

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 411

Chapter 411

Stella did a double take. "Hold on... Why are you calling me?" "Why not?" Weston replied, while gesturing for his chauffeur to drive straight ahead, and he soon spotted Stella hovering near a junction. She looked ever so adorable and docile as she waited obediently for the lights to turn green.

"No, I just thought that you'd be busy with work..." Stella was going to say that she thought Weston would spend the day with Guinevere, but quickly stopped herself although she was on the verge of saying it. "Didn't I tell you that I would be spending the next few days at home with you?" Stella did not answer at first, and said after a while, "I'm heading home, then. The lights have just turned green-I need to cross now. Talk to you later." "Yeah," Weston replied, and watched as Stella hung up before telling the chauffeur to follow. She usually preferred shortcuts, and even though Weston had told her many times not to take quiet paths, she would agree to it, only to fall back to her old habits-it was no exception this time.

After turning into an alley, Stella walked along until the end to a small road, where only a single car could pass. Still, it was not isolated since a single wall separated it from a busy highway, and it was brightly lit so Stella had nothing to fear.

Nonetheless, she had been walking when she suddenly heard a car honking from behind. She instinctively moved aside to make way for the car, but it was not moving past her even after a long time.

She then turned to find a black luxury car following her, as if it was intent on staying and watching her, with no plans to drive past her at all. Stella found that a little weird just then, and tightened her hold over her pouch as she strode ahead. Even so, the car was still following her, and she could not shake it off no matter what she did.

That was when Stella became sure that the car was there for her, and so she started to move at a hurried pace, before eventually breaking off into a run.

Naturally, there was no way she could outrun a car, and she eventually stopped when she reached a dead end. Panting, she quickly picked up a large stick she found nearby while staring warily at the car.

Then, one of the doors opened, and a pair of long feet stepped out. Stella finally looked up then, and she breathed a sigh of relief when she saw that familiar face. Throwing the stick to the ground, she muttered, "Oh, it's you..." She did not realize it was Weston because he was using a different car-before, he would always be in his black Cullinan whenever he picked her up.

Seeing that she was sweating bullets, Weston strode up to her and took her pouch while asking, "You didn't recognize my car?" "How am I supposed to recognize them when you have countless?" Stella countered. "Make time to visit my garage. Remember every car you see, so that you won't run off when I come to pick you up next time."

Stella said nothing—she had had a peek of his garage before, and there were so many cars that she would have to spend endless hours there to remember each of them.

"You have so many cars you barely take some of them out of the garage. Why should I remember all of them?" "Fine. I won't force you if you promise that you can recognize my car the next time around." With that, Stella followed Weston into her car, but once inside, Weston threw her pouch off to a corner, pulled her into his arms, and showered her with kisses.

His kisses became even more unbridled and more feverish than the last as time went by, until he eventually stopped short of doing something more. Stella vaguely sensed that they were going to do something else soon, and she started to get restless as she always did during such moments.

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No matter how Stella tried to pretend, she could not hide the repulsiveness she was feeling.

That was when Weston stopped, and started to offer her reassurance—he had become much more patient than ever before. Whatever he was doing, he would stop once Stella appeared upset, and pat her back reassuringly as if she were a child.

Moreover, he would not continue if she insisted that she was uncomfortable, and it was the same this time. Holding his own forehead against hers and watching her flush and pant from his kisses, Weston asked, "How many times have I told you not to take quiet routes when you're alone? Did I scare you just now?", "You did that on purpose?!" It was only then that Stella realized, since what had happened just now was clearly unusual.

After all, Weston lingered inside his car and kept quiet, while his car followed Stella at a neutral pace. Anyone who saw that would be under the impression that he meant harm.

Weston chuckled hoarsely then. "Well, you're the one who keeps doubting me. I'd rather you get spooked a little than to regret it when some thug comes after you." Stella sneered ironically. "It's not as if I don't have a thug after me already."

Weston's gaze darkened when he realized that she was talking about him. He wrapped his hands around her waist then and asked, "Who are you calling a thug?"

“Who do you think?” “How am I a thug?” Weston held her up so that they were sitting face-to-face just then. “Why don’t you tell me?” Stella turned away, not willing to meet his eyes just then. “You knew that I’d get scared, but you did it anyway.”

That was when Weston’s expression suddenly turned solemn, and he lifted her chin so that she looked him in the eyes. “That’s because I know that it would just be a case of false alarm. If you keep going against what I say, however, it would be too late if you really run into a real thug-understood?”

He spoke to her as if he was a father with a disobedient daughter, and Stella frowned since she disliked that feeling. “I’m an adult. I know how to take care of myself.” “Do you really?” Weston growled. Stella saw a sinister glow in his eyes then, and in the next instant, he started to reach for her clothes.

Shocked, she cried, “What are you doing?! We’re still in the car!”

Nonetheless, the bulkhead separating the front and the back end of the car shot up as if on cue. Moreover, the backseat of the car was so spacious that the people at the front would not hear

what was going on behind. Even so, Stella pressed her hands over Weston’s, stopping him while pleading, “Not here, please...”

There had been more than one occasion before when Weston had almost lost control in the car. Even if he would always stop at the very last second each time, Stella did not put much hope on his self-control—he might not hold back the next time.

Still, while he managed to catch her unprepared this time, Weston saw that she had misunderstood his intention and scowled. “What do you take me for? Do you really think I’m obsessed with sex all the time?”

Stella pursed her lips in silence, but the look in her eyes made it obvious that she did.

Weston sighed and smiled despite himself, and made her turn around, lifting her blouse just

then and studying a bruise over her back. His smile vanished immediately as his eyes turned frighteningly cold. Stella flinched uncomfortably in response, since she was actually surprised that he would notice her injury. “Don’t move.” Weston pinned her down as he studied the bruise closely, his slim, callused fingers moving over her back as he did. Stella felt utterly out of place as every spot he touched seemed to jolt her. “Stop looking. It’s nothing serious.”

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“Not serious? It’s turned blue!” Weston growled even as he stared at the large patch of bruise over Stella’s back. The blood in the middle had clotted into blackness with only small tinges of red visible in between.

However, the red somehow made her injury appear even more gruesome.

“Doing this to yourself... Are you an idiot?”

Unable to look anymore, Weston lowered her blouse.

Nonetheless, Stella appeared upset at his accusation. “It’s my job-and like I said, it’s not serious.”

Weston grabbed her by the arm and spun her around right then. However, he did not know that she was injured over the arm as well, and he promptly let go when he heard her gasp in pain, even as he withheld all the harsh words he was about to throw at her while watching her reaction.

“Did that hurt?”

Stella nodded.

Weston had to restrain his flaring rage right then, and gently moved Stella so that she was seated in a comfortable position. Then, he helped her take off her jacket and carefully rolled up her sleeves.

It turned out that her arm was the part where she was hurt the most-because she was falling headlong to the ground while being suspended with high-tension wires, she had shielded her head by instinct in the urgency of the moment.

It was the same if she had expected any other vital anatomy was going to be hurt, so her arms were now a gruesome sight of purple-blue bruising. Most of her outer skin had peeled off as well, baring the dermis layer beneath while caking her blouse with sticky blotches of blood.

To make things worse, Stella gasped audibly when Weston took her clothes off.

Restraining his headache, he coolly reprimanded her, “You deserved that.”

However, although he was definitely cold and angry, Stella did not find it that way. She was quietly staring at Weston’s somber visage, feeling for an instant that Weston genuinely cared for her.

Be that as it may, she banished the thought from her mind in the next instant-if he really did care about her, he would not have hurt her repeatedly, or hidden her as if she must never be allowed to see the light.

That was especially the case when Guinevere was around, who would blame Stella for everything she could possibly come up with, while Stella was left with no comeback. He was almost insistent in denying her dignity and keeping her vulnerable to everyone's contempt, and yet he would also try to heal her wounds, tenderly attending to the hurt she suffered.

Even if he was the cause, he would protect her without regard to the consequences.

It was an irony that left Stella feeling even worse.

Perhaps because it had been a long time since anyone had protected her, anyone who showered her with the slightest warmth and affection would stir her emotionally.

However, she would tell herself that Weston's tenderness was no love, but simply possessiveness.

On the other hand, Weston watched as Stella kept quiet and moved off to a corner, he thought that she was upset, and noticed then that his tone had indeed been a little too overbearing. His expression turned mild right then. "If I remember correctly, I've told the film crew not to let you shoot sequences on high-tension wires." Realizing that Weston might be pursuing the matter, Stella quickly said, "I volunteered-I'd rather not slow the film's shooting progress." "But I remember that your parts are finished," Weston countered, not about to give in on the issue. "I don't want to see you get hurt."

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Stella said nothing, but simply looked Weston straight in the eye. After a while, she muttered, "You probably know everything already, then..." "You wouldn't have said a word if I didn't, would you?" Weston asked. "So what if I told you? Are you going to straighten out Guinevere? She's your wife and the mother of your child, while I'm just a toy to you—".

Even before she could finish, however, Weston had seized her by the chin and kissed her.

Before he knew it, he had grown to resent hearing such words from Stella—he refused to hear any words that were demeaning to her, be it from herself or anyone else.

And yet, he would never change Stella's mindset even if he could stop everyone else from talking. To her, the world was black and white, and if she could not clear the obstacles in her own head, she would simply loiter on the other end. It was also why as long as she had no legitimate reason to be at his side, she would never be happy, and would always belittle herself. Knowing that, Weston hugged Stella so fiercely he was

almost crushing her in his arms. At the same time, he kissed her lips repeatedly, even as her bones started to ache from his embrace.

“Don’t...” Stella mumbled, unable to stop herself from trying to push him away, only for Weston to tighten his arms around her.

His kisses seemed to convey all his tenderness and fury, even as he savored her flavor—taking it all in, be it her sweetness or bitterness.

There was no telling how long had passed as everything outside the window seemed to run past them. Though the trees were caked with thin layers of snowflakes after winter arrived, the interior of the car was just heating up.

Soon, Stella was left gasping for air, trying to catch her breath even as she leaned on him.

Weston’s breathing was ragged as well, and he rested his forehead against hers even as he held her back, while talking tiny pecks on the tip of her nose and her cheeks.

“She’s not my wife,” he said hoarsely beside her ear. “I will never marry her.”

This was not the first time he had told Stella this, just as he knew that she would never believe him. Even so, he intertwined his fingers with hers and added, “I know what you want, but even if I can’t give you that, you can have anything you want.”

Stella’s gaze lost its glow right then, and she stayed silent for a long time, until Weston’s gaze became dull as well.

He was painfully aware that Stella wanted nothing else from him other than his absence.

And that was the only thing he would never give her.

Guinevere was almost on the verge of a breakdown when she returned to Ford Mansion.

“He was just fine when I left in the morning— how did Zack catch a fever?”

The maids quickly carried Zack to Guinevere the moment they saw her return. “We don’t know what happened either... Zack suddenly started to throw a tantrum and refused to drink his milk. We never managed to calm him down...”

“We then noticed that his forehead was a little hot, and we realized that he had a serious fever after we used a thermometer!”

Guinevere had rushed home because Zack had suddenly fallen sick. With Wendy and Chris away, while Weston was in Fern City, there was no way Guinevere could leave him alone at home.

No matter how much she despised the child and had troubled feelings for him, the boy was still her son-and the only child she could bear in this life. As such, there was no way Guinevere did not love him at all. In fact, everyone else seemed to forget that Guinevere was suffering from terrible mood swings as well, and promptly passed Zack to her.

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Guinevere felt a pang of heartache even as she held Zack in his arms.

In reality, she rarely carried the boy so carefully, because everytime she did, she would be reminded of that night which had changed her life entirely.

As a matter of fact, she had wondered to herself more than once-would her relationship with Weston be so eerily cold if that night had never happened?

Seeing that she was very worried, one of the maids said, "Don't worry, ma'am. The family doctor will soon be here – Zack will definitely be fine."

Even so, Guinevere was too distracted to hear her.

After examining Zack, the doctor said rather awkwardly, "Zack seems fine at the moment. However, he's a child, and he should be admitted to the hospital if this continues."

Guinevere promptly called Weston after the doctor left-he was the one who had called her about Zack, and yet she was somehow here, alone with the boy.

She could not help feeling a little upset about that. Nonetheless, it took a while for Weston to answer a call, and he was clearly unhappy as he growled, "What is it?"

He said just three words, almost flat in tone-but it left Guinevere taken aback.

At that very moment, her mind was not on Zack's fever, but instead on why Weston had always treated her so coldly... As if she had only realized that right then!

It had been years, but Weston only ever tolerated her when necessary, and never once showed her any hint of tenderness.

Would he really be treating her like that if she had feelings for him?

Her fingers clenching on her phone, she asked, "Where are you right now?"

She tried to keep her voice calm and composed, but in her bones, she was still the Guinevere Cohen who always hated to lose. "Zack is very sick. Would you come pick us up at the hospital later, when you're free?" "I'm in Fern City," Weston replied.

In other words, he would not be going.

Guinevere took a deep breath to calm herself. "But Zack is looking really sick right now, and no one else is around. I've just come home alone from the film set, too... Don't you remember that?"

On the other end, Weston rubbed between his brows just then.

He was neutral toward Zack, and even if he was distant, he never spared any expense when it

comes to the boy.

However, he never spent much time with Zack—which made him similar to Guinevere in that respect, and he would only show up when necessary, never once going out of his way to be nice to the boy.

Glancing at Stella, who was sleeping beside him, Weston rose to his feet and left his breakroom, not willing to disturb her.

Guinevere could hear him on the other end, and so asked, "Where are you right now?"

"Fern City," Weston answered. "I mean, what are you doing right now?" "Heading to a meeting." That finally gave Guinevere pause, and she finally stopped asking. "Am I imposing?"

The instant she said those words, Ben could be heard from the other end, "Mr. Ford? Everyone is waiting."

Weston nodded in response.

In reality, Stella had fallen asleep in his car when he was called to an urgent meeting. The sight of her sleeping soundly suddenly made him reluctant to send her home—keen on keeping her with him, he carried her to his breakroom.

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Before Weston left, he gave Ben a look.

Catching his cue, Ben arranged for someone to take care of Stella, and have them report to Weston once she wakes up.

Meanwhile, Guinevere was still on the other end of the call, and her tone softened considerably when she heard Ben's voice. "I won't imposé since you're working."

"Okay," Weston replied. "Tell me when Zack recovers." "Okay."

Weston hung up right after that, and Guinevere listened to the beeping tone after the call was

cut off, before calling Xavier. She had actually wanted to call Henry Moore—which used to be her first reaction to everything in the past, since he would help her no matter what it is. In fact, she was used to Henry agreeing to whatever she asked no matter the time and place, which was why she thought nothing of Henry getting into a relationship with another woman.

However, Henry was currently wheelchair-bound, which meant Guinevere had to go to someone else, and Xavier was one of them, since she saw him return in the morning.

Still, Xavier appeared a little impatient when he answered her call. "Why are you asking me? Are you chauffeurs and maids all there just for show?"

Nonetheless, he stopped ranting the instant he heard that it was Zack who needed a trip to the hospital. "Fine. Wait up front, I'll be there to pick you up." In the end, Zack was a child of the Ford family, and once he hung up, Xavier quickly picked up his car keys and rushed to Ford Mansion. It was basically in the neighborhood, and having told Guinevere to carry little Zack outside the front gates, he drove straight to the hospital after they got in.

Guinevere, however, frowned when she saw that he was not driving to the private hospital she frequented. "Where are you going?"

"To the hospital."

"But we're not going in the right direction to—" "I'm driving. I will decide on which hospital we're going to."

Guinevere was upset about that, but the edge in Xavier's voice kept her quiet.

However, if Xavier were to be honest, he had no idea what he was doing either—he had set aside work the instant he heard that he needed to give them a ride to the hospital. Still, he remembered how repulsed Zeta Taylor was with him the other day, and despite feeling a little uncomfortable about that, he drove to her hospital anyway.

While Guinevere carried Zack upstairs to the pediatrics department, he was settling the bill for them.

Then, after hovering for a while, he somehow ended up outside Zeta's office. She happened to be taking a break, and was napping over her desk.

She also left the door ajar, and Xavier stood outside, looking in through the gap. However, when Xavier was about to enter, a man suddenly appeared out of nowhere. Walking up to Zeta, he took off his coat and put it over her shoulders. He must be a doctor in this hospital as well, and he appeared more mature despite looking the same age as Zeta.

There was a vague tenderness in his eyes as he watched Zeta as well. Even if they were completely different, it was obvious what that gaze conveyed since Xavier was a man himself.

Snickering but unsure as to what he was laughing about, Xavier turned to leave.

Stella felt like she had been sleeping for a while, and did not even remember when she had fallen asleep.

All she remembered was being lightheaded in the car, before waking up to an unfamiliar place. It took her a while to come to her senses and realize that she was in a breakroom.

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The room was dimly lit while the curtains were closed, seemingly out of concern of disturbing Stella's sleep.

She rubbed her eyes, shrugged off her blanket, and rose to her feet.

The instant she left the breakroom, someone promptly approached her. "Ah! You're awake, Miss Steele."

Hearing Ben's voice, Stella paused for a moment before looking at him. "How did I get here?"

"You fell asleep in the car, so Mr. Ford carried you up here."

Stella was naturally acquainted with Ben, since he was the one who had taken care of matters when she and Roger Sealey assumed new identities. It was obvious that Weston trusted him very much, or he would not have left her with Ben. Taking a seat on a couch and having a drink, she asked, "Is Weston having a meeting?" "Yes," Ben replied. "However, he will probably be done soon, and he is hoping to go home with you."

With that, Ben passed her a tablet, obviously having arranged something for her to do in the meantime. "You can ask me directly if you have any request. Everyone in the secretaries' office outside are people that Mr. Ford trusts, so you don't have to feel constrained." Stella nodded, but she still felt uncomfortable since she did not expect Weston to take her to his office. Was he really not worried that others would find out? However, Ben seemed to read her mind, and assured her, "You don't have to worry too much, Miss Steele—just leave it to Mr. Ford."

Still, Ben found sympathy for the harshness of her situation even as he watched her.

On one hand, Weston kept closing in on her, while on the other, she was also struggling with herself. To tell the truth, he had no idea why Weston was unwilling to let her go—he was willing to get her a new identity and give her a fresh start, and everyone would be happy as long as he let her

So, why was he refusing to do so? "I shall be going back to my work if there is nothing else for now. Again, just tell me if you have anything you need, Miss Steele." "Thank you, Mr. Sullivan."

After Ben left, Stella felt a little freer, and decided to call Roger after a while.

However, that was when someone knocked on the door.

"Mr. Ford, there's a report here..." Daisy spoke as she stepped through the door, and paused

when she found Stella inside.

"Excuse me, but you are...?" Stella quickly sprang to her feet, while Daisy straightened and said, "I'm Daisy, Mr. Ford's private secretary. Are you his guest?" Though Stella's presence caught Daisy by surprise, she soon regained her composure and shook her hand in greeting, before speaking politely, "I'm sorry, but this is Mr. Ford's private office. You should wait at the guest room up front if you have business with him..." It was obvious she thought that Stella was your average intruder who had snuck into Weston's office, which was why she was asking Stella to leave. She had only seen too many women who came to fawn over Weston using work as an excuse, and she was already being quite restrained. In the end, even if Weston Ford, the most powerful man of Ahn

City, was beyond everyone's reach, there were still those who hoped to seize that almost nonexistent chance to shoot for the skies.

Nonetheless, just as the air in the room turned awkward, Ben rushed into the room, "Why are you in here, Daisy?" "I have a report..." Daisy was surprised to see Ben, and turned back toward Stella. "And this lady..." Ben scowled right then. "You're done here. Please step outside, and ask for permission the next time you come in."

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Daisy's expression stiffened, but she said nothing.

Still, seeing how respectful Ben was acting toward Stella, she could not resist letting her gaze linger on Stella before turning to leave the office.

Even after she closed the door, she was left staring at the office for a long while.

Who on earth was that woman?

To think that Weston would have a woman other than Guinevere, too...

Aside from Daisy, the other secretaries were interested in Stella as well, and they mobbed Daisy the instant she stepped out. "Do you know who that woman in Mr. Ford's office is, Daisy?"

Daisy shook her head, but her expression suddenly turned solemn. "Are you girls done with your work? Do you think Mr. Ford would appreciate your reaction when he returns?" Being the head of the secretary department, Daisy spoke on Weston's behalf most of the time.

Seeing that she was being dead serious, the other secretaries traded glances, but they returned to their desks, leaving Daisy alone as she glanced thoughtfully at Weston's office again. A man who never allowed any women to linger around him, suddenly bringing one to his office... What could that mean?

Daisy's expression turned a little troubled, but she returned to her work anyway.

Ben stepped out of Weston's office soon after, and when he passed the secretaries' offices, he asked Daisy, "May I have a word with you?"

Daisy rose to her feet, just as the other secretaries turned toward them in response. Though they had no idea about the specifics, they were all naturally wondering if it was because of what had happened just now.

Everyone knew that Ben is one of Weston's most trusted aides, and anyone whom he would personally serve was no pushover, let alone some skank.

"... I guess the woman in Mr. Ford's office must be someone important, since she's able to order Ben Sullivan around," one of them suggested. "... Is he in there serving that woman coffee or something?" "You girls are letting your imagination run wild. Mr. Ford brought her to his own office, so it's not something we should be concerned about..."

"True. Let's not get ourselves into trouble."

Meanwhile, Daisy and Ben stepped out to the balcony.

"What's the matter, Mr. Sullivan?" Daisy asked.

Watching her, Ben said, "I'm sure you're smart enough to know what I'm going to say."

Daisy appeared taken aback that Ben would say something like that. "You mean..."

"Mr. Ford doesn't want anyone else to know that the woman in his office has been there. If anyone asks, she was never here—do you understand?"

In other words, Daisy was supposed to hide the woman's existence, and her eyes flickered in understanding. "Even Miss Cohen...?"

Ben frowned, and his eyes were suddenly sharp. "Anyone." Daisy immediately came to a realization, and put on a solemn expression. "Alright, understood

—no one will know that she exists."

After arriving at the hospital, Guinevere stayed with Zack as the doctor checked him. Fortunately, the boy was alright. Breathing a sigh of relief, she texted Weston—she did not call since he was in a meeting. His reply soon came, but it was just a single word. [Okay.] Guinevere stared at her phone for a long time, suddenly feeling as if she was possessed.

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Guinevere found an emptiness in her heart, just as she felt threatened as if Stella Sealey were still alive.

She closed her eyes, her mind filled with images of Ella Steele.

There was no question that she had lost her composure at the film set, harassing Ella when they were just meeting for the first time.

She should not lose self-control like that, but she just could not control herself.

Even as she took a deep breath, she saw that Zack was about to burst into another crying fit just then, and she promptly frowned as she snapped, "Alright, stop it! I know you're suffering, but so am I!"

The doctor, who happened to be writing a prescription at the time, looked up at her in shock, confused as to why she would suddenly become so bad tempered. Pausing for a moment, Guinevere quickly adjusted her shades and added with a much milder voice, "Be a good boy... Mommy will play with you later, alright?" The doctor withdrew his curious gaze then, shaking his head, but did not dwell on the matter. In the end, every mother loves their child, and it is normal for parents to get impatient with a sick child.

Later, Guinevere stepped out of the hospital with Zack in his arms, and soon spotted Xavier sitting at the hospital's pavilion and smoking. The entire hospital building was a no-smoking area, so he had to go elsewhere to do it. Frowning, Guinevere walked up to him and asked, "When did you get addicted already?" Though she knew Xavier well despite their lack of contact, she never knew that he had become a nicotine addict. Xavier merely rose to his feet. Glancing at Zack, he reached out to pat his head, but Guinevere took a step back in disdain from the smell of cigarettes. "You're going to choke him!"

Xavier chuckled. "What, little Zack can't stand a little nicotine? He's not that weak!"

"He's just a baby!" Guinevere glared at him as she adjusted her hold on Zack.

Xavier finally pulled back his hand at that. "Is he fine now?"

"Yeah."

"I'll take you home, then." Nonetheless, Xavier barely walked a few steps before coming to a stop.

Watching him, Guinevere asked, "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine." Xavier said, and lifted a brow. "I think I'll go meet Weston at his office later."

“Why?”

Guinevere had no intention of humoring him, but stopped right away when he was finished. Xavier chuckled. “I knew it. You’ll always overreact when it comes to Weston, “Why not?” Guinevere replied, suddenly smiling a little absent-mindedly. “I’ve loved him for so long...” However, her reply seemed to cause something in Xavier to snap, and he suddenly wheeled on her solemnly. “When did you fall for him?” Guinevere’s gaze turned distant just then as she searched her mind. “In middle school, I think

She could not pinpoint a specific moment, but simply knew that she always only had eyes for Weston even after so many years. Many men—including Henry—had caught her gaze, but those were just passing fancies.

No one other than her would do for him

In fact, she never imagined herself being with any other man, and always felt that Weston was unquestionably hers.

“It’s been so many years...” Xavier’s gaze suddenly turned blank. “Are you really going to stay in love with him after all that?” “Yes, I am,” Guinevere replied, “Guess you still don’t know much about women.”

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Guinevere smiled bitterly then. “There’s a sunk-cost fallacy when it comes to love... So, the longer you’re in love, the harder it is to let go.”

Then, as if remembering it just then, she turned toward Xavier. “That’s the same for Zeta. She loved you for years too, and she never gave up, even though you’re pretty much infamous these days.”

Xavier was taken aback that she would mention Zeta, and frowned even as he growled, “Why would you talk about her for no reason?”

And with that, he turned to leave, with Guinevere watching him from behind.

Believing that he was getting grumpy over Zeta again, she shook her head but kept her silence as she followed him.

Meanwhile, a bored Stella was reading her script in Weston’s office.

It turns out that his meeting proved to be an extensive one, and Ben had to come in a few times to reassure her, eventually telling her that the meeting was going to last another hour.

She tried to ask to leave, but Ben would refuse her on each occasion, insisting that Weston had insisted that she stay before he went home with her.

Naturally, Stella simply could not understand what had gotten into Weston-was he a child, insisting on leaving work with her?

Ben returned to work after they spoke, though there was a slight commotion outside soon enough.

Stella got to her feet, believing that it would be Weston, only to find an unexpected face: Xavier Ford.

Why was he here? Nonetheless, Xavier did not spot her inside Weston's office, and instead headed straight to the secretaries' offices. It seems that he had recently taken a liking to Daisy-especially her aloofness toward others-which was just like Weston, not to mention she had turned down his attempts to invite her out on dates.

In fact, the joy of the hunt had already taken his mind away from his unpleasant mood and Zeta, even as he moved to stand in front of Daisy.

"Long time no see," he said in cheesy French, and when he saw that she was staring fixedly at her laptop, he grinned and quickly found himself a seat.

"Working, huh? Let me have a look..." He scanned the table on the screen, narrowing his eyes as he did. "Oh, I think there's a little error over here..." Daisy would always ignore him no matter how he tried to talk to her before, and any response would just be a gesture of courtesy.

This time, however, she frowned immediately and started searching the spot Xavier pointed out, exclaiming, "No way!" Xavier could not help chuckling at how naive she was, and Daisy shot him an annoyed glare in return, realizing that she had been tricked. Taking a deep breath to calm herself just then, she then said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Xavier Ford, but would you mind going to the conference room to wait for Mr. Ford?" "I didn't come here for him-I came here for you," he said, resting his chin under his hands as he stared flirtatiously at her. Daisy remained unmoved, however, and simply left to look for Ben. "Mr. Sullivan..." Even Ben appeared to be put on the spot after Daisy told him about Xavier's antics. "Alright, you don't have to team up on me, I was just going to talk to you a little," Xavier exclaimed, not interested in flirting anymore when he saw how upset Daisy was with him. He loved women who put up a challenge, but Daisy was utterly resistant, making him lose interest or attraction toward her in general. Getting up on his feet, he walked up to Ben and asked, "Wait, if Weston is having a meeting, shouldn't you be staying with him to take minutes?" Daisy began, "Mr. Sullivan has something more important to do..." However, Ben wheeled on her so quickly right then that she realized in irritation that she had misspoken.