

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 787

**Chapter 787** Suddenly, he saw her frowning as if she was talking in her sleep, and his eyes darkened. Even if she was just babbling softly, he could still hear what she was saying.

All she could think about was that child.

Inside the office.

The doctor was in a dilemma. "With Ms. Ella's condition, it is difficult for her to get pregnant again. She has HH type blood, and if the first child wasn't saved, the second child would likely have hemolysis, which is deadly for both the pregnant mother and the child." "Are there no other ways?"

"It'll be tough with our current technology. Even if she manages to get pregnant, it might cause irreparable

damage to her." Weston frowned and asked, "Can't you find a way to avoid hemolysis?"

The doctor sighed. "I can understand your feelings, but... I will discuss this with my colleagues and see if we come

up with any solution. My suggestion is that you seek the opinion of internationally renowned experts. Perhaps there is another way, but the chances are slim." "Is there even a chance of success?"

"Miracles are to be made. What we can do now is to let Ms. Ella get pregnant first. But whether the baby can be kept is uncertain. We will need to see in the future."

"I understand."

"Do your best. Give her a child, no matter how much it costs."

"We will."

As soon as Ben came out of the interrogation room, he saw Stella being pushed into the operating room. "Mr. Ford, what is going on? Did something happen to Ms. Ella?"

"No."

Weston leaned against the wall behind him, his voice hoarse.

After a while, he asked, "Is having a biological child so important to a woman?"

Ben instantly understood what was going on. "To an ordinary person, having a child is quite important."

He paused and asked again, "Is Ms. Ella doing such a treatment?"

As soon as he finished speaking, a doctor came out of the operating room in a hurry.

"There was a little accident! The patient urgently needs blood now!"

Weston stood up abruptly. His eyes burned with a bright blaze, ready to pounce on the doctor.. "What do you mean?!"

Ben began to panic too. "Ms. Ella has a rare type of blood

..."

"Exactly!"

The doctor said anxiously, "We don't have any of that blood in store. But we are critical, and we need an immediate transfusion!"

"But where can we find it in such a short time?" Ben was becoming more panicked.

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 788

## Chapter

788 Weston glared at the doctor. "I remember I stressed that the surgery has to be carried out safely!!!"

"Yes. But Ms. Ella's condition is too special so...". Weston scrunched his eyebrows hard and let out a breath. "How long?"

"What?"

"How long can she hold on?"

"About an hour."

"One hour?" Ben frowned. "How is that possible? Even if we can find a donor, we can't get them here immediately!"

Weston shut his eyes and thought of one person.

"Impossible!" Guinevere hissed with gritted teeth. "You want me to donate blood to that bitch? I won't agree even if I die!"

Her eyes were red as she stared at the man before her. Never did she expect that he would ask her to donate blood to Ella in a million years!

How could a bitch like Ella be worthy of her blood?

She initially thought Weston wouldn't let her go because he was still angry at her and that he would naturally let her go once he had calmed down.

However, she never expected that he still wouldn't let her go, even when her parents were there.

Not only did he prohibit her from seeing her family, but he didn't pay her the slightest bit of attention.

Finally, he came to see her, but for such a reason...

"I will never give her my blood!"

She flung her head to the other side and shut her eyes. Weston had guessed that she would disagree but couldn't help but be annoyed by her response. "I'm not here to discuss with you."

"The doctors will come and take your blood later," he continued.

“No way!”

Her eyes were wide open as she screamed angrily, “I will not cooperate! If I don’t give my consent, there’s nothing you can do!”

The man stared at her; his eyes were cold.

Guinevere clenched her fists and felt aggrieved. “You’ve never seen me like this, haven’t you…”

She smiled bitterly. “In the past, you asked Stella to donate her blood to me for the sake of the child. She was also pregnant at that time... Now, you’re asking me to give my blood to this bitch, Ella.”

“Is she more important than Stella in your heart?”

“SHUT UP!” Weston roared.

His eyes were so bloodshot; it was as if she had touched his bottom line.

That was something that he and Stella never wanted to remember.

Guinevere’s questions reminded him of what he had done to Stella.

During that time, it wasn’t that he couldn’t see Stella’s reluctance and hypocrisy, and her intention to escape whenever she had the chance.

He always felt that Stella was just being stubborn.

But now, he knew why she ran away from him.

Because the things he did in the past were enough to make her want to leave him.

“Did I say it correctly?” Guinevere suddenly let out a heartbroken chuckle.

She stood up, stumbled to Weston, and grabbed his arms. “Wake up! That is Ella, not Stella! You can’t make up for

your guilt toward her! They might look alike, but they’re not the same!”

Weston, however, shoved Guinevere’s hands away coldly. “I have no time to listen to you. Just do as you’re told.”

“Impossible!

“She has no right to take my blood!”

Weston suddenly stepped forward and grabbed her neck.

“You know my temper. Don’t make me hurt your parents.

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 789

**Chapter 789** Weston’s voice was sharp and icy, like the voice of the devil.

Guinevere’s eyes widened immediately. “My parents are here?”

“Go for a blood transfusion now, and I might just let you meet them. Otherwise, you will watch them suffer.”

“How could you do this to me!” She gazed at him with reddened eyes. “Is our relationship nothing compared to a substitute?” “I’ll say it once. The decision is yours.” Weston tightened the grip of his hands. “Go do the blood transfusion or die here.”

Instantly, she could feel her breathing being constricted, followed by suffocating despair. She looked at him with a flushed face, unable to say a word.

It wasn’t until he let go of his hand that the feeling of suffocation eased a little.

She fell to the ground, gasping for breath.

After a long pause, Guinevere looked at the man in front of her with tears in her eyes.

“Do you have to be so cruel?”

He laughed. “You said it yourself that she’s just a substitute. If she is gone, I can still find someone else. But your parents are different.”

As he spoke, he pushed her to the balcony and made her look down.

“Do you recognize that car?”

Guinevere’s eyes trembled. Of course, she did.

“Mom! Dad!”

She was excited and wanted to move forward, but the people downstairs couldn’t hear her shouting.

Mr. Cohen was on the phone while Mrs. Cohen kept weeping and looking around.

Guinevere knew they were looking for her.

She shut her eyes, and warm, pooling tears gushed down. "I can donate my blood, but you mustn't cause trouble for my parents anymore, and..."

She opened her eyes and stared at the man in front of her with red eyes. "Everything is written off! You are not allowed to lock me up again."

"Do you think you have the right to bargain?"

The man's face was as hard as a rock.

Guinevere smiled bitterly. "Whatever. If you disagree, I won't cooperate. My parents can wait a while, but can Ella wait that long?" Weston gritted his teeth; his eyes filled with the rage of a thousand dragons. "From now on, you will do as I say."

She stretched out her hand decadently. "Take it."

Bright red blood was drawn from her body. Guinevere's face showed no emotion as irony filled her heart.

Once upon a time, she was the favored one, and only others would give her their blood.

Now, here she was, giving her blood to a worthless substitute.

Inside the empty room.

A twisted smile crept across her face as she looked to the ceiling

"Stella, is this how you were feeling at the time? It's insulting..." "I didn't expect your ghost to still haunt me after so long. Your stand-in will avenge you!"

"It's just a pity that no matter what, she's just a substitute, not the real you! You exchanged your life for Weston's pity, but you can't enjoy it yourself. Anyway, I still won!"

She suddenly began to cackle like a madwoman.

"I still won..."

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 790**

**Chapter 790** When Stella woke up, it was already very late.

She felt she had slept for a long time and had a long dream.

There seemed to be no one around.

She lifted the quilt, and it fell to the ground. Just as she was about to open the door and go out, she heard Ben's voice at the ward entrance.

"Mr. Ford, mission accomplished...."

Stella immediately halted and stood by the door.

She could see what was happening outside the corridor through the gap.

The man stood tall with his back to her.

She could see his delicate side profile from that angle as he stood there talking with Ben.

"I saw with my own eyes that Ms. Cohen arrived home safely. Both Mr. Cohen and Mrs. Cohen were there..."

As Ben's voice fell, Stella's pupils trembled violently –

She squeezed the doorknob in her hand tightly and calmed her breathing

... Weston let Guinevere go?

At that moment, she didn't know how to describe her feeling.

Bittersweet, stupid, and expected uncertainty. She should have thought of it long ago.

How could Weston punish Guinevere for her, given the relationship they had?

He probably was putting up an act.

In the end, he still let her go.

She believed him, which made her a real fool.

The ridiculous thing was that Weston's promise to her touched her.

She told herself countless times not to be immersed in his tenderness.

But sometimes, it was still hard to control herself.

However, whenever she had her hopes up, Weston would crush them.

No matter how cruel Guinevere was to her, he would never hurt her.

Compared to Guinevere, Stella would always be the second choice.

She should've seen it sooner.

She closed her eyes and leaned against the door.

The door shifted, making a slight noise.

Ben immediately closed his mouth and looked over the door

Stella released her hand in a panic, stumbled a few steps back, and hurriedly ran to the bed to lie down. Weston heard the movement, frowned slightly, opened the door, and looked. Seeing that Stella was still sleeping peacefully on the bed, he closed the door again.

Ben asked, "Has Miss Ella woken up?"

"No."

Weston said, "Keep your voice down, don't disturb her."

"Well, then I should have seen it wrongly just now..."

Ben thought about it for a while. He believed he heard some movement just now, but he could've been too nervous and heard wrong.

Weston suddenly instructed him, "Don't tell her about the operation she just had." "Why?"

Ben couldn't comprehend it. "Didn't Miss Ella always want a child? If you told her that the operation just now was done so that she could have a child, she should be willing to cooperate and will be very happy."

Weston closed his eyes, and there was a roaring pain from his temples.

He remembered that Stella once looked at him with extremely disappointed eyes. It meant no hope would be better than giving her broken hope. "Don't tell her yet. She can't bear any huge emotions in her current situation."