

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 241

Chapter 241

No normal man could get angry looking at such an impeccable face Henry reminded her, "Have you thought carefully? Weston hates when people try to contradict him. Have you considered the consequences?" Guinevere did not say anything, but she looked frantic with worry. Henry understood and rubbed his brow. He promised with a smile, "I won't let him know you did it."

"I didn't mean that," Guinevere interrupted him quizzically. "I just – "You don't have to explain." Henry was as gentle as ever and complied with all her requests. "I will help you."

After Guinevere left, Henry slowly pushed his wheelchair onto the balcony. The sun shone in, making his skin as pale as a vampire's. He had not heard from her in a long time. He could not find her no matter how hard he searched for her. She was determined to leave him. He wore a small smile. Under the sun, his delicate features turned a little derisive. Even women would be jealous of his face. Guinevere could only be considered equal to his beauty.

The roses in front of the windowsill were in full bloom. He made a call and gave the orders about Guinevere's request earlier. When everything around him had calmed down, he finally had time to take care of the plants and pots on the balcony. Henry was a frequent visitor to the hospital. He had been hospitalized for a while. Everyone knew his love for these plants and flowers, but he did not have the green thumb to keep them alive. The red roses bloomed beautifully. Henry suddenly grabbed one of the flowers and folded it. It was for the princess.

The roses left a red stain on his palm. He hid it on the balcony, so she wouldn't see it. There was no trace of emotion on his face.

Stella and Weston were both late to work. Weston was late because of the accident. Stella was late because of the accident. Weston was late because of the accident. Weston was late because of the accident.

When he took off his coat at the door, Stella came forward and took the suit from his hand. "I'll help you put it away."

Just as she turned around, a warm embrace suddenly came from behind.

Weston hugged her from behind and pushed her against the door. The two of them were holding each other like this in the entryway.

Stella struggled a little, but he hugged her tighter. Eventually, she gave up and said nicely, "Let go of me first. I have to put the coat away."

"Why are you so nice today? Hm?" Weston rested his chin on her shoulder. As he spoke, the heat from his breath fanned her skin, giving her waves of goosebumps

She wanted to avoid him, but his breath followed her

"Just let me hold you a little longer." He had made the same request many times today Stella relaxed slowly and stayed in his arms.

She did not know how long it took until the man behind her seemed to be finally satisfied with the long hug

She decided to take the chance and asked tentatively, "Can I go home for a few days?"

As her voice fell, the hug around her waist suddenly tightened, making her breathless.

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Sometimes, Weston could get his point across without saying a single word Stella paused and rested her hand on the back of his hand.

Weston stiffened. He did not think she would take the initiative

After a long pause, Stella explained, "I haven't been home for a while. Besides, the training center will be closed next month. Roger is aware of it... If I continue to stay outside, I'm afraid it'll arouse his suspicions." Weston looked at her hand holding his, and his eyes slickered slightly. His emotions on his face did not change much. He said, "I remember saying this before: You have to handle this yourself."

"I know." Stella lowered her voice a little and pleaded, "I understand, but I can't think of a reasonable explanation for living with you.. Can you give me a little time? Let me convince Roger, okay?"

She knew how to use weakness to gain Weston's understanding. She turned around in his arms and raised her head. Then, she stared at him with innocent and fragile-looking eyes.

Weston could not handle it whenever she behaved like this. He cupped her face and placed a kiss on the corner of her mouth "Where did you learn this?" he asked

Stella shook her head. "I didn't.. You don't like it?"

Did Weston dislike the way she submitted to him? Weston chuckled softly. "What do you think?" he said and suddenly picked her up. Her shoe fell on the floor with a thud.

She reflexively looked down, but the man tipped her chin and hushed. "Don't worry about it."

He kissed her, and the two stumbled towards the bedroom in a tight hug. Stella could feel the change in him. After all, they were married for a long time. She understood what he was feeling. She closed her eyes and tried to convince herself. All she needed to do was endure a year and...

His breath followed as he traced her lips and chin to and fro repeatedly and tirelessly. Stella could feel his warmth on her, but it only made her feel uncomfortable. As everything spun around her, she found herself falling onto the warm bed. Weston propped himself up and stared down at her.

Weston had beautiful eyes. Stella used to love staring into his eyes.

Every time she looked at him like this, she felt like she was drowning in him. His eyes were so deep and unreadable. No one could ever see through him.

His eyes were like the vast stars and an endless sea. However, it was these deep eyes that had

hurt her mercilessly. Weston could not stand the way she stared into his eyes, so he reached out to cover her eyes. "Don't look at me like this," he whispered in her ears throatily. Stella took a deep breath and said nothing. She closed her eyes, and her eyelashes fluttered gently.

A long while later, the weight on top of her finally disappeared.

She opened her eyes in a daze and saw Weston looking at her with an inexplicable look. After a beat, he seemingly sighed. He lowered his head and kissed her forehead gently. "You've had a long day. Get some rest."

Stella was stunned. She expected him to continue, but he had stopped so abruptly. Weston suddenly lowered his head and pressed his forehead against hers. It was as if he could read her emotions. "Or do you want to continue?"

Stella hurriedly closed her eyes and did not dare to move. Weston pinched her face and rubbed his chin against the top of her head. "Sleep well."

Stella answered with a soft hum. Then, she closed her eyes and slept in his arms.

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Stella could tell when Weston's attitude softened. Although he did not answer her directly, he seemed to have agreed with her request. She could probably go home for a couple of days. Perhaps he was just waiting for her to show better initiative. Stella's eyes flickered slightly in the dark night. The man's breathing gradually evened. She turned around to have her back facing him. Then, she closed her eyes and fell asleep slowly.

The two got along peacefully the next morning. While having breakfast, Stella asked tentatively, "Can I go see Roger at school today?" She was holding a glass of milk in her hand and sipping it as she said this. Weston did not say anything. He only put down his knife and glanced at her glass.

Stella immediately understood and finished her milk first. After that, she asked him with a milk mustache, "Can I?"

Weston walked over to her and picked her up. He made her sit on him and then wiped the milk from her lips.

Stella let him hold her all he wanted. She stared at his black hair and his fine brows under the fringe as she let him feed her the rest of her breakfast.

When she finished her meal, the man finally agreed with her request. "Yes, but come back early. I want to sleep with you tonight." After a short pause, Stella nodded. "Okay." Then, she suddenly tugged at the man's shirt and asked, "How can I convince him that I live outside because of work?" Weston was surprised that she would ask for help. He cocked an eyebrow and enjoyed seeing her asking for help. He teased, "When did you get so

Sunart?"

She knew this would please him. He seemed to be in a good mood and fixed her tousled hair. "I can help you find a way, but you have to come back tonight."

Stella hesitated a little but nodded. At least he agreed. It was better than not letting her see Roger.

After breakfast, Weston went to work as usual and had his driver drop her off.

A large part of Ford Corporation's business had been moved to Fem City, and there was an ongoing discussion for a project. The company's focus had shifted here, so she still had much work to do.

Joan continued with her housekeeping work by the side and did not listen to their conversation.

Stella noticed something. The people Weston had hired seemed to be professionally trained, even the drivers. They all kept a low presence and seemed to be invisible or

deaf. However, they were efficient at what they did. When she got into the car, she tried to greet the driver. Weston cupped her face and turned her face back to him. "Don't try to get close to them. It's useless. These are my people."

Stella said nothing more since he had read her mind. She hurriedly got into the car and sal down. Weston stood there and watched as the car drove away. He shook his head a little and looked a

little powerless.

Later that day, at the Ford Corporation office building.

It was a long day full of meetings Weston glanced at his schedule at the end of the day and sent his driver to pick Stella up The secretary suddenly came over and informed him of Xavier's arrival. "Mr. Ford, Mr. Xavier is here..."

Mr. Xavier was Weston's youngest uncle. He was his uncle, but they were around the same age. Generally, people understood that Mr. Ford referred to Chris and Mr. Xavier referred to Xavier in the company. However, as Weston gradually took charge of the company, everyone knew Weston would eventually be in power. As time passed, Mr. Ford became Weston's exclusive title.

People usually referred to him as Mr. Ford except when Chris was present. People would then change their greetings to differentiate between the father and son Weston rubbed his temple and instructed, "Bring him in." A few moments later, a tall and elegant man appeared in the office. Unlike Weston, Xavier was not a cold man. He flirted with the secretary while coming over. He was always welcomed by the women and very popular.

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Chapter 244

Xavier had the usual handsome face of the Fords. His eyes were particularly beautiful and sparkly. He was always surrounded by women, but he only had his eye on Weston's female secretary. He heard that she was a graduate of a prestigious school overseas. She was very capable and good-looking

All the other secretaries blushed at the sight of him, but this woman treated him formally with a business-only attitude. It only made him more interested in her.

"Mr. Xavier, please come this way." Daisy was an experienced secretary that had been working with Weston for many years.

After looking at Weston's face for many years, even the most handsome face in the entertainment industry would not make her heart race. Not many could match her boss' charm. Besides, Xavier looked a little flirtatious. He was not her cup of tea.

She preferred people like Weston that were cool, handsome, and elegant

"Why are you always unhappy to see me?" Xavier reached over and gave her shoulder a gentle squeeze. He acted like he wanted to help straighten her collar Daisy avoided his movement imperceptibly. "Mr. Ford is waiting for you inside." "How lame." Xavier withdrew his hand and looked at her back for a few beats.

When she got into the elevator, he finally retracted his gaze and casually strode to Weston's office.

Weston was browsing a file when Xavier came in. Xavier walked over and picked up a book from his table. He flipped through the pages and asked, "Since when do you read these classics?"

Weston ignored him and spun the pen in his hand. He tapped his finger on the table and warned, "Don't disturb my work."

"We haven't seen each other for so long. Why are you still so cold?" Xavier clicked his tongue a few times and asked, "Aren't you curious about my visit? Do you know why I came?"

"What business can you have?"

"Just listen to yourself. I'm the only one comparable to you in the Ford family. Why are you not taking me seriously? What if I suddenly turned things around and took away all your inheritance?"

"If you can do it, sure." Weston seemed unperturbed and rubbed his brows. "Don't underestimate me so much. You might suffer later," Xavier said with a half-smile. Weston looked at him differently. "What do you want?"

Xavier put the book back and casually sat on his sofa. He rested one arm on the back of the chair and watched as the secretary left. "Why are your secretaries like you? All of them are so cold," Xavier asked, but he answered his own question. He rubbed his chin and said as his eyes suddenly turned dark, "Is she doing this on purpose to get my attention?" Weston was uninterested in these. He signed his name on the document and stood up after he finished his work "If there's nothing else, please leave."

Weston closed the pen with one hand and tossed it back to the table with a clean movement.

Then, he turned to leave. Xavier hurriedly followed behind him. "Hey, I'm your uncle How can you treat me like this?" He covered his heart and said with a wounded look, "I'm so sad." Weston pushed him away. "Stay away from me." He never felt comfortable with physical contact, even with Guinevere He could maintain a polite interaction at best. He would reject anything more intimate than that.

The people around him knew his habits. Therefore, not many would get too close to him in public. Xavier was an exception. The more Weston disliked him, the more he would try to provoke him.

Weston had always had a way to keep him under control. However, Xavier never learned his lesson. He would forget the pain and annoy Weston over and over again. "Looks like you've been having a good time." Weston suddenly stopped in his tracks and looked at him meaningfully. "I remembered you have a fiancée. If you're very bored, I don't mind calling her over to play with you." Weston's words struck Xavier's weakness.

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Chapter 245

"Can we not talk about her? She's bad luck!" Everyone in Ahn City knew Xavier as a womanizer who never stopped for a single soul He was always seen with women around him. Women stalked around him all the time

Any actress or beautiful female model who could be named might be connected to him

However, he had an engagement since he was a child It was his father's inefutable order.

His fiancée was a capable woman from a good family. She was only a few years younger than Xavier and had received the best education since she was a child.

Rumor had it that she was currently working as a doctor in a hospital The elders saw it as a very promising career. She had never caused any trouble all her life. To Xavier, she was just a boring girl However, he had to deal with her because of the elders.

He would be fine if she had no feelings for him However, the problem was her deep love for him.

She did not complain about any of his outrageous actions. It was why their engagement remained until today. Xavier did not have much time left. He would have to get married in a few years. Everytime he thought about his marriage, he would have a headache. He rubbed his temple and said, "Forget it I don't want to find fault with you today. Don't bring this up again. I came to you today because I have an important matter to discuss with you." "Spill." Weston strode towards the elevator. Xavier followed him and pressed

the button. There were several other employees inside the elevator Weston did not use his exclusive elevator.

The employees were rarely able to stay in the same room as Weston. They huddled together and gave Weston and Xavier more space. Xavier was very easygoing and casually talked to them. "Look at you guys Are you usually afraid of him?"

"No, no. Mr. Ford is very approachable," an employee said boldly. Xavier snickered and turned to Weston "Approachable? Did I hear that right?" Weston cast him a faint glance, then the other employees in the elevator immediately shut up and did not dare to speak again. Weston had a menacing air around him. When he stood there, he seemed majestic yet intimidating. The elevator made a sound when the door opened. Weston strode out.

Xavier followed him and said, "I came here for business today. Why else would I come to Fern City from Ahn City?"

Weston got into the car and closed the door straightaway.

Xavier went to pull the passenger door, but it would not open. Hence, he knocked on the window.

Weston lowered the window and looked at him. "What do you want?"

Xavier gave up with him. "Weston, I'm sorry I shouldn't have come without notice. Can you give me a ride? Please?"

Weston did not bother looking at him. He lapped his finger on the steering wheel and said, "It's inconvenient."

"Where are you going?" Xavier asked "Where are you going?" Weston echoed and glanced up at him.

Weston treated everyone coldly, including his own uncle

Xavier raised his hands and conceded defeat. "I've never seen anyone as headstrong as you. Hey, I'm going to the same place as you. We're meeting the same person. Okay?"

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Chapter 246

Weston knew his purpose of coming here Although they seemed to be at odds with each other, it had been an unspoken habit for them to visit Henry together after a while

Although Weston was aloof and bad-tempered, he would not target him for no reason, as he did now

Xavier had a feeling that he had done something that pissed him off, but he couldn't recall. After getting into the car, he fastened the seatbelt. As soon as the car started to move, he asked, "Did I do something wrong that offended you some time ago?"

He thought for a moment and could only remember one incident of him teasing his secretary, which was a bit out of line "You're not making faces at me because of Daisy, are you?"

Daisy was one of Weston's secretaries with outstanding capabilities. And Xavier was repulsed by her every time he flirted with her. He was a man who liked challenges when it came to beauties. Although he had many female friends, every time he came to look for Weston, he would always tease her verbally. "Don't tell me now that you are interested in women, and you even want to interfere with her matters"

Weston was a cold-hearted man before. Apart from Guinevere, he basically did not have any other woman.

But he actually asked him to take care of the matters of a stranger last time. Xavier felt that his suspicions were reasonable. Weston frowned for a moment and thought of Stella. "What's the time now?" After Xavier told him the time, Weston looked at his phone. There were no notifications. Xavier sensed something and asked, "Who are you waiting for?" He did not say anything, but his gaze changed, and he turned into the highway. The more Xavier looked at him, the more he found him to be weird. "I heard that you are going to register your marriage with Guinevere. When is it? Do I need to give you a present or something as your uncle? But I've been tight on cash lately —" Before he could finish, the car suddenly came to a halt. He leaned forward. Before he could regain his stability, Weston stepped on the gas and continued driving. Although he didn't say anything, Xavier clearly understood his intentions. He raised his eyebrows a bit, not at all angry. But with a playful tone, he asked, "Are you annoyed?"

He was Weston's uncle after all, so he knew all these things well.

Anyway, there were times he could not figure out what Weston was thinking.

"You don't look like you want to marry Guinevere at all. You have been together for so many years; isn't it good for you to tie the knot already? Besides, she has already borne you a son." "Can you just shut up?" he interrupted rather coldly, as if not affected by the conversation at all.

Xavier chuckled and shook his head, not saying anything else.

At the Random Art Training Center.

Stella came for work as usual, but the atmosphere had obviously changed.

Perhaps it was because they had already been informed of the closure next month that they become more cautious with everyone. They were not as relaxed as before.

Yvonne usually came in only when she had classes, but now, even she came to work every day.

When Stella arrived, Yvonne had just finished handing out gifts.

Seeing Stella, she stuffed a box into her arms. "See if you like it or not." Stella knew that she was compensating them, so she did not refuse.

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Chapter 247

When Stella opened it, she saw a white dance dress. The fabric felt very expensive, and the cutting was very elegant. She knew it was worth a lot at first glance.

Subconsciously, she said, "This is too expensive" "If you don't take it, I will throw it away!" Yvonne interrupted and said, displeased, "How can everyone accept it but not you?" Stella's eyes flickered, but she remained silent. During the break, she glanced at the presents the other colleagues received subconsciously. Although all were of very high-quality, it was obvious that hers should be the most expensive one.

Yvonne seemed to always have an unconcealed preference for her, whether she was Stella or Ella. She always took good care of her.

Her eyes were watery as she placed the dress Yvonne gave her carefully into her luggage.

The moment she turned around, her eyes met a pair of eyes which were sizing her up. This was not the first time she had bumped into Joyce at such a time. Joyce looked at her sullenly. "Why are you here?" Stella did not want to bother with her. "I should be asking you, why do you always appear behind me?"

After she said that she wanted to go past her and leave, Joyce grabbed her arm. "Don't you dare try to change the subject. Why do you show up in places like this every time? Have you discovered something?" Her eyes flashed with ruthlessness for a moment. Seeing that, Stella frowned and shook off her hand. "What have you done here that is so unseemly that you need me to find out?"

"You!"

Joyce choked and said indignantly, "Just mind your own business! Aren't you just relying on your background and connections? Now that the training institute is going to

close down, I'll see where you can go to show off!" "I don't have anywhere I could show off at!" Stella was too lazy to explain to this kind of person. "Won't you become unemployed as well?" "I am different from you. I rely on my capabilities, so I can live anywhere! But you are different. A person like you, who depends on connections, has no place to go after the institute closes down. Oh, wait, I was wrong!" She covered her mouth and sniggered. "You can survive with connections in this era. Perhaps a person like you is very good at flattering people. Are you going to follow Yvonne wherever she goes?"

"Yes. If you have the capabilities to do so, you can do it too and see if she cares about you." Stella went along with her words. Joyce's face immediately darkened upon that. "How are you so cocky?"

"There's nothing for me to be cocky about. But you seem to hate me very much. I have no grievance with you, but why do you hate me? Or is it possible that you have feelings for me?" "Don't flatter yourself." Joyce was enraged

Stella squinted her eyes and went in front of her. Suddenly, she held Joyce's arms with one hand and pinned her onto the locker.

Joyce had never seen Stella like this, and was a bit nervous. "What do you want?"

"What do I want?" Stella clenched her fists.

She was an experienced worker. She knew that although she was not as physically strong as a man, it was sufficient for her to bluff in front of people like Joyce.

"I used to put up with everything, seeing as we're colleagues. But now that the training center is closing, there are some things I don't need to put up with." Stella lowered her voice. "I'm telling you: I am the kind of person you think I am-a hypocrite! I dare you to keep on provoking me."

"Are you threatening me?" Joyce glared at her with eyes wide open in disbelief. "Aren't you just a person who relies on connections? How dare you threaten me!" Bam!

Stella shook off her hand and slammed her arm against the cabinet. "Threat? The next time I hear you talk nonsense, I'll rip your mouth off."

After that, she gave Joyce a cold look and turned around.

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Chapter 248

Even after she had gone far, Joyce was still unresponsive. She stared at Stella's back and gritted her teeth.

Alter a while, a man appeared behind her and put his hand on her shoulder. "She didn't find out, did she?"

"Of course not! But if we stay here any longer, people will find out about this!" She glared at him "When are you going to divorce that woman?"

Impatience flashed across his face.

Regardless, Joyce was still considered fresh meat to him. He had only played with her for a few months so far, so he was still patient with her. "Just wait for a while longer. Can't you see how I treat you? I even came to this place for your sake. With my status, can't you see how sincere I am to you?"

In fact, she always knew that he was only saying this to appease her, but it was inexplicably very effective after hearing that, she softened her stance immediately "You promised me that you would definitely marry me in the future, so you can't lie to me! I have given you my heart and even become your mistress for your sake I took the risk of being hated by everyone to be with you, so you must not let me down!"

"Of course "The man hugged her

She felt disgusted when his beer belly touched her, but she suppressed her feelings and Smooched with him

While doing that, she looked at the direction Stella had just left, and her eyes were somewhat malicious

Perhaps because of the coming closure next month, the schedule was rather loose these days. Many students had simply quit and stopped having classes. Only hall remained. Many teachers were already looking for new jobs, and Yvonne did not stop them. As a boss, she was considered a very tolerant one

Stella looked at the timetable.

She only had classes in the morning today, and Yvonne had packed her things to leave at noon.

She took Stella's hand as they went downstairs. The moment they went down, they saw Lucas waiting at the stairway. He was looking at his watch.

When he heard footsteps, he looked up at Yvonne and walked up to her with big steps before taking the bag in her hands. Stella felt a bit awkward standing beside them.

She knew that Lucas was not ignoring her, he simply looked down on her.

Yvonne handed him her bag and glanced at her.

She suddenly glared at him and said, "Can you see someone is here? Don't you know how to greet people?"

The man frowned, seemingly annoyed,

Before he said anything, Stella interrupted. "I should leave now."

"Wait! Where are you going? I can send you there," Yvonne offered.

Lucas tugged Yvonne's arm just after she took a step forward, showing a clear attitude of not wanting her to get too close with her.

Stella smiled and shook her head. "It's alright. I have called a cab, and it is already waiting for me outside."

She turned and left, but still heard the man behind her say, "Weston will get her a chauffeur. You don't have to worry about her."

She quickened her pace. Finally, when no one was around, she leaned against the wall.

she heard her heart thumping incessantly. It was a sense of shame that was hard to shake off which kept haunting her, making it hard for her to calm down. Lucas was right- he had indeed appointed a chauffeur for her. Perhaps she had a huge advantage in the eyes of the outsiders. They must think that she would surely hold on to him after getting close to him.

Her life now was given by him as well. She was trapped in a golden cage, and nobody would believe in her tears.

No one would believe how much she loathed her current situation.

Even if she cried, nobody would care.

In the hospital ward.

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Chapter 249 Just after sending Guinevere away, two more uninvited guests came. Henry did not like other people disturbing him. When he saw Weston and Xavier, his face remained unchanged.

Both of them had outstanding appearances. When they passed through the corridor, there were quite a few people probing their heads to look at them. The young nurses blushed, especially when they saw Weston.

A young nurse informed Henry cautiously, "Mr. Moore, there are two gentlemen here to see you."

Seeing her red face, he suddenly thought of a person. She also blushed very easily. She was apparently a bodyguard, but she would blush every time he teased her with just a few words. She did not look like a person who could protect another person at all. He suddenly took some interest in the young nurse and asked, "Do you think the two of them or I look better?" The nurse did not expect him to ask such a question and froze in place. After a while, she actually started thinking seriously. She looked at him, and then at the two men, whose handsomeness was hardly seen even on television. Weston, especially, had a very powerful aura. She could not take her eyes off him after taking a glance, but she dared not look him straight in the eyes. No matter when, he was always the center of attention. As for Xavier, who was beside him, he was more like a popular male star. His gestures were so sweet and friendly. When he smiled at her, especially, the nurse would blush even more. Just as she was about to say something, Henry waved his hand. "You can go out now." "Oh... okay." She came to her senses and quickly left the room. She closed the door to give them some privacy. Henry glanced at the door and withdrew his eyes without any excitement left. He felt that it was absolutely no fun. She was not like her. If it was her, she might have blushed, but she would not stammer like the young nurse. After she left, he had indeed met quite a few people like her. But the resemblance was very little; there were more differences than similarity. They would resemble her in one way, but the rest would be totally different. Why couldn't he meet someone who was exactly like her? He found it very upsetting. And with that, he could not be bothered with the two of them. "What's up?" He pushed his wheelchair on the balcony, ready to sunbathe. Weston had long been used to his sickly appearance. Without saying anything, he sat on the sofa and started reading the newspaper. Xavier shook his head and went to the balcony, leaning against the railing next to him. He fished out a pack of cigarettes and handed it to Henry. "Want one?" Henry was too lazy to even look at him. "I am a patient now. Do you think this is even appropriate?" "You have a broken leg, not a broken mouth. Can't you even smoke?" He was too lazy to talk to him and simply closed his eyes, enjoying the sunshine. "Do you really plan to stay in a wheelchair for the rest of your life?" Xavier was not very close to him. But because he was Weston's uncle, and he also knew the story and conflicts between these two people, he somehow became familiar with him.

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Chapter 250 It was as if Henry knew what he was about to say. "I just like to sit like this. It has nothing to do with anyone. Mind your own business."

"Why are you getting so worked up when I haven't even mentioned who it is?" Xavier burst out laughing

He glanced at Weston and blew a smoke ring, holding the cigarette in between his

fingers. "There's really nothing you can do with this nephew of mine. He can't change his capitalist attitude no matter where he goes."

Henry followed his eyes and looked at Weston, who was reading the newspaper leisurely, and shook his head, smiling, "He is not like us. He has a woman to feed." Xavier raised his brows playfully and uttered with a teasing tone, "Guinevere is the young lady of the Cohens. Moreover, she is a popular star. Does she need him to support her?"

Henry laughed without saying anything.

He could see that Weston's eyes were telling another story.

Xavier had been in the business industry for many years, so he was not as simple as he appeared to be. He knew Henry meant something else just at a glance. "Hmm? Do you have a different opinion about our perfect couple?"

Henry pushed his wheelchair closer to the railing and reached out to touch the potted plants placed above.

Among them, there was an Easter Lily Cactus, which he had kept the longest.

It seemed that it would bloom soon.

He fiddled with the spikes with his pale and slender fingers.

Guinevere came to his ward earlier and asked him to help her investigate the woman in Lowe Garden

He naturally would not refuse her.

He looked at Xavier and said, "You are his uncle. You should have heard about that woman in Lowe Garden, right?"

It was an incident a while ago. It was not a big deal for Weston to go to a place like Lowe Garden for business.

And it was also not a big deal to have a few women in that kind of place.

However, he had never asked anyone to accompany him in the private room before. Yet he made an exception that day and ordered a woman for the first time. What was more, he paid for all the alcohol.

And because of him, the price to hire that woman soared.

Some were even talking about it until today, so it was impossible for Guinevere to not know it. Xavier smelled something fishy upon hearing that question and straightened his back.

When they came, he had already learned that someone had visited Henry earlier.

No matter how aloof he was, he was still a rich man, so it was not unusual for people to visit him.

When Xavier thought it that way, he guessed the person should be Guinevere. Thinking of those connections between the three of them, Xavier massaged his temples. "Never in my lifetime did I think that I would one day be able to see Weston get caught up in love."

"If he really has another woman..." Xavier chuckled. The arch of his lips oozed intrigue. "That would be interesting."

As he was speaking, he suddenly stretched out his toe and gave a gentle kick to the man's wheelchair. "If Weston and Guinevere fall out one day, you'll have a chance." Everyone knew that these two had turned against each other for women once even though they were best friends. Henry even pursued Guinevere openly. Nevertheless, it was just a one-sided love. She had all her heart on Weston and only saw him as a

backup. If Weston were to fall in love with another woman, he would be able to take the spot.

He heard the mockery in his words but did not get irritated. Suddenly, a pricking pain was felt on his fingertip. He did not pay attention when fiddling with his cactus, so he got pricked. A bead-like drop of blood emerged from his fingertips.

Seeing this, Xavier reached out to take away the potted plant in his hands. "You have been staying in the hospital for too long that you have started fiddling with these useless things. You never have green fingers. Why don't you give them to the nurses? At least you can make a good impression on them." Before Xavier could touch the cactus, Henry suddenly grabbed his wrist.