

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1001

Mr. Ford is Jealous

Chapter 1001

Chapter 1001 Weston glanced at it and wasn't very interested. "If you are thirsty, you can ask the kitchen to bring you something." Stella shook her head. "Don't bother them. I can just make something myself. Do you want some?"

She looked into his eyes and tried to look as calm as she could.

He gazed deeply into her eyes and saw a little anticipation in them.

He kissed the corner of her mouth. "Okay. You made it. Of course I'll drink it."

One last step to go, she thought. Weston was waiting for her in the living room.

Even though it was just a short distance from the living room to the kitchen, he had to keep an eye on her, to keep her within his sight.

She let out a breath and added all those oleanders.

This amount was enough to kill a grown man.

After drinking it, they would do many things.

She thought, maybe she could give him a night today and

stall for time. By the time he realized something wasn't right, it would be too late to perform the gastric lavage procedure. Her mind was so calm that even she felt that she was unusually ruthless. It was such a horrifying thought, yet she did not have the slightest hesitation.

But only she knew that her hands were shaking.

"...is it done?"

Seeing Stella coming over with the cup of tea, he took her hand and made her sit beside him in his arms.

She replied, "Drink it while it's hot."

She looked into his eyes, and her heart suddenly started beating violently.

As long as he drank it...

As long as he drank it, it would be all over.

The pain would dissipate, the tangles would come undone, and the confusion would become clear.

The resentment would also end...

She watched as he lifted the cup of tea and put it to his lips.

The voice of the dark figure in her head kept exhorting her

"This is it. Watch him drink it!"

"Watch him die!"

"Soon, your suffering will be over..." Stella's entire body was trembling. Something in her heart was screaming hysterically.

If her emotions could materialize, her eyes should have filled with blood by now.

It was only when she smelled the strong odor of antiseptic solution coming from the side of the man's waist that she closed her eyes, trying hard to suppress her surging emotion.

But what appeared before her eyes was the scene when he stood in front of her without hesitation when she was almost disfigured by the acid

He really did not hesitate.

Without any hesitation, he instinctively stood in front of her and protected her entirely.

The man who protected her at all costs and the man who abandoned her without hesitation in front of kidnappers seemed to overlap.

She felt like she was about to split.

One was his good side, and one was his bad...

He forced her to stay with him against her will, keeping her like a pet.

But now, when she was in danger, he protected her without hesitation.

He brought her great pain but also gave her great joy.

He brought her to heaven, only to trampled her down to hell...

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"Weston!"

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She opened her eyes suddenly. "Don't drink it!"

She said, "Don't..." 1

Her lips were trembling, and she stared into his eye intensely. "Don't drink it."

She snatched the cup out of his hand and put it aside.

As though she was going through a great crisis, she unleashed all her strength.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1002

Chapter 1002

Chapter 1002

She had lost.

She came a cropper... She now believed that she couldn't just let him die.

In fact, she couldn't bear to kill him!

She wanted to ask herself what kind of woman she was. At this point, she still could not kill him...

Weston looked at her with a gaze so deep it seemed he understood everything. "What's wrong?"

Stella lowered her head and said dejectedly, "Nothing. I just remembered that this tea should not be drunk before sleeping. It will cause insomnia."

He did not say anything.

He remembered that she had said earlier that the tea was to help him sleep.

He made her look up at him. "What exactly is it?"

He suddenly saw two drops of crystal-like tears roll out of her eyes, and his heart tightened.

"It is just a cup of tea. If you don't want me to drink it, I won't. Why are you crying?"

He lowered his head and kissed the corner of her eye.

Don't cry."

When she cried, he felt helpless.

He didn't want to bother her again about her erratic behavior just now.

Her eyelashes fluttered fiercely as he kissed her.

Once again, she was acutely aware of how much of a failure she was when she was with him

She couldn't kill him.

At the last minute, she couldn't actually do it!

The dark figure in her mind screamed frantically.

"You bitch, how dare you still love him!"

"How could you be so lowly?"

"How would you live up to your dead child?"

"He did this to you! How could you still love him?"

"Stella, can't you live without being a bitch? You can't even kill him!"

"Were you moved just because he blocked a bottle of acid for you?"

"He has done so much wrong to you. He hurt you so much! Have you forgotten?"

"You're really cheap. You forget everything once he gives you candy after the slap..."

Stella was in a state of complete confusion.

The thoughts going back and forth in her head were starting to hurt.

He noticed her strangeness, and his eyes turned dark. "Are you feeling ill?"

She closed her eyes, unwilling to look or talk to him.

Undoubtedly, he got anxious. "I will call the doctor over to take a look at you..."

She grabbed his hand quickly and shook his head, biting her lower lip. "I am just feeling a little dizzy. I will be fine once I rest..."

He watched her steadily without saying a word.

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He was at ease only after seeing her not showing any other symptoms. "If you feel unwell, you must tell me."

He speculated that she was just frightened.

After all, the man today was crazy. The acid would've splashed on her face if he hadn't reacted quickly enough.

It was understandable that she would feel uncomfortable after such a traumatic incident.

He kissed her hair. "Don't worry. I will definitely give you an explanation."

She forced a bitter smile as she lay in his arms.

What explanation?

He couldn't even tell the truth about his injury, fearing that others would know. This would surely make them blame Guinevere...

He was so protective of her; he was even protecting her subconsciously. How could he let her be blamed?

At that moment, the dark figure in her mind popped out again

"See for yourself! He still refuses to harm Guinevere, even at a time when he should be most obsessed with you. Have you ever thought about what will happen to you when his feelings for you cool down?"

"It will be like the time when were on the rooftop!"

“He will abandon you without hesitation!”

“Stella, you sure are stupid. What an idiot!”

“You are sparing him, but don’t you remember how he gave up on you, when he had no feelings for you?”

“You’re such a bitch!”

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1003

Chapter 1001 “Anyway, they both have a child. Don’t forget! He indirectly killed your baby!”

“Guinevere is the one who killed your child! She hired someone to kidnap you! Your child wouldn’t be dead if it weren’t for her!” “Stella, how have you not learned your lesson?”
Stop it...

Stop it...

“Why are you afraid to listen?” “Stella, he watched you and your child die, without saving any of you!”

“He’s been protective of Guinevere, the one who tried to kill you, but you can’t even hurt him!” “You’re a b*tch! You deserve it!” “Stop it...” Stella was about to kneel to the voice in her head.

She wanted to beg it to stop.

Weston saw Stella shut her eyes tight.

She refused to talk, and she had a pained face.

Weston took her to bed and lay down beside her.

Without saying anything, he held her quietly and lay beside her.

After a long silence, he asked, “Are you hungry? Want something to eat?” Stella shook her head.

“I don’t want to eat anything.” Weston did not force her.

Instead, he placed his hand on her belly and rubbed her slowly, allowing her to feel the warmth of his palm on her skin.

Stella wanted to avoid him, but he held her tighter.

The next moment, she felt something against her waist and stiffened.

Weston's raspy voice then came from behind her ear.

"I know you're feeling unwell.

If you don't want to get into trouble, don't move around, and don't rub around."

"I didn't..." Stella tried to defend herself inaudibly.

"Then lie down and sleep." Stella did not dare to say anything else and stopped moving.

After some time, steady breaths could be heard

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Weston opened his eyes in the dark of the night.

He planted a kiss on her forehead and muttered her name.

"Stella."

Stella did not answer him.

Weston fixed his gaze at her for a moment, then gingerly got out of the bed.

He went to the living room and saw the flower tea on the coffee table.

When he went over, he saw a few petals floating on the water in the transparent glass.

When he gave it a careful whiff, he could sense smell the fragrance of the flowers.

There were just a few petals on the top, but she might have picked a lot of flowers for the tea.

The fragrance was so powerful that Weston began to feel a little uncomfortable .

He put down the glass as a glint flashed across his eyes.

The next morning, a loud noise rudely awakened Stella.

She looked at her surroundings and noticed no one was around.

While still blur with sleep, she heard a loud and violent argument from downstairs .

She looked at the time and found that it was still very early.

After washing up, she wanted to go downstairs to see what was going on.

When she noticed the glass of flower tea, her gaze darkened.

As she recalled her weakness last night, she began to loathe herself deeply.

Then, she went over and poured the tea out of the glass.

After that, she heard the heated argument from downstairs grow louder, so she hurriedly opened the door and went out.

Meanwhile, in the living room downstairs, Wendy hugged Zachary and glared at Guinevere with cold eyes full of grudge.

“Everyone saw what happened yesterday! Your fans are so crazy, who knows where they’ll come out of next?!”

“Zack is still a kid! He might get hurt by your fans!” Wendy no longer trusted

Guinevere because of what happened yesterday, believing she wasn’t worthy of taking care of Zachary, despite her being his birth mother.

Guinevere was unwilling to accept her fate.

Even though she was reluctant to care for Zachary, he was the only excuse she could use to get closer to Weston.

If they made her stay away from Zachary because of what happened yesterday, how was she ever coming to Ford Mansion again? How could she get closer to Weston? Guinevere said.

“It won’t happen again. Besides, it didn’t cause any serious consequences.” “That’s because Weston reacted fast! You have tons of crazy fans, don’t you? What if they suddenly go after Zack one day?” “How’s that possible?! Zack is my son.

My fans would only hurt Stella, not Zack!” Guinevere tried to defend herself and became a little tongue-tied.

“If he could hurt Stella, who knows who else he’d hurt?” Wendy scoffed in annoyance .

“People who harbor such thoughts must be completely abnormal.

They might even be psychopaths! I think Zack isn’t safe with you!” ‘So, they were fighting about this...’ Stella thought.

She was unsure whether to go down or not.

Weston was the first to notice her.

He went to her with a steady pace.

“Why are you awake so early?” They hadn’t done anything substantial last night, but there were certain things they still couldn’t avoid doing.

Weston held her hand and asked, “Do you feel sore?”

Stella blushed a little.

She withdrew her hand and asked him, “Should I go down or not?” Not knowing how to react to such a situation, she had to ask Weston.

Weston smiled at the prompt change of subject.

“It doesn’t matter. If you don’t want to see her, you can go back and rest for a while. I’ll have someone bring you food.” Stella shook her head, knowing it would make her look strange.

“No need for that...” She then looked at Weston’s side, near his stomach.

“Is your wound better?” “It’s fine.” After that, the two took to their seats at the dining table.

Guinevere had been giving Stella an intense stare from the moment she appeared.

However, when Stella sat in front of her, she immediately withdrew her gaze, not wanting to show too much concern.

Warren woke up a little later.

When he arrived, the table was already full.

The guests who stayed behind in Ford Mansion yesterday had already been seated.

Warren soon noticed that Guinevere and Wendy seemed to be at odds.

“What’s happening so early in the morning? What’s going on?” Guinevere hurriedly told Warren, as if complaining, “Grandpa, I know I’m partly responsible for what happened yesterday, but I’m Zack’s real mother.

How could I not want my child to be well?”

Warren could not help but find women aroyal pain in the *ss.

They would keep going on about the same thing, going around in circles in a never-ending fashion.

Warren looked at Wendy.

“It’s no big deal. If she wants to take care of Zachary, just let her do it.”

Wendy opened her mouth, but she wasunable to say anything.

She glanced at Stella as if hoping she would speak up for her.

“Anyway, I know my kid well enough not to feed him junk ...” Guinevere suddenly chimed in, deliberately bringing up the incident where Stella gave Zachary a macaron.

Listening to all that fighting gave Warren a headache.” Enough! If you want to care for him, just do it.

It’s no big deal. Stop whining about it!” “Thanks, Grandpa...” Someone at the table whispered, “No matter what, the real mother will always be better...”

“Of course!How could a mother not love her own child?” “Warren must have understood...” Undoubtedly, many shared the same thoughts, but none would say it bluntly.

Whether one wanted to admit it or not, Stella was the real Mrs.Ford, and with Zachary still so young, he would have to refer to her as Mom someday.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1004

Chapter 1004 This was inevitable. Most of them wanted to stay neutral and not offend anyof them. Guinevere carried Zachary with her and gave Stella a look of triumph.

Stella pretended not to see her provocation and just kept her head down.

She focused on eating her breakfast.

Meanwhile, throughout the duration of the meal, Warren kept shooting glances at

Weston as if wanting to make sure he had not beeninjured yesterday.

Weston merely looked as he always did.

The group finished their breakfast with a myriad thoughts running through their mind.

The first day of the event was over, but the next few days would see the main events happen.

Everyone came to celebrate Warren's birthday, but Warren knew all too well that when so many famous and influential people were gathered, it was impossible that an exchange of interest wouldn't happen.

The friends and relatives who could not make it yesterday finally arrived today.

Warren's banquet would go on for three days.

There were still a lot of things to do after this.

Weston noticed that Stella seemed more depressed than yesterday.

After breakfast, he took her back to her room.

Everyone, seemingly accustomed to his constant favoritism towards Stella, said nothing.

After that, at the dining table, Xavier took Daisy with him.

When he saw Guinevere silently looking in the direction Weston had left, he said, "I haven't been with my little nephew for a long time.

Let me hold him." It was then that Guinevere returned to her senses and replied to him with a smile.

"Okay."

Daisy looked over as well.

"Is this Zack?" A barrage of mixed emotions clouded her eyes.

This was Weston's son, who shared the same blood with him.

Daisy could not explain her emotions.

It just felt strange.

When Xavier let Daisy hold Zachary, she cradled him and used ginger touches, as if holding some fragile treasure.

After a long silence, she exclaimed, "He looks so much like Mr. Ford..."

“He resembles his grandfather more,” Wendy interrupted.

Hearing that, Daisy glanced at Chris and glanced at Zachary again, exclaiming, “They’re indeed alike.

Zachary looks just like him!” Chris wiped his mouth with an incomprehensible expression on his face.

“I’m done. I’m busy, and I have a lot of things to do, so I’ll be going. You guys should continue without me.” Daisy watched as Chris walked away, and she fell into deep thought.

Somehow, she felt that Chris seemed a little upset, like he was trying to avoid something.

Guinevere’s expression also became a little unnatural.” I’ll take Zack out for a walk,” she chirped casually.

Stella and Weston returned to their room on the third floor.

As soon as Stella sat down, Weston followed and continued where they had left off.

“Why don’t you get some more sleep?” “Weren’t you up early too?” Stella asked in reply.

“I’ve always slept less than you.” Weston reached out to straighten the folds of her collar.” Not used to sleeping here?”

Normally, Stella wouldn’t be up so early at home.

“I’m fine.” Seeing that Weston had no intention of leaving, she reminded him, “Do you have something to do later?”

“I’m going to meet some uncles that returned from abroad.” “I’ll be fine here by myself.” Weston still showed no sign of leaving but instead looked longingly into her eyes.

“I’ll take you with me once you’ve rested up.” –

Stella was slightly startled.

When she recalled his attitude last night, she slowly realized something.

Perhaps she would not be able to leave his side from now on.

No matter where he went, she would have to follow him.

This sudden realization made her feel a little suffocated." I'll be fine here alone...

I'm not a kid anymore." "You're no different from a kid to me," Weston said.

"If I don't take you with me, you might be in danger again.

Who'll protect you, then?"

"Aren't you exaggerating?"

Stella frowned.

"What happened yesterday is over..."

"Alright. You don't need to tell me how to do things." Weston cut her off stiffly and turned cold.

"I'm telling you to stay with me, so do as I say and don't say anything else." Stella took a deep breath and tried to suppress her anger.

Her emotions had been in turmoil since yesterday.

She could not bear to kill him last night, but her desire to kill him was coming back.

She closed her eyes and remembered that she could have been freed last night.

She was soft-hearted, which led to her having to endure Weston's dominance again.

The black fog in her mind took on a human form again.

It laughed at her sarcastically.

"You deserve it! You asked for it!" Weston noticed her strange look.

"If you don't feel well, I'll stay in the room with you all day..."

"No need!"

Stella grabbed his wrist and shook her head.

"I'm done resting.

Let's go out." She managed a smile at him, but it was very forced.

Her mind was in a mess right now.

She did not know what to do.

Whenever she thought of killing him, the scene when he saved her from the acid yesterday couldn't help but play in her mind.

However, whenever her heart softened, she would remember the time he chose Guinevere without hesitation and abandoned her on the roof.

Last night, she dreamed of her dead baby again.

This time, her child morphed into a pool of blood that flowed out from under her.

The bloody stench lingered around her, as if her child was questioning why she did not do anything.

Why didn't she just end everything? Weston did as he said, practically dragging Stella around with him, even for the smallest of matters.

She had become more of his personal companion than his wife.

Weston introduced Stella to everyone.

Nobody sensed anything wrong.

They had just been married for a short time, and everyone knew of their relationship.

Hence, it was only normal that Weston introduced Stella to his business partners.

However, soon, some noticed Weston would even follow Stella to the bathroom.

This was a little over the top.

"They're probably still in their honeymoon period.

These newlyweds are so sweet!" A wealthy businesswoman frowned and scoffed, saying, "They won't be like this in a few years."

"Weren't they married once? Sure, their marriage that day was just a remarriage, but they still appear so loving to each other..." When someone said that, some got curious.

All things considered, Weston's first marriage to Stella was held secretly, and no one knew they were married, thinking he had been with Guinevere all along.

People had never seen any woman around Weston apart from Guinevere.

Stella's existence had only come to light during the engagement party.

Some were shocked by Weston's obsession with a woman from a mediocre family. He was already divorced from her, yet he went out of his way, using all kinds of methods to give her a new identity and keep her.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1005

Chapter 1005 "I wonder what sorcery Stella uses..." "Who knows? Maybe she has some mystical charm..."

The guests joked around, laughing happily.

Guinevere overheard them, and her face twisted in displeasure.

She had no choice but to brace herself and be shameless enough to stay here.

Indeed, her parents' presence was more than enough, but she didn't want to let go of the opportunity to see Weston.

Hence, against all odds, she decided to come along.

Though Guinevere knew the guests were only polite and respectful in front of her while laughing behind her back, she didn't care one bit.

These tribulations were nothing compared to her ultimate goal.

One day, she would take the position of Mrs. Ford, and when that happened, no one would bring up her past.

Only her glory would be reflected.

It wasn't like she hadn't had her share of scandals in the entertainment industry over the years.

She, too, had her fair share of bad exposure.

But even if that were so, so what? With a little hard work and a lot of patience, she could stay as the leading actress even with few awards.

If it were not for the engagement party, she would've still remained the country's hottest movie celebrity.

So long she was successful, no one would remember her past.

Guinevere had always believed in that.

With those thoughts in mind, she scooped Zachary and brought him aside.

Grunting, the toddler seemed hungry.

Guinevere impatiently grabbed a few peanuts from the table.

“You can’t eat such junk...” she began.

‘But kids shouldn’t have problems eating nuts, right,’ she thought and shrugged it off.

She proceeded to give Zachary those nuts.

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“Eat some of these.

They’re good for brain development.

“Eat more, and stop whining and annoying me,” she muttered under her breath.

Zachary blinked, appearing to be completely oblivious to what peanuts were.

He immediately tried stuffing them into his mouth, shell and all.

Guinevere frowned.

She had no choice but to peel them and hand them to him patiently.

Zachary, a glutton by nature, loved to try out new things, and he swallowed all of them in two mouthfuls.

A few minutes later, he began to act a little strange.

“Ughh...

Mmph!!!” The child frowned and wouldn’t stop scratching his face from what seemed like an unstoppable irritation.

Guinevere hurriedly tried to stop him.

“What are you doing?!” Zachary slapped her hand off and scratched his face again, this time leaving behind a few redmarks.

"Listen. No scratching!" Guinevere was shocked and grabbed his hand firmly to stop him from moving.

"You. Kid. Why are you suddenly misbehaving again?" It was actually not that hard to take care of Zachary.

She just had to make a face.

In fact, Zachary had never made a fuss with her in Wendy and Warren's absence.

He would only throw tantrums when someone he knew was around.

The child, however, was clearly in great discomfort.

He kept grunting and tried his hardest to break free from Guinevere's grip.

Soon, his face turned red.

He opened his hand and closed it again, trying to scratch at something.

Upon closer inspection, Guinevere finally noticed that red dots had emerged on his face.

"What's wrong? Are they mosquito bites?" What she saw immediately rang alarm bells.

"Why do you have so many red marks on your face?!"

Zachary, undoubtedly, had no answers.

With tear-filled eyes, he looked like he was in great pain.

At last, as he threw the remaining nuts in his hand to the ground, he started whimpering and breaking out into a massive bawl.

More and more red spots sprouted, and his face began to show signs of swelling.

Stella had just come out of the bathroom and was about to join Weston in the lobby when she saw a commotion in front.

"Is the child allergic to something?"

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1006

Chapter 1006 Stella saw Weston's face change. When he strode over, she hurriedly followed him and went over to see what the commotion was about.

Zachary was lying in Guinevere's arms and was breathing laboriously.

Tears streamed down his cheeks.

"Waaa!!! Ugh..." Zachary cried and heaved his chest violently.

His face was covered with red spots, and even his lips were swollen.

His voice was weak even as he cried.

Stella frowned at once.

"What's wrong?"

Weston strode over and picked Zachary up.

He ordered sternly, "Call the doctor over." Warren heard the news and rushed over too.

He was so furious to see Zachary like this.

"What's going on?" He questioned with red eyes.

"How could this happen? Wasn't he just doing fine?" "I think it's an allergic reaction..." Weston said.

He scowled at Zachary and gave Guinevere a cold glare.

"What did you just feed him?" Seeing that, Warren also looked at Guinevere angrily, "You were taking care of him, right? What were you doing? How could this happen?!" Warren was so furious his tone harshened immediately. "You are his mother, aren't you? You kept whining about wanting to take care of him. Look at what you have done?!"

"Sorry, Grandpa. I don't know what's going on either..."

Guinevere panicked.

"What is he allergic to? Is it the mosquitoes in the house..." She never expected that things would turn out like this.

She stood up, feeling a little weak.

"Let the doctor come and take a look at him..." "Do you even need to say that?" Warren scolded her. "Just stay there."

Don't come over and make things worse!" Wendy also rushed over and was shocked to see Zachary in this state.

"How did this happen?!" Her eyes were red.

"Is he having allergies? He's allergic to nuts.

Did someone feed him nuts?" Hearing that, Warren got furious.

"Didn't I order everyone not to feed him nuts? Who did it? Do you want to get fired? Get over here now!"

Guinevere stopped dead in her tracks.

She was still holding some nuts in her hand.

Warren quickly noticed it and roared at her.

"It's you!!! Why did you feed him nuts?! Do you want him to die?!"

"I didn't know..."

Lost and in a panic, Guinevere opened her hand, and out fell the nuts.

"I didn't know he was allergic to nuts..." Wendy stood up at that and gave her a resentful look.

"You were screaming at Stella because she fed Zack some sweet dessert.

I thought you were so devoted to Zack, but it seems you didn't even know about his nut allergy!"

Wendy yelled so loudly that everyone around heard her clearly.

Guinevere's face paled.

She could hear the voices of people criticizing her.

"She is the real mother...but she is worse than the stepmother!" "She's so strict to others when she's so lenient to herself."

"I can't believe that with the child at that age, she never knew he was allergic to nuts.

Look at the mess she's caused.

It seems the mother doesn't care about his son at all...»

The criticizing voices engulfed Guinevere, leaving her with nowhere to run.

She looked pleadingly at Weston, but his face was grim.

He did not even look at her.

She could only look to Warren for help.