

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 301

### Chapter 301

Stella sat at the desk by the full-length windows for the last time and stared down at the bustling streets below. Sighing, she said, "I'll probably try out acting." "Acting?" Yvonne stared at her, wide-eyed. "Are you for real? You want to be an actress, but your skills don't seem to match!"

"I tried out for an audition previously and the director found me talented and cast me. I haven't had the time to update you..." Stella looked at Yvonne with affection, "All along...you're the only one who's treated me well and helped me genuinely. I will definitely remember everything you've done for me. I know that what I say now might sound fake and an empty promise, but in the future, if I have the ability, I will never reject you if you ever need my help." She looked into Yvonne's eyes.

Yvonne was stunned for a moment before tears began welling up in her eyes. "Why are you making this sound like you'll be gone forever?"

"I'm sorry..." Stella chuckled, "I'm just afraid I won't have the chance to say something like this again..."

"What nonsense! Even if we no longer work together in this training center, we still have many chances to meet! Oh yes, which cast did you join? I'll visit you frequently." Stella pondered about it and thought it better to tell her the truth, "It's Bradley Lane's new movie which just began filming. They are currently framing the scenes in Fern City." Realization dawned upon Yvonne. "I know that movie! Bradley is pretty well-known in the scene and has a good reputation in the industry."

Stella nodded.

After a moment, Yvonne recalled something. "Hang on! I just remembered that Guinevere is the female lead of the movie, isn't she?"

She stared unblinkingly at Stella, slightly shocked.

Stella's body turned slightly stiff as she nodded after a moment's pause, "Yes. But, she hasn't entered the cast just yet...and we haven't met so far."

With her slow, stuttery response, Yvonne knew that Stella still hadn't gotten over things.

Regardless of whether she was a willing party, Stella had been relegated to a shady status one just couldn't be proud of.

Yvonne couldn't figure out why she felt increasingly upset, "Weston Ford is simply too much! Didn't he have the sense to arrange for you a movie cast that didn't include Guinevere?"

She clearly thought that Weston was behind all these.

Stella shook her head, "He had nothing to do with this. It was completely my choice."

With that, she smiled bitterly, "In fact, he didn't allow me to join the cast at the beginning, saying that it'll just put

at it'll just put me in the spotlight and bring shame to him."

"What nonsense!"

Yvonne felt indignant on her behalf, "Isn't Guinevere herself acting and exposing herself under public scrutiny too? What's more, she acted in more than one movie! She had so many intimate scenes with the male lead in that movie she won an award in! What's with his double standard?"

Stella shook her head, "At the very least, he's now finally agreed to let me join the cast, so I must seize this opportunity." Since this was Stella's personal choice, as a friend of hers, Yvonne couldn't do much but support her.

After a moment's thought, she said, "The entertainment circle is a lot more complicated than you think it is. I know many people who aren't as glamorous as they look on the outside. Whatever it is, remember to come to me if you need help."

Stella nodded. "I will." Yvonne couldn't help but sigh.

Even though Stella said she would, Yvonne knew that it would take a lot for Stella to take the initiative to come looking for her for help. The two of them sat next to each other for a while longer before Stella broke the silence, "Will Dr. Quirk be coming to fetch you later? Perhaps I should make a move."

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 302**

### **Chapter 302**

Yvonne knew that Stella found Lucas biased against her, and therefore, did not want to bump into him.

"Why don't we have dinner together?" she suggested. "Lucas is busy with something at the hospital today and will return very late. I don't have plans anyway."

Stella gave it a little thought before agreeing to Yvonne's suggestion. Both of them would probably have fewer opportunities to meet in the future and share a meal. She had no reason to reject Yvonne.

"I call dibs on treating you!" she insisted. "You can pick a place."

Yvonne smiled. "Sure."

The last time Yvonne chose to bring Stella to an entertainment venue, Lucas had repeatedly nagged at her, warning against doing such a thing again. This time, she obediently selected a western restaurant with romantic vibes that seemed more suitable for couples. Both ladies chatted leisurely as they waited for their dishes to be served. The next moment, Yvonne's expression changed. Her face, which was originally full of smiles, suddenly turned cold.

Stella was stunned for a moment, thinking that she must've said something wrong. "What's the matter?"

Yvonne remained silent as she stared at a particular corner.

Stella followed her gaze and her face stiffened up as well.

At a booth seat's distance away from them, she saw Lucas sharing a meal with an elegantly dressed woman.

There wasn't much to this scene by itself, except that Lucas had told Yvonne that he had intended to work overtime at the hospital tonight, yet he ended up sharing a meal here with another gorgeous woman.

This was clearly an issue.

Yvonne forced herself to calm down. "There must be some misunderstanding..."

The next moment, she saw a napkin drop from the woman's hand onto the floor.

The woman bent over to pick it up, but Lucas was one move ahead of her and picked it up instead.

When he handed the napkin over to her, their fingers touched, and the woman suddenly held his hand.

Yvonne was no longer able to hold herself back.

She flung her cutlery on her plate, stood up in a jiffy, and charged at their table. "Lucas Quirk, who is she?!"

Before the two even realized what was happening, Yvonne had already appeared right in front of their cubicle, aggressive and clearly furious.

The western restaurant was very spacious, with a wide distance placed in between each table such that people could walk around easily. The booth compartment Lucas and the woman were in was enclosed by a simple wooden frame which made it easy to see what was going on inside. Stella felt uneasy and immediately stood up to follow behind Yvonne. The woman was lost for a moment as she subconsciously glanced at Yvonne and back at Lucas. "Dr. Quirk, this is..."

Lucas's eyes grew dim as he looked at Yvonne, "What are you doing here?"

Yvonne did not expect Lucas to return the question to her the moment he opened his mouth. She sneered, "What am I doing here? If I weren't here, I wouldn't have seen for myself what you've been doing with another woman!"

Lucas sensed the sarcasm laced in her words and his face darkened. "What nonsense!"

The woman sensed impending trouble and immediately stood up. "You must be Ms. Keller. I'm so sorry to have caused a misunderstanding..."

"What Ms. Keller? I am Mrs. Quirk!"

Yvonne cut her off curtly. "Since you know about me, then you should know that he is a married man. Don't you know how to keep your distance? You were so close to holding his hand just now!"

"I'm really sorry about that." The woman looked awkward, "I really didn't think too much about it, and I accidentally touched his hand. If it offended you, please accept my apology."

"Enough," Lucas cut in and stood up, glancing at Yvonne. "Cut it out," he said helplessly. "We are just friends."

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 303**

### **Chapter 303**

"Then why did you not tell me that you were meeting her? Didn't you say that you were at the hospital?" .

Yvonne was so enraged that she refused to accept his explanation. She glared at him coldly, growling, "Go ahead with your dinner! Eat more and make sure I don't ruin the mood of your date!"

With that, she turned to leave.

“Yvonne!” Lucas shouted behind her.

Yvonne completely ignored him and pulled Stella along her way out.

That was when Lucas noticed that Stella was with her, and his face darkened even further.

He had repeatedly nagged at Yvonne for keeping in contact with Stella, yet here she was, blatantly going against his advice.

After both of them left, the woman looked apologetically at Lucas. “I’m so sorry, Dr. Quirk, for causing a misunderstanding with your wife. Why don’t we call it a night? Please go home and explain things to her.”

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Lucas sat back down expressionlessly, “No need. Let’s go on.” “That’s not too good, isn’t it?”

“She will understand,” Lucas said. “She’s just throwing a minor tantrum and won’t take it to heart.”

The woman paused for a moment before smiling. “It seems you and your wife share a great relationship.”

Lucas sipped on his coffee as a gentle look washed over his eyes.

Yvonne stormed out of the restaurant angrily with Stella in tow.

Both of them entered the elevator.

The doors closed with a soft ding as she spotted Lucas rushing out of the restaurant.

Anger boiled in her heart and she yelled, “That scandalous couple!”

“I’m so mad!” she raved in frustration.

Stella waited for her to calm down before asking her, “Do you know what Dr. Quirk and that woman were here for?”

Yvonne scoffed, “They claimed that there’s nothing going on between them except for work. What work requires them to come to a restaurant like this? What’s more, he previously told me that he was working overtime in the hospital. In a blink of an eye, here he was at a romantic western restaurant. Does he take me for a fool?”

Yvonne was still at the peak of her anger and was unable to comprehend why Lucas did what he did.

### STEP 303

Stella could understand how she felt and tried to comfort her. “After Dr. Quirk returns home, you can always ask him in detail. Whatever it is, clear things up with him first...” The elevator doors opened. Yvonne hesitated for a moment before stepping out. Both of them had walked out of the main entrance, and Lucas still hadn’t come running after them.

LA

Stella could tell what Yvonne was thinking and suggested, “Why don’t we head to the supermarket next door for some water?” Yvonne knew that Stella was giving her an excuse to stay on, and she said coldly, “No need. Let’s head home.”

She was waiting for Lucas to chase her, but he did not. It disappointed and let her down greatly, especially in front of a friend. Before Stella could say anything further, Yvonne added, “I’ll send you back first. I’m so sorry. We had agreed on having dinner together, but I didn’t expect something like this to happen.” “It’s fine,” Stella said.

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e let me know. I’m free,

She looked at her with anyway.”

Yvonne shook her head. “I just need some alone time.”

Stella fully understood that feeling.

When something like that happened, nothing else mattered except the other party’s explanation.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 304**

### **Chapter 304**

When truly in love, the pain of betrayal that one experienced would far exceed that of the heart gouged out.

Only those who had experienced that kind of hurt would understand.

Stella was completely distracted even after she reached home.

Even Weston could sense that something was wrong with her, though he didn't probe.

After dinner.

Joan wiped the table clean.

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Stella entered a small room in the corner of the study, still looking spaced out. Stardust Mansion was where Weston and Stella used to stay in after they got married. In the original study, he had specially carved out a room for Stella to work in. However, since Weston had acquiesced for her to join the cast, Stella began to the script once she settled down in her small room.

As she read on, the feelings of angst and unsettlement crept into her mind and she couldn't help but pull out her phone to text Yvonne and ask her how she was at that moment.

The scene at the restaurant kept her worried.

Although her instincts told her that Lucas wasn't the kind that would betray his wife and gallivant his way around women, nothing was impossible in this world.

She used to think that way about Weston, too. Yet, he was now clearly capable of being deeply in love with Guinevere, while forcefully keeping her by his side.

Having gone through what she had with Weston, she found it extremely difficult to believe that pure love existed in this world.

However, the thought of Lucas not wanting Yvonne to keep in contact with her made Stella put her phone down with a long sigh.

If Yvonne needed a person to talk to, she would probably initiate contact. Recklessly asking her how she was might only serve to upset her further, she reasoned.

Knock, knock

Someone was at the door.

Stella looked up and realized that it was Joan.

“Ms. Steele, here’s a bowl of fresh berries that I bought from the market. I’ll place it on the table. Please have some.”

Stella nodded. “Thank you, Joan.”

Instead of leaving immediately, Joan remained in the room with her eyes fixed on Stella.

Stella was confused at her behavior. “What’s the matter?”

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Joan asked, “Ms. Steele, have I done something to make you unhappy?” Stella shook her head and said, perplexed, “Not at all. Why would you ask me that?”

“I noticed that you didn’t eat much today. Were the dishes I cooked not to your liking?”

Since Weston had hired her at such an exorbitant rate, she found it her responsibility to serve Stella to her utmost satisfaction. Most importantly, she was tasked with ensuring that Stella ate well.

She was responsible for making highly nutritious food that Stella liked, and her main goal was to keep Stella’s health in good shape. Stella paused for a moment. “No, I just have something on my mind... that’s why I don’t have much appetite. It’s not your fault...” Realization dawned upon her as to why Joan had come over to her room. She was probably here with snacks since she hadn’t eaten much for dinner. “Did Weston say something to you?” Instead of directly replying to her, Joan said, “Ms. Steele, if there’s anything you’re dissatisfied with, please feel free to let me know. Mr. Ford pays me such a high salary, it’s only right that I make each of your wishes my command.”

“I got it.”

Stella paused for a moment before picking a berry from the bowl and popping it in her mouth. “Very sweet.” She turned to Joan. “If I need anything, I’ll be sure to tell you directly.” Joan heaved a sigh of relief. “I shan’t bother you any further, then.”

“Sure.”

After Joan left, Stella pondered for a moment before leaving her room as well.

Believing that Weston would be in his study, she didn’t expect to stare right into his deep, dark eyes the moment she stepped out of her room.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 305**

Weston was wearing a set of grey colored casual clothes which his tall, lean figure filled out perfectly. Wisps of stray hair covered his forehead in careless fashion.

He looked slightly more personable than usual, although his cold, sharp features remained aloof and distant.

Stella halted in her footsteps. "The berries are very good," she threw out a random remark.

Weston glanced at her for a few seconds before nodding. He didn't appear to have anything further to say.

Stella turned sideways to give way to him.

Aside from when they were physically intimate, they didn't seem to have much to say to each other.

Stella could always sense the wide divide between Weston and herself.

It was not a gap that could be closed, even with daily contact and interaction-like when they were married for that short while, during which they spent many days and nights together.

Yet, it was not enough for Weston to develop true feelings for her. Otherwise, things wouldn't have gotten to this point.

Stella lowered her head, not realizing that he had stopped right in front of her.

Instead of passing her by, he cornered her and asked, "Did you eat the berries?"

Stella lifted her head and found herself trapped in between his outstretched arms.

"I did," she replied.

Weston lifted her chin, nudging the tip of his nose against the corner of her lips and took in a deep breath. "Open your mouth so I can take a whiff."

Stella furrowed her brows. "What's there to smell? Just get Joan to wash another bowl for berries for—"

Before she could complete her sentence, her mouth was sealed by Weston's lips.

He seemed to have a penchant for kissing her as of late.

No matter where, his kisses would land on her lips without any warning, catching her completely off-guard.

He was fully immersed in the kiss, with his eyes shut. Stella could see the sharp corners of his eyes, like a delicate painting spread out right in front of her.

Stella simply stared at him.

There was no trace of indulgence in her. Not in the slightest.

He devoured her sweet aura as if he really could taste the mild flavor of berries lingering in her mouth.

After a long while, Weston finally let her go.

He straightened himself up, catching his breath. Yet, when he turned to look at Stella, he found her completely unmoved and unaffected.

He stiffened for a split second, his eyes darkening.

He pinched her chin and leaned in for yet another kiss, adamant to make her lose her cool.

Unlike the kiss earlier, there was a hint of frustration and less tenderness in this one.

Stella's head was lifted high and her neck was tilted all the way up.

Weston wrapped his arms tight around her waist and pressed her against the wall, which made her silently yelp in pain.

He took the opportunity as she opened her mouth to invade her senses.

All she could do was to look at him, feel him, and touch him.

She had to feel everything he wanted to give her. He did not want that hollow look in her eyes when she opened them. He wanted her eyes to be filled with him, and him only. Stella couldn't help but hit his arms, but it only made him grab her hands and lift them over her head.

His hands started drifted downward. Stella shut her eyes and tip-toed in response to his aggressive advances. Joan was originally cleaning up the hall when she heard the commotion in the room. She sensibly left the hall and went to the courtyard outside. She knew that she wouldn't be able to return to the house anytime soon. As if he hadn't had enough of kissing her, Weston lifted Stella up entirely and pinned her against the wall again. He made her hug him back and urged, "Hug me tight. Don't slide down."

Stella couldn't suppress her complaint.

"My back hurts..."

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 306

### Chapter 306

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Weston paused for a moment before lifting her up again.

He rested his palm on her back and pressed her against the wall. "It shouldn't hurt now." "Don't move..." he whispered hoarsely in her ear. Stella had no way out of her situation. Instead of struggling any further, she passively took on his aggressive advances. She hung weakly on his body, unsure why Weston was so passionate about kissing.

It felt as if as long as he had the time to spare, he could just spend it all kissing her like this.

It was only until Stella's breath became unsteady, almost panting and out of strength that Weston finally released her hands. Her legs gave way as she slowly slid to the floor. Weston chuckled deeply as if chiding her for being weak. He carried her up in his arms back into her small work room.

Stella asked, "Why did you bring me back in here?"

Weston sat on her chair, leaning her in his arms as he glanced at the script she was reading earlier, "You want to go back to the bedroom?"

"I don't mean that..."

Instead of saying further, Weston flipped open her script.

It was then that Stella realized that he was probably interested in her work.

"You should have read this script before," Stella said.

Weston lifted his hand and caressed her face, "Why so?"

With a smile plastered on her face, Stella said expressionlessly, "You become so concerned when there's anything involving Guinevere. How could you not know about the movie that she's the female lead?"

He stiffened slightly.

A moment later, he looked at her and said in a low voice, "Seems you don't wish to go on with acting."

Stella looked up into his eyes, uncertain as to the mood he was in.

Weston probably knew that she was in the same crew as Guinevere.

What's more, Guinevere was the sole female lead of the movie and would therefore be with the crew throughout the entire filming duration.

Given the importance of Stella's role in the movie, it was likely that she would have scenes together with Guinevere.

It was but a matter of time before Guinevere realized Stella's presence in the crew.

The moment they met at Yvonne's house, Stella knew that Guinevere had qualms about her

identity.

It was only after confirming that Stella and Ella were two different people through the DNA test that Guinevere felt more at ease.

If they were to meet each other during filming, Stella was sure that Guinevere would have her guard up against her and perhaps even realize the current status of her relationship with Weston.

She did not believe that Weston didn't care about this at all.

Yet, he appeared not to care at all whether she would meet Guinevere during work.

She decided to speak her mind. "If Guinevere finds out about us, what do you intend to do?" He caressed her head and said calmly, "You're right. Why did I even agree for you to join the cast and let you act in the first place?"

Stella's eyes widened, "You've already agreed. You can't go back on your word." "Indeed, I have to keep my word." Annoyed by his wavering position, Stella raised her voice. "Weston Ford, what exactly is going on in your mind? Perhaps you might not care about things blowing up since Guinevere will take your side no matter what and blame everything on me. But I don't want to be played to death in her hands even before our one-year timeline is up..."

Before she could complete her sentence, she felt a tightness grip her scalp.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 307**

### **Chapter 307**

Weston was caressing her hair and accidentally pulled too hard. Stella gasped at the sharp twinge of pain which sent tears to her eyes, which continued staring stubbornly at him.

Weston sighed and planted a kiss on her forehead. "I've already given you my word and I won't let anyone touch you. Trust me." These were clearly tender words of promise, yet he said it in such a cold and unfeeling manner.

Stella's words brought to his mind the one-year promise they had between them, which Stella seemed to always have at the back of her mind.

Even though she appeared well-invested in the role of a woman who only had eyes for him, it was likely that she was still thinking about how she could leave him. Otherwise, why would she always bring up the one-year timeline? "Your acting skills have improved tremendously indeed," Weston looked into her eyes and commented. Stella didn't understand what he meant but knew vaguely that it wasn't anything good. She said, "I just hope that you keep your promise and do as you say." She chuckled self-derisively, "I don't want to always be on guard against Guinevere's attacks, especially when I was forced against my will to be someone's secret lover." Weston's face darkened, clearly displeased at how she described herself using such nasty **terms**.

"Exactly which part of you looks like a secret lover?" Stella said, "What must I do to fulfill your image of a secret lover? Always hiding in the dark and living in the shadows? I never hide from Roger, yet I'm so ashamed about letting him know about our relationship..." "You're the one who's overthinking everything," Weston cut her off as frustration mounted in his chest. "As long as you're willing, I can let our relationship be open and aboveboard." The mocking smile remained on Stella's face. "You can, but I still want my pride." The world had always been prejudiced in its judgments between men and women; between the powerful and the weak.

The pressures that she and Weston faced were worlds apart. He could not even begin to comprehend her plight and the difficulties she endured. He could only speak from his own perspective and regard the pressure she was facing as nothing worthy to fuss over. The sudden ringing of the phone pierced through the air, cutting through the tense atmosphere.

Stella saw Weston's face change.

When he answered the call, she stood up and walked to the other side, giving him space. Despite not having much to speak to each other about, they displayed a certain level of chemistry that at times, was often left unspoken.

Weston looked deeply at her without a word and left the room with his phone at his ear.

Stella simply stood where she was without following him out of the room.

A while later, she walked out in need of a cup of water.

When she walked past the hall, she saw Weston standing on the balcony, speaking into his phone with slight annoyance, "Settle such trivial matters yourself. Don't spread your negative vibes to me." As if possessed by something, Stella halted in her footsteps. The strong night breeze blew across the balcony.

It hadn't snowed the past few days, but the harsh weather remained frigid and unforgiving. It was always like this when the season was transitioning out of winter. It wasn't as cold, but the wind was chilly to the bone.

Weston didn't have much patience for those he did not deem important. "I don't have the time to listen to your whining. As for what Guinevere did to you, that's her business and not mine."

Stella retracted her gaze and hid herself in the shadows.

She had some guesses as to whom Weston was on the phone with.

It was either that woman at Lowe Garden, or perhaps some other woman entirely.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 308**

### **Chapter 308 "But Mr. Ford..."**

On the other end of the line, Bella did not expect him to respond so heartlessly, and she cried even harder. "Guinevere said that if she were to see me in Fern City again, she would make me wish I were dead! I really don't know what I can do..."

"Where else can I go aside from staying in Fern City? Must I return to my hometown..." She did not know who else she could turn to aside from Weston.

That day...

After Weston left Lowe Garden, Guinevere brought along a bunch of people with her. She had come personally, and no one dared to stop her. The manager knew her and dared not offend either Weston or Guinevere herself.

What's more, everyone knew about Guinevere's relationship with Weston, and everyone could guess what she was there for.

Bella had never expected someone as proud and haughty as Guinevere would come to a place like this, and confront a woman like her for the sake of Weston Ford.

In the same vein, she had never expected anything lasting to happen between herself and Weston.

She had merely wanted to use his favor towards her to earn some money, that was all.

Bella knew her place well and never thought that things were possible between Weston and herself.

However, she could not stop herself from being captivated by this man. It was also the reason for the enmity and distaste that she'd naturally developed towards Guinevere.

However, she clearly knew that such enmity was the result of jealousy rearing its ugly head inside her. When it came down to actually confronting Guinevere, Bella knew that she was in no position to fight. Although Guinevere did not blow things out of proportion, she made her men thrash Bella's dedicated dressing room in front of everyone. The women working in Lowe Garden were slightly different compared to other escorts. Although all were in the same trade, the women in Lowe Garden were of a slightly higher class, and things were often done subtly and unspoken. Along the corridor. Everyone stood outside watching the commotion. When Bella was with Weston for the first time, she had allowed pride to overcome her **senses**.

Although many appeared to admire her, many were also jealous and spoke badly of her behind her back.

Now that Guinevere had come looking for trouble with Bella, these schemers were watching on gleefully.

"Guinevere Cohen really came over... I didn't actually expect her to..." "Isn't she a famous celebrity? Why would she personally do something like this..."

"It's simple. Men nowadays have no qualms about having a mistress or two as long as they have some power and money, and we're talking about Weston Ford here. Women would throw themselves at him even if he didn't offer them money..."

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"Only loaded women have the ability to throw themselves at him. Women like us have no say whatsoever! It's already good enough that rich men give us money to spend—we'd be asking for too much if we pick on their looks! "Which is why I said that it was just dumb luck on Bella's part. Did she really think her life was going to be changed forever? "We're all in the same trade, and s

he just lucked out, getting to serve a young and handsome customer. What's with her high and mighty attitude? "She had it coming for her, now that the official wife is here to teach her a lesson!"

Bella's face paled at the sound of her colleagues gloating over her misfortune.

Guinevere remained unmoved by the situation.

People like her had no need to do things themselves and dirty their own hands. With just one look, someone next to Guinevere dragged Bella to her feet and gave her two

slaps.

Smack, smack! Two bright-red handprints immediately surfaced on Bella's face.

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 309

Chapter 309 That was when

Guinevere took a good look at her face, and her brows furrowed. "How old are you?" she suddenly asked. Bella knelt on the floor and trembled, tears streaking down her face, "Slightly over 20... I was wrong! I was just trying to make a living for myself. Ms. Cohen, please spare me!"

Women like her knew when it was time to bow down.

The more Guinevere looked at her, the more she realized that Bella resembled someone else. A nasty expression emerged on her face. "When did things begin between you and Weston?" "It hasn't been long... we've only met in private a few times after that. Also...also..." Bella halted, somehow unable to go on. Guinevere's eyes darkened. "Why aren't you speaking? Do you need my help to open your

mouth?"

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Bella said with self-deprecation, "Nothing happened between Mr. Ford and me. He never touched me..." Everyone in the dressing room fell silent at her words. Guinevere remained still and unmoved.

It came as a surprise for her, but somehow, it was something she had expected. Ordinary men wouldn't just leave their mistress at the side and do nothing to them. They were all adults and knew clearly—what else could happen between a man

and woman? But Weston was no ordinary man. Guinevere had never been able to guess what was in his mind.

Having made it public knowledge that he had kept mistresses, it was a slap to Guinevere's face. Yet, he didn't touch her at all... It was exactly like how he treated herself – he had clearly promised to marry her, but he had never cozied to her from the very beginning... If it weren't for Stella's pregnancy, she would've suspected that Weston must be suffering from some condition.

Or perhaps he just hated sex. But now that Stella was dead, was Weston never intending to be physically intimate with another woman for the rest of his life?

“What did both of you do in private if he never touched you?”

Bella replied to her honestly, “I would sometimes sing or dance for Mr. Ford, but he never seemed to like anything I did...”

Guinevere sneered. “If he didn't like you but still kept you as his woman, was he being charitable by spending all that money on you?”

Guinevere's face turned nasty, and it made Bella tremble in fear.

She had personally witnessed how ruthless this woman could be and knew she was capable of doing anything, especially through the people she had brought along with her. She was clearly a well-known celebrity, yet her behavior mirrored that of a barbaric cavewoman.

Her bodyguard waved a small blade around and Bella shut her eyes in fright. “I really have no idea! The first time I met Mr. Ford, he didn't seem to treat me very differently. He just looked at my face and said that I looked rather decent...”

Although Guinevere knew that Weston wasn't serious about this woman, Bella's words caused fury to burn in her heart.

She walked towards her, lifted her chin, and looked closely at her face. Realization dawned upon her as to who Bella resembled. She resembled Stella Sealey. Notably, it was the look of pure innocence in her eyes, save for that sliver of stubbornness that was Stella's trademark.

It was also obvious that Bella had surgically enhanced her facial features to make them more delicate, though Guinevere couldn't deny that the outcome was natural and very well-done.

Most men would've been oblivious to the change, but a woman could tell at a glance.

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 310

### Chapter 310

“You did that on purpose!” The first thought that popped into Guinevere’s mind was that Bella had deliberately enhanced her facial features to resemble Stella!

Bella was confused. “Did what on purpose?”

Guinevere shook her head and calmed herself down, chasing the ridiculous thought away from her mind.

However,

on second thought, Stella had been dead for so long, so why would she even be in the picture? But the sight of such a familiar—

looking face made Guinevere unable to fool herself any longer. Guinevere didn’t know whether Weston simply had a taste for such ladies, or that he was looking for a replacement for Stella.

If he was, didn’t that mean that... he had really fallen for Stella? Despite her being dead, he was still in search of her shadows,

It had to be the reason

he would stoop so low and interact with a woman as lowly as Bella,

Guinevere’s mind was a mess, but it did not stop her from leaving Bella some harsh threats.

She gave the manager a look before leaving the place. The manager immediately got the hint. “Don’t worry, Ms. Cohen, I won’t let anyone else know about what happened today...”

After

she left, the manager warned Bella, “Bring what happened today to your grave, and don’t you dare let Mr. Ford know about it! Do you understand?”

He had dealt with many such incidents before and seeing official wives coming over to confront kept mistresses was a daily affair for him. However, he knew that it was a bottomless pit, where

there would be a line of endless mistresses that were impossible to completely eliminate, as long as the husband did not control himself.

Some men would choose to side with their wives, while others with their mistresses.

However, as long as a man proactively hid such things from his wife, it was a clear indication that he would rather maintain peace and harmony on the surface and keep trouble

at bay. His wife and mistresses could create as much trouble as they liked, as long as they didn't do it in his face.

Sometimes, men were simple creatures of practicality. Often aware of everything, men were also capable of pretending to know nothing, as long as their women maintained harmony on the surface and brought no trouble. It was in the nature of all men, regardless of how successful they were.

The manager *nau lieu* LU JUU “— Her mind was filled with the fear of Guinevere picking on her and making her *life in rem uity* miserable. Where could she earn a living for herself if she could no longer stay in Lowe Garden?

She had grown so accustomed to the bright lights and a lifestyle of luxury that she couldn't imagine going back to doing those odd jobs that earned her peanuts.

Thus, she verbally agreed with the manager to tolerate what Guinevere did to her, keep her silent on the matter, and focus on recovery so that she could be ready for Weston when he came for her again. However, the moment the manager left, she eagerly called Weston to complain.

“Mr. Ford...” Through sobs and tears, she described in gory detail how Guinevere had hit her in public, in a bid to sully Guinevere's image in Weston's mind and inform him about how wicked a woman she was. Despite the fact that Weston never touched her, Bella believed that Weston must've fancied her a little bit, given that he was rather patient with her and even called for her multiple times.

To her dismay, he ignored what she had to say and cut her off before she could finish.

The chill in his tone clearly indicated that she was insignificant to him.

Bella's heart turned cold as she immediately snapped back to reality.

“Mr. Ford...”

“Ben will send you some money. Be smart about what you need to do next.”

With that, he hung up.

The beeping tone told Bella that she wouldn't get a response for whatever she wanted to say.

She flung her phone hard on the table in frustration, unable to sit still.

Now that even Weston didn't care about her, did she really have to take the money and get chased away by Guinevere?

In no way could she swallow something like that!