

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 131

### Chapter 131

But her dream of having a family was still living in her heart. She wanted to become an independent woman who would not rely on anyone. She was also insisting on having her own career now. But this did not contradict her desire to have a family. Since the moment she lost her parents, she was forced to support her family and Roger. But over time, she felt tired. She needed a shelter too. It took a long time for her to reply, with a hoarse voice, "Okay."

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The joy of getting married washed away all the discontent inside Guinevere's heart. Even in the hospital, she found everything to be particularly pleasing.

When the assistant beside her noticed her unusual good mood, she couldn't help saying, "Now that you are finally getting married to Mr. Ford, will we be getting any presents?"

Her words were a little irritating. Guinevere frowned but calmed down after a while, not bothered with her words. "Of course. I will send you all big presents when the time comes!"

The assistant smiled brightly. "By the way, how was the checkup? You should be in good health."

"Sure thing. This is only a marriage procedure. I have even given birth to Zack, and our son is so lively and cute. Besides, both of us do not have any inherited diseases. The checkup is only for peace of mind."

As she was talking, Weston came in from the hallway.

The tall man was wearing a black coat. His shoulders were broad, and his legs long. With his face and body, he could be the most handsome man even in the entertainment industry. All the co-stars who worked with her before were nothing compared to him with his poise and aura.

If he did not take over the family business, he would have been able to make a lot of money even if he ventured into the entertainment industry.

How could she not be obsessed with such a man?

Her eyes were filled with admiration. She got up instinctively and walked up to him. "I am done with all the procedures. I was just waiting for the results just now."

He nodded, then his eyes skimmed over her and stopped at the report in her hand.

She understood his intention and handed the report to him. "All the values are normal."

She did not ask, thinking that this was only a kind of formality, and nothing unexpected would happen. He did not seem to care much about this either. After taking a glance, he gave it to his assistant.

His attitude made her feel that something was wrong. He was very insistent on having a premarital checkup, so she figured that he just took it seriously. But when they actually came, he seemed to be distracted and was barely cooperating in the whole process.

She "Are you feeling sick?" She studied his face and asked, "Do you need a rest?" He shook his head and looked at the time. Suddenly, he said, "There is one last test." She

was startled. "Isn't it all done already? What else—" He withdrew his gaze and said indifferently, "A psychological test." With that, he suddenly looked at her with sharp eyes, which seemed to be able to see through people. It somehow made her nervous.

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She intentionally avoided Weston's eyes, but she had no idea why. His eyes eventually settled on her face for a brief second before he averted his sight. "All right. Let's go." He spoke calmly. "The doctor should be here now."

Guinevere stared at his back and panicked for a moment before recomposing herself and following him.

There was nothing she should be afraid of.

Things were going exactly like how she planned it to be.

She would have all she desired if she married Weston and became his wife. So, what was there to be afraid of?

The office was wide and huge.

The psychiatrist was an acquaintance of Lucas, also surnamed Quirk. He seemed young, yet he was a brilliant doctor who had just returned from studying overseas. In the psychology field, he had published a number of high-level articles.

His initial intentions were to remain overseas, but he opted to return since he missed home, and his family was here.

These were his own words.

Another factor was that there were numerous institutions here that offered him a post and competitive compensation. Excellent people like him wouldn't have to worry about money at all.

There were also many people of class who came to him for consultation, such as Weston and Guinevere now.

He'd been waiting for the two for a long time.

Guinevere felt great pressure as she stepped inside and began to worry, but she never showed it.

Dr. Quirk, on the other hand, saw straight through her and grinned. "Relax. It's just a routine check-up." She flashed him a tight-lipped grin but felt much more apprehensive than before.

The minute she came inside, she realized that the place was colder than usual. Dr. Quirk was smiling at her, but she had the impression that his eyes could see straight through her. Both men sat in front of her. "Mr. Ford, I read your report earlier, and I found that certain parts were fascinating," Dr.

Quirk said to Weston.

His brows furrowed into a frown, and he seemed hesitant.

Weston didn't say anything as he stared at him calmly. "Don't beat around the bush."

Dr. Quirk smiled and tapped on the table lightly. "Let's talk about the problems with your fiancée."

Guinevere's heartbeat quickened when she heard this. "How would you know my problem if I haven't done a check-up yet?"

“Well, it’s because the two of you have already performed the standard tests. Ms. Cohen, I believe you also completed several questionnaires, on which I made my estimation. By the way, Mr. Ford informed me you’ve had memory loss issues in the past, right?” Guinevere’s eyes widened, and she leapt from her seat when she heard this. “I’ve never had that issue before!”

Then, she turned to Weston. “Why did you bring me here? I never lost my memory before.” Weston looked at her with a frown, his voice firm. “Sit down, Gwen.” Her fists tightened, and for the first time, she disobeyed him. “I don’t want to do a check-up. There’s nothing wrong with me!” Before she could continue, he interrupted her. “If there’s nothing wrong with you, then let him do it.”

She closed her eyes tightly. Her eyelashes shook from her heavy breathing, and her eyes were red with tears pooling in them. “Do I really have to do this?”

“This is simply a pre-marriage check-up, as you mentioned. It’s just a routine check; it’s all part of the process.”

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He talked calmly, but Guinevere realized that he meant if she didn’t do the check-up, they wouldn’t get married.

Her entire body trembled, but she forced herself to sit.

She couldn’t even look Dr. Quirk in the eyes.

Dr. Quirk just pushed his glasses, his face expressionless.

Guinevere had an undeniably gorgeous face. She was sensual and elegant, and it was no surprise that she was a major celebrity in the entertainment industry.

Dr. Quirk had his own degree of professionalism. He wouldn’t lose his cool in the face of such a beauty. “Do you know which part of your memory you’ve lost, Ms. Cohen?”

She shook her head. “I didn’t lose my memories. I really didn’t lose my memories.”

Despite her dazed looks, she persisted and reaffirmed her statement. They were there to do a psychology test, but why was it not what she had expected? “Do you truly have no recollection, Ms. Cohen? However, it is noted in your medical report that you experienced amnesia a year ago.”

She covered her ears and shook her head before he could continue. “I don’t remember. I’m not sure what you’re on about. I never forgot anything..”

When was a year ago?

She was trying hard to recall her memories. A year ago was when she officially got together with Weston.

She had known Weston for several years, and he had never dated a girl during that time. She was the only female he was close to.

Because of this, everyone assumed they were in a relationship, but they weren’t.

The day they officially got together was the second day after they accidentally slept together. How would she forget about it?

She wouldn’t.

She frantically shook her head. “What report? I never went to see a psychologist before. Why would you have my report?”

Guinevere was mumbling to herself. Seeing this, Dr. Quirk frowned and turned to face Weston, saying, "Mr. Ford, her situation is worse than I imagined." It was almost as if Weston had expected this. He remained silent for a minute before asking calmly, "Is there a possibility for recovery?" "It's difficult, given her current circumstances." After a little pause, Dr. Quirk resumed, "Because a part of the therapy procedure concerns the patient's privacy, it is not documented. If I want to treat her, I need to know why she has such a severe trauma issue." Guinevere sat at the side and listened to them converse. She understood every word they spoke, but she didn't grasp what they meant. "I've never suffered any trauma!" She stood up all of a sudden. Unable to stay still, she was about to turn away with her bag. "Gwen." As he yanked her wrist, Weston's voice was forceful. "Sit down." Guinevere pushed his hands away violently. "I understand you don't want to marry me, and you hold me responsible for Stella's death. But, it has nothing to do with me. It's all on the kidnapers." As she spoke, tears ran down her cheeks. "Do you regret rescuing me? Stella would still be alive if you hadn't come to my rescue." "That's not what I meant." His face was as cold as ice as he gazed at her, emotionless. "Sit down and continue the treatment." "I said that I'm not ill!" Guinevere yelled. Just as she was about to break down, the door suddenly flew open. "Weston, come out here!" said an unexpected guest with a solemn face.

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No one had guessed that Chris would be here. His face was ashen, and he seemed livid. "Weston, come out here right now!" Weston was taken aback for a minute but soon recovered his composure. He stood up and looked at Dr. Quirk. "I have a few things to deal with. You two carry on." Chris' face was darker than it had ever been. He had a lot of wrath in him. He had no idea how much self-control he had in resisting the impulse to walk inside and drag Weston out himself. He only turned to look at Guinevere after Weston walked past him and out of the door. However, she was avoiding his gaze, as if she was scared to look at him or was disgusted to look at him. When he saw this, his mood fell. He couldn't express how he felt, but the fire within him was raging. He slammed the door with a bang. In the corridor, there was no one. Chris had previously requested that the area be cleared before heading there. When he saw Weston turn around, he threw a punch at him. "As\*hole!" He yelled angrily and spat at him. His wrinkled face was twisted with fury. He resembled Weston. It wasn't difficult to tell that he was pretty charming when he was younger. When Weston was young and naïve, he once admired his father. But that was only for a short period. His father had ruined all of his respect for him before he could even become an adult. Chris was a despicable, cunning man to Weston, no matter how high and powerful he was.

As Chris was letting all his anger out on him right now, the only thing Weston felt inside his heart was none other than hate and disdain. There weren't any emotions left inside him.

Weston grabbed his fist and stared down. "Shouldn't you be with Mom abroad? Why are you here?"

His tone was calm, as if he was asking a normal question. It sounded like mockery to Chris' ears. "Why didn't you tell me you were taking Guinevere to see a psychologist?" When Weston heard this, he nearly laughed. "She's my future wife and my fiancée. Why should I need your approval to take her to see a psychologist? Who are you?" Chris' face sank. "What exactly did you do? Don't tell me you'll only be sorry when it's too late. Do you understand the implications of your actions? If she really remembers,"

"So what if she remembers or not? The truth is there." Weston interrupted him.

His face remained emotionless, but his eyes had darkened, and it was clear that he was nearing the end of his tolerance. "What are you terrified of, Dad?"

Chris inhaled deeply, and the veins on his forehead bulged. His eyes were filled with a strong desire to kill.

After a time, he finally calmed down and spoke softly. "I don't want to hurt you since you're my son. What happened before was an accident. We don't have any other options now that things have progressed to this point. You can't go back-" "Why? I didn't do anything wrong." Weston cut him off. This time, his voice was filled with emotion.

"When you and Mom are traveling, have you ever thought of me? Maybe just once?"

"While you are acting as a good husband in front of Mom, have you ever thought about the lies you tell her?" Smack!

Before he could finish speaking, Chris slapped him right across the face. This time, he didn't dodge.

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He could have avoided the slap if he wanted to, but in the end, he didn't budge an inch. He simply stood there waiting for it to arrive.

Maybe because Chris was a little embarrassed by the look in Weston's eyes, he shifted his gaze away.

"I didn't mean for it to happen back then-you know it! This is the only solution to it all. Do you really want to ruin the life we have right now? If you really don't want to marry Guinevere, you can wait for a few years before divorcing her. Why do you have to do this now?"

"Weston, you weren't this immature before!" he exclaimed, as if his heart was shattering.

"Immature?" Weston nearly burst out laughing, as if he had just heard the best joke ever told.

He took a sudden step forward and moved slowly to Chris' side, patting him on the shoulder." How is asking my fiancée to take a psychological test immature? Or do you have a better way of dealing with my marriage?" Chris' face became pale as he gazed at him furiously. "Do you really have to talk to me that way? What should I do to make

you listen to me?”

Weston suddenly withdrew his hand, and his eyes gradually became frigid. “It’s easy. Just promise me one thing.”

It was as if Chris knew what Weston was about to say because his eyes turned hostile. Sure enough, the next second, he heard Weston say, “I want someone.”

Chris clenched his fist tightly in an instant, as if he knew it all along. “I knew it! Who do you want? The old you wouldn’t do such things at all!”

Weston didn’t say a word and only stared at him quietly.

Chris sucked in a deep breath and asked, “You’ve made up your mind, haven’t you? Do you know what the Cohen family will think?” “This isn’t what I should worry about anymore, Father.”

Hearing this, Chris was startled. Then, he took a step back, let out a deep breath, and pointed at the door of the office. “Go in now and bring Guinevere out to me. No matter what happens in the future, I’ll help you explain it all to your mom and the Cohen family.”

A grin appeared on Weston’s face as he said, “I hope you keep your promise.” Inside the office.

When Weston walked in, Guinevere stood up instantly and rushed to him. “What did he say?”

“Nothing.” There weren’t any emotions on his face. He turned to look at Dr. Quirk. “Is it over?”

Dr. Quirk shook his head and explained, “The situation is tricky—”

Before he could finish, Weston interrupted him. “Since that’s the case, let’s call it a day.”

Hearing this, Dr. Quirk shot up to his feet with shock “So, you’re not continuing?”

Weston didn’t say a word but turned to look at Guinevere. A light flashed through her eyes as she asked hopefully, “We can leave?” “Yes. Let’s go,” he replied in a deep voice after a while.

Stella had a few peaceful days, and Weston never appeared anymore. She even felt that the threats Weston laid out to her were merely a nightmare. Justin had been actively asking her out. After the two of them talked it out that night, their relationship had gotten one step closer. It was time to get off work. Stella released a sigh of relief as she stared at the words on her phone.

The next second, an unknown number called her.

She was so shocked that she stood up immediately and caused the water on the table to pour all over her. It was Weston who called her.

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Stella had nearly forgotten he existed since he hadn’t appeared in a few days. But every time he appeared, she felt bone-chilling anxiety and helplessness clinging to her. Without thinking twice, she hung up the phone. Yet before she could calm down, her phone rang once again. It was still the same familiar number.

It seemed as though he wouldn’t stop calling her as long as she didn’t respond.

She knew it wasn't the solution, but she blocked his phone for a moment of serenity. She then left the training center without giving it any attention. Yvonne hadn't been to work in a while, and it seemed that something had occurred at home.

Stella didn't talk much to the others since some of them didn't like her.

She walked straight into the elevator and walked toward the parking lot.

A familiar car drove near her and honked.

She took a closer look and found that it was Justin's car, then her eyes flickered for a moment. She couldn't help but hesitate as she remembered Weston's phone call earlier. Justin stopped beside her and wound down the window. When he saw that she stood frozen in place, he asked, "What's wrong?" She shook her head, but her face was stoic. After some time, she revealed the truth to him. "Weston called me." When he heard this, Justin's face sank. "Get in the car," he urged firmly, his fingertips softly tapping on the driving wheel. "Hold on." He stopped her after remembering something. He stepped out of the car and went beside her, opening the passenger door for her. Stella got into the car, bending slightly. Justin's hand was on her head, keeping her from bumping into the car roof. Once she was seated, he shut the door and walked to the driver's seat. He turned to help her buckle up when he was inside the vehicle.

Seeing that the hair beside her cheek was a little messy, he reached out to help her put it behind her ear and softly squeezed her face, saying, "Don't be scared. I'm here."

Stella nodded and let out a sigh.

When he saw she was still nervous, he burst out laughing and added, "If you're still worried about it, I'll take you to get our marriage certificate tomorrow. I don't think he'll bother you anymore if we show him the certificate."

She had the same idea, but she was afraid that if they truly did it, it would drive Weston insane, which would only cause Justin problems. He suddenly held her face in his hands and forced her to stare into his eyes, as if he knew what she was thinking. "Believe me, I'm not going to let it happen. You'd be my legal wife as long as we are married. I'm not going to allow any man to hurt you; not even Weston."

Justin had always been reserved and mature. Stella had no doubts about his honesty when he stated this.

She wasn't sure if it was because of his age, but Justin made her feel safe and secure.

"I wanted to take you for a ride tonight, but Bryce is on his school holiday now, and I promised him I'd pick him up from school. Shall we have dinner together later?" he said, returning to his position. Bryce was his son from his previous marriage. Stella was

stunned. "I'm meeting him so soon?" She was a little nervous and taken aback by this. "I'm not ready yet..."

"You don't have to get ready for anything. Just be yourself, and he'll like you." Justin softly stroked her hand. "Don't be afraid. Bryce is a mature teen who is easy to get along with. You two will get along well." "Really?" She gave him a tight-lipped grin, unable to express how she felt on the inside.

Justin assumed she was just nervous, so he didn't say anything and drove away. As the two of them were driving slowly, they didn't realize that a black car was following them.

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The man's eyes were as frigid as ice and filled with murderous intent. She closed her eyes tightly. Her eyelashes shook from her heavy breathing, and her eyes were red with tears pooling in them. "Do I really have to do this?"

Inside the car.

Stella was a bit distracted and kept glancing at her phone inadvertently. Not a while later, her phone rang. It was another unknown number.

She didn't even need to open the message to know who it was from.

She glanced at her phone, which had two words shown on the screen. "Get out."

She closed her eyes and imagined how harsh Weston's tone would've sounded if he said these words in person.

Justin had been observing her and noticed something was wrong with her. So, he gradually stepped on the brake, causing the car to slow down. "What's wrong?" he asked worriedly.

She shook her head and gave him the phone, her face as pale as a sheet. The two words on the screen pierced his eyes, as if daring him. He stepped hard on the gas pedal without saying anything. Stella was taken aback by the abrupt burst of speed.

She turned to face Justin when she had calmed down. "Are we still going today?"

"Yes! Why shouldn't we?" Justin clenched his teeth. "I'm curious to see how egocentric he can be." She had a bad feeling about this. "We could change to another date—" "There's no need for that. Bryce is already waiting for us." Justin cut her off immediately. His face was somewhat solemn as he said, "I won't let Weston disturb our life." He

spoke confidently, but Stella didn't quite trust him. She understood that men like Weston wouldn't give up easily, and he wouldn't let people off the hook so simply.

She closed her eyes and felt powerless from the bottom of her heart. She eventually nodded." Alright."

Stella wanted to be more powerful. She believed that as long as she did not upset anybody, she would be able to survive in this world. But she was mistaken. This was a cruel world where

predators ruled over prey. Only the strongest would be able to survive.

She had been shielded by her parents before this, but now that they were gone, she truly understood the principle.

Ever since she was 18 years old, she was forced to move forward and take on everything on her own.

She could only cling to any chance she could since she was helpless right now.

To be honest, her life was already considered pleasant for a regular person.

However, Weston was making her life miserable.

Another day in which she was helpless was another day in which she had to live in his shadows.

The only way to get away from him was to be stronger than him.

But would that day ever come?

Her phone buzzed once again.

This time, it seemed like Weston was pissed off.

'I don't want to say it again. Stella, get out of the car. Now.'

She could imagine how he was speaking via the screen. He was always like that. Looking down on everyone, constantly commanding.

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### **Chapter 138**

Stella glanced at Justin's face and blocked the number without thinking. She didn't want Weston to disturb her life anymore.

Weston was not a patient guy. Stella could tell since he stopped sending her text messages. As their car arrived in front of the school gate, she took a glance at her dark screen before shifting her gaze away. Justin helped her out of the car by opening the car door and unbuckling her seat belt. He purposefully placed his arms over her shoulders, closing the gap between them. Stella initially wanted to dodge, but after giving it some thought, she gave up and stood stiffly alongside him.

The two looked like a couple.

She felt there was no need to be pompous since they had already discussed getting married in the future. Hence, immediately adapting herself to the position of a wife would be beneficial for them.

There were so many loveless married couples in the world. Stella believed she and Justin could do the same and still respect one another.

A great man like Justin could easily find a stepmother for his son.

But for Stella, finding a man who could go head-on against Weston wasn't easy.

Regardless, the two of them needed each other for their own benefit. Justin, on the other hand, would compromise a bit for her.

Hence, she wouldn't be coy about these little things, which could upset him. When Justin wrapped his arms around her, he felt her tense up for a second before she immediately relaxed. He could tell she was pushing herself, but she was doing her best to match with him. Seeing her acting tough made his heart ache.

The first time he met her, he noticed that she had a unique aura.

She would clearly distinguish herself from others. She would remember how much others had given her.

She wasn't a sweet talker and might be a bit pessimistic at times, but as long as she found an opportunity, she would repay all the favors she had previously owed. Stella was like a helpless woman drowning in the mud, yet she never gave up. She didn't seem to realize how appealing her twisted nature was.

Bryce was in his teens and was in middle school.

Stella felt nervous since boys at this age were already quite mature.

After the bell rang, a bunch of students in uniforms rushed outside. Stella suggested to Justin when they were on the road, "You could send him to a private school.

Justin's response was, "This school is closer to my workplace. I rarely have time to care for him, but since the school is so close, I feel like I'm at least with him. Plus, he couldn't stand being that far away from me. He attended elementary school here and made many friends. I planned to transfer him to a better high school, but he wanted to remain here, and his grades are fairly excellent, so I didn't."

Stella smiled at him. "You respect your son's choice."

Justin was stunned for a while because no one had ever said that about him.

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### **Chapter 139**

"If he heard you say that, he'd probably scoff and say I simply did it for my own sake." He chuckled loudly.

There were too many students.

For a moment, Stella couldn't identify the boy. Justin had shown her a photo of his son before arriving there. He seemed to be a little boy in the photograph. But now that he was a teen in school uniform, it was difficult for her to tell which one was him. It wasn't until a tall boy with a backpack casually strolled in front of them that she recognized it was Bryce.

She subconsciously straightened up her body and stood still.

Justin saw him first. "Hey, over here," he said as he took a step forward. Bryce had spotted them a long time ago. The grin on his face faded gradually. However, he stayed courteous and greeted Stella first. "Hello, miss."

Then he turned to face Justin and called out, "Dad." Justin stroked his head softly and took over his bag. "Get in the car." Bryce nodded, and without saying much, he climbed into the back seat.

Stella didn't even get to use any of the conversation topics she had rehearsed beforehand.

She rubbed her nose awkwardly and sat in the passenger seat without saying anything.

Perhaps because Justin noticed the uneasiness between the two, he acted as the go-between for them. "Shouldn't the two of you introduce yourself since this is your first meeting today?"

Stella was at a loss for words when she heard this. "Do you think that I'm a kid? Only children would introduce themselves when making friends." Justin ruffled her hair gently

and said, "In my eyes, you are no different from a child. After all, I am a lot older than you."

When Bryce noticed how natural Justin's touch on Stella's head was, his lips formed a line, and his face became stiff. But he didn't say anything.

"My name is Bryce. This year, I'm 12 years old and in middle school." After a while, he spoke out.

Stella sat up straight away. "Hello, my name is Stella. I'm 22 years old. I'm a teacher, like your father, but your father is a professor at a university, while I instruct children to dance in a training center."

"I see." This was Bryce's only comment as he smiled at her with his lips pursed. In an instant, the mood within the car became uneasy.

They weren't intentionally making things uncomfortable, but they were both strangers and sort of awkward with one other.

Justin had informed him of Stella's arrival. The school had a no-phone policy, but they tolerated it so that students could always contact their parents.

Justin had even gone out of his way to get Bryce an old phone, whose sole purpose was to call and text. There were no forms of entertainment on the phone. Many of the students had the same kind of phone. Bryce had mentally prepared himself before this, but when he saw Stella, he felt a little uncomfortable inside his heart.

All of this seemed typical, so Justin didn't think much about it and drove to the restaurant he had reserved. He expected them to get to know one other better after dinner.

Throughout the journey, Bryce never said a word anymore.

He looked out the window and pulled out his phone before taking his earphones and stuffing them into his ears.

When Justin saw this, he frowned. "Don't listen to songs inside the car."

Bryce took off the earphone and shot him a glance before saying, "I'm listening to French recordings."

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“Really?” Justin pulled over to the side of the road and extended his hand. “Let me listen to it.”

Although it was an old phone, it had everything besides games.

Bryce merely glanced at him before turning his head to the other side. Stella saw the tension between the father and son and couldn't help but ask, “Are you guys hungry?”

Justin looked at her.

“Students typically eat on time at school,” she said, pointing to her belly and then pointing to Bryce's tummy. “He could be hungry later if we don't get to the restaurant.” Justin's expression softened slightly. “Why are you pointing to your stomach if you think he could be hungry later?” Stella scratched her head awkwardly. “I eat on time too.” When Justin heard this, he burst out laughing and shook his head. “You're still a kid after all.”

A small grin appeared on Bryce's face. Although he laughed along with them, there was disdain in his eyes.

She was only 10 years older than him.

Justin was in his forties at the time. The age difference between them was too big. Even a child like him could tell what she was up to.

After arriving at the restaurant, Bryce consciously walked beside Justin. Meanwhile, Stella walked behind the two of them. Justin saw this and gave her a glance before grabbing her and pulling her along with him. She wanted to pull away when she felt his warm hands holding hers, but after she met his gaze, she let her hand intertwine with his. Bryce, who was standing nearby, pursed his lips and kept his mouth shut as he saw how intimate the two were, and turned his face away.

He was just 12 years old, yet he was nearly as tall as Stella.

She couldn't help but sigh and wonder why today's children were all so tall.

Roger was also extremely tall when he was younger. He suddenly became taller than her throughout middle school.

Justin grinned as he looked proudly at Bryce. “These days, kids need enough nutrients to grow taller, and also...

“I'm tall, so of course, my kid would be tall as well,” he said, pausing to gaze at Stella. Justin was 180 cm in height, which was quite decent for a man.

Out of nowhere, Bryce interrupted him and replied, "My mom is tall too. She's 170 cm. Everyone said that I'm tall like her." The minute he finished his words, tension immediately filled the dining table. Justin's grin faded, and he looked at Bryce with a perplexing expression that appeared to be warning him.

Bryce avoided his gaze and lowered his head. Only Stella seemed to not realize what was going on. She didn't see anything wrong with Bryce talking about his mother. She was much more fascinated now and inquired, "Do you look more like your mother or father?" When Bryce said such things, he had bad intentions, but when Stella didn't mind and was really genuine to inquire

about it, he became irritated. He kept his lips shut and bowed his head to eat. The atmosphere abruptly got uncomfortable. Stella also saw his resistance to her, so she didn't continue anymore.

Her mind was too simple.

Getting along with kids this age would need a lot of effort and patience. Justin's face had totally darkened. Stella stopped him just as he was about to say something. "How's my make-up?"

He came to his senses and realized she didn't want him to fight with his kid. He then closed his eyes and patiently said, "It seemed to have worn off a little. Do you want to go touch up?"