

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 731

### Chapter 731

That was why even though there was completely no one around, he liked seeing her playing a timid game of hide and-seek.

Stella gradually realized that something was wrong.

She could only hear Weston's footsteps and nothing else.

She poked her head out again and saw something familiar upon exiting the elevator. "This is the apartment we came to previously?"

Weston didn't reply to her.

He finally her down after entering the apartment.

Weston's oversized jacket slipped off and revealed her shoulders, further emphasizing how petite she was.

"Why did you bring me here?" Weston pulled her toward the doorway and recorded her facial features and fingerprints in the security system. "From now on, you'll be staying here."

Stella looked dazedly at his deft movements. "Are I supposed to stay in Stardust Mansion?"

"That's our home. This place is nearer to Ahn City, and it'll be better for you to stay here over the weekends. We can always go back to Stardust Mansion over the weekends."

Stella nodded, finally understanding his intentions. "Do you have things to attend to at Ahn City during this period?"

"The western suburbs project has come to a close, and my main businesses remain in Ahn City. I won't be going to Fern City for the time being."

Stella pursed her lips. "You might not need to be at Fern City, but I do..." "Roger is already overseas. What do you need to be there for?" Weston arched his brow.

Stella remained silent as Weston caressed her head. "Stay with me."

No matter in which city, Weston would never let her be alone.

Stella knew that fact clearly and didn't bother arguing with him about it.

She surveyed her surroundings which appeared different from the previous time she came.

Weston had always liked his place minimalistic. There were no other colors in here except for black and white.

It was minimalistic to the extreme, yet still classy and tasteful in its furnishings.

This time, however, the furnishings appeared more

personable and less cold. It was clear that adjustments had been made to the apartment.

She walked further in to take a closer look. The layout of the apartment was slightly similar to that of Stardust Mansion, with a study for Weston and a workstation for her.

It was a home that was abundant in its facilities.

Except for... Stella spotted a pastel pink piano in one of the rooms and halted in her footsteps.

She felt a warmth approach her from behind.

Weston hugged her from behind and asked, "Try it out. See if you like it?"

Stella took a deep breath, walked slowly toward the piano, and sat down on it. She lifted the fallboard and pressed on a few random black and white keys as she felt a surge of anxiety and reminiscence overwhelm her. Her fingers trembled ever so slightly, but the smile on her face was genuinely exuberant. "It sounds really good..."

What's more, it was in pink. A piano in such a sweet, pastel pink was difficult to find, to say the least, and had clearly been custom-made.

Weston stood right behind and looked down at her, a tenderness he didn't even notice filling his eyes. "Try playing a piece on it."

Stella nodded and began playing "Ballade pour Adeline."

A melodious and elegant tune began to fill the room.

She had once played the piano in The Doghouse with a rather frivolous pianist.

She played "Sonate Pathétique" at that time, which sounded more sorrowful than this piece. This piece was much more light-hearted.

Weston looked at her side profile as a thought entered his mind.

Perhaps, just maybe, they might have a daughter together in the future.

One who would learn how to play musical instruments just like her, be it the piano or violin. Or, she could learn to dance. That would be pretty good, too.

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### **Chapter 732**

The music died down. Stella placed her hands on the piano keys as she collected herself.

It had been so long since she last touched a piano that she almost forgot that she used to be known as a pianist with immense potential, having earned numerous international awards at a young age.

Afterward, due to the tragedy that struck her family, she had no choice but to embark on a profession that could earn her cash instantly. Clearly, the situation that she and Roger found themselves in back then did not allow her to pursue further education in music.

Thankfully, she was also extremely talented in dancing, good enough to take up the role of a dance teacher.

She had initially wanted to part-time as a piano teacher as well, but a teacher who couldn't even afford a piano for herself probably wouldn't be credible in the eyes of the parents.

After she was finished playing the piece, Stella suddenly felt bashful. "It's been so long since I touched a piano. I've gotten rather rusty..."

"Just play the piano whenever you feel like from now on," Weston said. "The soundproofing of this room is excellent, and you needn't worry about bothering the neighbors."

She glanced around and realized that this room was practically a mini recording studio.

Not only was there a piano, but a couple of other instruments lay around as well.

Stella tried every single one of them. Later, she realized that the piano was slightly different from the rest. Although they were all high-quality instruments, which she did not doubt given Weston's financial capabilities, the piano was not something that money alone could buy. She returned to the piano and sat before it, reaching out to run her fingers along its surface and the gold-rimmed logo carved on it.

She fixed her gaze on it and turned back to look at Weston. "It's Musx."

"You recognize it?"

Weston leaned against the door frame, and his eyes warmed up. "That man is getting old. Even though it was a rushed job, it still took him a very long time to finish it."

Stella stood up in a rush as she exclaimed, "Didn't he say that he no longer makes pianos when we last went to

Musx?"

"No one says no to me, especially in person."

Weston saw her walk toward him and reached a hand out to tuck a loose wisp of hair behind her ear.

He loved doing that as it revealed her entire face. He pinched her cheeks and said affectionately, "I'll give you everything you like."

Stella remained silent, but the look in her eyes changed as she avoided his gaze.

Weston held her chin and turned her face gently toward him. "Tell me, do you like it?"

His direct and naked stare made Stella squirm with discomfort, eager to escape his searing gaze.

She felt both bashful and evasive at the same time as she buried her face in his embrace. She kept silent as she rubbed her face against his chest.

A joyful chuckle came from above her.

Weston was very satisfied with her response. He reached out and hauled her in his hands.

"Shouldn't you express your gratitude in more practical ways?"

Stella's face changed immediately. "We only just... in the car..."

Moreover, last night, they already had a passionate lovemaking session in... the bathtub.

This man was as virile as a beast.

“Who told you that one can’t get in the mood again right after he finishes?”

Weston rubbed his nose against her ear. “Hmm?”

By the time they were done, it was already in the afternoon.

Stella felt like she had been rammed by a truck. Not an inch on her body had been spared.

She didn’t know if it was because Weston knew she no longer needed to report on set for filming, that he let himself go wild on her. He used to hold himself back and not leave too many hickeys on her body in consideration of her need to report to the crew. She only needed to do minimal make- up to cover the marks and still look presentable.

Now that filming had come to an end, Weston had nothing else to fear.

The afternoon sun was fierce and glaring.

Despite the curtains being closed, the strong rays of sunlight still seeped their way in.

The room was dark, lit by the occasional ray of sunshine when the wind blew the shades open.

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### **Chapter 733**

Stella squinted at the sunlight piercing through the dark with a staccato, so tired that she could hardly manage a sound. She lifted an arm and shaded her eyes.

Weston stood up, buttoning up his white shirt, and walked to the windows to pull the shades down.

Stella turned to her side in a bid to return to sleep. She felt a warm touch at the back of her ear. It was Weston kissing her. “I’m heading to the office. Have a good rest here this afternoon.”

Stella nodded. “Go ahead.”

She was so exhausted that she had to force herself to speak, not to mention that her voice sounded nasal.

Weston chuckled lowly and pinched her nose cheekily, eliciting annoyed grumbles from Stella. “Quit it...you’re such a bother...”

He stood up leisurely.

Stella slept more soundly than she usually did. By the time she woke up, it was already late in the afternoon.

She pulled open the covers and saw hickeys of various sizes imprinted on her legs. Her knees went weak the moment she stood, and she almost collapsed onto the carpeted floor.

Stella had long gotten used to it; each time after sex, her back and legs would be sore and ache. With some effort, she managed to hold herself up and walk to the living room.

A post-it note was stuck on the fridge, which told her that some food had been prepared for her inside, and all she needed to do was to take it out and enjoy it.

Stella pondered for a moment, wondering when exactly Weston had become so thoughtful. He always had everything prepared meticulously for her, making sure that all her needs were taken care of.

They seemed to have exchanged roles.

In the past, she'd been the one who cared for him, never giving Weston a chance to worry about her. She shook her head to chase away those thoughts seeping into her mind.

The man simply felt guilty, and that was all.

Forcing herself to keep that thought in mind, she walked to the couch and settled herself down on it. She sipped a cup of milk in one hand and opened the pills from a bag with another as she began counting them.

Weston had gone overboard these two days.

The medicine that was supposed to last her a while would soon run out.

Stella sighed as anxiety began creeping into her heart at the sight of the almost-empty pill bottle.

There were still around six days left before Zeta was scheduled to return. Had she known this, she should have gotten some medicine from Zeta that day at the celebration.

Zeta had probably returned in a rush, and Stella didn't want to bother her, seeing how she was so occupied with the issue between Xavier and Daisy.

She didn't want Zeta to see her involved with Weston, either.

She didn't expect her considerations and hesitation to cumulate into trouble for her.

Given Weston's unrelenting energy and demanding sex drive, she wasn't expecting to have a good time during the next few days.

She had been able to play along with him due to the influence of the medicine, but if she were to suddenly turn cold and disinterested with nary a bodily reaction toward his passion or even reject his advances, Weston would probably sense that something was off.

For all she knew...

He might just discover that she was taking the pill.

Hence, the possibility of that happening troubled her deeply.

Bradley suddenly sent her a voice message, telling her to view the social media page of a well-known producer in the industry.

As she scrolled through her phone, Stella immediately activated her work mode and quickly chanced upon Zeta's recent post: "Returned a few days early from my business trip. Still loving the sunshine here!"

The attached photo was a selfie she took at the airport.

Stella fixed her gaze on Zeta's post and immediately called her. "Dr. Taylor, are you there?"

She heard her exuberant voice on the other end of the call. "I just landed and was about to call you." 1

Stella's eyes brightened. "Can I come over and look for you now?"

"What's the matter? Is something the matter?"

Stella found it hard to verbalize herself, but she gritted her teeth and said, "I'm almost all out of medicine..."

A long pause ensued on the other end before Zeta sighed and said, "Come over and find me."

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At the hospital.

Being well acquainted with the way to Zeta's office, Stella was there in no time.

Zeta was still in her casual clothes, having no time to get changed into her doctor's robe. "I was supposed to only report to work tomorrow, but I guess it's just as well that I'm here. I could tidy my documents."

"I'm sorry for interrupting your plans."

Stella sat before her, "I had to bother you for my medicine the moment you returned."

"It's fine,"

Zeta was still very concerned about Stella's situation." Are you and your boyfriend... still not on the same page?"

Stella paused for a moment before nodding,

Zeta sighed. "Why don't you let your boyfriend get himself checked out? It's unsustainable, him having such a high sex drive."

Stella's brows furrowed, and she asked doubtfully, "Is that a problem that warrants a doctor's visit?"

What kind of solution was there, anyway?

She had only heard of men seeing the doctor for erectile dysfunction. Zeta thought about it and asked her, "Does he demand sex very frequently, or does each sex session last very long?"

Stella remained silent.

Her lack of response elicited a chuckle from Zeta. "Don't be stressed. These are very normal inquiries that a doctor would ask. Everyone's physical constitution is different; some have higher sex drives than others. However, if it's not that he demands sex very frequently but rather, each session lasts a very long time, it might be another condition altogether."

"That's a health issue too?"

Stella was very unfamiliar with all these. "He...demands sex very frequently, and our sessions... lasts way too long as well."

Zeta nodded. "There is a possibility that he might suffer from delayed ejaculation, although I'm not 100% certain. My suggestion is for him to get a full-body check-up. It'll

be detrimental to your health to keep taking this medicine over the long-term.” She teased, “What affinity the two of you share—one cold, and the other, demanding. To think that both of you would encounter a chance so rare.”

Stella chuckled. “Do prepare my medicine for me, please.”

“Sure.”

Zeta stood up. “Let me grab a sip of water first.”

She went to another room to retrieve the medicine as Stella stood where she was, waiting for her.

A while later, someone opened the door to Zeta’s office.

A familiar figure walked in. “Zeta?”

Stella was stunned for a moment, shocked to see Xavier in Zeta’s office.

Xavier furrowed his brows, confused at seeing Stella instead of Zeta in the room. “What are you doing here?”

Stella retracted her gaze and didn’t respond to his question directly. “You’re here for Dr. Taylor, I suppose?”

Xavier immediately looked uneasy, “Yes.”

He was here for Zeta indeed, but he had other motives.

He didn’t expect to see Ella here, and he felt a surge of annoyance at that instant.

“There are so many doctors in this hospital. Why did you approach Zeta?” he suddenly asked her in an inquisitory tone.

Ultimately, Xavier looked down upon Ella.

Whatever it was, the Ford family would never allow Ella to be with Weston.

For people like them, women like Stella were merely playthings.

And since they were just playthings, there was no need to get serious with them.

He wasn’t willing to be too involved with someone like Zeta, either.

Stella could clearly sense what he meant by his words, and she replied expressionlessly, "Dr. Taylor doesn't have rules that prohibit me from meeting her as a patient. You're also in no position to say anything."

Xavier's face changed as his eyes narrowed dangerously at her. "It seems Weston calling off his engagement with Guinevere has given you the guts to talk back at me now, huh?"

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### Chapter 735

A corner of Stella's mouth lifted as she smiled mockingly at him. "Who do you think you are?"

She looked straight into his eyes and said, "I was just responding to your words. How is that considered talking back? Do you really think you're all that and that I naturally deserve to hear your lecture?"

Xavier's face darkened with displeasure. "You..."

Both of them were at daggers drawn.

Zeta was still oblivious to what was happening in her own office. She yelled to Stella while searching for the medicine.

"I tried to look for something with milder side effects while I was overseas, but it's better that you cut down your dosage of this stuff. It is an aphrodisiac after all and has significant side effects..." "Of course, it's not that damaging over the short-term, but using it for a long period, it might result in irreparable damage to your health."

She simply kept going on. Xavier was keen enough to catch the keywords in what Zeta said. He turned to Stella and asked, "You're buying aphrodisiacs from her?"

He had previously seen such medicine on Zeta's shelves and thought she had bought it herself

Which was why, that night she had kissed him with the passion of a thousand burning suns But after calming himself down, he knew it couldn't have been Zeta's medicine.

She wouldn't use such drugs

What he didn't expect was for those medicines to be for Stella

He suddenly scoffed with disdain. "I was still confused as to why Weston suddenly liked you so much that he was willing to call off his engagement with Guinevere – turns out that you've been seducing him by using medicine !

Zeta walked back into her office with the medicine in hand. She was stunned to see Xavier standing there, having a face off with Stella

"What are you doing here?" Even in her shock, she did not forget to hide the medicine behind her back

She remembered Strlla's reminders that her medicine usage was a private affair and was something that she couldn't let a spcond person know about

Xavier sneered. "To think that the high munutrd and litt Dr. Taylor would be involved with south women"

"I don't understand what you nran."

Zeta furrowed her brows and collected herself. "This is my office. Please be more courteous when you come by next time. Either get an appointment or knock on the door."

"You didn't even close your door, and here you are, accusing as you like? What's more, how did you know I had an appointment?"

Right after he said so, Daisy's voice could be heard from behind him. "Xavier, are you done?"

She walked in and saw both Ella and Zeta in the room. She halted in her footsteps. "What are all of you..."

A thought suddenly came to her mind, and she took a few steps back to look at the sign by the door.

Indeed, she saw Zeta's name written in bold right outside.

She looked at Xavier with confusion in her eyes.

She wasn't feeling very well, and he suggested bringing her for a check-up.

He took care of everything along the way, from securing an appointment to making payment.

She didn't expect that he would ask for an appointment with Zeta, and awkwardness overwhelmed her.

"I'm sorry, I didn't know..."

Daisy and Zeta hardly knew each other.

Although Zeta was Xavier's ex-fiancée, Daisy had never met her in the flesh before except for that time at the year

-old celebration when she saw her from afar.

Daisy hardly even considered themselves rivals in love, but she couldn't shake off the awkwardness that surged through her.

Zeta was, after all, Xavier's ex-fiancée, whereas she was Xavier's current girlfriend.

She didn't understand why Xavier didn't bother trying to avoid such an awkward situation from happening.

For the smooth man that he was, he couldn't possibly know that having his ex-fiance and current girlfriend bump into each other was a bad idea.

Zeta was taken aback for a moment but quickly collected herself and returned to her usual calm and composed manner.

She looked away from Daisy and handed Stella her medicine. "The dosage remains the same as before."

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 736**

### **Chapter 736**

Stella took the medicine from Zeta. "Thanks, Dr. Taylor. I'll be off, if there's nothing else."

Zeta nodded.

Daisy was very curious about why Stella was there and asked, "Ms. Steele, are you ill?"

She was only curious about Ella because of Weston.

After all, she was the only woman around Weston at this point in time. A corner of Stella's mouth lifted in a smile that hardly reached her eyes as she replied, observing the most basic of courtesy, "Just something minor, nothing much." Daisy wanted to ask more, but Zeta came to Stella's rescue, "This is a patient's privacy. Ms. Daisy, please stop probing so much." Daisy furrowed her brows. For some reason, she could sense animosity from Zeta.

"I'm sorry, I was just asking Ms. Steele..."

"She's my patient," Zeta cut her off.

There was a subtle hint of contention between both women.

Daisy stood by Xavier's side.

Xavier caught her hint and glanced at Zeta. Upon seeing that Zeta didn't even bother looking at him, a slight tinge of annoyance crept into his heart as he added, "We both know Ella so well. It's merely a question of concern. Is there a need to overreact?"

He was clearly siding with Daisy. Zeta looked at him calmly, her eyes cold, "There are no personal contacts in my office, only patients. If you want to ask her, feel free to do so outside of my office, not here."

"You..."

Daisy furrowed her brows, feeling slightly ticked off.

She had indeed snatched Zeta's fiancé, but Xavier was already fooling around with many women when he got together with her and was clearly not ready to settle.

To boot, his engagement with Zeta was an arrangement put in place by their families and was never a matter of true love between them.

Daisy had never viewed Zeta with animosity.

Yet, Zeta seemed to be annoyed at her presence.

This made Daisy very uncomfortable.

"Ms. Taylor, if you are upset with me regarding breaking your engagement with Xavier, I sincerely apologize to you."

Zeta furrowed her brows, finding her words absurd. I've made clear that I was agreeable to call off the

engagement. There's no need for you to apologize. I don't care about that, too."

She was still being stubborn at such a time.

All women appeared to care about having their men snatched from them.

Daisy sighed. "Since you said it so clearly, all right then..." Her tone clearly betrayed her opinion that Zeta was lying through her teeth.

Zeta said, slightly annoyed, "If there's nothing else, please don't bother me while I'm working." She refused to look at Xavier throughout the entire exchange. Xavier tugged at his collar and suddenly held Daisy's waist. "Who said that there's nothing else? Why would we come to the hospital if there's no issue? She's not feeling well. Take a look at her."

Stella couldn't stand seeing the both of them ganging up to bully Zeta. "Dr. Taylor is not officially on duty today. Which doctor did you make an appointment with today?"

Zeta didn't expect Stella to speak up for her. She stood

stunned for a moment before smiling at her gratefully, "Indeed, I'm not officially on duty today..."

"I know."

Xavier cut her off, "But I heard that you're the best doctor around, especially in the field of gynecology. I didn't make an appointment because I heard you weren't around. Now that you are, I would like to make an appointment."

"I'm sorry, but it's not my working hours now."

She rejected them unceremoniously,

Xavier, on the other hand, was bent getting Daisy checked out by her. "It's a doctor's moral duty to save patients. You're not busy, so why aren't you willing to take a look at her?"

Stella said coldly, "I remember Old Mr. Ford reminding you not to appear before Dr. Taylor unnecessarily."

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 737**

### **Chapter 737**

She had no choice but to mention Old Mr. Ford.

Xavier was naturally fearful of him, and he took a deep breath before sneering, "Not bad, you even managed to convince that old man." Zeta's brows furrowed upon hearing their exchange. She turned to Stella. "You know Old Mr. Ford?"

Xavier rubbed his wrist, "I've already warned you that this woman isn't decent, and you had better stay away from her. She's the culprit behind Weston and Guinevere calling off their engagement..."

Although she was very shocked, she hated the tone Xavier used to lecture her even more.

Her voice darkened with displeasure, "Who do you think you are? We've already broken off our engagement. Who are you to teach me a lesson?" She had never spoken so harshly to Xavier before.

His face fell, "Zeta, I'm saying this for your own good..." Before he could complete his sentence, Stella stood in front of Zeta. "Did you not hear what she said? She doesn't want to see you and has nothing to do with you whatsoever! Old Mr. Ford has also warned you not to bother her any further. Bring your Daisy with you and

scram far away!"

Daisy's face turned pale.

This wasn't the Ella she knew.

When did she become so fierce and aggressive?

Zeta didn't expect Ella to be so forthright in standing up for her.

Based on their interactions during this period, she had found Stella a weak and timid woman.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have chosen to take this medicine instead of blaming it on her partner.

She collected herself and looked calmly at the man before her, "Ella is right. No matter your motives, we no longer have anything to do with each other. I'm also not as good as you say, to be the only doctor capable of seeing Daisy. So please don't come bothering me from now on."

Xavier had never faced such obstacles with Zeta. He had gotten used to Zeta looking admiringly and lovingly at him.

He always saw her as a young girl, and never as a fully grown, mature woman.

Anger rose in his chest.

"Even if our engagement is called off, we've known each other since childhood, and I see you as a sister. Don't get

involved with someone like Ella. A woman like her would stoop at nothing to get what she wants!”

Smack!

Zeta raised her hand and slapped his cheek.

“Firstly, she is my patient. Secondly, even my grandparents don’t interfere with who I befriend. What gives you the right to nit-pick on my decisions?” “You hit me...you hit me just because of this woman?” “So what if I did?” Zeta sneered, “Don’t think that I have no temper! I’ll call for security if you don’t scam right away!” Daisy pulled Xavier’s sleeve. “Forget it, let’s go.” She took a deep look at Ella, a tinge of awe in her eyes.

Seems like she wasn’t just capable of winning over men; she was capable enough to win Zeta’s heart, enough for Zeta to stand up for her. Of course, it could be partly due to Zeta’s animosity toward her, but she could tell that Ella was sharp enough to use Zeta’s hatred toward her to her advantage.

It was certainly not wise to underestimate Ella.

Xavier had never received such terrible treatment before and naturally did not want to stay here a moment longer. He turned on his heels and left.

“Don’t blame me for not warning you. If you find yourself deceived by her, don’t come crying to me!”

Zeta saw the two disappear around the corner, and the door slammed behind them with considerable force.

Along the corridor.

Xavier halted in his footsteps as he stared in disbelief at the door that had just slammed shut.

He just couldn’t hold back that surge of anger in his heart.

How dare she slam the door on him!

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### **Chapter 738**

His contempt and agitation had reached a breaking point.

Daisy noticed that something was wrong. “Why are you so angry?”

She furrowed her brows and surveyed him.

Xavier snapped back to attention and rubbed in between his brows. "Nothing, I just don't fancy being talked back to like that..."

"When did you get so emotionally affected?" Daisy chuckled as she teased. "It's not like you at all."

Xavier's face darkened. "Daisy, I'm serious about you, but it doesn't mean you can test my boundaries."

Daisy's face froze. "How am I testing your boundaries?"

"Whatever it is..." Xavier retracted his gaze. "I don't like paranoid women."

In the office.

Zeta heaved a sigh of relief and turned to look at Ella. "Thank you for helping me out just now."

Stella shook her head. "I wasn't much help... it's just that I can tell Xavier probably brought Daisy along to spite

you."

He was clearly here to kick up a fuss, but what she couldn't figure out was his objective.

Zeta furrowed her brows. "He wouldn't do something so meaningless."

With that, she walked to her desk and shut her eyes, feeling a wave of fatigue wash over her. "I'm nothing to him, and it's just a waste of time for him to create trouble for me..."

Stella said, "It doesn't really look like you're nothing to him. Otherwise, he wouldn't have come all the way here to cause you trouble."

Zeta shook her head. "Let's stop talking about him."

If he really cared for her a tad bit, he wouldn't have remained unmoved during all those years when she pursued him relentlessly.

Just when she thought that things were finally coming to fruition between them, he broke off their engagement without rhyme or reason.

He even showed Daisy off to the world, embarrassing her thoroughly and trampling viciously on whatever was left of her pride.

From whichever angle she looked, it simply felt like he never cared about her.

Stella didn't find herself in a position to comment on their relationship , so she decided to take her leave with medicine in hand.

By the time she left, the day was coming to an end.

Wendy texted her for help to buy some desserts from a specific shop back home.

Stella felt put on the spot.

She didn't want to return to the Ford Mansion. Even if she didn't return to Stardust Mansion, she could return to the apartment Weston had brought her to today.

However, Wendy called her the next moment and added more things she needed Stella's help to buy back home.

Stella sighed and recalled what Old Mr. Ford reminded her previously and acceded to Wendy's requests.

The moment she stepped into the Ford Mansion carrying bags filled with things, she spotted Guinevere in the mansion from afar.

After a whole day of being with Zack, she had become a lot more familiar with him.

Wendy was glad to have some time off her hands and a break from carrying the child. She came to the door to receive Stella.

"You're back?"

She whispered in her ear, "Don't mind her. They just called off their engagement yesterday, and she's probably still angry inside. She probably won't be returning home anytime soon."

Stella understood what she meant and kept her silence.

Wendy sighed as she patted the back of Stella's hand."

"It'll be tough on you the next few days." "Don't worry," Stella assured her.

She put down the bags of things she bought and said, " It's getting late. I need to be on my way."

Guinevere stood up and said, "Going off already? Why don't you come in and have a seat?"

She spoke with the authority of the mistress of the house.

Wendy furrowed her brows.

Guinevere smiled. "It's about time for dinner. Why don't you stay for dinner before leaving?"

Stella forced a smile and glanced past her emotionlessly. She completely ignored Guinevere and looked at Wendy instead. "I'll head off first?"

"Stay safe along the way."

"I will."

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### **Chapter 739**

Guinevere wasn't pleased to be completely ignored. She strode toward Stella and raised her voice. "Hey, I'm talking to you. Did you hear me?" She stood right in front of Stella, blocking her view.

Stella looked at her with annoyance. "What exactly do you want?"

"I'm just inviting you to dinner, that's all," Guinevere replied with gusto.

"If my memory serves me right, this isn't your house." Stella folded her arms in front of her chest and looked at her in disdain, "Inviting a guest to someone else's home – is that the kind of manners you were brought up with?"

Her words were sharp and incisive; she was more aggressive than she ever was.

Guinevere's face darkened with displeasure, then suddenly contorted into a wicked smile, "Do you know that you currently look worlds apart from Stella Sealy?"

She veered to another extreme and said coldly, "Ella, Weston is treating you as a replacement! Stella would never be as vicious and threatening as you are! Your face is the only thing that resembles her! You're a completely different person compared to her!"

"Are you trying to give me some tips and suggestions?" Stella looked at her with hilarity in her eyes. "Thank you for giving me ideas on keeping Weston by my side for a while longer. I'll make some adjustments to myself and make him like me even more..."

“You’re truly shameless!”

Guinevere became increasingly annoyed, furious by whatever Stella said. “I’ve never seen any woman so happy to be another’s replacement!”

“Well, now you’ve seen one.” Stella shrugged nonchalantly. “Consider your eyes opened.”

The more agitated Guinevere was, the calmer Stella was.

She knew that it was the way to make Guinevere even more agitated.

And the more agitated one became, the more one exposed its vulnerabilities.

Guinevere’s face paled with anger, and she was about to open her mouth when Stella unceremoniously pushed her away and turned to leave.

“You…”

Guinevere instinctively gave chase.

Outside the door.

Xavier was just entering the mansion when he bumped into Stella, that was rushing out.

“Hey! What are you in such a rush for?” When he took a clear look and saw that it was Stella, his face changed. “It’s you.”

Stella ignored him and pushed him aside before making her exit.

Guinevere wanted to chase after her, but Xavier held her down by her shoulders. “What’s going on? Why are you so angry?”

She calmed herself down and said irritably, “Nothing.”

Xavier’s eyes shifted as he bent over and whispered something in Guinevere’s ears.

At Stardust Mansion.

Weston finally returned at 9.30 in the evening.

When he came in, he saw Stella seated on the couch, flipping channels with a bored look on her face.

Stella wasn't even paying attention to the television.

In a daze, she tried to find something to keep her hands busy with. She was clearly lost in her thoughts and didn't even notice Weston sitting next to her.

"A penny for your thoughts?"

She found herself in a warm, familiar embrace, surrounded by a refreshing, musky scent.

Stella was stunned for a moment before relaxing and leaning into his embrace. "I'm a little upset..."

Weston lowered his head and kissed her hair. He reached out to tuck her hair behind her ear. "Who provoked you?"

He was rather shocked.

Stella had never admitted to him that she was in a bad mood and certainly never so coquettishly.

His eyes remained calm, but only he knew about the emotions that began roiling in his heart.

Stella tilted her head up, the back of her neck resting on her chest as she whined, "Xavier bullied me today. Will you stand up for me?"

Weston paused for a moment before he let out a chuckle.

It was a chuckle that came deep from his chest, low and rumbling.

He kissed her cheek and, in a tender and affectionate tone, cooed, "Is this a complaint I'm receiving?"

Chapter 740

Chapter 740

Stella fell silent.

It did look like she was complaining to him, and she suddenly felt rather abashed.

Weston pinched her cheeks which inevitably pouted her lips. He looked down at her and probed, "Tell me, how did he bully you?"

Stella recounted the incident today, except with added details of her own.

Weston listened attentively to her as he combed his fingers through her hair.

Stella saw no other reaction from him and felt rather displeased. “ Why are you just listening and not commenting?”

“What do you want me to do?”

Stella suddenly sat up in his arms and looked at him.

Awhile later, she slouched, deflated. “Forget it..”

There was a tinge of despondence in her eyes. “I better forget it.”

Leaving him with those words, she stood up to leave.

Weston pulled her back by her wrist. “I didn’t say I wouldn’t stand up for you.”

He kissed her cheeks and reached into her shirt. “Just that I charge interest.”

Stella hooks her arms around his neck.

The medicine was taking effect, and her body was ready and pliant to his touch.

He arched his brows, surprised at her enthusiasm. He hauled her up in his arms. “Seems like you’re getting anxious.”

Since her return from her visit to Zeta’s, Stella’s medicine supply had become sufficiently stocked once again.

Before Weston came back, she had already popped the pills.

Naturally, she wouldn’t detest his touch.

Between the ravaging voracity...

He rested his chin on her head and placed grabbed her waist. “ You’re awfully passionate today... and so sensitive.”

He remarked emphatically as he saw Stella’s cheeks flush while she glared at him.

Yet, that glare was filled with warm passion from the effects of the afterglow.

Weston chuckled hoarsely from the depths of his chest, a low rumble that sounded pleasant to the ears.

He leaned into her ear. “Why didn’t you go to the new apartment?”

Stella was still panting and finally managed to calm herself down. She laid in his arms and said, "Some of my things are still at Stardust Mansion. I want to pack them up."

"You can always ask Joan for help."

Stella shook her head. "I told her to go on a break. She had something to attend to back at home..."

"I'll assign someone else to take care of you."

She shook her head again. "I can take care of myself. What's more, the apartment is different from the mansion. I don't want too many people around me."

He furrowed his brows. "Don't tire yourself out."

"I know."

Stella added, "Just let Joan come over once in a while. That should suffice."

She needed to learn to be more independent. She couldn't allow Weston to seep into every nook and cranny of her life once more.

The one-year deadline would be over soon. She couldn't afford to sink into his trap of tenderness.

After the mist of passion and lust dissipated, the only thing left would be a dark, bottomless abyss.

She had always reminded herself of that.

On the day of moving, Weston had something to attend to at work, and he left everything in Stella's hands.

There wasn't much that needed to be moved, in fact. For someone like Weston, he could afford to buy a new set of everything.

Stella, however, insisted on doing everything herself and decorated the house personally.

The new apartment was in Ahn City, where the subsequent publicity work was scheduled to be carried out.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 740**

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