

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 947

Chapter 947 In short, an ordinary person would be no match for Angelina Weston paused a little and glanced at Henry once.

He was not interested in Faye and only remembered her as Henry's bodyguard.

As a bodyguard, Faye was a skilled fighter. Responsible for caring for Henry, she was much tougher than the average woman. Henry understood the look in Weston's eyes. He closed his eyes and ordered Angelina to leave. "Put down the things and leave." Angelina felt a little restrained. Seeing that she wasn't welcomed, she nodded and agreed to leave. "Then I'll be going... If you need any follow-up on the medical bills, I..." "Why aren't you leaving yet?" Henry opened his eyes and looked impatient. Angelina pursed her lips and turned around to leave. If she hadn't made mistakes, she wouldn't have endured his temper. After the door of the ward was closed, Weston turned to Henry and asked, "Are you sure she's not the one you're looking for?" Henry seemed a little conflicted himself. He lay in bed, looking exhausted. "I don't know either... Her upbringing and family seem perfect, though she's not Faye." "It's not hard to fake a person's life." Weston reminded him, "Before the engagement party, everyone believed that Ella wasn't Stella." Henry hesitated a little. "But she's different. If she's Faye... Why does she look at me like a complete stranger?" Faye would've certainly been angry with him. It was unsurprising that she pretended not to know him, but she wasn't enough of a natural actor to fool the man. Henry failed to find a single trace of the past in Angelina's eyes, but everything about Angelina kept reminding him of Faye. Weston stood up. "It's time." Henry said, "You're a real good friend of mine." Weston smiled and said nothing. He did not stay. Zeta's office was downstairs. He expected her session with Zeta to be over when he went down. When he arrived, he found Stella picking a potted plant on the balcony, looking distracted. "What's wrong? Are you unwell?" Weston wrapped his arm around her waist and frowned because she tried to retreat. "Why are your hands so cold?" Stella pulled her hands away reflexively. "I'm fine..." Her voice trembled slightly. When she thought of the voice in her head earlier, she felt a little weak seeing Weston's face. What was going on in her subconscious? Did she want to kill him? Weston furrowed his brows harder. He swept his gaze over the pot of Oleander behind her and pulled her away silently. "If you're fine, why are you shaking?" Stella shook her head. "I'm really fine..." Weston was clearly unconvinced and looked at her intently. Stella breathed a sigh. "Earlier, Dr. Taylor said my problem might be psychological." Weston did not seem surprised. "Well, what's her plan?" "She recommended getting a detailed examination first. Once we rule out any physical problems, I should see a psychiatrist..." "Okay." After that, Zeta came over and changed out of her coat. "I'm off work now. Shall I introduce you to some good psychiatrists?" Weston responded, "No. I'll take care of it." "Alright then." Zeta nodded. She thought about Weston's powerful family and guessed that he must have access to plenty of good doctors. So after a detailed examination, the results came back. As expected, the problem wasn't physical. Weston looked at the test report. "I'll get a psychiatrist to come to the house tonight." Stella did not expect that the

problem was psychological. She let out a hum and suddenly thought of something , then tugged at the corner of her mouth and muttered, " Will I become like Guinevere someday?" Trapped in her insatiable obsession, Guinevere had finally spiraled down into a hysterical and vicious woman who strove to reach her goals, no matter the cost.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 948

Chapter 948 Stella's face did not change as she mentioned Guinevere. She looked indifferent as if she was talking about an unimportant and irrelevant person.

However, Weston's face changed. "You won't become like her." He tipped her chin. "You're not the same as her."

"How are we different?" Stella paled and smiled weakly. " Maybe I'm just walking her old path..." Guinevere was not crazy at first. She was a woman full of pride. However, an illustrious woman like her ended up becoming a laughingstock because of this man. How would Stella fare any better? Stella lost her only child and her only chance to be a mother. He threatened her with her brother, who was her only family and loved one. Left with little choice, she was forced to stay by the side of that man she hated and pretended to please him. Perhaps she would one day turn out more extreme than Guinevere. Outside the hospital. After putting the snowrose in the trunk of the car, Stella looked at it. "Will it tumble?" she asked anxiously. Weston gave her a look. "You've been so careful with her gift. Why didn't you care about the gifts I gave you?" "It's different..." Stella said. "Zeta planted this herself." Stella fiddled with the leaves of the snowrose. The flower wasn't yet in bloom, but she could imagine how beautiful it would look. Weston looked down at her. "You like handmade stuff?" Stella stayed silent. Weston had thrown lots of precious jewelry and gifts on her like they cost nothing to him. In fact, it cost him very little. He could've given them to any woman if he wanted to, not to mention him throwing away a fortune for that woman from Lowe Garden called Belle. Weston stopped asking questions at her resolute silence. He escorted her to the car and told the driver to drive back to Stardust Mansion, the place they had stayed when they were previously married.

Although they lived in different apartments, they shared most of their memories at Stardust Mansion. "Isn't the apartment a nice place to live?" Stella looked at the scenery outside and leaned on the armrest. "Why do you want to go back to the villa?" Weston wound down the car window and let her lean on him. "I've been running a project in Ahn City. I'll be out a lot, and the apartment is some ways away." Stella had been in poor health of late, and it was unadvisable that she traveled too much. However, she felt a little suffocated by his decision. She looked out the window gloomily. "But the villa is far away from Angelina and Yvonne..." she argued. Weston let out a low laugh and kissed her on the forehead. "How old are you? Why are you always thinking about a good time with your friends?" "You make it sound as if your best friend, Henry, doesn't exist." "We only see each other in half a year." Weston pinched her face. "We're also not as clingy

as you ladies.” After that, he scooped Stella up and hugged her. “When will you be clingy with me? Hm?”. Stella stiffed as he held her in his lap. She tried to relax, but her tense body betrayed her. She was clearly rejecting him. Weston soothed her patiently and placed his hand on her waist. He rubbed her gently and coaxed, “Don’t think too much. I’m your husband now, Stella. Just relax...” Stella gave up and simply buried her head in his shoulder. Things were less of a torment when she didn’t see his face. Weston thought she was just running away and let her be. He tilted his head and kissed her on the hair. “Don’t get so stressed. I can wait.” Finally, the car arrived at the villa.

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Chapter 949 Weston got out of the car first and picked Stella up in his arms. Then, he strode inside.

Joan had been told about their return and was already making the appropriate preparations inside. “Madam, Mr. Ford...” Joan greeted them with a smile. When she saw Weston enter with Stella in his arms, she stepped aside. “The villa is ready. I’ve cooked some of Mrs. Ford’s favorite dishes. It’s still warm!”

Stella felt a little embarrassed to be carried around in Weston’s arms. “Put me down...” she whispered into his ear.

Joan was still around, and it would be inappropriate for him to be carrying her around. It was as though she could not walk herself.

Even so, Weston did not put her down. Instead, he ordered Joan, “Go in first and get her stuff ready.” “Yes, Mr. Ford.”

Weston still did not put Stella down after Joan left. He stood in the foyer and held her on one knee. He kept one hand on her waist and changed her shoes. “Joan is one of our own. There’s no need to be shy.”

Weston was in the belief that Stella was the shy type and easily got flustered. Stella lowered her head and watched Weston with dazed eyes. Weston was helping her put on her shoes with very gentle movements. In the past, the old Stella would never be able to experience such gentle treatment from him. He was now behaving as though he truly treasured her.

Weston grabbed her exquisite feet and slowly slipped them into the cotton shoes before letting her stand up.” No more bare feet at home,” he urged.

Stella liked running around barefoot occasionally. The villa was carpeted, but it didn’t cover the entire place. Weston maintained wooden flooring in his study because he did not fancy the plush feel on his feet.

Thus, Weston was concerned that her running around would somehow hurt her feet.

Stella frowned. "I'm not pregnant. Don't treat me like I'm so fragile..." As soon as she said that, the air between them froze.

Weston stroked her hair. "It doesn't matter if you're pregnant or not." He took her by the wrist and let her stand in front of him. "With the condition you're in, you should be taking good care of yourself."

Weston could see her belly at eye level. Stella looked down and sensed something else inside his eyes.

Stella did not say anything. Both of them stayed quiet for a while until Joan called out to them from the kitchen.

Weston stood up and held her hand.

"Let's go."

"Okay." It was late after dinner, and Stella sat in front of the dressing table, feeling a little dazed. Every now and then, she would think about the pot of oleander.

If she had been crueler, would all the unbearable feelings stop?

A warm embrace wrapped her from behind. When she turned her head to the side, Weston's chin came near her. "What are you thinking about?" Stella shook her head and pursed her lips slightly. "I thought... you'd blame me." "For what?" "For running away from the wedding..." Weston paused a little, then reached out to tidy her hair. "I didn't want to let you go at first, but doing that will only make things worst. It won't do any good except make you reject me more." Stella frowned slightly. "That's why you're being so patient now. You're doing this to cure my sexual aversion "You could say so." Weston looked at her intently. His previously gentle and affectionate demeanor seemed to turn a little cold. "Stella, I'm no philanthropist, but I'm not completely uninterested in you either." He tipped her chin and muttered, "I may not take action about certain things, but that doesn't mean I don't care. It's also not the time. Do you understand?" 1 Stella looked at him, stunned. She lowered her eyes as soon as she understood his words. "I know..." Weston kissed her lips with satisfaction. "Good girl." Then, he picked her up and said, "The doctor is waiting outside. I'll take you there now."

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Chapter 950 The hands on the wall clock ticked away. Weston carried Stella to the living room. Stella protested a little and did not want the doctor to see such an embarrassment, but her protest was to no avail.

Weston's possessiveness and dominance were clearly on a higher level than before, and it was impossible to oppose his decisions.

He would make her comply one way or another, gently and slowly. Hayden sat on the sofa and went through Stella's examination report. When he heard movements, he looked up with a slightly surprised smile.

"Mr. Ford, you're... what an eye-opener."

Hayden was not invited to the wedding, but even he had heard about the bride's brazen escape attempt. With Weston's cold and ruthless character, the runaway bride would've probably been taught a lesson. Hayden cared little for such gossip and nonsense, nor did he pay any attention to the story's development. The incident, however, surprised him. It was obvious that Weston treasured this woman deeply.

"This is Hayden. You can call him Dr. Quirk." Weston ignored Hayden's meaningful words and put Stella down on the sofa. After she sat down, he introduced Hayden to her. "He's a psychology expert who's just come back from his studies overseas." Stella nodded. "Hello, Dr. Quirk. I'm Stella..."

"Just call her Mrs. Ford," Weston interjected before she could finish her greeting. "Sure," Hayden said and greeted Stella. "Mrs. Ford."

Hayden noticed Stella's discomfort and found it interesting. "Mr. Ford's hired me to solve whatever that's bothering you. Can you tell me about what's been stressing you out?"

Stella frowned. She seemed like she did not know how to start.

Hayden gave Weston a look. "I think it might be better if I speak to the client alone."

Hayden used to be Guinevere's main doctor, but he had never seen Weston so nervously hovering around the entire time.

Weston's eyes turned dark. "Alone?" "A large part of Mrs. Ford's anxiety must have come from you," Hayden said faintly and looked hawkish.

"If you stay here, it may interfere with the treatment." Weston withdrew his gaze and turned to Stella. "Do you want me to stay here with you?" He was asking for her opinion. Stella shook her head. "No need. Let's heed the doctor's advice." She managed a forced smile at him. "You should go ahead and get your work done. I'll be cooperative." "Okay." Weston stood up and patted her head. "I'll be in my study. If you need anything, just come." "Okay..." After Weston left, the intimidating pressure seemed to ease slightly. Hayden saw Stella's sudden relief and said slowly, "Mrs. Ford, tell me about

your problem.” Stella furrowed her brows. “Where should I start?” “Anywhere will do. You can tell me anything.” Therefore, she told him one of Weston’s biggest concerns. She told Hayden about her rejection of his closeness. Hayden seemed deep in thought after listening to her.” Selective aversion. That’s interesting...” He paused a little before asking, “Have you ruled out congenital aversions, as well as physical reasons?” Stella nodded. “I’ve checked. There’s no problem.” “Hm...” Hayden looked at her with a steady gaze and questioned, “Mrs. Ford, do you love Mr. Ford?” “What?” Stella did not react at first and was stunned after realizing his question. She did not answer, so Hayden waited patiently for her. After a long while, Stella finally lowered her head in annoyance. “I don’t know...” She suddenly sounded defensive.