

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 231

Chapter 231

Roger remained silent and said nothing. Then, he suddenly reached out and rubbed Stella's head. "Sis, can't you forget that man?" Before he could finish his sentence, Stella interrupted him sternly, "What makes you think so?"

Roger's mouth was set into a tight line. He said nothing. After a short while, he sighed. "Sis, he treated you so badly before. Do you still want him?" "Of course not." Stella took off her apron and hung it on one of the walls. Roger felt strange looking at her back. Somehow, she seemed to be avoiding the question. He took a deep breath and did not want to talk about that man again. She helped Stella to move all the dishes on the counter to the living room. The living room and kitchen were connected. The place they stayed was pretty small, but it was cozy enough for two. Roger had not eaten Stella's home-cooked food for days. He kept praising her food. Stella listened to his praises and felt a little guilty. She did not dare to tell Roger where she had been lately. She had to lie to him.

If he found out about her affairs with Weston, he might overreact to it. Stella was a little distracted and did not hear what Roger said. Roger suddenly put down his cutlery. "Sis, what's wrong??" Roger had just shared a lot of interesting things about his school. If it was before, Stella would have listened carefully. However, she was very distracted earlier. "Huh? I'm fine." Stella finally returned to her senses. She placed a piece of rib in his bowl. "Don't you like these sweet ribs?" Roger had just recovered from a serious illness, so he could not eat any spicy food. The siblings had very different taste preferences. Roger had loved sweet and sour food since young. However, Stella loved spicy food.

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When their parents were still around, they treated the siblings fairly. They would always cook to their preference and accommodate the siblings. After they died, Stella never ate her favorite food again. She cooked everything to Roger's liking.

She did not have the time and energy to cook what she liked. After that, she had a miscarriage, and her health deteriorated. Eventually, she got used to eating lighter food. Roger did not say anything and finished the food in silence. He could tell that Stella was preoccupied with heavy thoughts. After the meal, Roger offered to wash the dishes. Stella did not decline and sat on the sofa in the living room. She was bored, so she kept changing the channel. Her phone suddenly rang. She looked and saw it was Weston calling. She did not want to answer it.

The phone kept on ringing.

Stella looked at the kitchen. She did not want to disturb Roger, so she took the phone to the balcony and answered the call.

“Hello?”

The man’s unique low voice came through the call. “What took you so long?” “Oh, I was watching TV and didn’t hear my phone ring.” Weston paused for a moment. “Are you home?”

“No. I’m with Roger now.”

The other side of the call fell into silence.

After a short moment, Stella suddenly pleaded softly, “Can I stay with him at home for one night?”

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The man replied in a low voice after a long pause, “Okay.” Weston glanced in Guinevere’s direction and let out a long sigh. “I’ll have the driver go pick you up tomorrow.” Stella froze for a moment. She did not think he would agree so easily. When she was about to say something, she heard someone else talking on Weston’s end. She paused a little and asked, “Are you busy now?” Weston was still in Ford Mansion. He heard Stella’s question and wanted to answer her. But just as he was about to speak, Guinevere happened to knock on his door. Guinevere did not wait for his reply and came into the room uninvited. She walked over to him and said, “Weston, Mom and Dad only gave us a room.” Stella happened to hear Guinevere when she spoke. Stella gripped the phone tightly as she heard Guinevere’s voice. The call was disconnected in the next second, leaving only a long beep at the end of the line. Stella stared at the phone screen silently and froze. No one knew what was in her mind. The TV program was still playing on the TV. The light of the screen reflected on her face. Stella casually threw the phone on the table and closed her eyes. She had never felt so exhausted before. Back in Ford Mansion’s study. Weston stood up and looked at Guinevere, who suddenly appeared in the room. He said, “I told you before. Knock before entering my study.” He glanced at Guinevere. Guinevere was back to her usual self. She showed no signs of her manic earlier when she tried to strangle Zachary. “Just now, when we were downstairs, you promised our parents about the wedding. I thought you had agreed...” Guinevere said and suddenly reached out to him. She placed her hand on Weston’s arm and stroked it. As her hand traveled up and down, her intention was clear. Guinevere kept her head down and stared at the man’s toes. “Weston-” she called his name and leaned closer. Weston cut her off. “You’ve had a long day. Get some rest.” With that, he avoided her touch and walked past her towards the door. Guinevere

stared at his back-incredulously as many inexplicable emotions surged in her eyes. She was unhappy and refused to give up. How could she?

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She had come this far to marry him. She must never lose. Stella was dead. She had been dead for such a long time. Stella could not beat her when she was alive, so how could she beat her when she was already dead?

A dead person was nothing to be afraid of. Guinevere kept telling herself that she had won. She believed that one day, Weston would accept her. It was just a matter of time. Mr. and Mrs. Cohen had left.

Guinevere recomposed herself and habitually tried to check on Zachary in the children's room. Wendy guarded the door and saw Guinevere approach. Wendy asked with a complicated look, "What are you doing here?" Guinevere stopped in her tracks and froze. Then, she finally realized what she had done earlier. A trace of disappointment crossed her face. "I'm just here to take a look. I'm not going to hurt him."

"Did you forget about your actions this afternoon?" Wendy rubbed her temple and said, "It's not that I don't want you to see the baby, but the way you were acting before was just..." Wendy did not finish her sentence, but she knew Guinevere understood. Guinevere was lost in thought. "I'm sorry. I don't know why I acted that way..."

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Wendy sighed. She had just spoken for Guinevere in front of Mr. and Mrs. Cohen earlier, so she did not make things difficult for her. "You can go in and have a quick look. Go to bed early after that. You're staying with Weston today..." Wendy suddenly paused and gave her a meaningful look Guinevere naturally understood what she meant and said nothing. She went to the children's room and looked at Zachary from a distance. Guinevere had left a mark on his neck when she strangled him. Her eyes were a little guilty when she saw the mark

She had mixed feelings about the boy. His arrival was a simple joy for her. However, a small hatred grew when she remembered what happened a year ago. She must not show her hatred. No one must ever know.

She rested her hand on the rail of the cradle. As she clenched her fist, her fingertips almost sank into her flesh.

The sudden pain cleared her mind a little.

The nanny next to her had been watching her movements. When she noticed the change in her expression, she immediately stepped forward. She was worried that she would harm the child again.

Guinevere withdrew her hand and smiled at the nanny. Her face was so gentle, and she looked like a different person from just now. "Well, he's soundly asleep. I shouldn't disturb him anymore."

Then, she turned around and left the room. Wendy stared at her back and did not look away for a long time. After that, the nanny came to Wendy and said, "Zack is asleep. Madam, we should get some rest too."

Wendy nodded. When she got back to her bedroom, Chris had already washed up and was lying on the bed. He was lost in his thoughts. Wendy looked at him from afar and said nothing. She went straight to the bathroom to wash up.

Wendy was still as beautiful as before, but the years that flew by left obvious traces on her face. She closed her eyes and looked at herself in the mirror. Suddenly, her eyes grew vicious.

She took a long time to calm down. After that, she walked to the bedroom slowly and lay down next to Chris. Chris had gone through a big shock today. He used to be a gorgeous gentleman that stood out in his circle.

He was a loving husband with a good wise and harmonious family. Everyone envied him. How did it come to this? He did not understand why.

Sometimes, it was just a simple mistake that led everything to a total loss.

If Wendy were to find out... Chris looked at the beautiful woman lying next to him. Her youth was gone with the years that passed by. She was once proud of her beauty, but all that was left was just a hint of her lost glamour.

Chris did not understand. What was he thinking back then? How did he make such a huge mistake?

An inexplicable feeling in his heart grew as he closed his eyes. He reached out his hands and took Wendy into his arms. He whispered in her ear, "It's been a long time since we've-" Before he could finish, Wendy opened her eyes and looked at him coldly. "What do you want to do?"

Her eyes sent a chill down his spine. He felt like Wendy despised him a lot. The couple was much older than before, but they did not practice abstinence in their relationship yet. However, the frequency had decreased a lot. Wendy had never looked at him this way before. It was as if he was something dirty. He had a hunch that Wendy knew something. However, Wendy's expression softened in the next second. She said to him

softly, "Did I scare you? I'm just a little tired... I'm still a little startled by Gwen earlier." Chris hurriedly hugged her in his arms. "Don't be afraid. I'm right here." Wendy snuggled into his arms and said nothing. However, her eyes gradually turned gloomier. Meanwhile, in Weston's bedroom. When Guinevere came in, Weston was already lying down on the sofa. Guinevere froze for a moment and rushed to the man. "Weston, what do you mean by this?" Weston remained silent. He rested with his hands under his neck and did not even look at her. "Get some rest. It has been a long day."

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Guinevere almost lost control of her emotions. She thought the two of them staying in the same room would be a good start. She did not expect to make any real progress with Weston right away. However, this man refused to sleep in the same bed with her...

Guinevere did not move.

Weston simply ignored her. He closed his eyes and went straight to sleep. Guinevere stood by the sofa for a long time, just looking down at him. An insurmountable sadness filled her heart at this moment. She asked in a raspy voice, "Weston, can't we go back to how we were?" This was the second time she had asked him such a question. Weston did not open his eyes. His voice was as low and cold as ever. "We've always been like this, Gwen. You simply forgot."

His answer did not change either. Guinevere closed her eyes as tears streamed down her cheek. He was right. They had always been like this. All this time, she had been the one obsessed and chasing him. She smiled and suddenly said, "At least you're still with me, aren't you? One day, I'll make you want me willingly." Weston did not say anything. Guinevere gave him a deep look. Then, she went to the bed before she lifted the quilt and lay on the bed.

The man suddenly opened his eyes in the dead of night. There was nothing but silence. He got up and went to the balcony, seemingly lost in deep thoughts.

It was late. Stella should be asleep at home. Weston thought about how Guinevere suddenly interrupted when he was on the phone. This was the first time he had the urge to explain to Stella. He never had the habit of explaining himself to others. Stella was the only exception. She was always the exception to his rules, leaving him at his wit's end.

After some consideration, he sent her a text message.

[Weston: I'll be back tomorrow.]

Stella should understand his meaning. Weston stood on the balcony for a while. He smoked a cigarette and waited until dawn came

before returning to his room. The next morning, he left home early and went to the company. By the time Guinevere woke up, the room was already empty. She stared at the sofa, which looked like no one had slept there. She got up and went to the sofa. Then, her face changed suddenly as she kicked it hard.

Her face was full of anger. She had noticed the man's strange behavior last night. She saw him go out to the balcony and send someone a text, but she knew Weston would never tell her anything.

The news of her anger early in the morning became known to the rest of the villa.

Everyone in Ford Mansion had their attention focused on Guinevere. Someone came to her immediately and asked, "Ms. Cohen, what happened? Do you need help?"

Guinevere closed her eyes and said, "No, thanks."

She exhaled deeply and tried to calm down. Then, she opened the door and went downstairs.

Wendy was alone in the living room. Chris had left early in the morning and gone to the company.

Seeing that, Guinevere calmed down miraculously and found peace. It was a strange sense of pleasure.

Guinevere walked to Wendy and greeted her. "Good morning." "It's getting late." Wendy looked at her, but her attitude to her was far different from the way she treated her in Mr. and Mrs. Cohen's presence. Guinevere knew Wendy was just acting in front of her parents. How could she not know? Even so, she chose to be patient.

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She fell in love with Weston first. She acknowledged that. The person who fell in love first and loved deeper would always suffer more. Guinevere had accepted that fact. She had come this far. It was too late for her to go back anymore. "I'm going to see a psychiatrist today. Mom, if it's okay, can you come with me? Weston is very busy at work." Wendy paused when she heard Guinevere referring to her as "Mom" directly. She looked up

and glanced at Guinevere with a doubtful look Guinevere acted like it was nothing strange. She just looked back at Wendy with a natural smile on her face. "What's wrong,

Mom?" Wendy withdrew her gaze and put the breakfast down from her hands. She had suddenly lost all her appetite. However, Guinevere was still waiting for her answer. After a long pause, Wendy nodded. "Sure, but remember to ask Weston to go with you next time." "I'll let him know when he's not busy at work," Guinevere promised. Wendy got up. "I'm done eating. I'll go to the children's room and check on Zack."

Guinevere reflexively wanted to say she would go too, but she gave up thinking about her state yesterday. She sat down and said, "I'll see him when I'm mentally stable."

Wendy ignored her and went upstairs. Guinevere's smile gradually disappeared when she looked at Wendy's back. She looked at the breakfast on the table with a blank face and lost her appetite.

Stella had a good sleep. When she woke up, she heard a lot of noises from the kitchen. She opened her eyes sleepily and walked to the living room. Then, she saw Roger come out with breakfast. "Sis, you're awake?" "Why did you get up so early?" Stella asked, and her expression suddenly turned serious. "Don't you have class?" Roger knew she would say that. He smiled helplessly and said, "I don't have morning classes today. Did you forget?" Stella looked at the class schedule hanging on the wall. "Really? You don't have class on Mondays?" "We usually have no classes on odd weeks." Roger took off his apron and walked over to Stella. "Go and wash up, then go and have breakfast." It was a good day today with the sun pouring in from outside.

Roger looked at Stella, who sat across from him. He asked, "How's my cooking? Did it get worse?"

Stella looked at the soup in front of her. "It's just a bowl of soup. How can I tell?" "Can't you taste my love for you?" Stella laughed out loud. "When did you learn to be so expressive?" Before their parents' passing, the two of them had always bickered with each other. Later, they lived together and relied on each other. During the process, they became more considerate of each other. Even so, they occasionally bickered like before when they were relaxed. Stella felt like life had color only in Roger's presence. This was the life she wanted. She was not interested in spending her days with Weston, coming up with plans to impress him or stay away from him. She also had to worry about Guinevere, who would occasionally appear. Roger noticed the gloomy air around Stella. Seeing her gloomy face, Roger put down the glass in his hand. "Sis, has something been bothering you lately? You finally came back from the business trip, but I feel like you're always distracted..."

Stella shook her head. "The training center will close down next month. Meanwhile, I want to find a new job." "Didn't we agree yesterday? Can't you just get an easy job?" Stella shook her head. "I haven't thought about it properly."

She paused for a moment and suddenly asked tentatively, "What do you think about me acting?"

“Acting?” Roger widened his eyes in disbelief. He stood up and asked, “Why acting?” Stella frowned at his overreaction. “I was just asking...” “Why would you ask this out of the blue?” Roger managed a smile, but it was a little stiff. Stella pondered for a moment and asked him, “If I wanted to be an actress, would you support me?”

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Roger’s expression changed a little. “Why? Don’t you like to play the piano and dance? If you don’t work as a teacher, you can work as a dancer at other places. Why do you want to join the entertainment industry? The entertainment industry is a complicated place. What if you get bullied?”

The siblings were just ordinary people. Roger could find a good job after graduation and protect Stella. However, if she worked in the entertainment industry, nobody could protect her in case of an accident because she had no background. Even if their parents were still alive, there was nothing they could do for her. Roger’s tone was full of disapproval. He seemed to be very against her intention to join the entertainment industry. Therefore, Stella stopped talking about it.

She was still considering the matter. However, she would be leaving the training center in a month. She did not know where she would go next.

The business card the director gave her that day was still in her bag. She had not contacted him yet.

After the meal, Stella got up and cleared the dishes. Roger wanted to help, but Stella refused. “It’s easier for me to clean up. You can sit over there.” The smile on Roger’s face gradually faded as he watched her walk into the kitchen. Stella’s phone was on the table. Roger kept staring at it. Perhaps, his instinct worked, for the phone suddenly vibrated.

A complicated light flashed in Roger’s eyes. He glanced at the kitchen for a moment.

He swore he did not mean to snoop on Stella’s phone. However, he still reached out and took her phone, as if he was under a spell.

It was a text message.

It was just a text message from an unknown number. However, he instinctively knew it was not a spam message.

Roger took a deep breath and clicked on the message. (Unknown number: I’ll be back today. I’ll come to pick you up in the afternoon.)

The text seemed to be normal. Nothing seemed unusual, but he just kept staring for a long time, lost in thoughts.

When Stella came out, she saw Roger sitting on his seat upright. Stella wiped her hands and asked, "What's wrong?"

Roger paused for a moment and uttered, "Someone sent you a message just now. Who is it?"

Stella did not take it seriously at first. However, her face sank when she picked up her phone and saw it was a message from Weston. She reflexively looked at Roger but said nothing.

"I'll go and reply to the text." Roger nodded and watched her walk to the balcony. His eyes darkened in that instant.

There were usually no secrets between Stella and him. However, Stella did not want him to know about the person who had just texted her.

Stella replied to Weston's message and deleted the log. Then, she returned to the living room and glanced at Roger.

Roger happened to look up with a smile on his face. "Who is it?" he asked in his usual tone. Stella gave a vague answer. "Just a colleague at work."

She paused a little and asked, "Did you see anything earlier?"

Roger shook his head. "I didn't see anything."

"Alright." Stella acted naturally and said, "The training center is closing next month, so there are a lot of unresolved issues. He said he'd be back today to pick me up."

She told Roger the contents of Weston's message honestly. Roger's eyes darkened. He knew Stella was not lying. Based on her explanation, it matched the content of the text message he saw earlier. However, something felt strange because of the way Stella answered him. She seemed to be explaining to him on purpose...

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The siblings were both hiding something. They did not notice when it started, but even they could not be completely honest with each other. A strange feeling hit Stella when she finally realized this. The siblings did not spend much time together. Later in the afternoon, Roger had to pack up the books for his afternoon class. He was a computer major and was packed with many classes in his course. He only had a day like this that

was a little free. Stella watched as Roger organized his textbooks. She said with a look of relief, "In a few years, you will finally grow up." "I'm already grown up." "Not yet." Stella looked at him and reached out to help him flatten the crease on his clothes. ** You'll be an adult when you graduate from the university. Mom and Dad would be relieved in

heaven."

Roger suddenly stopped. He turned around and looked at Stella Roger rested his forehead on her shoulder and sighed. "Sis, if you get into any trouble, you have to let me know. I'm an adult now. Don't treat me like a child." Stella felt he might have noticed something, She patted him on the back without saying a word. After Roger left, she called Weston back His voice on the other end was very low. "I'll have the driver pick you up."

Stella hesitated a little before saying, "Okay." She had something she wanted to discuss with Weston. The driver pulled over at a spot far away from the neighborhood. Stella had to take a taxi to get there.

She did not want to risk her chances and let Roger see her with Weston. When she got into the car, she found Weston in the back seat resting with his eyes closed. He had a stack of papers in his hand. He looked busy with work Weston had just left Guinevere's place. She thought he would not show up for a while, but she did not think he would come to pick her up in person. "Why aren't you getting in?" Weston noticed her inaction and glanced at her lightly. Stella got into the car and did not make a sound. Right after she closed the door, the man immediately pulled her into his arms. Before she could react, Weston was already holding her tightly. He placed one hand on her back and stroked her gently.

Stella wanted to struggle, but the man lowered his voice and warned in her ears, "Let me hold you for a little longer." He sounded exhausted.

Stella blinked and did not move. She allowed him to hold her just like this.

After a long while, Weston finally looked down and placed a kiss on her hair. "Did you sleep well last night?" he asked.

Stella leaned against his shoulder, unable to move Hearing his question, she only answered faintly, "Yes. How about you? Did you sleep well?"

Weston stiffened a little.

He deliberately came this time to explain Guinevere's matter to her. He was sure that she must have heard something on the phone that day

Weston left Ford Mansion and came straight to her. Even he did not understand why he had such a strong urge to explain to Stella.

He never bothered explaining himself, and he did not care either. However, it was different this time. Weston stroked Stella's hair and whispered in her ear, "Do you have any questions for me?" Stella did not understand him. "What can I ask you?" Weston tipped her chin. "About last night."

Stella shook her head. "No."

Weston nibbled on her ear. "No questions? Really?"

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Stella finally understood his question He was referring to what happened last night. Guinevere said something about their parents giving them a room She thought it was funny. "The two of you are engaged. You two may not be married now, but just like you said, you'll tie the knot sooner or later. There's nothing wrong with living together."

After she finished, his hand suddenly grabbed her chin with a strong force. The man's mood changed suddenly as he bit hard on the corner of her mouth. "You're not saying what you think." He said, "I don't like it when you behave like this."

His eyes were dark while he looked at Stella steadily.

Stella finally realized what he meant. She took a deep breath and managed a smile. "Sorry... But I meant what I said just now. Didn't you like the way I used to be understanding?"

"Were you like this?" Weston cupped her face and made her look into his eyes.

It was as if he wanted to see through all her emotions "If I had spent a night in the same room with another woman, would you have been as understanding as you are now? Do you really have no problem with it?"

Stella was forced to look him straight in the eye she stopped avoiding his eyes and looked at him.

"I know you want me to return to the way I used to be, but I'm a different person now. I used to have the right to question you, but the one with the right to question you now is Guinevere, not me. Do you understand?"

"You do have the right," Weston suddenly interrupted her. He exerted a little more force cupping her face. He inched closer to her ears and said raspily, "You can question me. I allow you the right to do so."

Stella was forced to lean against his chest. She was so close that she could feel his heartbeat. She had to hold back and force herself to accept it Stella agreed to his request. "Okay, I'll ask next time."

She was like a robot who would do whatever he said, but never take a step forward. Even so, Weston was satisfied to have her around.

He placed a kiss on the corner of her mouth. "In this year, you have to get along with me the way you were before. If not, I might consider extending the time." "You..." Stella raised her head and looked at him in disbelief. "You promised! A year is a year!" "Yes, but I also said you have to behave like how you were when we were married. I only see Ella in you now, not Stella." "Weston, you can't be so greedy!" Stella sneered.

He wanted a brand new Ella, but he demanded her to act like the old Stella around him He was too demanding "I'm a greedy person" Weston took her by the waist and made her sit on top of him "Let me hold you a little longer," he said. As the car drove away, the scenery outside the car window moved backward. Stella closed her eyes, feeling nothing but coldness in her heart. It was no longer throbbing warmly.

Back in Ford Mansion.

Guinevere went to Weston's study after he left. She stared at the empty desk while lost in deep thoughts.

It was a beautiful day outside. A breeze blew in, making her feel the chill on her face. She closed her eyes for a long time until the nanny called her from outside. The nanny urged, "Miss, the weather is nice today, but it's still a little cold. Don't stand outside. You'll catch a cold."

Guinevere clenched her fists lightly. Until now, they still called her 'Miss'. Without the marriage certificate, she would never be Mrs. Ford A menacing look flashed on her face and disappeared in the next beat Guinevere put on a gentle smile and looked at the nanny. "Alright. Thanks for your concern. Please bring me a blanket."

"Yes, Miss."

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Guinevere curled up in the rocking chair and wrapped herself in a blanket as she looked at the distant landscape.

She had fewer and fewer things to do now. She could not even visit Zachary anymore. In her case, she would not be sent to the hospital. Instead, the Ford family would let a private doctor come and treat her. In their circle, her condition would be considered a family scandal, so it would be kept a secret.

Even if it was exposed, the two families would certainly find a way to cover it up. After all, this was a scandal. The fewer people who knew, the better.

It was a bit chilly on the balcony Guinevere wrapped her coat tightly around her and said to the nanny, "Help me prepare the driver and car. I have to go out."

"Yes, Miss."

Wendy did not stop Guinevere from going out. She only reminded her, "Come back early in the evening." Zachary did not need her at all, so what would be the point of her coming back early? Guinevere found it ridiculous, but she did not show it. She said goodbye to Wendy respectfully and left.

At the hospital, in Henry's ward.

A nurse was pushing Henry back into the room when he saw Guinevere, who suddenly came to visit.

His eyes did not change, and he glanced at the nurse. The nurse understood immediately and stepped aside, leaving the room for them. The door slammed shut, and Guinevere finally came to her senses. She turned around and looked at him with a smile. "You're back." "What's on your mind? You're so deep in thought." Guinevere did not even notice when the nurse brought Henry over. Her eyes darkened. "It's the same old thing. "I heard you have postpartum depression." The families kept the news under wraps for a while, but some sources still caught wind of it. Rumor had it that Guinevere was depressed after giving birth, which made sense. Guinevere did not say anything. She stood behind him, pushed his wheelchair to the sofa, and poured him a glass of water. Henry accepted it graciously and took a sip. Then, he put the cup away on the table. "Did you come here to talk to me?"

Guinevere's expression changed. She felt a little bad for coming and talking to Henry several

times only for Weston's sake

"Sorry, Henry. Did I trouble you?" Henry smiled a little. The look on his face did not change, but his voice was soft. "You know I won't say no to you."

Guinevere was relieved to hear that as her eyes turned red. Henry was the only one she could show her most vulnerable side to.

"I really don't know what to do... I thought having a baby would make things better between us, but I didn't expect we would drift further apart."

Henry looked at the reflected light on the glass table and the bouquets that others brought when they visited him. He did not like flowers, but there was one person who did.

He seemed a little distracted thinking of that person.

Guinevere rambled for a long time without hearing any response from Henry. Hence, she looked at him and asked, "Henry, what's wrong?"

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Henry came back to his senses and pressed his finger on his temple. He said a little helplessly, "We grew up together. You should understand Weston's character. Do you think a child would change his decision?" Guinevere denied her fist and turned her head away as a tear fell from the corner of her eye. "But I can't turn back anymore. The baby is born. Do you understand?"

"Of course I understand," Henry pushed the wheelchair and slowly approached her. He reached out and wiped the tears away from the corner of her eyes. "Don't cry. Tell me what do you need me to do for you?" His gentleness put Guinevere in a brief trance. She looked at him almost obsessively. "You're always well-informed. Can you tell me about the woman that Weston met at Lowe Garden the other day?" After a long thought, she decided that the only way to go was to start with the woman Weston stopped sharing his whereabouts these days. The only news she knew was that he met a woman at Lowe Garden. She could not think of any other breakthrough. Guinevere knew there was a problem between them. Stella was the problem. However, Stella was dead; she died after falling from a building. There was no way for her to seek trouble with a dead woman.

People said that the dead would always be missed, but she did not think so. Stella was already dead. Stella's influence might affect Weston, but it was limited. After a long time, who would remember Stella's existence?

However, things were different now; she should be wary of the threat from the new woman. Besides, Weston's feeling for Stella was only guilt. Weston's attitude towards her had changed a lot since she forced him to choose between Stella and her. How could she not know?

She just did not want to pierce this calm tide.

Her marriage to Weston was in jeopardy. Although Weston had promised their parents to get the marriage certificate as soon as possible, she could not settle down until she got the certificate.

Henry listened to her words, but he did not react at first. Shortly after, he burst out laughing. "Gwen, you're the daughter of the Cohen family. Why do you need my help and connections?"

Guinevere's face flushed a little. This should have been easy, but things were different now.

Weston was wary of her, so it would be hard for her to investigate it. Her family was not very satisfied with her recent performance. She must lay low, so she had to turn to Henry. Henry nodded a little. He had always been lazy. He had a sickly aura around him, perhaps

because he had stayed in a wheelchair for too long

He looked like a sick but beautiful man. "You've already asked for help. I won't refuse you."

He captured a lock of her hair between his fingers and played with it. The way he played with her hair was quite sensual.

Guinevere frowned but did not avoid his action.

She knew that Henry had always fancied her. He had a crush on her before and even pursued her. However, she only had Weston in her heart,

Later, Henry got into a brief relationship with his little bodyguard. Even so, she knew her place in his heart was absolutely irreplaceable. Therefore, she could be imprudent with him. She let out a sigh and suddenly felt a little emotional. She blurted out, "If only Weston were like you."

"Like me?" Henry felt amused. He glanced at his disabled legs and said, "In a wheelchair like me, or abandoned like me?" "Don't say that!" Guinevere cut him off. She did not like it when he put himself down like that. "No matter what, you'll always be my best friend. Thank you for helping me."

Her thanks were sincere, just like her feelings towards Henry. After all, she knew he would always be on her side.

Guinevere had a flawless face. She was known as one of the most beautiful faces in the entertainment industry.