

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 431

### Chapter 431

There was nothing but emptiness in her heart. It seemed that time would ease her pain. She placed her hand on her chest and told herself that she would never forget this feeling no matter how long it passed. She knew what Weston had in mind. He probably thought he could make her stay by his side forever within a year.

If he was still interested in her a year later, he expected her to go along with him and stay with him. However, if he was no longer interested in her, he could use the one-year promise to chase her away. He always had control, but Stella did not want to go on like this anymore.

At the same time, at the Ford Mansion

The door was closed when Weston arrived. As it creaked open, it smelled of rust. The villa had been around for years. It became an icon of the city a century-old mansion and prosperous family that would never decline, The black limousine drove in slowly as the butler waited in front and bowed.

Weston got out of the car and looked at the closed door “They haven’t come back yet? “Mr. and Mrs. Ford are still abroad. Ms. Cohen and the young master are the only ones at home.”

Weston nodded slightly and walked in.

Guinevere knew he was coming back. He would always give her advance notice before coming

She held Zachary in her arms and led him milk

Weston frowned when he saw this. “Are you stable enough to hold him now?”

Guinevere nodded, “Dr. Quirk has diagnosed me. He said I’m mentally stable now. I might be able to remember what happened a year ago soon.”

Weston paused, and his face turned inscrutable. “Is that so?” he said and casually took off his tie then tossed it aside.

Guinevere observed his movements and felt amused. He probably wanted her to remember it as soon as possible, right? She did, but she refused to let things go the way he wanted.

If it were not for Hayden, she would not want to admit that she used to be so hysterical just to get Weston to look at her.

Guinevere closed her eyes. The memory of her last psychotherapy session was vivid in her mind

She sat in the doctor's office in the hospital. It reeked of the smell of disinfectants. She looked at Hayden with a crazy look.

"I must have remembered wrongly... It can't be..." She covered her face as tears streamed

down her cheeks. The psychological hypnosis forced her to face the memory she wanted to forget the most. She finally remembered everything. Every single thing. She rejected Zachary so much because he was not Weston's child. However, she gave birth to him. She thought Weston was with her that night, but it seemed like she had made a big mistake.

She finally remembered.

At that time, she had confessed to Weston, but he had rejected her. She had been chasing after him for years, but he had remained an unattainable dream for her.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 432**

### **Chapter 432**

She had grown furious after his rejection. She did not understand what she was thinking back then she had thought that even if she could not have him, she must make him remember her forever. Therefore, she had gone to Chris...

Guinevere closed her eyes tightly.

Hayden did not know what she recalled, but he knew she must have remembered the truth of the past. He continued to calm her down. "Take a deep breath. You have to face the truth before you can truly let go."

Guinevere took a deep breath with him, but her heart was filled with hatred. She calmed down, but she could not let go.

Whenever she thought about what she did on impulse that night, she just could not stop drowning in an abyss of regret.

She wondered – if she had not acted on an impulse that night, would things between them be different? Would they still get stuck in a dead-end like this?

If she had gone to another man instead of Chris, would things with Weston be different?

Even so, she could not let go.

She wanted to question Weston. Why did he give her hope after something like this had happened?

If he had been more ruthless, she would not be stuck in this situation. She had chosen this path from the beginning. There was no turning back anymore; she would not give him a chance to turn back either.

'Let's go to hell together,' she thought.

Guinevere suddenly stood up as Weston approached. She handed Zachary to him. "Do you want to talk to him?"

"How old is he now? He can't even understand a word." "It's okay. He may not understand, but it's good for him to be close to his father." Weston remained silent and hesitated a little before he reached out to pick up Zachary. He was a little stiff and expressionless as he looked at the baby in his arms. After all, this was an innocent child.

Guinevere seemed to be trying to find a hint of fatherly love in him, but there was nothing at all. Then, she laughed at herself.

Well, how could Weston have fatherly love for Zachary? Zachary was not even his child. He was at most his younger brother. This was when she discovered Weston's impeccable acting skills. She wondered how he could put up with it.

"By the way, Dr. Quirk said I'm doing much better now. I might be back to normal soon."

"Really?" Weston carried Zachary for a short while before giving the baby back to her. "That's

great."

"However, Dr. Quirk also said that my amnesia might be permanent. It'll depend on my recovery..." Weston frowned. "Is this what he meant by 'back to normal'? You can't even remember what you forgot. How is it normal?" "Why not?" Guinevere said, "Dr. Quirk said it's fine as long as I can live a normal life. Forgetting the past isn't a big deal." She stepped forward and handed Zachary to the nanny beside her. Then, she suddenly leaned on Weston's shoulder. "Don't you want me to remember it?" Weston grabbed her shoulders and pushed her away slightly. "It's all up to you. You can decide for yourself."

"How can you say that?"

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 433

Guinevere sounded a little angry. "We're getting married soon. Shouldn't we discuss these

together?"

Weston remained silent and fixed his dark gaze on her. Guinevere looked at his eyes and suddenly became a little obsessed. It was those eyes and that handsome face that enchanted her throughout her youth.

Weston was a very desirable man. Why else would she have done something so stupid just to get his attention?

She was too young and dumb. She could do anything to make him look at her.

When she thought about it again, it was indeed really ridiculous. However, what was done was done. Guinevere refused to turn back.

Although he pushed her away, she immediately hugged his waist again in the next second." You've been really cold to me lately. You weren't like this before..."

"I've always been like this," Weston reminded her again.

"N-No..." Guinevere cut him off. "You used to be more patient with me. Why can't you even spare a moment for me now?"

"Because I'm busy with the Fern City projects." "Is that so?" Guinevere murmured, "My birthday is coming soon. Will you celebrate my birthday with me?"

Weston said nothing.

Guinevere closed her eyes. She bit the bullet and said cruelly, "My parents just called yesterday and asked about my birthday plans. I told them you'd accompany me to a charity dinner..." Weston suddenly stared at her as a cold glint flashed past in his eyes. "Did you decide for me before telling me?"

"I'm sorry. My parents kept asking me... They were afraid that I was having a bad time here, so I panicked and made up an excuse in a hurry... "It's okay. Even if you don't go to the charity dinner, there are other ways..." She noticed the man's anger and quickly changed her words. "I can arrange another plan. You just have to cooperate with me, okay?" She had suddenly become so timid that Weston barely knew her anymore. "Is this the life you really want?" he asked suddenly.

Guinevere was slightly startled. She was unsure why he had suddenly asked that. "Of course. Marrying you was a dream I had since I was a kid."

"We're not married yet."

"I know, but it's only a matter of time, isn't it?" Guinevere said with a smile, "We're just like any other married couples now..."

Weston rubbed his eyebrows and sat on the sofa. He casually placed his suit jacket on the back

of the sofa chair and asked with a heavy tone, "What are ordinary couples like?»

Guinevere did not expect this question from him and paused for a moment. Then, she slowly walked up to him and said, "Just like your parents. We'll be like them in the future. We'll still love each other even at old age."

Weston laughed at what she said.

He had a pair of beautiful eyes. His smile made him more charming than his usual serious and cold look.

Guinevere looked at him in a daze. However, she sobered up when she noticed his unsmiling expression. "What were you laughing at?" "Nothing. I just thought it was funny." Weston stood up. "I've got work to do at the office. Since you both are alright, I'll be going."

"Wait... Are you leaving already?" Guinevere was surprised. She hurriedly stood up after him. "I thought you'd stay overnight."

Weston did not say anything. He glanced at the watch and explained, "I have to get the Fern City project moving. Besides, your parents can't wait any longer. The quarterly reports have to be sent to them. If we don't make it on time, you'll be the ones who suffer." When he said that, Guinevere had no other reasons to keep him. She could only withdraw her hand angrily. "I see."

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 434**

### **Chapter 434**

Weston remembered something when he was about to leave. He turned around to face her and said, "About the set..."

Guinevere's eyes lit up when he asked about her work. "I'm doing fine on the set. The crew has been taking good care of me. You don't have to worry."

Weston nodded. "You've just resumed work. You'd better not get any bad press."

"What do you mean?"

"You should understand."

Guinevere froze for a moment. She wondered if Weston knew she was giving Ella a hard time, but she quickly dismissed the thought.

She figured Weston probably did not know that Ella was on the same set. They had not been in touch since they met at Yvonne's house.

She felt she should not overthink things.

"Don't worry. I've been in the entertainment industry for years. I know how to deal with the media. There won't be any bad press."

Weston then turned to leave.

Guinevere looked at his back as he left. Her eyes suddenly darkened. After he left, she took out her phone. "Find out who Ella has been seeing in private lately!" She felt that this was impossible, but she had to plan ahead. If Ella did hook up with Weston, all her hard work would be for nothing.

She had already gotten rid of Stella. There was no way she would allow Ella to compete with her.

Weston got into the car. Soon, Henry called him on a video call. Henry was still watering the

flowers on the balcony. He looked relaxed, but not in his tone.

"Gwen is making her move. What are you going to do?"

Henry did not think the arrogant and proud Guinevere would go to such an extent for a love rival. He had to say that she had stooped a little too low.

"Send more people to protect Ella. Just let Guinevere do whatever she wants as long as she can't find her. However, if something like before happens again, teach her a lesson."

Henry understood Weston's plan. "You're determined to protect Ella and not care about Gwen anymore?"

Weston frowned. "I have one more year."

Henry seemed to have understood his meaning. He suddenly frowned and looked at him seriously. "Tell me the truth, Weston. What's going on between Gwen and you?"

"What, now? Do you want to help her?" "Do you think I will?"

"Why not?" Weston remembered the old days. "Didn't you almost fight me for Guinevere in high school?"

“I was young and impulsive.” As they spoke about the past, Henry seemed to be a bit nostalgic. “But Gwen was not like this back then.” He sighed and suddenly teased him, “You’re such a terrible man. You’ve ruined a good woman.”

Weston shot him a sharp glare. “I’ve never messed with her.” Henry snickered and did not comment further. “Anyway, if you really want Ella to have a safe life, it’s impossible to get around Guinevere. You have to sort it out. Otherwise, she’ll find out about Ella someday. Besides, they’re working on the same set now. Guinevere can easily do something to Ella.” “I know.” The man’s mood was a little heavy. His brow twitched at the thought of the bruises on Stella the other day.

He ended the call and ordered the driver, “Go pick her up.”

It was the same place as last time. The car stopped at the crossroads. Stella ran to the front of the road after Roger went to school. She looked around and made sure no one was around before she got into the black luxury car.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 435**

### **Chapter 435**

As soon as she opened the door, Weston pulled her straight in. His arms were very strong, but it was not obvious in his clothes. He appeared slender and thin, but only those who knew him in private knew the beast under his shirt. Stella took his arm, which was a little hard to the touch. Before she realized it, she was already sitting on top of Weston,

He took her by the waist and lifted her dress.

Stella consciously pressed his wrist. “What are you doing?” She panicked. Weston glanced at the driver, who immediately raised the partition.

There was plenty of room inside the car. Both of them were alone again.

Stella noticed a slight difference in the car interior and finally realized something. “Is this a different car?”

“I changed the car the last time. Did you just notice?”

Stella did not know much about cars, so she thought they were all the same.

Weston hugged her up. “You haven’t been home for two days, and you don’t even recognize the car already. If you stay away from home a little longer, will you still recognize me?”

“I’m not an idiot.” Stella felt a little speechless.

She did not recognize the car because she was not interested in it. How could she forget Weston unless she had amnesia?

Weston chuckled, but did not seem to mind her attitude. Then, he lowered his head and kissed the tip of her nose. "Did you miss me?"

Stella did not say anything; she refused to speak. Weston was in no hurry either.

When they arrived at Stardust Mansion, he got out of the car with her in his arms. He carried her and strode inside. Joan was doing some housekeeping when they entered. She greeted them, "Mr. Ford. Ms. Steele."

Weston answered with a gentle nod and strode to the bedroom without saying a word.

Stella did not even dare to look at Joan.

Weston's purpose was too obvious.

She clutched the hem of his shirt and buried her head in his arms. She heard her heart beating loudly. She knew her heart was not pounding from excitement but from fear and dread.

She froze and remained stiff when Weston laid her gently on the sheets.

Weston glanced at her and gradually frowned. "Why are you so nervous?"

Stella closed her eyes. Her voice was a little weak. "If you want to do it, do it quickly."

The man took off his tie and tossed it aside. He looked down at her from above.

He was in a hurry at first, but his impatient movement calmed down after she said that. "You seem to be looking forward to this, huh?"

He kneeled on one knee at the edge of the bed and propped his arms beside Stella. He dropped his head and stared at her.

Even from this angle, Stella found his face attractive and delicate. He had a tight and broad jawline, straight nose, and deep eyes. She remembered the photos of him published in foreign financial magazines. His look was perfectly in line with the public's aesthetics. His handsomeness was simply universal. How could God love a man so much? Stella couldn't comprehend it. "Why are you distracted at a time like this?" Weston was displeased to see her eyes not focused on him. He tipped her chin. He was glad to finally see his reflection in her eyes. He nibbled on her cheek gently and commanded, "Look at me." His eyes were intimidating. Stella became more nervous and twisted the sheets beneath her.

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 436

### Chapter 436

Weston noticed her tense movements. He lowered his gaze and picked up her hand. Then, he slowly smoothed her fingers and then intertwined his hand with hers. "Do you feel so uncomfortable with me?"

Stella did not say anything. She only pressed her lips tightly. "There's a limit to my patience," he suddenly whispered in her ear. There seemed to be a hint of disappointment in his low voice. "It's been a long time, Stella. You should know what a grown man desires..."

"I know." Stella's voice trembled slightly. "I said just do it quickly. You don't have to beat around the bush."

"How can I do with you like this?" Weston suddenly propped himself up and tucked her hair behind her ear. He looked at her face, which gradually whitened. The force of his hands increased.

"You weren't like this before. The old you wouldn't reject me so much."

"It's my body's instinct. What can I do?" Stella found him a little pushy. "I've already agreed. Isn't that enough?" "No. I want you to be willing." Stella took a deep breath. "Sorry, but I really can't." As soon as she said that, a sudden sharp pain hurt her jaw. Weston tightened his grip and left a mark on her pale skin.

The man's gentleness suddenly became very cold. He was like a predator looking at a disobedient prey. "You should remember our one-year agreement. I can't relate you to the old Stella with the way you are now. The old you wouldn't be so repulsive with me."

As he said that, he suddenly curled his lips and whispered in her ear with a raspy voice, "She'd say no, but her body's reaction was simply honest... Don't you want to be an actress? Can't you put on an act and fool me?"

Stella did not understand what was going on either. She had done these intimate acts with Weston countless times. She just needed to close her eyes, but doing it with him seemed extremely difficult all of a sudden. She let go of her hands and stared blankly at the ceiling. She tilted her head slightly, and her eyelashes fluttered hard.

Weston held himself up and refused to miss a single expression on her face.

He twirled her dark hair in his fingers. At this point, all his patience was gone. Even so, he forcefully held back all his surging emotions when he saw her like this.

He suddenly leaned over her and asked in a raspy voice, "Can't you even act?" Stella did not say anything. After a long pause, she answered uncomfortably, "Sorry," Weston lifted his arm in a flash and covered her mouth. Her apology hurt him. He felt a stab in his heart and held her.

After a few moments, he finally calmed the stirring desires in his body. He propped himself up and took her into his arms. "Then let's do it another way..." He took her hand and suggested, "I taught you that before Do you remember?"

Stella immediately opened her eyes, only to meet his deep gaze. She felt like the storm in his eyes was going to swallow her whole. Her hands were still in a place where they should not be. After a long time, she reluctantly agreed with a nod and took a deep breath. Weston quickly closed his eyes. He never let her go throughout the whole time and hugged her tighter in his arms.

The next morning, Weston got up later than Stella, which was uncommon.

He always had incredible self-control, but last night, he was a little reckless. Although they did not complete the act, he still put Stella through a lot of work

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 437**

### **Chapter 437**

Weston did not expect Stella to wake up earlier than him. When he woke up, there was no one lying beside him.

He called out in a hoarse voice, "Stella?"

There was nothing but silence in the room. He lifted the blanket and casually put on a robe. As he walked out, he smelled the nice aroma coming from the kitchen.

His eyes flickered a little. This familiar smell was not Joan's cooking.

It was just as expected. He found Stella in the kitchen with an apron on. She was making some soup and looked very busy going in and out. It reminded him of the old Stella. When she heard some noises, she stopped moving and turned around, only to meet Weston's gaze.

She smiled at him. "You're up? Breakfast will be ready soon. You can wait in the living room."

The man was suddenly lost in thought. This scene reminded much of the morning he told her about the divorce.

Stella acted like this that day too. They went all out on bed the night before, but she woke up early the next day just to prepare breakfast for him. Her eyes were filled with her love for him. This time, he did not turn away like he did that morning. Instead, he walked into the kitchen and hugged her from behind.

He rested his chin on her shoulder and breathed in her scent from behind. He wondered what kind of shampoo she used. It smelled really good,

When he rubbed the tip of his nose against her skin, it tickled her a little.

Stella felt ticklish and laughed a little. "Stop it. It'll be done soon... Go wait for me in the living room first, okay?"

It had been a long time since she spoke to him in such a sweet tone. Weston thought he was still in a dream. It was impossible for him to reject any of Stella's requests when she was like this.

He planted a loving kiss on her cheek and finally released her reluctantly. Then, he turned and went to the living room.

Even then, he looked back at her several times.

He went to the couch in the living room, picked up the tablet, and started working on the day's work. Soon, the food's aroma became stronger and stronger.

Soon, Stella placed the pot of soup on the table and told him, "Come and eat now!" Weston put down the tablet in his hand and stood up. Stella looked young and refreshed with her hair tied in a bun. Her skin looked so supple and fine under the soft morning light. She wiped her hands, took off her apron, and then hung it on the wall. When she turned around, Weston leaned toward her to pick her up. She cried out in surprise before she found her feet dangling midair. The man stood in front of

her the next second and looked up at her.

Stella laughed a little. She put her hands on his shoulder and pressed her forehead against his. "Stop messing around... Let's eat first, okay?" She had changed so much overnight. This made Weston feel slightly surreal.

The feeling made him feel like he would wake up from this sweet dream in the next second. He kissed her on the tip of her nose, then on her lips. Finally, he planted a kiss on the side of her neck and called out to her obsessively, "Stella..."

"Stella..."

Stella raised her head and seemed to enjoy his intimate touches. She seemed to be in love and comfortable. However, a glint of coldness flashed in her eyes as she looked straight ahead.

She reached her fingers into his black hair and slowly rubbed and stroked his hair gently. Weston enjoyed it a lot and sighed in pleasure.

Stella looked down at him with an expressionless face. It turned out that taming him was so easy.

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## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 438

### Chapter 438

Stella cut his face and smiled at him. "Okay, that's enough... Let's stop fooling around... Thaven't cooked in a while. Try it and tell me if it tastes okay."

Weston (inally put her down. He took her hand and kissed the back of it. Then, he pulled her to the table without a wrond and sat her down.

Stella merched for his soup, but Weston squeezed her wrist.

"Let me do it," he said.

Stella's eyes lit up. She looked at him with a bright smile. "Why are you so nice today?"

"I'm only serving you soup. Is this called being nice to you? You're too easy to please."

Stella smiled, as if the smallest gesture would please her.

Weston's feeling at the moment was indescribable. He had been looking for something to stop feeling lost, but he could not find it. He seemed to have seen it in Stella before, but he had lost

During this time, he had been trying everything to keep Stella by his side. However, he still felt like something was missing. He finally realized what the missing piece was, but this was already good enough.

He tooka sip of the soup and savored the familiar flavor.

He felt like he was drowning in her scent. It slowly filled the void in him. She had always had this power over him. He put down the bowl and suddenly sighed. "Why are you so good at this?" He seemed like he was asking a question to Stella and himself. "Why are

you always so good at doing this to me?" She had always stirred him up and put his heart in turmoil before it could return to peace.

Even Joan could tell that Weston was in a good mood today.

He had the same stoic look, but the joy in his eyes was apparent. Joan relaxed a little when she spoke to him, "Mr. Ford, do you require any specific ingredient for dinner tonight?" Weston said, "You can decide." "Okay."

He stood in the doorway as he buttoned his shirt cuff. Then, he suddenly looked at Joan and urged, "Remember to ask her what she likes to eat."

Joan nodded and said with a smile, "Of course." She was about to say something when Stella suddenly came running out of the master bedroom.

Joan smiled and stepped back.

Weston looked at Stella with an affectionate look. Even he did not notice the look he had.

Stella walked up to him. She stood on her tiptoes and reached out to straighten his collar. "Take care."

Weston replied, "Okay." He lowered his head and kissed her on the forehead. "I've informed the driver that you can go anywhere you want today. If you're going to the set, remember to tell me in advance."

Stella froze for a moment. She seemed like she did not expect his sudden generosity.

Weston looked at her dazed look and chuckled softly. "Who do you think I am to restrict your freedom?" Stella remained silent as she lowered her head and nudged him in his arms. The way she responded was the same as the old Stella. Weston resisted the urge to kiss her again and bade her goodbye. "I'm going to the office."

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 439**

### **Chapter 439 "Okay."**

The door closed. Stella went to the balcony and watched as his car drove away.

From the rearview mirror, Weston watched as her reflection lengthened and finally faded into a black dot. He pressed his temple, but the joy on his face remained.

The driver could tell that he was in a very different mood today.

"Mr. Ford, did something good happen? You seem really happy."

“Is that so?” Weston closed his eyes.

Joan did not quite understand their matter, but she was happy to see them getting along nicely.

When she came out after some simple housekeeping, she saw Stella sitting in the living room and sipping her soup. As she stopped in her tracks, her smile faded.

Stella appeared happy and excited earlier, but she looked a little gloomy after that. “Ms. Steele, do you need help?”

Stella came to her senses and looked at Joan. She then shook her head and smiled. “No, I’m fine. I’m going out later. Can you get me some clothes?” “Sure.”

Fern University.

Stella laughed and teased Roger, “You said you were already a grown-up, but now you need me to accompany you to submit your documents.”

Roger just came out of the printing room. He laughed helplessly at her comment. “If I do study abroad soon, we won’t have much time like these together. Can’t you think of it as spending more time with me?”

“Of course. I took half a day off from work today.”

When Roger heard of that, he was a little puzzled. “By the way, did they arrange accommodation for you? I heard that the hotel next to the set is very expensive. If you live there, won’t you spend more than you earn?” “Don’t underestimate Bradley. He’s a big shot. There’s certainly no problem with the money. Anyway, I’m the second supporting actress on the set. The pay is better than you think...” Roger was relieved to hear that. He suddenly sighed, “I still don’t feel comfortable letting you go to that kind of place.”

“Don’t worry. I’ll take care of myself. When you get abroad, you have to keep in contact with me at all times.” “What about the time difference?”

“It’s fine. You can call me at any time.”

Roger smiled. He felt a little melancholic, but he refused to show it to Stella.

When the two of them were walking to the school building, a random girl suddenly stopped them on the way, “Hello, Robb!”

Stella stopped in her tracks and looked at them with great interest.

The last time, a pretty girl had confessed to him, but he had rejected her. Roger could see the look in Stella's eyes. He felt a little troubled. "May I ask what you want?" He looked at the girl in front of him. "I'm busy with some matters now." "I won't take too much of your time..."

This girl was not as pretty as compared to the last one, but she had an innocent and nice face.

She was holding a pink envelope in her hand. With just a glance, Stella could tell that it was a love letter or something. She never thought there would be people who still wrote love letters these days. She seemed innocent and naïve. This reminded her of her days in college. Everyone communicated via text messages and confirmed their relationship via texting. Roger's expression changed. He seemed to understand her intention, so he quickly rejected her. "Sorry, I have no intention to get into a relationship..." The girl handed out the love letter anyway. However, she froze a little when he said that. "I know... I don't need you to accept my confession now. I just wanted to tell you how I feel. Even if you don't like me, it's fine." As she said that, she could not help but look over at Stella. Then, she asked with some uncertainty, "Robb... are you still single?"|| When Stella heard that, she knew the girl misunderstood their relationship. Hence, she explained, "I'm not his girlfriend."

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 440

### Chapter 440

"I'm his sister." She emphasized, "His real sister."

The girl breathed a sigh of relief and looked at Roger with hopeful eyes. Roger was a little anxious. He did not know what to do, so he looked at Stella for help.

Stella shrugged, "Why are you looking at me? Take care of your own business."

Then, she turned around. "I'll go upstairs and wait for you. Come to me when you're done."

"Sis..." He felt a little helpless and wanted to follow her, but the girl persistently followed behind him.

Roger sighed. He explained to her, "I've applied for the offer to study abroad. I won't be staying in school after that."

He thought that would make her stop, but she seemed more surprised and happier than he thought. She said chirpily, "I've applied to the same university as you. Don't you know? The corporation sponsorship found us suitable, so they accepted us both!" However, she noticed Roger's face changed after she said that. She hastily explained, "I'm not confessing my love to you because of that. I already liked you a long time ago,

but I never dared to confess. I didn't expect such a coincidence, so I mustered my courage to confess..."

Roger became frustrated. He wanted to refuse, but he did not want to hurt her. She seemed gentle and nice.

He hesitated a little and finally accepted the envelope. "I'll look at it later, but I really don't plan to get into a relationship anytime soon..." "It's okay. I still have a chance as long as you're single, isn't it?" The girl smiled and said, "Don't worry. I won't bother you too much. If you find me annoying, just let me know. I'll keep a distance, but I won't give up until the day you have a girlfriend!" She left after saying that. Roger watched her walk away and sighed again. When he found Stella, he told her about it. He seemed a little distressed. "Sis, I really don't want to get into a relationship..."

"Why? You're at the right age to fall in love."

"I'm still young. I should focus on my studies."

"This is not an issue. You certainly can't spend all your time on books. You have to care about other things too, but..."

Stella suddenly became stern. "You can be in love, but you can't be a d\*uchebag. Don't play with the girl's feelings. If you like her, then treat her well. If you don't, don't waste her time!"

"Sis, what do you think of me? Do you think I'm Weston?"

His face instantly changed when he accidentally blurted out the man's name. He quickly shut his mouth and apologized. "Sorry, Sis..." Stella was still smiling as before without any reaction.

"Don't worry. It's all in the past." Roger looked at her worriedly. "Sis, are you sure you're okay?" "Yeah. It's been a long time, and we're doing fine now, aren't we?" She smiled. Looking at her smile, Roger was relieved.

After that, in Justin's office.

Justin was organizing his desk when Stella came in. He did not seem surprised by her arrival. He gestured to her to sit down in front of him. "I reviewed Robb's application yesterday. There are still some slight issues with it. It'll be fine after some small amendments. You can proceed with the procedure by tomorrow." "Thank you, Mr. Hall." Justin nodded.

Stella saw him put away all the clutter on the table and asked curiously, "Mr. Hall, are you spring-cleaning?"

