

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 91

Chapter 91

Justin did not have the slightest chance against Weston. He had always known that the strong dominated the world. Even so, justice and fairness still prevailed.

Justin was able to navigate between the two and handled it well. Despite that, he felt the overwhelming difference between Weston and him. Weston had defeated him without using his power and money. Instead, he had defeated Justin at his best game. Justin was thoroughly humiliated. He only had one goal in his mind, which was to not let Stella leave with Weston.

Before he could think of a way, the Cullinan had already driven past him with a double flash. He looked at the car and shouted almost immediately, "Ella, don't go with him!" Weston deliberately slowed down. He enjoyed seeing Justin defeated miserably, but he found it boring. He had won so easily that it did not bring him any joy. On the contrary, the woman sitting beside him was far more interesting to him.

Stella lowered her eyes and looked at Justin who was filled with resentment. She knew he wanted to help, but that was precisely why she must not drag him into this mess.

Weston was a gentleman scum with no bottom line.

"Justin, don't get involved in my affairs ever again..."

Stella steeled herself and said stiffly, "Please keep your distance in future. Don't stop getting involved in my business as it bothers me a lot." The color on Justin's face changed. A huge sense of helplessness overwhelmed him. "Did he tell you to say that?" Stella shook her head. "These are my own words, Justin. There's no need to be worried over a person like me."

"Ella!" He had to stop her from saying more.

Stella stopped speaking as she knew he understood it.

Weston wound up the car window. Without sparing a glance in Justin's direction, he drove away.

Justin cursed fiercely. He looked at the night sky outside the car window with raging fury in his heart.

Not long after, the sound of the police vehicle's alarm came from a distance. The fire truck soon arrived, followed by the ambulance.

The people in the car hurried down to rescue him.

Justin did not say anything during the whole process. He felt numb and empty after his anger subsided.

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Golden Eve Apartment. Weston drove Stella to his place. She was visibly tense when he drove into the lobby of the building Weston found her scared look mildly amusing. He patted her head, "Relax. I'm not going to eat you."

Stella stiffened just as his finger touched her hair and her lips even turned pale. The smile in Weston's eyes quickly faded, leaving nothing but iciness. "Go up," he ordered with no room for negotiation. Stella entered the elevator stiffly and followed him into the room. There was a crisp sound when the door was closed. It sounded like a prison door closing behind her. She did nothing wrong, yet she was sentenced. "There's no need to look so depressed." Weston took off the black trench coat and put it aside. "I won't do anything to you." His words did not help at all. It sounded more hypocritical than ever. "We're adults. If you want to do it, just be direct about it." Stella forced herself to hold on, "When you're done, let me go back. Don't appear in front of me ever again."

It sounded like she had given up.

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A long time had passed, but he didn't respond.

Weston acted as though he hadn't heard what she had said. He leisurely walked to the counter and grabbed a delicate glass. He poured himself a glass of water and asked her, "Do you want some?"

He acted so naturally as though they were close, like a couple who had been married for a long time.

Stella's intention was clear. She repeated herself, "Are we not going to start? Aren't you afraid? What if Guinevere suddenly returns?"

Based on what she knew, Weston was already married to Guinevere. They were definitely living together. They had a newborn child at home. Stella certainly did not think that Weston would be bold enough to take her to him home with Guinevere.

This was probably his other property.

At a glance, the unit's decor was minimalistic. It was mostly black and white, exuding a cool and monotone vibe. The unit was mostly filled with a man's items. There was no trace of a woman's presence.

"It's late. If you don't go back, won't Guinevere look for you?" She remembered the phone call from Guinevere in the room earlier and smiled sarcastically.

She had always thought that Weston loved Guinevere. But when she thought more about it, it seemed like Weston's love was limited.

Otherwise, he would not have gone to a place like that without Guinevere's knowledge. He would not have to bring Stella home either.

Weston finished the cold water in a gulp. He lowered his eyes and looked at the cold reflection

from the counter: "Are you so worried that she'll come over?"

Stella turned sideways and reminded him with an ironic tone, "Mr. Ford, don't you know? With this situation, it's only reasonable for Guinevere to push all the blame onto me. She'd parade my sins on the street. You forced me to come here, but I'll be the culprit to her! You're the one sinning, but she'll take it out on me twice as hard!"

Weston frowned and said in a low voice, "I won't let it happen."

"You've allowed it to happen once."

Stella cut him off. "Besides, I almost died that time..."

He slammed the glass heavily on the table, making a loud clang.

The man strode to her and almost uncontrollably pulled her into his arms. Without any other warning, he tipped her chin up before taking her mouth in a hard kiss.

His tolerance for Stella had gotten better, but that did not mean she could act willfully.

He did not want her to say anything about that again. He did not want to hear her talk about death.

Stella resisted fiercely at first, but it was useless. All thought of resistance faded, and she instead relaxed her arms and let him do whatever he wanted with an empty heart.

She closed her eyes. Her face paled, and even her lips were losing their color. A nauseating feeling kept surging in her stomach. It was unbearable.

Weston was getting more and more addicted to her. It had been a long time since he had touched her like this.

His hand kneaded around her waist, implying his strong needs. Just as his hand was about to reach under her dress, Stella suddenly opened her eyes and could not help retching. In that instant, all the steamy atmosphere was gone.

Weston let go but fixed his cold eyes on her.

He watched as she ran to the trash can and vomited everything out. The man gazed at her under hooded lids. He looked down at her with a thunderous emotions rumbling in him. When Stella finally calmed down a little, he asked raspily, "It's just a kiss. Why are you overreacting? How are you going to get through it later?" He was not going to hurt Stella. He just wanted her by his side for the night. However, after watching her reaction just now, something violent throbbed in him. She kept rejecting him, but he refused to grant her wish.

As tears welled up in her eyes, she closed her eyes. She had to vomit out almost everything to forget the disgusting touch just now. Disgusting!

When he kissed her, she felt sick.

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She was disgusted by everything he did! She felt goosebumps rising on her skin. She was like a hedgehog on full alert. When Weston forcibly possessed her, her spikes would stab.

Weston suddenly lost interest and closed his eyes. He ordered, "Go to the bathroom to clean

up."

Then, he turned to leave.

Before leaving, he seemed to have remembered something. He paused again and ordered, "You only have half an hour. Come to the bedroom half an hour later. Otherwise, I don't mind bathing you."

Hearing the sound of the door closed, Stella raised her head and fell to her knees tiredly. She leaned her head against the coffee table with her eyes blank. After a while, she propped herself up and dragged herself into the bathroom in exhaustion.

She knew Weston was not joking, that he was serious about his threat.

She went into the bathtub and closed her eyes. Then, she submerged into the warm water.

How good would it be to sleep right in? However, she could not. She still had Roger. She had to live.

Stella had never thought of herself as a strong person at all. After giving up on him completely, she finally realized that his actions no longer made her sad. It only made her tired and frustrated.

The bathroom was quiet without the sound of running water.

Weston sat on the bed in a silk bathrobe.

Earlier, he casually took a quick shower. His hair was still wet and dripping with water. The droplets slowly dripped down his handsome side profile.

He put his hands by his side. It was a rare moment for him to feel so empty.

He never had to wait for Stella.

Most of the time, Stella was always waiting for him after her bath during their marriage. Every time he came out of the bathroom, he could see her petite figure lying peacefully on her side of the bed.

When she heard him approaching, she would look out of the quilt with a shy and loving look. Weston had not seen that look in a long time.

He closed his eyes. Then, a sharp ringtone broke the silence of the room. He opened his eyes and looked at the caller's name flashing on the screen. Suddenly, he felt annoyed for no apparent reason.

That was the scene Stella saw when she came out. Weston's phone kept ringing, but Weston did not move.

She stood in the bathroom and watched for a while. Somehow, this scene felt familiar to her.

There was a time when she had called Weston cautiously like this. There was often no answer from him.

Most of the time, Ben answered and told her that Weston was still busy. After that, Stella did not dare to call again for fear of bothering him at work.

She thought Weston was fond of Guinevere, but she did not expect that he would not answer her call at a time like this.

Stella could not hold back those awful thoughts. She could not help wondering: What was Guinevere thinking at this time?

Guinevere was once so high and mighty and even bossed her around. Yet Weston was not answering her call at all. Would Guinevere be sleepless and restless for that?

Stella thought she would feel happy when the tide was turned. However, after a short period of happiness, there was nothing but an eternity of sadness.

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Perhaps her gaze was too intense as Weston seemed to realize something and raised his eyes." Are you done?"

He looked indifferent, as if he had not just received a call from anyone, Stella's mouth twitched a little as she smiled lightly.

Weston could read the sarcasm on her face, and his eye darkened:

When she came to his side, he took her by the wrist and trapped her in his arms. He tipped her chin and asked, "Why did you look at me like that?"

Stella just looked at him as if she wanted to see through him. "It's nothing. I just feel like I was blind as a bat before."

The man's eyes narrowed slightly. He was clearly offended by her reply, but he was not the slightest angry. He affectionately planted kisses on the corner of her lips. "Do you know what we're doing next?". Stella closed her eyes. She put her hand on the bathrobe's strap and gently pulled it away. "I hope you can keep your word. When you're done, let me go and never come back to my life again." The two were once married for some time. Naturally, Stella knew what was coming next.

There were no women's clothes here, but she did not mind and came out wearing his bathrobe. The man's size was much larger than hers. His bathrobe was loose on her. Just a slight tug revealed much of her skin.

In that instant, Weston's breathing was staggered. His eyes were locked on her body, but he hesitated to make a move.

Stella waited for a long time. Even so, the nasty feeling of his touch did not come. Just as she was about to open her eyes, a kiss came, taking her breath away.

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Weston held her down and concentrated on the kiss.

He had not wanted to do anything to her, but the way she looked at him like she was ready to be taken made him feel an urge.

It was not his fault.

He had wanted to have her for a long time and do whatever he wanted. He wanted to let her go, but she thought too badly of him.

In that case, it would be a shame not to follow through with his reputation and Stella's expectations of him.

An overwhelming heat overtook Stella's body. She closed her eyes and tried to hypnotize herself that this was nothing. However, her stiffness betrayed her feelings.

She found him repulsive... and disgusting.

Weston stopped moving. His interest faded as he suddenly thought of how she was retching in

the living room just now. Indeed, he had an unspoken desire for Stella, but that did not mean he would force her. He did not like the way she was repulsed by him. Rather, he liked the way Stella cried for mercy, unable to refuse him.

Stella opened her eyes in confusion when he moved away from her. She looked at him suspiciously and warily.

Weston propped himself up and ran his fingertips over her forehead. Then, he gently stopped on her cheek. "I won't take you tonight." Stella clenched her fists at once. "What do you mean?"

Weston left a kiss on her forehead. "Get some sleep."

After saying that, he leaned over and hugged her in his arms. He rested his chin on her shoulder and breathed in her sweet scent.

She bathed with his body wash earlier. The light scent on her was very similar to his. It was as if she was covered in his scent.

Weston planted more kisses on her neck with contentment.

Stella took a deep breath. "Come on. Get it done and over with. Stop torturing me."

Weston slowly tightened his arms around her. He asked with a hint of displeasure, "Is this torture for you?"

Stella sneered. "What do you think? Am I supposed to feel grateful?" She turned around and looked straight into his eyes. "We both know what you want to do, so why pretend to be a gentleman here?"

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She was full of thorns. Once she calmed down, her only wish was to hurt Weston as much as she could.

The man's eyes darkened. He pressed his finger against Stella's lips. He remained impassive and did not stop until Stella blushed and coughed a few times.

When Stella calmed down and was about to speak, Weston did the same trick again. He repeated it a few times. How could Stella not understand what he meant?

Weston wanted her to stop saying things he did not want to hear. He was so assertive!

She closed her eyes in exhaustion and lay in his arms like a dead fish, refusing to move.

Although she showed so much negative resistance, Weston still felt content with her in his arms. He wrapped his arms around her waisted and kissed her on the hair. "That's a good girl."

Their peaceful silence was short-lived. A short moment later, the phone on the bedside table suddenly vibrated again

Weston frowned. He did not need to look at it to know who was calling.

In the darkness, Stella opened her eyes and said nothing, waiting for the man to make his next move.

Weston reached out and turned off the phone. Then, he pulled out the phone card, threw it into the drawer, and closed it without hesitation.

Stella watched his series of movements. "Aren't you worried about her?" "There's nothing to worry about." Weston lay back next to her and took her into his arms. "Sleep," he commanded. Stella did not believe that he was simply sleeping with her. She kept her eyes open until they were sore. When the sound of even breathing came from behind her, she finally realized that Weston was not going to do anything to her.

What she did not know was that Weston had not slept well since that day. Whenever he closed his eyes at night, he would watch Stella fall from a tall building again.

No matter how hard he tried to run to catch her, he could only watch her fall in the end. He could sleep so peacefully only when she was in his arms like this.

He could not remember how long it had been since he had such a good sleep. Although, the woman in his arms no longer loved him.

Unlike the peace there, Guinevere was frantic on the other end of the phone.

Ever since the incident with Stella, her relationship with Weston had frayed awkwardly. Hence, she did not rush it any further and gave Weston a lot of space.

He was cold to her, but it was mostly discreet. She kept calling him today because she had heard about Weston's trip to Lowe Garden.

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It was inevitable for him to attend some of these occasions, but she heard that Weston had a woman there.

This was something that had never happened before.

Guinevere thought her life with Weston would get back on track without Stella's presence. However, Weston began to change. His change of heart was starting to confuse her. She was afraid that her Weston was no longer the same as before.

Guinevere was restless.

She tried to call him again, but his number was unreachable.

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Guinevere shut her eyes and suddenly slammed the phone to the ground with annoyance.

Bang! The loud bang woke Zachary up.

Zachary opened his eyes in a daze and burst into tears.

Guinevere had been living in Ford Mansion all this time. She was just like the Ford family's daughter-in-law, but never officially married to Weston. They were not sleeping in the same room either.

The servants in the Ford Mansion treated her like the female master in Weston's absence. They regarded her as Weston's wife.

However, Guinevere knew that as long as he lived in the Ford Mansion, she would have to live with Wendy and please her. She hurriedly picked Zachary up, hugged him in her arms, and coaxed him gently. For some reason, Zachary had always rejected her. The more she coaxed him, the more he cried.

Sure enough, it was not long before Wendy arrived at the sound of Zachary's cries.

She opened the door and looked at Guinevere with a disgruntled look. "What the h*ll are you doing? Why do you always make Zack cry?" She came in and took Zachary from Guinevere. "Grandma's here, don't be afraid..." "Zach, stop crying..." she coaxed softly. Guinevere was very upset. She was Zachary's mother, but she got lectured by Wendy about her mishandling of the child.

He was her son. How could she not care? However, it was also true that Zack was not close to her.

Guinevere kept her head down and said nothing. Finally, Zachary stopped crying. Wendy glanced at her, "Why isn't Weston back today?"

Guinevere's face changed. "Maybe he's busy with work."

Wendy said nothing. She walked a few steps with Zachary in her arms and hushed him to sleep. When Zachary slept again, she put him down and walked to Guinevere. "I don't know what's going on between Weston and you, but since you've made up your mind to marry him, I'm sure you know what to do..." Guinevere's eyes flickered for a moment. "I know. I'll live like Weston, just like Uncle Chris and you..."

Hearing her mention Chris, Wendy's face suddenly turned cold, filled of hostility towards Guinevere.

"What happens between Chris and me has nothing to do with you! If you have the time, you might as well find out why Weston hasn't been home lately! I thought he'd settle down after having a baby with you. He used to come home often to visit, but ever since you moved in, he

wouldn't come back even if he has time!" Wendy had made herself very clear, blaming Guinevere for Weston's frequent absence. The colors on Guinevere's face kept changing, and she clenched her fists. She knew she must not refute Wendy, but...

"I don't understand... Aunt Wendy, do you have something against me, or did I do something wrong? Ever since I moved in, it seems like you dislike whatever I do."

Wendy narrowed her eyes. Her beauty had matured after years, but she was, after all, nowhere nearly as young and sharp as Guinevere, "Well, since you've already said so, I will make it clear. I don't like you. I don't know what's going on between Weston and you, and I don't want to interfere with your mess! So you better behave in front of me and don't mess with me."

After that, she looked at Zachary again. In a flash, she became a loving grandmother again. After tucking him in, she turned around and left the room without taking another look at Guinevere.

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Guinevere did not think Wendy would say something like that to her!

She knew Wendy did not like her very much, but she did not expect her to express it so clearly. After Wendy left, Guinevere felt uncomfortable and fidgeted around. She wanted to call Weston, only to realize that she had broken her phone.

She looked at her empty hands. For the first time, they felt so cold, unable to grasp anything.

When Wendy returned to her room, she glanced at the man leaning against the bed. She said nothing as she sat in front of the dresser and did her skincare routines.

When she was young, she was a famous beauty. Her incomparable beauty was almost the best in the entertainment industry. However, she left the scene too early and married Chris during the peak of her popularity. Now, Guinevere was crowned as the most popular and beautiful person.

The more beautiful a woman was, the more arrogant she would become. Wendy was no exception.

She had loved only one man in her life. Her requirements for love, however, were more demanding than she could have imagined. Chris and Wendy had always been in love. However, as time passed, their flame and affection gradually faded and had since disappeared. They were both almost half a century old now, and all that was left were habits.

No matter how stunning she once was, no matter how she wanted to stop time, she could not conceal the sign of old age anymore. Chris was a good-looking man. Otherwise, he would not have caught Wendy's eyes in the first place.

The world had always been a little more forgiving with men. Chris might be older now with fine wrinkles on his face, but there were always people who did not mind.

Men were attractive in many ways. Money, status, power, and even the maturity of older men were charming enough. However, it was different for women.

Wendy might be rich and beautiful, but her age could turn-off many men.

Wendy closed her eyes. She got up and walked to the window.

Chris heard the movement and looked at her. He smiled gently, "Why do you seem unhappy recently? Do you want to take some time off?"

Wendy did not say anything. She lifted the quilt and lay next to him. "Guinevere just gave birth. If we two go out to have fun, people will laugh at us."

Chris stiffened a little when Wendy talked about Guinevere.

After a moment of silence, he said, "What does it have to do with us? Weston should handle all of these!"

Wendy sneered. "You should know that your good son hasn't come home for days. Guinevere can't reach him at all. Say, why is he becoming more and more defiant? Guinevere has already given birth to his son. Look at him. He's giving her the cold treatment! Why is he acting like the child isn't his..."

As soon as she said that, a loud noise of something getting torn came from Chris's hand...

Wendy opened her eyes and noticed that Chris had torn the newspaper in half. "What's wrong?"

Chris returned to his senses and gave her a stern look. "How can you say that? How can Zack not be Weston's son? You must be thinking nonsense!" Wendy said nothing and glanced at him several times. Chris avoided her probing glance and turned off the light. "Stop overthinking and go to sleep." Steady breathing evened beside him in the dark. Chris suddenly opened his eyes. His mind was filled with the events of that night two years ago. After that night, his relationship with Weston deteriorated badly and was almost destroyed. 1

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Stella did not expect to see Weston sleeping soundly beside her for the whole night. He did nothing rude to her except hold her in his arms.

Unlike before, he did nothing that crossed the line.

Unfortunately, her impression of him did not improve because of this small matter. Instead, she became warier of him.

What was his real motive?

Meanwhile, it had been a long time since Weston had such a good sleep. As a result, he overslept the next day.

When he opened his eyes, he met a pair of defensive eyes. For a moment, Weston thought he was still in a dream.

He reached out and caressed Stella's cheek. He had just woken up, so his voice was still a little raspy. "You're awake?"

The man's voice was low and magnetic, with a hint of gentle indulgence that Stella had never heard before.

"Why are you looking at me like this? Hm?" Stella avoided his touch impassively. "Can't I leave yet?" With those words, Weston woke up immediately. He shut his eyes and lay down in bed again. He rested his arm on his forehead and muttered, "Can't we just stay like this? Isn't this good?"

His sudden question made Stella frown. She struggled to get up, but Weston opened his eyes and pulled her into his arms. The two suddenly got incredibly close to each other.

Stella wanted to look up and hit his chin immediately but Weston frowned and pressed her waist, holding her tighter and tighter.

They were so close that Stella could clearly feel his morning reaction.

She was furious. "Weston!"

She shouted his name with a hint of anger in her tone, like a cute little angry hedgehog.

Weston knew why she got angry. However, he was not annoyed to see her reaction. On the contrary, he was amused. He chuckled in a good mood, "Haven't you seen it before? Hm?" He suddenly leaned closer and whispered into her ears, "Men do that in the morning. Don't you know?"

Stella's hands stiffened. She looked away and tried to push him away. However, Weston held her tight and refused to let her go.

Stella was not a young and naive girl. When she was married to Weston, they both got along like a normal couple, save for Weston's unpleasant attitude towards her. Even though Weston did not stay at her place, they both did everything a couple would do.

She knew how Weston behaved during a normal time and when he wanted intimacy. She knew what his reaction meant...

Stella closed her eyes and forcibly suppressed her strong sense of disgust. She questioned, "If we do it once, will you let me go and never come back into my life?" She looked at his eyes seriously. She seemed resolute to use this opportunity to draw the line between them forever.

The look on his face slowly tightened. He suddenly lifted her chin and asked, "What if I say

no?"

Stella gnashed her teeth and glared at him almost hatefully. "Don't make me hate you."

Weston's voice was low. "I thought you already hate me." Stella shook her head. "I have no love or hate for you." He did not just kill all her love. He had made her unable to love. Despite it all, though, he did not do anything wrong to her. He was the indirect reason for Guinevere's madness. The ones who had hurt her were Guinevere and the group of kidnapers. He was the reason why Guinevere attacked her, but he was not the cause. Ever since their reunion, Weston failed to keep his promise and repeatedly forced himself on her.

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To Stella, Weston had gradually become no different from Guinevere, both control freaks that played with the lives of others at will.

His fingers gradually tightened on her. Stella felt a compelling pressure from him-she could sense the man's displeasure. Even so, she did not flinch and just looked into his eyes like this. "Stop wasting time and tell me. What should I do to make you let me go?" The hint of gentleness in his eyes gradually faded. He simply looked at her and enunciated carefully, "Never."

Stella never imagined that Weston would drive her to work one day. She sat in the passenger seat with no expression on her face. Weston tapped his fingers on the steering wheel and occasionally glanced in Stella's direction. The black Cullinan attracted the attention of many people on the road.

A luxury car like this was a sight to behold wherever it went. When they were approaching the training center, Stella finally spoke. "Drop me off at the next intersection. I'll walk there myself."

"Why? You don't want others to see us?"

Stella ridiculed, "Mr. Ford, you're a family man now. I've told you before. Even if I tell others that I'm forced, I'd get a bad name. You don't care about that, but I do."

Weston wrinkled his brows a little. He looked like he was carefully considering her words." Relax. No one will dare to say anything about you behind your back."

Stella's expression remained unmoved. She knew Weston could protect anyone if he wanted to. Even so, she did not know why he was suddenly interested in her, and how long his interest would last.

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Maybe it was just like his sudden whim when he married her. Maybe after a while, he would say goodbye to her as coldly as before.

Stella was no longer apprehensive about his unpredictable thoughts. She was not interested in what he was thinking, so he unbuckled her seat belt and got out of the car.

Weston did not make things difficult for her.

He had seen her stubbornness this morning, and he had no intention of making her change her attitude completely overnight.

For him, the most difficult projects in the business had to be done bit by bit. It might take a while, but Weston never lost either.

It was the same for Stella too. The woman he wanted had to be in his arms. After watching Stella go upstairs, he smoked a cigarette in his car before turning around and headed to the company.

The Ford Corporation had several branch offices in Fern City as well. After some consideration, he decided to move several key projects from Ahn City.

He was at Lowe Garden last night to explore the area and meet the people here. However, he did not expect to meet Stella. Everything after that got out of control. When he arrived at the company, the receptionist hurriedly greeted him and informed him, " Mr. Ford, Ms. Cohen wants to see you!" Weston stopped with a frown and looked a little annoyed. "I see." "From now on, anyone who wants to see me must make an appointment," he ordered

"Understood, Mr. Ford."

Weston stepped into the elevator and stared at the moving numbers with an impassive face.

The elevator led directly to his office.

As soon as the door opened, a slim figure rushed at him. “Weston, why didn’t you answer the phone last night? I was so worried. I was afraid something bad had happened to you...”

Guinevere’s eyes were full of worry. She asked with a crying voice, “Do you know how scared I was?”

Weston did not respond to her hug. After a while, he pulled her hand away and asked, “What’s the matter?”

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Weston looked at her with a natural expression like there was nothing unusual. Guinevere slowly let go of his hand and calmed down a little. “Where did you go last night? I couldn’t reach you at all.”

“I was busy. I didn’t check my phone,” Weston answered faintly. He had no intent to explain himself.

Guinevere’s eyes flickered. She followed him into his office.

She watched as the man sat down at the desk calmly. At last, she could not help but ask, “Don’t you have anything to tell me?”

Weston graciously opened his file and looked at it. “What questions do you have in mind?”

Guinevere took a deep breath. “Where were you last night?” “At a social meeting.” “Where was it?”

“Lowe Garden.” He wasn’t hiding anything at all, but his honesty still stunned Guinevere. After a while, she asked sadly, “Do you have anything else to tell me?” Weston put the document down and looked straight at her. “If you have something to say, just

say it.”

Guinevere slowly walked up to him and sat across from him. “Were you with another woman last night?”

It was difficult question for Guinevere to ask this-she had her pride and dignity. She never cared for the women around Weston and felt that no one could shake her position. Unfortunately, ever since Stella came long, her confidence had wavered.

The mere presence of an unrelated person could frantically worry her. She even ran to Weston's company to question him.

She knew Weston hated these the most, but she could not win against her insecurities. She became the kind of woman that men hated the most-controlling and overpossessive.

Weston did not answer her question directly. He curled his lips. "Who told you?"

Guinevere pursed her lips tightly. Her pretty face looked a little lost at that moment. "That's not the point. Is it true?"

"It's true." Weston answered her question unhesitatingly. "I was with a woman."

Guinevere did not expect him to admit it so openly.

At first, she thought Weston would lie. She would rather him fool her than be so honest...

"Why? Didn't you say to forget the past? Didn't you say we'll start over?"

The man tapped his finger on the table. His face remained indifferent to her accusation."

You're already staying in the Ford Mansion and bore Zachary. Now, everyone thinks you're Mrs. Ford. What more do you want?"

Guinevere trembled violently. She stood up suddenly and declared, looking into the man's eyes, "I want your love!" "I want us to be like we used to be," she expounded.

Weston stared at her as if she was a stranger.

After a while, he slowly pulled away from the hand on his arm. "We have always been like this. You forgot."

"Guinevere, think carefully. How different are we now?"

After that, he pushed her hand away and got up. He walked to the window and lit a cigarette. As the white smoke loomed around him, his tall and strong back appeared more lonely than before.

He had everything

He stood on the top of the building, overlooking everyone under him. He was already at the top of the pyramid, way above the imagination of anyone. He had the resources and status that most people could never even dream of.