

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 561

Chapter 561

Stella kept quiet and climbed into bed. She opened the blanket and lay her body down.

She had planned to talk to him about Roger tomorrow, but then the moment she lay down in bed, Weston immediately turned over to the other side with his back facing her. It was obvious that he was still mad.

She could almost feel a cold aura emanating from him. They were both lying in the same bed, yet it felt like they were on the opposite ends of the world.

Stella stared at his back, recalling the days when they had just gotten married. Weston was not used to sharing a bed with someone else, so the minute they were done having sex, he would instantly get up and leave.

This man never failed to leave indelible impressions on her. He would make her feel the utmost joy she could never have imagined, then drag her down to the deepest depths of hell where anguish and sorrow thrived.

For countless nights, she would stare quietly at his back, not daring to touch him.

But now, with a cold and indifferent heart, she gained the courage to inch closer to him with an appearance of warmth and tenderness. She was willing to do anything to get what she wanted from him. It was much easier now when she felt nothing

for him, now that she didn't care for pleasing him at all. In fact, it was only when she was unsure about her feelings for him that she found it hard to do these things.

She suddenly realized that perhaps she'd spent so much time with him that she could now act the way he wanted her to without a second thought.

But she was willing to do it, as long as she could get what she wanted

Weston could probably sense her leaning closer to him because he suddenly moved even further away from her.

But this did not deter Stella.

If this happened in the past, she would've been utterly heartbroken. She would've spent hours upon hours thinking about what she must've done to offend him.

But now, she remained completely unruffled. All she had to do was inch ever closer to him and hug him from behind. She could feel his body tense up the moment her hands wrapped around his waist. But he did not push her away.

This emboldened her. She got even closer to him and brushed her chin lightly against his back.

“Please stop being angry with me...” she murmured.

Weston didn't respond, but his breathing got heavier.

Stella knew that he wasn't completely unmoved by her gestures, so she nuzzled against his neck and whispered in his ear, “I

know you're just worried about me... I promise I'll never do anything reckless like that ever again, okay? Besides, wasn't it natural for me to be worried about Roger? He's my brother, you know. You can't possibly be jealous of him...”

Her voice got gradually softer the longer she spoke, and she even sounded very meek and docile.

Weston's emotions were still in disarray, so even if he planned to ignore her, that trembling nasal voice of hers completely drove him off the rails.

“So now you're telling me who I can or can't be jealous of, huh?”

He then finally turned over to face her and pulled her into his arms.

After a long pause, he asked, “Isn't he going abroad soon?”

“Yes...” Stella's heart suddenly wavered. She looked up at him and hurriedly added, “But you mustn't interfere with his studies!”

Seeing her getting so anxious for Roger frustrated Weston. But he endured it anyway.

“Why are you so worried that I'd harm him?” he asked, teasing her lips with his fingers.

She was always so distressed whenever it came to Roger's affairs as if he was the most important man in her life.

Stella gazed into his eyes for a long time before her expression gradually softened. She leaned gently against his chest and purred, “I know you'd never do such a thing...”

With her voice warm and gentle, it was as though she completely trusted him.

She knew Weston liked that, even if he never told her so. She knew now that whenever she acted as if she trusted him, he would always give her whatever she wanted.

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A thin, wry smile crept upon Weston's face. His eyes glinted with cynicism.

"You're buttering me up to make me feel bad so I won't hurt Roger, aren't you?"

"I know exactly what you're doing," he added, pinching Stella's nose. "Don't even think of pulling those tricks on me."

Judging from his tone, Stella could tell that he wouldn't do anything to Roger, so she sighed in relief.

"But you said it yourself, didn't you? He's going abroad soon. I don't have much time left to be with him. Plus, you know he's always sick, so it's only natural that I worry about him."

She then looked up at Weston and added, "If you have just one family member left in this world, you'd be as anxious as I am..."

At that moment, although they were snuggling each other in bed, Weston suddenly felt as if there was a vast distance between them.

He raised her chin and looked deep into her soul. "If he's the only family you have left, then what am I?"

He touched her chest with his finger.

"What am I to you... here?"

Stella hesitated, then smiled.

"What do you think you are?" she replied, throwing the ball back into his court.

Weston's eyes turned turbulent. He leaned down and kissed her on the lips.

The smell of alcohol wafted into her nose. She closed her eyes, forcing herself to accept this intimacy. They'd just gotten home and even fought just now, so she didn't have the time to take the pill, which meant his touches right now repulsed her. This resentment towards him was rooted at the bottom of her heart, not something that she could set aside so easily.

Weston could feel her body stiffen up too. He suddenly stopped and asked her, "Why are you so tense? Are you still in shock from what happened?"

"No..." she shook her head, her face pale. "I just don't feel well, that's all... Can we do it tomorrow instead?"

"I wasn't thinking about that at all," Weston replied, playing with the strand of hair that fell on her cheek. "But now that you mention it, I'm starting to get the urge..."

Stella noticed that twinkle in his eyes which made her pause.

"Then give me a minute," she begged. "I'll go wash up a little."

"But you just came out of the bath!" he quickly interjected.

Stella was about to get up, but Weston pinned her back down on the bed.

"You just made me angry, you know. Aren't you planning on doing something to make up for it?"

His keen eyes peered down at her like an excited child.

Stella took a deep breath to ignore the repulsion surging up from inside her. She closed her eyes and slowly explained, "I wasn't that thorough just now. I think I need to clean myself up a bit more..."

By then, even her voice was trembling.

Weston sensed that something was wrong, so he held up her chin and demanded, "Open your eyes. Look at me."

Stella reluctantly opened her eyes, only to see Weston gawking hawkishly at her as if she was his prey. Suddenly a deep sense of powerlessness engulfed her—a mix of the defenselessness she felt in the nightmare, the despair when she fell off the rooftop, and the sight of her own child turning into a puddle of blood...

Her entire being completely rejected this man for who he was.

He had kissed her, hugged her, done things much more intimate than that with her for so many times now, yet all these things from the past still swirled in her mind, and there was no way for her to stop them.

Weston got up and took a good look at her. That look on her face told all the truth he needed to know—she rejected him.

His face turned glum

Stella closed her eyes. After a long time, what she feared would

happen didn't happen.

She opened her eyes again. When she saw Weston looking crestfallen, she knew that her expressions just now had frustrated him.

She got up in a hurry and grabbed his arm, explaining, "Please don't think too much about it. I'm really just too tired, I wasn't..."

She dreaded Weston finding out that she had been taking those pills. She dreaded him discovering that she could only have sex with him with the help of a drug...

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Chapter 563

That secret of hers was something that would wound any man's ego. To learn that the woman he was with had to take contraceptives to even accept his touch-it was something of a shameful discovery for any man, let alone someone as possessive as Weston,

In Weston's eyes, though. Siella's panicked look made him think of something else.

"It looks like you're really worried about getting me angry," he said, his expressions much softer now as he stroked her hair,

But he still fixed his gaze on her

Stella said nothing, but her anxious look gave him all the answers he needed.

He sighed softly

"I was just worried about your health. I'm not a savage animal, you know."

Stella finally sighed in relief

"Just give me a second. I won't be long. I'll be ready for it when I'm back

Weston gazed at her silently for a while, then kissed her forehead gently. "Let's just get a good rest tonight."

He then held her in his arms and lay back down on the bed.

Stella tried to struggle for a while, but he held the back of her head "Stay still," he warned.

She could feel the change in his tone, so she instantly stopped moving.

That whole night, Weston truly did nothing to her. Her stiff body slowly and gradually relaxed and she finally got a good night's sleep.

The next morning, Stella woke up in an empty bed. Weston was no longer around.

She massaged her temples. After a while, she decided to go out and meet Roger.

They agreed to meet in a cafe. Roger was already waiting for her when she got there, but he wasn't alone. The girl Stella met last night was there too.

because of what happened last night. Stella sat in front of them and said hello to her brother.

She then turned to the girl next to him, paused, then chuckled and exclaimed, "I don't think I even know your name yet!"

The girl had been nervous to finally meet Stella, but seeing his sister addressing her in a friendly manner cheered her up significantly.

"Hello," she chirped. "I'm Riley Bale. I'm Robb's..."

She paused and turned to Roger. Sensing his calm demeanor, she added, "I'm his classmate."

"You don't have to be so nervous," Stella assured her with a smile. "I really want to thank you for your call last night. If you have time to spare, I'd like to treat you to a nice meal!"

"Oh, no!" Riley declined, waving her hands. "It's fine! Really! I'm Robb's close friend, after all! I was worried when I saw him drinking alone last night, so I thought I should call you..."

"Who's your close friend?" Roger cut her off impatiently. "I don't ever recall being your friend."

"I..." Riley stuttered, clearly embarrassed.

"Is that how you treat a girl?" Stella snapped at Roger. "That is not how our parents raised you!"

Roger went silent immediately.

Now Riley wasn't upset at all because she had just spotted his weakness. In fact, she was even smiling sheepishly

So it turned out that he was very obedient to Stella.

Chapter 564

Roger's expressions turned sour when he noticed Riley's smile.

"What are you smiling at?" he barked.

"Nothing," replied Riley, looking very innocent. "Was I smiling?"

"You!"

Roger had always been cold around Riley, but she'd never taken it to heart and gotten discouraged. Instead, she merely persisted with a big smile on her face.

Stella laughed as she looked on at the interaction between those two. Then she turned to Roger, and the warmth on her face disappeared. She had become stern and serious.

"I've taken care of last night's problems," she told him a little coldly. "If you ever step into a place like that again, don't blame me for beating you up!"

Roger gripped the coffee cup in his hand the second he heard her speak of last night.

"Sis..." he began. "How did you deal with that Rory guy? What did he do to you?"

"Nothing," she replied. "It's all been dealt with anyway, so don't ever go near that bar, and if you ever see that guy again, just avoid him. Understood?"

Stella completely trusted Weston in this regard. She knew

without a doubt that it would take him hardly any effort to deal with that Rory guy, much less the bar owner.

But Roger had no idea that Stella was with Weston Ford right now. Neither did Stella want to enlighten him about it.

Sure enough, he stared suspiciously at her and asked, "How exactly did you deal with that guy, Sis? Don't tell me you..."

He dreaded the thought that Stella must've sacrificed her body in exchange for his safety.

Stella could guess what he was thinking from his look.

"Just what the heck were you thinking?!" she yelled, slapping the back of his head.

"I'm just worried that those guys would hurt you or threaten you, or they might blackmail you in exchange for something..."

But Roger had a good reason to think that way. Stella looked especially stunning last night. Even Riley noticed it too.

“It’s only natural that Robb would be worried,” Riley interjected. “I, too, would be worried to death if I had a sister as beautiful as you are!”

Riley had always been good at flattering people, but Roger found it annoying.

“Stop trying to flatter my sister,” he said. “I’m telling you now that we’re never going to be together.”

For Stella’s sake, he remained polite and gentlemanly when Riley confessed her feelings for him before, but he found that

the longer he got to know her, the bolder she got. She had even been persistently following him around everywhere. The thought of him having to spend a lot of time with her when they went abroad gave him a headache.

Riley looked morose for a little while, but in a bat of an eye, she regained her chirpy energy again.

“You’re still single now anyway!” she said. “So there’s no reason why I can’t pursue you! Besides, I never gave you any trouble at all. In fact, if it hadn’t been for my quick thinking in calling your sister last night, your body would be floating in some river right now!”

“You!”

The two started quarreling again.

Stella rubbed her temples and turned to Roger. “How are you feeling? Are you okay?” His health was still the thing that worried her the most.

“I’m fine,” he replied. “I felt a little out of sorts last night, but I’ve seen the doctor, and he said I’m perfectly fine.”

“No,” Stella argued. “You have to go to the doctor again today. I want to hear that you’re fine with my own ears.”

Riley was confused as she listened to them talk, so she asked, “What’s wrong with Roger? You’re making it sound like it’s something serious!”

Stella glanced at Roger, not answering Riley’s question. His

health problems had never been a secret, but she still respected his privacy. It was completely up to him whether or not he wanted to talk about it.

“It’s a type of leukemia,” Roger stated simply, not even looking at Riley.

“What??? Leukemia?!” Riley gasped, her eyes as round as saucers. “But that’s awfully serious! Why haven’t you ever told me about this?!”

She had been pursuing him for so long, yet she never had an inkling that he was suffering from such a serious illness.

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Chapter 565

He looked just like a completely normal guy to her. He seemed healthy, and he was very smart. In fact, he was renowned as one of the hottest guys on campus!

Roger never talked to anyone about his illness precisely because he hated this look people would give him.

“I guess you’ll finally stop pestering me now that you know I’m ill,” he said irritably.

“What?” Riley was stupefied. She simply couldn’t find any sense in his words. “Why would I stop pursuing you after I find out you’re sick?”

“I’m starting to wonder if it’s me or you who’s ill here!” snapped Roger. “I’m not a normal healthy man! There must be something wrong with your head if you’re going to pursue someone like me!”

“Don’t ever say that!” Riley snapped, the stress in her voice clearly audible. “I like you in your entirety! What does it have to do with you being sick?”

“You...” Roger was speechless for a while, but then he looked away and added, “Whatever. It’s none of my business anyway.”

Stella laughed as she saw that his ears had turned red, but she said nothing.

“It’s getting late,” she reminded Roger. “Let’s hurry up and get to the hospital, okay?”

“What?” Roger sprang up to his feet. “Are we still going? I told you, Sis, I’m fine!”

“That’s not for you to say,” she argued. “It’s for the doctor to say.”

“But the doctor did say that! I really did go to the hospital last night! Just ask Riley if you don’t believe me!”

Roger glanced at Riley so she would back him up, but Riley hesitated, not knowing how to react. Although they really did go to the hospital together last night, she didn’t hear the doctor saying that he was fine.

Stella immediately understood what was going on when she saw Riley’s reaction,

“Have you forgotten what I told you last night?” she yelled, scowling at Roger. “No matter what happens, never take your health lightly!”

“But, Sis…”

“If you’re not coming to the hospital with me, then don’t ever call me your sister again!”

She called for the waiter and paid the bills, then stormed out of the cafe without even looking back.

Roger quietly watched her leave, uncertain of what to do.

“Why are you so reluctant to go to the hospital with your sister?” Riley couldn’t help but ask.

“I just don’t want her to worry too much,” he replied, his head hanging low as he stared at the half-empty cup of coffee. “Every time the doctor says there’s something wrong, she’d overreact and worry herself sick. I just don’t want to see her like that…”

Apparently, it made him feel like he was a burden to her.

Riley didn’t know how close the two siblings were, so she just sighed. “It’s totally normal for Sis to worry about you since you’ve got a condition. Why don’t you just go with her and put her at ease?”

“Don’t call her Sis!” he glared at her. “She’s my sister, not yours!”

He then turned on his heels and left the cafe. Riley scampered after him, trying to keep up.

“Wait for me, Robb!”

Now that Stella and Roger had changed their identities, all their old medical records had also been wiped out. But even without previous records, the doctor’s comprehensive understanding of Roger’s condition remained unchanged.

“You again?” the doctor asked, squinting at Roger. “Weren’t you here yesterday? What are you doing here today? Are you feeling unwell?”

“Doctor,” Stella began in a serious tone, “I’d like to consult your expert opinion. My brother had a major operation before. Will he really be fine after drinking so much last night?”

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Chapter 566

In order to put Stella at ease, Roger sat obediently before the doctor and allowed the nurses to do whatever they needed on him.

Only after his vitals had been checked and given the all-clear did he turn to look at Stella helplessly. “Stella, do you feel more assured now?”

Stella ignored him the entire time and instead had her eyes fixed on the medical report in her hands.

The doctor reminded them, “As much as the surgery went successfully, he still needs to upkeep healthy daily habits and not drink too much alcohol..”

That was when Stella asked Roger, “Did you hear what the doctor said?”

Roger nodded guiltily, “I won’t do that again..”

He thought things would be over just like this, but right after Stella settled the bill and walked along the corridor with him, she asked in a seemingly casual manner, “Why did you get yourself drunk last night?”

Roger halted in his footsteps, a glint flashing past his eyes. “Nothing much... I was just in a bad mood..”

“Why were you in a bad mood?”

Stella stopped walking as well as she fixed her gaze on him.” Since you’re feeling bad, then tell me. What made you behave so recklessly last night?”

Ford Corporation building.

Weston was going through official business documents when someone knocked on the door to his office. Ben walked in and said, “Mr. Ford, the manager from one of the distributors wishes to meet you.”

Weston’s hand paused in mid-air. “Let him in.”

“Yes, Sir.”

A middle-aged man soon walked in. The moment he saw Weston, he flashed him an over-eager smile. “Mr. Ford, it’s been

a while!”

Weston put down the pen in his hand and glanced indifferently at him. “Have we met?”

The smile froze on the man’s face, but that didn’t stop him from his exerting a condescending tone. “Have you forgotten ? You met my son last night.”

Weston remained silent as the man continued, “The one with the bright red hair...”

Weston’s brow arched. “That’s your son?”

“Yes, yes...”

The man nodded profusely as he glanced outside the door.

The red-hair boy outside got his cue and walked in reluctantly.” Dad, Mr. Ford...”

His face was covered with gauze, and with his red hair slicked back and tucked into a hat, he looked vastly different from his usual flashy appearance.

However, as a kid bordering adulthood, being flashy was typical for boys his age.

The man smiled sycophantically. “Pardon me, Mr. Ford. I understand all that happened last night. It’s all my son’s fault, and I didn’t teach him well. I’ve brought him here today specifically to apologize to you...”

“Apologize ?” Weston stood up and pushed the pen forward on his desk.

The metal casing scratched noisily against the table, making the atmosphere in the room tense.

“I thought you were here to ask for compensation for your hospital bills.”

“We wouldn’t dare,” the man said as he waved his hands profusely. “My son was at fault. He was insensible! Please be magnanimous and spare him...”

The redhead knew how serious the matter was and stood there silently with his head bowed.

After complaining about what happened last night and

expecting his father to stand up for him, he did not expect his father to lose all his senses after watching the surveillance camera footage and insisting on making him apologize in person.

That was when he knew he was in big trouble for offending a very powerful and influential figure.

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Chapter 567

He never expected that the man he saw last night... would turn out to be Weston Ford.

Even his father had never seen Weston Ford in the flesh.

He had only seen Weston from afar one time at a business event, but Weston did not know him at all.

The redhead had frequently heard his dad praising Weston for being a young yet capable entrepreneur, yet he never expected Weston to be so young and good-looking.

According to his limited knowledge, successful people in the business world basically looked like his father: pot-bellied, greasy, almost bald, and almost always surrounded by scantily clad women.

In business circles, wealthy men who were not ugly were considered hunks.

However, it was his first time seeing a truly handsome businessman like Weston.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Ford. I was blind and offended you by accident last night. Please forgive me...”

He immediately stepped forward upon his father’s signal and gave Weston a respectful and reverent apology.

Weston remained silent as he toyed with his pen, which

twiddled around his fingers.

The man immediately got his hint.

“I was just discussing outside with your assistant Ben about the shares of some of our chain stores... Mr. Ford, if you're interested, I can give them to you!”

He was a sensible man, after all.

However, Weston remained unmoved.

The redhead standing at the side began feeling upset at the sight of his father fawning all over Weston. He took a cautious step toward his father and whispered in his ear, “Why are we giving him benefits when he was the one who hit me? What's more, I didn't even get the upper hand last night. Isn't an apology sufficient?”

glared at him coldly, “Stop talking nonsense! Do you want to land yourself in the hospital?”

It was all his fault for neglecting to teach his son. He was almost an adult, yet he remained clueless about such things .

The redhead felt indignant but dared not utter a word. He inched back to his position and stood in place silently.

He couldn't really catch what his dad said to Weston, but he knew that Weston was only appeased after his dad promised to make him apologize to Stella. Their family assets even took a hit while trying to compensate Weston.

That was when the redhead began to regret it. If only he knew the outcome of his actions, he would never have provoked Stella in the first place.

Both of them eventually left the President's office.

Coincidentally, Ben brought another person over.

It was a beautiful lady, and the redhead couldn't help but sneak a few more glances at her.

His father immediately knocked his head hard. “Have you been taught enough of a lesson? You better watch your roving eyes, lest I gouge them out of their sockets one day!”

Guinevere followed right behind Ben, suppressing her anger until she could ask Weston for an explanation. Upon hearing the commotion in front, her brows furrowed as she asked Ben, “Who are the two of them?”

Ben said indifferently, "Two insolent suppliers who don't know their place. They're not important. Mr. Ford is waiting for you in his office. I'll bring you in right away..."

Guinevere retracted her gaze.

However, when she walked past the redhead, curiosity got the better of her, and she subconsciously glanced at him.

The redhead dared not look at her and followed the middle-aged man in front of him out of the place.

The middle-aged man huffily said, "You better rein yourself in when you're outside. If you see another woman, find out if she's

attached, lest you might encounter the woman of another bigshot! You can't afford to offend any of them, do you understand? This is especially so for exceptionally beautiful ladies. Don't bother craving after them; they're probably all taken!"

The redhead was clearly indignant and upset by his father's words, but he had no choice and could only nod obediently. "I got it..."

Guinevere overheard their conversation. She retracted her gaze, but her eyes had turned cold.

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Chapter 568

Both men had just loll Weston's office,

Ben clearly called them insolent, probably for offending Vieston,

Yet, the man claimed that it was they who'd offended Vieston's woman

Guinevere herself had never seen these two men, clearly indicating that the woman they were referring to...

Was someone else

When she entered Weston's office, Guinevere said to Ben, "CO and be busy with your work."

Ben hesitated for a moment before nodding, "Just call me if you need anything."

"I will."

Guinevere turned to look at Weston, who was going through some documents,

“Weston,” she called out as she shut the door behind her,

He did not reply

As if he hadn’t sensed her arrival at all, he continued on his work without so much as looking up at her,

Guinevere took a deep breath to calm herself down at his obvious negligence of her,
“Weston Ford, don’t you have

anything to say to me?”

“What do you want to hear?” He flipped a page of his document, his expression unchanged.

Guinevere clenched her fists. “Where exactly were you at last night?”

She refused to believe that the masked man from last night had nothing to do with Weston. The corners of Weston’s mouth lifted as he spoke with a slight tinge of sarcasm. “I made myself clear, but you don’t seem to understand.”

“I know I shouldn’t interfere with your whereabouts, but…”

Guinevere’s nails dug into the flesh of her palm as she forced herself to keep calm. “I just want to know if you were the man from last night? You had just rejected me, and you agreed to attend the banquet with someone else the next moment. Do you know how others will see me?”

“Is what other people think of you so important?”

Weston put down the document in his hand and rubbed between his brows. “What’s more, you had a partner. You didn’t need me at all.”

“That’s not true…”

Guinevere’s eyes shifted, “It’s because I was certain that you wouldn’t agree, which was why I found someone else…”

She suddenly realized something mid-sentence, and she

exclaimed with joy, “Weston, are you jealous? There’s really nothing between that man and me. I only invited him because of his status in the industry. I have no feelings for him. I only agreed to his invitation at the very last minute because you said you couldn’t join me due to work. If this bothers you, I’ll cut off all contact…”

"I won't interfere with your work in any way." Weston cut her off coldly. "As for your relationship with him, I won't interfere in that as well, as long as you know how to handle the media."

Guinevere's face froze. "What do you mean? What do you mean by not interfering in my relationship with him?"

She was in disbelief. "Do you mean to say that no matter what I do with other men, you wouldn't care?"

Weston lifted his hand and glanced at his watch, "Gwen, I thought we agreed on this we never interfere in each other's work."

"But this isn't the same! This falls outside of the boundaries of work! You could've been jealous! You could've cared!"

Guinevere was clearly agitated. "We're about to be husband and wife. You should be jealous. You should care! How could you

not?"

Weston's brows furrowed, "What exactly are you trying to say?"

Guinevere finally recalled why she was here upon seeing his cold and distant side profile.

She took a deep breath and pressed her palms together, "I'm not

here to argue about these things with you. I just want the honest truth from you: Did you or did you not attend the banquet last night?"

He looked into her eyes unflinchingly, "What is the purpose of finding out the answer to your question?"

Chapter 569

Guinevere suddenly clutched her chest and stepped back a few steps, "...was that man really you? You wore a mask to the banquet to come to Ella's rescue?"

His response was way more hurtful than directly admitting to it.

She understood Weston well enough to know he'd never hide things from anyone, and he would've never said anything like that if he really didn't do it.

The realization made her throat constrict so tight that it almost choked her. She couldn't stop herself from blurting, "When did things begin between you and her?"

She added a moment later, "Is it because she looks like Stella Sealey ... because Ella looks like Stella, that you treat her so differently?"

Her eyes turned red. "I asked you yesterday if you're in love with Stella, and you refused to give me a response. I'm asking you one more time: Are you in love with her?"

Weston remained silent as he did previously.

Guinevere went on with her one-sided interrogation, "You're in love with Stella, which is why you paid so much attention to the woman who looks like her, right?"

He pursed his thin lips and remained silent.

The air around them was tense and cold as ice.

"Indeed ...you always become like this when we talk about her..."

Guinevere shook her head and smiled bitterly, "You fell in love with her after she died... that's why you are willing to do everything for just a woman who merely looks like her..."

What was this?

Was Ella considered Stella's replacement?

Then what about her?

Anger simmered in her heart. "Why are you not saying anything? Are you admitting to what I said?" She began yelling hysterically, "Tell me! Are you in love with Stella Sealey?!"

"Enough," he finally spoke.

He tugged at his necktie and sounded annoyed. "Gwen, this isn't like you."

"How am I usually like?"

Guinevere rebuked him, her heart filled with indignance. "I know I've always been proud, thinking you'll cajole me and make me happy. I gave Stella the chance to strike, thereby causing you to fall in love with her. Had I not been so proud

and the first to take the bow, would things have become like this?"

Tears began falling down her cheeks. She had thrown aside everything today to look for him so she could seek an explanation.

“Was it because I gave Stella a chance back then that she managed to earn a place in your heart?”

Weston looked blandly at her. “What kind of answer do you want?”

“I don’t want an answer. I want you.”

She suddenly walked toward Weston and hugged his waist, burying her face in his embrace.

“Hug me.”

He lifted his hand and placed it on her lower back. “As you wish.”

Weston hugged her, just as she wanted him to.

Like countless times in the past, he once again satisfied her requests.

Yet, when it violated his baseline principles, he would refuse to yield.

Things have been like that for many years, so why was she suddenly dissatisfied?

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 569

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Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 570

Chapter 570

Guinevere couldn't feel a single ounce of warmth and asked tearfully, “Were you that superficial when you hugged Stella?”

“Don't mention her name again.”

“Why can't I?” Guinevere wiped away the tears on her face and looked up at him.

“To you, her name is taboo. Is it because you don't want to hear her name or because you don't dare to?....because your heart aches each time you think about her, doesn't it?”

She suddenly spoke right into his heart. “Do you regret choosing me when you had to choose between us?”

So what if Weston did choose her back then? He might have come to regret it now.

Weston grabbed her arms and pushed her away. He lowered his head and looked right into her eyes, “Or, you might have gotten it all wrong. I didn't choose anyone back then. Long before things blew up, I had already made arrangements downstairs . Those kidnappers wouldn't have been able to bring Stella away.”

“What do you mean by that?”

Guinevere's eyes trembled. “Do you mean that you've never

given up on her? Back then, you only chose me because of circumstances?”

She had never considered this possibility, and she felt her head buzz. Suddenly, she laughed wildly. "Turns out that that's the truth...you chose me just so that they would lower their guard? You've already arranged things such that they would never be able to take Stella away, right?"

"Hahahaha!"

Guinevere laughed crazily, "So, that's it. I've been imagining things all along..."

She had thought that she was important to Weston, which was why he chose her.

Stella probably thought that, too, which was why she lost all hope and was willing to die alongside the kidnappers.

None of them were willing to believe that Weston cared for Stella.

Guinevere wiped away her tears, "But, so what? She thought the same as I did till the point of her death. She didn't believe you; she didn't believe that you would save her, so she chose to jump off the balcony!"

"Weston Ford. She's dead. So what if you have feelings for her? She's already dead, and she's never coming back! I'm the only one left for you!"

She looked into his icy gaze, and her heart turned bitter. She rubbed her temples and said, "Weston...I feel terrible..."

Weston reached out to hold her steady, "Gwen..."

At the Ford Corporation's office building.

An ambulance was waiting downstairs.

Many employees witnessed Weston carrying Guinevere and walking out

In the secretary's office.

Daisy had just ended a call when she saw Weston, his face dark and surrounded by a cold aura. He was carrying Guinevere and heading out. She stood stunned for a moment before snapping back to attention. "Mr. Ford, do you need any help?"

Weston walked right past her. "Don't block the way."

Daisy stood around awkwardly.

Afterward, she saw Ben walking anxiously over, asking, “Mr. Sullivan, what’s going on?”

Ben didn’t turn to look at her but instead hurried out with his phone at his ear, “Take care of things in the office. Ms. Cohen just fainted, and Mr. Ford is sending her to the hospital. Push back all of today’s meetings!”

“All right, Mr. Sullivan…”

Overwhelmed , Daisy looked at them walk away as mixed feelings grew in her heart.

She thought that she had grown closer to Weston after what happened, but to her surprise, things hadn’t changed at all, and Weston had continued communicating with her strictly on a professional basis.

Daisy stumbled back to her desk, still in a daze.