

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 741

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She was almost done with packing and decorating the house when she received Bradley's call. There was a press conference that she could choose not to attend, but it would benefit her to gain exposure.

Stella naturally wouldn't refuse such a chance.

When she arrived at the event, she found Angelina there too.

They hadn't met for a while and were excited to see each other again.

After the press conference ended, Bradley introduced the two of them to other people in the industry.

That was when Stella bumped into Lucas.

"This is Dr. Lucas Quirk. The next movie will be a medical drama, and he will be taking on the crew's medical consultant role and providing us with professional and technical guidance."

Angelina reached out to shake Lucas' hand. "Hello, Dr. Quirk."

Lucas nodded mildly and reached his hand out to Stella as well.

Stella snapped back to attention and plastered a smile on her face, pretending not to know him. "Hello, Dr. Quirk."

"Hello, nice to meet you."

Lucas glanced at her quickly before retracting his gaze.

He never had a good impression of her and even stopped Yvonne from hanging out with her.

Stella didn't want to say much to him and remained silent.

Even Bradley could tell that something was wrong with Stella during the after-party. "Why are you so quiet?"

Such events were golden opportunities for actors and actresses to showcase themselves and their potential.

At the end of the day, even actors needed to know how to sell themselves like commercial products.

Although that didn't sound too good, it was precisely how the industry worked. Before one turned famous, showcasing oneself to an appropriate and tasteful degree was an essential tool for success.

Stella had no choice but to take the initiative to chat with other people.

Lucas was not a sociable person to begin with. Stella was thankful she did not bump into him much as she made her rounds.

To her dismay, she bumped into someone else familiar whom she wasn't very willing to see either.

Michael Sealey.

"No wonder I found you familiar to the eye. Turns out, you're an actress!"

He walked toward Stella, decked out in a presentable white suit. Although he was advanced in years, he still looked urbane and suave. "Why are you all alone? Didn't Mr. Ford accompany you here?" he said, all smiles.

Stella's face changed as she looked away. "We are in public right now. Please don't talk about things that nobody else understands."

She said with a feigned smile, and Michael naturally caught her meaning. "I'm sorry for blabbering too quickly. It's just that..."

He suddenly stopped and looked at Stella, puzzled. "I heard that Mr. Ford broke off his engagement with Guinevere Cohen. In that case, the two of you..."

Stella smiled, unfazed by his words. "None of your business."

With that, she went to another spot with Angelina in tow.

Angelina asked her, "I think that man is another one of those old presidents. Do you know him?"

Stella shook her head, "I've only met him once. He says I bear an uncanny resemblance with one of his nieces."

Realization struck Angelina. "No wonder he said that you looked familiar. I was wondering why that would be so. Although we are actors, the movie we just filmed hasn't even been aired. Why would he find you familiar?"

Angelina was very simple-minded and didn't think too much of it.

Stella went to a corner to take a break. A while later, Lucas walked toward her and reminded her, "Michael is a married man."

His tone was flat and calm, almost emotionless, despite his words dripping with sarcasm and mockery.

Stella clenched her fists. "In your eyes, am I that kind of woman constantly looking for opportunities to be a home wrecker?"

Lucas furrowed his brows and said in a low voice, "I know that you met with Yvonne previously. I don't like it."

"So what if you don't?"

Stella lifted her head to look at him. "Yvonne is a person with rights and a mind of her own."

"It's precisely because she has a mind of her own that I'm here to remind you: Don't take advantage of her."

He had said this many times to her before.

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Lucas looked coldly at her. "Although Guinevere has terminated her engagement with Weston, and your status as Weston's partner is slowly coming to light, I hope you can spare a thought for your own reputation."

He paused for a moment before going on, "You'll be walking down this path from now on. With Weston by your side, he will do all he can to promote you, but you would surely have your past dug up in all its gory details as a public figure. By then, Yvonne would certainly be implicated. She's rash and quick-tempered, and I don't want her to be influenced by you."

It was clear that he cared very much for Yvonne.

Stella's facial features gentled. "Don't worry. I don't wish to see her implicated as well."

Lucas left.

Stella heaved a sigh of relief as fatigue washed over her.

Thankfully, Michael did not cross paths with her again before the after-party came to a close.

After the event, Stella and Angelina shared a car back to their respective homes. In their hired cab, they saw a familiar silver sports car from afar stopping right at the entrance.

Yvonne hopped down from the car and bounded toward Lucas.

“Why did it end so late? I’m so hungry. Let’s grab a quick bite!”

Lucas had long seen her coming toward him. He stepped forward and caught her in his arms. “Didn’t you already have some desserts at home? Why are you hungry again?”

“I have a big appetite…”

Yvonne rebutted with gusto.

The look in her eyes suddenly changed as she leaned in closer to him and twitched her nose. “Let me see if you’ve been close to any woman!”

She loved playing the jealousy card and didn’t like Lucas attending too many of such events.

There would always be beauties trying to chat him up, and he couldn’t always wear his ring, given his profession as a doctor.

Lucas personally didn’t fancy such crowded events as well, but her sniffing tickled him. “Are you a dog?”

“Yes, I am. A dog that specializes in sniffing out vixens!” Yvonne said forthrightly.

Lucas furrowed his brows. “Be serious. Cut it out.”

His heart, however, enjoyed every moment.

Yvonne knew him inside out, and she hooked her arm around her neck and jumped onto him, forcing him to carry her. “I deliberately drove over to fetch you home. Don’t be ungrateful now.”

In the midst of their public displays of affection, Yvonne suddenly spotted Stella seated in another car.

She stood stunned for a moment before excitedly greeting her out loud, “Ella, what are you doing here?”

Stella lowered the windows and said smilingly, "It's a press conference organized by the crew, so I decided to join in. I didn't expect to bump into Dr. Quirk here."

Yvonne turned to look at Lucas, displeased. "Why didn't you tell me that you met Ella here?"

Lucas' face turned cold and distant. "Isn't it time for us to grab that bite?"

Yvonne's stomach growled.

She looked bashfully at Stella, "I'll be off, then! Let's gather again next time."

Stella nodded, but Yvonne almost didn't catch it as Lucas pulled her away and strode to their car, not giving them any further chance to catch up.

Angelina looked at their exchange and was rather confused. "Why do I feel like that doctor has something against you?"

Stella shook her head, "He does."

"But his girlfriend seems to like you a lot..."

"They are husband and wife," Stella corrected her. A moment later, she added, "Yes, I am friends with her."

Angelina blinked. "You have such a strange relationship with them."

The car engine sputtered to start.

Angelina added, "I'm suddenly a little hungry. Shall we grab a bite too?"

Stella nodded.

Weston was still at the office, and she did not need to accompany him for dinner.

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When they turned at a junction, another black luxury car drove past them.

Stella retracted her gaze hurriedly and shrunk back in her seat.

She saw Guinevere and Weston seated inside the car.

Both of them appeared to be talking about something.

Her sudden act of evasion alarmed and puzzled Angelina. She looked out of the window and asked, "What's the matter? Why did you suddenly hide?"

At that moment, she thought she saw the handsome man in that black luxury car look in their direction.

Weston and Guinevere weren't the only ones in the car; Henry was inside with them too.

As their childhood friend, he should have been informed beforehand about their decision to break off their engagement.

However, Henry was in the hospital receiving treatment during that period and therefore couldn't be present when it was announced.

Recovery and rehabilitation had been a miserable and painful journey for him. He knew that little heartless bodyguard wouldn't turn back to him on her own accord.

No matter how miserable he made himself look, she seemed unmoved from beginning to end.

He eventually decided to take the initiative to snatch her back to his side.

Before that, he needed to make sure he was completely healed of his leg injury.

This gathering was organized by Guinevere. He knew that her true motivation was to spend time with Weston, and he was but an excuse.

Henry always gave in to her. What's more, it had been a long time since the three of them gathered, and he saw no reason to reject Guinevere's invitation.

In the car.

Guinevere kept trying to talk to Weston and reminisce about past memories.

He, on the other hand, was scrolling through his phone, looking at photos of his dear bodyguard, clearly bored out of his wits.

He couldn't deny that this lady looked unpleasant even in photos.

He'd never seen someone look so unpresentable in selfies taken themselves.

Even so, he found himself immersed in looking at her face.

The next moment, when Stella's car drove past them, he lifted his head, and his eyes widened.

"Faye!"

He yelled out agitatedly and lurched forward to push the car door open.

Weston furrowed his brows and stopped him just in time. "What are you doing?"

Henry flung his arms away. "I saw Faye!"

His eyes were bloodshot, and he looked crazed as he insisted on pulling the car door open and leaping out.

Guinevere broke off mid-sentence, shocked by Henry's sudden agitation. She suddenly recalled who Faye was.

It was that darling bodyguard of his who ran away.

She used to follow Henry wherever he went, but because Henry had feelings for Guinevere, he didn't pay much attention to her, so she eventually ran away.

Guinevere thought Henry had long forgotten about her and didn't expect him to still have her in his mind.

The thought left a bitter taste on Guinevere's tongue. "Henry, did you make a mistake? Faye's been gone for so long. She would have done so long ago if she had intended to return. It's impossible for you to find her now."

"No, I didn't make a mistake! That was Faye. I'm sure about it."

Henry calmed himself down as he looked at Weston through bloodshot eyes. "Weston, you're my best bud. You must trust me."

Weston looked at him and rubbed in between his brows. He sighed and said, "It's not convenient to park the car here. Let's drive further down and find a place to stop the car before you chase after her."

Weston knew that Henry had become obsessed with that bodyguard of his. If he didn't let Henry confirm whether that was Faye, he would never let this go.

On the other end.

Angelina retracted her gaze, her heart still thumping from lingering fear. She turned to Stella and asked, "Ella, there was a man in that car just now. He looked so scary..."

She saw the dark and handsome man's face change the moment he caught a glimpse of her. He looked as if he could swallow her alive, and it shocked her so much that she instinctively turn her face away from the window.

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No wonder Stella shrunk back the moment she saw that car drive past. Turns out, there was a crazy man inside, thought Angelina.

The scene of Weston and Guinevere seated together in the car was still playing in Stella's mind. She suddenly felt tired.

She rubbed her temples. "I feel a little unwell. Shall we skip dinner for today?"

"Sure."

Angelina instructed the driver to drive to her apartment, after which she bid Stella goodbye before getting out of the car.

The engine revved alive again, and the car turned the corner at the junction ahead.

After passing a traffic junction, a white car suddenly appeared right before them.

Bang!

The driver hit the emergency brakes, and Stella lurched forward.

Her eyes widened in shock. "What happened?"

The driver said, "A car drove right in front of us and forced us to stop."

Stella's brows furrowed. "Who is it?"

"I have no idea..."

The driver shook his head, shocked and confused. "I'll head down to check things out."

He was about to open his car door when the door of the white car suddenly opened. A man in a wheelchair appeared.

Stella was stunned to see Henry pull open their car door.

“Faye!”

He yelled in a low voice from outside the car. When he saw that it was Stella in the car, he was dumbfounded.

He surveyed her face through his bloodshot eyes. Panting heavily, he asked, “Why is it you? Why is it you? Where is Faye? Where did you hide Faye?”

He was in a wheelchair, yet he wielded so much strength that he lifted Stella off the ground when he grabbed her collar. “Tell me! Where is Faye?”

Weston and Guinevere got out of the white car and saw Stella in the other car that Henry stopped. Weston’s face changed as he strode toward her. “Let her go!”

Henry was blinded by his emotions and naturally refused to let her go

ne fixed his gaze at Stella and repeatedly asked, “Faye? Where is Faye? Where did you hide her?”

He clearly saw her just now!

But now, Stella was the only passenger in the car.

“I have no idea what you are talking about... let me go!” Stella found him absurd.

Henry refused to back off and stared at Stella.

Weston couldn’t be bothered that Henry was in a wheelchair and pulled him away from Stella. “Let her go!”

He furrowed his brows as cold fury filled his eyes.

Henry finally snapped back to reality and took a deep breath. The look in his eyes mellowed as he looked pleadingly at Stella, “Where is she? Can you please tell me? Please tell me, please...”

Stella felt her head throbbing. “I really have no idea what you’re talking about.”

Weston remained silent as he walked toward Stella. His eyes darkened when he saw her wrist reddened from Henry’s vise-like grip-

He held her wrist and rubbed it tenderly. “Does it hurt?”

Stella shook her head and instinctively tried to retract her hand.

In her eyes, Weston and Henry were the same kind of men.

His face twitched upon seeing her instinctively avoiding his touch, but he didn't say anything further.

He straightened up and looked at Henry seated in his wheelchair, panting agitatedly. "You clearly made a mistake just now. There's no one else in that car except Ella."

"Impossible! How could I ever mistake her face for someone else?"

Henry cut Weston off mid-sentence as he clenched his fists. "I did not make a mistake...Ella, who were you with, in the car just now?"

Stella glanced at the empty seat next to her. "It was just me. Why are you acting crazy?"

"Impossible! There was a woman right next to you when I saw your car at the junction just now. Who is she?"

Stella immediately thought of Angelina.

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But given how agitated Henry was, exposing Angelina might bring her trouble...

"I was alone in the car," she said. "You made a mistake; I was the only person in the car all along."

The driver glanced at her, his eyes shifty, but he did not say anything else.

Guinevere got out of her car and ran over. She didn't expect to see Stella and her face turned cold. "What are you doing here?"

Stella ignored her and instead turned to look at Weston. "Is there anything else? If not, I'll be off."

Instead of replying to Stella, he said to Guinevere, "Bring Henry back first."

Guinevere stood stunned for a moment before asking in disbelief, "Why? Didn't we agree to have a gathering between the three of us?"

He furrowed his brows. "Next time."

Guinevere couldn't believe her ears. "Weston..."

She stood there watching him take Stella away, showing no concern for her feelings.

She went to great lengths to find this opportunity for the three to gather and reminisce on their past memories.

It was all Ella's fault!

In the car.

Guinevere was grumbling non-stop. "I think Weston has changed... he's not himself anymore!"

"He would never bail on his appointments at the last minute like this. Does that woman not know our relationship? Why did she put up an act to make Weston leave us hanging like this?"

Whenever Guinevere hit a brick wall with Weston, she would frequently complain about it to Henry.

Henry would always patiently hear her out.

But today, he was not in the mood. "Are you quite done?"

Guinevere was stunned silent.

Did he just cut her off?

"Henry, what's the matter? Weston was the one who bailed on us. Can't I complain about it?"

"Given what just happened, do you really think we're still in the mood for a gathering?"

"Why not?"

Guinevere went on in disbelief, "Do you mean to say that you're not in the mood to have a meal with me...just because of that, Faye?"

The mention of Faye made his face darken.

"I saw her just now..."

Henry kept repeating that statement and lifted bloodshot eyes toward Guinevere, "Do you believe me? I really saw her!"

Guinevere shut her eyes and decided not to say anything more, as if out of spite.

Since he refused to listen to her grumble, she, too, refused to hear him out.

Henry didn't seem to care whether she wanted to hear him out or not.

He simply stared ahead, his eyes growing colder and colder by the minute.

The black Cullinan drove steadily on the road.

Stella couldn't hold back her question, "Is your friend crazy?"

Weston glanced at the driver seated in front.

The driver knowingly raised the divider between them.

Stella instinctively felt like something was wrong and looked at him in alarm, "What are you doing?"

He looked leisurely at her, "Who was that woman just now?"

Stella was stunned for a moment. She looked down and mumbled, "

I don't know what you're talking about..."

"Your eyes shift when you lie."

Weston paused for a moment before warning her, "Don't lie to me, Stella."

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When the driver glanced at Stella, he knew that Stella wasn't telling the truth.

There was indeed another woman in the car, except that it might not have been Henry's "Faye."

Stella remained stubborn. "I didn't lie."

Weston deliberately asked, "Was that woman Faye?"

"I don't know who Faye is! She's definitely not Faye!" Stella instinctively rebutted.

The next second, she realized that her lie was exposed. She paused for a moment before insisting stubbornly, "Henry must have made a mistake..."

Weston pinched her chin and turned her face toward him. "Did you know that your eyes turn shifty when you lie?"

"They do not!"

Stella insisted, but her eyes became even more shifty.

Weston chuckled lowly and lifted her chin. He kissed the corner of her lips, "Don't be so nervous."

His fingers rubbed across her fair, dewy skin. "I know you don't want to get your friend into trouble. I'm not forcing you to expose her."

"Really? You won't force me to?"

Stella's eyes shone as she looked at him like a pitiful yet adorable doll.

He always fell for this trick of hers.

Weston remained silent as he looked at her. He smiled and said, "So, there really was someone else in the car."

Stella realized that she had fallen into his trap and her face turned cold.

Subsequently, no matter how much Weston probed, she refused to reveal anything further.

It was her way of throwing a tantrum.

"Your temper is getting from bad to worse." Weston reached out to pinch her cheeks.

But he was helpless when it came to her.

The car turned a corner.

Stella recognized that it wasn't the way back home. "Where are we headed to?"

"I thought you were intending to ignore me completely."

Stella paused for a moment before saying, "Fine, I'll do just that."

He chuckled lowly and pulled her into his arms. He lowered his head, seeking her lips. "Why are you so adorable, huh?"

He mumbled dreamily into her ears, blowing hot air onto her cold skin and causing an irresistible wave of passion that overwhelmed her.

By the time the car arrived at the destination, Stella's lipstick was all but gone.

Weston strode out of the car and helped her with her car door.

Stella said, "Hang on, let me reapply my lipstick."

Weston surveyed her face. "No need for that. You look good already."

Stella didn't know what to say to that.

As capable and knowledgeable as Weston was, he didn't seem to know much about make-up.

She pointed at the corner of her lips. "This obviously looks like a kiss smeared my lipstick. How is this presentable?"

"How can anyone tell that it was because of a kiss?" Weston asked in disbelief. He lifted her chin to look at the corner of her lips. His thumb rested on her lips and caressed them gently.

Stella knew he was up to no good again and flicked his hand away. "Cut it out."

Weston retracted his hand and rubbed her head. He was clearly in a good mood. "Come. Let me bring you somewhere interesting."

Stella thought that he was bringing her to some entertaining establishment. She never expected him to bring her to the Ford ancestral hall.

From afar, she saw Xavier kneeling in the hall and thought she must have been hallucinating.

"What... is all this about?"

Weston stood behind her and hugged her around her waist. "Didn't you say that he bullied you?"

Stella finally understood his intentions. "You're doing this for me?"

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Stella was in disbelief. "How could Xavier be willing to kneel here obediently?"

"Because of someone that he cannot disobey, of course," Weston said plainly.

“Are you referring to Old Mr. Ford?”

Weston pinched her cheeks. “Do you feel better now?”

Stella remained silent as she looked at the man in the hall.

Xavier knelt in the middle of the hall, looking utterly displeased. But, despite his clear reluctance, he didn’t dare to disobey and knelt with his torso stock straight.

Old Mr. Ford sat right opposite him, glancing at him once in a while as he sipped on his tea to check if he was kneeling properly.

Occasionally, he would put his teacup down and pick on Xavier’s posture in a nasty and incisive tone.

Elders like him were excellent at insulting others without the use of profanity.

It must feel pretty good to be able to do so, Stella thought.

She was curious, “How did you manage this? I remember that Old Mr. Ford dotes on Xavier very much.”

Even when he broke off his engagement with Zeta, a major issue that incurred the wrath of the Taylor family and made them the butt of a joke in the industry, Old Mr. Ford couldn’t bear to punish him.

Why did he make him kneel this time?

It was indeed unbelievable.

Weston said, “It isn’t that difficult controlling someone’s heart. As long as you grasp a person’s needs, you’ll be able to figure out what makes him tick and how to make him do things the way you want them to. It’s that easy.”

Stella suddenly found him very frightening. “Since you’re able to control another person’s heart... is there something you really want for yourself?”

“Yes.”

Weston said without any hesitation, “You can guess my innermost desire.”

He looked at Stella with a brazen stare.

Stella avoided his gaze.

She knew, but she didn’t want to give it to him.

In the ancestral hall.

Xavier had been kneeling for almost two hours.

Old Mr. Ford finally decided to relent. “Do you admit your mistake now?”

It was undeniable that he had been anxious to seek success at work.

Xavier lowered his head and gritted his teeth. “I was wrong, Dad...”

“How were you wrong?”

“I shouldn’t have trusted that merchant and placed all the export pressure on the company. The economy’s been looking bad, and I shouldn’t have killed the goose that lays the golden egg.”

“Very good. That’s a very fundamental reason. What else?”

“What else is there?”

Xavier looked up, slightly confused.

The old man said leisurely, “You’ve done nothing decent recently.”

Realization dawned upon Xavier. His father was calculating old debts along with recent ones.

He paused for a moment before saying reluctantly, “As well as the thing with Zeta and Daisy...”

He admitted to every one of his mistakes, which pleased Old Mr. Ford.

When Xavier was done, Old Mr. Ford asked again, “Is that it?”

Xavier asked doubtfully, “What else could there be?”

“There’s one more—you shouldn’t have interfered with other people’s business.”

“Since when did I do that?”

Old Mr. Ford picked up his teacup and sipped on it. “No matter what goes on between Guinevere and Weston, they’ve already broken off their engagement. You, as Weston’s uncle, are in no position to seek any of that so-called justice and stand up for her!”

Xavier finally understood what Old Mr. Ford was implying all the while. “Are you trying to speak up for Ella Steele?”

He was so agitated he stood up halfway. He just couldn't understand.

"What's so great about that woman? What makes her so worthy that all of you speak up for her, time and time again?"

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He could barely accept Zeta speaking up for Ella and gave her the benefit of the doubt that she might have misjudged the kind of person Ella was. That would have been understandable.

What's more, for all he knew, Zeta might have done it out of spite toward him and deliberately ganged up with that woman against him.

But Old Mr. Ford was an intelligent and sharp man. Why would he bother speaking up for Stella?

Old Mr. Ford furrowed his brows and said sharply, "Who asked you to stand up?"

Xavier knelt back down reluctantly.

"Whatever it is, stay here and reflect upon your mistakes! When you've thought things through, call me."

With that, Old Mr. Ford stood up and left.

Stella instinctively turned to her side. Weston held his arm around her waist and waited outside the hall.

Old Mr. Ford appeared to have expected their arrival as he glanced carelessly at them. "Have you had enough of the excitement?"

Stella felt incredibly awkward and uneasy, as if she had been caught eavesdropping.

Weston, on the other hand, sat calm and composed next to her. He toyed with a lock of her hair leisurely, "Not really. It's rare to see him humble and obedient."

Given how much Old Mr. Ford doted on Xavier, everyone in the Ford family gave in to him.

Old Mr. Ford was serious about teaching him a lesson this time round.

He smiled.

It made him look kindly. "I know who you're most concerned about. There's nothing wrong for a man to be concerned for his own woman."

He looked at Stella smilingly, "Isn't that so, Ella?"

If it weren't for the consensus they had reached earlier and knowing that Old Mr. Ford would think of a way to send her away eventually, Stella would have thought he was supportive of her and Weston being together.

She nodded with a smile. "Thankyou, Grandpa."

Her address made Weston happy.

He pinched her long, lithe fingers and interlocked his fingers with hers. "So anxious to claim my grandfather as yours?"

Stella looked down in silence.

She even looked slightly bashful.

Old Mr. Ford observed their interaction and simply smiled.

He sipped his tea and said, "Weston, you're different from your father and uncle. For one, you're a lot more reliable, and they have no say in their marriage. Things aren't the same for you."

He meant something else deeper.

Marriage alliances were but a way to strengthen their power in the circle. Wealthy heirs and heiresses have their fate sealed the moment they were born.

Only those heirs and heiresses with true capabilities had a right to dictate their destiny.

Yet, a good majority of these heirs and heiresses ended up walking down the path of marriage alliances anyway.

Who would reject a win-win situation? Very few would sacrifice their lofty ambitions for the sake of something as fleeting as love and romance.

Of course, there were young, reckless, and emotional heirs and heiresses, but they would eventually end up walking down the same path.

Old Mr. Ford was very clear about that, but he said to Weston, " You're outstanding in every work at work, which is why I will not interfere with your marriage. I only hope that you'll be happy."

Even though Weston was already married once, it was only for a year, and he made a clean break. Therefore, no one in the Ford family probed much into it.

They simply treated it as an innocent mistake.

Stella stood at a side and was in awe at what Old Mr. Ford said.

It wasn't difficult to conclude that Old Mr. Ford wouldn't be blamed if she were to break things off with Weston. After all, he was so supportive of her being with Weston.

Weston would only have her to blame.

Even so, Stella didn't care.

She couldn't be bothered about Weston's attitude toward her.

He could hate her or feel guilty, but as long as she could leave him, he could think whatever he wanted of her.

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Very soon, Xavier found out that Weston had been the one behind his punishment.

At the Ford Corporation building.

When Xavier arrived, Daisy led the way as usual.

Seeing him come in a huff, she asked, "What happened?"

"Don't get in my way."

Xavier did not spare her so much as a glance and pushed her away, walking ahead by himself.

"Were you the one behind the old man punishing me?"

He shut the door with a slam, effectively stopping Daisy from coming in or listening in on them.

Daisy looked at the tightly shut door, and her face changed, feeling as if she had been shut out from his world.

During this period of being with him, she couldn't shake off the feeling that she just couldn't understand this man.

Yet, she couldn't stop herself from trusting him...

In the office.

Weston seemed to have expected his arrival. He covered the lid of his pen leisurely and asked, "What are you referring to, specifically?"

He carefully buttoned up his sleeve.

His jet-black jacket was hanging off the side of his table, while his pristine white shirt gave him an austere, cold, and distant appearance.

Xavier was clearly nowhere nearly as composed.

He stepped forward and smiled mockingly, "You're the only person in the world who can look so at ease after framing someone else."

Weston picked up his coffee cup and sipped on it. He said without even looking at Xavier, "If you're here just to talk nonsense, pardon me for having more important things to attend to."

"Weston Ford! Aside from people whom you find important, do you see everyone else as worthless and unworthy?"

Xavier couldn't help but ask him accusatorily, "She's just an outsider. Is there a need for you to have daggers drawn against your own uncle just for her sake? Do you really think you can marry her?"

They were family; at least, that was what Xavier used to think.

Subsequently, he realized that Henry was closer to Weston than he was.

They were like brothers, whereas he, as his biological uncle, seemed more like an outsider.

As uncle and nephew, they had fought over the family's inheritance and even got upset with each other over a woman.

Until now, he even felt that a mere woman like Ella was more important than he was to Weston.

Weston put down his coffee cup and called for his secretary. "Please see our guest off."

Xavier clenched his fists. "I have something to tell you about Ella. I'm sure you'll want to know about it."

He paused for a moment before lifting his head. "Speak."

The look in Xavier's eyes changed.

He didn't want to interfere with their business, but his clash with Old Mr. Ford frustrated him, not to mention it was a clear indication that Ella Steele was trouble.

Weston had never acted like this in the past.

He could say with utmost certainty that it must have been Stella egging him on.

In that case, he did not need to show any mercy.

"Everyone knows how charming and virile Mr. Ford is, but even a man like you need to brush up on your skills in bed..."

He smiled provocatively. "Otherwise, why would even your own woman be unhappy sleeping with you?"

Weston's face changed as a chill flashed past his eyes. "Speak your mind."

"Do you know why Ella has become so close to Zeta lately?"

Xavier stepped forward and looked straight into Weston's eyes. He said in a straight, no-nonsense tone, "One of them is a doctor, and another is an actress. By right, there's no reason for them to cross paths..."

He tugged at his collar, all ready to exact his revenge. "I must say that I do pity that woman for having to drug herself before she can bring herself to... sleep with you," he said with a sly smile.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 750**

### **Chapter 750**

Daisy had no clue about what was going on in the office, and her face was dark and solemn.

When Xavier left the office, she noticed that his mood had turned remarkably better. So she plucked up her courage and asked, "What exactly happened just now?"

Xavier looked at her, "Nothing...when are you knocking off from work today? Let's go on a date."

Daisy finally relaxed upon seeing his fine mood. Thus, curiosity got the better of her, and she asked, "I saw you charging in so furiously, and I was worried... it's good that you two didn't start fighting."

Xavier smiled as he recalled how Weston's eyes turned cold. It eased the tension in his chest, and he considered himself avenged.

The office was in a wreck.

When Ben walked in with documents in hand, he saw shattered glass all over the floor and got a shock, uncertain as to what made Weston so furious.

"Mr.... Mr. Ford..."

Ben saw the fearsome look on Weston's face and didn't dare ask any further. He put down the documents and said, "This is the report you asked for." Then he left.

Weston sat in dead silence at his desk.

Blood dripped from a deep gash on his wrist, probably from the broken glass shards, though he didn't seem to feel the pain.

The blood dripped onto the dark cherry wood of his desk, forming an ominous and dark scene.

He originally had his doubts about those vitamins that Stella was consuming, but because he trusted her, he never got down to investigate it.

Now that he had the test report in his hands, he recalled what Xavier had said earlier.

His face turned frigid as he opened the envelope.

It was in black and white, and the truth was undeniable.

Very well.

He gritted his teeth and smiled brokenly. "Very well."

Stella couldn't bear sleeping with him, so much so that she had to be under medication.

He didn't even sense that anything was wrong.

His face was half shrouded in darkness as a storm brewed in his eyes.

At the apartment.

Now that Stella was in a new environment, she had to pay attention to the details when video calling Roger.

Previously, when video calling him at Stardust Mansion, she would always adjust her surroundings to make sure that Roger could not tell where she was.

The last time she stayed at the Ford Mansion, she made it such that Roger could only see her face dominating the screen without much background.

After the video call connected—

Roger's face appeared on her screen.

"Stella," he greeted.

Stella was happy to see him. "I heard that you won an award at a competition?"

Roger nodded, but he didn't look the least thrilled.

Stella noticed it immediately and asked, "What's wrong? Are you feeling unwell?"

Roger shook his head and suddenly asked, "Stella, are you in a relationship?"

He realized that every time he video called Stella, he would only see her face and nothing much of the background.

He didn't think much of it when Riley first pointed it out to him, but he soon began to find it strange.

Stella was stunned for a moment, wondering if he had realized something. She then asked nervously, "No, why would you think that way?"

At her prompt denial, Roger fell silent.

A while later, he said almost bitterly, "Stella, if you're in a relationship, you must tell me about it. I won't stop you."

"Of course, I know you won't."

Stella added jokingly, "Since when were you in the position to stop me from being in a relationship?"

"But don't hide things from me. I will get anxious..."

"...what if your partner is terrible?" Roger couldn't help but add. "What if he hurts you or cheats on you?"

"I'm an adult. You don't have to worry so much about me."

"How could I not?" Roger suddenly became agitated. "Stella, are you really in a relationship?"

Stella didn't want to reply to him. "I've already told you that I'm not. Stop imagining things!"

Roger was about to say something when Stella heard the digital lock on her door unlock on her end.