

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 781

Chapter 781

Stella's eyelashes trembled. She knew that she was in no position to speak more about leaving at this point.

He had saved her, after all, and she would seem very ungrateful to confront him at this time.

Thus, she could only nod and lean into his arms, saying, "I know," in a hoarse voice. She did not let many people know about her hospitalization.

Roger did call her in the past two days, but Weston was the one who replied instead of her.

After hearing this, she took her phone hastily. "How can you reply to my messages without permission? What if he finds out!"

Weston, working on the documents, put his finger on his glabella. "I don't think he'll realize it isn't you from a few text messages."

Stella pursed her lips and said nothing. She was only relieved after reading through his entire message conversation with Roger.

"He's a smart one. Every time I video call him, I'll have to find the right angle, or he will know I am not at home."

Weston had dealt with Roger before and knew how difficult Roger could be, so he did not say anything.

After reading the document, he suddenly said, "Warren is coming to visit you later." She was taken aback. "You told him about everything?"

"Although he is semi-retired, he is still well-informed," Weston said. "I didn't avoid him when I was looking for you."

He was implying that Warren knew what happened to her.

Stella's eyes darkened. However, after a while, she said, "Thank you. You must have put much effort into finding me, right?"

Weston put down the papers in his hands and looked at her. His gaze inexplicably softened. "Good that you know. No more running around in the future."

Stella twitched the corner of her lips. "Didn't you tell me to get lost?"

Weston knitted his brows suddenly. He stood up and walked to her, gently cradling her into his arms.

He rested his chin on her shoulder. It felt sharp. "Since when did you become so obedient that you'll leave when I ask you to?"

"I've always been obedient."

"Little liar."

He pinched her nose. "If you were really obedient, you wouldn't have gotten me into so much trouble."

Staying in his arms, she wrinkled her nose when she heard him say that. "Am I the one trying to get you into trouble? How would I know that those people would kidnap me..."

Her tone sounded a little uncertain.

He heard her and slowly let go of her and looked her in the eyes. "Do you know the identity of those kidnappers?"

She met his gaze and nodded honestly.
After a while, she confessed wearily, "They are Guinevere's men."
She lowered her head. "I know you will not believe me either, but it really is her."
"What makes you think I won't believe it?"
He turned her face around, so she was looking straight at him.
Stella laughed bitterly as if she thought it was pointless for him to ask. "You never doubted her, did you?"
"If you had believed me in the first place, our child would not have died," she replied.
It was the one thorny issue that they could never bring up between them.
The atmosphere between the two became stagnant for a moment. He only held her tightly and said nothing. After a long pause, he said in a hoarse voice, "I will give you an explanation."
He caressed her waist. "I won't let you suffer for nothing."

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Chapter 782

Warren showed up at the hospital just as Stella completed a full body checkup.
Although she thought she was fine, Weston was still skittish.
The wounds inflicted on her body were minor, yet Weston had her do all kinds of tests.
"Weston is talking to the doctor, so I came over to check on you first."
Warren came in with his walking stick, followed by the butler. "Are you feeling better?"
Stella had only just woken up and sat up. "Good day to you, Grandpa."
"You don't have to be so proper. Lie down and rest."
Only after he said, that did she lie back down.
He looked at her and sighed softly, a little heartbroken." You have suffered, child."
Stella shook her head.
"Luckily, there is no major harm down." Warren sighed and said, "Otherwise, Weston would have died of anxiety."
She pursed her lips and smiled, not saying anything.

He looked at her, and his face changed slightly. "Now that Weston is not here, I shall be frank with you."

She nodded. "Please do."

He tapped his finger on his walking stick and said, "I have no idea what happened, but Weston called the Cohens last night demanding an explanation..."

"The Cohens said that he took Guinevere away, and now she is still missing. I am having a headache now."

Her gaze changed, but she did not make a sound.

Warren then said, "You are very close to Weston. You should know where he took her, right?"

Her lips twitched. "I have been at the hospital since last night and haven't been anywhere else. So how would I know these things?"

Warren was in no hurry. He paused for a moment and then smiled. "I guess so. You're a sensible person. You shouldn't ask that of Weston."

Stella's face slowly turned expressionless.

Her already pale face lacked even the slightest glow.

After a while, she said, "He wouldn't have taken Guinevere for no reason. Those people who kidnapped me yesterday were Guinevere's doing."

Warren was a bit stunned. "Really?"

He raised his brows. "As far as I know, that girl is very arrogant. She wouldn't be bothered to do such a thing."

He sighed rather regretfully. "It seems that love keeps making people blind, so it is understandable why Weston must ask them to give you an explanation despite the faces of the two families..."

She knitted her brows and looked at him steadily. "Can you just say whatever you want to say directly?"

He laughed. "I just want to ask you if you still want to leave."

She looked at him in confusion. "Why are you asking

this?"

"You were still eager to leave Weston earlier. But this time, he saved your life. I think you might change your mind and want to stay by his side."

She understood it right away. "So you are worried that I won't be leaving him anymore?"

He raised his eyebrows. "I can't really risk my grandson's future. After all, from how you're progressing, if you really want to stay with him, you may become part of our family."

She laughed sarcastically.

She and Weston had already had a marriage long ago.

But she had never met his family during that marriage.

Chapter 783

She had never been introduced to his family, nor had she ever felt a part of their family.

"Don't worry. My answer remains the same."

Stella looked at him and affirmed, "I will go as soon as you can figure out how, and you won't have to worry that I will be attached to him because he saved my life."

When she said that, Warren was relieved but a little puzzled.

"You really don't have any feelings for him?"

He looked at her. "I'm not bragging about my grandson, but with Weston's condition, as you can see, all a famous girl like Guinevere is asking is for Weston to look at her. He is an impeccable man who treats you so well and obviously cares about you a lot. Are you not even a little bit moved?"

Stella understood what he was saying. It was not just an expression but also a test.

She looked into his eyes and said, "I don't know what people as high and mighty as you guys think the definition of being nice to someone is. You think he's being nice to me by feeding me, clothing me, and coaxing me when he's in a good mood, but maybe that's not any different from having a kitten or puppy. He has a fresh feeling for me now, so he is good to me. Maybe the day he

gets tired of playing and loses interest in me, I will only end up worse off than anyone else." Stella lowered her head and looked at the white

sheet. She gave herself a self-deprecating laugh. "You said that he is good to me. Yes, he did treat me well in some ways, but you did not know that he is the one who gave me all these scars."

She looked at Warren with a vacant look. Her heart was still in mourning. "Because of him, I lost the only child I ever had in my life."

Warren's face changed instantly. "You were pregnant with his child?"

Stella said, "Don't worry. It's gone."

She smiled miserably. "I know a family like yours would never allow me to have his child. So don't worry, I will never have another child." He looked serious. "Why... did you get hurt anywhere when you aborted the child?"

She shook her head. "I am a person with HH blood group, the rarest blood type. I would and could only have one child in my life, but now the child is gone, so there will be no more."

"I see..."

He felt a bit sorry for her. "This is indeed a very cruel thing to a woman. So you actually hate Weston?"

"I did."

Stella smiled, but her eyes were red. "But I realized that hating him will not let me feel any better, so I just want to leave now."

The old man pondered for a moment and glanced at the butler.

The butler walked out consciously.

Warren continued. "Apart from seeing you, I came over this time because I have something to tell you. I hope that you can put in a good word for Guinevere so that he won't go overboard on this matter. After all, the two families share a close relationship, so it's not good to make things too ugly." He sighed. "Now, it seems I can't be sure if you can agree to this."

She clenched her fists. "I am sorry. Guinevere must pay the price for what she did."

He nodded understandingly. "Okay. I understand."

In the doctor's office.

"Ms. Ella's condition has stabilized, but there is one thing

The doctor said, "Her blood type is rarer than even an Rh

negative. Although it's only a minor injury this time, finding a matching blood supply will be difficult if she gets into an accident requiring surgery and blood transfusion."

Weston frowned. "I've arranged for someone to go out to look. I will immediately bring him over if someone matches her blood type."

After he said that, he fell into a long period of silence.

Perhaps he recalled that he, too, had forced Stella to give her blood to the pregnant Guinevere.

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Chapter 783

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"People with this blood type are scarce, with only a few recorded cases, and they are not always able to meet the conditions for blood donation," the doctor explained.

"How can we solve this problem?" Weston's eyebrows were knitted into a tight knot.

The doctor paused for a moment and suggested, "When Ms. Ella's condition improves, I suggest she draw some of her own blood regularly and store it in the hospital. When it might come in handy, the situation should be a little more favorable..."

"Okay, I understand."

Weston stood up. "And one more thing... Those pills she took a while back, did they do any damage to her body?"

The reason he was so worked up and told Stella to get lost wasn't just because she had used that drug to be able to sleep with him. It made him feel ridiculous and wretched. His woman had to use such self-harming means to get intimate with him, something that wasn't easy for a man to endure.

More importantly, it was because he cherished her body very much and had spent so much effort trying to nurture her

In the end, she did not love herself at all.

Those hormonal drugs were not something to be taken so casually And she had taken so much right under his nose without letting him know.

No wonder her health did not improve after so many days of nurturing

"Although it will affect the body, she is still young and has been healthy. As long as she recuperates well and flushes the drugs get out of her system, there should be no

problem... Anyway, she mustn't take those drugs anymore!"

"I understand."

When Weston saw Warren already there with Stella in the ward, he paused slightly in his steps.

"Grandfather."

He greeted Warren.

Warren nodded. "What did the doctor say?"

"Nothing serious."

He walked in, sat down next to Stella, and asked her, "Are you feeling better today?"

"Much better," Stella nodded and said.

Warren's expression changed as he watched the intimate interaction between them.

He contemplated and reminded Weston. "Weston, since there is nothing wrong with her anymore, you should just let this slide once you give her a proper warning. Guinevere's grandfather has often come to me, with no harm done."

Weston did not say anything. Instead, he put his hand on Stella's face and gently touched her delicate cheek.

"Grandfather, I don't want to initiate trouble. But if people provoke me and I don't fight back, they'll think I am a wimp."

Warren shook his head and sighed. "It seems you and I are of the same mind."

When Weston heard that, he looked at Stella and smiled. "You're thinking the same as I am?"

Stella smiled. "I nearly got sold. What do you think?"

Warren stood up helplessly. "This is a matter among you young people. I don't want to care about it anymore. After all, it was Guinevere who did something wrong in the first place, anyhow..."

He looked at Weston. "You still need to consider saving my face and her grandfather's. Don't make it too unsightly. Don't go any further than necessary."

Weston did not say anything.

After a while, only then did he look at Warren. "It's getting late. Should I send you back?"

"No need."

Warren waved his hand. "You can stay here and take care of her, and don't delay the matters of the company."

"Yes."

"I shall leave now."

After Warren left, Ben understandingly left as well.

He closed the door for them when he walked out of the ward.

Stella chuckled. "Your assistant knows you well."

Weston walked to her side and embraced her. "He has been with me since he was very young and he is very loyal. You can look for him if you need anything."

Stella shook her head. "He is your man. Even if he's loyal, he's loyal only to you. I wouldn't dare use him."

Weston laughed and brushed her hair to the back. "At a time like this, you are still drawing the line between us?"

He kissed her cheek. "Believe it or not, you are already the real Mrs. Ford in his heart."

Stella, stunned for a moment, said nothing.
After a while, she changed topics. "I heard from Grandfather that you got Guinevere."

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"Yes."

Weston replied and let her go. "Do you want to eat anything?"

"Just wash an apple for me."

Weston picked the largest one in the basket, sat next to her, and started to peel it.

Stella watched his action and thought for a bit. "You know how to do these things?"

"Not everyone gets to enjoy such a service," Weston said. "You are first."

Stella's eyes flickered.

If it was in the past, she might have been really touched.

But now, her heart had long become a pool of stagnant water, and it was hard to make it ripple.

"I just heard from Grandfather that the Cohens have been looking for her... Would it be difficult for you?"

She studied him carefully from his side.

The man simply looked down at the apple in his hands without responding.

His hands were exquisite, with long, slender fingertips and well-defined bones.

The fruit knife in his hand seemed like a scalpel, and instead of peeling an apple, he appeared to be doing some advanced surgery.

Stella admired his beautiful movements as she said softly, "From what Grandfather said, he seems to want you to let Guinevere go."

"What do you think of that?"

He glanced at her suddenly without stopping his hand movements.

She pursed her lips. "I don't want to let her go..."

"I know." The skin of the apple broke off in his hand.

Weston cut a small piece and sent it to her mouth. "Open your mouth."

She opened her mouth and took a bite."

The sweet juice filled her mouth.

She looked down. "How are you going to handle this?"

"I'll do what you want me to do."

She looked up at him as she was chewing the apple. "I'll do whatever you want."

The man chuckled.

He stroked her cheek with the back of his hand. "Since when did you have so many little thoughts when you were with me?"

He put down his hand and wiped his fingers clean with a wet tissue.

Seeing a little water stain at the corner of her mouth, he lifted his hand again to wipe it off for her. Then, he said in a light voice, "Don't worry, I will give you a satisfactory answer."

"Can I trust you?"

She stared at him quietly. "You can," Weston assured.

On the balcony.

Weston lit a cigarette unconsciously. As something crossed his mind, he left the cigarette burning in his hand, not smoking it.

In the ward.

Stella was sleeping soundly.

She had some porridge just now. She had been a bit sleepy lately, so it didn't take long for her to start sleeping through the night.

The phone was vibrating nonstop. He glanced at the time. The Cohens should be very anxious right now, including Guinevere.

He picked up the call slowly...

Half an hour later, a few limousines drove into the private hospital. Weston stood tall with his hands on the railing. He glanced at the cigarette, which had burned out without a single puff from him.

He dusted off the ashes and casually undid a cufflink on his wrist.

Seeing that Stella was still sleeping peacefully, he planted a kiss on her forehead and went out.

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Inside the car.

Seeing that Weston was late, the Cohen family's faces fell.

"I thought that even if the marriage contract were dissolved, the two families would still be tightly knitted. I didn't expect the Ford family to just throw us away like that!"

As soon as Weston got in the car, he overheard their conversation.

He didn't say a word,

but he casually greeted them. Mr. Cohen sneered, "Our daughter is in your hands now. When can you let her go?" Weston smiled with a poker face. "I don't want to cause any trouble, and I won't kidnap anybody for no reason. It's just that she has done something I can't understand and can't bear. Why won't you tell me the reason for her hatred towards Ella? Why does she treat her like that?"

Their expressions dropped the moment they heard his question, especially Mrs. Cohen, who completely lost her patience. "I think you know the reason. What is your relationship with Ella, and what was your relationship with Guinevere? For a low-class woman, you're breaking off the marriage..."

She paused for a second as if trying to calm herself down. "She is angry that the effort she put in has gone to waste, which is why she went to make trouble for Ella. Isn't that normal? Besides, you know you're guilty as well. You're giving us

so much profit to shut us up. So, what's the big deal if Guinevere wants to cause some trouble for her?"

Weston's eyes suddenly turned cold.

"So, you do know that I've been giving you profit. I thought you didn't know."

He smiled, but his eyes were devoid of sincerity. Only coldness remained in them.

"Since you have all taken the benefits and kept quiet, then this matter should have ended. Who gave you the right to cause trouble for Ella?"

He sat idle in front of the two of them calmly.

In the face of such a powerful aura, it seemed that these two elders were not being reasonable.

When Mrs. Cohen heard this, she became very unsatisfied. "How could you say that?! After all, you and Guinevere have been in a relationship for many years. You shouldn't have treated her like that!"

Weston tapped his finger on the leather seat. "You kept talking about profit with me before, but now that you got it, you're suddenly talking about feelings. What is it? Do you want to reap all the benefits, or do you think I'm

stupid?"

Mrs. Cohen was so angry that her chest hurt, and she was unable to speak for a good while.

Meanwhile, Mr. Cohen still seemed a little sensible, but his face had become very dark.

After a while, he said to Weston in a compromising tone. "After all, the two of you have a child together. Guinevere is Zachary's biological mother. It won't be good for the child if this goes out of control. For his sake, can you just let it go?"

He sighed. "We will educate her well, and such things will not happen again. We will find her a good match as soon as possible, and it won't affect the relationship between you and Ella."

Weston smiled. "If you had said that earlier, of course, I would be overjoyed to see it happen."

There was sarcasm hidden in his smile. "But now, Ella is still in the hospital. If I hadn't found out earlier, she might have been sold to some underground bar by now. I won't let this go so easily."

Mrs. Cohen couldn't help but chime in, "Don't you even care about Zachary? Gwen is his mother!"

Weston rubbed his brows and said impatiently. "Don't worry about it. After all, he's from the Ford family and is still young, so he doesn't need to worry about such a mess."

Mr. Cohen closed his eyes helplessly. "Are you disregarding our families' kinship for so many years?"

The young man's eyes were dull as he said, "It was Guinevere who threw out that kinship. When she hurt Ella, she should have thought such a day would come."

After speaking, he pushed open the door, got out of the car, and left.

Stella slept soundly.

Weston had finished reading one of his documents, but her eyes remained closed, and she was breathing gently.

The man got up, sat beside her, and covered her with the quilt.