

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 261

Chapter 261

Stella stared at him dully. She had seen him like this before when they were still married.

When he was losing control, he would gaze at her that way.

Feeling mocked, she reached her hands out to touch his eyebrows.

He appeared to like being this close to her and allowed her to touch his face as much as she wanted.

Weston doesn't like physical touch, but Stella was an exception. After a moment of silence, he heard her speak in a deep voice, "I'm very curious. Does Guinevere not satisfy you?"

The atmosphere between them instantly shattered when she brought up another woman's name.

The little warmth they had earlier was now filled with coldness and unspeakable embarrassment.

Perhaps Weston didn't take this seriously, but Stella couldn't accept her identity at all. But what was she? Merely a mistress of his...

As much as she didn't want to, she lived under Guinevere's shadow.

The man's fingertips pressed against the corners of her mouth, and his expression slowly calmed down. "Do you know that you just ruined the mood?" "Really?" Her lips were pulled into a tight line.

Weston let Stella go.

With both having little appetite to eat, the table was still full of dishes.

Joan wanted to clear the table, but Weston shot her a glance, instructing, "Leave it there."

"Sir..." she stammered, a little hesitating.

He rubbed his forehead in frustration and repeated himself. "I said, leave it there."

"Yes, sir."

Joan didn't understand how they were fine one minute but argued the next.

Stella didn't know how long she stayed in the toilet. Not wanting to face him, she took a really long bath. Though she had been in an enclosed space for a long time, something was different today Weston didn't want to bother her, but considering the time she was taking, he walked to the

door and knocked. "Stella, are you trying to suffocate yourself?"

No sound came out.

Weston's eyebrows scrunched as if realizing something had happened. "Stella, answer me!"

It was still quiet inside.

Instantly, his face darkened, and he kicked the door open.

A loud bang ensued as the door fell.

He strode inside.

The stuffy toilet was marred by steam, and inside the bathtub laid Stella with her eyes shut.

She was so quiet she looked like she was sleeping.

His eyes widened and an indescribable wave of fear coursed through his body.

"Stella!"

Without a second thought, he pulled her out of the water and pinched her philtrum. "Are you insane?"

From the looks of it, he believed she must've deliberately done that to herself. Quickly, he laid her on the ground and put pressure on her ribcage, attempting to resuscitate her. After a while, she sputtered unceremoniously and spat out water as she choked and gagged

"Cough!"

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Stella was instantly overcome by a fierce coughing fit that caused her to tremble violently, as she slumped helplessly on his knee. Finally, after a chaotic few minutes, all the water in her lungs was out.

She opened her eyes, dazed, and saw Weston in front of her. Her face showed clearly, with her wet hair in a bunch. When he saw that she was slowly recovering, he let out a relieved sigh. "Thank god you're fine,"

Seemingly unable to comprehend what she had just gone through, she took a glance at the bathroom before asking, "What happened?" Then, when she lowered her head and saw what she was wearing, she shrieked in horror and subconsciously hugged herself, trying to avoid him.

"Are you stupid? How can you drown when you're showering?" At that, she remembered that she had indeed wanted to shower, but slept off in the bathtub from exhaustion. She didn't know how long she slept but as her body relaxed, she slowly slid into the water. If it weren't for Weston, she would've probably been dead. She was a little scared thinking about it, but at the same time, didn't regret it. If she died just like that, she could escape all that pain and misery. It was as if he saw right through her intention and grabbed her chin with force. "Don't even think about it. If you die, I won't let Roger live well." Her eyes flew open. "Weston!" she yelled.

Though Weston knew that she'd be mad next, he still felt the need to tell her.

"Don't try to leave me like that. You should know by now, that if you die, I will only make Roger's life hard. No matter where you are, I will find you."

The scene of Stella falling from the rooftop flashed through his mind, an incident that he would never want to remember again for as long as he lived.

Stella falling from the rooftop had always been his most terrifying nightmare.

Never would he allow her to be in danger in this life. Never again.

She glared at him with hatred and warned, "If you dare to hurt Roger, my ghost will haunt you till kingdom come."

He sneered. "I was afraid you'd let me go like that."

"You..." She was speechless.

She got out of the bathtub. With her entire body soaked with water, she shivered in cold.

Weston's eyes darkened as he gawked at her head to toe, restraining the urge he was feeling. He wrapped her in a bathrobe, picked her up, and strode out of the bathroom right to the bed where he gently placed her.

Stella immediately shrank inside her blanket, refusing to communicate with him.

He didn't make a sound, and his face went dark.

He shot her a glare before taking out a hair dryer and lifting the quilt. "Come out," he said sternly.

With her back turned, she remained silent and refused to entertain a thing he said.

Patience had its limits, and so did Weston's. Without waiting, he pulled her out of the blanket straight into his arms and began to blow-dry her hair.

His movements were a bit rough as he tugged on her hair, and although her scalp hurt, her lips remained tightly sealed, not letting a single squeak escape.

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Weston's expression darkened as he saw her belligerence, and his hands only ruffled her hair with greater force

Stella endured the pain and let him continue to blow her hair. After a while, he saw the tears pooling in her eyes and sighed gently. "If you told me you're hurting, you wouldn't have to endure the pain." She ignored him, wiped the corner of her eyes, and turned her head away. He was the one inflicting the pain on her, yet she was to blame for not telling him it hurt. Weston felt his heart drop and he put the hair dryer aside. He held Stella's face in his hands and pinned his forehead against hers. "How are you so bold?" He planted a kiss on the tip of her nose. "If you want to go see Roger, then go. Don't put on a sour face." His words were cold, but he was compromising for her. Stella's eyes glistened, not expecting him to change his opinion.

Seeing her face relax, he sneered and pinched her face. "I gave you what you want. Why don't you give me a smile?"

She was still a little resentful, though. Earlier, he had threatened her in the bathroom that he would do something to Roger, but since he had agreed to let her see him for a few days, she decided to let it go.

She flashed a smile at him.

It was a little forced, but Weston accepted it.

"Let's sleep now."

Stella nodded. As she was about to lay down, he suddenly patted her shoulder. "Are you hungry since you didn't have dinner?"

"No." She shook her head. He glanced at her, stood up, and walked to the kitchen without saying a word.

Half an hour later

Weston walked into the room. "I asked Joan to make some food for you." He placed them on the little table in front of Stella. "You don't have to eat it if you don't feel like eating. But no one would care if you're hungry in the middle of the night." His words were harsh, but she decided to not argue with him and she reached out to take the food "Thank you."

"You don't hate me anymore?"

She knew his words meant otherwise, so she ignored him. After quickly finishing the food, she passed the plate to him. He didn't leave after taking it. Instead, he reached his hands out to wipe the corners of her lips. "How old are you, still leaving stains on your mouth?"

She lowered her head and wiped one corner of her lips to check if there was any stain.

However, Weston grabbed her chin, not letting her move. He took a tissue from the bedside table and gently helped her wipe her mouth.

They were leaning so close to each other she could feel his hot breath on her skin.

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If either one of them moved forward a bit, their lips would touch. But he stayed in the same position. After wiping, he let her go.

He stood up and left the room with the bowl in his hands.

As Stella watched him walk away, her tense body relaxed. She glanced at the wide bedroom, then shut her eyes.

When Weston returned, he saw that she'd curled up in the blanket. He shook his head and went straight to the bathroom.

Under the blanket, she could hear the sound of running water.

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Stella knew he was showering.

Not long later, the noise in the bathroom stopped.

Before the blanket was pulled and the bed sunk, she could hear heavy footsteps plodding toward her.

A wet body hugged her from behind.

LLL

Instantly, she stiffened and didn't dare to breathe.

Weston noticed her repulse, gently rubbed her hair and kissed her head. "Go to sleep. I won't do anything to you."

The scene earlier was still stuck in his head.

The horrifying image of her lying in the tub, unconscious.

At that moment, he really thought she had committed suicide. If that had happened, he would never be able to accept it. But thankfully, it was only an accident. Weston didn't show many emotions. Only when he hugged Stella would his raging heartbeat slow to a calm.

He hugged her tightly with considerable force, a force that was suffocating

It wasn't until she was breathing heavily that he let her go slightly. He helped tidy her hair. "I know what you're thinking." In a hoarse voice, he croaked, "I can forgive your little tricks as long as you stay with me." Suddenly, nervousness swept over Stella. She didn't know what he meant by tricks.

She grabbed onto his bathrobe, and her hand tightened.

She wanted to say something, but he didn't seem to need her answers. After finishing his words, he patted her back like she was a child and whispered, "Go to sleep."

It was then that she did she close her eyes and gradually fell asleep.

The next day.

She woke up later than him.

Weston was a very disciplined man and had extremely strict time management to ensure his plans would never get disrupted.

He was like some high-efficiency robot that didn't make mistakes.

By the time Stella woke up, Weston was getting ready to leave for work.

She stood on the balcony of the second floor and looked down as his black car slowly pulled

out of the garage.

It wasn't until she lost sight of the car that she shifted her gaze away. She had told Roger that she was on a business trip for a couple of days but, at the same time, told Weston that she would be staying with Roger. She took out the name card, gave it some thought, and gave Bradley a call. After ringing for a long time, Bradley finally picked it up, sounding a little annoyed. "Who is this?" "Hi, I'm Ella. Do you remember me? I came with Ruby to audition last time. I auditioned for the junior sister role." There was a long pause from the other end. It was so long that she thought Bradley didn't remember her... until he spoke again. "I remember. Why?" "Have you found an actress for the role? I am interested. Can I give it a try again?"

Bradley was at the shooting location, and hearing her words, he was silent for a while before saying, "Sure. Do you have time now?" "I do."

"There's one scene that you can try." After getting the address, she immediately headed out after informing Joan. She couldn't waste whatever little time she got.

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Having only a few classes to attend, she headed directly to the filming site.

This time, they were doing an outdoor shot, far away in the suburbs.

It took over an hour's car ride for Stella to reach the place, and she had a little motion sickness during the ride.

when she arrived, the assistant was waiting for her.

It seemed like he recognized her as he walked to her and asked, "Ms. Steele, right? Please follow me."

She nodded and walked inside with him and saw Bradley shouting at one of the actresses inside.

"I want you to act like a rich lady, not a servant!"

“You were too timid, which part of your acting looked like a wealthy woman who’s been pampered her entire life?”

The actress hung her head low. Stella stopped in her tracks. This was her first time seeing Bradley like this.

The assistant seemed to notice her change in attitude and told her, “You don’t have to mind The director is like this to everyone.”

“It doesn’t matter if you’re a man or a woman. As long as you’re in the crew, he will be extremely strict with you.”

Hearing this, Stella relaxed a little.

It took some time before Bradley stopped shouting at the actress.

The assistant ran to him and said something to him.

He turned around and shot Stella a glance. Then, the assistant came running to her and handed her a script. “The director asked you to give it a try and read a few lines.”

Stella stood up and walked to him. “Ella, right? I remember you.” Bradley spoke first. “Why are you contacting me now?” He had tried looking for other people to audition for the role but couldn’t find the right one.

Although the character in question only had a few lines, they were equally important. Character growth, in particular, had to be precisely depicted.

Guinevere wasn’t satisfied with the few actresses chosen before, and he was no different.

Whenever he thought about Ella, he felt pity, but since she didn’t want to, he couldn’t force

her.

So when he got her call, he was actually surprised, but he kept a cool façade like always.

“Read this line for me.”

Having just arrived, Stella wasn’t even ready when she was already given such a request. She put her bag aside and skimmed through the script – the part of the plot about an innocent junior sister in her early stages. Originally the carefree daughter of the head, she was blessed with many senior brothers who loved her After the appearance of the heroine, however, everything fell apart. She liked the heroine at first,

thinking she had obtained a senior sister, only to realize later that the heroine was now receiving all the love that had once showered on her.

This made her a little upset.

At first, she was like a kid throwing tantrums to gain everyone's attention. But the more she acted that way, the more people would call her immature.

These people had the audacity to make her apologize to the heroine while being the ones who were biased. The heroine was indeed innocent and didn't care one bit about what people thought of her

She only wanted to cultivate, but the junior sister had transferred all her jealousy and anger to her, thinking that it must've been her appearance that robbed away the love she used to get

In this part, the junior sister questioned the senior brother, who had loved her since childhood, "Why are you giving that spiritual beast to senior sister when I was the one who got it first? This is completely unfair!"

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Stella continued reading

In the setting of the script, according to the rules of the sect, whoever got the spirit beast first had the right to choose

But the spirit beast yearned for the strong, and the junior sister wasn't a very diligent cultivator, making it unwilling to follow her and choose the heroine instead,

This was out of line with the sect rules. Even if such a situation occurred in the past, they would let the beast and the master slowly warm up to each other.

However, they had directly given the beast to the heroine, even criticizing her for being incompetent. It was the first time the junior sister had felt their bias and she couldn't help but question them.

However, the answers she got were heartbreaking From then on, she slowly turned evil.

This was a thrilling scene, one that had to capture the emotions caught between innocence and jealousy.

Bradley gave Stella some time and she rehearsed a couple of times at the side.

After she memorized the entire plot and understood it well, she told him, "I'll give it a try now."

He nodded, "Read the lines."

Stella put herself in the character's headspace and delivered the lines in the tone she thought was most appropriate for the character,

Bradley scowled as he examined the script in his hands. "It's fine... but since you haven't studied acting, you have certain pronunciation errors. I'll get a tutor to assist you in your diction."

Stella's eyebrows scrunched and she subconsciously turned to him,

She didn't know what he meant. Did this mean that she could stay?

Thinking about it, she broke out of character.

Her next performance wasn't excellent but acceptable.

Bradley set down the script. "I was really extremely pleased with your performance the previous time we met. You were in high spirits at the time. But today, you performed great in the beginning but not so well in the end. I can tell you're trying hard to get this part, but you're still Ella, not Junior Sister..."

Hearing his criticism, she would occasionally nod her head,

He could see that she was serious about this and sighed

He then waved his hand, summoning one of the acting teachers. "Take her to practice the

most basic body position first, and we will go through the scene later and see how she acts."

After hearing his comments earlier, all the confidence she had vanished.

Perhaps she was too confident in herself that she thought someone like her without any acting experience could get Bradley's approval. Her mood was down but she was still trying her best to learn from the instructor.

Bradley was busy.

This movie was set to premiere during Spring Festival, but the actors weren't done with their parts yet, so there wasn't much time left for the editing crew.

After that, the leads had to go on a promotion tour so at this time he was busy.

The little time he took out to guide Stella had already delayed his work. After Stella was done practicing, the assistant rushed to report it to Bradley, not wanting to waste his time.

When he was ready, he called Stella over. She then got up on stage again. There wasn't any room for breaks. This kind of high-intensity work made Stella very focused.

She played back everything the teacher taught her in her head, then performed it step by step on the stage. Bradley's face was still dark, making it hard to guess what he was thinking. When he was working, he only had one solemn expression on his face, as if he was about to shout at someone the next minute.

Nonetheless, he had a charming face. Stella would occasionally hear the staff discussing that if Bradley didn't become a director, he would've made a very popular actor.

But his temper was weird, and he was known to constantly leave his actors in tears.

Whether it was a male or female actor, none could escape his venomous words.

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Actresses used to cry easily after being scolded. There were rumors that he was anti-actress and would give them issues.

But he never changed his ways. After that, word spread that he was also chastising male actors. Only then did people know he wasn't against female actors, but he didn't put anyone in his eyes.

It was clear that his opponents were the ones who circulated the rumors, making sure that no actors or actresses want to work with him.

But instead of getting hatred, Bradley received many compliments.

Actors nowadays should be trained by Bradley! They're receiving such high pay, but their acting is horrible!

'Exactly. If I get such high pay like them, even if Bradley scolds my whole family, I will endure it!

Besides, it's not like he cursed at them. He was just pointing out facts. It's a little harsh but it's for their own good!' 'I don't understand how people nowadays can't take a

comment. If they're that fragile then don't come to the entertainment industry...! Because of this incident, not many dared to anger Bradley. If he doesn't speak a word, no one would dare to give their opinion. Stella didn't know she performed but after a while, she heard him say, "Go change. Contact the costume designers and design one for her."

She was taken aback for a long time without any reaction, just standing there.

After Bradley gave his orders, he turned around and saw that she stood frozenly there. "What? You don't want to act anymore?"

She shook her head. "No. I just thought I didn't act well. I was even ready to get scolded by you."

He paused for a moment before laughing "You're quite honest. But since you're ready to get scolded, I won't be gentle with you. I will directly tell you if you did anything wrong." Once he was done speaking, he waved his hands, and his workers took her down the stage

There were many designers that came and measured her.

She just stood there and let them do their thing This feeling was a little new and made her feel a little emotional.

There were so many people and cameras pointing at her when she was on the stage earlier If it was the old her, she wouldn't like it at all.

But strangely, after getting into character, she loved it. She sat in front of the dressing table and listened to the designers talking about her costume. At this moment, the assistant suddenly came to her with a contract. "Ms. Steele, have a look if you have any questions." The minute she took over the contract, her phone rang.

It was an unknown number

Her eyes flashed and she stood up. "Can I answer a phone call?" she asked apologetically.

"Sure."

She immediately walked to a quiet place and looked around. After making sure there was no one, she answered the phone. "Hello?" Weston stood on the balcony of his office and his brows furrowed when he heard her voice. "Where are you?" She lowered her voice and whispered, "I'm at school..." "Why are you whispering?" She was stunned for a moment. She doesn't like to lie but she had no choice and said, "I was in class with

Roger earlier. I'm outside of his class right now. I don't want to disturb them studying..." Weston sneered, "You're learning what you shouldn't." "What do you mean?" she asked subconsciously. He chuckled lowly, "What do you think I mean?" His tone was low, and Stella went quiet for a long time before she understood what he meant.

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Chapter 268

After hanging up the phone, she didn't return immediately to the site.. She stood on the corridor and felt the breeze blowing on her face which calmed her down a little.

She knew what Weston meant by that. He was intending that she learnt all those to pleasure a man.

In the end, he never looked at her as a human but a disposable toy for pleasure.

A bitter smile appeared on her face before she put her away and went back.

Her only thought right now was to become famous, which at the same time was her only way to escape him.

Ford Corporation.

After the meeting, Ben suddenly walked to Weston. "Mr. Ford, these are the projects at Ahn City. Please have a look."

Weston flipped through the pages and suddenly thought of something. "Show me the publicity plan." A campaign was needed as the Ford Corporation was moving to Fern City.

They had done many early preparations and even communicated with the media. Their way of organizing a campaign had always been doing charity, but now Weston had other ideas.

Fern University was one of the top universities in the country. Many graduates would dream of working in Ford Corporation.

"Change this year's plan to sponsoring a bunch of excellent students to study overseas."

A huge reputation school like Fern University had guaranteed quality students.

Instead of spending a lot of money on recruitment, it was better to start from school and cultivate a group of outstanding talents that would be useful to the company in the future.

It would improve the company's reputation and save you a lot of effort.

Weston's workers were also like him, all high-efficiency beings when it came to working. Ben quickly arranged it and contacted the person in charge of Fern University. The school was excited to hear that the company was sponsoring them and immediately arranged for a representative to come and talk with him. It was a small matter which the workers could deal with themselves, but Weston decided that he'd deal with it on his own. "We're not doing a charity. Although we will be sponsoring students to study overseas, they have to be students that are qualified and have great potential," Ben said at the side. The representative sent by the school sat in Weston's office and nodded his head, agreeing

with Ben. "Of course. Here is a list of our excellent students. Please have a look, Mr. Ford!"

The name listed were ranked from highest to lowest grade.

All it took was one glance for Weston to see that familiar name.

Roger. His grades were high above everyone else'. Even at a university like Fern University where almost everyone was a high achiever, he still outsold them.

Weston never really cared about him. When he got married to Stella, all he did was give Roger money. To him, nothing couldn't be solved with a little money. At that moment, he had some intentions for Roger. He shot Ben a glance and Ben immediately understood him. "Why doesn't this student have any record of his grades two years ago?"

When the man heard this, he looked at the student and recalled some memories of Roger.

"The admissions office said that he transferred from another university. Although he didn't have the grade points of the previous two years, his usual performance is very good. He had to leave school for two years due to physical reasons, so there was no previous record because he has the same academic qualification. So, he's been delegated to a computer major."

Weston tapped on the table with his pen lightly. "He did well for someone who left school for two years."

The man's eyes widened after hearing this, and he understood what Weston meant.

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"This student does not come from a particularly complex home. His family could allow him to study abroad." After all, getting a scholarship to study abroad wasn't easy. As a result, there were various criteria regarding the student's family history. Additionally, the student's quality was also something they needed to consider. Some people wouldn't come back after leaving the country, which would be a loss for the corporation.

It was a bad deal.

Although they weren't forcing the students to come back, Weston wasn't the kind that wouldn't ask for something in return for a good deed he'd done.

To a businessman, getting a profit was the most important.

"What do you say, Mr. Ford?"

The man tried to guess his mind. Weston kept quiet, and after a moment of silence, he spoke, "Looking at just grades is not enough." "So what do you mean?"

"If I have the time, I'll visit the school and make observations. If you need any financial support, the Ford Corporation will assist you." The man was shocked and immediately stood up. "I, representing all Fern University, would like to thank you with our hearts!"

Weston shot Ben a glance, indicating that he could send the guest out.

The office was left empty. He rubbed his forehead, and his lips curled at the thought of how Stella begged him yesterday. She was transparent in front of him, knowing his moves and thoughts. Since she wanted to spend more time with Roger and had asked him for permission, of course, he would allow it.

If agreeing could make her happy, he was willing to do it.

But if Roger lived in the country for a long time, Stella wouldn't let him go of him.

It was fine if she went and saw him a few times, but if it happened again and again, he wouldn't agree.

Right now, this was the only way.

Not everyone had the chance to further their studies overseas.

If he had told Stella directly, she would not let Roger go because she doesn't trust him. If the school had talked to her about this matter, then it would be a lot easier. Just as he finished solving one matter, Guinevere called him. They had an appointment with the doctor today, and Weston stood up to get the driver to pick her up.

Guinevere was still living in the old mansion. Because of her parent's support, Weston had journeyed back and forth many times for her.

Every time she saw the doctor, he would be there. At first, they would ask the doctor to go to the mansion, but she lost control and smashed everything around her. To not scare Chris and Wendy, they changed the location to the hospital. It was a private hospital, which meant they kept the patients' information confidential. Along the way, Guinevere remained silent. She looked at Weston and initiated the conversation. "What projects are you doing at Fern City?"

"Developing a new property," he answered her. He kept his answer short and straight to the point. She went quiet for a while before asking, "Have you been a little tired lately? If you have, I can go see the doctor alone in the future."

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Chapter 270

Only after hearing this did Weston put down the work in his hands and turn to her. "If you went alone, your parents would come the next day." Instantly, her fist tightened. "So, you're only here with me because of my parents?"

She got emotional easily, and he had to be careful about what he said around her. Seeing her pale face, he said lightly, "Don't you overthink things."

Guinevere shut her eyes and calmed down.

As long as Weston was willing to show her a little gentleness, she could lie to herself. But... "I heard that you've been going to Lowe Garden lately." ...she still brought it up. Until now, she couldn't believe he would go there as he had never been interested in women.

Everyone knew what kind of place Lowe Garden was.

All the wealthy heirs frequented it if they were looking for fun. Lowe Garden and The Dog House were not the same, but they were both famous entertainment places.

The Doghouse was suitable for all walks of life. The crowd was a mixed bag, ranging from wealthy bosses worth hundreds of millions to wage earners with a monthly salary of several thousand.

But Lowe Garden was different. Guinevere had seen the woman called Belle.

However, she was most insecure that Belle looked quite a bit like Stella.

Before this, Guinevere would never ask about his schedule, but now, she would.

Hearing this, he looked at her calmly and said, "I went there to socialize for work."

She knew that he wouldn't answer honestly, but hearing how he had so casually lied through his teeth. She felt anger rising in her. "I remember you used to hate socializing." "That was in the past. People change," he said calmly. Instantly feeling disappointed, she asked, "Did you change? Have your feelings for me changed?"

Her voice was shaky as she waited for his answer. After a moment of silence, she saw him taking off his glasses and rubbing his forehead as he said, "No."

Only then did she release a sigh of relief and smile at him. "As long as your feelings didn't

change." She shut her eyes and leaned on his shoulder.

Weston looked outside the window, his dark eyes reflecting the lights that kept changing as they passed the road. His head was lost in the clouds.

After Guinevere finished her treatment, it was already afternoon.

He glanced at his phone before saying, "I still have some things I need to deal with at the company. I'll let the driver send you home first."

She was a lot more stable now. Perhaps it was because the wedding date was already set. They agreed to get the marriage certificate next week. At last, she had hope. Naturally, she wouldn't force him too much. "Okay. Come home early." "I might not come home tonight."

"Why?"

"Ben will explain to you," he responded. With that, he signaled the driver to drive away.

Stella still had some words she wanted to say, but before she could say anything, he had vanished from her sight.

When the car was far away, a sinister look appeared on her face.

She sucked in a deep breath and stared at the driver as she asked, "Is he going to Lowe Garden

again?"

"Yes, miss."