

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 201

### Chapter 201

None of the doctors lifted their heads up while the two conversed. They were professionals, but it didn't stop them from being curious.

Everyone was aware that Weston and Guinevere were married to each other, at least that was how it looked since they had children together. But from how it looked now, Stella seemed important to Weston.

Something was going on between the two. They didn't expect Weston, who had always been indifferent to women and had never had a scandal, to have a lover he adored. They wondered what Guinevere's reaction would be after knowing it. After some time, Weston saw Stella was slowly getting better and he sighed in relief. Perhaps she was tired from the struggling that the moment she shut her eyes, she fell asleep. Seeing that she was in deep sleep, Weston stood up and glanced at the doctor next to him. She understood what he meant and followed him out while the rest stayed to take care of Stella. "How is she?" Weston asked immediately without beating around the bush. The doctor looked at the data, scrunched her eyebrows in a frown, and said with some hesitation, "She needs to do a full check-up in the hospital and..."

"Besides a physical check-up, she needs a psychological check-up as well."

"Psychological?" Weston was taken aback and stopped in his tracks.

The doctor felt the pressure downing on her as she explained. "Her emotions were unstable. She had most likely had a major trauma in the past. Furthermore, our preliminary assessment revealed that her body was a bit weak, but there was no big issue. However, given the discomfort she was in, it would be advisable to do a thorough evaluation at the hospital, though, I personally believe the reason should be psychologically related..." When Weston heard this, he was stunned for a while before asking. "If it's a psych condition... What should I do?"

She couldn't read his emotions or detect any subtle changes in his tone, but she did sense a tinge of depression in his query.

"If she truly has a problem related to the mind, I recommend that you take her to a Psychologist. The patient should also maintain a good mindset... it is preferable not to force her to do things she does not want to do." "What if I want to force her?"

"What?" The doctor thought she heard it wrong.

After a little period of silence, she understood she had not misheard. "What if I want to force her?" the man repeated once again. She was astonished for a moment before gradually concealing her surprise and muttered, "I'm not sure. You should ask the psychologist about it." It wasn't until midnight that the hustle was over.

As inflammation was the primary source of Stella's abrupt discomfort, anti-inflammatory medications were given till her face had some color. Weston only allowed the doctors back in

after ensuring she was alright.

He frowned when he saw the black and blue bruise on Stella's hand once the intravenous line was pulled out.

"This lady has a special physique and a rare blood type. There is no way to avoid it," the doctor explained immediately.

He rubbed his forehead in frustration and asked, "Is there any way to make her suffer less pain?"

"It'll be tricky." "I don't care how tricky, just find a way."

"Understood, Mr. Ford."

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Only the two remained inside the room after everyone else had departed. Stella didn't sleep well since she would wake up repeatedly, though, she would eventually go back to sleep after some time.

Even the sedatives couldn't completely knock her out.

This proved that she was in such poor psychological condition that it affected her physical health.

Not too long after that, she slowly opened her eyes. She appeared confused, as if she didn't know where she was.

When she noticed Weston seated next to her, she regained consciousness. "What time is it?"

"Don't mind the time. Just sleep if you want to." He placed his hands on her head and gently caressed her. "I'm not going to work tomorrow. I'll be here accompanying you. Don't worry, I'm here."

He spoke in a very gentle tone. Even he didn't realize how accommodating he sounded when he said that.

It was as if he would do anything Stella asked. Even if she asked him to get the stars for her, he would try it.

She wanted to dodge his touch but maybe it was because she was weak that her guard was down.

she looked at him and muttered, with cries in her voice, "Can you let me go?"

Her voice was so meek and soft it could hardly be heard. But Weston could hear every single word.

Those few words cut like a sharpknife, stabbing into his heart, and making it bleed in agony.

He blinked and said nothing but covered her with the blanket.

He looked into her eyes. Although there were so much tenderness and love in them, the word that came out of it was cruel.

"No."

Thal word alone crushed all of Stella's hope.

She immediately took back her hand and turned to the other side, refusing to look at him anymore.

Her one and only request was that she could leave him. No matter the price she had to pay, she just wanted to leave.

She was like a dying flower beside him, slowly, perhaps, but surely.

He knew what was running in her mind.

With her back facing him, he lifted the quilt and lay on the bed, then spooned her to his chest.

He rested his chin on her hair.

"The words I said before are real," he added after some time. I'll set a deadline for you to stay with me. I'll let you go when the time is up."

"Can I trust you?" came Stella's voice after a while.

She sounded frail.

He held her hands and gave them a peck. “No matter when, my words will always be true.” Her lips curved into a smile, and she chuckled without any sound. It was unknown if she was laughing at him or at herself.

“So how long is this period? What if you break your promise when the deadline reaches?”

She didn’t want to pin her hopes on a day that would never come.

Meanwhile, Weston knew that even if he were to give her an accurate answer, she wouldn’t believe him.

He put his hands on her stomach and rubbed it gently as if attempting to relieve her pain although she didn’t hurt anymore. “Just stay beside me. Like how you used to..”

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“A year,” he said after a little pause. “All I need is a year with you, with the exception of being by my side. That cannot be changed. For the rest, I will suit your needs.” Stella’s gaze shifted.

She knew all too well that his words weren’t sacrosanct, but there was nothing she could do even if she didn’t trust him one bit. “You will suit me for the rest?” she asked with some hesitation. He combed her hair and said, “If I can, I will.” Stella sucked in a deep breath and asked tentatively, “Would you agree if I said I want to become an actress?” Just like her prediction, she felt him stiffen for a moment. She closed her eyes and laid down, mocking, “Don’t make promises you can’t fulfill. I will..” “Sure.”

Before she could finish, he interrupted her.

He turned to her and dropped a gentle kiss on her hair and the scruff of her neck “Sure. If you want, I’ll find you the best production team.” She didn’t think that he would agree so quickly. There was a moment there when she actually doubted what she heard. He turned her around, where their gazes met. “Any other requests?” Knowing that she needed to grab this opportunity, she pursed her lips. “In this one year, you can’t force me...”

Weston suddenly burst out laughing. It was a deep and genuine laugh. “Which part do you mean?” Undoubtedly, he knew what she meant and deliberately wanted to tease her. “You can’t force me to have sex with you,” she stated bluntly without thinking. “What if you beg me?”

“I won’t.”

“It’s too soon to judge.” He suddenly reached his hands out to touch her. But she grabbed his wrist and held him in place before he could reach her. “You haven’t promised me anything yet.” “I can only promise you that if you don’t like it, I won’t force myself on you.” He let go of her. His long fingers traveled on her face before he tapped on the corner of her lips. “The words you say aren’t what your heart truly wants.”

When it came to this topic, she knew that there was no point in arguing with him on this topic since he’d still use logic to manipulate her in the end. “And one more thing. No one can ever know about us. In exactly one year, we’ll be living our own lives, you can never bother me anymore.” Stella sounded very serious when she said that, as if she wanted to cut all ties with him. Weston didn’t like how she was looking at him right now and reached out to cover her eyes.” Don’t look at me like that.”

She wanted to know his answer and continued asking, “Do you agree to these terms.” He chuckled looking at how serious she was. “Where did you get the confidence that a year later, I would still be interested in you, like right now?”.

Stella was quiet for a while before suggesting, “Let’s sign a contract. When the deadline is over, so will our relationship, regardless of whether you’re still interested in me.”

“If you lose interest in me before the deadline, you can terminate the contract at any time. But if the deadline hits, you must let me go. This is protection for both of us, right?”

“You’re talking about conditions with me?” When it came to business, Weston always had the upper hand, but he never showed it in front of her.

This was something new to him.

Nonetheless, she seemed really serious this time. “If you want something from me, at least give me some hope. If you keep me trapped by your side for the rest of your life, I don’t think I can hold on...” Stella meant exactly what she said.

It was either staying by his side like this, in a half-dead state, or giving her a year’s time before letting her go.

He would get what he wanted, and she could live with hope.

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Thus, he didn’t even have to think which was the better option. He shut his eyes and Stella heard him agreeing. “Okay.” Before she could celebrate, however, it was quickly taken away from her. “I don’t want to see you like this. At least make me feel that the one year will be worth it.” She took in a deep breath. “I understand.” She would be lying if she said that she didn’t know what Weston was up to.

She guessed that he wanted the old Stella, the one who loved him with her all, back

Since he wanted to see that, she'd show him what he liked. A year's time was enough for him to be annoyed with her. It would be great news if, in the next few weeks, he started to find her annoying and decided to let her go.

Thus, she wasn't going to sit and wait. She desired to strengthen her power by utilizing his force. Only when she had more power would she have more options, and not find herself in a situation where she had no way to fight back.

The air suddenly fell still. Her eyes flashed. Since she knew what he wanted, she threw her hands out and attempted to hug him, only to have him dodge her. She looked up instantly and stared at him with confusion. He lowered his head and planted a kiss on her nose tip. "What's the rush? The most important thing now is for you to sleep." She was a little weak and he didn't want to see her forcing it.

He wanted her to go back to the time he was the only thing that mattered to her, not the charade she was currently displaying. She, too, knew exactly that, so she didn't persist and instead, shut her eyes and went to sleep.

She was exhausted. The gastric episode earlier had sucked out every last ounce of energy she had left. After kissing her forehead and watching her sleep, he shut his eyes and went to sleep. Stella woke up the afternoon of the following day. Having slept for too long last night, her temples now throbbed. She shut her eyes and sat up after a while.

The door was suddenly pushed open, and Weston walked in. "You're awake?" She hummed and answered, confused, "What time is it now?" "I took a day off for you, don't worry." He stopped beside her and put up a small table on the bed and placed some breakfast for her. Seeing this, she subconsciously turned to him. He didn't look at her instead he said naturally, "Eat some breakfast. If you can't, don't force yourself."

He barely spoke in such an admonishing way, and she was so stunned that she simply stared at him blankly, in a daze. "What are you thinking?" He poked her forehead lightly. Such a display of intimacy had never been shown before. The most he did before was cuddle her to sleep, and was barely this affectionate with her. She didn't say a word and lifted the blanket. "I'm gonna go wash up."

He didn't stop her but seeing her walking around with bare feet, a frown appeared on his face, and he directly carried her up. He cradled her in his arms and walked to the closet before taking a pair of furry slippers and putting it on her. Her feet were tiny, only around the size of his palm. When he was helping her wear it, he made her sit on his legs. He was so large he could cover her up perfectly in his arms.

She sat steadily on his legs. When she felt a rough touch on her feet, she subconsciously wanted to pull it back, but he held on to it tighter.

As her soft skin rubbed against his palm, memories gushed back into Weston's mind.

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"Don't move." His voice was husky. Stella could see his Adam's apple sliding up and down. She didn't dare to move since she sensed a shift in him.

Weston was deafeningly silent. He helped her put on the shoe and get up to wash up. Without looking back, she headed straight into the bathroom.

Only then did he stand up and walked outside after calming. After she was done, she saw a huge figure helping her tidy the small table on the bed. "I'll eat in the living room." "You haven't recovered yet. It's best for you to stay in bed." She didn't want to. "I'm already healed, and it doesn't hurt anymore, why do I still need to lie down?"

There was a hint of complaint in her words. Suddenly, his movement froze. It had been a while since he heard her speaking like that to him. Not as tit-for-tat as before, or as uncaring and unyielding as before, but with a natural coquettishness.

The movement in his hands gradually slowed and his voice sounded calm as he said, "We'll go to the living room." He didn't find it troublesome and restored all the actions he just did. Stella turned sideways and watched him pass by, walking from the corridor to the living room. The look on her face turned cold instantly before it became calm once again. It wasn't as confrontational as before, or as uncaring and unyielding. It now had a natural coquettishness.

To her, it was as easy as acting. A grin appeared on her face before she adjusted her state and walked out. Breakfast went by peacefully and smoothly. He had finished breakfast a long time ago, but he stayed to keep an eye on her. Gastric often has a lot to do with irregular eating habits. Seeing that Stella had only drank a mouthful of milk, then frowned to herself not wanting to drink anymore, he tapped his finger on the table. "Don't force yourself." Hearing this, she put the cup down and stopped drinking. The corners of her lips were stained with bit of milk

When Weston saw this, he leaned over and wiped it away with his thumb. She was just about to hand him a tissue to wipe it away when she saw him putting the same thumb into his mouth and sucking it. "You..." A blush crept on her face. She hadn't thought that he would be so bold. It was rare for him to see her blushing, and he smiled. "What's wrong?" "Nothing." She shook her head and lowered it before coughing awkwardly and asked, "What time is it now?" "10 am."

She was lost in her thoughts. It was indeed quite early.

Although she doesn't need to go to the training center, Weston could see that she was thinking a lot. "Don't go anywhere today. Just stay at home and take care of your health."

"What a waste to stay at home on such a fine day," she said dejectedly.

"Being with me is a waste too?" She didn't answer him, but her eyes were filled with devastation. Hence, unable to face the thought of her relapsing to her old depressed self, now that she had found some joy in her life, he responded, "I can drive you about in the afternoon. However, if you don't feel good, we must return quickly. Do you get it?" "Understood." She instantly flashed him a smile. "If you're acting now, your technique is incredible," he said hopelessly, startled by how rapidly her face transformed.

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Her heart tensed the moment she heard him say it, fearful that he would be unhappy.

But looking at the smile on his face, she knew that he was teasing her.

Despite the fact that he could tell she was putting up an act, he was willing to accept this version of her.

Stella's expression gradually darkened.

It was ironic to see him putting so much effort to make her return to her old self when once, she had loved him with her all but he paid no attention to it.

She knew his intentions, but she didn't show that she did.

After finishing the meal, he helped her clean up. She was about to clean it up but seeing that he had stood up and done it, she left the task to him.

When they were still together before this, she would never let him do any of the chores. All he had to do was sit there while she took care of everything for him, as a nanny would. But the tables had turned now. She sat on the sofa and took out her phone. Roger had sent her multiple messages.

In an instant, the tough exterior she had put up was gone. She lied to him. She lied that she had a very important task and needed to be on a business trip. But she was only a teacher... where could she go? To make sure the lie didn't get exposed, Yvonne even called him to explain, and he had apparently bought it.

It had been a few days since she went home, and this had never happened before.

Roger would call her every night to hear her voice and Weston would go away when they spoke. A faint smile appeared on her face as she read his messages of the interesting stuff happening at school.

When Weston came out of the kitchen and saw such a sight, he felt his heart tighten. As the sunlight pierced through the window, Stella looked tiny sitting on the couch.

She was wearing the same house clothes she used to wear; it was as if they were still married. Her jet-black hair clung to her cheeks, and with the sun radiating her from behind, the hair on her face as well as the blue blood vessels could be seen under her almost transparent skin. She was smiling. It was a genuine smile. One look and he could tell that the person on the

phone must be someone she cared about.

This was how she always was. When it came to the ones she cared about, she would give them all her love.

It was at that moment that Weston realized that Stella had only been putting up an act for him and he almost fell for it.

If he hadn't seen the sincere smile she had right now, he would've thought the old Stella was back, at least for a moment.

...back to when he was the only one in her eyes.

Only when a tall figure appeared next to her did Stella come back to her senses.

She put her phone away and gazed at him. "What are we going to do in the afternoon?"

It was two hours before noon, and having just had breakfast, she didn't want to eat anything.

He was about to say something when his phone rang. He glanced at the screen and the look in his eyes changed as he subconsciously turned to Stella. She understood what he meant and without a word, shifted her gaze away. Weston wanted to say something but there was nothing to say at this point.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 207**

### **Chapter 207**

He walked to the balcony and picked up the call. Guinevere's voice came from the other end. "Weston, where are you now?" "What's the matter?" he asked directly. She was quiet for a while. "Are you in Anh City? I want to see you..." She didn't sound like she was in a good state. "Just tell me directly if there's anything," he cut her off, sounding as

if he was annoyed by her. "Was it all in your plan to bring me to do a psychological test so that my emotions got unstable and then postpone our marriage?" she said, a little self-deprecatingly. He didn't say a word, but his heavy breathing was audible through the phone. Her eyes were red as she asked, "Do you really have to do this?" "You remember it all?" Only now did his voice show slight emotions. "Yes. I remembered that night." Suddenly, she couldn't hold it anymore and cried out, "How could you do that to me! I can only have one kid in my entire life, how could you do that to me?" After remembering that incident, every time she looked at Zachary, she felt the urge to kill him.

Why? Guinevere covered her face and cried. She just wanted to have a kid with the man she loved. Why was fate playing with her like that?

"Since you remember everything..." There was only coldness left in his voice as he continued, "If you want any compensation, I will do my best..."

"I don't want you to compensate me! Didn't you promise me that you'll marry me?" Guinevere suddenly lost her calm and began wailing into her phone. "Why! You and your father destroyed me! Aren't you worried that I'll tell everyone? Guess how your mother will respond if she discovers Zachary's true identity?" "Guinevere." Weston sharply called her name and warned, "Don't go overboard." "What did you promise me? I can keep this a secret forever as long as you marry me. I loved you for so long..." Before she could finish, he coldly cut her off. "Since you remember everything, I don't have to remind you who is the one that caused all of this to happen." After he finished speaking, he hung up the phone and his face was gloomy to the point of

becoming terrifying. After a while, he dialed another number. The person on the other line picked up and he said directly, "Guinevere remembers everything. If you don't want mom to find out what happened, get someone to watch her." "Didn't you solve this matter already? How can she remember!" Chris's anger could be heard from the phone. Weston rubbed his forehead in frustration and answered, "Instead of letting your anger out on me, why don't you find a way to solve it?"

Chris's public image was always that of a nice and compassionate man who adored his wife, but in truth, he was far from that.

"If you hadn't brought her to see the psychologist, all of this wouldn't have happened." Weston chuckled coldly. "You caused all the trouble. I'm just helping you, father."

He deliberately said the last word out loud with some force.

The man on the other end of the phone instantly went quiet.

"I'll fix this," Chris replied after a long while, his voice marred with exhaustion. After hanging up the call, Weston didn't return to the living room. As he looked at the view

afar, he felt his temples throb, He turned around and saw Stella behind him. He didn't know when she came but she was staring dully at him.

She put her hand on the window, and her eyes were crystal clear. After some time, he gradually opened his mouth and asked, "How much did you hear?"

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n the door frame and shook her head. "I didn't hear anything at all."

One thing for sure-someone had dirt on Weston.

And that someone was his father.

No matter what kind of secret existed between them, it was one that rendered both father and son helpless.

Weston, however, didn't believe her.

Perhaps Stella had heard something but acted like she didn't because she didn't want to cause trouble.

Even if she stood there and listened to the entire thing, he knew that she would never find out about the truth.

Without thinking much, he walked in front of her and carried her. She let out a scream when she felt that her legs were lifted off the ground and both her hands went wrapped around his arm. "What do you want to do?" "You look like you're bored. Why don't we do something fun."

She didn't know what he meant by "fun," but her instinct told her that it wasn't anything good.

Seeing that he was walking in the direction of the bedroom, she asked anxiously, "You promised me before that you wouldn't force me when it comes to this. What are you doing?" As if he didn't hear her objections, he continued walking to the bedroom. When they were near the door, he suddenly stopped in his tracks and looked at the woman in his arms with a half-smile.

Before she could grasp what he meant, he suddenly turned in the opposite direction and walked towards the kitchen.

She was taken aback for a while, a bit mad, when she realized that he was playing with her." Do you think this is funny?" He ignored her and carried her directly to his study. This room used to be a forbidden place for Stella. If there was nothing important, she would never go in and disturb him.

Weston basically did all his work stuff inside. Although he was barely at home, his files were inside the room, and she didn't dare to go in, fearing that she might accidentally lose something and cause him trouble.

Perhaps he never cared about her thoughtful actions. The room, painted in black and white, was frigid as it was extraordinarily quiet.

Several books lay on the huge desk, with his computer at the middle. He put her on the leather couch beside the table. When she was on the couch, she immediately curled herself into a ball and looked at him in

confusion.

He gently caressed her hair and put a blanket over her before handing her a tablet. "Do whatever you like."

Stella didn't fully understand what he meant, but he was already sitting down at the table working. "Do you want me to sit here and watch you work?" He glanced at her and asked, "Don't you have any other things to do?" She understood what he meant and didn't say a word. He wanted her to accompany him while he worked

She shook her head and said, "Can you give me an earphone? I don't want to disturb you." "There's no need." He interrupted her. "You can just play it out loud. I won't get disturbed." She pursed her lips and remembered how she used to lighten her footsteps every time she passed the door when he was inside the room.

But now he was letting her play it out loud. Her lips curled into a mocking smile, and she used the tablet to cover her face, not letting him see the sneer on her face.

The two spent the day quietly inside the room. Stella went on a movie binge, running through each one as she fast forwarded them at double speed. Sometimes she would simply watch the synopsis. Weston would glance at her from time to time, and after confirming that she was sitting there, he would turn back to work. When he realized it, it was already afternoon. He looked at the time before asking, "Are you hungry yet?" She gave no reply.

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## Chapter 209

Weston looked up and noticed that Stella had fallen asleep. She held the tablet in front of her face, but it was slipping and on the edge of hitting her face. Seeing this, he quickly walked forward and caught the tablet. Stella was deep in slumber that she didn't even notice him being so close. This was the first time ever since they reunited that she was sleeping with her guard down. His eyes softened as he gazed at her and turned off the tablet before squatting in front of her. Just as he reached out to touch her, she jolted awake and opened her eyes to look at him. She rubbed her eyes sleepily, asking, "What time is it?" She let out a yawn. Weston stood up. "It's noon. Are you hungry?" "I'm alright."

"You need to eat a little bit even if you're not hungry. You must develop the habit of eating on

time."

Stella didn't say a word and he carried her straight into the dining hall. He didn't know when it started but he seemed to enjoy carrying her around and not letting her fall. When they arrived in the living room, they saw a maid coming from the dining hall. Neatly dressed, she gestured respectfully when she saw them coming, "Sir, Ma'am, the meal is ready."

Stella didn't know there was an outsider there. Although the maid didn't show any weird expression, Stella was in his arms. "Let go of me!" Stella exclaimed in panic suddenly. Weston glanced at her and without a word, carried her to the dining table and sat her down. This embarrassed her a little and she subconsciously turned to look at the maid. The maid, however, acted as if nothing had happened. She was probably well-trained, considering how professional she behaved and looked at them with no weird expressions.

Once they were both seated, she began serving the dishes.

Weston explained to Stella, "From now on Joan will take care of your meals. If you have any requests, you can tell her."

Stella gave it some thought and couldn't help but say, "Let me walk on my own next time."

She felt like a disabled person letting him carry her around, especially when there was the presence of an outsider. However, Weston continued on, as if he didn't hear what she said. "I've told Joan about your taste. Try and see if you like it." Only then did she glance at the table full of dishes, and she could tell that a lot of effort had been put into them. It was a table of home-cooked dishes, and although some did look a little bland, they were all her favorite.

She didn't dare to eat them, but under his gaze, she forced herself to eat a bite of chopped pepper fish head. It was spicy but tasty.

She swallowed it and waited for the burning sensation to emerge in her stomach, but it never came.

It was strange. The dish was flavourful, but after eating it she didn't feel the heat. Instead, it was benign. She didn't feel the least uncomfortable.

She was truly shocked by this. Weston's lips curled into a smile. Judging from her reaction, he knew that she was feeling fine.

Hiring Joan wasn't a waste of money after all. "Eat more if you like it." He put some more dishes on her plate. She was a little dazed, but then she suddenly remembered the scene where he was cutting steak for Guinevere.

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As the image floated in her thoughts, a wave of nausea washed over her. She covered her mouth and ran outside. After a while, vomiting noises could be heard coming from the toilet. Weston's eyes darkened, looking at the undisturbed tableware as he stood up. He strode to the washroom and squatted beside her and patted her back gently. Nothing came out of her retching. Her stomach appeared to be intertwined, making her nauseous, and tears streamed down her cheeks from pain. Seeing her in pain, he said solemnly, "I'll fire Joan." He believed that the dishes had caused the violent reaction. However, Stella instantly grabbed his wrist and shook her head. "It's not... because of her. The dishes... she makes... suit my taste..." She kept pausing as she spoke. Weston immediately tied her hair behind and handed her a glass of water. After she finished rinsing her mouth, he said to her, "Don't force yourself, and tell me if you feel any discomfort." She nodded and said, "It's really not because of Joan. It's my own problem..." After she came to her senses, she stood up. He was still standing beside her. "I'm really fine. Don't worry." She forced a smile at him. His gaze was still fixed on her. Seeing that her hair was sticking on her face, he reached out to help her tidy it. His fingers ran on her face, and she grabbed his hands. "Let's continue eating." Weston, having lost all mood, basically stared at her the entire time. Only when he saw that she seemed fine and was eating a lot more than usual that he calmed down.

Joan was waiting on call in the villa. When she heard about Stella's reaction, she was a bit nervous. Later, after she saw Stella eating with delight, she breathed a sigh of relief.

She had been in this business for many years, and unlike the expected qualifications for the service industry, she had actually graduated from a famous school.

Being dissatisfied with her work, she decided to join the industry, studying for many years to obtain a certificate as a qualified nutritionist. She had a strong reputation in the sector and had been in the service of high-ranking officials.

But there weren't many who were as generous as Weston, not to mention that he cared about

Stella. She had heard a lot of rumors, but she wasn't even slightly curious. Besides, anything she saw or knew had to be kept strictly confidential. While she was cleaning the table, she even said to Stella, "If Ms. Steele has any dissatisfaction, please tell me directly, so I can improve my work." Stella nodded. She was suddenly envious of Joan when she saw her work.

She, too, wanted to work hard on her job, solely concentrating on improving her skills.

Perhaps the conventional view for women was that they should spend the majority of their energy on their families, their husbands, and children, something that would provide some women with a sense of stability.

But to Stella, only work could make her feel secure.

Weston was able to give her a stable life, but she knew that it was just a cage that would keep her from improving

He kept his words and brought her around in the afternoon.

Although she had stayed in Anh City for a while, she never went out. The only places she went to were the training center and coming back home. Her life was simply devoid of any fun.

The one time she had fun, though, was when Yvonne brought her to The Doghouse.