

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 981

Chapter 981 Guinevere was stunned. That was not what she wanted.

Guinevere just wanted to ruin Stella's image and let people think of her as a mean stepmother.

She did not really want to spend time with Zachary.

"Grandpa..." "It's settled then." Warren waved his hand and interrupted, "You seem eerily nervous about Zack.

Indeed, you two haven't been together for a long time.

I never thought about of your feelings for him.

You now have the opportunity to get along with him.

Today, I shall leave Zack in your care.

I won't allow anyone to disturb your quality time with your child."

Guinevere's eyes flickered, and she glanced at Weston.

She wanted to take care of Zachary with Weston, not alone, not to mention she didn't want Zachary to get along with Stella.

In fact, she had little patience for the child.

However, since Warren had said so, she had no choice but to bite the bullet and agree.

"Thanks, Grandpa." Guinevere squatted down and said to Zachary with a big smile, "Come to Mommy!" Zachary immediately hid behind Stella and shook his head repeatedly.

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A cold glint flashed in Guinevere's eyes.

She intensified her voice.

"I'm Mommy.

Come to me! Why aren't you listening?" Stella had to pull Zachary out and rub his little face.

"Go on.

I'll take you with me next time." Stella and Zachary had just come from the garden in the backyard.

Zachary was still thinking about the macarons.

He had only tried a little when Guinevere took it away from him.

Zachary looked unhappy and disappointed.

Stella watched as Guinevere took him away.

She waved at him.

"Bye." Guinevere glanced back at her with a cool look, but she could not make it too obvious in public.

As Zachary's biological mother, her repulsion to Stella was unsurprising .

However, being too hostile would be uncharacteristic of her.

Hence, Guinevere steadied herself, took Zachary's hand, and walked away.

The farce was finally over.

Stella breathed out a sigh of relief.

When she turned around, she met Weston's deep eyes.

Weston did not say anything.

Instead, he fixed his gaze on her and tucked her hair behind her ear.

"I thought you said you didn't like children? You both seem to be getting along." Stella tugged the corners of her mouth.

"How can you call that getting along well? His real mother took him away with such vengeance." "She's just overreacting and making a fuss out of it." Weston comforted her, "Mom usually gives him some snacks too, so don't worry about it." Stella shook her head.

"Guinevere doesn't want to see Zachary on good terms with me.

No matter what I do, she'll find an excuse to pick on me." Weston knew that all too well.

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Chapter 982 Stella shook her head. "Not really." Weston kissed her on the ear. "If you're tired, go up and rest." "Okay." Stella massaged her shoulder.

VI

"There's a birthday party in the evening.

Don't oversleep," he whispered.

"I know.

Will there be lots of people?" "Of course." Weston looked at her.

"Scared?"

"A little," Stella confessed.

"I haven't seen this many people in a long time." When she finished, Weston said nothing but looked at her with eyes that were as deep as an endless starry sky.

No one could read his mind unless he expressed himself.

He vaguely understood the ambiguity of what she had just said.

She sounded like she was implying that Weston had forced her to be at home all this time, which was why she had not seen many people!

Stella could clearly tell that Weston did not like to hear any complaints from her in this regard.

Thus, with that in mind, she tickled his palm and tried to please him.

"I don't really want to deal with so many people, so I feel better at home." Weston's expression clearly softened a lot after she said that.

"Endure it a little longer," he coaxed warmly.

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“Endure it a little longer,” he coaxed warmly.

“It’ll only be a few more days.

I’ll take you home soon.” Stella nodded and leaned in his arms.

Weston couldn’t see it, but the smile on her face slowly faded until she was expressionless again.

Weston appeared to be the same stoic man during this time, but Stella could see that he was only this stable when she stayed obedient and let him keep her around.

As soon as she showed the slightest sign of not wanting to be locked up at home, Weston’s mood would change like the sea before a storm.

Weston seemed ill too.

Two mentally ill people being so close to each other...

she could only wonder if they were healing or dragging each other down.

Guinevere took Zachary with her, but not before Warren gave her a few words of advice.

“You’re the one who asked for Zack.

He’ll be staying with you for the next few days.” Zachary seemed reluctant and held out his arms to Warren.

“Hug!” Warren smiled.

“What a child.

Why are you so timid?” Warren hugged Zachary for a short while before handing him to Guinevere again.

“You’re his biological mother.

I'm more comfortable with him being with you, and I know you don't want him to be with Stella..." Warren paused for a moment.

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"You heard what Wendy just said.

Stella is Mrs.

Ford now.

It's only natural that she develops a bond with Zack.

However, you're Zack's biological mother.

We can't stop you from seeing him, but whether or not you can make Zach stay will depend on your ability."

Guinevere understood completely and nodded.

"I know, Grandpa." After that, she left with a reluctant Zachary.

Warren had a lot of things to deal with and could not keep an eye on them.

Wendy was free, but she was not about to help Guinevere with her child.

Just a short while later, Zachary started throwing another tantrum.

"Grandma!" he shrieked.

He frowned and scrunched his face up.

"Come on.

We don't want Grandma.

No Grandma! Mommy is here!" Zachary could understand some simple sentences but just could not say them.

When he heard the words no and grandma, he became so upset that he burst into a wail.

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Chapter 983

Chapter 983 Guinevere hurriedly covered the boy's mouth and demanded he stop crying. "Stop crying!

"Why are you so naughty?" Guinevere frowned.

Zack wailed and bawled and kicked and stomped, giving Guinevere no choice but to take him to the room upstairs. She didn't want to disturb the other guests, nor did she want them to catch her in an embarrassing situation.

Just as she reached the top of the stairs, she saw Chris Ford approaching.

"Gwen!"

Chris had always been kind and gentle towards Guinevere, but now that he saw her holding hands with Zack, his heart grew even more affectionate for her.

"Zack!" Chris walked up to the little boy and teased, "Who's with you right now, Zack?"

Zack was pouting with a long face and ignored everybody. He seemed to be in a rotten mood.

"What's wrong?" Chris asked. "Who made you unhappy, Zack?"

"He's probably met too many people today," replied

Guinevere, "and he's likely overwhelmed by it all."

Hearing this, Chris glanced at Guinevere and sighed before asking her, "Weston brought Stella with him today. How are you feeling?"

"I'm fine..." Guinevere blinked repeatedly. Her eyes suddenly stung as if verging on tears.

Her tearful and miserable face distressed Chris to no end.

"You don't have to act tough in front of me," he quickly comforted.

"I thought I was ready to give it up and let go," Guinevere whined, almost sobbing now after hearing what Chris said, "but I'm not. I didn't expect it to hurt this much..."

"I know..." Chris was a little breathless when he saw her eyes reddening. "I completely understand..."

He reached out a hand in front of Zack, but a thought seemed to cross his mind, and he withdrew his hand. "Do you... love Weston that much?"

Guinevere chuckled bitterly. "Of course I do! Which woman wouldn't love a man from the Ford family?"

Her words sounded like they carried a hidden implication. Chris's expression changed, and a forbidden emotion stirred in his heart. He reached out his hand again, fighting a strange, powerful urge to pull Guinevere into his arms.

Guinevere was already resting her head lightly on his shoulder.

"I'm so tired..." she complained. "It hurts so much to see him with Stella Sealey, yet, I'm forced to put on a smile and congratulate them..."

"Am I not good enough for him?" she choked between tears.

"Of course not!" Chris quickly denied. "It's Weston who's too stupid to appreciate you! A wonderful woman like you could get a man who treats you right with a snap!"

"But I don't want anyone else! I just want him!"

Guinevere stared at the man in front of her, her eyes looking a little dazed. She reached out a hand and said, "Sometimes, I feel you both look so alike... When I'm looking at you, it's almost as if I'm looking at him..." Chris's countenance changed violently again. He felt the air getting knocked out of his lungs, as though he'd just been hit by a truck. Just as his whole being was in complete turmoil, he heard a cold voice coming from behind him

"What are you two doing here?"

Chris jumped in shock. His body shook as he turned around to see Wendy appearing behind him.

"What are you doing here...?" he asked.

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Wendy looked him up and down and sniggered, "What's wrong? Can't I be here? Did I interrupt you both?"

"Nonsense!" retorted Chris bluntly.

Guinevere straightened up her posture and moved away from Chris. She looked at Wendy awkwardly and said, "Aunt Wendy..."

Wendy said nothing. The atmosphere turned strained. Zack was the only one gleefully stretching out his chubby arms toward Wendy, shouting, "Granny!" The sight of the boy softened Wendy's expressions considerably, but when her gaze shifted towards Chris and Guinevere again, all those tense feelings returned. Seeing how sullen Wendy's face had become, Guinevere hurriedly added, "Since you're here, I better hand Zack over to you..."

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 984

Mr. Ford is Jealous

Chapter 984

Chapter 984 Guinevere originally intended to prevent Stella from getting closer to Zack by building a stronger bond with him. But if she were perfectly honest, she had to admit that she never nearly had the patience to deal with Zack herself.

Thus, the best solution was to let Wendy take Zack.

Hearing Guinevere's suggestion, Wendy frowned, looked at her derisively, and jeered, "Didn't you tell Father that you wanted to spend more time with Zack so you two could bond? So what happened? Don't you want to get closer to your son now that Stella is not here?"

Guinevere turned deathly pale. She hung her head low and said nothing, not knowing how to explain herself.

Seeing that, Chris turned to Wendy with some discontent and scolded, "Why do you keep embarrassing her like that? You're not young anymore, you know..."

He'd been bringing up her age a lot lately.

"Fine!" Wendy glowered at him. "Just think of me as a nosy old woman! Just continue with whatever you were doing, and don't mind me!"

As she finished speaking, she turned on her heels and left.

Zack became anxious when he saw his granny ignoring

him. He stomped his legs and tried to follow Wendy, shouting, "Granny! Granny!"

Wendy, however, pretended not to hear him and quickened her pace. Chris then had no choice but to tell Guinevere, "You better take Zack out for a while..." "I know," replied Guinevere. Then she shrewdly suggested, "You should go after Aunt Wendy now."

Chris took a long and deep look at Guinevere but said nothing before turning around and chasing after Wendy.

In no time, Chris managed to catch up with Wendy in the back garden.

"Come on, Wendy. We're an old couple now. Why do you still get mad over the most trivial things?"

There was some helplessness in his tone, and he had deliberately put on a gentler and calmer demeanor for her.

But Wendy no longer fell for such acts. She coldly pulled her hand away and said, "Guinevere is still over there. Why don't you be with her?"

"You speak as if..." Chris muttered before patiently coaxing his wife. "Even though Weston has completely broken off his relationship with Guinevere, she's still Zack's mother. Isn't it completely normal that I'd care

for my grandson's mother? Why would you even be jealous of her?"

"She's still Zack's mother after all," he added, "so from now on, stop taking Stella's side and embarrassing her..."

"Stella is my real daughter-in-law," Wendy interrupted bluntly. "And she was my goddaughter before that. Why should I take anyone's side but hers?"

"Well..." Chris smiled and added, "If they can get married, then they can get divorced. Having a child together, though, is not the same. Besides, you know how much Father likes Zack..."

"Oh yes," Wendy blurted out, "his father certainly likes him very much."

Wendy suddenly gave him a meaningful look.

Chris's heart skipped a beat when he saw her like that, fearing she had somehow seen through him from his expressions, but he quickly suppressed his suspicions. "If you have something to say, then spit it! If you don't like me getting so close to Guinevere, I'll keep my distance from her!"

He did indeed feel a little sympathy and affection for Guinevere. It was also true that every time he saw Zack, a barrage of complex feelings would surge in his heart.

But all these were merely regular instinctive reactions.

What concerned him the most, however, was the fact that

Weston was no longer with Guinevere, which meant she might regain her memories about the incident... 1

If that were to happen, everything he had now would collapse into ruins.

Chris had long grown past the age where feelings and passion meant everything. Although he often got tired of Wendy's antics, he knew very well that there was no way he could leave her.

The corners of Wendy's lips twitched, and she smiled thinly, neither approving nor disapproving of Chris' suggestion. But Chris knew she was still somewhat angry at him, so he added, "I'll take you downstairs to greet the guests later."

"No," she shook her head. "You go ahead. I'm a little tired. I'm going back to the room."

"Why are you always tired these days?" asked Chris with concern. "Is your heart feeling alright?"

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As age caught on, Wendy was diagnosed with heart disease. It was the main reason why Chris was adamant about not letting Weston reveal the truth to Wendy after the incident, lest it might be too much of a shock for her to handle.

But as time passed, the concern Chris had for her gradually waned.

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Mr. Ford is Jealous

Chapter 985

Chapter 985 Things had come to a point where Chris completely neglected her health problems. For instance, the last time Wendy went for a medical checkup, he didn't even ask her any questions about it at all.

The realization made Chris feel a little guilty.

"I've been busy lately," he told Wendy, "so I didn't have much time to take care of you. I promise things will be different from now."

“What exactly have you been busy doing?” Wendy sneered. “Weston has been in charge of the company all this time. In fact, I can’t think of a time when you’ve been busy lately!”

Chris was left flustered with his lies so mercilessly exposed.

“When did you become so mean?!” he snapped.

The fact that he could never be as talented as Weston had always been his sore spot, and Wendy had so bluntly set it on fire.

“I was only concerned about your health,” he said, still feeling a little humiliated, “yet here you are, always so eager to put me down!”.

“Why don’t you just go back to Guinevere and take care of her?” Wendy scoffed in frustration, turning away from him.

“Why are you always so boorish?” countered Chris, his face turning cold.

“That’s right,” replied Wendy, “I’m boorish, I’m old, and I’m always moody! Why don’t you just go to a younger girl who will say sweet things to you all day?!”

After speaking, she turned around and left right away.

Chris was too angry to chase her, so he turned in the opposite direction and left.

Once again, they were fighting.

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Chris intended to make up to her, but for some unknown reason, he felt she held some resentment toward him. He had asked her about it, but she wouldn’t say anything. So now, he was left all alone to entertain the guests, despite planning to do it as a couple.

Wendy didn’t know where to go herself. Zack was with Guinevere, so she did not need her to take care of him. She watched the party in full swing, suddenly feeling like an outsider.

She heaved a long sigh. Aimlessly, she headed towards Stella’s room and knocked on the door.

“Stella!” she called out. “Are you in there?”

A sharp noise came from inside the room. Wendy frowned and waited.

After a long while, she finally heard Stella's voice saying, "Give me a minute! I'll be right there!"

Wendy stood there waiting a long time before Stella finally opened the door.

"Mom..." she uttered.

Wendy's brows knitted, sensing that something was wrong.

"What were you doing in there?" she asked.

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"Nothing," Stella shook her head. "I was just taking a nap. I had to put on some clothes, so it took me a while to open the door."

She turned to make way for Wendy and offered, "Why don't you come in?"

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Wendy did not refuse and went inside.

Stella and Weston stayed in a suite on the third floor of the massive Ford Mansion that was full of rooms. The suite was, in fact, the same room they had both used the last time they were there.

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Weston was obsessed with cleanliness, and he didn't like to stay in rooms that others had stayed in before, which was why the suite had always been his.

Because the suite was so vast, it also came with its own balcony and living room.

As soon as she came in, the first thing Wendy noticed was the array of potted plants on the balcony. "Do you like those kinds of things?" she asked, a little surprised.

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"Dr. Taylor gifted me a snowrose plant," Stella explained with a smile. "I thought it looked so pretty that I started to get interested in potted plants."

Wendy swept a glance at the plants, and her eyes honed in on one of them

"Isn't that..?").

Stella furtively blocked Wendy's sight and interjected, "They're all bonsai. If you like, I can pick something easy to take care of and give it to you."

Wendy's expressions turned complicated. After a while, she turned her gaze from the plants and stared at Stella.

She knew what oleander looked like. She also knew that oleanders were extremely poisonous. She was, however, unsure if Stella knew all of that too.