

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1041

Chapter 1041

"Of course," Mrs. Cohen agreed.

Dr. Quirk glanced at Weston before turning on his heels and heading into the funeral hall.

He reappeared not long afterward, announcing with some relief, "Miss Cohen is in a stable mental state. There's no cause for concern at the moment, so, you can rest easy."

Hearing this, both Mr. and Mrs. Cohen sighed in relief. But they then quickly looked at each other with quizzical eyes. The fact that Zachary's death did not cause Guinevere much psychological turmoil felt peculiar...

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But still, they wished for nothing more than for her mental health to improve as soon as possible, so they just thanked the doctor and left. They had wanted to take Guinevere with them too, but she had expressed her wish to stay by Zachary's side a little longer. As they didn't have the heart to say no to that, they relented.

There were then only Weston and Dr. Quirk left in the main hall.

Dr. Quirk was the first to break the silence, saying, "I've heard about Ms. Sealey. So, what is your plan, Mr. Ford?"

"That is none of your business," Weston bluntly responded.

"You've misunderstood me," Dr. Quirk told him. He was not at all angry. In fact, he even smiled after hearing Weston's brusque response. "I only asked because I'm worried about Ms. Sealey. After all, I did warn you earlier that her mood was volatile and that she was in danger of causing harm..."

"She never intended that," Weston interrupted him, frowning

"I see," Dr. Quirk quickly figured out what Weston implied. "So you intend to help Ms. Sealey get exonerated?"

Even Dr. Quirk was surprised by this himself. Men with high status, like Weston Ford generally valued their bloodline above everything else. No matter how much they loved a woman, they would never let that come in between them and their children.

"You've really surprised me," Dr. Quirk exclaimed.

Weston regarded him with his dark, brooding eyes, exuding an intimidating air.

"What happened was an accident," he stated. "Stella's mood was unstable, which led to such a tragedy occurring. At the end of the day, it's all my fault because I neglected her mental health. She never had any history of hurting or harming anyone else before, so whatever she might've done, she was clearly not in full control of herself and, therefore, should not be held accountable. You're her psychiatrist. You should be fully aware of this."

He had spoken at length. Dr. Quirk had never heard him explaining anything so verbosely before.

"Mr. Ford..." The doctor suddenly caught the meaning between the lines. His eyes trembled. "Are you trying to

Weston tapped his finger on the table. He knew that Dr. Quirk finally understood

him.

“You’re an expert psychiatrist. You have first-hand and professional knowledge of her psychological condition. She is mentally ill. She could not possibly be responsible for her own actions.”

“You want me to be a witness proclaiming that she’s unfit to be held accountable for her criminal actions?”

“Isn’t that just the truth?” Weston retorted plainly while looking straight at him.

“You warned me about it a long time ago. It was all because I didn’t listen to you that

such a tragedy happened. At the end of the day, it was my fault for neglecting the problem and not handling it properly...”

“Are you going to shoulder all the blame yourself and exonerate her in the process?” Dr. Quirk asked.

Weston’s eyes were as chillingly cold as ever.

Dr. Quirk was smart enough and he didn’t need more explanation to grasp the true situation. He touched the tip of his nose and said, “I’ll think about it.”

“There’s no need to think about it.” Weston stood up. “If you’re not willing to do it, I’ll just find someone else. I’m only asking you now out of sheer convenience.”

Hearing this, Dr. Quirk changed his approach, calmly looked at Weston, and asked, “You seem pretty confident about this. Aren’t you afraid I might betray you and expose the plan you just revealed to me?”

“You won’t do that.” Weston adjusted his watch and glanced at the time. “At most, you’d just refuse my offer. Going against me would be a stupid move that will benefit you in no way.”

“What if I decided to take Mr. Warren Ford’s side and help him instead?”

Weston clasped the metal band of his watch, emitting a crisp click.

“If you have the balls to do it, then go ahead and try.”

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Chapter 1042 The corners of Weston’s lips twitched. He smiled, but there was no mirth in his eyes. Only a flash of bitter coldness remained.

“But I must warn you,” he said. “You may choose to take his side, but are you sure he’ll be powerful enough to protect you?”

“Warren Ford is still the chairman of Ford Corporation. He is, for all intents and purposes , more powerful than you.”

“You can try it then,” Weston patted his shoulder. “I’ve never forced anyone to do anything. In fact, I prefer working with people shrewd enough to judge how things will turn out before they make a decision.”

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Once he was done speaking, he strode away and left the place.

Dr. Quirk looked at his disappearing figure and shook his head.

“Lunatics... They’re all lunatics...”

The Ford family driver drove him to the crossroads when

Dr. Quirk stopped him and said, "Just drop me off here."
"But Mr. Ford instructed me to drop you off at your house."
"It's fine," he insisted. "I'm getting off here. I'd like to take a walk."
Dr. Quirk stepped out of the car and picked up his phone when a white Porsche suddenly stopped right beside him.
"Get in the car."
The car window rolled down, revealing Yvonne's strikingly exquisite face.
"Sister-in-law!" Dr. Quirk raised his brows in surprise. "What are you doing here?"
"I'll explain later," she replied. "Just get in the car!"
Dr. Quirk opened the door and sat in the passenger's seat.
Yvonne stepped on the accelerator, and the car sped off. She drove into a quiet alley, and when there were no more cars in front, she finally broke the silence and asked him, "Did you just come from the Ford Mansion?"
"Yes. Why?"
Yvonne pursed her lips, found a quiet place, and parked her car there.
"I wanted to ask you—have you seen Stella?"
"No," he answered. "I haven't seen her for a long time now."
Yvonne tore off her seat belt and turned off the car engine. Her eyes were full of concern when she asked, "I heard someone say that she's locked up somewhere. Do you have any insider information?"
"I don't know much more than you do, really."
Dr. Quirk rolled down the window and rested his arm on it.
"She killed someone," he continued. "And now Weston Ford is finding a way to protect her..."
"How could she possibly kill anyone?!" Yvonne raised her voice. "I refuse to believe it. Those are all false rumors!"
In the past few days, news about Stella poisoning Zachary Ford to death had spread like wildfire. By now, the whole of Ahn City knew about it, and virtually everyone regarded Stella as a vicious murderer.
It had not been that long since her lavish wedding, where Stella was the object of envy for all of Ahn City's young women from elite circles. No one would have expected her fate to turn on its head so drastically and so quickly.
Both Stella and Guinevere's reputations seemed to have taken a one-eighty-degree turn.
Before, everyone had mocked and jeered at Guinevere. Yet now, it was Stella's turn to become the public's target for scorn and derision as she was believed to have taken a life.
But Yvonne had a first-hand account of Stella's disposition, and she was naturally adamant in defending her innocence.
But even she could not say it with much confidence when she said, "She would never do such a thing..."
"I've only known her briefly," Dr. Quirk said, "but from what I've seen of her, she

didn't look like someone who could murder a child. But then again..."

He glanced at Yvonne and patted the back of her hand.

"She hadn't been in the best mental health lately," he comforted her, "so even if she did do such a thing, it was probably not intended in the first place."

It would seem that Dr. Quirk had fallen into Weston's trap and was seriously considering this line of reasoning himself.

"Is that true?" Yvonne's expressions turned complicated. "I haven't been able to contact her. I don't know how she's doing right now, but I really don't think that she can do something so evil... Besides, she's been through so much herself! She should know more than anyone about how painful it is to lose their own child! No, she would never do such a thing!"

"But perhaps it was precisely because she suffered such a traumatic loss which completely changed her into a different person," Dr. Quirk said.

"Yvonne," he sighed, "I know I probably shouldn't be saying this, but the truth is, you'll never know someone completely inside and out. Everyone hides a certain facet of themselves from the rest of the world, a side you would never get to see."

He spoke at length as though trying to make his point sound more convincing.

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"I'm sure even Lucas is hiding something from you," Dr. Quirk added.

"Impossible!" Yvonne refuted instantly. "Lucas and I grew up together! I know absolutely everything about him!"

"Are you sure?" Dr. Quirk chuckled, which sounded suggestive.

Yvonne frowned as soon as she noticed his expression.
me?!"

"Hey!" Dr. Quirk laughed and put up his hands in the air. "How did we end up talking about this? Weren't you just asking me about Stella Sealey?"

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"I was asking about Stella," complained Yvonne, "but you kept skirting around the subject. You're clearly not willing to tell me the truth!"

Dr. Quirk shook his head. Then, he smiled and asked, "Do you mind if I smoke here?"

"Yes!" Yvonne replied bluntly. "I absolutely do mind! I hate the smell!"

"Seriously," Dr. Quirk burst into laughter again. "Lucas is probably the only man who can stand that horrid temper of yours!"

"Well," she grumbled, seeing that she could not tease any information out of him. "I don't need anyone else but him to be able to stand me, so I'm perfectly fine with that!"

"Don't worry too much," Dr. Quirk assured her, knowing that she was still concerned about Stella. "I'm sure Weston will protect her."

"I know he will," Yvonne sighed, "but he still can't just cut her off from the rest of the world!"

No one had been able to meet or contact Stella –neither before nor after the incident. Surely, Stella would need a friend to comfort her and be by her side at a time like this, especially after she had taken such a serious blow.

Could Weston’s action of keeping her isolated really be good for Stella?

It was already very late at night when Weston was on his way back to the Stardust Mansion. Joan had called him many times, but he had been busy dealing with all kinds of things, and he couldn’t answer them.

“Mr. Ford…”

Joan spoke quietly, as if trying to prevent someone else from hearing her.

Weston’s brows knitted, sensing that something was wrong with Joan’s tone of voice. He signaled the driver to keep driving and asked Joan, “What’s wrong?”

Joan glanced furtively in the direction of the bedroom before responding, “Are you with Miss Cohen right now?”

As she spoke, she tiptoed slowly to the living room, trying her best not to let Stella overhear her.

She was on her phone earlier, scrolling through the Moments section, when she came across a photo that Guinevere posted recently.

She had added Guinevere into her circle a long time ago. In fact, it was Guinevere who wanted to add Joan into her circle first, citing that she wanted to keep in contact with the housekeeping staff because she might need their help in the future. Joan did not think much of this at the time and just accepted her friend request.

Still, Joan was always very cautious whenever she posted anything on Moments, ensuring she never revealed any information about Stella and Weston. Despite that, she would still browse through Guinevere’s posts every now and then, but she never expected to see a post like this — a photo clearly showing Guinevere with Weston together. She was leaning against him. The photo was accompanied by the following words:

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“It has been such a harrowing time, but I’m lucky to have you by my side.”

Joan froze in shock for a moment when she first saw that.

It could be said that it would only make sense for Weston to be with Guinevere since their son had just died. After all, they were still Zachary’s biological parents.

But Joan was only human, and it was only natural that she would be biased. It was only natural that Joan took Stella’s side.

Stella hadn’t eaten anything for the entire day, cooping up in her room the whole time. Joan wished Weston would hurry home to check up on Stella.

“Mr. Ford,” Joan began earnestly. “Mrs. Ford hadn’t eaten or drank anything for the entire day, not even a sip of water…”

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Chapter 1044 Weston frowned.

“I’ll be home soon,” he assured her.

Back at the Stardust Mansion , Joan sighed in relief and replied, "I'm glad to hear that. Should I prepare anything for you, Mr. Ford?"

"No."

After hanging up the phone, Joan turned around and discovered that Stella had been standing behind her.

"Mrs. Ford!" Joan almost jumped in shock. "How long have you been here...?"

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Stella said nothing. She then stared at Joan and casually told her, "I heard everything you said on the phone just now."

"E-Everything?" Joan's heart skipped a beat. "What exactly did you hear...?"

"He's with Guinevere Cohen right now, isn't he?"

Joan's eyebrows shot upward.

"Mrs. Ford, I wouldn't worry too much about it..."

"How could I not worry about it?" Stella's eyes were fixed on Joan.

Perhaps it was because she hadn't eaten anything the whole day that Stella's face looked blanched and sickly.

Her eyes fell on Joan's phone, and she said, "Let me see it."

"Mrs. Ford," Joan tried to explain, "it's really nothing to worry about. Since their son just died, Mr. Ford had to be by Miss Cohen's side out of normal familial obligations.

Please don't think too much about it..."

"Let me see it," Stella firmly insisted.

Joan sighed. She had no choice but to show Stella Guinevere's recent post on Moments.

It was a beautiful photograph. Weston's herculean stature still towered over Guinevere's lanky and slender figure, making the tall woman look small and fragile next to him.

They were both wearing black.

Weston was in a smart black suit, which was his usual

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attire anyway, and he gave off an intimidating air of superiority.

Guinevere wore a black dress with a delicate white flower pinned on her chest.

The dress subtly accentuated her curves and highlighted her ravishing figure.

She was hugging Weston from behind. He did not push her away.

If they had not been at a funeral, this photo would have been dazzlingly charming.

"They look like they're made for each other," Stella observed.

Joan knew, of course, that she was being sarcastic , yet, for some reason, she could not sense any irony in Stella's eyes. In fact, she looked oddly earnest when she said that.

This utterly unsettled Joan.

"Please don't overthink things, Mrs. Ford..."

"I'm not overthinking." Stella turned around and added, "It won't matter anymore whether he comes home or

not.”

She then slid back into the bedroom and gently closed the door behind her. All she knew was that there was no escape for her now.

The car was already parked outside the Stardust Mansion when Weston’s phone suddenly rang.

It was Ben’s number.

“What is it?” Weston asked coldly.

“Mr. Ford...” Ben sounded distinctly anxious. “We have a problem...”

Ben had just received the news himself, and the first thing he did was to report it to Weston Ford.

“Roger Sealey has...”

When Ben was done reporting, Weston’s countenance turned frigid. It was only after a while that he finally opened his mouth and instructed Ben, “Don’t let the news spread and bring him back.”

“Yes, Mr. Ford.”

As soon as he hung up the phone, his face clouded severely. His eyes shifted towards the Stardust Mansion. He saw the dim yellow light that was still on in the bedroom, as if someone was waiting for him to come home.

He tore off his necktie, feeling utterly on edge.

Why did it have to be now...?

He closed his eyes and told the driver to get out of the car. He then slammed his foot on the accelerator and sped off.

It was already past midnight, yet Weston was still nowhere to be seen.

Joan had repeatedly gone to the door several times and looked outside to see if there was any sign of him coming home, only to be disappointed time and time again.

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and c