

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 681

Chapter 681

Xavier frowned at once. "You should think about it carefully. Your relationship with Guinevere seems to have deteriorated lately."

"It has nothing to do with her." Weston said, "If you really want to have this slice of cake, I suggest you look elsewhere."

After saying that, he turned to leave.

Xavier shouted behind him, "We're a family after all. Must you give the Cohen family all the benefits? Why? Is

it because of Guinevere or your child with her?"

He had thought Weston would not value Guinevere so much with Ella around. It seemed like Weston placed a lot of importance on the Cohen family.

Weston simply ignored Xavier and walked away.

Xavier watched Weston leave and gradually clenched his fists. He still could not read Weston. He thought he had had him figured out, but it seemed like he was back to square one.

In the Ford mansion's living room. As soon as Weston came home, Wendy turned to him and asked, "IS Guinevere filming her last scene today?"

Weston stopped in his tracks and walked toward her." Maybe."

"What do you mean by maybe?" Wendy frowned. "Don't you care about her career at all?!"

Weston said nothing. He took a sip of tea and said, "Don't you already care about her a lot? That's more than enough."

"You..." Wendy was a little annoyed. "It's her last scene today. Let's go visit her today."

Weston said nothing and looked at Chris.

Chris understood the cue and said to Wendy, "Gwen isn't a child anymore. Why would she need us to visit her? She'll be home soon. We can wait for her at home."

Wendy glared at him. "Don't you care about Guinevere the most? Why don't you care about such a huge deal?"

Chris did not say anything. He felt a little guilty and did not dare to show much concern for Guinevere in Wendy's presence.

"Why are you making it sound weird? Don't I care about you the most?"

Wendy smiled and did not respond to that. She stood up after a while and said, "Fine. You two won't go, right? I'll go, okay? Otherwise, the Cohen family will claim we're neglecting her again."

After Wendy had left, Chris finally let out a sigh of relief. Then, he felt a gaze on him and looked up to meet Weston's eyes.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Chris rubbed his nose.

Weston said nothing and leaned back on the sofa. He crossed his leg and looked a little wicked and unruly. "How do you feel whenever you see Mom and Guinevere together?"

Chris's face changed. "Didn't we promise not to bring this up again?"

Weston curled his lips without any smile in his eyes.

Chris's eyes flickered at Weston's expression. He reminded him, "You mustn't tell anyone about this. If it gets out, it'll be the end of me! Weston, you have to think about our family."

"Am I not doing enough for the family?"

Weston closed his eyes. "Dad, how much more do I have to do so you'll be happy?"

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Chapter 682

Meanwhile, on the set.

Everyone was tense and nervous for the last scene. The set had been emptied for a fight scene.

Stella had just changed into her costume. Then, Guinevere came walking toward her and called out, "Ella. Are you ready?"

Stella stopped in her tracks and looked at Guinevere. "Almost."

Guinevere fixed her gaze at Stella for a few moments. "Did you join the show business because of me?"

Stella paused a little before she answered, "What?" The question had stunned her.

Guinevere crossed her arms and looked like she was humiliating her. "You asked Weston to give you resources and a role. Didn't you do that because you wanted to be like me, an actress?"

Stella laughed suddenly. "You think too highly of yourself."

Guinevere's face changed. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing." Stella shook her head. "There are plenty of talented and powerful people in the show business, but

not many are as high and mighty as you."

The old Stella would never speak to Guinevere like that. She used to keep a low profile, but after Roger had gone abroad, she had nothing to worry about and would not give in to Guinevere anymore.

Guinevere shot her a cold look. "Very well..."

Stella had thought Guinevere would take it personally, but the latter only gave her a few glances and sneered a few moments later. "Let's see how long you'll be able to stay complacent."

After saying that, she turned around and left. It was as if she did not care about Stella.

Stella did not bother wasting time with her either. She went back to the dressing room.

Angelina hurried over. "Ella, did you have a conflict with Guinevere again?" She still did not believe Guinevere's sincerity when she had apologized to Stella the other day. It felt like she had some hidden plans.

Stella shook her head. She noticed that Angelina's hair was loose and fixed it for her. "She didn't give me a hard time."

Angelina was half convinced. "If she makes things hard for you, don't keep it to yourself."

Stella smiled. "I know. Don't worry about me... By the way, are you done with filming?"

Angelina nodded. "Mr. Lane said you should go over to shoot once you're ready. There's an action scene today. I heard you need to step on the trampoline. You must be careful!"

"Okay. I know."

The last scene also symbolized Sophie's ending. In this scene, the female lead, Dahlia, would kill Sophie and finally get her revenge after so many years.

The moon was bright in the sky. Stella acted with difficult martial arts moves and was immersed in her role as Sophie. She spat out a mouthful of blood before Sophie's death. The blood packet exploded just at the right time.

The red color added a touch of seducing charm to her. Everyone present held their breath. Sophie's last scene was stunning

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Sophie fell from the high ground and landed near Dahlia. She fell on her back at Dahlia's feet with a sword pointing at her.

"Have you ever regretted coming this far?"

Guinevere was immersed in her role as Dahlia too. She looked down at Stella in a condescending manner.

Sophie curled her lips and managed a mocking smile."

Regret?"

She spat out a mouthful of blood and said with firm eyes, "I never regretted it."

At the end of the sentence, Guinevere had killed her with the knife. At that moment, blood spurted into the air.

Sophie's life had come to an end.

"Cut!" Bradley shouted. He took off his headphones and clapped.

The scene was perfect.

The shot earlier was very tense. The scene of the destined tragedy was tragically beautiful. As Bradley applauded, the rest of the cast came back to their senses and applauded too.

Stella was still in a trance. She was still lost in the emotion of the last scene.

She looked up at the sky with blood stains stuck to the corner of her mouth. She could hear the sound of applause in her ears, but it suddenly reminded her of the feeling when she had fallen from the rooftop on that day. Guinevere breathed a sigh of relief as well. She looked at Stella with a strange flicker in her eyes. "Congratulations,

Ella.”

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Chapter 683

Guinevere’s voice startled Stella and brought her back to her senses. She looked at her and frowned. “Thank you.”

Why did Guinevere take the initiative to congratulate her? Did she lose her mind?

Guinevere looked relaxed. It was as if she was not going to target her anymore. She turned around and walked away after congratulating her.

Bradley shouted from the side, “Clean up the scene and get ready for the next one.”

The filming for the finale was half done. Stella got up from the floor. Bradley was done giving his orders and then came over to Stella.

He told Stella, “Your scenes are officially over. You don’t have to come back from tomorrow onward.”

They had held the closing party and celebration in advance. This meant this would be her last day here and a formal farewell to the crew.

Stella felt a little emotional, and there was a little bit of emptiness in her heart.

“I’ll come back after I’ve changed clothes to watch the filming of the finale...”

“Sure.” Bradley patted her shoulder. “There’s no one backstage now. The gift for the cast who are done is there. You can go get it from the tool room. I’ll save a seat for you later. You’ll be able to see how I usually film the scene.”

Stella nodded.

Angelina and the rest were still filming, so Stella went backstage by herself.

Guinevere watched Stella walk backstage. A glint flashed

in her eyes. “Is everything ready?”

“Yes, it is.”

“She’s going over.”

“Don’t worry, Ms. Cohen! We’ll teach her a lesson this time...”

Meanwhile, on the other side.

Wendy had just arrived on the set and wanted to meet Guinevere. Since Guinevere was still filming, Wendy waited in her dressing room without telling anyone.

Creak. The door creaked open. When she was about to speak, she heard a stranger say, "Is everything ready backstage?"

"Yes! I'll make sure to crush Ella!"

Wendy's face changed. She shut up at once and hid aside as she listened quietly.

"We have to do it properly! We can't let anyone notice anything."

"Of course! Leave it to me! Ms. Cohen, don't worry. The crew had a martial arts scene today. With the stack of props backstage, it's normal for accidents to happen!"

"Anyway, we can't let anyone suspect us. Understand?"

"Yes!" The man took the money and left smiling. After a while, no one else was in the dressing room. Wendy waited a little longer before holding her breath and coming out.

Wendy knew Guinevere would never tolerate Ella with her jealousy. She just had not expected her to act so quickly. Of all days, she had chosen to attack Ella on the last day of filming.

Wendy thought about it and then walked backstage.

Stella had just pushed the door open and walked backstage. Then, she heard a rush of footsteps behind her. "Who's there?"

She turned around and was surprised to see Wendy. "Wendy? What are you doing here?" Wendy looked at her and immediately put her index finger to her mouth and shushed her. "Don't say

anything! Keep your voice down!"

Stella frowned looking at Wendy's nervousness. "What's wrong?"

Wendy took her hand and dragged her aside. She hesitated for a moment before she whispered in her ear. "Be careful later. Someone has tampered with the prop here. They might hurt you."

Stella widened her eyes in surprise.

Wendy looked at her and nodded. "You've offended someone. Be careful."

Stella took a deep breath as her eyes trembled a little. After a short moment, she calmed down. "I see. Okay. Thank you, Wendy."

She suddenly looked at her with some confusion." Wendy, how did you know about this?"

Wendy sighed. "Don't ask me about that. You should think carefully about who you've offended lately."

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Chapter 684

Stella lowered her eyes and remained silent. She did not have to guess. No one but Guinevere would target her.

At the same time, in the dark area backstage.

The man's view was blurred because of the obstacles. He muttered to himself, "Why hasn't she come in yet?"

While in a daze, he saw someone walk in and instantly perked up. It was Wendy. However, his vision was blocked, so he thought it was Ella. He slowly cut the rope he had prepared.

Swoosh! A noise sounded.

It was the sound of heavy objects moving, which was hard to be picked up by regular people.

By the time they realized what was going on, the big crystal light on the ceiling had fallen and was falling toward Wendy!

When she came over, she had blocked Stella from the man's vision. The man did not notice two people standing there. He only saw Wendy and directly made the move.

Wendy did not know she was in danger. She heard the

creaking sound from above as she was about to say something

She had a bad feeling

As she looked up, she saw the crystal ceiling lamp falling toward her.

"Careful!" Stella reacted first and shouted.

Wendy was stunned and could not move. Stella pushed Wendy away without hesitation and saved her. The two of them rolled to the ground.

In the next moment, the ceiling lamp hit the ground with a loud noise.

Crash!

The crystal lamp broke into pieces. The floor was covered with fine glass shards and debris.

A sharp pain came from Stella's ankle. She drew a cold breath and furrowed her brows in pain. It took her a while

to recover from the pain.

Wendy was still stunned. She paled in shock and kept

gasping for air. It took her a while to calm down. She took a deep breath. "Are you okay?" she asked and looked at Siella, trembling

Stella shook her head. "How about you? Are you hurt?"

Wendy shook her head too. "No. I'm fine."

Both of them stood up from the floor..

Stella limped and reached out to support Wendy. Then,

Wendy finally noticed her strange posture. "Are you injured?"

Stella pursed her lips. "I'm fine. The glass fragments might have hurt my ankle."

Wendy rushed to check on her injuries. "We can't let this be. We have to call the doctor right away!"

As soon as she said that, sounds of rushing footsteps came from the distance. The noise of the crystal lamp falling was so loud and startled the rest of the crew.

"What happened?"

Stella looked at them and explained, "The crystal ceiling lamp fell!"

"Did anyone get hurt?" "My ankle is hurt."

The group rushed over to deal with the scene.

Wendy looked at Stella steadily. Both of them had stern faces.

At the same time, the other side.

Guinevere had just finished filming when a man came running to Bradley in panic. He said something in his ear. Bradley looked at him. "Calm down. Take your time to explain."

The man took a deep breath and started explaining to Bradley about the accident.

Chapter 685 Bradley stood up at once. "What? How could this accident have happened? The tools were stacked well! Did anyone get hurt?"

He could not finish the rest of his sentence and rushed backstage.

Guinevere was not surprised at all. She slowly got out of the filming area, put her longsword aside, and went to sit on her resting bench.

Her assistant came to her and wiped her sweat. "Ms. Cohen, something is going on there. Should we go over and take a look?"

"What's there to see? It's none of our business."

Davis was curious too. He stretched his neck and looked over at the source of commotion. "There seems to have been an accident backstage. Something fell in the tool room. I don't know if anyone was hurt."

Guinevere curled her lips but did not show many emotions on her face. "How can a big crystal ceiling lamp fall suddenly?"

"I don't know either," Davis snorted. "I've seen the tool room before. The crystal lamp is quite big. It would be terrible if one got hit by it. Even if it didn't hit them in the head, they'd probably be half dead."

The assistant shivered in fear. "What if it hit one in the face? It'd be bad to have a disfigured face..."

The majority of the crew were actors. Their career depended on their face. An ordinary person who became disfigured would find it hard to bear, let alone them.

Guinevere remained indifferent the whole time. She was a little happy in her heart.

If that happened, that would be great. Ella might be lucky enough to escape, but she might be disfigured from the crystal lamp that had crashed on her. She wondered how she could use her face and continue to gain sympathy from Weston as Stella's replacement then!

Guinevere really despised Ella and looked down on her. She felt she was less respectable than Stella.

Ella had treated her so arrogantly just because her face looked like Stella's. She was just taking advantage of Weston's guilt toward Stella!

Guinevere still stubbornly believed that Weston only had feelings for Stella because he was unable to forget her after witnessing her death.

Guinevere believed that Weston was not really in love with Stella. If he had really loved her, he would not have divorced Stella back then. Weston had chosen her instead of Stella. That meant she was more important to him.

Guinevere truly believed that.

Guinevere hated Ella. It was not only because she was with Weston, but because she

was also a constant reminder of Stella's existence – she was there because Weston missed Stella.

Guinevere refused to admit Weston's deep feelings for Stella.

Meanwhile, in the hospital.

Stella's ankle was wrapped in a thick bandage. She felt a little helpless about the situation. "I'm really fine. You don't have to go through all this trouble..."

Wendy looked at her, feeling bad. "Anyway, you were hurt because of me. I'm sorry."

Stella shook her head. "It had nothing to do with you."

Stella knew who the perpetrator behind this was.

Wendy did not comment further. She only said, "Well, I didn't expect her to be so cruel. She actually wanted to kill you."

'She didn't expect this?' Stella curled her lips. She was not surprised at all. She just did not expect Guinevere to choose such a time to attack her. She chose to do it on the set and on her last day here.

Stella was not surprised that Guinevere had tried to kill her. After all, she had done it once. She was just doing it again. Wendy suddenly took her hand. "Thank you for saving me. If you hadn't reacted in time, the crystal lamp would've crashed on me."

Stella came back to her senses. "It's nothing. She was coming for me anyway. If you hadn't warned me, I would've been hit directly. It's what I should've done anyway."

Wendy was very pleased. "You're such a good girl." She slowly held her hand. "I like you. No wonder Weston is so happy when he's with you."

Stella furrowed her brows. "Wendy..."

"I know you're feeling uncomfortable because of Guinevere. You feel like a third party, don't you?"

Stella's eyes flickered for a moment. Then, she turned her head away.

This was the main reason why she did not want to make new friends or get too close to others. Only she knew she did nothing wrong. She had a clear conscience, but others would only view her as a shameless mistress.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 685

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Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 686

Chapter 686 Stella did not want to talk about her relationship with Weston. Wendy tried to convince her. "I've told you before. Weston's relationship with Guinevere isn't like what you think..." She hesitated a little when she saw Stella's indifference and suggested, "Ella, if you don't mind, I'd like to take you as my goddaughter." Stella widened her eyes at once. "What..." Wendy patted the back of her hand. "If it weren't for you, I wouldn't be standing here right now. You saved my life. I can't repay you with anything, so if you don't mind... I've always wanted a daughter..." Stella was still in shock and dumbfounded. There was a sudden sound of footsteps at the door. Bradley came in with the test results. "Your injury is nothing serious. Go back to rest. Don't get your wound wet." He frowned with an ugly expression. "Don't worry. We'll pay for all the medical expenses. I'll also talk to the staff responsible for this area and investigate why the crystal lamp fell for no reason." He had always been careful about safety, especially when it came to the actors and actress's safety. The crew never cut corners. Bradley had sent people to check the tool room countless times and ensured that nothing could go wrong. Unfortunately, Stella still encountered such an accident inside. Bradley thought maybe it was just bad luck. "It's really strange. It was fine when I asked you to do the inventory yesterday, but this happened today." Stella and Wendy both knew Guinevere was behind this. It was no ordinary accident. But the both of them said nothing. "There are still scenes to be filmed on the set," Bradley said. "If there's anything else, please contact me." He wanted to leave after seeing that Stella was alright. Stella said, "Mr. Lane, could you please pass a message to Angelina? Tell her not to worry." "Okay, sure." Bradley looked at her for a few moments and then at Wendy. "Do we need to tell Guinevere you were here?" Wendy had nearly gotten into the accident too. Bradley was a little confused and wondered why Wendy was in the tool room with

Stella.

Wendy said to him, "That's not necessary. Don't make her worry. I'll be back later on my own."

Anyway, going back and forth would be a waste of time. She might as well surprise Guinevere at the birthday party later.

A hint of sarcasm flashed across Wendy's eyes. However, her eyes were kind and affectionate when she turned to Stella. "You've saved my life, Ella. If you get in trouble in the future, I'll definitely help."

Stella pursed her lips tightly. She tried to refuse subconsciously, but as she thought of something, her eyes turned gloomy.

She knew it was difficult to go against the current, but if she remained idle, her fate would be in the hands of others.

Previously, she had wanted to stay low and not make any trouble. She did not want to make a fuss, but what did she get in return?

Others ended up taking advantage of her kindness and bullied her for their own interests.

Stella could not just sit back and wait. She had to make Guinevere pay for her actions.

"Okay. Thank you, Wendy."

Wendy smiled and patted the back of her hand. "You're such a good girl."

Guinevere was all dressed up for Zack's birthday party.

She was in a very good mood. She had just finished filming her movie and was done dealing with Ella. Two good things had happened at once.

She was glowing in the mirror.

Her assistant kept praising her. "Ms. Cohen, you're so beautiful! There's not many in the show business who are comparable to your beauty."

Guinevere smiled and was done dressing up. When her assistant helped her up, she asked, "Are my parents here?"

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Chapter 687 "They're here. I think everyone's downstairs."

Guinevere ordered, "Take Zack out. By the way, where's Wendy?"

"Madam seemed to have gone out for her business. She'll probably be back later."

Guinevere furrowed her brows. "Why is she still not here?"

After all, this was Zachary's birthday party. It was an event to show how much the Ford family valued her son and her.

Wendy and Zachary spent the most time together. Why was Wendy late at such an important time like this? How could she be late?

Meanwhile, at the door of the room.

Weston stood there all dressed up in a suit. He looked at her with a faint gaze. "It's time.

"Are you not ready yet?" he asked as a reminder.

Guinevere immediately wore a different expression and looked at him with a pretty smile. "Of course, I'm ready." She walked to him graciously and took his arm. "However, Zack's grandma isn't here yet. Shall we take

Zack down and let my parents meet him first?”

Weston responded, “As you like.”

Guinevere leaned her head on Weston’s shoulder and smiled sweetly. “Our child is one year old in the blink of an eye. In half a year, we can finally get our marriage licenses and become a small family legally...”

Weston did not comment on that.

Guinevere continued saying to herself, “My parents talked to me on the phone yesterday. They said your western suburbs project is going very well. You’ve also made a big concession to our family. My uncle and aunts who didn’t join the project are regretting so much now...”

The more she spoke, the more she felt guilty for doubting Weston all this time. She never should have been jealous of that trivial Ella.

A man would always prove his love with money. This saying was definitely true.

Weston might be spending some time with Ella , but so what?

Shares and business interests were the most important thing to him, but he was willing to give her family such a big stake in the project. That fact alone showed that she was the most important person in his heart!

Soon, Guinevere and Weston appeared at the entrance of the stairs.

The guests downstairs gradually quieted down and looked at them.

“Look! They’re such a sweet couple!”

Mrs. Cohen looked over at Guinevere with a smile. “Gwen isn’t so obedient at home. She’s only obedient in front of Weston!”

Mr. Cohen kept nodding in agreement too. “We’re glad to see them getting along well.”

The Cohen family had made a lot of money from the western suburbs project. That was not all — Weston even offered to give them a stake in his project, which was a huge bonus.

This made them a little overconfident and full of themselves. They were in the Ford family’s territory , but they acted arrogantly. “Where’s my good grandson? Why didn’t you take him out?!”

Guinevere said, “I’ll bring him down later. He’s still crying and clinging to his grandmother. He’s always making a lot of noise!” She held Weston’s arm and walked to the living room.

Mrs. Cohen was smiling the whole time. Then, she suddenly asked, “Where’s Zack’s grandmother? Why haven’t I seen her? If she’s not here, Zack will surely cry!”

“She can’t be late for such an important birthday party!”

“Of course, I won’t be late.” Wendy’s voice came from the door.

Everyone turned to the voice and saw Wendy with a woman next to her. Wendy looked grand and elegant in her limited-edition dress.

Guinevere’s eyes changed as soon as she saw the woman next to Wendy. She trembled and reflexively clutched onto Weston’s suit.

‘Ella... Why is she here?!’

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 688

Chapter 688 The air froze for a moment.

Guinevere thought she was hallucinating. Why else would she see Ella at the Ford

mansion? Why was she standing next to Wendy?

When did the two of them get together? Besides, Ella should be in the hospital by now! The person she had sent out said the job was done. She had thought Ella would be hurt and stay hospitalized for at least ten days or half a month. She might not die, but she should have been badly injured. How could she be standing here alive and well? How could that be?!

The other guests had not seen Ella before and were a little curious about her. No one spoke first.

Guinevere returned to her senses and finally reacted. Weston was standing right next to her. She looked up sharply to see his expression and called out, "Weston..."

Weston remained silent and looked straight in front.

Weston's eyes were fixed on Stella as soon as she entered the room. He didn't conceal his gaze at all. He focused all his attention on her and no one else.

Stella stood at the door and looked at the various expressions of the people inside.

Suddenly, she found it interesting. She was particularly curious about Weston and Guinevere, who stood next to each other like a perfect couple. She wondered how they felt about her appearance here.

Wendy held her hand with a smile. "I'm sorry for being late. I picked up a friend on the way. I'm glad I made it in time."

Mrs. Cohen was a little displeased, but she did not say anything. After all, it was Zachary's birthday party. She stood up and walked to Wendy.

"It's okay. You were late, but it didn't affect anything. By the way, Wendy... who's this?"

She looked at Stella and asked the question that most people in the room wanted to ask.

Wendy smiled. When she was about to introduce Stella to the rest, a quarrel suddenly came from the courtyard outside.

"You fool! How dare you bring her here today! Are you trying to give me a heart attack?"

It was Warren's voice. He was clearly furious. Mr. Cohen and Chris looked at each other in dismay. They

stood up and asked, "What's going on outside?" The butler hurried over and reported the situation. "Mr. Warren is lecturing Mr. Xavier outside. He seems really angry..."

Wendy and Chris exchanged a glance. They vaguely knew what had happened.

Xavier probably said he wanted to break off his engagement with Zeta, so he had made Warren angry.

As the group walked out and reached the pavilion, they heard Warren lecturing Xavier angrily.

"I've spoiled you too much! You're already a grown-up. Why are you still so immature?!

How can you easily call off an engagement whenever you want?" Warren was standing beside the fountain. His hair was completely white. He wore a black plush trenchcoat and looked unruffled.

His age had left traces on his face. He was old, but his voice was still full of vigor. "You can say all you want, but why did you bring her back? What is this? Are you trying to embarrass me?" He pointed to Xavier in front of him. Then, he pointed to Daisy next to Xavier with disgust in his eyes. "You're betraying Zeta for a woman like that? How am I supposed to explain to my old comrades in the Taylor family?!"

Xavier had known this would happen, but he did not

expect Warren to be so furious. “Dad, it’s the 21st century! Free love is a thing now. I don’t want to spend my life with a woman I don’t love...”
“How dare you!” Warren lifted his hand and directly slapped Xavier in his face.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 689

Chapter 689 Daisy had thought Xavier was just introducing her to his family, and she did not expect to get into trouble. She was at a loss and her expression turned ugly. “Dad, calm down. Remember that it’s Zack’s birthday party today.”
Chris saw that things were going bad and quickly stepped in to interrupt them. He held Warren’s hand and urged, “Don’t make a scene now. Everyone’s here...”
Warren took a deep breath and trembled in a fury. “Does he know that there’ll be a crowd today? If he knew everyone was coming, why did he still do such a shameful thing?!”
He heaved heavily and glanced at the black car parked on the side.
The black car was parked on the side quietly with the windows half wound down. It was the Taylor family’s car. They had come to congratulate the Ford family.
It was supposed to be a celebration and big event, but Xavier’s actions had humiliated them.
Zeta sat in the car and looked at the two figures standing together. She remained quiet the whole time. When she saw Xavier and Daisy standing close together, a throbbing pain overwhelmed her heart.
Zeta’s two elders had come over too. They had wanted to get out of the car and meet Zachary, but it seemed unnecessary now.
“They don’t take us seriously. Let’s leave the gifts and leave!”
Warren was so angry that his heart ached. “I feel so ashamed about this... I’m sorry about my ungrateful son!”
He was extremely regretful. In Warren’s early years, he was too indulgent to Xavier because Xavier was born late into the family. He did not even pamper Weston, his eldest grandson, as much. He had spoiled Xavier and made him a willful adult!
He was ashamed to meet his old friends from the Taylor family.
“I’m really sorry. I’ll formally apologize again some other day after teaching this brat a good lesson...”
“No need.” The two elders from the Taylor family doted on Zeta, especially Zeta’s grandmother. She took Zeta’s hand and said, “We don’t care about a young brat like that!”
Zeta smiled at her grandmother. “Grandma, I’m fine. Don’t worry about me.”
Zeta’s grandparents had never approved of the marriage. They only agreed for Warren’s sake. Besides, Zeta loved Xavier.
This time, Warren could not refute no matter how they scolded Xavier. “Zeta, I’m sorry. Whether you’re with Xavier or not, we still think of you as family. This won’t change. No matter how brazenly Xavier acts, no one can surpass you!”
Zeta smiled. “It’s okay. Mutual consent does matter in love and relationships. Please just ignore the matters between Xavier and I. I hope this won’t affect your relationship with my grandparents.”

Xavier heard her say that and looked up at her with an inexplicable gaze. He kept his gaze at Zeta the whole time, hoping to see something in her eyes.

He had thought he would see anger, resentment, or sadness. However, she said nothing and was as calm as usual.

He curled his lips with his eyes full of sarcasm. "As expected of a doctor. You're indeed very calm. You're already so good at smoothing things over at such a young age. You remain indifferent even though you've been abandoned—"

"Shut up!"

Warren yelled at him before he could finish. "Why don't you reflect on your disgusting actions before you talk about others?"

Zeta heard his comments and said nothing. She only glanced at him once and then withdrew her gaze. "The gift is here. We have something going on, so we'll leave first. I hope Zack grows up healthily."

This time, Zeta had lost all hope in Xavier.

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Chapter 690

The black car drove away from the villa slowly.

Warren walked to Xavier again and kicked him hard. "You fool!"

He scolded him again, "As long as I am alive, don't ever think of bringing her home!"

Daisy had kept her head down the whole time. She had thought others would respect her with Xavier's recognition of her, but after coming here, she had finally realized she was still insignificant. None of them took her seriously.

Xavier wiped the corner of his mouth. "Dad, haven't you been urging me to get married? I've brought her to see you. Why are you still unhappy?"

"How could you..." Warren put his hand over his heart and staggered a few steps back.

Seeing that, Chris went to help him. "Dad, don't be angry. Xavier has always been like this. Don't be angry with him..."

Xavier stood still. He was a little worried seeing Warren's face pale from anger.

However, he stood still and did not move after thinking about it.

"Dad, I have never asked you for anything. Please, just

this once, let me get what I want. I don't want an arranged marriage without love..." As he said that, Daisy looked at him with red eyes.

From the time they had gotten together, Daisy had always been the weaker one in their relationship. Xavier was her savior. He had helped her deal with her ex boyfriend that had kept giving her trouble. He had brought her to a completely different social circle.

She was able to raise her social status because of him. She was a little touched, but...

She instinctively glanced at Weston.

Weston remained aloof and indifferent. He was fully dressed in a suit and stood next to Guinevere. He looked unbothered, as if the commotion here had nothing to do with him.

He was always high and mighty. No one could pull him down from the top.

Daisy retracted her gaze with an unreadable expression on her face. She wanted to leave everything behind and be with Xavier, but something was bothering her. She was a little reluctant and resentful. Weston was just within her sight, but he was so far away and not within her grasp. It was so tormenting and painful for her.

She held Xavier's hand and said nothing.

Xavier glanced at her and understood her intentions. He held her hand tightly and reassured her, "It's okay. I'm right here."

Warren saw their interaction and went silent. At last, he sighed heavily. "Forget it. Do whatever you want. Whatever. I don't want to care about you anymore..."

After that, he walked past the couple and went inside." Today is Zack's birthday party. I don't want a fool like you to steal the limelight. Whatever it is, let's talk about it another day."

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief. It seemed like Warren had compromised. They could not help but turn to Daisy.

Their attention had shifted from Stella to Daisy. Everyone was curious about Daisy's origins.

"Who is this woman?"

"I don't know. I've never seen her before..."

"Xavier argued with Warren because of her. She's quite something."

"Yeah. Xavier must have seen many kinds of women before. He's always involved with scandals all day, but he finally fell into this woman's hand..." "I thought he'd still marry Zeta in the future. It's normal to have a marriage arrangement between prestigious families. Xavier is always surrounded by women. I didn't think he'd give up his marriage arrangement with the Taylor family for a woman like her."

Xavier put his arm around Daisy's shoulder and looked at Chris. "Chris, you must be glad. Now, I'm no longer a threat to you."

Chris's expression did not change. "You made Dad so mad. Why would I be happy? Besides, it's Zack's birthday party day. Behave yourself and control your woman. Keep your mouth shut too."

"Come on. I know you must be relieved. Why are you still pretending in front of me?" Chris glanced at him coldly. Then, he strode away to look for Wendy.