

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 943

Chapter 943 Weston was only in his thirties, but he was fighting for a slice of pie from the old foxes in their fifties and sixties.

This made him a formidable competitor and a very influential figure.

Stella smiled a little but showed no joy in her eyes. "I didn't know he had such a reputation..." "Alright. Let's not talk about him." Seeing her lack of interest, Zeta switched back to the main topic. "He said you were better for a while... Why did it suddenly get worse?" Stella furrowed her brow. "I don't really know either. Last night, I just felt like I couldn't accept him at all." Stella was much more relaxed without Weston around. As it was only her and Zeta, she didn't feel as inhibited as she did. Stella put her hands on her forehead, and suddenly, a massive wave of fatigue descended upon her. "In the past year, I've been acting in front of him. My acting turned out to be believable because of the medication. Even on the occasional times when we'd do it without medication, I endured it until it was over." "Hmm..." Zeta listened and tapped on the keyboard. "And what was the reason you got better before?" "Because he..." Stella paused and hesitated a little. "He became very patient in the sense that... Now, he cares about my feelings. It feels like he's exploring my body." Zeta was typing rapidly on the keyboard, but when she heard Stella's explanation, she stopped for a moment. She understood what Stella meant. "So it's likely that his attitude influenced your reaction?" the doctor responded, "It's a possibility..." Stella thought back to the past. "Sometimes, I don't even know what I'm thinking. I keep telling myself that I have to accept him to feel better. Whenever I have that thought, a voice inside screams at me to resist him. How can I willingly submit to his pressure?" Stella furrowed her brows again and panicked all of a sudden. "I feel like there are two of me inside my body. It's pulling me apart. The voices in my head can't convince each other..." Zeta's face turned more and more stern. "Apart from physical reasons, is it possible that you have a serious psychological problem?" "Stella, since you have enjoyed it before, it means there should be nothing wrong with your body. I recommend doing a detailed examination first to rule out any brain injuries. Also, you can consult a professional psychiatrist." "Am I mentally ill?" Stella was a little lost. She did not expect this, but she did not seem that surprised either. Stella had suppressed herself for too long. She wore a mask whenever she stayed with Weston. Sometimes, she even forgot who she really was. She had been wearing the mask on her face for so long that it had merged with her. If she wanted to take it off, it would be as painful as tearing off a piece of flesh. It would be so bloody and excruciating that she couldn't even touch it. However, if she did not tear it off, she would continue to suffocate to the point of bursting. Zeta sensed the great turmoil in Stella's emotions. She stopped typing and looked at her steadily. "Can I ask you a question?" "Sure." "Why did you run away from yesterday's wedding?" Zeta was not at the wedding ceremony, but the news was all over the internet. Weston had quickly quelled most of the news, but many in the community knew about them. After all, running away from your wedding on the wedding day itself was material for great gossip. Moreover,

Weston was the groom. This alone made the news even more shocking. When Zeta saw the news, she became quite worried about Stella. With Weston's temperament, Stella's escape from the wedding probably challenged his pride. He wasn't just going to let it slide. Stella's eyes were blank. When she heard Zeta's question, she only shook her head. "I didn't think it through... Maybe it was just an impulsive decision. I won't do something so stupid again." It was all Stella could only say. She could not admit that she had no choice but to stick with Weston.

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Chapter 944 'Was it really impulse that caused Stella to run away from her wedding with Weston?' Zeta wondered and pursed her lips.

Stella's words did little to convince her. "You're not an impulsive person. If you're not sure, you wouldn't have decided to do that." Zeta could see through her. Stella dropped her head. "It's indeed not as simple as I claimed." Stella probably would not have come this far if it weren't for Warren's promise. Warren, however, had never shown himself until now. She wondered if Warren had changed his mind or if he had lost the game between him and Weston. Either way, her fate was decided. There was no chance of things changing "If you're not comfortable talking about it, then don't." Zeta stopped forcing her. "I understand your situation. If you have time today, get yourself a detailed examination. If there's nothing physical, it may be a psychological problem. I can recommend you a good psychiatrist..." "Okay. Thanks, Dr. Taylor." It was about time. Stella looked at the clock on the wall and saw that the half-hour was almost up. Weston should be back soon. "Do you still have patients? I shouldn't keep taking up your time." "Don't worry about it," Zeta said. "I don't have many appointments today. You're my last patient." Zeta gave it a thought and suddenly remembered something. She said, smiling, "I almost forgot to give you the wedding gift." She pointed to the lush potted plants on the balcony. "I've raised these with care. Pick one." Stella froze for a moment, surprised that Zeta would give her a potted plant. She walked over to the healthy green plants, and upon closer inspection, she found that they looked lush and well-trimmed. "Did you raise these yourself?" "Yes. I like gardening to pass the time. The hobby helps me cultivate my body and soul." After Zeta typed a few lines on the computer, she said to Stella, "You can pick a pot of your choice." Zeta did not know what to get Stella. After all, it was hard to define the depth of their friendship. They were not that close, so giving Stella an expensive gift seemed slightly inappropriate. However, if she gave her something too inexpensive, it would be embarrassing. The plants were all her own. They were not ridiculously expensive, but they were all valuable species. Hence, Zeta thought the plants would make a suitable gift. Stella was happy to accept them too, knowing herself that she probably wouldn't accept something like expensive jewelry. All things considered, it was indeed thoughtful of Zeta to give her a potted plant she planted with her own hands. The lush greens would be easy on the eyes. Stella saw a bonsai with red flower bones and thought it was pretty. "What kind of plant is this? It blooms in the spring." Stella wanted to touch it. "Wait, don't touch it!" Zeta had just

finished writing the case, and when she turned around to see Stella reaching out to touch the potted plant, she jumped in shock and hurriedly stopped Stella. "Don't touch that! It's poisonous!" Stella was stunned and instinctively withdrew her hand. "Poisonous?" "How could a potted plant be poisonous..." Stella thought. Zeta walked up to her and was relieved to see that she had not touched it. She breathed a sigh of relief. "You have good eyes. This is the Oleander plant. It's very poisonous." "Oleander?" Stella did not know much about plants. She just thought it sounded like a pretty good name. "Is it a tree?" "No." Zeta shook her head, smiling. "Oleander is a common ornamental evergreen shrub that blooms throughout the year. It has the best blooms in summer and autumn, but it rarely bears fruit when potted..." Stella nodded. "So it's not some sort of tree." The plant sported a very beautiful five-petaled flower, its deep pink warmly juxtaposed against the green. It was gorgeous. "Did you just say that this is poisonous?" Zeta nodded with a stern look. "I was about to take it home. If I leave it here, someone might get hurt," Zeta explained.

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Chapter 945 "Oleander is extremely poisonous . A human or animal that consumes its flower, root, leaf, or seed might die from poisoning." Stella widened her eyes in surprise.

' That bad?' She thought that the oleander's poison would cause an allergy or something at most, but little did she expect that it was actually so toxic. Zeta nodded. "It's no joke. The entire oleander plant is poisonous. If you accidentally break the branches and touch the sap, for instance, it will paralyze your skin. Burning the branches, on the other hand, produces toxic gases..." "It sounds very dangerous," Stella said. "The prettier they are, the more dangerous they become." Zeta smiled and advised , "You're a novice, so don't pick this one. There are other plants to look at." "Why don't you recommend one?" "Sure." Zeta looked around and chose one. "This is Serissa japonica , also known as snowrose . What do you think?" She recommended the flower and explained, "When snowrose blooms, its white flowers are as dense as the snow. That's why it's called the snowrose, a miniature bonsai. You can put it in front of a clean window. It'll be beautiful." Stella looked at it for a few moments and liked the plant too. "Thank you for the beautiful plants," she said, subconsciously looking at the oleander a few times. A subtle emotion flashed in her eyes. Zeta did not notice the glint in Stella's eyes. Having thought that Stella was merely curious, she told her more about the Oleander plant. "If you have small animals or a small child at home, try not to choose such bonsai. They might just accidentally eat it." "Oleander is four times more poisonous than a king cobra's venom. Just a single leaf can kill a baby." Stella's hand trembled, and her face changed. "How about an adult?" "As long as the dose is enough, it can be fatal to adults. It's also a quickacting poison, so be careful!" Stella nodded and managed a ghost of a smile. "It's such a dangerous thing. I'd better not raise it..." "But it has great medicinal value," Zeta persuaded with a smile. "Ordinary people really shouldn't raise this plant. Accidents may happen." Stella nodded and took a few more glances. She looked at the fiery red flowers with empty eyes. Stella thought maybe her

life would stay this way forever. As long as Weston was alive, she could never be free. As long as he was alive... Stella couldn't understand why those terrible thoughts flooded her mind. She felt like there was a gigantic tug-a war between two personas inside her, with the black fog that formed over her heart looking like an unfamiliar woman. The woman had the same face as her but seemed more vicious and evil. "What's the use of holding back? Hasn't Weston hurt you enough over the years?" "You're such a coward! A loser! A woman has to be hard hearted to make things happen!" "If you don't take action, you'll get killed sooner or later!" "Stella, kill him!" The woman who looked just like her suddenly twisted her face. "Kill him! You'll be free!" "Think about it! Remember Guinevere? She killed you because you were pregnant! For people like them, human life doesn't matter!" "Do you think Weston is any different from her?" "Other people's lives don't matter to him! He'll only threaten you with Roger!" "Why are you so soft-hearted to such a man?" "Kill him..." "Kill him!" The voice kept reverberating in her ear like a ghost whispering to her. However, it was then that she heard another calm and compassionate voice. "Do you want to become an executioner? Weston might be hateful, but he never wanted your life..." "What about your dead baby?!" the black fog screamed. "Who'll pay for your baby's life?" Stella jolted awake and took a step back in fear. "..." Then, she bumped into someone on her back. She turned around to meet Weston's eyes, and cold sweat instantly seeped down her back.

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Chapter 946 Earlier, in Henry's ward. The contents of the IV dripped slowly into the patient's green veins.

Weston stood at the door and looked inside the ward.

Then, he pushed the door open and walked in. There was a nice wheelchair and a pair of crutches by the bedside table. Henry was lying on the hospital bed. When he saw Weston walking in, his gaze followed him. "That's rare. You're so well-informed this time." Weston grabbed a chair and sat next to Henry's bed. "You've misunderstood. I accompanied my wife to the hospital today. We heard from Zeta that you were here. What happened? Are you in sick again?" The two men had never spoken nicely to each other. Henry was used to Weston's cold words and did not take them to heart. Indifferently, he spoke, "Don't worry. I'm not dead yet. Accompany your wife and leave me alone." Weston laughed and picked up a financial magazine. "It's been so many years. You should get back on your feet. Don't be a cripple." "Don't worry about my business." "I have no intention to do so. I'm just staying for half an hour." Henry frowned and observed Weston. "What do you mean? Aren't you accompanying Stella to the doctor? Why are you here for half an hour?" "She feels uncomfortable with me around." "Fine." Henry did not bother to waste time bickering with him. "You're the only one who'll treat her like a treasure. She even ran away from your wedding. I thought you'd at least teach her a lesson." Henry laughed at him. "Mr. Ford, that's not like you." Weston put down the magazine, revealing a stony face. Henry laughed again. "You should see the

look on your face. I knew you'd only react when someone talked about her." Weston sneered coldly. "If that woman doesn't come back, are you going to waste your life on her forever?" Henry's smile disappeared because of Weston's question, and his eyes became as hard as a rock. A short moment later, he said, "She won't come back." Henry laughed at himself. "Hey. Say, why are women so cruel? If I died, would she ever come to my funeral?" "If you die," Weston gave him a look and said, "even if she did come to your funeral, you won't see it." Weston paused a little and snickered, "But I can relay her message to you in front of your grave." Henry was lost for words. He rubbed his temple and asked, "Must you stay here for half an hour?" Weston said nothing and picked up the magazine to read. Henry wanted to speak to Weston no more since he reopened the deepest scar of his life. Not long after, someone opened the door to Henry's ward. "Mr. Moore, may I come in?" A head poked in from behind the door and asked tentatively, "Is this a good time for you?" Henry answered without looking up. "No. Get lost." "Oh..." Angelina still walked in anyway. "I brought you some food. Are you feeling better?" she said, closing the door behind her. UT When Angelina turned around and saw Weston sitting in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, she froze. "Mr. Ford?" Weston glanced at her and recognized her as Stella's friend. Angelina looked a lot like Faye. He then looked at Henry as if to ask him what Angelina was doing there. Henry rubbed his temple and felt a slight headache. He did not feel like explaining, so he gestured to Angelina. "Tell him why I ended up in the hospital." Angelina explained embarrassedly, "I accidentally bumped into Mr. Moore yesterday... and I bumped into him twice. The second time I bumped into him, I flipped his wheelchair over." Angelina felt more remorseful as she explained, "I know Mr. Moore has been having trouble with his leg. I was concerned and came over to visit him. Since you're okay, I'll leave first. I'll take care of the medical bills too..." Weston finally looked at her and looked at her in a slight surprise. He asked in an indifferent tone, "You flipped his wheelchair?" After all, Henry was a big tall man. Even though he had been in the wheelchair for a few years and neglected exercise, he still wasn't a man that a small girl could easily overturn. Angelina became more embarrassed at that. She muttered, "I'm... quite strong." Angelina looked thin and small and studied art, but she did indeed pack a punch. According to her parents, she had loved fighting since she was a child. She would fight the boys and even against three opponents at the same time. Being a natural fighter, she had never lost a fight in her life. When she was in high school, she started helping others in need. When she was in college, she even caught a pervert on the bus.