

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 711

### Chapter 711

But he always felt that Wendy had no reason to do that.

Moreover, she and Guinevere got along quite well, so there was no reason to hurt Guinevere for an outsider.

He patted Guinevere's shoulder. "It must be a misunderstanding . Don't worry. I will not allow such a woman to join our family."

At that moment.

Stella stood on the stage and looked at the people with different expressions on their faces, but her heart felt calm.

She saw Guinevere staring at her with resentment and many others watching in amusement. Not far away, she

saw a handsome man gazing at her sullenly.

Weston stood at the stairway, hidden in the shadows, just as Wendy announced that Stella was her goddaughter. No one followed him. It was just him alone, standing tall and proud.

The man was holding a glass of champagne , donning his bespoke suit, exuding an indifference that made people avoid him

His dark eyes were fixated on the woman on the stage,

They were calm at first, but then a storm was brewing in them. Nobody knew what went in his mind at that moment.

Stella stared into his eyes, and her eyes flickered. In the end, she withdrew her gaze and ignored him.

"Thank you for coming today. I hope everyone enjoys the party!"

Before Wendy could finish her speech, Chris walked onto the stage and interrupted. He was laughing and trying to smooth things over, not wanting to bring any more attention to Stella's affairs.

Wendy just smiled and didn't say anything, knowing that he was standing up for Guinevere.

But her purpose had been achieved, so she said nothing more and led Stella out of the hall.

“I shall check on Zachary first. You can take a look around.”

After getting off the stage, Wendy nodded to Stella, to which she replied, “Alright. I got it.”

She wanted to get some fresh air.

The atmosphere here was never right for her.

Just as she turned to leave, Weston followed her.

Stella knew that he had something to say but did not stop.

The moment they were on the balcony, Weston pinned her on the railings behind her.

“Stella.”

The man was calling her name in a deep voice. He tilted her chin up. “Or should I call you... sister?”

Stella looked up. When she met his eyes, she laughed. “A brother will never do such a thing to his sister.”

She stretched her hand and pointed at his chest. “And he will not do this in such a place. If someone passes by and sees this, what will he think?”

“They’ve already seen it. What’s the point of talking about it now?” Weston suddenly lowered his head, and his warm breath spread across her skin.

“Sister, sis...”

He purposely lowered his volume when he said that, exuding a hint of inexplicable affection.

Stella turned her head to another side.

She could hear his urgency but said calmly, “You heard what your mother said just now. I am now her goddaughter, which makes your actions inappropriate.”

“They are,” “The man put his hands on her waist and tightened his hands gradually; his eyes raged with fire, He suppressed his anger, and his eyes turned dark into obscurity

After a while, he sniggered. "Would it be even more inappropriate if I sleep with my sister tonight?" She frowned at once. "Get lost!"

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 712

### Chapter 712

Stella pushed him away and headed to the hall.

The man turned his head sideways, looking at the endless darkness, and stood on the balcony motionlessly.

Stella suddenly stopped in her tracks in the corridor.

She turned back and swept a glance at his side face with little emotions in her eyes. Then, she withdrew her gaze and left without looking back.

In the hall.

As soon as she came over, she saw Guinevere standing up and glaring at her.

Stella curled her lips and pretended to look at her.

If there was anything that she could take comfort in from this ridiculous party, it was the sight of Guinevere's frantic, twisted appearance.

But such little pain meant nothing.

At least Guinevere still had her son. Unlike her, she did not even have the chance to look at hers.

When it came to viciousness, she was no more than a tenth of Guinevere's tenacity.

She did not want to pay attention to her on such an occasion, and Guinevere shouldn't want anything to do with her either.

But when she passed by Guinevere, the pathetic woman suddenly called her name.

"Ella!"

Stella stopped in her tracks. Without turning back to look at her, she asked, "What is it?"

Guinevere took a deep breath and put on a friendly face. She looked at Stella steadily. "It seems like I have misunderstood you. I didn't expect you to be Wendy's goddaughter."

Stella frowned. "And?"

Guinevere smiled and said, "Well, since you are Wendy's goddaughter, you are Weston's godsister. His sister is my sister as well."

So that was what it meant...

Stella chuckled. "If I remember it right. You two have broken off your engagement, so how come I am your sister?"

Guinevere's smile stiffened, but she still maintained her elegance. "No matter what, Weston and I share a child. Our relationship is unbreakable, so I am willing to treat his family as my own."

Since she was the one who wanted it so much, Stella played along. "You are so generous, Sister..."

"Thank you for clarifying for me," she whispered into Guinevere's ear and left with a smile.

Then there was a change in the discussion among the people.

"The actress called Ella is Wendy's goddaughter. So, there is indeed nothing between her and Weston?"

"We can't be sure of it. A goddaughter is not a blood relation, but neither is she adopted. Could it be a method for her to stay in the Ford family?" "Didn't you hear what Guinevere just said? She also treats Ella as her sister. If it is what you think, would it be possible for Guinevere to treat her with that kind of attitude?"

"Yeah... with Guinevere's temperament, she wouldn't stand this kind of thing."

And the discussion went on.

Guinevere clenched her fists.

She did not want to let Stella steer clear of it so easily, but she was more reluctant to let people think that Weston was really in love with someone else than to let Stella be shouted at by everyone.

On the balcony.

Weston remained still even after Stella left. It was almost the end of springtime, and although summer was approaching, the nights still bore remnants of the season's chill.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 713**

## Chapter 713

Hunching his back a little, the man lit a cigarette. Puffs of smoke and an occasional glow could be seen from time to time.

After a while, a tall figure appeared beside Weston.

Xavier was pinching a cigarette between his finger. He searched his pockets and looked at Weston. "I forgot to bring a lighter. Can I borrow yours?"

Weston did not say anything. He flicked away the burnt ash of his cigarette and gave the cigarette directly to him as if he'd lost interest in a smoke.

Xavier smiled. He did not mind at all. He lit his cigarette with it and threw it into the dustbin. Taking a puff, he exhaled a cloud of smoke and looked at Weston with a smile. He asked, "I remember you have quit smoking for a long time. Why start again?"

Weston did not say anything. Instead, he leaned against the railing and raised his head slightly.

His well-sculpted face from his side strangely exuded an exquisite balance that wasn't superfluous.

Though he didn't say anything, Xavier laughed to himself. "I thought you'd be in a good mood."

"How so?" The man finally spoke.

"Although that old man scolded you, he still broke off your engagement with the Cohens. I deliberately showed goodwill with the old man and proved I had no intention to fight for the family fortune, yet he blamed me for your matter."

After he said that, he looked up at Weston and his gaze sharpened instantly. "Everything seems to have fallen according to your designs." Weston chuckled. "Do you think what's happening is in my best interest?"

Xavier did not dare to draw a conclusion either, but he knew that he was a bit gullible. "Are you serious with Ella?"

Weston did not answer and put his hands on the railing.

His black suit blended into the endless dark of the night, leaving people to wonder what he really had in mind.

It was only after a good while that he replied. "If you want to compete in business, I shall play with you until the end, but you cannot touch her."

After he said that, he looked at Xavier in his face. "It is just a warning today. If I really want to deal with you, you won't be able to bear it."

Xavier straightened his back, and his smile turned sour. "You admitted it. It's all part of your plan, including the cancellation of the engagement."

He suddenly felt how ghastly Weston could be, so meticulous in his plan that he could not even find a flaw.

"How did you calculate so accurately, to the extent of getting the old man under your control? You could even use almost all the interests of the project in the western suburbs as bait. Aren't you afraid that one of the chains won't be as you want it to be and the whole thing will come apart?"

Weston curled his lips, but his eyes were not smiling. Instead, his face was showing confidence that as if everything was under his control. "You said that I have calculated everything."

He looked into Xavier's eyes with both disdain and mockery. "When you are worried about these inconsequential consequences, I have already achieved my purpose."

There was a long silence on the balcony.

Only Xavier was standing there without making a sound.

The cigarette in his hand had burned to his fingertips, bringing him a twinge of pain.

He snapped back into his senses and extinguished the cigarette. He cursed in a low voice and his eyes were full of resignation.

He considered himself no worse than Weston.

Although Warren was extremely fond of him, he was not some uneducated blockhead.

According to the seniority of the family, he should be competing with Chris for the position of the heir, and he should be the rightful heir.

But by age, he was not much older than Weston.

So, in Warren's mind, he should be competing with Weston for the inheritance.

Those should be all his in the first place! Now there was another person he need to share it with.

Was it just because he's not that old?

Chris did not stand a chance against him.

But if you include Weston, the situation would be totally different.

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 714

### Chapter 714

He had to compete with his nephew.

It was totally unfair.

“Why are you standing here alone?” Daisy came.

It was a bit cold and she wrapped herself in a shawl.

Xavier relaxed his face and turned into his usual playful self. “Are you worrying about me?”

Daisy’s eyes flickered. She was used to his random sweet words and nodded. “It is almost time. When are you

going back?”

Xavier smiled as he approached her. He pulled the shawl off her shoulder. “You don’t look good this way. You look best when you show your collarbones.”

Daisy furrowed her brows. “But I will be cold this way.”

Xavier raised his brows. “The Daisy I know wouldn’t care about that little thing.”

She was an elite white-collar worker who always wore high heels and looked smart in all situations.

Since when had she become like a little girl who would cower in a shawl?

Daisy’s face changed, and she took off the shawl. “Are you satisfied now?”

Xavier draped his hand around her shoulder and caressed her. “This looks better.”

He liked her this way.

Like a rose blooming in the cold wind. Though it was a bit deliberate, what was more important was that it looked better this way.

After the goddaughter incident, Wendy brought Zachary to the butler and order him, "He spit up milk just now, so don't feed him first. If he is tired, bring him back to his room."

As soon as she said that, she felt a strong aura coming from the back.

Chris stood behind her and said coldly, "Come with me. I need to talk to you."

The butler's face changed. He cuddled the baby and watched the two in silence.

He rarely saw Chris with such an expression.

Especially when he was with Wendy. He seemed to be very angry.

He dared not say anything and fled the scene with Zachary.

Wendy seemed to be expecting him, but she did not expect him to look like this. She looked at him indifferently and said, "Can't we just talk here?"

Chris took a deep breath and calmed himself down. "Let's talk in the room. The guests are almost gone and we need to see Guinevere and her family off..."

"Why don't you just go and see them off?" Wendy turned around and sat on the sofa, examining her nails. "If there is nothing important, let's talk about it at night."

Chris felt stuffy and walked back and forth. Then, he sat down beside Wendy. "Alright. I will talk to you here."

He surveyed the surroundings . Seeing that no one was coming, he asked, "Why did you make Ella your goddaughter?"

"I said it rather clearly." Wendy shrugged. "I like her very much. Besides, I have no daughter. Can't I want to have her as my daughter?"

The more she explained, the harder it got for Chris to accept things. "If you want a daughter, can't you just treat Guinevere as your own daughter? She will become almost like our daughter after she marries Weston, won't she?"

Wendy smirked and said nonchalantly, "But the problem is, the engagement has already been broken off, so I naturally cannot make her my daughter."

She deliberately altered the whole idea by reversing the order.

Chris's face turned gloomy. "Let me ask you one thing. Do you know the relationship between Ella and Weston?"

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 715**

## Chapter 715

He thought that Guinevere was the one overthinking at first but started to believe her once he saw Wendy's attitude. His wife had somehow become a bit more hostile toward Guinevere.

Wendy supported her chin and looked at him suddenly." What do you think?" she chuckled.

"You really know about it?" Chris was disappointed." What is wrong with Guinevere? How can you do this to her? She's crazy about Weston."

"She is crazy about him, not me." Wendy interrupted impatiently. Her tone turned cold. "What does she have to do with me taking a goddaughter?"

"You are humiliating her! Ella and Weston are having an affair. How can you let her take advantage of the reputation of the family? We should just use the money to eliminate such a woman, but you take her as your goddaughter instead! What are you thinking about?"

Wendy stood up suddenly and looked at him

condescendingly. "What about you? What are you thinking about? I'm just taking someone with similar interests as my goddaughter. It's not a big deal, but you're so eager to speak for Guinevere." Hearing her mention Guinevere, he was startled.

He suppressed his anger forcefully. "I plan to treat her as my own daughter. If it weren't for this mess, she would marry Weston very soon."

The more he said, the deeper the smile on Wendy's face.

Chris frowned after he finished talking. "What are you laughing at?" "Nothing. I am just thinking that since you care so much about Guinevere, why don't you marry her instead of Weston?" 1

"Nonsense!"

Chris was annoyed at once and barked at her. "Listen to what you said just now!"

The guests who had not left were startled by them and looked this way.

The man quickly collected himself and said with a gloomy face. "Don't talk impulsively. Think it over carefully. I shall go and handle the party first!"

After saying that, he stood up and left. When looking at his back, Wendy's eyes seemed to be

covered with frost

Stella planned to go and say goodbye to Wendy at first but seeing that she had a fierce argument with Chris, she

dared not approach her.

She wanted to leave immediately and send her a message later, but a wrinkled old man walked up to her.

“You are Ella?”

The old man’s tone was affirmative, with a hint of authority and tentativeness.

Although his hair had turned entirely white, he was hale and hearty. Holding a dragon-carved cane, he looked dignified and more oppressive than when he was speaking on stage.

Stella stopped in her tracks and nodded gently. “Is there anything that you need me for?”

Warren looked at her and said, “Come with me.”

Stella’s eyes flickered. She wanted to refuse, and Warren had already left.

So she could only follow him.

In the study.

Only the two of them were there.

Warren signaled her. “Sit down.”

Stella obeyed and took a seat on the wooden furniture.

The study was decked out with antiques, something that spoke of its owner’s taste. Landscape paintings of all kinds dotted the walls, and the furniture was in its

original colors. It filled the room with a sort of tranquillity that could calm a person. Warren boiled her a pot of tea and put it in front of her. “Try this. It’s premium Longjing tea.”

## **Chapter 716**

“I don’t usually drink tea,” Stella stated. “There’s no need for you to waste your good tea on me.” Warren Ford smiled faintly, but his countenance remained impenetrable.

"It's just a tea for entertaining guests," he said. "But I won't force you if you don't want to drink it."

He then sat down in front of her and added, "You must know exactly why I wanted to see you here."

Stella paused for a moment before nodding.

"It's about Weston, isn't it?"

"How long have you been with him?"

"Half a year."

"Half a year..." Warren paused and fell into contemplation before continuing, "That's a period of time that's neither long nor short. Do you know how long he's been with Guinevere Cohen?"

Stella pursed her lips and made no reply.

"Don't be nervous," Warren laughed. "I just wanted to chat with you, that's all."

"Really?" Stella raised her brows. "I thought you brought me here so you could offer me a pile of money in exchange for leaving Weston."

She had no doubt that Warren would have such a plan in his mind.

"You're a smart woman," Warren put his hand on the desk and drummed his fingers. "I'm sure you know that no amount of money can compare to the love Weston is pouring onto you right now. He's worth more than most people would even dare to imagine."

"I've never cared about his money anyway..." Stella stared vacantly into the distance.

"How shrewd of you. You must know that most wealthy people aren't that stupid. At the very least, there has to be one smart person in their family."

Warren paused to take a sip from his teacup before adding, "Do you think Weston loves you?"

"Probably just a temporary infatuation," Stella answered bluntly.

"Hmm..." Warren nodded. "Still, you managed to get him infatuated with you. That's impressive enough. I must give you credit for that. Now, how much money do you think this infatuation is going to get you?"

Stella suddenly burst into laughter. Warren had been skirting around the subject for a while now, and she must admit that he was much more subtle about it than Chris

was, but in the end, both of their motives were one and the same-how much to pay her so she would leave Weston.

“Are you asking me to name my price?” Stella asked Warren.

“No,” he denied. “You’ve misunderstood me. Even if you did name your price and run off with the money, if Weston really likes you, he would find a way to find you and bring you back anyway.”

Warren understood Weston very well. He had seen this grandson of his grow up before his very eyes. His attention might’ve been diverted slightly when his youngest son, Xavier, was born, but it had always been crystal clear to him long ago that Weston was the most deserving heir among his descendants.

Weston had almost single-handedly raised the Ford family up to a level that it had never before been at. Naturally, he wouldn’t interfere with his grandson’s lifestyle choices so rashly.

But he would never let him walk down the wrong path either.

Warren looked at Stella with a kindly look, but the words that came out of his mouth were anything but kind.

“If Weston doesn’t want to let go of you,” he said, “it would’ve been pointless even if you wanted to take the money and leave him.”

Stella clenched her fists. Her expressions soured.

“If you knew that, why bring me here and intimidate me then?”

“I just want to warn you not to get too bold or brazen,” he asserted. He tapped a finger on the desk and added, “Mark my words, he will get tired of you one day. It’s just a matter of when. Still, I’m sure that you have your special capabilities to try to keep him interested in you for as long as you can till you’ve exhausted all your skills...”

A sardonic smile flashed across his face as he stared at Stella

“What I mean is,” he continued, “I don’t want him to be embroiled in his carnal desire for too long,”

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## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 717

### Chapter 717

"You mean you want me to make him tired of me?"

"That would be best," said Warren, "but I won't force you, of course. At the very least, you should stop charming him with your tricks."

Stella burst out laughing.

"You must've either overestimated my charms or underestimated Weston!" she exclaimed. "Do you think a man like him would fall for me just through simple schemes?"

"I would never underestimate him as a businessman," Warren replied calmly, unruffled by Stella's rebuttal. "In that regard, he truly is unrivaled. But it doesn't matter how strong or capable he is. In the end, he is still just a hot-blooded man. He may be completely disinterested with some women, but I know his only weakness is women."

"It seems that you understand him very well indeed," said Stella. She curtailed any expressions on her face and slowly but very clearly added, "It's a pity that you completely neglected one point in this matter – I am the one who wanted him to lose interest in me more than anybody else."

Warren was in the middle of pouring himself another cup

of tea. Stella's words completely stumped him. He stared down at the cup, quickly filling up with tea before slowly putting the teapot down.

"That is indeed unexpected..." he smiled thinly. "Are you telling me that you don't, in fact, want to be with him at

all?"

"Not everyone thinks the world of your grandson," Stella smiled sardonically. "But he is used to being highly regarded by everyone around him, and he takes it for granted that he should get anything he wants."

"You can leave him if you don't like him."

"You know your grandson more than anyone else," Stella argued. "You must know exactly what he is like."

"Interesting," Warren fell silent. He then smiled and asked, "Is he blackmailing you?"

“I have a brother who’s the only family I have left in this world,” answered Stella with a stony expression. “Weston has been using him to threaten me. But he’s gone abroad now, so I can finally relax a little.”

“I had no idea...” Warren frowned. A look of regret cropped up on his face. “It must be terrible for you, child.”

This sudden change in his attitude left Stella with mixed feelings. She had known the Ford family to be upstanding virtuous people, but no matter how friendly they might appear to you, they would always have the best interest of their family in mind.

“You’re right that it is terrible for me,” she said bluntly, not wishing to play dumb, “but I’m also sure that you would do nothing to hold Weston accountable for his actions.”

Warren was speechless. After a while, he nodded and told her, “I am not surprised that Weston fell for you. You’re not like any other woman around him. You’re much more astute than them.”

“If there’s nothing else, then please excuse me...”

“Wait!” Warren sprung up to his feet. “Since Weston likes you very much, he’d have no desire to stay here in the Ford Mansion if you’re gone, so why don’t you stay here for the night?”

Stella’s eyes widened in disbelief.

“Didn’t you just tell me that you want him to lose interest in me?” she asked.

“Yes,” Warren chuckled, “and I still do. But I think it’s best to use a different plan to achieve it.”

Stella pursed her lips. Her eyes gleamed as she slowly walked towards Warren Ford.

“What kind of plan do you have in mind?” she asked.

“Just do what I say,” he replied, “and I will make sure that you and your brother can reunite, and Weston will never bother you again.”

“Really?” Stella gasped. “You’re not lying to me, are you?”

“Of course, I’m not lying to you,” he reassured her. “As things stand, who else do you think has the authority and capability to rein Weston in other than me?”

“What should I do, then?”

“Right now, you’re Wendy’s goddaughter, which means that you are officially a member of the Ford family. In that case, it is perfectly natural for you to stay in this house. I will ask the housekeeper to get a room ready for

you.”

Stella said nothing, but Warren went on as if to answer her unasked question, “Since Weston likes you very much, then we’ll let him enjoy your company as much as he likes. Right now, you should just let him do whatever he wants.” 1

## Chapter 718

“I know exactly what you’re trying to say,” Stella told Warren slowly as she stared at the floor. “You’re thinking that Weston would eventually lose interest in me if I just let him do whatever he wants to do to me, don’t you? Well, trust me, I’ve tried that, and it didn’t work.”

“But now it won’t just be you letting him do whatever he wants,” he patiently explained. “It would be his whole family letting him do whatever he wants. There’s a big difference there.”

“Up until now,” he continued, “we’ve all wanted him to be with Guinevere, but he had his mind set on you. The more we objected, the more rebellious he became. Now, however, we’ll change our tune and let him be with whoever he wants, even you. As time goes on, he’ll eventually get bored.”

“I can pretend to please him,” Stella defended, still not entirely trusting Warren. “But what are you going to do if he wouldn’t let me go?”

Warren laughed.

“The best-case scenario would be for him to naturally lose interest in you, but if he doesn’t, then surely you would have lowered his guard over time, correct? When that happens, I can easily help you escape his grasp.”

“Okay,” Stella replied, finally convinced. “I got it.”

The Ford Mansion had a long and illustrious history, with its stately walls and lavish furnishings exuding true grandeur. Only now, after being surrounded by such splendor, did Stella truly appreciate the century-long accumulation of wealth enjoyed by the Ford family. It was at a level no ordinary person could imagine.

In one hallway alone, she could see numerous famous paintings that she had only seen in art textbooks. Yet there they were, looking as if they had always belonged there.

The housekeeper led Stella to a room and said, "This is the guest bedroom prepared just for you, Miss Ella. Right next to it is Mr. Weston Ford's room. Feel free to tell me if you need anything."

"Does Weston Ford live here too?" she asked as she swept a glance across the room.

"Yes," the housekeeper answered. "But he is with Mr. Chris Ford right now, sending the guests off. He should be back in his room later. Would you like to stay here, or would you like someone else to show you around the mansion?"

"No," she shook her head. "I'll just stay here and rest. I'm exhausted. It's been a long day."

"Sure, Miss Ella. Have a good rest."

The housekeeper had just left when Stella suddenly overheard a quarrel coming from the hallway.

"What was Father thinking letting that woman stay here?!"

It was Chris Ford's voice, and he sounded incensed.

Stella didn't mean to eavesdrop, but hearing that their conversation revolving around her made her pause...

Meanwhile, inside the room, Wendy, who had returned earlier, was undergoing her usual skincare routine, cleansing her face at first, followed by a steam facial.

Zach had behaved himself well and threw no tantrums at all. He had just quietly gone to sleep, so Wendy handed his care over to the nanny.

She glanced at the clock. It was almost time to go to bed.

Then Chris suddenly stormed into the room and saw her sitting in front of the vanity mirror holding a cream jar. He banged the door shut, completely fired up with rage.

Because he banged the door with excessive force, it bounced instead of closed properly, leaving a tiny gap through which Stella could hear them as she stood there in the hallway without being seen.

"...what are you so angry about now?" asked Wendy coolly as she was applying moisturizer to her face. She had let her hair down and was now dressed in her silk nightgown.

Chris had been used to her nightly ritual for decades, but this sight inexplicably irritated him for some reason. "Are those creams all you care about?" he snapped. "Think about

something else other than yourself! Don't you know that the family is in an uproar?" Wendy was about to frown, but then she remembered that she had a mask on, so she went back to being expressionless. "I know you're in a rotten mood," she said, "and you're just taking it out on me."

"I'm not taking it out on you," he argued. "Just explain it to me. Why did you suddenly announce that Ella Steele is your goddaughter? Are you crazy? And now Father even let her stay in our house! Are we really going to let Weston be with a woman like that?"

"Whatever happens between them is none of your business. Why are you so concerned about it?"

"Because Weston is our son! And he has a child now! Are we really going to let Ella Steele be Zach's stepmother?" "Judging by how much you care about him," Wendy sneered, "I would've thought that Zach was your son if I

didn't know any better!"

"Nonsense!" Chris yelled. "You're getting more and more unreasonable by the day!"

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 718**

### **Chapter 718**

"I know exactly what you're trying to say," Stella told Warren slowly as she stared at the floor. "You're thinking that Weston would eventually lose interest in me if I just let him do whatever he wants to do to me, don't you? Well, trust me, I've tried that, and it didn't work."

"But now it won't just be you letting him do whatever he wants," he patiently explained. "It would be his whole family letting him do whatever he wants. There's a big difference there."

"Up until now," he continued, "we've all wanted him to be with Guinevere, but he had his mind set on you. The more we objected, the more rebellious he became. Now, however, we'll change our tune and let him be with whoever he wants, even you. As time goes on, he'll eventually get bored."

"I can pretend to please him," Stella defended, still not entirely trusting Warren. "But what are you going to do if he wouldn't let me go?"

Warren laughed.

"The best-case scenario would be for him to naturally lose interest in you, but if he doesn't, then surely you would have lowered his guard over time, correct? When that happens, I can easily help you escape his grasp."

“Okay,” Stella replied, finally convinced. “I got it.”

The Ford Mansion had a long and illustrious history, with its stately walls and lavish furnishings exuding true grandeur. Only now, after being surrounded by such splendor, did Stella truly appreciate the century-long accumulation of wealth enjoyed by the Ford family. It was at a level no ordinary person could imagine.

In one hallway alone, she could see numerous famous paintings that she had only seen in art textbooks. Yet there they were, looking as if they had always belonged there.

The housekeeper led Stella to a room and said, “This is the guest bedroom prepared just for you, Miss Ella. Right next to it is Mr. Weston Ford’s room. Feel free to tell me if you need anything.”

“Does Weston Ford live here too?” she asked as she swept a glance across the room.

“Yes,” the housekeeper answered. “But he is with Mr. Chris Ford right now, sending the guests off. He should be back in his room later. Would you like to stay here, or would you like someone else to show you around the mansion?”

“No,” she shook her head. “I’ll just stay here and rest. I’m exhausted. It’s been a long day.”

“Sure, Miss Ella. Have a good rest.”

The housekeeper had just left when Stella suddenly overheard a quarrel coming from the hallway.

“What was Father thinking letting that woman stay here?!”

It was Chris Ford’s voice, and he sounded incensed.

Stella didn’t mean to eavesdrop, but hearing that their conversation revolving around her made her pause...

Meanwhile, inside the room, Wendy, who had returned earlier, was undergoing her usual skincare routine, cleansing her face at first, followed by a steam facial.

Zach had behaved himself well and threw no tantrums at all. He had just quietly gone to sleep, so Wendy handed his care over to the nanny.

She glanced at the clock. It was almost time to go to bed.

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## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 719**

### **Chapter 719**

Chris Ford had been concealing his feeling of guilt from the start, yet when Wendy unknowingly revealed the truth that he’d been so anxious to hide, he acted like a cat whose tail had just been trampled and exploded with anger.

“I’m sick of you speaking nonsense like that all the time!” he snarled, “You know how ridiculous you’re being! Zack is our own grandson. Why would it be so weird that I’m concerned about him?”

Wendy said nothing in reply. She removed the treatment mask and wiped her face with a clean cotton pad. Then, she picked up another bottle of skincare product, poured the content onto her palm, and began rubbing it on her skin.

Chris walked up to her and grabbed her wrist,

“You have to come with me and talk some sense into Father!” he barked. “We have to explain everything to him. Even if Weston and Guinevere’s engagement has been broken off, we still can’t let a woman like Ella Steele be with our son!”

“You go and tell him yourself!” Wendy shoved his hand off her impatiently. “I don’t want to upset Father.”

“WENDY!!!”

It was the first time that Chris Ford had yelled at Wendy in such a manner since they’d gotten married. “I’m truly disappointed in you!” “You should know you’re not getting any younger!” he added. For some reason, the sight of her smearing creams and lotions on her face filled him with a wave of contempt he’d never felt for her before. “Don’t you know how pointless all these creams are? You’re never going to be as pretty as a young woman!”

Those words ultimately triggered Wendy’s wrath. In a blind moment of rage, she bolted to her feet and furiously swept the glass jars and bottles off her vanity, smashing them onto the floor. “Fine!” she shouted. “Why don’t you go on and find a young woman then? Why are you still wasting your time with an old woman like me?!” “Fine!” Chris was so enraged that his eyes had turned bloodshot. “Remember that you said so yourself! So don’t regret it later!”

Men were always like that. Even when they did something wrong, they never stayed feeling guilty for long. Once a period of time had passed, even those as guilty as sin would get impatient and start getting angry. Chris stormed out of the room, leaving Wendy in there all alone.

Stella hid in a nearby storeroom when she heard Chris’s approaching footsteps. She only came out when she saw him storming out of the room and disappearing in the distance.

She had no intention to interfere with the relationship between Chris and Wendy, but even she could sense, just from overhearing their quarrel just now, that Chris and Guinevere had a peculiarly close relationship. But she thought nothing more of it and was about to return to her room when the sound of a crying baby distracted her...

“Waaa! Waaa!”

Chris had been so loud and brash when he shoved the door open that it had woken Zach up. Children his age tended to make a lot of fuss when they got upset, especially when awakened from sleep. Wendy was startled by Zach’s loud cries. She massaged her temples and let out a heavy sigh before putting on a shawl and rushing out of the

room. "I'm coming. I'm coming..." "He's been woken up by the noise!" the nanny griped as she carried Zach out of the nursery. "I know, I know..."

Wendy quickly took Zach into her arms and cooed softly at him to calm him down.

"Bring his milk bottle over," she instructed the nanny as she patted Zach's back gently.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did you change his diapers?" "No, it was still dry."

Wendy remembered being a lot more relaxed when Weston was a baby. She had basically let the nanny handle everything back then. Yet now, with Zach, she was a lot more involved and spent much more time and effort taking care of him.

Wendy was rocking Zach to sleep in her arms in the hallway when she suddenly noticed Stella standing at the door.

"Aren't you asleep yet?" she asked, surprised to see her.

Seeing that Wendy had seen her, Stella thought it was pointless to hide now, so she turned around and nodded, saying, "I was just about to go to bed." She then glanced at Zach and asked, "How long does he cry like that for?"

The thought of her own baby suddenly came into her mind. He would be just about Zach's age if he were still alive. She wondered if he would be naughty or well behaved...

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 720**

### **Chapter 720**

Wendy did not notice the strange look on Stella's face.

"Why don't you come over and play with him?" she asked.

But that was Guinevere's baby. The baby she had with Weston.

Stella's eyes almost trembled with all that suppressed emotion, but she still had to pretend that she was fine.

"Never mind," she refused. "I have no experience with children. I don't even know how to hold them..."

“It’s really not that hard!”

With Zach in her arms, Wendy walked towards Stella and handed him to her.

“Every woman has to learn how to do it someday anyway,” she told Stella. “Come on; I’ll teach you how to hold him!”

Wendy was so kind to her that she found it hard to refuse her, but at the same time, she just froze when Wendy pushed Zach’s little body towards her. The boy leaned against her chest; his face flushed red from all the crying. Soon, he closed his eyes and cried his lungs out again ...

“Waaah! Waaah!”

Stella’s whole body stiffened. She looked down lumberingly at the boy, not knowing what to do or say.

Wendy laughed when she saw how clueless and awkward

Stella was with Zach.

“You have to coax and soothe him!”

“...but how do I do that?”

“Just shake his arm a bit. Pat his back a little. Be gentle.”

Stella did as she was told and imitated what Wendy did earlier with Zach.

“Don’t cry...” she cooed, gently patting Zach’s tiny back. “It’s alright...”

Perhaps there was a special connection between Zach and Stella, or perhaps Zach was just tired from all the crying, but in any case, he suddenly stopped crying.

The boy let out a long sigh, and his reddened face gradually recovered as he stretched and yawned as though he was so cozy that he was ready to sleep.

“Ahh...”

“Did he stop crying just like that?” Stella marveled. “His mood changed so quickly!”

“Children are like that,” Wendy nodded. “One minute they’re crying their lungs out, the next minute they start laughing their hearts out! You can never guess what

they’re thinking!” Mixed feelings stirred Stella’s heart. She gazed fixedly at Zach’s little face, feeling as if she could see her child in this boy...

Chris Ford stomped across the living room, hell-bent on leaving the house, until he bumped into Weston, who had just returned from sending off the guests.

Weston paused his steps and greeted his father with a simple nod and a terse. "Dad." He had always been this chilled and reserved. Chris used to admire this side of his son's character, believing it made him independent and reliable and the sort of person who would achieve great success.

But now, it just came off as cold and heartless.

"How can you still be here after all that's happened?!" he barked.

"Where did you expect me to be, Dad?"

"You should be with Gwen, comforting her! Don't you know how heartbroken she must be right now?"

Weston's lips twitched.

"I think you're in a much more suitable position to comfort her," he reminded his father. "So why don't you do it instead, Dad?"

Chris gasped hard as if he had just woken up from a nightmare. He took a few steps back and slapped his forehead, defeated

"I should've expected this," he said with a tone of regret. "Of course, you wouldn't be willing to settle down and marry Gwen, now that you've fallen for that woman... So all those promises you gave me meant nothing at all to you, huh?"

Chris was no longer challenging his son. He merely stated the facts with a sense of powerlessness. Weston remained silent, his countenance impenetrable, and his eyes were like a stormy night at sea – dark and turbulent.

"I just had a huge fight with your mother," Chris muttered. He leaned back against the wall beside him as if utterly drained of energy.

"If you didn't care so much about Gwen, you and Mom would never have fought," Weston replied. "If you could just be with Gwen, then I wouldn't be worried about her so much," Chris sighed. "If you would take care of her, then I can finally relax."

Even now, his father still insisted on forcing Guinevere on him.

"Are you saying that it's my fault that you and Mom are fighting?" he interrupted Chris plainly, looking straight

at him.

“That’s... that’s not what I meant...”