

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 951

Chapter 951 After that, no matter how much Hayden tried to make Stella talk, she just would not open up her heart again. She talked about general things on the surface and refused to pour out what she really felt.

Hayden found himself in a tricky situation. Stella seemed like a gentle and docile woman, but she was very defensive at heart.

Perhaps even she did not realize that deep down; a split personality might be hiding itself. "Mrs. Ford, how long has this been going on?" "I'm not too sure either..." Stella struggled to remember. Suddenly, a sharp pain throbbed in her mind and made her expression ugly.

"Sorry, I..."

She tried to stand up, but she fell back in her seat. She pressed her temples hard and tried to shake off the jumbled images in her head to no avail.

A patch of thick red liquid spread before her eyes.

Vivid images of the scene on the rooftop, the kidnappers, and her desperation during the fall brutally forced themselves into her mind. After that came the blood that poured out from beneath.

Stella was instantly shot with bullets that were filled with moments of total despair. After that, they all collapsed and converged into the image of the pot of oleander bathed in sunlight on the balcony. The bloody images soon overlapped each other into a blur.

'End it all,' said the voice in her head. "The pain will be gone after the end." "Mrs. Ford... Mrs. Ford?"

Hayden raised his voice and frowned. "Mrs. Ford, are you okay?" Stella snapped back to her senses, her head covered in sweat.

"S-sorry..." Stella was shocked by her own extreme thoughts. She gulped hard and gripped the arm of the sofa. "I feel a little uncomfortable. Can we talk some other time?"

In her current state, there was no way she could continue the conversation. Hayden reassured her, "It's okay. If you don't feel like talking anymore, we can always stop."

He said, "Psychotherapy is a very long process. My last patient was actually..." "Was your last patient Guinevere?"

Stella suddenly gave him a sharp look. "Dr. Quirk, are you Guinevere's psychiatrist?" Hayden's eyes flickered. "Yes, I am." He noticed the subtle change in Stella's emotions when she mentioned Guinevere's name.

Stella and Guinevere were love rivals. It was only normal for them to be hostile against each other. In psychotherapy, it was common to use possible characters to guide the patient's emotions. "Do you mind telling me more about your relationship with Ms. Cohen?" Stella shook her head. "I have nothing to say about her." "You seem very agitated about her. Is it about Weston?" "No..." "If it's not Weston, what's the connection between you? The Ford family? Zachary?" Hayden guessed, "Unsurprisingly, you should be her child's stepmother..." "Enough!" Stella roared, "Shut up!" Her eyes turned red as she heaved angrily and clenched her fists. She would never be Zachary's stepmother. The image of her own child lying in front of her in a bloody mess instantly appeared before her eyes; her child crying and questioning her. How could she become the stepmother to a murderer's child? Weston heard the commotion and rushed in with concern. "Stella." His face was stern. He pulled her into his arms and comforted her, "What's wrong? Are you feeling unwell?" Stella only shook her head and leaned into his arms stiffly. After she had calmed down, Hayden stood up and shot Weston a hard look. "Mr. Ford, can we talk?"

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 952**

Chapter 952 Without warning, Stella's emotions suddenly turned turbulent and violent. Naturally, Weston wanted to know why.

After she calmed down and went to her room, the two men went to a quieter balcony. Weston offered Hayden a cigarette, but Hayden shook his head. "I don't smoke."

"What a coincidence. I don't smoke too," Weston replied as he withdrew the cigarette. Hayden glanced at him and laughed. "I didn't expect the famous Mr. Ford of Ahn City would fall for a woman like that."

Weston smiled indifferently and said nothing about it. "I just want to know why she suddenly lost her temper."

Hayden rubbed his temple. "Mr. Ford, you don't seem to understand women very well."

Weston frowned.

"Did you forget? I used to be Guinevere's psychiatrist," Hayden reminded Weston. "And so?"

"So... Mrs. Ford is very defensive against me. She's defensive against anyone and anything that has to do with Guinevere."

Weston seemed to have understood his implication. "Are you saying she's rejecting me because she thinks I'm involved with Guinevere?" 1!

"It's possible, but it's just a guess."

Hayden was unsure. "I tested her a few times... the reasons for her anger were basically Guinevere and... the child."

When Hayden mentioned the child, he noticed a slight change in Weston's expression. "So it's probably about the child," the doctor said and smiled.

"Mr. Ford, you should be the one who understands best; her reaction each time she hears about the child."

Weston's face sank. "Is there any way to ease her rejection?"

Hayden shook his head. "The defenses in her mind are very strong, and I suspect..." Hayden hesitated a little and paused. He shook his head again and speculated, "It's still too early to jump to conclusions. I'll need more observations."

"I see." Weston's temples throbbed. A hint of fatigue flashed in his eyes, but that quickly disappeared, and his eyes reverted to their usual indifference.

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Hayden began to advise Weston, "If possible, it's best you be with her as much as possible during this time."

He explained, "I'm not saying she needs company, but rather... supervision." Weston had turned around, but hearing the latter, he stopped in his tracks. "Supervision?"

Hayden nodded. "Her emotional disorder is tinged with a bit of aggression.

"Just like Guinevere?" Weston spoke slowly. "It's not really the same thing." Hayden explained, "Guinevere's emotional disorder is triggered by a memory disorder and her own reluctance to remember the past.

Stella's is the opposite. She's too attached to the past."

Hayden continued with a sigh, "I don't know what happened between you guys, but you have to pay attention to anything that has to do with Guinevere. Stay on high alert. Stella, she... She might not be able to control her negative emotions." "Are you saying that..." Weston turned around and looked at him with slightly cold eyes. "She might hurt someone?" "I wouldn't rule out the possibility." Stella was exhausted and was soundly asleep in the room. When Weston returned to the room, he found her on the bed, curled up in a ball. He stopped in his tracks and subconsciously walked towards her with softer

steps. Then, he sat down next to her. Stella's eyes fluttered open as if something startled her. "Who is it?" "It's me." Weston looked at her with a deep gaze and then picked her up. "Did you just fall asleep?" Stella nodded. "What did Dr. Quirk tell you?" "Nothing. You're still stable." Weston looked into her eyes. "As long as you cooperate with the treatment, it won't be a problem." "Really?" Stella was a little skeptical. "But I saw his face earlier, and it didn't look too optimistic..."

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 953

Chapter 953 "That's only because he treats you like a patient."

"Don't worry," Weston reassured her as he smoothed the wild strands of her hair.

"I'll be right here with you.

"I'll never let anything happen to you." He kissed her ear.

Stella shuddered when his breath brushed against her skin.

Weston, however, let her go before she could make a move.

"Let's take a bath and go to sleep," he said, standing up and heading straight to the bathroom.

Stella watched him as he walked away with an inscrutable expression on her face.

Weston truly did not end up doing anything to her that night.

He even gave her ample space for her to breathe comfortably.

The next morning, Weston went to work so early that he was nowhere to be seen when Stella woke up.

She sat in bed, shook her head from side to side, and was relieved to find that she was in much better spirits today.

After breakfast, she got a call from Bradley Lane, who informed her that the date for the film's premiere had been set.

Due to unavoidable reasons, the release was delayed time and time again.

But now, the public's

appetite had been whetted enough.

The cast and crew, elated by the happy news, decided to celebrate the occasion.

Bradley asked Stella if she wanted to join them, to which she politely declined.

She felt she was in no state to go out at the moment.

“I remember how you told me you wanted a long and successful career in this industry,” Bradley reminded her.

“If that is still the case, then you must seize every opportunity that comes your way.” “I’m sorry,” replied Stella hoarsely.

“Right now, I’m unsure if I still want to go down this path.”

She initially wanted to become an actress to pull herself out of a rut, gaining strength and status that would put her in a better position when protecting herself against Weston Ford.

However, considering how things went down, she realized how laughably naive that plan was.

After a long silence, Bradley spoke again in a much sterner voice.

“It’s your choice whether you come out or not.

Just remember that this is the last chance I’m giving you.”

He then abruptly hung up.

The hollow beeping tone from the phone unnerved Stella.

She considered Bradley’s words for a while before changing her clothes and going out.

Just as she approached the door, however, Joan suddenly came up behind her and asked, “Where are you going, Mrs.

Ford?”

“I’m stepping out for a while.”

“But Mr.

Ford has asked you to stay home and get a proper rest!”

“I know,” Stella frowned.

"I just want to get some fresh air.

I won't be long." "I'm sorry, Mrs.

Ford..." The strange look on Joan's face made it seem like she was hiding something.

"But Mr.

Ford insisted that you must stay home..." she repeated.

Sensing that something fishy was going on, Stella asked, "I must stay home? What exactly do you mean?" Joan said nothing, but her eyes shifted to the door.

Stella shoved the door open, only to see a group of bodyguards standing outside the villa.

All of them stood firmly on guard, obviously under orders to prohibit her exit.

Stella gripped the doorknob.

"What was he thinking?! Is he trying to shut me up inside here all day?" Joan sighed.

"I'm sure Mr.

Ford means well..." Stella instantly grabbed her phone and called Weston." What are all those bodyguards doing at the door? What are you trying to do?" Stella demanded as soon as the call connected.

There was a long, tense silence before she heard his cold, deep voice reply, "You should be a good girl and stay home." Stella took a deep breath.

"Have I even lost my right to go out?" she asked.

"There's no need for you to go anywhere," he answered." You can buy anything you want online or ask Joan to buy them for you." "Are you locking me up inside the house?!" "It can't be helped if you want to look at it that way." "Weston!" Stella's voice trembled.

"What do you take me for? Your prisoner?!" "Surely, you must've known," Weston interjected in a voice that chilled her bones,"that there will be consequences for your attempt to escape our wedding." "Stella," he continued.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 954**

Chapter 954 Stella closed her eyes, and her hands quivered. A sudden gust of cold breeze blew past her from the front yard, clearing her cluttering mind.

"I'm not a criminal, Weston.

You can't keep me locked inside the house..." "But you promised me yourself," Weston argued, his voice piercingly cold.

"You promised me, Stella, that no matter how I punish you, you would accept it all." He then laughed in a tone filled with biting derision.

"And yet, you won't let me make love to you, you won't let me capture the man who did me wrong, and you won't let me lock you up either! So is it me who's punishing you, or is it you who's punishing me now, hmm?" Stella took a deep breath.

Without saying a word, she hung up the phone, glanced at the bodyguards outside, turned around, and went back to her room.

Meanwhile, in the Ford Corporation CEO's office, Ben stood aside as Weston spoke on the phone.

Having heard everything, he felt so awkward he didn't know where to look.

Weston exuded a cold air as he stared into the dark empty screen on his phone.

He tossed it aside, making it crash loudly onto the table.

"Mr.

Ford..." Ben was almost quivering.

"What is it?!" Weston barked, giving Ben a cursory glance.

"There was a message from the Cohen family..." Ben paused when he saw the deep frown on Weston's face before hastily adding, "But it has nothing to do with Miss Guinevere Cohen! It's from her grandfather, Mr.

Frederick Cohen.

He expressed his wish to see the younger members of his family because he hasn't been out for a long time."

Weston couldn't quite make out Frederick Cohen's plans, but the truth remained that the older-generation Fords and Cohens were especially close, so close that when it came down to his generation, everyone wished to see Weston and Guinevere get married.

It would finally consolidate the two great families.

Unfortunately, the relationship between Guinevere and Weston proved to be a disaster.

News of one scandal after another spread among the public, putting the two families in an awkward and humiliating position.

Nonetheless, the two families were still bound to each other by inextricably linked business ties.

A host of interests also made it impossible for them to cut each other off completely.

“Get my latest schedule from the secretary.” SA “Yes, Mr.

Ford.” Ben immediately rushed out of the office, clearly knowing that Weston was in a rotten mood.

He wouldn’t want to be in the line of fire and become collateral damage.

No matter what happened, Zachary Ford was still the youngest member of the Cohen family, and Frederick Cohen’s request to see him was nothing out of the ordinary.

There would be no reason to refuse him.

Hence, Weston headed to the Ford Mansion to pick Zack up.

Zack was only about one year old.

He was inseparable from Wendy, clinging onto her wherever she went.

Hearing that Weston was coming to pick him up, Wendy dressed the boy in a smart suit and styled his hair with gel.

He turned out looking like a handsome little man.

“Now, be a good boy and go with your father, okay?” Wendy told him.

“Your great-grandfather wants to see you.” Zack, however, gripped Wendy’s arms tighter and began to grumble.

“Granny...

Granny...” “Come over here,” Weston demanded coldly with a frown.

“No!” Zack quickly hid behind Wendy, visibly afraid of Weston.

"No..." "Don't be so harsh on him!" Wendy glared at her son. "He'll be scared of you!" "Why don't you just come along with US?" Weston suggested impatiently.

"No way!" Wendy refused.

"I don't want to see the Cohens! This has been all your doing! There's no reason why I should show my face there!" After all, it could be said that the only reason the Fords and the Cohens were at odds with each other was Stella Sealey.

When it came to great families like theirs, disputes were not solved by determining the rights or wrongs, but by determining the one with the higher status.

Regardless of the true reason, Weston would always be seen as the one who hurt Guinevere.

As for whatever Guinevere might have done to Stella, it was deemed completely irrelevant.

It was Stella's own fault for not being from a wealthy and powerful family..

"Where's Dad?" Weston asked, looking around the house.

Wendy's expression turned sour as soon as Chris was mentioned.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 955**

Chapter 955 Hearing this, Weston stared fixedly at his mother, his searching eyes full of scrutiny. "What are you looking at?" Wendy shot him a dirty look.

"If he really is out there with another woman, why are you so calm about it?" he asked.

Wendy laughed.

"Aren't all men like that?" she sneered.

"What do you want me to do? Lock him up inside the house?" Weston said nothing, but his eyes turned dark.

"Stop wasting your time," Wendy reminded him impatiently, no longer wanting to see him there.

"If you want to go, then hurry up and go! I, for one, have no desire to meet those people!" Just as she finished her sentence, Warren Ford appeared with a cane in his hand.

“Are you going to the Cohens’?” he asked.

“Yes, Grandpa.

“Mr.

Frederick Cohen would like to see Zachary,” Weston stood at attention and told Warren.

This was the first time Weston and Warren spoke ever

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since the wedding.

Though there seemed to be no changes in their relationship on the surface, only Warren knew about the storm brewing under his grandson’s calm demeanor.

“Of course, he would,” Warren said, glancing at Weston.” Zack is his great-grandson, after all.

It’s only natural that he should see Zach every once in a while.”

He paused, then added, “I haven’t seen him in quite some time myself.

Perhaps I should join you.” Wendy sighed in relief the moment she heard him.

“That’s perfect!” she cried, handing Zack to the old man.

“In that case, Father, please take care of this boy while you’re there!”

Warren often stayed at the Ford Mansion and played with Zachary while he was there.

He was the only person that Zachary was not afraid of, apart from Wendy.

It would be perfect if Warren went with Weston and Zachary.

“What’s wrong with you?” Warren glared at Wendy with discontent.

“How are you still so timid at this age?” In the early days of Wendy and Chris’s marriage, she’d pay attention to every move of hers to ensure she pleased everyone in the Ford family.

But as the years passed, she gradually stopped bothering about all of that.

No one could do anything to her now, much less such trivial matters.

“Well,” she began, smiling sheepishly, “now that Guinevere is no longer engaged to Weston, there shouldn’t be any reason to meet the Coliens, right?” “The older you get, the lazier you become!” barked Warren.

He squinted at her.

“Tine! Just stay home then!” He then picked Zachary up in his arms.

“Want to go out with Great-grandpa?” he cooed.

Zachary hadn’t the slightest about the commotion brewing around him.

All he knew was that it was always a lot of fun when Great-Grandpa picked him up.

The little kid burst into peals of joyous laughter.

This made Warren laugh too.

He laughed so heartily that it brightened his old wrinkled face.

“You really are the only one in the family who’s never disappointed me, Zack!” Those words sounded like they were targeted at someone else.

Weston pretended he heard nothing and headed straight into the car.

They soon reached Cohen Mansion.

Before they got out of the car, Warren reminded Weston, “It’s been a long time since I last saw Frederick.

Don’t forget he was an old friend who’s been through it all with me, Weston.

Let’s not mention anything that happened at the wedding, and make sure you treat Guinevere well, okay?” Weston closed his eyes and tried to suppress his impatience. “I know my manners,” he said.

Warren glowered at him and sighed.

"If I had known that you'd turn out this way," he berated.

"I'd have done everything in my power to stop you from turning into a mess because of a woman, even if it meant risking my life!" Weston's brows knitted.

After a long silence, he finally spoke.

"I'm sure I don't need to remind you, Grandpa, that Ford Corporation is the fastest-growing company in the country.

You must've heard about how much the Western Suburbs project has made, and how it boosted the economy of the surrounding community.

I'm sure there's no need for me to go into details.

You must've heard it all from others." "You..." Warren was full of rage, yet he found that he couldn't refute a single thing Weston had just brought up.

"Fine!" he relented, feeling a headache coming on.

"Let's get out of the car." Just as Weston stepped out, he saw Guinevere standing at the door of the Cohen Mansion, waiting for them.

Clad in a pale white dress, she was neat and poised, without a single trace of that delirium and hysteria she had displayed before.

Only a warm and amiable smile remained as she greeted them chirpily.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 956**

Chapter 956 Guinevere's moods seemed to stabilize significantly after the wedding. She no longer used her mental state as an excuse to call for Weston whenever she liked.

She stood at the door and calmly swept a glance over Weston.

She was polite and friendly and not at all agitated.

"My grandfather and the rest have been waiting for you inside," she announced.

"Good kid," Warren said, patting her shoulder.

He had been feeling bad about how things had turned out for Guinevere lately.

"I'm relieved to see you all well again." "It was my fault for being so hysterical in the past," she replied with a smile.

"I made such a fool of myself, and I know that everyone is terribly worried about me.

But I'm changed now.

I won't cause anyone any trouble again..." She paused and turned to Weston, adding, "I really owe you an apology, Weston." Weston remained silent.

He casually draped his suit jacket over his arm, staring straight ahead as if he hadn't heard a single word.

Guinevere looked slightly disgruntled, but she tried her best to conceal it.

"Weston!" Warren growled, visibly irritated by his grandson's attitude.

"Act more like a man! Stop your small mindedness!" Weston merely shifted his gaze toward Zachary.

"You should bring him inside." Warren almost forgot that the boy had come with them too.

He rushed over to the driver who was holding onto Zachary and took the boy into his arms.

"It's been a while since you last saw your mother," he said.

"You must miss her a lot!" Annoyance flashed across Guinevere's eyes, but she quickly hid it.

"My baby Zack!" she cried, grinning as Warren handed her son to her.

"Is it true? Did you miss Mommy a lot?" Zachary stared vacantly at the woman in front of him before suddenly crying out, "Waa!" "Waaaa! Waa! Granny! Granny..." His cries drew out the people who were inside.

"What's the matter? Who's crying?" "Is that my great-grandson?" An elderly couple came out to the door and immediately took Zachary into their arms after briefly greeting Warren.

"What are you two doing here? Why didn't you go inside?"

"Weston, make sure you come over with Gwen later!" Guinevere turned to Weston shyly and said, "Zack just kicked me and got the dirt on his shoes on my dress.

I think I'd better go change my clothes.

Will you go with me?" "This is your house," Weston replied bluntly.

"I'm sure you don't need me to show you the way." Guinevere smiled, completely unruffled as if she knew Weston's response.

"I don't have any hidden intentions," she explained.

"I was just worried that you'd be bored without me since you'd be the only young person here..." She paused and added, "If you're not willing to go with me, then it's fine.

I'll go change and come back shortly.

You can chat with my grandparents while you wait." She then watched Weston as he left, the mellow smile on her face still plastered on even after he was gone.

"You'll be mine one day," she thought to herself.

"I'll be patient until the day comes, Weston.

I'm in no rush." Guinevere was calm and composed the whole time Weston was there.

She had managed not to act up or make a scene.

With his great-grandparents keeping him amused, Zack no longer cried or threw tantrums.

In fact, he was now lying quietly on Warren's lap, drinking from his milk bottle.

"You're turning eighty soon, aren't you, Warren?" "I'm glad you still remember my birthday!" Warren laughed.

Since he was with his old friends, he had lost his stern countenance and was in a much more jovial mood." I'm counting on you to show up at the party!" And that was the purpose of his coming here today.

His eightieth birthday party would naturally have to be a big occasion.

It was also an excellent opportunity to reconnect with the bigwigs in Ahn City and mend the Ford family's relationship with them.

Weston, too, had caught on to Warren's intentions.

He drummed his fingers on the sandalwood coffee table.

I – Guinevere gazed silently at his silhouette, turning a deaf ear to everything else that had been going on around her.

She had changed into a new dress, something more delicate that was as red as a rose in full bloom.

Too bad that man didn't appreciate all that beauty in front of him.

Guinevere could only helplessly wallow in self-pity.