

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 371

Chapter 371 Guinevere stared coldly at the man in front of him. "Calm down? How can I calm down?"

If Hayden was here, at least he could calm her down a little.

But now, she was facing a psychiatrist who was unfamiliar to her, so she vented all the anger on him. "Is it you? Are you mocking me on purpose? You feel terrified seeing me like this, don't you?" "No, I..." He ran out of words. This was beyond his professional capability. "I think I should call Dr. Quirk..." She grabbed his phone and smashed it onto the floor. The black smartphone shattered into pieces.

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The shards of glass were like her heart now, shattered and could never be glued back together again. She knew she was not sick.

She was just sick at heart. 11

As long as Weston was by her side, everything would be fine.

But he was not.

Where was he?

At Lowe Garden.

Belle had packed her bags and was a little reluctant to leave the place.

But Guinevere was chasing after her, as if she wanted to kill her. Hence, she had no other way but to leave first.

The good thing was that Ben had provided her with a temporary shelter and did not let her leave the city for the time being.

The moment she left the house, a few bodyguards in black suits suddenly came up and surrounded her.

She was shocked. "Who are you?!"

"Belle, right? You'd better cooperate, otherwise we shall not guarantee your safety!"

She was stunned for a moment and quickly looked back.

The main door was locked. This was the back door of Lowe Garden, and people rarely came here.

A bit frightened, she clutched her bag in her hand. "Who sent you here? What do you want?"

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"You will answer some questions. If you give the correct answers, we will let you go." "Go ahead, then." "Did Mr. Ford still come and look for you?"

The moment she heard the name, she understood everything. "Is Guinevere the one who sent you here?" "Just answer us the questions and ignore the rest!"

She took a deep breath and said resignedly, "He's stopped coming since the last time Ms. Cohen came and warned me... Trust me! I'm nothing compared to Guinevere anyway, and he will certainly not go against Ms. Cohen for someone like me. Please spare me!" She always knew when to say what kind of words to avoid losses. The few people exchanged glances and suddenly walked up to her. "Are you sure that Mr. Ford has not come to you during this time?" "You can ask my colleagues and friends if you don't believe me!" She nearly kneeled down to them. "Please spare my life!" "Did Mr. Ford ever mention to you where he would go lately?" "I don't know. He never talked to me about personal matters, nor would he talk about his schedule. He would ask me to sing and dance at most." They seemed to have understood something and exchanged glances. "Threw her out." She shouted immediately, "Don't do this to me, please! I will not appear in front of Ms. Cohen again. Can you ask her to spare me..." She cried and screamed. Nevertheless, no one paid any attention to her and tied her up straight away. Half an hour later, in the suburbs, a black car stopped, and a person was thrown out of it before it sped away. Belle got up on her feet. She did not expect Guinevere to be so ruthless as to dump her in such a place, leaving her to fend for herself!

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Chapter 372 She was still wearing high heels. After walking a few steps, she sprained her ankle.

After some time, a red car suddenly stopped in front of her.

Her eyes lit up, and she rushed forward. "Please, kind man, can you save me? I..."

Before she could say the rest of the words, she choked.

The car window was rolled down.

Looking at the familiar face, her face immediately showed horror. "It's you..."

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The weather in winter was unpredictable.

There was the first snowfall some time ago, and now, there was thunder and lightning.

The wind blew at night, and there was no moon in the sky.

After a while, it started to rain heavily. The rain came too suddenly, and the pedestrians on the road were in a hurry, all holding umbrellas.

The car did not slow down in time, and when it passed through water, it caused a splash and a

She did not know where she would be sent to. She only knew that the moment she saw Guinevere, she was instantly disheartened. "Call Weston!"

Guinevere, who was driving, yelled into the other end of the phone, "Put him on the phone! If you don't tell me where he is, I'll throw this woman in the river and feed her to the fish!"

Having just run away from the hospital, she was shaking and emotionally unstable.

At Stardust Mansion.

Weston was hugging Stella and patting her back soothingly. His phone on the bedside table kept ringing. He turned it off and tossed it aside.

After a while, her phone rang. She struggled to get up to get it, but the man did not let her. He hugged her from behind and kissed the back of her neck.

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It was an unfamiliar number. She was a bit surprised but still answered it. "Hello?" A familiar voice rang from the other end. "Ella, it's me." "You are?" "Henry." He gave his name briefly. Weston, who was kissing the back of her ear, heard the voice and paused, tightening his arms

subconsciously. She felt pain and suddenly understood what happened. "You..." "I am looking for Weston. Is he with you?" She pressed her lips without saying anything. Her face was stiff. She glanced at the man beside her, as if seeking

an answer. He let go of her without saying anything and took her phone. "What is it?" The man on the other end of the phone seemed to give a mocking laugh. "You are really with

Henry teased, "What? It's 'not like you're doing something unseemly and I'm interrupting , is

He suppressed his irritation. "You'd better be up to something important."

He paused, and his tone got serious. "Guinevere's counseling has just failed, and she has kidnapped the woman in Lowe Garden. You'd better go and look for her. It's not going to end well if someone gets killed." His eyes darkened. "Hasn't her treatment been going well?"

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Chapter 373 "Hayden was occupied today, so he had his colleague take over. You know Guinevere's emotions are very unstable now. His colleague simply could not calm her down. She is driving all over the town looking for that woman. I am not sure if she has found that woman or not. She has gotten rid of all the bodyguards I sent to keep an eye on her. You should go and take care of her. If something happens to her, you will need to answer to the Cohens."

At that point, he paused for a moment. "If Ella's existence is exposed..."

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He did not need to say the rest for Weston to understand.

Sure enough, there was a long silence on the other end.

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Henry heard the sound of fabric rubbing, followed by the man's somewhat chilling reply. "Okay. Keep an eye on Guinevere, and I will take care of it." "Alright."

He hung up and sighed, rubbing his brows. When he looked out the windows, the thunderstorm was raging, and the lightning struck.

The curtain was blown open suddenly. As he stood in front of the large floor-to-ceiling windows, his distinct features looked pale and bloodless.

In the mansion. Weston did not avoid Stella when talking on the phone, so she heard their full conversation. She was thinking about what to say.

He got dressed quickly and stood at the bedside before bending down and kissing her forehead. "I am going out to take care of a matter, and I will be back soon. Someone will send you to the studio. Take care of yourself." He did not show an intention of leaving immediately after saying that. She looked at him. "Is something wrong with Guinevere?"

The man did not reply but simply combed her hair to the back of her ears. "I will let you go today." When they were getting intimate, he could feel her repulsion.

The moment he touched her, she would tremble.

She did not say anything and looked down, as if deep in thoughts.

He lifted her chin and kissed her again on the corner of her mouth.

After a while, he left.

Joan was woken up by the noise. When she saw him dressed up and going downstairs in a hurry, she was surprised. "Are you going out? It is raining outside."

The man was in a hurry and did not have time to answer. She quickly said, "I will ask the chauffeur to come here." He took the car key in the hall. "No, I will drive myself."

"Mr. Ford..." Joan wanted to say something, but he had already left.

"Is it something urgent?" she mumbled, her eyes filled with worry:

She glanced at the clock to see that it was one o'clock in the morning.

She yawned and wanted to go back to sleep. When she suddenly saw Stella standing behind her, she gasped in shock. "Ms. Steele, why are you standing there without making a sound!" Stella did not say anything and walked down the stairs. Only then did Joan come back to her senses. "What happened to Mr. Ford? He left in such a hurry..." Stella shook her head. "I don't know."

Joan wanted to ask further, but she closed her mouth in the end.

She planned to go back to her room, but she thought of something and asked, "Do you want to eat something? The food I made last night is still warm. Do you want some?" Stella

did not refuse, so Joan went to the kitchen. Stella sat in the living room. She was listening to the sound of the thunderstorm while thinking.

On the rainy night, a red Maserati raced through a deserted highway outside the town. Behind it was a black Cullinan, followed by another white Porsche. The black car suddenly accelerated and forced the red Maserati to a stop on the road ahead.

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Chapter 374 Guinevere's eyes turned gloomy when she saw the familiar car through the rearview mirror.

Her hands were still on the steering wheel, and her fingertips were white.

She did not know how long it took. She saw the man in a black trench coat get out of the car and stride to her car.

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No matter how many years had passed, her heart could not help but flutter every time she saw Weston walking toward her like this. How could she let go of such a man?

She could never let go.

There was a knock on the car window. Weston had walked up to her.

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"Guinevere, get out of the car."

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It was still raining heavily, but his voice was clear.

Guinevere opened the car door. Her eyes were red.

Before she could react, he grabbed her and dragged her out of the driver's seat.

"Are you crazy?"

She covered her ears and shouted, "Why are you here to control me?" "Weren't you doing this to force me to come to you?" He pressed her against the car door to sober her up a bit.

Guinevere was still wearing the white suit she wore to the hospital, and it was now soaked with rain.

With

her hair stuck to her cheeks, she looked more like a female ghost who had crawled out of hell.

Her eyes were full of sorrow. "It was our wedding anniversary yesterday. I accept that we cannot get married, but why couldn't you stay by my side?" "I told you—I had an emergency." "What kind of emergency was that? I have already sent Belle away, so what kind of emergency can you have?"

Guinevere seemed to be having a nervous breakdown and kept mumbling, "I have gotten rid of all those women. Why can't you stay by my side? Why?"

She looked like she had gone crazy.

His face was cold, and he gave a signal to Ben, who was holding the umbrella. Ben immediately understood and opened the trunk of the Maserati.

Sure enough, he found Belle tied up in the trunk. His face was grave, and he looked at Weston. "Mr. Ford, what should we do now?" "Send her to the hospital to check for injuries."

"No! Why

should we send her to the hospital?" Guinevere hurriedly blocked in front of them. "She deserves it! Even if I kill her today, it is her fate!" Weston suddenly felt that he could not see through the woman in front of him. They grew up together, but he had probably never paid much attention to her before. From the very beginning, he only regarded her as a friend he grew up with, just like Henry. He also never thought that Guinevere would one day become what she was now. The rain was very heavy. He actually wanted to smoke for a moment. He smirked sarcastically. "Do you really want to become a murderer?"

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Perhaps the word irritated her. She could not help but think of the time she and Stella were kidnapped, and the kidnappers...

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But Stella was the one who wanted to jump off the building. What did she have to do with it?

Meanwhile, Belle... Who made her so arrogant! How dare she want Weston!

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Chapter 375 Wasn't it only natural that she, as his fiancée, would want to give her a piece of her mind? That was what she thought, and that was what she said. She even questioned Weston, "You said that you'd take care of me. I gave you Zachary. If it weren't for you, would I suffer like this?"

"For me?" Weston looked like he had heard the funniest joke in the world.

The string that had been taut snapped at this moment. "Guinevere, you are sick, so you have a shield."

His tone was cold. "You can attack and slander anyone with impunity, but I hope you can recall what you're saying now when you remember. "I, Weston, have wronged everyone but you." The rain was getting heavier. It was almost pouring. The man's words entered Guinevere's ears word after word. They were sensible people but had both lost control at this moment. The tape on Belle's mouth was ripped away. She felt pain and wanted to shout for help, but was forced to listen to their argument. Ben cast a cold look at her and warned, "Don't listen to what you shouldn't!"

Belle nodded immediately and did not dare to look at those two.

Ben did not hesitate and untied her straightaway. Stuffing her into another car, he asked the chauffeur to send her to the hospital.

Before the car left, he suddenly looked at Belle. "Learn to be smart. You know what to do next without me teaching you, right?"

She nodded. "I will just go back and sleep. I will leave the next morning." Seeing that she knew what to do, he did not say anything else and asked the chauffeur to hurry up.

Then, he got into the white Porsche. Watching the man and woman confronting each other, he had a headache, not knowing what to do.

After such a long time, Weston did not have the intention of settling old scores anymore.

He thought that that matter should have been solved, but now he discovered that, as long as the thorn was still there, he and Stella would not move forward.

Looking at the woman who claimed that she had given birth to his child and was now questioning him, he found it very ironic.

Was Zachary really his child?

But they were indeed blood-related.

He suddenly sneered. For such a ridiculous lie, he lost his first child with Stella. And it might be their only child. The scene of Stella jumping off the building seemed to appear before his eyes again. If she had not leaped off the building that day, he would not have realized that he had such deep feelings for her—so deep that he was even willing to jump down with her at that time. “My child? Are you sure Zachary is my child?” He grabbed Guinevere’s wrists, as if wanting to crush her bones. “I have done nothing wrong to you, to Zachary, to Chris, and to everyone, except to...” He did not mention that person’s name.

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But Guinevere knew.

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She covered her ears. “Stella! Stella! It’s Stella again! It is all because of her! If it wasn’t for her, we would have been married already. If it wasn’t for her, there wouldn’t be so many obstacles between us!”

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He sneered and threw her aside. “Stop being obsessed. I’m willing to be civil with you, and it’s already the best I can do. Guinevere, not hating you is the greatest forgiveness I can offer you.” Just because of her one thought, his life had been forcibly controlled by Chris since then. He could afford to do right by everyone but Stella, and he was sorry for Wendy.

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Chapter 376 For his family, he could pretend that none of this had ever happened. He could pretend

that everything was fine, just as they wanted. He could pretend to be Guinevere's husband. He could pretend to be Zachary's father. But he could not and would not pretend to love Guinevere or treat her affectionately as she wished.

Guinevere wiped away the rainwater on her face. The tears that she shed had disappeared into **the rain**.

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She suddenly burst into laughter. "So you're still mad about that, huh?" she taunted. She held her head in her hands, as if all her memories came flooding back to her all at once. "I've been chasing after you for so many years," she said, almost rambling. "Did that mean nothing to you at all? Why can't you just turn around and notice me for once?" "Too many women have been chasing after me, Gwen," he replied. "Too many to notice them

Weston turned around and walked away.

"But I'm not like them!" Guinevere ran after Weston and wrapped her arms around him from behind. "I'm nothing like any of them! I've always loved you more than any other woman in

the world! Isn't that enough?"

Weston was no longer in the mood to talk to her.

"Do you still expect me to believe that?" He tore her arms off his body and shoved her away. "Keep your distance from me, and I'll let you keep whatever dignity you still have! But if you ever cross the line again, I swear I'll break all contact with you!" As he spoke, his eyes gleamed suddenly as he slowly stepped forward. "I know that you remember everything that happened a year ago," he told her, his gaze piercing straight into her eyes. "For now, I won't question if your amnesia is real. Whether you want to keep things the way they are, or if you want the whole truth to be revealed that's all up to you, Guinevere. Don't try my patience."

He then turned away coldly and strode away, no longer giving Guinevere a second look while his tall frame gradually disappeared in the rain.

Guinevere quietly watched as Weston disappeared in the distance, completely in shock. Soon, she lost all self-control and just couldn't hold back her tears anymore. She screamed and cried **her heart out**.

She had only taken one wrong step, yet all the subsequent steps after that seemed to be taking her further and further away from the right path.

She didn't know how long she had stood there crying in the rain, but eventually, her emotions subsided, and she calmed down a little.

"Miss Cohen," Ben said as he approached her, his eyes full of pity. "Let me take you home." From his perspective, both Guinevere and Stella were clearly victims. He had no idea what went on between Weston and Guinevere, but from an outsider's standpoint, Weston doubtlessly seemed to be a heartless man. But Stella was innocent too. Guinevere definitely should not have tried to kill her. Although Stella was in fact still alive and had changed her name and identity, if things had gone slightly differently that day, she really would have died. In that case, Guinevere would have been fully responsible for the death of one woman.

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So, Ben was not sure whether to feel sorry for Guinevere or condemn her. But she was definitely a wretched woman, that much he knew. It was almost dawn now. There were basically no other vehicles on the road. After he made sure that Belle had arrived safely at the hospital and had cleaned up all the mess, Ben finally reported everything to Weston. Weston glanced at the woman in his car and said nothing. Guinevere was huddled up with a blanket in the back seat, staring at the man who was silently driving without any trace of emotion on his face. She was gradually regaining her senses. Her emotions would be unstable from time to time, but only briefly. She was still lucid most of the time.

"Weston, I'm so sorry..." she muttered, looking down like a guilty child now that she remembered all the wrong she had done. "I don't know what's gotten into me..." Weston glanced at her through the rearview mirror but made no reply. After a long silence, he finally asked her, "Where do you plan to spend the night?"

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Chapter 377

The question rattled Guinevere.

She could not possibly return to Ford Mansion like this. Wendy would certainly be shocked and suspicious if she saw her in this state. Besides, Zack was still in Ford Mansion too, and he would be terrified of her if he saw her in this kind of mess. So where could she go?

"I... I don't know," she finally answered in a hoarse voice. "Why don't you just take me to any hotel nearby? I'll get myself a room and spend the night there." Her feeble voice made Weston frown. He remained silent and drummed his fingers on the steering wheel.

"You'll spend the night at the Golden Eve Apartment," he announced after a long pause as he massaged his temples. Guinevere's eyes instantly lit up. She looked at Weston with bewilderment. Golden Eve Apartment was Weston's own place outside of Ford Mansion. He had never brought anyone there before. Guinevere had been persuading him to let her stay there with him, but was always refused.

She had only ever been there once, and that was only because she had taken the initiative to bring her parents there with her, so Weston could not refuse to let her in. But this time, Weston actually suggested bringing her there himself! She had no idea if this meant that Weston was willing to rekindle their relationship one more time, or if it was a sign that they were getting closer. In any case, this came as a complete surprise to her because she had assumed that Weston would be furious after what had happened just now. Guinevere gripped on to the blanket tightly, so lost in thought that she did not notice the cold look on Weston's face.

Once they had arrived at the Golden Eve Apartment, Weston let Guinevere get out of the car herself.

She opened the door and stepped out. Her knees wobbled a little, and she almost lost her footing, but Weston reached out a hand to support her, although he quickly drew his hand away and kept a distance away from her afterward.

Guinevere was slightly disheartened, but as she took in the view of the neighborhood, she sucked it up and tried her best to keep her emotions in check.

'Weston was willing to bring me to this place on his own accord,' Guinevere reminded herself. This was undoubtedly a great sign. As long as Weston could be with her all the time, it was still possible to save their relationship. Weston and Guinevere walked on silently. Both of them were drenched in the rain. As they got to Weston's place, he stopped and stood at the door. "I'll arrange some people to come here and serve you," he told Guinevere. "I'll call the family doctor too. Dr. Hayden Quirk will come here and assess your psychological condition—"

"Wait!" Guinevere interrupted him as a realization dawned on her after listening to what he said. "You mean you'd leave me here tonight?" she asked, utterly perplexed.

Weston said nothing; he merely glanced at her coldly. Silent tension swirled around the air between the two of them.

Guinevere realized then that even though Weston was willing to let her into his apartment, he was no longer willing to ever let her into his heart.

“No!” she asserted, gripping on the hem of her shirt. “I don’t want you to go!”

She made a move to hug him, but he dodged away from her touch.

“Whatever happened today,” he stated brusquely, “I don’t want to ever see it happening again.” Guinevere’s eyes fired up. She immediately understood that he was referring to Belle. “But don’t you know that I did what I did today all because of you?!” she argued with tears in her eyes, glaring at the man in front of her. “If you hadn’t turned me into a laughing stock in front of our friends, I would never have bothered with a woman like that!” The noble and haughty Guinevere Cohen that she was in the past would never have concerned herself with a lowly woman like Belle.

It was all because of Weston Ford!

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She was just about to admonish him for it, but she stopped herself short when she remembered what he told her in the rain.

He had never done anything wrong to her. He owed her nothing.

Guilt and pain knotted up into a tangled mess of emotions inside her. She was still reluctant to let him go, but she was at a complete loss for words now.

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Chapter 378 Guinevere was still in turmoil.

“What if I told you that I insist on having you here with me?”

Weston swept a cool glance at her and said, “No one can force me to do anything.”

He then turned around and walked out the door. “From now on,” he added, “you can stay here whenever you like. You don’t have to ask for my permission. The keys are near the entrance door. I will change the ownership of this apartment and put it under your name.”

He then closed the door behind him and left.

It was a thick door, but the sound of Guinevere's piercing scream could still be heard outside.

Guinevere collapsed on the living room floor. She kneeled there and screamed her lungs out while pulling on her hair. She had tried so hard for so long to be let into this apartment, yet now that she finally had her wish, it turned out to be an empty, meaningless victory. It was as if fate was mocking her.

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It was now about half past three in the morning, but Stella still couldn't fall asleep.

Every time she closed her eyes, vivid images of the same dreadful incident came flooding back

—images of the day when she fell from that building.

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She tossed and turned, but all she could see was a pool of blood and mangled flesh that used to be her baby. The sound of a baby crying for their mother rang in her ears. She wanted to answer the baby, but she couldn't even open her mouth because a man was grabbing her throat with his large rough hand, choking her as he whispered filthy words into her ear.

Weston was standing nearby. Stella cried and begged for his mercy, pleading for him to rescue her, but he paid no mind to her. Instead, he pulled Guinevere into his arms and left her for dead, as if she meant nothing to him at all.

In despair and utterly dejected, she jumped off the building...

"Aaah!" Stella screamed and sprung up in bed, awoken by the intense pain in the dream. Her heart was pounding wildly.

The rain drummed on the glass window. There was no sign of it letting up. It was only getting heavier and heavier, and the thunder and lightning came even more frequently now.

Suddenly, a flash of lightning illuminated the whole room. For a brief moment, it was as bright as day.

Stella noticed the man lying beside her.

She was still shaken up by the nightmare, and seeing his face clearly churned up all the violent emotions inside her. They gradually built up and swelled till she reached a point where she felt like a string stretched so taut that she might snap at any time.

Stella let out a heavy sigh. She stared at Weston, wondering when he had come back and how long he had been lying in bed next to her. 'Didn't he say he had to leave because of an urgent matter? Why did he have to come back again?' she thought. "Weston..." Stella whispered softly. The man did not respond. His hair was wet, as if he had come back from the rain outside and went to bed straight away without drying it first. His arm was still around her waist, and his whole body was leaning against hers. Stella shoved his arm away. Weston's brows knitted. His expressions soured, as if he wanted to just pull her back into his arms. But he remained sound asleep.

Seeing that, Stella felt her swirling emotions simmer down. She gazed at this man's handsome sleeping face. From his eyes, his nose, down to his chin, there was not a single feature on his face that was flawed.

A vicious thought cropped up in her mind. It grew like a creeping vine around her heart and soon overtook her whole being. With trembling hands, she reached for the pillow behind her. Her mind was telling her to stop, but her hands would not listen. Slowly, she placed the pillow on Weston's face, then she pressed it down...

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Stella had no idea what she was thinking. She only felt all the pent up hatred pouring out of her through her hands. As the rain poured down from the dark gloomy belly of the sky, the only thing occupying Stella's mind was the urge to see this despicable man die. She pressed the pillow down harder and harder. She knew that if she did it long enough, this man who had brought so much pain and misery to her would eventually stop breathing. Her mind was a blank void except for this single thought. She could see him slowly suffocating under the pillow. His body was twitching and jerking, as if he was being electrocuted...

Boom!

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Chapter 379 The thunderclap jolted her awake from the daze. Stella recoiled, and her body shivered violently. She tossed the pillow across the room, and it landed on the floor.

She looked at Weston. Seeing that he was still sleeping, as if completely unaware of what had just happened, she climbed out of bed to pick up the pillow and placed it where it belonged. She shrank away from Weston completely, aghast of what she was doing just now.

She was trying to kill Weston.

Her whole body quivered at that realization. She dreaded to think what would have happened had she succeeded in her attempt. Weston was a powerful and influential man. If someone of his stature was to be found dead in her bed, there was no way that she would be able to get away with it. There would be nowhere to run, nowhere to hide. Even her brother might be implicated too. Stella was inundated by a sense of remorse and regret. She felt remorseful for the horrendous act that she almost committed. At the same time, she regretted losing possibly the only chance she had to get rid of Weston and gain freedom for herself.

Drained of all her energy, she leaned against the headboard, staring blankly at the man beside her. She did not know how long she stayed that way. The next thing she knew, her back was drenched in cold sweat, and she was so exhausted that she had to lie down and shut her eyes. Soon, she was overcome by fatigue and fell into slumber. Her breathing gradually slowed down and became more regular. Then, the man beside her opened his eyes. His eyes were as dark as the blackest starless night while he quietly studied Stella's face. It was still the same face that she knew, yet at the same time, it seemed so wholly foreign to him that it might as well belong to a complete stranger.

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He was awake when Stella tried to smother him with a pillow, but he did not move or fight back. In that moment, he thought if it could help Stella eliminate the hatred she felt in her heart, then he would not mind dying this way.

He could not believe that he had such a ridiculous thought.

But in the end, Stella gave up halfway and did not kill him after all. He remembered thinking when she removed the pillow that if she was not ruthless enough to kill him, then she would never be able to remove him from her life.

Weston pulled Stella into his arms and hugged her tight. He leaned down to kiss her forehead again and again.

“Don’t be so timid next time...” he murmured, though it sounded more like a sigh.

He moved down and gave the tip of her nose a peck before moving in and kissing her lips. Only when he held Stella close like this could he fill the emptiness inside of him. With her, he felt whole again. She was the missing puzzle piece that he needed. The rain outside had finally let up. Stella was fast asleep now. Weston gazed at her face and took her hand into his. She often clenched her fists even when she was asleep. It was a defensive gesture of hers.

Weston pried her fingers open and interlaced each of his fingers between her slender ones. The fact that their hands were now so intertwined that there was basically no distance between them comforted him. It made him feel that they were truly connected to each other. He then finally closed his eyes. But before he could fall asleep, he heard Stella whimpering in her sleep. He leaned in closer to make out what she said. “Baby... My baby... Weston’s eyes clouded over as pain flashed across his face.

It was not the first time he heard her calling for her dead baby in her sleep. But this time, he could really feel the excruciating pain resulting from the loss of their baby, which hung like a heavy cloud between them. Weston placed his hand gently on her flat belly. There would never be another baby in her womb. He closed his eyes, but his hands were still trembling. If Stella could never get pregnant again, then he did not want another child.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 380

Chapter 380 It rained so heavily last night that when dawn broke, the whole world seemed to have changed.

Stella did not get a good night’s sleep at all, but she still woke up very early that morning. She tried to stretch her body but found herself tightly enveloped by a scorching warmth.

As her mind was still muddled by slumber, she was stunned and confused by this, but she soon realized that the source of that warmth was the man beside her.

Weston’s body had always been naturally warmer than hers. Everytime he held her in his arms, she felt as if she was leaning against the fireplace. But the heat was a little higher than usual today.

Stella opened her eyes and leaned over to place her hand on Weston's forehead. The heat almost scalded her skin. She frowned. Was he running a fever? Weston was awakened by Stella's touch. "What time is it?" he asked, his voice hoarse and his brows knitted. "Eight in the morning," she replied, noticing that his voice was huskier than usual, besides also being croaky. "How are you feeling? Are you sick?" Weston did not answer her, but there was a thin wry smile on his face. He opened his eyes and stared at her. Though he looked flushed and sickly, it took nothing away from his handsomeness at all.

"Are you kidding me?" he asked. "Me? Sick?"

Weston was practically never sick. The last time he remembered being ill was so long ago that he could not remember how old he was back then. His stamina had always been above average. That, coupled with his acute intelligence, was what made him so invincible and powerful in the world of business. Whether in terms of brains or brawn, Weston always came out on top.

Stella fell silent for a while until she finally said, "But you're just a normal human being made of flesh and bones. What's so strange about you getting sick?"

She did not understand why Weston had to act so tough. Everyone would get sick some times. Wasn't that just a fact of life? She could have sworn that he even sounded embarrassed for getting sick

Weston closed his eyes and said nothing. He put his hand on his forehead and sensed that his temperature was indeed higher than normal. He probably caught a cold because he had been in the rain last night, and when he got home, he went straight to bed without drying his hair.

Nevertheless, he was still reluctant to admit it. "I'm fine," he insisted before sitting up in bed and reaching his hand out to pull Stella into his arms and give her a morning kiss.

This had been a habit of his every morning. In the past, Stella was the one who asked him to

give

her a morning kiss before going to work, but Weston rarely spent the whole night with her

back then. He would just leave her right after sex and sleep elsewhere, so he rarely ever woke up next to her, much less gave her a morning kiss. Yet

now, he would always sleep with her in his arms any chance he could get, and the first thing he would do every morning after waking up was to give her a kiss, sometimes even a deep passionate kiss. But

he was a little hesitant today. He drew back his arms before he even touched Stella, then just sat there leaning against the headboard.

"I'm not going to work today," he announced. Can you get the notebook from my study and bring it here, please? I'll be working from home."

"... And you still expect me to believe that you're not sick?" she teased him.

Weston was not sure if it had anything to do with how she tried to suffocate him last night, but he noticed that she seemed much gentler and more complying this morning than she usually was. She was even afraid to look straight into his eyes when she spoke.

Though he noticed all this, he still refused to remember what happened last night. He did not mind pretending that Stella never tried to kill him.