

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 21

His body stiffened but he didn't turn around immediately.

On the other side of the rooftop, Guinevere was being pressed against the railings by another kidnapper. Half of her body was over the roof. She looked at the man in the distance with reddened eyes. "I'm scared..."

She was trembling and her hair disheveled. There was even a traumatized expression on her beautiful face.

The usually proud celebrity was now hugging her stomach in fear, staring at her fiancé with reddened eyes. "Don't come here. They'll hurt you!"

Stella wasn't at all fazed by her wails, and in fact even marveled at her acting skills despite this situation.

If she hadn't woken up and overheard Guinevere's conversation with the kidnappers, Stella might have actually been deceived by Guinevere's acting skills too.

Stella didn't understand why. She had never actively provoked them before. It was Weston who asked for the marriage, ruthlessly brought up divorce, and then wanted her to abort the baby...

Yet, Guinevere wanted her life instead!

Stella only wanted to keep the only child she could ever have. Why must Guinevere force her to die?

Stella was never given a choice. She was just a sacrificial item in their game of love!

She said nothing and stared straight at the man, watching him turn without hesitation to walk over to Guinevere.

It was as if that momentary pause she saw earlier was just a misconception.

Between her and Guinevere, Weston would always only choose Guinevere.

What was she hoping for...?

Stella dug her nails into her palm and the sharp pain jolted her mind awake.

She closed her eyes and forced down that surging pain to cry out in a hoarse voice, "Weston! She's lying to you. These kidnappers are her people... Mmhm!"

The man behind her covered her mouth firmly before she could finish. His expression looked anxious and twisted as he glared at her. "Shut up, b*tch!"

Guinevere had never expected Stella to suddenly say that too, so her expression stiffened slightly.

But when she saw darkness flash across Weston's eyes, she quickly regained her senses and put on a confused look, turning to Stella. "What are you saying? I don't even know these people..."

Before she could finish, as if to prove her claims, the man behind her suddenly grabbed her by her shirt collar and rammed her against the railings.

The metal scratched her skin and a bloody wound appeared.

"Tss..."

Guinevere couldn't resist hissing. She seemed to be in pain but refused to shout. She only gritted her teeth and stared at Weston with teary eyes, "Weston..."

The kidnapper suddenly took out a knife and held it at Guinevere's throat. "Don't come closer! Where is the stuff I asked for?!"

With an icy glint in his eyes, Weston tossed the suitcase onto the floor, stepped on it, and kicked, sending the suitcase flying forward.

After counting the amount, the kidnappers signaled to each other.

Weston twisted his wrists in anger. "Let them go. Then take the money and scam!"

The kidnapper snorted a laugh. "Mr. Ford, you're a smart man. You even brought so many people here with you. If I were to actually give you both of these women back, would my brothers and I be able to get out alive?"

Having said that, his expression immediately turned savage. "On account that you've delivered the money here on time, you can choose to take one of these women back with you. As for the remaining one... We'll send her back to you once we're safe!"

Stella's body stiffened and she abruptly shouted, "Weston, don't believe them!"

She struggled with all her might, yelling, "Believe me just this once! They're really Guinevere's people. She won't let me return alive, trust me..."

Her tears kept falling. Stella came to realize that no matter how tough she acted, she still felt incredibly scared.

'I'm begging you... Please don't push me toward death...'

She sobbed. "Trust me, Weston! I'd never lie... You know that... I wouldn't joke about something as serious as this..."

The man's eyes were dark and ominous. His emotions were like crashing waves but he could only grit his teeth and endure.

"There's not much time left, Mr. Ford. Who will you choose between these two?"

"Three!"

"Two!"

"..."

"Give me Gwen." Weston's patience had reached a breaking point and he couldn't conceal the hostility on his face anymore.

He clenched his fists tight and the veins on the back of his hand popped. Finally, he warned through gritted teeth, "You'd better return the other one unharmed..."

Before he could finish, Stella screamed, "They won't let me come back alive! Weston, believe me just this once. They're after my life... and the child in my stomach..."

"She'll be fine even if you choose to take me away, I swear! If you let them take me instead, I'll die, I'll really die..."

Her words successfully pinned Weston to the spot as a look of struggle flashed across his eyes.

Stella clenched her fists and stared right at him with her heart in her throat.

Thump thump...

The blood in her body froze as she waited for his answer.

A little further away, Guinevere wore an indescribable expression as she looked at the man with tears gleaming in her eyes. "Weston, do you believe her?"

She lowered her voice to a mumblur as if she was talking to herself, sounding exasperated, "Do you believe that I would do something so absurd?"

"Guinevere, how long are you going to keep this act up?" Stella gritted her teeth and shouted angrily, interrupting her.

"Just for the sake of testing a man's sincerity, you're willing to harm two lives! Don't you fear retribution?"

Her eyes were filled with fury and she began struggling violently. But the kidnapper tightened his grip and subdued her. He barked, "Shut up! If you don't stay still, I'll push you down from here!"

"Mr. Ford, aren't you going to make a decision? Time waits for no man. You'd better not be trying to buy time or they'll both die!"

Having said that, two of the kidnappers pressed the two women against the railings at the same time in an act to throw them over, forcing Weston to make a decision.

Stella didn't move. Even if the pain felt like her bones were being crushed, her gaze never shifted from the man.

She stared at him with bloodshot eyes, waiting for his answer.

But Weston wasn't looking at her.

Shortly after, he slowly forced out the words, "I choose Gwen."

Stella abruptly lifted her head, still staring at him.

As if the atmosphere froze over, there was a dead silence that lasted a few seconds...

Then, she slowly closed her eyes.

She had said all that she could, and no more words could change the results.

Her heart went numb with pain and she couldn't even feel her blood flowing anymore.

As if sharp claws had taken a swipe at her chest, leaving a huge bloodied hole, she felt cold and was in pain.

Before she could recover from this excruciating pain, she heard Weston's low and bitter voice say, "I choose Gwen... She's afraid of heights."

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Chapter 22

There was silence.

Then, Stella suddenly laughed.

She laughed maniacally but with tears in her bloodshot eyes. "She's scared of heights, but I'll die..."

Weston frowned and turned away without looking at her anymore.

It felt as if a huge rock was weighing down on his chest. He had never felt such heavy emotions before. He said hoarsely, "They just want money. You'll be fine." He was sure that he wouldn't let anything happen to her. "What if their intention is to kill me?" Stella's

eyes were empty as she looked at him. “Weston... I’m still pregnant. Do you know that the choice you’re making is one that will kill me?”

The man paused before gritting his teeth to say, “No. I’ll definitely save you, just not now.”

Having said that, he repeated, “Trust me, Stella. I won’t let you die.” Stella said nothing. She didn’t respond either. Her gaze gradually looked lifeless as she laughed dejectedly. At the edges of the roof, the kidnapers exchanged glances and nodded at each other. One of them pushed Guinevere forward. “She’s all yours!”

Weston hurried forward to catch her, and Guinevere hugged him, burying her face in his chest. “Weston...”

Weston didn’t check on her immediately but pushed her away instead, holding her by her shoulders so she could stand firm. He subconsciously turned to Stella, but the woman in his arms whimpered. “Weston... My stomach hurts...”

His eyes darkened, but he stiffly lifted his hand to hug her back. There was a look of struggle in his eyes. Stella stared at his heartless back profile with a smile on her lips. “Mr. Ford...” she called out to him, her voice scattering in the wind. The wind on the rooftop was strong and the helicopter was making a lot of deafening noise. The couple was holding each other affectionately while Stella could only watch in despair. However, she was still smiling with tears streaming down her face, and she looked enticing that way. Stella had a pretty face, but she was used to doing without makeup and being plain. Now that the corners of her eyes were reddish, she gave off the vibe of a shattering beauty.

The kidnapper behind her couldn’t resist swallowing hard when he saw this. He teased in a voice that only the both of them could hear, saying, “Ms. Cohen said that we can do anything

to you as long as you don’t come back alive... If you serve us brothers well later, we’ll give you a quick end. How about it?”

Having said that, he thrust forward maliciously. “We have tons of methods to make you want to beg for mercy... Why don’t you consider it?”

Stella felt goosebumps and the urge to throw up from disgust. Her fists were tightly clenched and her chest heaved up and down violently, but she couldn’t bring herself to speak for a moment there as she felt desolated. She knew what would happen to her if she fell into the hands of these people...

She had never expected these criminals to have any conscience in them.

As her body trembled, her gaze went from initial despair to a hint of savageness. Why... Why must she let others kill her? Why was it that, even until the end, she had to struggle in the hands of others even in death? Why could these sinful people control her fate and do as they pleased with her... Why?

Stella took a deep breath before abruptly bursting out in laughter. “Ha... Haha...” She raised her head to look up into the sky. Her eyes were completely bloodshot now. The kidnapper behind her suddenly felt uneasy. “Why are you laughing?”

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Stella said nothing. She closed her mouth and looked straight at the kidnapper. Then, she looked up at the couple holding onto each other and smiled. "Weston, I told you that I would die, and that they never had the intention of letting me live. Why won't you believe me?" Having said that, before anyone could react, Stella's expression suddenly changed and she took a step back, swiftly attacking the kidnapper's eyes.

"Ah!" the kidnapper yelled. He had strengthened his hold on Stella so they were swaying together over at the edge.

"What are you trying to do, you mad woman?!" Stella smirked, looking resolute. "Didn't you want me to die? Since I'm going to die either way, let's die together!"

"What are you doing? Stop!"

"Stop? Have you ever given me a chance to live? Rather than being taken away by you guys and tortured and humiliated to death, I'd rather take you down with me here!"

The kidnappers had never thought she would be this insane to want to perish together.

"Don't be rash! You..." "Ahh!!"

A man's scream resonated in the sky. Under everyone's shocked gazes, Stella grabbed the man and pulled him with her as she leaned back...

Before the crowd could react, they saw the woman standing by the railing fall backward!

The wind swept up the hems of her clothes, and her expression went from fear to despair. Finally, she closed her eyes... The beautiful smile on her lips seemed to be mocking everyone. The weightlessness of the fall overwhelmed her as if a tide was drowning her. Stella spared one last glance at the man she used to love. There was no more longing in her eyes, only endless mockery and indifference.

'Are you happy now?

'My child and I will never be an obstacle to you ever again. Are you satisfied now?'

Stella kept smiling, but she had no more tears left to cry.

Weston had never seen Stella look so despaired and resolute before. For a moment there, a wave of panic swept over him.

His body stiffened, and even his limbs were shaking.

He abruptly pushed away the woman in his arms and darted to the edge of the rooftop reflexively...

"Stella!"

"Stella..."

He couldn't say anything else except call out her name, over and over again. "Stella..."

The feelings he had tried so hard to suppress finally burst out of its cage. He couldn't retract or hide them anymore.

The corners of his eyes turned red and he knelt beside the railing where she had just fallen. Even his voice was trembling. Panic, regret, shock... Such feelings poured out and the impact increased by a thousandfold, threatening to shatter him...

"Stella!" That hysterical scream and look of extreme fear should never have emerged from someone like Weston.

Even Guinevere was shocked. She had never seen Weston so out of control.

Stella had never seen it before either.

But it was a pity that she didn't care anymore.

'Weston... I wish I'd never met you.

· You must live on. I wish you and Guinevere will grow old together and be together always.

I don't want to meet either of you even in Hell. I never want to see you again in this life, or the next.'

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Chapter 24

The rooftop was eerily quiet. Weston stared at his empty hands, refusing to believe he had just watched Stella fall down...

He didn't even manage to grab the hem of her clothes.

The world suddenly fell silent. Guinevere's panic shouts rang beside his ears, but Weston didn't hear them. His eyes looked void of emotion as if he couldn't see or hear. His chest felt empty. Then, an overwhelming pain took over, hurting him so much that he found it difficult to breathe. This feeling felt so foreign that even he didn't understand it. Why... were his eyes red like a madman's?

'Stella...

Stella...

For a moment there, Weston felt detached from this world. He could only hear a woman's screams getting sharper and sharper, laced with a fear she couldn't suppress...

"Weston! Weston Ford, what are you doing?!"

Guinevere's eyes widened in shock as she hugged her stomach and shouted hysterically like a madwoman. "Quick! Hurry up and seize him! Hurry!"

The howling wind whistled beside her ears. The instant she fell, all of her fears died away. Stella seemed to have seen the man's panicked and pained expression, but she wondered if she had been mistaken.

She must have been.

The man who had chosen Guinevere without hesitation and refused to believe her would never lose his mind or tear up for her sake. Her vision blurred and she felt an unbearable pain take over her body, torturing her stomach. Every bone in her body was broken but her flesh was intact so the blood of death couldn't flow out.

Her tears solidified in her eyes.

She closed her eyes as her stomach contracted. A wave of warmth flowed through her skin.

"It hurts..."

'It hurts so much...'

Stella opened her mouth. Her cold blood, chilled by the icy wind, finally poured out, splattering on the dusty ground,

She was losing consciousness, but the sharp pain didn't decrease at all. But she felt death closing in, bit by bit, just like how that little life was flowing out of her body right now...

A tear escaped her eyes and Stella's nose tingled. This was the only child she could ever have.

'I will be leaving this world with you before I can even see your face...

"I'm sorry for not protecting you...'

In just two weeks, everything went back to normal. The kidnapping incident that had caused an uproar in Ahn City ended just like that. That day, not many people had witnessed Stella's fall. However, the story was spread on the internet for a period of time and there was even live footage of it. The media had just gotten information and the materials only circulated in the community for a short while before they were taken down. The Ford and Cohen families had spent a lot of money to shut down this news. Yet, some people didn't understand why the kidnapers would kidnap two women at the same time to threaten Weston. Guinevere was his fiancée, the only official girlfriend he had ever acknowledged to the public, so it made sense for the kidnapers to kidnap her. So... who was the other woman?

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Chapter 25

Even if they were curious, no one had the guts to give the Ford family trouble. Ahn City was a city of profound history where many wealthy families resided. There was an urban rumor that any wealthy family in Ahn City's upper-class society could easily overwhelm an entire city. Weston's wealth was national level, so it wasn't difficult for him to suppress this incident. At the family manor, a white Bentley slowly entered the compound. Weston was going through some documents while Guinevere sat beside him. They were only inches apart, but it felt like there was a huge gap between them. Guinevere had grown up with Weston and knew that he was an aloof man who rarely showed emotion. The incident that day was still vivid in her mind. Weston had chosen her, just as she hoped. And Stella was no longer a threat, so she had nothing to worry about anymore. She could have put away her unbridled suspicion and be with him now, but... Guinevere looked conflicted. Whenever she stopped thinking, she would inadvertently remember that day and how flustered Weston looked when he saw Stella fall... She couldn't forget it. She had never seen Weston lose his cool as if his emotions had collapsed and his sanity was gone. Even the corners of his eyes were red with madness as he cried out that woman's name. Weston had even pushed her away and rushed over, wanting to grab Stella... If his bodyguards hadn't rushed over in time, Guinevere suspected that Weston would probably have jumped down after Stella. Also... there was one other thing that worried her even more, and that was if Weston found out that those men really were connected to her. Although she was thorough in her preparations, she knew how capable Weston was. Hence, she had been living in fear since that day, worried that Weston might find out about the truth. When Stella fell down with the kidnapper, the air cushion had only been pumped halfway. The kidnapper wasn't so lucky so he was currently in the intensive care unit,

his survival uncertain.

For the sake of making the incident look more realistic, Guinevere had only discussed the details with the leader of the gang. The kidnapper who had held her hostage didn't know about the deal. Aside from the leader, no one else was aware.

So is the leader in the hospital died, Weston would never find out.

With this in mind, Guinevere's expression softened.

The car was still moving, gradually slowing down.

Guinevere turned to the man's handsome side profile and said, "Weston... We'll be parents in one month."

They seemed to be at peace with each other and the name 'Stella' had disappeared from their lives. But Guinevere couldn't rest easy, so she could only use the baby to keep Weston with her.

Weston didn't give much of a reaction.

He merely grunted a reply as he read the documents in his hand. "Don't worry. The doctor has already examined you, and everything's normal." "I'm not worried about me, I just..."

Guinevere pursed her lips and leaned against his arm gently. "Weston, why do I get the feeling that you're very far away from me?" Weston's fingers shook slightly before he turned another page. "What kind of distance do you consider close?"

Guinevere smiled. "I didn't mean that sort of distance. What I mean is... your heart feels very far away."

"You will experience overthinking during pregnancy, and that's a normal phenomenon."

Weston didn't pause what he was doing. He glanced at the family manor and closed the file. "If you feel unwell, let the doctor know. I'm busy lately so I can't be there for you all the time." Having said that, he swiftly got out of the car.

Guinevere grew much more uneasy as she watched his back profile.

Was he busy because of work, or due to something else?

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Chapter 26

At the Ford family manor, Weston could sense the unusual atmosphere the instant he stepped inside the house.

The Ford family had been waiting for them. Each person wore varying expressions, but they all looked grim and somewhat disapproving.

Weston ignored their scrutiny and took his seat.

Guinevere had wanted to enter the house holding onto Weston's arm, so she felt momentarily embarrassed. However, she quickly regained her composure and sat down beside Weston.

She smiled modestly and greeted her seniors at the table. "Sorry to have kept everyone waiting. We were running a little late."

Guinevere was a genuine socialite. Her conduct and etiquette were commendable, and she carried herself in a noble way.

This was a Ford family banquet, and Guinevere was considered part of the family now.

"It's alright. If I'm not mistaken, your due date should be soon." The person who spoke was Weston's mother, Wendy Thomas. She smiled kindly and added, "It's better to be

careful during your commute, and it's okay if you're a little late."

Guinevere smiled back and nodded. "Thank you for your concern... Aunt Wendy." She had paused before addressing Wendy. She had wanted to call Wendy 'Mom' instead but had to give up on the thought.

Unlike Wendy's warm graciousness, as the patriarch of the Ford family, Chris Ford had a steadfast temperament. It was somewhat similar to Weston's but also different. Chris was Weston's father, and the two looked alike. Their chiseled features were passed down in the Ford family bloodline, but Weston's features were much more prominent compared to Chris's.

Chris and Wendy were known to be a lovey-dovey couple in their community. Unlike other wealthy couples of other aristocratic families who only put on shows of affection, Chris and Wendy truly loved each other. They were almost together all the time.

Wendy used to be a famous actress and celebrity in her younger days. During her era, no one could compete with her when it came to fame and success.

However, she had chosen to retire from the industry when her career was soaring to marry Chris, who was then a wealthy young gentleman, to start a family and have children.

It was a romance between a rich young master and a popular actress. And now, their story seemed to be re-enacted by Weston and Guinevere.

Guinevere felt confused at times. Weston's parents were so lovey-dovey, and his family background was top-class, so why was he always so detached and indifferent?

Wendy might have aged, but she had charming features and never slacked off when it comes to maintaining her appearance, Time had turned her into a mature beauty, giving her an added charm.

Wendy looked at Guinevere's protruding stomach, and her smile deepened. She said gently. "It's alright. You're pregnant, so you should be careful when traveling. Your due date is next month, right? You have to be extra diligent until then." Chris didn't say anything. He had never looked at Guinevere at all ever since the two of them came to him. His fingers tapped lightly on his knees as emotion surged behind his dark eyes. He had a drink of water to moisten his throat before looking at Weston. "When do you plan to get married?"

Guinevere was about to give birth, but Weston had shown no intention of registering his marriage with her. Chris knew that Weston tended to value the big picture, so he wasn't worried that Weston would break his promise of marrying Guinevere. However... So long as Guinevere and Weston weren't officially married, Chris couldn't rest easy.

"Gwen is giving birth soon. Even if you can't host a wedding ceremony for the time being, at least get your marriage registered to appease the Cohen family." No one spoke for a moment there. Guinevere was waiting for Weston's response, but the only answer she got was silence. The atmosphere suddenly became tense.

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Chapter 27

Even the other family members looked over with confusion. Guinevere and Weston's marriage was acquiesced by both families. At first, no one had urged Weston about it

because they thought that Weston had other plans as he usually did. But now, rather than having other plans, it seemed like he was having other thoughts instead. Finally, it was Chris who broke the silence. "I've been hearing rumors lately. Do you have other considerations in mind?"

When he said this, nosy people who enjoyed conflict got involved. "I've heard some nasty rumors claiming that Weston... has a woman on the side!" "Xavier! Who allowed you to speak?!" Chris growled at him, visibly enraged. By another woman, Xavier meant Stella. Outsiders may not be aware, but Chris couldn't be deceived, and neither could his dear brother, Xavier, be kept in the dark as well.

· Xavier was Chris's younger brother, but he was only a few years older than Weston. As Xavier was a child Old Mr. Ford had during his golden years, he became the apple of Old Mr. Ford's eye. Even if Chris was the biggest shareholder, Xavier still had a great deal of authority.

He was also the only person who could still smile cheekily when Chris was furious. "Big brother, I was only telling you about the rumor I heard. I never said it was true. Weston has always been virtuous, so I believe that the rumors are nonsense. What do you think, big brother?"

Chris still looked forbidding and he showed no signs of letting up. He ignored his insensible brother and turned back to Weston. "You heard him. Those rumors will never stop, not until the day you marry Gwen. You have to let the Cohen family and Gwen know when exactly you plan to get your marriage registered."

Upon hearing this, Guinevere's heart stopped and she subconsciously looked at Weston. She felt anxious as she held her breath to wait for his answer.

So long as Weston could give a firm answer, he could avoid all troubles. Weston kept quiet for the longest time without opening his mouth. All eyes were focused on him and he suddenly felt annoyed. He massaged the point between his eyebrows and said, "I can handle my own matters."

Slam!

Chris slammed his cutlery onto the table. "Weston, what do you mean by that attitude of yours?"

Wendy stood up at once. "Chris, what are you doing?" She reached over to rub his back. When Chris had calmed down slightly, she sat back down and looked at Weston helplessly. "You rarely come home, so please stop making your father angry, Let's all have a nice dinner together."

Xavier was enjoying the show. Just as he was about to add fuel to the fire, Wendy swept him a glance.

Xavier shrugged. To be honest, he obeyed his gentle and beautiful sister-in-law more than he listened to his stern older brother.

He smiled and didn't say anything to make matters worse. A home must have a big-hearted and gentle female owner. Now that Wendy had spoken, the silent confrontation slowly died away, leaving only a slightly tense atmosphere. Guinevere was also sensible and took it upon herself to smooth things over. She put on a generous expression and asked the man beside her affectionately, "Weston, could you get me a bowl of soup?"

She was also trying to clarify her standing that she was on Weston's side. Whether or

not they got married, that was their issue.
And since she didn't mind, the others had no right to say anything.

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Chapter 28

The atmosphere at the dining table mellowed down.

Xavier looked back and forth between the two with mild interest. He let out a soft chuckle laced with sarcasm but didn't let anyone catch him in the act.

Weston didn't answer. He merely reached forward to ladle Guinevere a bowl of soup. However, his hands paused in midair for a moment as an untimely scene flashed through his mind.

He remembered Stella's back profile as she busied herself in the kitchen.

This table was filled with dishes prepared by a renowned chef so it was of significant standard, but Weston suddenly remembered Stella's dishes instead...

She had never made anything too fancy, and they were mostly average home cooked meals. However, each dish tasted great and he wondered where she had learned to cook like that.

Weston had to socialize a lot so he rarely ate at home.

- At first, none of the dishes Stella made were to his liking. He lost interest after glancing at them and only took a few bites to please her.

When they tasted good, he would eat a few more bites.

But before he knew it, more and more of his favorites appeared in Stella's cooking until finally, every dish on the table was to his liking. The times he went home increased and he stayed longer too.

Aside from cooking, Stella's performance in other aspects had begun to suit his taste too.

Weston's gaze dimmed. He put away his thoughts and ladled Guinevere a bowl of soup indifferently. "Drink up." His actions showed care and consideration, but there was no affection on his face, not even a bit of warmth.

Guinevere accepted the bowl with a smile. Her expression was one of happiness but she felt bitter on the inside.

She suddenly remembered how flustered Weston looked on the rooftop that day, all for the sake of another woman. The uneasiness inside her grew stronger and stronger...

'Stop thinking about it.' She tried to comfort herself. 'Stella's already dead, along with the child in her stomach. The kidnapper is heavily injured too, and he won't last long in the hospital.'

Once the kidnapper died, no one else in the world would know of the things she had done. She didn't regret killing Stella at all! If Stella didn't die, judging by Weston's current state, he might just be influenced by her someday... There was also the fact that Stella was pregnant with Weston's child. So what if Stella said she wouldn't disturb them? Guinevere wouldn't allow any threats to exist in her relationship with Weston. But Stella was dead now.

No matter how much she had influenced Weston, with time, these impressions would gradually fade away no matter how deep they were once engraved.

How could the dead possibly win against the living?

After dinner, the rest of the Ford family members noticed something amiss so they found excuses to leave.

Weston remained impassive and stayed in his seat. Sure enough, Chris swept him a glance and said, "Come here, I have something to say to you." Weston finally looked up to meet Chris's gaze. Shortly after, Guinevere felt anxious as she watched Weston leave, so she stood up. Wendy seized her hand and shook her head. "They might not be talking about you and Weston, so don't cause trouble."

· Now that everyone else was gone, Wendy's attitude toward her took a sharp turn. Guinevere pursed her lips and couldn't resist asking softly, "Aunt Wendy, do you perhaps have a misunderstanding toward me?"

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Chapter 29

Guinevere's cautious and confused expression made Wendy laugh on the inside. However, she didn't show it. She merely patted the back of Guinevere's hand with a kind look on her face. "No way. We'll be family soon, so I won't be as courteous toward you as I would with guests. But if you mind it..."

Guinevere was surprised and quickly said, "I don't mind. I just thought you had some misunderstanding toward me... I'm sorry." She looked Wendy in the eyes, but then averted her gaze out of guilt. Then, she picked up a glass and held it to her lips as if trying to conceal her emotions.

On the balcony, Chris drew the curtains of the French windows. Weston snorted a laugh. "Are you feeling guilty? Afraid that someone would overhear?"

When it was only the two of them, Chris no longer put on airs, but instead looked exhausted. "I know you feel aggrieved about this... But Gwen loves you so much, and the child... it still has the Ford family's blood flowing in its veins, and you're somehow related..."

Chris suddenly became hesitant.

Perhaps Weston noticed the pretense and guilt in Chris's words, he found it all ironic. He stood tall with one hand holding the railing and the other tugging at his shirt collar's button, hoping to breathe easier. "Since you've already decided... Why are you asking my opinion now?"

"Weston..." Chris looked at him and then probed, "You'll still marry Gwen, won't you? After all, she's the only woman you've had by your side after all these years."

Then, he suddenly paused before adding, "That woman named Stella has already died from falling off a building. No matter what kind of past you had with her, it's time to let go." Weston abruptly clenched his fists and his gaze became frightening.

Inside the ward, Stella had lost count of how many times she had woken up. She stared up at the ceiling with her eyes feeling dry and came to accept the fact that she had survived. She was lucky because the moment she fell, rescuers had dragged a cushion over in time.

She lived but her child didn't. The door opened and in came a man donning a suit. Stella didn't even look at him. She just stared dazedly at the ceiling, looking lifeless as if she was dead,

Ben Sullivan was Weston's personal assistant and a person he could trust. Ben had served Weston for a while now. When he saw how Stella was behaving, he couldn't resist furrowing his brows.

"Madam..."

He had spoken out of reflex but later realized that he had made a mistake. He paused and corrected himself. "Ms. Sealey, how are you feeling?" His professional tone didn't rouse any reaction in Stella.

Ever since she was pronounced dead from falling off a building, and then hidden away here in a private hospital by Weston, she had been in this state.

She didn't listen, wouldn't see, didn't speak, and wouldn't respond.

Ben would visit almost every day, and the doctor said that Stella had physically recovered by now. Her refusal to talk might be due to psychological reasons. Ben knew a little bit of inside info. He paused before saying, "Mr. Sealey has been well taken care of. If you are ready, Ms. Sealey, you can leave tomorrow."

Stella finally gave some response upon hearing this. She propped herself up and looked at the man. The corners of her lips curled up despite her impassive face. "Weston's really quick at getting things done. Is he afraid that I'll become an eyesore to Guinevere again so he can only force me to play dead, change my name, and move to another city before he can rest easy?" – "Ms. Sealey... I'm only following instructions."

Stella grabbed the bed sheet without saying anything. Her lips turned pale from pursing her lips too hard. She looked out the window and the trees' shadows were reflected in her eyes. She kept quiet. Ben was forced to speak again, "Ms. Sealey, please don't make things difficult for Mr. Ford..." Stella interrupted him, saying, "There's one thing left that needs to be taken care of."

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Chapter 30

Ben stared at her in confusion. He had never expected Stella to make a request of him. Moments later, he came to a realization. "Mr. Sealey has agreed to Mr. Ford's suggestion. He will change his name and relocate to another city with you. Mr. Ford will also bear all of his medical bills henceforth, including a compensation fee for you."

Then, he reported an acceptable number.

The corner of Stella's mouth twitched. This amount was enough to make her the richest person in small towns.

"Since Roger has agreed, we'll go with that." She closed her eyes before abruptly opening them again. "There's one person I'd like to see."

"Who?"

"The culprit who had kidnapped me that day."

Ben fell silent as he stared at her with conflict in his eyes.

Stella found it amusing. "What? Are you afraid that I'll insist on going through with my

evil desires and scheme against Guinevere?”

She understood well that Weston wouldn't believe her. No one in the world would anymore.

No matter how many times she repeated that Guinevere was the one who had hired the kidnappers, other people would just think she was insane.

Ben quickly replied, “I didn't mean that. I just need to get Mr. Ford's opinion on this.”

Stella closed her eyes. “Okay, go on then.”

“She really said that?”

Inside the office, Weston put down his document. Ben stood before his table, looking down. “Ms. Sealey has agreed, so I'm sure it must mean she's willing to see you.”

Weston kept quiet, wearing an indescribable expression. He looked down at the tip of his pen that had just drawn a dark streak on the white sheet of paper. The dark color in his eyes was so intense it couldn't dissolve away.

A moment later, he said hoarsely, “I thought she wouldn't want to see me.”

He had gone to visit Stella once when she had woken up a long time ago.

Back then, she had been emotionally disturbed and shouted in the ward that she never wanted to see him ever again.

Weston had paused in his steps. Alas, he could only leave.

He had gone a few more times after that, but only after she had fallen asleep. After hearing Ben's report, he seemed a little dazed,

Ben took a guess at his thoughts and asked, “Mr. Ford, should I tell Ms. Sealey that you're busy with work?”

“No.”

Weston stood up and grabbed the suit jacket draped over the back of his chair. “Let's make a trip over.”

“Now?”

“Yes.”

Ben had wanted to say that he had a meeting coming up, and that Ms. Cohen had made an appointment to meet with him in the afternoon. However, as he looked at the man's decisive conduct, he said nothing but followed after him.

The corridor of the hospital was empty. Aside from the occasional doctors and nurses passing by, there were no other patients here. This was a private hospital and provided absolute confidentiality. Weston was the investor in this hospital, so no one would know that Stella had stayed here before. At this moment, Weston was sitting on a bench, tilting his head up to lean against the wall behind him.

The button of his shirt collar was undone, and there was a fingernail scratch mark on his face. However, he didn't look battered at all. It made him look unruly instead. Ben only emerged after a long while had passed. He looked apologetically at Weston, who was closing his eyes to rest. “Mr. Ford, I didn't think Ms. Sealey had meant it that way...” He had thought that Stella wanted to have a proper discussion with Weston. He didn't expect her to still hate Weston so much...

Weston had the back of his hand covering his eyes and said nothing.

When he saw that Ben was out, he removed his hand. “How is she?”

Ben took a step forward. “She has just calmed down. Mr. Ford... shall we take care of that wound on your face?” 12

