shoes and stood up when she heard the man's low voice.

"You're finally back after being out for so long?" Stella glanced at the time. "It's only been a few hours. I came back before the curfew."

He paused and continued to read the book in his hand,

but he didn't turn the page. "Did you have a good time at dinner?"

"It was okay." She took off her coat, hung it on a hanger beside her, and went straight to the bathroom.

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### **Chapter 676**

Weston put his hand on the coffee table and looked at the closed bathroom door. His eyes darkened.

Inside the bathroom.

The shower was turned on, and warm water enveloped Stella.

She was standing under the shower head, and just as she closed her eyes, the door was suddenly pushed open

A gust of cold air came in. She opened her eyes instantly. "What are you doing?" She subconsciously covered herself and frowned. "I'm taking a shower! Get out first." Weston didn't listen to her but walked in directly and pressed her against the bathroom wall. "Do you have nothing to tell me?"

"What am I supposed to tell you?" Stella held his arm and said helplessly, "I'm a little tired. Let me take a shower first, okay?"

'I haven't taken the medicine yet. He can't possibly want to do it here, right...?'

Although it wouldn't be the first time the two had fooled around in the bathroom, she was now conscious, and if he came to her directly, it would only be stiff and painful.

He didn't say a word but stared at her.

Stella felt that there was something wrong with him.

He wouldn't look like that if it was just an ordinary plea for sex.

He looked like he was mad at her.

"... What's wrong with you?" She noticed something wrong with Weston and asked, "Is there something wrong?"

He pinched her chin. "What are you nervous about?" The water from the shower head sprayed down on their body.

The dark blue silk bathrobe on the man had turned black, with a large water stain.

His figure had become apparent, and she couldn't help but look away. "Who is Yates?"

Stella's body trembled, and she responded instinctively, "You were following me!"

Weston squeezed her chin with a bit of strength and said, "So, you did fool around with him."

"What the hell!" She frowned and pried open his hand. "I just met him by chance and chatted a bit with him. Can you stop accusing me of something I didn't do?". His face was dark, and he suddenly stretched out his hand to push away the wet black hair on her face and pinched her cheeks. "Don't let other men do this to you. Do you hear me?"

Now, she was even more sure that he had sent someone to follow her. "How can you do this? I was only there for work; why did you send someone to watch me!"

"Why? Are you upset that I found out about you two?"

“Can you be reasonable!” She pushed him away with force. “We’re just normal colleagues.”

“Then why did you let him touch your face?” Weston seemed to care a lot about this matter as the thin calluses on his fingertips rubbed against her skin back and forth.

“I didn’t let him touch me... It was all too sudden that I didn’t have time to react. But I backed away after that!” Stella explained with a frown.

The man’s eyes flickered, and he looked at her quietly, knowing that she would not lie about this kind of thing.

After a while, he opened his lips and said, “Stay away from him.”

Stella turned her head to the other side, ignoring him and feeling slightly annoyed.

While fighting with him, she has forgotten to cover herself.

The man’s eyes lingered on her neck, and his eyes darkened.

Before she could wait until he left, she felt something hot licking her neck.

Her body trembled, as if she had been shocked by something

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### **Chapter 677**

She lowered her head and saw a head buried in front of her, gnawing at something intently.

Stella shut her eyes, grabbed his shoulders with both hands, and tightened her grasp slowly.

Besides the noises of water, there was a mix of other noises from the bathroom.

Only after some time had passed did they gradually stop. Joan was initially cooking in the kitchen, but the noises coming from the bathroom were too loud. After serving the dishes, she quickly returned to her room with a red face.

In the bathroom.

When Stella was carried out from the bathroom wrapped in a towel, she was a little anxious. Even with no strength left, she still instructed Weston, "Take me to get dressed first..."

She didn't want Joan to see her like that.

"Don't worry. She's back in her room. No one would see you."

Hearing this, she was relieved

He carried her to the dining room, sat down, and let her lean against his arms. , Stella struggled to sit up but was held down by him. "Why are you moving around?" She glanced at him and answered, "To eat."

"Do you still have the strength?" The man teased.

She had no strength indeed; even her wrists were sore.

But after floundering for so long, she was a little hungry.

He lowered his head and kissed her forehead. "I'll feed you."

As he spoke, he fed her.

This wasn't the first time Weston had fed her. When she was sick before, he had also fed her soup.

But now that she was conscious, she felt a little weird, and after taking a few sips, she interrupted him and said, "I'll do it myself."

She was perfectly fine to feed herself. Being fed like this by him made her feel like she was his daughter.

Weston frowned and ordered, "Open your mouth." Since she couldn't fight him, she could only finish the meal awkwardly.

Seeing that she was done, he put down the bowl

contentedly, picked up a tissue, and wiped the corner of her mouth.

Stella pursed her lips and asked, "Can you let me down now?"

He didn't say a word but rubbed the corner of her mouth and suddenly said, "I have some things to deal with in a few days, and maybe I won't come back. So you have to stay at home alone and be good."

She was stunned for a moment and remembered Guinevere's invitation to her son's birthday banquet." Okay," she answered . An indescribable feeling washed over her when she found out Weston would attend it.

He was a little dissatisfied with her response. "You seem to not want me to come back."

"Who says..." She buried her head in his arms to hide her face.

He caressed her hair and kissed her head. "I'll come back after I've dealt with things, and we'll go out to have some fun."

He seemed to be negotiating with her and even offered compensation.

Stella clenched the hem of his bathrobe and suddenly asked, "Are you going on a business trip? What are you going to do there? Why will you be gone for so long?"

The man's eyes flickered as he thought she didn't want

him to leave , and his actions became gentler. "I have a job, but I won't be there for a long time. I'll come back after I've dealt with it."

When she heard this, Stella's expression didn't change much, but she sneered in her heart with irony.

He could've just said that he was attending his son's birthday. Did he think that she was stupid?

She didn't expose his lies but merely nodded. "Just come back quickly."

"Okay."

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 678**

### **Chapter 678**

The Ford family had discussed Zachary's birthday banquet.

It was obvious that the child was essential to the two families, especially to the Cohen family. It wasn't suitable for Weston and Guinevere to get married during the cooperation period.

The child had become a bond between the two families, so both parties had agreed that they should organize a big party so that everyone in the circle would know their unbreakable relationship.

Among the rich, they liked to exclude each other, but they also liked to form alliances with the powerful. The higher their rank was, the more cunning they were.

Wendy hugged Zachary in her arms and asked the butler going in and out of the house, "When will Weston and Xavier come back?"

The butler instructed the gardeners to remove all the flowerpots, then stood straight and looked at her. "Mr. Weston and Mr. Xavier are already on their way. Ms. Cohen still has work today, so I guess she will be a little late."

"I don't care about her..." With Zachary in her arms, Wendy sat on the sofa. "Just arrange everything

according to the original plan."

"Okay. Will do."

As soon as he had finished speaking, Xavier walked in from the door. "Wendy, are you frowning because you're too stressed about the banquet?"

He walked in with a smile and stopped in front of Wendy. "Let me hold him!" He teased Zachary.

Zachary stepped on Wendy's knee and jumped as he giggled.

He still hadn't learned how to speak, and his drool was everywhere.

A frown appeared on Wendy's face as she quickly wiped the drool away and scolded Xavier, "You're a grown man and you're so clumsy. Be careful to not drop Zack."

Xavier didn't insist and retreated his hands with a smile. "When it comes to this matter, no one can be as delicate as a woman. Fortunately, Chris has you, so there isn't room for any other woman."

There was a hidden meaning in his words.

Wendy raised her eyes and glanced at him. "Are you still short of a wife? Your fiancée is waiting for you to marry her. As long as you get married, you can also have children."

"I'm not in a hurry; I'm still very young." Xavier sat

down beside her.

He seemed to like to fool around and had a good relationship with his family. But he knew that he needed to fight for his family property.

“Wendy, I have something to tell you.”

“What is it?”

Just as he was about to speak, a voice came from the door.

“Mr. Weston and Mr. Chris are here.”

Weston and Chris got out of the car at the same time.

The father and son were walking side by side, discussing something important.

Wendy was in a daze as she watched them walk inside the house together.

A long time ago, the two of them were the source of her happiness.

One was her beloved husband, and the other was her excellent son.

“Ah!”

Zachary yelled, and it immediately brought Wendy back to reality. “You’re back?”.

She carried Zachary over to welcome them.

Chris was delighted to see Zachary and reached his hand

out to hug the child. “Come and give Grandpa a hug.” Zachary giggled happily. He reached his chubby little arms out and was instantly swooped into Chris’s arms. Zachary was smiling and bouncing in his arms, looking very happy.

Wendy calmly looked at the two and said, “Zack loves his grandpa more. I’ve never seen him this happy before.”

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### **Chapter 679**

After speaking, she glanced at Weston, who remained emotionless next to her. “Zach doesn’t like his father much. It’s as if Chris was his father.”

The minute her words fell, Chris froze and angrily shouted at Wendy, “Nonsense ! This isn’t something to joke about.”



She smiled. "It was only a joke. Why did you have such a big reaction?"

Chris didn't answer her but handed Zachary to Weston." Carry your son."

A sneer appeared on Weston's face as he took Zachary and stared at the boy in his arms.

Under his intense stare, Zachary panicked and started to kick his feet around in the air.

Although Weston was handsome and looked like a younger version of Chris, it was obvious he wasn't as friendly as Chris.

Zachary scrunched his eyebrows and let out a loud cry.

Seeing this, Wendy immediately carried him back into her arms. "Are you hungry? Butler! Take him upstairs and feed him."

"Okay."

Downstairs.

The child's crying gradually subsided, and they began to talk about business.

"Since everyone is here, I'd like to make an announcement." Xavier scrunched his eyebrows and had lost his patience.

He didn't like children and was only waiting patiently earlier.

"Before the birthday banquet, I need to tell you about this. I plan to cancel the engagement."

"What?" Wendy widened her eyes and looked at him." Whose engagement are you going to cancel?" Xavier frowned. "Who else?"

Besides Zeta, who else would he marry?

"The girl from the Taylor family?"

"Yes. Before the birthday banquet, I will explain it to her family."

Chris didn't have such a big reaction. He rubbed his temples and asked, "Are you sure? The marriage contract between you has been set since you were young. Dad personally promised it. I'm afraid it's not wise to go back against it now."

Weston didn't give many reactions. He poured himself a cup of tea and quietly drank it with little interest. Xavier smiled and put his hand on the back of the sofa." When there's

no feeling, the only solution is to cancel the engagement. It's a new era now. Let's get rid of the old fashioned ways."

"Aren't you afraid that Dad would be mad?" Chris asked with a stern face. "Dad is old now. Don't think that just because he spoils you, you could do whatever you want! You know very well how close he is with the Taylor family."

Wealthy families like theirs that existed in a pyramid hierarchy usually had legendary figures at the top of the pyramid.

Mr. Ford and the other two patriarchs from the Taylor and Cohen families had a tight-knit relationship. Moreover, Mr. Taylor had saved Mr. Ford before, so to repay him for saving his life, Mr. Ford had promised him the engagement. When the Ford family finally had Xavier, Mr. Ford hurriedly settled his marriage arrangement with the Taylors. So, to cancel it wouldn't be that easy.

Xavier picked up his jacket and shook it. "I've made my decision. Plus..."

He turned to look at Chris. "Shouldn't you be happy I'm

breaking off the marriage deal with the Taylor family?" Chris's eyes flickered, and he became mad. "What are you talking about!"

Xavier merely smiled, not exposing it.

This was a critical moment for dividing the family property. If he married Zeta, he would have the Taylor family as his robust support system.

If Weston married Guinevere, everything would be settled. But now, there were more variables.

This was Chris's opportunity.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 680**

### **Chapter 680**

He had initially thought Xavier would be a threat, but who would've guessed Xavier would take the initiative to terminate the engagement.

Chris was relieved, but he couldn't show it. "I don't want to be involved with your matters. Just as long as you don't make Dad mad, I'm fine with it."

Xavier smiled and said, "I'll bring my girlfriend to the banquet and introduce her to all of you."

Wendy sneered at the side when she heard this. “No wonder you want to cancel the engagement.”

Xavier merely smiled and put on his jacket. “I wish all of you could help me put in a few good words at the banquet so Dad wouldn’t be too mad.”

After that, he turned to Weston and asked, “Can we have a word?”

“I’m not interested.”

“Don’t be like that.” Xavier put on a face, as if his words had hurt him. “You’re not interested in my matters but you are in Guinevere’s, right?”

Weston didn’t say a word and shot him a glance before standing up. “Let’s go.”

The two went to the back garden, leaving only Wendy and Chris in the living room.

Chris was buried deep in his thoughts.

Wendy glanced at him and said, “There’ll be a good show at the birthday banquet. If Xavier announces the termination of his engagement with the Taylor family, Dad might beat him up.”

Warren was getting old and was no longer in the core power circle. Most of the decisions were left to the younger generation. He would step down in a few years, but most shares were still in his hands. Now, only Xavier posed a threat to Chris and Weston.

Without the Taylor family’s support, Xavier was nothing.

Chris pondered aloud, “Could it be that he really has no intention of fighting over the property?”

Wendy chuckled. “He’s your brother. How could you not know?”

Hearing the resentment in her tone, Chris returned to his senses, walked over to her with a smile, and took her into his arms. “Are you angry again? I’ve been busy with work these days, and I don’t have time to accompany you. After I finish this project, I’ll take you out, okay?”

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In the back garden.

The gardeners were mowing the lawn.

Weston stopped in his tracks. "Just say it here."

Xavier also stopped and stood behind him, looking like a wounded puppy. "Just because I said something about your sweetheart last time, you still hate me until now? You already taught me a lesson, yet you still won't forgive me? Why are you so cold to me now?"

"Get straight to the point."

Xavier sighed and said, "I know the project in the western suburbs should be almost finished now, right? And you earned about this much money for the Cohen family..."

As he spoke, he stuck out a few fingers and waved them around.

Weston looked at him. "Your source of information is quite good."

"I would've lost so badly to you if I didn't have all this information." Xavier laughed. "No matter what, they are outsiders after all. How about you and I work together?"

Weston sneered. With irony in his eyes, he asked, "What can you bring to the table?"

Xavier restrained his smile. "Earlier, I said I would cancel the engagement between Zeta and me, so you don't have to worry that I will fight with you to get the family property. As for the project in the western suburbs ... you

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and Guinevere aren't married yet, so she's still an outsider."

"This is what you wanted to tell me?"

"Think about it."

"There's no need to consider." Weston interrupted him. "I already had a deal with the Cohen family. I'll go with the original plan."

He wouldn't go back against his promise to them.