

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 721

Chapter 721

Though he would like to refute Weston, the more he thought about it, the more he realized that his son was right.

“But you did promise me you’d marry Gwen, yet now you suddenly broke off the engagement. What exactly is going on here?” he grumbled.

“What if Gwen suddenly remembers everything, huh? How would I...” he suddenly blurted, unable to hold back his feelings any longer. “If she does recall everything and wants to make the truth public, then it’s her right to do so, isn’t that correct?” he interrupted.

Chris was fired up with rage. He glared at Weston with clenched fists and snarled, “I will never let that happen!”

They stood there at the entrance, facing off each other with neither willing to concede.

“I know that woman still excites you because she’s new,” Chris blurted out bluntly. “And I’m not going to stop you from having as much fun as you like with her, but I’m telling you right now, a woman like that will never be accepted into our family!”

As he finished speaking, he picked up his suit jacket and

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rushed out of the door, leaving the Ford Mansion without even looking back once. Weston stared at his father as he disappeared in the distance. When he was gone, he looked away and sneered before returning to the living room. After such a day, he should stay at the Ford Mansion for at least a few days to manage all the family affairs that might arise. In fact, he had informed Stella in advance that he would be away on a business trip for a while, but to his surprise, his own mother had invited her here.

He picked up his phone and was about to call Stella when he was suddenly distracted by the sound of Zach crying upstairs.

Usually, Weston wouldn’t be bothered by that, knowing that there was an army of nannies ready to take care of him at any time at all, not to mention his mother Wendy, who was always by Zach’s side.

But today, Weston was filled with an inexplicable urge to go upstairs to Zach. When he got there, he was met with the sight of Stella, still clad in the same dress she wore that evening, but her hair was already let down, and it fell casually on her shoulders.

She was holding Zach in her arms. Her movements were a little awkward, but she still gently patted his back and softly cooed, "Don't cry... It's alright... Don't cry..."

It was as if Stella possessed a magical ability to

completely entrance him because he was completely rooted to the spot, unwilling to take a step further for fear of ruining the beautiful scene before him.

He gazed at her as she held the child tenderly as if she was his mother. He had only ever seen her as a perfect wife, and he had never once considered what she would look like as a mother.

Weston thought of the many sides of Stella's personality when she was with him-her shyness and timidity when she slept beside him, her affection and consideration when she was his loving wife, and her anguished decisiveness when she left him...

There had been so many sides to this woman, and here, he was witnessing another side of hers that he had never seen before.

If Stella hadn't suffered the tragic miscarriage, she would've been a gentle and caring mother to their child right now. That realization pierced through Weston's heart like a dagger. He was even more afraid of taking a step forward now. It was the first time that he truly felt the pain of the loss of their child deep in his bones.

Till now, he had always thought that it was not that big of a deal. He could always have another child anyway, if he really wanted to. All that mattered to him was that Stella was by his side. He might feel regret every once in a

while, but that was the extent of it.

But now, he finally appreciated the pain that Stella must have gone through.

If things had gone differently, they should now have a healthy, living and breathing child whose beating heart would be filled with both his blood and hers.

The gut-wrenching pain gripped his soul and washed over his whole being. It hit him continuously wave after wave, and it felt as if it would never end.

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Weston took a deep breath and tried his best to suppress the dull aching pain inside of him. Someone had noticed his presence there...

“Weston?” his mother called out. “What are you doing, standing over there like that? Come over here!”

Stella’s body stiffened instantly when she heard what Wendy was saying. She had finally just relaxed and was able to hold Zach in her arms with ease, but now she suddenly didn’t know what to do, and her eyes darted around in panic.

Zach seemed to sense her distress, and he, too started to get restless. He shook his little arms and legs and began to yell.

“Waaa! Waaa!”

It looked like he was trying to get Stella’s attention.

“I think he really likes you!” Wendy exclaimed.

Zach had shown much interest in Stella since he first met her on the film set. His big gleaming eyes would be fixed on her as if he could already tell that she was a beautiful woman even though he was not even a toddler yet.

“He wouldn’t let anyone hold him at home,” Wendy continued. “But his eyes got huge, and he couldn’t even

blink at the sight of all the beautiful women on set! What a rascal!”

Just then, Weston came over, and Wendy nodded at him.

Stella looked away and laughed before saying, “If he really does like beautiful women, then he should be staring at you all day, every day!” Wendy laughed heartily. Although she had a strict skincare regimen, there were now visible crow’s feet around the corner of her eyes when she laughed, even though they weren’t so obvious when the light was soft and forgiving. “You’re such a sweet talker!” Wendy told Stella before glancing at her son and added, “Weston never knew how to cheer me up like that! You know, I do regret giving birth to him. I should’ve had a daughter instead! I would’ve been much happier with a daughter!”

Wendy was only joking, of course. Stella was fully aware of it, too, so she didn’t take any of it to heart.

She could feel that Weston’s gaze was fixed on her even though he was standing behind her. He was exuding a kind of pressure, but she refused to look back at him and just pretended that she didn’t know he was there at all, while all the while focusing on teasing Zach and tickling his chin to make him laugh.

Luckily, Zach was very cooperative. He burst out into laughter when Stella tickled him even though the streams

of tears on his cheeks had not even dried yet.

“Hahahaha...”

Zach’s high-pitched laughter rang through the hallway.

“Look at how happy he is!” cried Wendy, who was now in a very good mood when she saw how cheerful Zach was. Then she turned to her son and grumbled, “Even his own father had never been able to cheer him up like that! I guess he must really like Ella!”

Weston leaned down and stared at Stella’s profile. The light shone down gently on her face. Weston’s expressions softened as well. He couldn’t help but reach out a hand to stroke her hair. “It’s because they’re both children after all,” he commented. “That’s why they get along so well.”

Stella glowered at him before handing Zach back to Wendy

“He just yawned a couple of times just now,” she told her. “I think he must be sleepy.”

Wendy took him into her arms and gently patted his back. “I’ll take him back to the nursery and put him to sleep then,” she said, gazing at Weston and Stella. “Both of you should go to bed now. It’s getting late.” Anyone could tell she was trying to give the two of them some alone time.

As soon as Wendy was gone, Weston pinned Stella to the wall and murmured, “It appears that a certain someone likes you very much.” “Who are you referring to?” Stella raised her chin to look straight into his eyes. “Wendy or Zach?”

Weston sniggered before leaning down to her ear and whispered, “Didn’t it occur to you that I might be referring to myself, hmm?”

Stella’s eyes darkened. She quickly looked away to escape the intimate moment they were sharing. It didn’t matter how cold her heart was in regards to Weston; it was impossible she remained unmoved when he just implied that he liked her very much. The phrase meant a lot to her.

The fact that Weston would just blurt out that he liked her very much willy-nilly told her that she was like a new toy to him-nothing more than a passing fancy.

Seeing that she was avoiding his eye contact, Weston dropped the subject, hoping to not make it any more awkward for her.

“Are you staying here tonight?” he asked, caressing her face.

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Chapter 723

“Uh-huh,” Stella replied, “your grandfather wanted me to.”

Weston straightened up and peered down at her.

“What did he say to you?”

Stella paused, then shook her head and told him, “Nothing much. He just wanted me to get a good rest here tonight...”

Weston’s eyes narrowed into thin slits. That piercing gaze of his would penetrate even the deepest secrets in anyone’s heart.

“Was that all?” he asked again. “What else did he say?”

“What else do you think he’d say?” countered Stella. She looked up and bravely met his gaze, daring him to search her eyes. “That he would give me a large sum of money so I would leave you, perhaps?” “No,” Weston laughed. “That’s not his style.”

“It seems that you two understand each other very well,” Stella raised her brows. “Your grandfather knew he couldn’t get rid of me just by throwing money at me.”

“That’s right,” Weston retracted his gaze and pinched her nose. “It doesn’t matter how much money he throws

at you. You’ll get much more than that if you stay by my side.”

As soon as Stella stepped back into the guest bedroom, she slumped down onto the sofa and sat there for a while. She was utterly exhausted. She didn’t even turn on the lights. She just sat there staring at the ceiling. She blinked again and again. Her eyes were getting sore. She reached into her bag and found that she still had a few pills left. She counted the days when Dr. Zeta Taylor would come back...

If Weston didn’t go crazy tonight, she would still have enough. Luckily for her, although Weston had a voracious sexual appetite, he was such a busy man that work and other obligations consumed much of his energy. He would constantly pester her around the house, wanting to do it again and again. However, as soon as he put on his suit jacket, he became Mr. Weston Ford, the distinguished and unrivaled president of Ford Corporation.

With all the things that happened today, Weston would've been so preoccupied that he would have no energy left to come to her.

At least, that was what Stella happily assumed.

She kicked off her stilettos and took off the uncomfortable dress that she had been wearing. Naked, she looked into the mirror and stared at her body.

She was covered with hickeys, small and large. A lot of them were old ones that were fading, but some newer, fresher ones were still red. It made her look like a wanton woman.

She then let her hair down completely and walked into the bathroom. She stood under the showerhead, turned on the shower, and let the water wash over her body as she closed her eyes,

The image of Zach laughing and yelping to get her attention still lingered in her mind.

The pain that she had been suppressing now finally engulfed her. She could no longer hold it in. She fell to her knees, curled up into a ball, and folded her arms.

The water hadn't had time to warm up yet. It pricked her skin like a thousand cold, icy needles.

Her baby.. Her baby... She could've had such an adorable baby.

As tears streamed from her eyes, they mixed with the water from the shower and were washed away. After a while, she heard the bathroom door open, and a

tall silhouette walked in.

Stella didn't need to look at the person to find out who it was.

She took a deep breath and softly muttered, "I'm really tired tonight. I really don't feel like..."

Before she could finish speaking, he picked her up in his arms and put her on the bathroom dresser.

"Don't worry," he murmured. "I won't get in bed with my sister..."

His hand landed on her face, then moved slowly downwards and stopped on her collarbone.

"...the bathtub is good enough for me," he added.

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Chapter 724

For some reason, Weston was particularly gentle that night.

Like any other hot-blooded man, Weston would turn savage when he was engrossed in lust and desire. Perhaps it was akin to a primal instinct, but in those passionate moments, he would completely lose all rationality as he plundered and looted no holds barred.

No matter how much he cared about Stella's feelings and tried to be careful, he would be absolutely unrestrained and even beastly at the peak of his pleasure.

But that night, as he pinned her against the bathroom wall, Stella could feel a streak of warm tenderness amidst his ferocity. He placed his large hand on her flat belly, and the warmth from his hand flowed continuously onto her skin, partially shielding her from the cold tiles on the wall.

Stella pressed her against his chest while the front of her body clung to the icy wall, creating a stark contrast of fiery passion on one side and chilling hardness on the other.

"Gently, please..." she begged after a while when she could no longer bear it anymore.

He gathered up her hair and kissed the nape of her neck before asking, "Do you like Zach a lot?"

Stella clenched her fist. It was already hard enough to bear the brunt of his carnal desire, but he just had to spoil her mood further by mentioning Zach. "What made you think that I like Zach?" she asked. "You always shunned him in the past," he replied, his words punctuated by occasional huffing and puffing, "but you seem to be getting along really well with him just now."

Stella took a deep breath to steady her voice, so it didn't tremble too much when she told him, "Think of it however you like... I don't care..."

Weston raised his chin and let her rest against his chest as he stared fixedly at her face, even as she closed her eyes shut.

"He can be our child if that's what you want," he told her. Stella pursed her lips and adamantly stayed silent. She knew exactly what he meant—he wanted her to be Zach's stepmother.

But how could she ever agree to that?

She reminded herself of Warren Ford's promise and his instruction. It was the only thing that stopped her from outright refusing him. Right now, all she could do was

grit her teeth and endure the full force of his lustful ravishing

The next morning, Stella woke up very late because her alarm clock did not go off on time for some reason.

The window was left open, and gusts of wind constantly breezed in, cooling the room significantly.

The days were much warmer now. Even though it was still early in the morning, the air was not as biting cold as it had been in early spring.

It was a sign that summer was fast approaching. Stella lifted the blanket off her body and quickly got up. Her dainty nightdress slipped off her shoulders, exposing the fresh hickeys on her body and the fading ones. She glanced at them momentarily as she passed the floor-to ceiling mirror in the bathroom before heading stolidly to the sink to brush her teeth and wash her face.

Weston was nowhere to be seen. Stella assumed that he must already be at work. His biological clock had always been impressive. No matter how wild and lengthy their lovemaking session was the night before, he was always up and ready to go the next early morning. As Stella brushed her teeth, she stared at herself in the mirror. The dark circles under her eyes were prominent. She counted her blessings that the filming was all over. It

wouldn't have been good for her to show up on set looking like this.

After that, she changed her clothes and was ready to leave the door when her phone suddenly rang.

She picked it up. It was a video call from Roger.

With a huge time difference between Stella's location and Compassvale University, where Roger was studying, they set up a fixed time to contact. However, because so many things happened last night, it had completely slipped out of Stella's mind.

She scampered to a random corner of the room and answered the call. Roger's face then appeared on the screen of her phone.

"Sis!"

Seeing Roger and hearing his voice lifted Stella's mood instantly.

"Hello!" she replied with a big grin on her face. "What time is it over there?"

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"It's late at night over here," Roger told Stella. "We're just about to sleep. I wanted to give you a call before going to bed. You just got up, didn't you?"

Stella nodded. She scrutinized the screen and noticed that Roger seemed a lot thinner than when she last saw him

"Have you lost some weight?" she asked, brows knitted in concern "Have you been eating well lately?"

"No," Roger answered reluctantly, not wishing to worry Stella. "I'm probably still getting used to this new environment. I'll be fine in a couple of days."

Stella sighed

"You must take good care of yourself!" she reminded him. "Oh, by the way, you do know how to cook, don't you? Try to eat home-cooked meals as much as possible, okay? And even if you don't like the local food, try not to skip meals..."

"Oh," Roger smiled wryly. "Don't worry about that. Even if I cook for myself, there'll always be a freeloader who always comes over begging for food."

"Good!" Stella laughed. She instantly caught on that he was referring to Kiley. "Then make sure that you act as a good host and take good care of your guest."

"Ella!" Stella heard a voice call out from a distance before she could finish speaking. "Robb has been so lazy lately! I had to beg him again and again before he started cooking for me!"

A moment later, Stella heard the sound of approaching footsteps over the phone, and soon Riley's lovable round face suddenly popped up on her screen. "Hello, Ella!"

"Hello, Riley! Have you settled into the new environment over there?"

"Oh, yes! I'm settled in comfortably!"

"Of course you are!" Roger sneered. "You do nothing but eat and drink all day. How could you not be comfortable?" Riley unwittingly smiled, a little abashed.

"I'm just not used to the food here, so... Besides, Robb's an incredibly good cook." "Uh-huh, unlike you! You're a girl who can't boil water to save your life! Instead, you're always ordering out every day like an idiot!"

Roger was only willing to talk so much to Riley when he was admonishing like he was doing now, so she didn't want to argue with him. She just stuck out her tongue cheekily.

Riley thought of how she offered to cook for him

yesterday because she wanted to please him but ended up almost burning down the kitchen, and she still felt embarrassed by it.

The sight of Roger and Riley bickering brought Stella a sense of relief.

"I'm glad both of you are taking care of each other," she said. "And Robb, you're not allowed to bully Riley!"

"How is it going with you back home, Sis?"

Roger was dying to change the subject. "I'm doing fine," Stella replied. "Shooting is over now. I think the film will be released soon."

"Really?!" Riley exclaimed with excitement. "I wonder if it will be released internationally. If it is, I'll definitely be the first to see it!"

The three of them then went on to chat happily for a while before they ended the call.

Stella let out a long, contented sigh. It had been so long since she last felt so at ease. At the very least, she was secure in the knowledge that Roger's life was going down the right path.

Meanwhile, on the other end of the line, something

suddenly occurred in Riley's mind right after the call ended.

"Say..." she muttered with furrowed brows. "Did you notice that Ella was acting a little weird just now?"

"Weird?" replied Roger impatiently as he put his phone away. "What do you mean?"

"I don't know how to describe it exactly..." Riley stroked her chin and considered it for a while before adding, "It was as if she was trying to block the background behind her as if she didn't want us to see where she was..."

"Don't be ridiculous!" Roger retorted. He was sure that Riley was overthinking it. "Why would she do that? She's at our house!"

"No!" Riley argued assuredly. "That definitely wasn't your house!"

She had been to their house. She knew well what kind of furnishings there were at their place.

“I saw a vase behind her just now,” she explained. “It looked like an extraordinarily expensive antique vase. I’m sure I didn’t see it anywhere at your place back then...”

“Impossible !” Roger hurriedly denied it. “Maybe she’s still on set.”

“But didn’t she say that filming was over now?”

Roger fell silent.

After a few seconds, he repeated under his breath, “Impossible...”

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Chapter 726 Downstairs.

As Stella was walking down the stairs, she heard the housekeeper reporting to Wendy.

“After Mr. Ford left last night, he never returned...”

Wendy sat before the dining table, playing with Zack in her arms. She said without a hitch in her expression, “Did he call this morning?”

“Yes, he did...”

The housekeeper shook her head with a distressed face. “He did call, but he said...”

“What did he say?”

“He said he won’t be coming back to eat or to stay the night during this period...”

Wendy sneered. “Whatever.”

He was willing to stay away from home for Guinevere Cohen,

The housekeeper did not want to make any unnecessary comments about their family matters. She simply stood silently at a side.

Warren was also at the dining table, a rare occurrence for

him, and he was sipping on his tea, “It’s probably because I let Ella stay at the Ford Manion last night, and he feels upset with the both of us.”

Despite her anger, Wendy remained respectful in face of her own father-in-law. "Dad, don't worry. He's probably only angry with me." "It has nothing to do with you." Warren smiled. "Both of you have always been close. He's just in a little fit now. Just say something nice to appease him when he's back."

Wendy nodded. "I know."

Warren took another sip of his tea and asked without lifting his head, "What are you doing still standing there? Is the view from the stairs very nice? Come down and have breakfast."

Wendy looked in Stella's direction, who caught her gaze and greeted, "Good morning." She turned to Warren, greeting him as well. "Hello, Mr. Ford."

Warren smiled kindly in return. "Just call me Grandpa as Weston does."

Stella walked to the dining table and sat down. "Sure, Grandpa."

Even Wendy was taken aback. "Grandpa?"

"What, shouldn't she be calling me that, given her age?" Warren put down his teacup.

Wendy knew that Warren wasn't trying to make things difficult for Stella and knew that he allowed Stella to stay here last night.

However, she thought that it was because he didn't want to air the family's dirty laundry in public, so he simply did so to appease Stella.

She did not expect Warren to treat Stella so well.

Wendy was shocked.

She glanced at Stella.

She had to give it to Weston. The woman he fancied was indeed better than those other disgraceful and unpresentable females.

Only a woman like this can leave Guinevere at her wits' end. "Seems like both of you get along quite well..." Wendy remarked.

Warren glanced at her thoughtfully but didn't say anything Stella concentrated on eating her breakfast, looking very much at ease and not awkward at all.

Zack, on the other hand, began wriggling around in

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Wendy's lap. He stared right at Stella, his black eyes shifting curiously around. "Baa! Ahh!" He babbled.

"Not again!"

Wendy pinched his cheeks affectionately. "He always gets agitated when he sees beautiful ladies. He'll probably be like Xavier when he grows up, a flirtatious young man!" The mention of Xavier instantly put Warren in a bad mood. "Don't talk about that unfilial brat!"

Wendy shut her mouth and blinked at Stella.

Both of them exchanged glances and kept their silence.

Stella glanced a few more times at Zack.

She had been thinking about Weston's abnormal behavior last night.

Now that she thought about it, it might be because of the change in her attitude towards Zack that made Weston think that she liked Zack.

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Chapter 727

Perhaps, he really thought that she was willing to be Zack's stepmother, which made him keep kissing that soft flesh on her tummy when he went wild last night.

Stella was so lost in her own thoughts that she didn't even notice when Warren left the table.

Wendy fed Zack his bottle and asked Stella, "Ella, why aren't you eating? Is the food not to your liking?" Stella snapped back to attention. "No, it tastes very good

She resumed eating her breakfast.

Wendy was keen enough to spot the hickeys on Stella's neck.

Although Stella tried very hard to hide the marks, they were still evident as she moved.

Wendy herself had been passionately in love with Chris before and naturally could understand what things were like between her and Weston. She smirked to herself but didn't say anything further.

A while later.

The housekeeper came in and whispered something into Wendy's ears.

Wendy's face changed. "Why is she here?"

The housekeeper simply stood at the side and remained silent.

Wendy sighed. "Let her in."

Stella was already done with her breakfast, and she turned to look at Wendy. "Who's here?"

Before Wendy could respond to Stella, Guinevere walked in and said, "I'm here to see Zack..."

She was holding onto many bags and looked completely different from yesterday. She was back to being the glamorous and stunning Guinevere.

"I didn't interrupt anything, did I?" She asked smilingly.

Her servants behind her were carrying many more bags." Just place them anywhere."

"Yes, Ms. Cohen."

She instructed them so naturally as if the place were her own house.

Wendy shook the milk bottle before feeding Zack again.

Guinevere walked to the dining table and finally noticed Stella sitting there. She halted in her footsteps and asked with her brows furrowed. "What are you doing here?"

Stella looked back at her calmly, "What's that got to do

with you?"

Guinevere pursed her lips, looking clearly upset.

She shut her eyes and tried to compose herself. She forced a smile on her face and sat opposite Wendy. "Zack is my son, after all. It's completely acceptable for me to come over and visit him..."

With that, she looked at Stella challengingly, "No mother on this earth would ever forget about her own child, right?"

Stella lowered her head and pursed her lips into a smile.

It was a bitter smile.

Indeed, no mother on this earth would ever forget about her own child.

She lifted her head, a mocking smile still plastered on her face. "Since you can't forget your own child, why don't you bring him back and take care of him yourself?"

Her words only made the atmosphere in the dining room colder and tenser.

Wendy's hands shook a little as she lifted her head and looked at both women.

Even Zack lifted his tiny fists, sucking hard on the bottle while staring at both women facing off against each other. Guinevere said defensively, "Zack isn't just my child. He's also Weston's child. Of course, I can't be so selfish and make him follow me."

Stella smiled noncommittally.

The look of nonchalance on Stella's face only made the fire in Guinevere's heart burn wilder. "Are you trying to insinuate that I'm using Zack to get closer to Weston?"

Stella burst out into peals of laughter. "No one accused you of that, Ms. Cohen. You're letting your imagination run wild!"

"You..."

Guinevere stood up abruptly, "Today might be your day, but don't think you can be all haughty just because you stay in the Ford Mansion now!"

Before she was done, the housekeeper suddenly said, "Mr. Ford is back..." in a small voice.

The door opened, and Weston walked in calmly, dressed in a sharp, smart suit.

"What's with the racket?"

He walked toward Stella, and with his gaze unwavering, bent down to wipe the corners of her lips. "Why didn't you just sleep in?"

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Chapter 728

Nobody expected Weston to appear.

At that time, he should have been working in his office. Yet here he was at the Ford Mansion.

As though he only had eyes for Stella, he made a beeline for her and whispered tender words into her ears, without a single care for Guinevere who was standing right there.

Guinevere mumbled, “Weston..”

She didn't expect him to return so suddenly. She was still speaking aggressively and fiercely to Stella just a minute ago, and now she was at a loss at how to collect herself.

Wendy was still in a daze as Zack kicked in her arms, yelping, “Ah! Ah!”

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The milk bottle was tilted at an angle such that he could not drink the remainder of the milk.

Wendy snapped back to attention and tilted the bottle so that he could continue drinking. “Weston, why are you back so suddenly?”

Weston sat down next to Stella and said, “I head out just to settle some urgent matters. She's still here; I won't go anywhere.”

His bias was clear for all to see.

Wendy smiled. “You're treating her like a child. She's a full-grown adult. Nothing will happen to her. Why are you so anxious?”

Wendy's teasing made tears well up in Guinevere's eyes.

She clenched her fists so hard that her nails dug into the flesh of her palm. A moment later, she exhaled deeply and looked at Weston. “Don't you have work today?”

It was as if Weston only just realized that she was there. He turned toward her and asked, “You're free today, too?”

They sounded like old friends, his tone calm as the ocean.

Guinevere's thoughts were in a wreck.

She was still Weston's fiancée yesterday, yet today, he had another woman by his side.

She clenched her fists but kept a smile plastered on her face. “It's so sweet of you to be concerned about my work. Didn't Ella tell you? The shooting has ended. Next up, I don't have much else to do during this period and can spend more time with Zack...”

Weston placed his arm around Stella's waist and caressed her side gently.

He suddenly lowered his head and asked her in a low voice, "Do you want to go over and carry him?"

Stella was confused. "Carry who?"

"Zack."

Guinevere and Wendy looked at Weston, not fully comprehending what he meant.

Weston looked forward and said calmly, "Don't you like children?"

Stella finally understood what he meant. The expression on her face remained unchanged. "Isn't his own mother around? It's not in my position to carry him."

Weston glanced at Wendy, his intentions clear as day.

Wendy paused for a moment before chuckling, "Sure, there's still some milk left. Ella, would you like to try feeding him?" Guinevere stood up immediately. "Let me."

She didn't want to see her child in Ella's arms.

Stella knew that Guinevere wouldn't let her have her way and remained seated in her chair.

She saw Guinevere clumsily carry Zack in her arms and try to stick the teat into his mouth. Stella wiped the corner of her mouth with a napkin and said, "Seems like Ms. Cohen isn't very used to carrying her own son. She looks very unfamiliar with him."

Guinevere's face turned dark as she inched the teat closer to Zack's mouth, but Zack simply looked back at her blinkingly, without opening his mouth to take the bottle.

She suppressed the annoyance bubbling in her heart and said softly, "Good boy, drink up, come on."

Zack scrunched up his face and suddenly cried out loud. "Wahh..."

Guinevere was utterly embarrassed, and she stuffed the teat into his mouth, "Quick, drink up, and you won't be hungry anymore."

She moved so abruptly that Zack accidentally inhaled and choked on the incoming milk. "Ack, ack, ack..."

"Waaa! Waaaaa!!!"

His face turned red as his cries became louder.

Wendy immediately took him over and patted his back. “All right, all right. Don’t cry...” She kissed his cheeks and looked grudgingly at Guinevere. “Is that how a mother treats her own child? You don’t even know how to feed him properly.”

Guinevere stood where she was and reached out to wipe Zack’s face but was rudely stopped by Wendy. “Enough, don’t provoke him anymore. You might just make him cry again!”

The disdain in her voice stuck out like a sore thumb.

Guinevere suppressed her anger, retracted her hand, and sat down on her chair glumly.

Chapter 729

Having had enough of the show playing out before her, Stella stood up. “I have something that needs attending to. Please excuse me.”

She could tell that Guinevere was clearly unfamiliar with caring for Zack and was just putting on a show of motherly affection.

Just that, to her dismay, the charade was a tragic failure. Although she enjoyed watching Guinevere make a fool of herself, she didn’t want to waste her time. Weston stood up along with her. At the sight of both of them leaving, Guinevere subconsciously grabbed Weston’s arm. “Weston...”

She looked at his side profile as her eyes ached with unshed tears. “You previously promised me that you’d bring Zack and me overseas for a holiday. Will you still keep your promise?” Stella halted in her footsteps but did not turn back to look.

Her arms were by her side, and her fists clenched up slightly. She stood there for a moment longer before leaving without so much as looking back.

‘That was between the two of them.

Whatever it was, they were Zack’s parents.

It was an undeniable bond between them.

She smiled self-derisively.

It was precisely because of this bond that Guinevere had acted so impudently and arrogantly.

She would always be Zack’s mother. Just this fact alone was enough reason for her to stay by Weston’s side forever.

They were also childhood sweethearts and a match made in heaven, to boot. Undoubtedly, the emotional foundation that had been laid since the beginning fortified their relationship.

For all she knew, a few years later...

Stella pondered about the possibility of them reconciling again a few years later.

In the living room.

Stella had already left, and Wendy glanced at the two of them as she stood up with Zack in her arms. "Take your time to chat. I'll take Zack to the courtyard for a stroll."

"Sure."

Weston retracted his gaze.

Now that the two were finally alone, Guinevere felt less tense. "Now, even Ella can stay in the Ford Mansion ..." she complained begrudgingly. She released her hand and looked at the man standing before her. "Weston, do you really intend to be with her?"

Weston unbuttoned his sleeve, his eyes showing not the slightest trace of emotion. "Our engagement has been called off. It'll be inappropriate that the two of us bring Zack overseas. If you have other requests, I can consider making arrangements."

"...what?"

Guinevere was disappointed. "You mean that you can't keep your promise?"

"I can," Weston corrected her. "Just that it won't be only the two of us." Guinevere looked down, "Just as well... I can agree, just that you can't bring Ella."

Weston didn't immediately respond to her. Instead, his lips pursed into a tight, straight line, and his eyes regained their usual coldness.

A moment later, he tugged at his tie. "She probably doesn't want to be involved, either."

Guinevere's eyes trembled and darkened.

Waves of hatred coursed through her veins, waiting to be unleashed.

Outside the Ford Mansion.

Stella was planning on leaving when a familiar black luxury car stopped right in front of her.

The driver, behaving like her exclusive chauffeur, lowered the windows. "Ms. Steele, President Ford wants you to wait in the car."

Stella pondered for a moment before deciding to get into the car.

A while later, Weston walked out of the Ford Mansion.

He opened the door and got in.

Stella didn't bother looking at him, but she found herself in his embrace the next moment.

Weston lifted her up, parted her legs, and sat her down, straddling his lap. "Did you wait for a long time? You look pissed."

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 729

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Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 730

Chapter 730

Stella didn't want to respond to him.

However, she was locked in his embrace and had her face cupped between his hands. She had no choice but to stare right back into his deep, dark eyes.

"Weston, let me down....".

He lifted her chin. "You're still angry. How can I let you go yet?"

Stella squirmed in discomfort under his hot, brazen stare. She turned her face away and insisted, "I'm not angry." "Are you sure about that?"

Weston pinched her chin harder and forced her to look back into his eyes. "Liar, one more charge against you."

With that, he leaned in closer to Stella's lips.

That fresh and familiar scent of his was an invasion of her olfactory senses. It was the smell of his aftershave, perhaps mixed with a faint scent of tobacco from his menthol cigarettes.

It didn't smell bad, though.

The warm gust of air from his nose and mouth lingered on her skin, numbing her wherever it touched.

Stella tried to avoid his touch and furrowed her brows." Let's get on the road. Stop fooling around..." He chuckled lower and kissed her ear. "My driver drives excellently. You don't need to worry about him." The driver knowingly raised the barrier between the front and back seats.

The back seats were spacious and allowed for much hanky -panky between two people.

Stella used to think that Weston was just rich and had the ability to change cars whenever he liked. But now that she thought about it, he had clearly been driven by other motivations.

He looked every bit the sanctimonious gentleman he portrayed himself to be; even the suit he wore was devoid of a single crease or wrinkle.

Yet, his hand was already underneath her skirt, fondling and touching her sensitive spots.

His face looked cold and distant, as if the passionate, exploring hand didn't belong to him.

Stella lowered her head and pursed her lips tightly. She couldn't stop herself from moaning softly. She buried her face into the crook of his shoulder, not wanting him to see the look on her face.

A man as wicked as Weston would never allow her to have

her way. He lifted her face, not wanting to miss a single expression on her face.

It was still early.

For the ordinary office worker, a new day had just begun.

By the time Stella got out of the car, her clothes were in a mess, and her skirt was crumpled beyond belief.

Weston's suit remained impeccably neat, leaving no trace of the passionate lovemaking a moment ago.

Stella placed her hand on the door handle and was about to leave the car when Weston hugged her waist from behind. "Who are you intending to show yourself to, in your current state?"

Stella looked down at her own clothes and took a deep breath. "I told you not to tear my clothes. Who was the one who completely ignored me?"

Her complaint merely earned a chuckle from him. "Wear my jacket."

He shrugged off his jacket and put it on Stella.

Stella could clearly feel the difference in their body sizes.

His jacket could almost cover her entire body. In fact, it probably sufficed as a dress for her.

She furrowed her brows.

"This will probably attract more attention once I leave the car."

Weston remained silent as he concentrated on wrapping her up tight. He opened the car door and strode out.

Stella instinctively shrank back in his embrace, not wanting to show her face.

Weston decided to just haul her up in his arms.

She could only feel him striding forward confidently, unsure of where he was actually headed to.

A moment later, she heard a "ding" of what she presumed to be an elevator.

She finally stuck her head out and looked around her. When she saw no one else around, she asked Weston, "Where are you bringing me to?"

Weston pressed her head back into his embrace. "You'll know when we get there."

He liked seeing her hiding in his arms so timidly, relying so completely on him.