

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1011

Chapter 1011 Guinevere put her excellent acting skills into high gear and suddenly burst into tears.

"You must've heard..." she said between sobs.

"Zack..."

He just had an allergic reaction to nuts..." "I've heard," replied the man.

He then immediately tried to comfort her, saying, "But it's no big deal! There isn't a law that requires mothers to know their children like the back of their hand! You're only human, after all, and it's only natural that you make mistakes sometimes.

What right do they have to blame it on you???" The more the man spoke, the more agitated he got.

"That's not what I meant," Stella interrupted him." Zack's condition is actually more complicated than that ...."1 She paused, gulped, and added in as low a whisper as she could manage, "It's possible that this is more than just a simple case of nut allergy.

He's in a critical state right now.

The doctor is suspecting that he might've been poisoned." Though her voice was very low, the man heard each and every word as clear as day.

"What?!" he cried in shock.

"Poisoned?!"

"Yes.

That's why I want to ask if you've noticed Stella Sealey behaving weirdly these few days..." Guinevere chose her words cautiously, but the man immediately understood what she was trying to say, and he went on, carefully recollecting his memories.

"Yes," he finally answered.

"The day I pretended to accidentally fall into her room by breaking through the window, I saw potted plants and flowers on the balcony, and there was one plant that she was particularly fond of Guinevere held back her excitement, but the corners of her mouth had begun to curve upward.

She knew exactly which plant the man was referring to—it had to be the oleander that Wendy was talking about!

At first, she thought that Stella was probably clueless about the whole thing, that she had unknowingly cultured an extremely poisonous oleander plant.

But now it seemed that she might be wrong.

Perhaps Stella had really meant to harm Zack! Now that a golden opportunity had fallen into her lap, Guinevere couldn't possibly just let it slip through her fingers.

"Don't make too much noise about this," she warned the man.

"We need to collect more evidence!" "Of course! I'd do anything for you, Gwen!" After hanging up the call, Guinevere almost shook all over in excitement.

She had finally found a way to get rid of Stella forever!

Yet, a dull pain kept tugging on her heart.

Zachary was her very own child, after all...

How could she...

Was there anyone on earth who would be willing to harm their own child? Guinevere did not know, and that caused her resolve to waver.

After a long time, Warren finally made a move.

"Please don't worry," the doctor assured him as he left. "Right now, his life is not in danger." "I'm glad to hear that," Warren heaved a sigh of relief. "I'm glad to hear that..." "Grandpa..." Guinevere stepped forward, sounding a little worried.

"You must be exhausted from watching over Zack for so many hours.

Why don't you get some rest? I'll stay in the room and take care of him instead." Warren glowered coldly at her.

"Do you think that I'll ever trust you with him again?" "Grandpa," Guinevere said, looking somewhat aggrieved.

"I admit that it was totally my fault.

But I promise you that it will never happen again...

It really was an accident.

I've learned my lesson, and I'll be very careful from now on.

"I'll never make that stupid mistake again!" Surprisingly, even Wendy took her side and tried to convince Warren, telling him, "Father, she's still Zack's mother, after all.

Mistakes are unavoidable sometimes, but she's learned a hard lesson.

"I'm sure she'd take better care of Zack than the nurses."

Hearing this, Warren suddenly looked up at Wendy, asking, "What about you?" It was obvious that he wanted Wendy to look after Zack.

"Father..." Wendy spoke apologetically.

"The truth is that I've just taken my heart medicine, and I still don't feel the best, so...

I'm really sorry." "Fine," Warren waved his hand at her, fully aware that he shouldn't aggravate his wife's heart problem.

"I'll hand him over to you this time," he glanced at Guinevere.

"But you must take very good care of him, or else..."

"Of course!" Guinevere quickly nodded.

"Don't worry, Grandpa!" Zachary lay silently in the private ward.

He had always been an obedient child...

Guinevere stared at him and sighed.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1012**

Chapter 1012 If she had known that she would end up like this, she would have spent much more time with him in the past.

Shortly afterward, Guinevere received a call from an unknown number.

"We've finally got hold of the surveillance video!" the voice from the other end announced as soon as she answered the call.

Some of these people who were diehard fans of celebrities were just like hackers.

They had all sorts of impressive technical skills that could break through pretty much any security system.

“Stella Sealey really fed Zack something!” he continued.” Luckily, the cameras caught it on tape!”

Guinevere recalled that Zack had indeed been in Stella’s care for a while.

The child often threw tantrums when he wanted to try some food, and it was inevitable that Stella must have given him something.

Macarons aside, who knew what else she could have fed him?

As for whether or not there was any oleander poison in the food, that would depend on whether any oleander toxin was found in Zack’s body.

If there were , then Stella would have no way to defend herself!

“I see,” replied Guinevere.

“Don’t let anyone else know about this for now.” “What are you planning to do next, Gwen?”

“I’m not so sure myself...” replied Guinevere as she wiped away her tears.

“I hope this all turns out to be a huge misunderstanding.”

“It’s definitely more than that!” the man retorted.

“That woman is a vicious, scheming villain! I’m sure she’s not above doing something so cruel!”

“Let’s wait till the investigations are over,” Guinevere sighed.

“All I want right now is for Zack to wake up.”

She then paused and added, “I’m sorry, but I really don’t want anyone to misunderstand me...”

I’m only calling you because I wanted to find out about something and if it’s ever revealed that I contacted you...” She hesitated, but the man quickly replied, “I understand you completely, Gwen.

I’ll remove all traces of our communication .

No one will ever be able to link you to us!”

They had learned a harsh lesson from the man who tried to splash acid at Stella.

They knew now that they couldn't just pull wild stunts for Guinevere's sake, lest it would only bring her more trouble.

"Thank you," said Guinevere.

"I'm so lucky to have your love and support..." The man almost lost his mind when he heard that.

"Hearing that alone makes everything worth it, Gwen." Her expression changed instantly the moment she hung up.

Oleanders were far from rare, and they weren't hard to find, so getting them was no trouble.

The only problem was that...

Guinevere gazed at Zack, who was still sound asleep, and she felt a pang in her heart.

I'm sorry, my baby...

"I truly wish I didn't have to resort to this," she sobbed. "But I really have no other choice.

You'll understand, won't you?" She cried till her whole body trembled uncontrollably.

But then the image of Stella standing in front of her, all happy and proud, popped up in her mind.

Coupled with the image of Warren Ford's cold expressions just now, Guinevere knew that she had no other choice.

"I'm so sorry, my baby..."

"I'm so sorry..." Zack suddenly opened his eyes, perhaps awakened by the sound of Guinevere crying.

His stomach had just been flushed, so he was still very weak.

In a daze, he looked at the person in front of him and cried out, "Mom... Mommy

"What?" Guinevere froze.

“What did you just call me?” 1 1 Zack grimaced in pain, sniffled, and broke into tears.”Mommy...” This time, he called her mommy loud and clear.

It seemed he was demanding her attention.

Guinevere’s heart sank.

At that moment, hesitation about going on with the plan began to set in.

But shortly afterward

“Great-grandpa...” Zachary cried suddenly.

“Granny...”

“Shhh...” Guinevere covered his mouth.

With tears in her eyes, she looked at him with deep sorrow and told him,” Greatgrandpa and Granny are resting.

Mommy is going to take care of you now, okay?” Zachary pouted as if he was about to cry.

“Don’t cry!” Guinevere grabbed the oleander flowers that she had brought with her.

“You’re a good boy, aren’t you? Don’t you want something to eat?”

Zachary had always been a glutton, but because his stomach had just been flushed, he had no appetiteyet.

Guinevere was in so much agony that she could almost feel her heart ripping itself into pieces, but sheendured the pain and continued to coax the boy.

“Come on, Zack, take a bite, will you?” Children his age could never stand much coaxing.

It was in their nature to give in.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1013**

Chapter 1013 Zack blinked innocently, as he took one bite of oleander flower after another that Guinevere fed to him. He couldn’tunderstand why she would cry so hard.

1 Was it because he finished all her food? Was that why she was upset?

With that thought in mind, he grabbed one oleander flower and offered it to Guinevere.

“Mommy, you eat too!” Looking at his little face and realizing that he wanted to share his food with her, Guinevere finally could no longer hold her emotions back.

She buried her face in her hands and wept bitterly.

“Ugh...” Not long after that, Zack’s face suddenly turned blue.

He began to have difficulty breathing as excruciating pain crippled every part of his body.

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“Waaa!!!” He started crying while kicking and screaming.

“Arghhhh... It hurts...” TE Guinevere watched on quietly, tears streaming uncontrollably down her face.

Just when Zack was about to stop struggling, she finally cried out, “Doctor! Please come and see my son!” “Doctor! My son! What’s wrong with my son!” She shouted sorrowfully, running frantically through the hallway, looking for the doctor, as she clutched Zachary in her arms.

“Please help my son! Please! Save him!” When the doctor finally rushed over, Zachary was already

foaming at the mouth

“What’s going on? But that’s impossible...” “I don’t know, Doctor! Please just save him...” Back at the Ford Mansion, the party was still in full swing when the shocking news arrived from the hospital Zachary Ford, Warren Ford’s first great-grandson, had just died.

1 Stella was so stunned by the news that she swayed a little, almost losing her balance.

She could hardly believe her ears.

“But how can that be...?”

Wasn’t it just an allergic reaction to nuts? It was discovered quickly, too, so Zachary was sent to the hospital right away.

Shouldn’t he be fine once his stomach was flushed? Why would he suddenly die? Stella fell into a daze.

She felt as if she was dreaming, Then she suddenly felt a sharp pain stinging her arm.

She turned around to find the man beside her looking extremely glum.

“Weston...” she began.

But she soon discovered that she did not know what to say.

Zachary was his son, after all.

No matter how cold hearted he was, news of his boy’s death would surely hit him hard.

But Weston remained silent.

The only change was his tightening grip on her arm.

Even Ben, who had come to pass the message to Weston, found it impossible to believe.

But he kept his calm and asked his boss, “What do you plan to do, Mr.Ford?” “We’ll keep the guests calm and under control,” he replied.

“Then well wait for the confirmation from the hospital.” “Yes, Mr.Ford.” The person who reacted most strongly ended up being Chris Ford.

He almost stumbled over when he first heard of Zachary’s death.

All he could say was, “It’s not true, is it? No, it can’t be true...” Completely disoriented, he looked at Weston and asked, eyes reddened.

“It’s all a lie, isn’t it, Weston? Zack can’t be dead, right? Right...?” Weston’s eyes revealed nothing.

They were even more inscrutable and unfathomable than they had ever been.

He opened his mouth and answered his father in with a cracked, hoarse voice.

“We’ll go to the hospital and find out, Dad.

Please stay calm.” “Stay calm?!” Chris exploded.

“How can I possibly stay calm? Zack is dead, and you want me to stay calm?!” His voice caused a huge stir.

Prying eyes now turned towards them.

“Is Zachary Ford really dead?” “It can’t be true! He seemed fine just now!”

“I know he had an allergic reaction to nuts, but he was quickly sent to the hospital, wasn’t he? How could he die all of a sudden?” “What a tragedy! Such a young child too...” Someone frowned and whispered, “I heard from a friend at the hospital just now.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1014**

Chapter 1014 Stella’s pupils shrank slightly as she heard this. She turned to Weston beside her.

Poisoned...?

It sounded like a groundless rumor.

But if it was true that Zachary was poisoned, then anyone in the Ford Mansion could have done it.

Her mind instinctively went to that rabid fan of Guinevere’s who tried to splash acid on her, to the other man who made the rude entrance -suddenly crashing into her room through the window, allegedly losing his footing and falling from above.

The party had been so lively just moments ago, yet they were suddenly told that the party was over.

Naturally, this raised many questions.

Weston’s stoic face still displayed little emotion, however.

Later, once everything at the mansion had been settled, he got ready to go to the hospital.

Stella had been quiet herself, saying nothing while staying by Weston’s side all the time.

In times like these, the last thing she wanted to do was cause him more trouble.

Besides, her own mind was still in chaos.

She hardly knew what to think.

Even now, she still struggled to believe what had just happened.

Was Zachary really dead? Or could be just some cruel prank?

She had a sensation that none of it was real.

Completely numbed, she could feel nothing either, as if she was still unsure that Zachary's death actually happened.

She glanced at Weston.

His expressions were cold and intense, but he never lost his composure.

Perhaps even he couldn't believe that this was all happening.

Perhaps he was in denial that Zachary really was dead.

Everyone got to the hospital as fast as they could.

As there were not many people on the floor where the VIP private wards were, the vacant and empty lobby juxtaposed starkly with the incessant and urgent clacking of footsteps of the worried Fords.

"We're Zachary Ford's family," Chris announced as soon as they arrived.

With red and swollen eyes, he seemed much more flustered than Weston.

"Where is he?" The doctor sighed and replied, "He's in there..."

Chris immediately rushed over and shoved the door open "Zach??? Zach!"

A sharp shriek pierced the air as soon as the door opened.

It was Guinevere's voice.

"My baby..." she wailed as she sobbed and choked with sheer grief.

"My baby..."

You can't just leave me like this...

What am I going to do without you???" Stella stood at the door, her heart tightening by the second.

She was suddenly reminded of the day she lost her own child.

Back then, she was helplessly weeping bitter tears, not unlike what Guinevere was going through now.

Weston stood there behind her.

He did not enter the room, nor did he try to leave.

Stella was unable to describe her feelings.

She felt as if she was stuck between two walls that were closing in upon her, crushing her till she suffocated.

The whole ward suddenly felt like it was flooded in blindingly white light.

Warren sat beside the bed, looking completely devastated.

With his shoulders slumped and his head stooped low, he seemed to have aged ten years since Stella last saw him.

1 Chris rushed into the room and knelt next to the bed, gazing at Zachary, who was laying still with his eyes closed.

“Zach...” he lamented.

“How did this happen? You were all fine when I saw you.

How did you get poisoned all of a sudden?” Guinevere raised her head to look at Chris, and fresh tears began welling up in her eyes again when she told him,” He had clearly gotten a lot better, but suddenly, he started choking up, and he couldn’t breathe...

I kept asking him what was wrong, but he couldn’t speak.

So I called the doctor for help, but it was already too late...” Her words that were punctuated by sobs left her out of breath.

Warren, who was just beside her, closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and demanded in a hoarse voice, “This must be investigated.

We must get to the bottom of this!” Though he spoke slowly and his voice was low, those words carried undeniable strength and resolution behind them.

Brown age spots dotted the back of his hands.

His blue veins bulged up as he gripped the cane in his hand.

It was true that the more grief-stricken people were, the more silent they became.

Sorrow and despair filled the air.

Even Wendy was staring vacantly into the air, her eyes blank and empty, not knowing exactly how to react to everything that had just happened.

Seeing all this, Stella began to feel restless.

She couldn't even begin to describe exactly what she was feeling right now.

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1015

Chapter 1015 So now, Guinevere's lost her own child too, Stella thought. She must have finally understood the pain she had to endure back then and finally experienced the excruciating torment that came with the loss of her own child...

Even Weston, the person she hated the most, could finally have a taste of what she had gone through.

Undoubtedly, the tragedy that had befallen them should have brought her some satisfaction, but she wasn't the least satisfied.

She should have relished in their misery, yet why did she feel so dispirited?

Why did she find it so...

hard to breathe? She turned around, not wanting to face the tear-filled room, when she bumped into Weston, who had been standing behind her.

His tall and sturdy body blocked her like a large mountain.

Faced against his wide chest, Stella just stood there, neither saying anything nor trying to leave.

After a long while, she finally heard his hoarse voice coming from above her saying, "Tillet Ben take you to a room so you can get some rest.

"I'll come to you once I've dealt with everything here." There could not be a better arrangement than this.

Stella made no objections and briefly replied, "Okay." If the tragic incident hadn't happened so suddenly, Weston would never have allowed her to leave his side.

But then again, even now, in her brief respite, he still sent his assistant Ben to guard her closely.

Because it was such a large hospital, the elevator Stella was in basically stopped on every floor.

It finally stopped at the Obstetrics and Gynecology floor, and just as Stella raised her head, she caught sight of a familiar figure

“Stella? What are you doing here?” It was Michael Sealey.

Clad in a white trench coat, he held a laboratory test sheet in his hand as he stepped into the elevator.

Frowning slightly, Stella stepped back to make room for him.

“Something just happened, so I had to come here,” she told him calmly, treating him like he was nothing more than a distant acquaintance.

Michael had planned to attend Warren Ford’s birthday banquet.

But because Weston asked for Stella’s opinion about it, knowing that she had a strained relationship with her uncle, he ended up not sending Michael the invitation.

Michael was well aware of this, which was why he wore a curious expression when he saw Stella.

“It looks like you’ve really made up your mind that we’re no longer your family now,” he asserted.

“Even your aunt asked me the other day why you’ve completely neglected to send us an invitation to Warren Ford’s birthday banquet...” 1 UT LU “Aunt Diana wouldn’t say that,” Stella retorted with a thin smile.

She looked into his eyes and added, “I have explained to her privately that both of you would not be invited to Warren Ford’s birthday banquet.

She said nothing more about it, which meant that she completely understood.” Michael’s face changed the moment he heard this, and his tone turned grave as he asked her, “What else have you told her? So you’ve been secretly contacting her?!” It was plain to the naked eye that the man was being hostile against Stella.

Seeing this, Ben quickly got in between them and warned Michael, “Careful, sir. Control your temper.” His appearance startled Michael for a while, but after taking one look at Ben, he said, “Oh, I remember you! Aren’t you Weston Ford’s assistant? What happened to you? Have you been demoted to Stella’s bodyguard?” Ben merely swept a cursory glance at him, having no intention of giving him any time of his day.

He turned straight to Stella and asked her, “Would you like me to deal with this for you, Mrs. Ford?”

Stella shook her head.

Michael sniggered and turned to Ben before saying, "Come on.

I'm her uncle.

I just want to have a brief chat with her, that's all."

1

1 He had lost his cool just now but quickly regained his composure, complete with his usual phony smile.

On the outside, he looked nothing short of the perfect gentleman, but there was nothing noble or honorable beneath that gilded exterior of his.

Stella had long understood his true nature, so she had no desire to associate herself with him.

Once the elevator door opened, she quickly headed out.

"I'm a little busy," she told Michael tersely.

"Please excuse me."

Seeing that she was leaving, Michael rushed after her and followed her out of the elevator.

"Wait! It has been a long time since we last chatted, hasn't it, Stella?" Stella suddenly stopped and turned around to look at him.

"Is there something you're worried about?" she asked.

Michael froze, not expecting her sudden blunt question, but he soon flashed his trademark phony smile and replied, "I just want to have a chat.

Is that too much to ask?" "You don't have to waste your time with your meaningless babble," she snapped.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1016**

Chapter 1016 When she finished talking, she saw that his face had tensed, and he was exuding the air of a man who had been disparaged and belittled.

"It must be really nerve – racking when you're trying to keep a secret from someone ...

unless you do something about it yourself, right?" Stella replied with a smile.

"You must be worried sick every time I contacted Aunt Diana, fearing I'd bring up your past sins to her.

It must be hard to bear, huh, knowing that your secret may be exposed any time, that you'll never be at peace for the rest of your life..."

The longer she spoke, the darker Michael's face turned...

and that was when he suddenly grabbed her wrist and yelled, "We need to talk!" When Ben saw this, he immediately headed toward them with his brows frowning deeply.

"Just wait for me here," Stella told Ben.

"I'm going to talk to him for a while." "I can't do that," Ben refused.

"I must make sure you're safe, Mrs. Ford!"

"You can't be serious!" Michael snorted.

"What's wrong, my niece? Why do you need to be so closely guarded? You haven't been making enemies, have you? No, that's not

possible! With your gentle nature, who else apart from your love rival would ever want to harm you?" "That's none of your business," she interrupted him. "Let's find a quiet place to talk." "You can watch over me from afar," she told Ben.

"If you see any sign of things going wrong, step in right away.

I won't be hindering you from doing your job, will I?"

Ben considered it for a few seconds before he finally nodded.

"Please call for me as soon as you're in trouble, Mrs.

Ford!" "Okay." They were both at the end of a hallway.

Michael glanced at the time and commented, "You're doing real well now, aren't you? Weston Ford practically treats you like his most precious prized possession.

He even has a bodyguard follow you everywhere!" He peered at Ben, standing not so far away, and shrugged, adding, "I remember him well.

He's Weston Ford's highly capable personal assistant.

He's far more valuable than your average employee.

Perhaps Weston Ford is the only man who would assign an assistant of such caliber as his wife's bodyguard.

Isn't he worried that he'll waste his assistant's talents with you?" "That's also none of your business," Stella frowned.

"It has nothing at all to do with you." Michael looked away casually.

"I just think that since you've gotten yourself such a powerful man to rely on, twisting your arm wouldn't be such an easy task anymore, right?" He kept that phony smile plastered on his face, concealing his sinister intentions under a thin veil, though the only thing Stella was really focused on was the laboratory test results in his hand.

"Why did you come to the hospital?" she asked.

"Any health problems? Or is Aunt Diana..." "She's pregnant," he announced while waving the test results around.

Right after he spoke, he noticed Stella's expressions change for a millisecond, and he took small delight in it.

"Surely you must be happy for her, mustn't you?" Stella said nothing, but her face betrayed her mixed feelings.

"I know," Michael sighed.

"You want to tell her the truth ...

But whatever happened in the past should be left in the past.

We all have to move forward, Stella.

Look at you and Weston.

You've gone through many hurdles.

Even your engagement party turned into such a scandal.

But despite all that, you still had a wedding and got married in the

end, didn't you? "Everyone made stupid mistakes when they were young," he confessed earnestly.

"That old version of me is long gone.

I cut all contact with those women a long time ago.

If you tell her what I did back then, all that would achieve would be to bring her pain and suffering..."

Stella was still in a daze, thinking about the news that Diana was pregnant.

"How far along is she?" she asked frankly.

Michael was taken aback by the question for a while but soon regained composure, and his expression softened significantly.

"Only two months," he replied in a gentle voice.

"She was bewildered herself.

She thought there was something wrong with her because her period had been erratic..." When the topic turned to his unborn baby, the man's eyes shone with genuine tenderness, which was rare.

Even his smile looked sincere, unlike the doctored ones he would usually display.

"That's enough," Stella stopped him, feeling confused herself.

"I will tell her the truth no matter what..." She had been meaning to tell Diana about it but, having been hit with crisis after crisis lately, simply couldn't find the right time to do so.