

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 281

### Chapter 281

"I have no other meaning. Since you said that this is a serious situation, the only method to resolve it is through the legal system. You should comprehend this as a student. If you desire justice, let the law provide you with it!"

"Do you think you know the law so well that you can scare me with it?" "Of course, I don't. But I can get a lawyer." Stella was driving him to the brink, giving him no time to reflect. "You want justice, right? I'll give it to you. You can get a lawyer too."

She stopped for a moment before coldly chuckling. "You secretly photographed me and Justin, then used those pictures to construct allegations, slander, rumors, that degrade us. I'll tell the judge about everything!"

Jack's face changed instantly, never expecting things to turn out this way.

He wanted to say something, but Stella interrupted him. "As for your suspect valedictorian, we can ask the school to start an investigation. If Robb faked the results, I will be the first to make him quit without another word!" She was confident because she understood Roger and knew that he wasn't one to do such petty things. If Jack had really gotten the spot because of some dirty tricks, he had it coming for him, especially if the school really kicked him out. Weston leaned to the side and looked at Stella calmly.

With a twinkle in his eyes, he looked at her from top to bottom.

The guy in charge wanted to speak out, but he raised his hand and instructed him not to.

He wanted to see what else Stella would do.

He'd never seen her like this before, so bold and astute-transforming herself into another person just to protect the ones she loved.

Jack's eyes glistened as he didn't think that she would be this tough.

He had heard from Roger before that Stella was someone very gentle and easy to talk to. He thought that she would panic when in trouble-which was why he was so cocky earlier.

At this moment, everyone was looking at him.

His face was red, yet he still acted tough. "The judge wouldn't care about this at all!" he rebutted. "Plus, all of this happened in uni. Shouldn't we follow the university's rules instead?"

“Everyone but me is a student at this university,” she interrupted him. “You circulated rumors about me, humiliated me, and wrecked my reputation. I must seek justice in this matter. You’re an adult now, therefore you must take responsibility for your actions.”

After she was done, her eyes flashed, and she turned to Justin. “Mr. Hall, did Jack say to you that if you don’t give him the spot, he’ll expose these pictures?”

“He did.” Justin’s face was cold, and he nodded.

Stella smiled and walked up to Jack, “Didn’t you just say you want to hold Robb responsible for beating you?”

When Jack heard this, he straightened up immediately. “Yes! He beat me just now in front of everyone. There’s a surveillance camera here. Don’t try to deny it!”

“Okay.”

Stella nodded. “The surveillance camera should have the footage of you threatening Mr. Hall. I wonder what’s that called?”

She shot a glance at Roger.

Roger sneered and mockingly gazed at Jack. “It’s known as blackmail.”

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The two siblings made the matter sound serious. Jack’s face turned pale and cold sweat dripped down his body. He didn’t expect things to turn this way.

“I.....” he mumbled for a long time, unable to say anything. In the end, he could only glare at Stella and Roger with anger in his eyes. “You-” He had no one to back him up so he subconsciously turned to Weston, hoping to receive some backup.

Weston, however, didn’t even spare him a glance. Instead, he stared at Stella with great interest. An elusive emotion filled his eyes

When the person in charge noticed that Weston seemed to like Stella and Roger, he changed his mind and remarked, “School is not a place to be rash, and you must have evidence before you can incriminate anyone!”

He then fixed his gaze on Jack alone. “There are too many conceited kids like you who always believe that the world is unjust to them, yet your own abilities are insufficient! Instead of whining and slandering, it’ll be best you first identify your own shortcomings.”

Jack's head hung low, knowing that he'd lost.

He could only unwillingly go to Roger and apologize. "I'm sorry I accused you. I will let this go. I hope you will forgive me."

Roger chuckled coldly. "So what if you're sorry? Are the rules not important anymore?"

He returned his words to him.

Jack's face slowly lost color and his lips turned green as he said anxiously, "I'm really sorry. I shouldn't have spread rumors like that about you. Please forgive me." "Who are you apologizing to?" Roger didn't even spare him a glance. Jack understood what he meant. He walked in front of Stella, then bowed to her. "I'm really sorry. I shouldn't have spread rumors of you and Mr. Hall. I know a woman's reputation is very important." "That's not what you said when you took those pictures." "The two of you didn't do anything at all in the gazebo. It is I who's thought badly of you!" "I'm really sorry Mr. Hall!" he apologized sincerely and looked at Justin.

It was uncertain if Jack had realized his mistake, but his attitude seemed sincere.

Stella, too, didn't want to make this a big deal. She sucked in a deep breath and said, "I can forgive you, but you must write a letter with a guaranteeing that you won't go against Robb anymore."

"What?" Jack's voice increased a couple of notches as he stared at her in disbelief. "I need to

write a letter to Robb?"

After he asked the question, he noticed Stella's glare had turned cold and knew he was overreacting a little. "I'll do it." He immediately lowered his head.

Only then did she relax a little. "That's good. I won't pursue this matter. As for your school, it depends on Mr. Hall."

Jack believed that the letter alone was bad enough, but apparently, there was still punishment from Mr. Hall.

"I will deduct your scores, and it will also be reflected in your final grades. Jack, I hope you can focus on your studies, and stop having bad intentions."

Jack hung his head low and took in all the critique

With that, the entire episode came to an end.

Stella took Roger with her and left the office without looking back as if hideous beasts lurked inside

It wasn't Jack that made her feel uncomfortable, but it was Weston

He had appeared in front of her in such a grand manner, and he did not shy away in the slightest, especially since Roger was with her

This made her very anxious.

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When they were in the corridor, Roger asked her coldly, "Why is Weston here?" Stella's face dropped. "I don't know." "Do you really not know or you're acting like you don't know?" Roger interrogated. "Did you go see him?"

"I didn't!" Stella cut him off as she turned emotional.

Seeing his stunned expression, she realized that she was a touch out of character. "Let's get lunch," she stated calmly after taking a long breath.

Roger was a little worked up at first but slowly calmed down.

He didn't say a word and followed her.

He didn't know when it happened, but there was now an invisible boundary between them, one he couldn't cross.

Inside the office

Weston stood up and glanced at the person in charge. The man immediately asked, "Mr. Ford, do you want to go somewhere else?"

"No." He looked at the time. "I want to take a look at your cafeteria."

The man was stunned before gaining his senses and smiled immediately. "We've arranged for you to dine in a hotel, Mr. Ford."

"Do the students normally eat in hotels?"

"Of course not. They eat at the cafeteria!" The man wiped his sweat and understood what Weston meant "Sure, let's have a look at the cafe."

With that, Weston walked out of the office

"Which cafe are they going to?" he asked as he stared at Stella and Roger's back

"It's the one closest to the computer science faculty. Would you like to head there, Mr Ford?"

"Sure." Weston followed them and the man could only follow him Justin had wanted to follow them too as he didn't trust Weston around Stella, but seeing Jack still in the office, he decided to stay After Stella got the food, she discovered that Weston had also followed them there.

Roger saw it too

His face darkened as he sat next to Stella. "He's here for you!"

He seemed very determined and anger flared inside his eyes. "What does he want?"

Stella instantly panicked, not knowing what Weston wanted either.

Why was he here?

Was he here to check on her?

At the thought, she clenched the chopsticks in her hand.

Thank God she decided to come to the uni today-she might've just exposed herself if he suddenly wanted to meet her and she wasn't there.

Although Roger didn't agree about her grand charade, all he could do was voice his opinion.

Weston, meanwhile, wouldn't care about her opinion at all.

He would've straight up locked her at home and not let her out.

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"Time's almost up. Do pay attention in class." Stella quickly gobbled her food down. Roger had lost his appetite. "No matter what it is, I won't allow you to have a relationship with him."

"I know," she said. "Since he's here, I won't go to class with you." He wanted to let her leave but at the thought of something, his face turned dark. "Are you going to the filming site?" She nodded. "I've made my choice a long time ago."

Before parting ways, Roger didn't say a word to her, but his face was solemn. He even appeared a little angry.

Seeing him this way exhausted her.

Right after she left the classroom, she got a text message.

'Come to the gazebo.'

Most lectures were on at that time, and there weren't many students wandering around.

Stella headed there and saw a tall figure inside the gazebo.

The tall and muscular Weston stood out like a sore thumb thanks to his his tremendously imposing aura.

She approached him. When he heard her footsteps approaching, he turned and cast a quick glimpse at her. "I agreed to let you see Roger, not Justin."

Stella pursed her lips and stopped in her tracks. "I didn't."

She knew that the reason he wanted to see her was about Justin. "I was here to talk with Justin about Roger. That's all." "If there's nothing going on between you two, why did you meet here?" He looked around before placing his hands on the rail, tapping on it lightly. "It's quite interesting, isn't it?"

Stella detected resentment in his remarks, and she hesitated, before taking a step forward to approach him. "But I'm here with you, right?"

Hearing this, Weston suddenly turned around and grabbed her chin. His eyes narrowed and stern, he whispered, "Are we the same?" He stared straight into her eyes, it was as if he'd rip her apart if she nodded her head. Stella frowned and shook her head. "No. There's nothing between me and him." Only then did he let go of her and caressed her cheeks. "The pictures look great."

She lowered her gaze. "He deliberately took those pictures from that angle."

But no matter what she said, Weston's heart was filled with indescribable grief.

He released the watch on his wrist and sat down on the stool on the side of the gazebo.

"Sit down."

Stella followed his instructions and sat next to him.

However just as she sat down, he said calmly, "Sit on my lap."

Instantly, she stood up and shouted, "This is a school!"

"Nobody will come here. I asked Ben to guard outside, so there's only me and you are here." "You're crazy! What if someone takes a picture of us?" It was Weston's turn to frown this time. "I checked earlier, there wouldn't be anyone here at this time."

She wanted to say something but before she could he added, "When you were holding hands with him, you didn't think that much. But why can't you do that with me?" Stella could only shut her eyes and take a deep breath, forcing herself to calm down.

She knew that there was no use telling him anything at this point, so she walked toward him.

Just as she stood before him, he pulled her into his arms making her sit on his lap.

Her chin was lifted and before she could react, he pressed his lips on her.

He kissed her with so much force.

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### **Chapter 285**

Stella was trembling slightly, fearing that someone would see them. Even though Ben was on the watch, she couldn't let her guard down. She pressed both hands on the man's chest, attempting to push him away, but he held her hands and put it behind her. Not only was he kissing her, but he was biting her lips as well. The tangy taste of blood seeped into her tongue as his sharp teeth mashed against her tender lips. Weston finally came to a halt, breathing heavily, and he muttered in her ears, "If I see him touching you again, it will be far worse."

"I didn't let him touch me!" She was breathing heavily as well.

“Fine.” With frustration, he cut her off. “Even if it’s out of politeness, he’s not allowed to touch you.” His possessiveness towards her was extraordinary. Even he himself didn’t think that just looking at a picture of Justin holding Stella’s hand was enough to make him have the urge to kill someone. The man’s brows twitched. Seeing her pale face, knowing that he might have frightened her just now, he eased his tone, “As long as you are obedient, I can’t give you anything.” When she heard this, she laughed to herself. Indeed. All she needed to do was listen to him, and he’ll fulfill all her requests.

There was no difference between her and a pet.

As long as she made him happy, she could get what she wanted.

But if he weren’t happy, he would punish her anytime. Weston knew how to step on someone else’s pride. Perhaps it was because of the kiss that made his mood better. Seeing this, she said boldly. “Since I’ve dealt with this matter already, can you stop interfering?”

Instantly, Weston was reminded of how brave she was earlier in the office.

“I never realize that you have this side of you. Where is the energy to sue that student just now?”

She pulled his sleeves and insisted. “Don’t let Roger know about us. Please.” Her eyes were pleading.

He couldn’t help but feel her heart soften seeing her like this, though he knew that she was

putting up an act. He pinched her cheeks and asked, “Is ignoring him not enough?”

Weston knew that what Stella was that he would do something to Roger. He wasn’t happy about her protectiveness over Roger, but he enjoyed seeing her beg. “Tell me if you’re in trouble next time.”

He liked to see her rely on him. Although he was amazed at how bold she was, he didn’t want her to leave him.

Inside the car.

Stella sat down on the seat but was instantly pulled into Weston’s arm.

He kissed her profoundly, leaving her huffing and out of breath. After some time, he let go of her. “What are your plans later?” Her eyes darkened.

She had originally promised Bradley that she would be there for the shoot, but considering the situation, she could only ask for a day off.



She shook her head. "I wanted to join Roger for a class, but he's angry with me." She lowered her gaze to cover up her discomfort of lying. He lifted her chin. "You're so nice to him, yet he's mad at you?"

There was a little playfulness in Weston's voice, as he said, "I never seen you this attentive to me before."

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"You're not the same," Stella answered subconsciously. Seeing that the man's expression changed, she changed the subject. "Where are you taking me?"

"Since you have nothing to do this afternoon..." He lifted his hands and put her hair behind her ears as he stared at her red lips.

He leaned closer and bit gently on her lips once more before saying, "Then stay with me."

She had never thought Weston would bring her to see his friends so openly.

The intermittent clattering of billiard balls could be heard at the pool hall, breaking the otherwise placid atmosphere.

There weren't many people there, but one look revealed that these were brilliant people.

The minute the two stepped inside, a young waiter came forward. "Mr. Ford.

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me."

Stella followed Weston, confused. It wasn't until he brought her to meet a familiar face that she understood why she was there. "Did you bring her?" Xavier shot a ball into the hole and straightened up before slowly approaching him and assessing her. She met his gaze and instantly recalled him as the man who'd left the girl on the highway.

When she saw that the girl was in the same mess as her, she had brought her back to the city. Xavier remembered Stella. He wasn't shocked that Weston brought her there, but he was confused.

Weston had never brought a woman to venues like this. He had brought Guinevere before, but that was because she was one of the players.

"This is..." Xavier looked at her.

Weston stepped in front of her and blocked his view. "Elle."

That was all he said as he didn't plan to introduce more about her to him.

Xavier smiled, able to tell that Weston had an unusual possessiveness over the girl. He restrained his usual condescending look and stretched out his hand to Stella. "I'm Weston's uncle, Xavier. We've met." "I remember. You left a deep impression on me." "This was a woman with a strong sense of self-protection," Xavier secretly commented in his heart.

"You and Weston are?" he asked on purpose.

He didn't look at Weston, and instead, looked at Stella.

She paused for a while before saying, "A friend." Right after she finished speaking, she could feel a gaze on her. Without turning, she already knew who that was.

But she felt like she hadn't said anything wrong.

They were friends in the eyes of others, and she couldn't possibly tell him that she was Weston's lover, could she?

Xavier was his uncle, so he knew about him and Guinevere. He had deliberately asked the question to make a joke out of her.

Stella honestly had no good feelings towards the Ford family.

Xavier grew up with a bunch of women, so he knew their emotions and attitudes.

He knew that Stella didn't like him, so he kept his mouth shut and focused on his aim on the cue.

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### **Chapter 287**

Weston Ford took her by the waist. "Ignore him. He has always been that way."

Stella Sealey nodded and followed him to the changing room.

Though the billiards place didn't require a strict dress code, Stella had no idea that Weston would bring her along. Since skirts were hard to move around in, she really wasn't dressed for the occasion. Hence, she asked an attendant for a change of clothes.

It was just simple sportswear, but Stella appeared clean and fresh in the white and blue as if she could bring out something different about those clothes. Weston walked up to her then, reaching out to stroke her dangling locks of hair before brushing them behind her head. "Which would you prefer?" he asked. Stella did a double-take. "You're helping me with my hair?"

Weston did not answer and simply held out a palm at her. Understanding the gesture, Stella put her hair tie on it and sat in front of the dressing mirror, watching as he fiddled with it between his fingers. However, he ended up trying repeatedly and endlessly as if having a feud, unsatisfied with the result no matter how many times he tried.

"Are you trying to do my hair or experimenting on me? That's quite enough..." "Nope." Weston promptly cut her short. "Why are you so impatient?" Eventually, he pulled her hair together and tried a few more times before tying it into something satisfactory.

Stella shook her hair, but the hair tie was already sliding downwards the instant she moved." It's too loose." Weston merely pressed her on the arms and said, "This will do." After all, with Stella's hair draped a little loosely over her shoulder above the hair tie, she appeared much milder.

Weston caressed her on the cheeks while he looked into her eyes in the mirror.

A little uncomfortable from his stare, Stella was about to avert his eyes when Weston lifted her chin and kissed her.

There was such a gap between their respective heights that Stella felt her neck become sore whenever she raised her face to kiss him, and the way he always placed a hand on her nape and stroked it without stopping only made matters worse-her neck felt like it would snap by the time he pulled away.

Nonetheless, Weston appeared dissatisfied this time. He scooped her off her bench and held her above himself while keeping a hand behind her head. For once, she leaned downward, allowing him to kiss her as freely as he wanted. There was no telling how much time had passed when Weston finally pulled away, lapping at

the corners of her lips. "Now, let's teach you how to play pool," he croaked in a hoarse voice. Though Stella had no idea what he was up to, she tamely followed him out of the changing room anyway. Xavier Ford, still outside, was enjoying his game as much as he wanted, when he turned towards them after hearing the door open. His gaze changed

when he saw that Stella had changed, and he almost whistled at her—he would not have held back at all if not for a warning look from the man beside her. He merely held his cue stick vertically as he leaned against the pool table, gesturing with his chin, “The clothes do make the woman.” Weston shot him a cool look, and Xavier caught his cue. “I know, I know—she’s the apple of your eye, so I’m not going to tease her.” “As long as you’re aware,” Weston said and lit himself a cigarette, taking two puffs casually. The white smoke he left around him somehow accentuated his facial features, though, Stella also noticed that he was actually relaxed.

With two buttons unbuttoned on his collared black shirt, he had rolled up his sleeves over his thick forearms, revealing his chiseled muscles and the power that seemed to be slumbering beneath his shirt.

Tapping his lighter against the pool table, he beckoned at Stella with his chin. “Come. Let’s start with your stance.”

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### **Chapter 288**

At Weston Ford’s words, Stella Sealey quietly walked up to him. Her dainty form somehow looked even smaller beside him, and he completely eclipsed her. “Bend over,” he instructed from behind her. Stella, however, had no idea what he meant by that. Still, she tried by lowering her head stiffly, which only drew a chuckle from Weston. “Is that yoga?” Flushing, she promptly straightened and moved away. “I give up.” Weston did not get upset, however, and instead patted her on the cheek. “Getting embarrassed

already?” Stella shrank from his touch but said nothing, which only delighted him more as he pinched her cheek. “Alright, I’ll stop teasing you— let’s get serious.” Gesturing at the waiter to bring him a cue stick, he put his hands around Stella, shifting her around until she had the right posture. As he lifted her arm slightly, he told her, “This angle is optimal for a hit. Also, keep your eyes level, and focus on the point of the ball you’re going to hit—do not hesitate, and try to focus the force on that point. While Weston was standing behind her, she was basically in her arms, and whenever he spoke beside her ears, his warm breath coasted all over her skin. Without any distance between them, as his chest leaned over her back, he seemed to sense even the slightest of her movements. Nonetheless, Stella was focused solely on her cue. Weston held her hand, teaching her blow-by-blow.

Plonk!

She struck the cue on that ball, which shot forward as if following a destined line, which in turn, hit the ball up front into a hole “A hole in one!” Xavier Ford cheered nearby, though he knew he could expect nothing less of his nephew, who consistently achieved the best outcome with relative ease. Be it in his studies, company management, or hobbies; he could casually reach the pinnacle of each discipline with relative ease. It

was the reason Weston always viewed life as static and unchallenging. Though there was no telling if it was a good or bad thing, the hint of happiness Xavier could see in Weston's face whenever he was with Stella enabled him to perceive the vigor in his nephew. Meanwhile, unlike before, Stella was now hitting the balls with machine-like precision, and she seemed to have grown absorbed in the game.

She then told Weston, "I'd like to play alone."

"Sure." Weston cheerfully released her and gestured for her to continue as she wished. He walked to another corner, beckoning for a waiter to get him some wine.

Xavier came and sat beside him just then, picking up a glass of wine for a sip while wiping sweat off his brow.

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He watched as Stella poised herself for another hit and chuckled, "Only you can teach someone as stupid as her."

Weston frowned, took the wine from Xavier, and returned it to the waiter's tray. "She's not stupid."

Xavier was speechless. "Weren't you calling her stupid just a moment ago?"

Weston was a good teacher, and Stella wouldn't have chased him off just because he kept telling her that she was stupid.

"Only I can call her stupid, not you." Weston poured out the glass of wine Xavier had a sip from and had the waiter serve him another. Having nothing left to say, Xavier threw up his hands. "Fine, of course!" Still, he suddenly looked at Weston and asked, "That said, aren't you getting a little overprotective of Miss Steele here?"

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### **Chapter 289**

"Would you not defend your own woman?" Weston Ford asked him in return.

Xavier Ford did a double-take and chuckled. "Well, of course, I'm nice to my own ladies. Anyone who's dated me always ends up grateful they had me. We're men, aren't we? Magnanimity and generosity are our charms, but..."

Turning towards Weston in amusement, he asked, "Is your woman like the one I had?"

Weston said nothing, watching silently as Stella Sealey finally found the right posture. She practiced repeatedly until she finally learned the technique Weston taught her.

His gaze turned distant as if reminiscing some emotion he wanted to keep repressed, but the opposite seemed to be happening instead.

“She’s not all that different,” he admitted.

Back at the pool table, Stella had just got her posture right, and she picked up a few balls to test her strikes from a different angle. She focussed, placing all her attention on her cue, and struck-but the distribution of her strike was still a little scattered, and the balls rolled away slowly-she managed to send some into the pockets, but it wasn’t nearly as quick as when Weston guided her hands.

It was only after a long, diligent sortie of tries that she finally got the handles, eventually managing to strike fast, straight balls. Beads of sweat dotted her brow as she found enjoyment and fulfillment. With a smile on her face, she turned... and found a pair of bewitching eyes looking at her-it seemed Weston had been watching her for a while, for god knows how long. Her smile faded a little, and she tried to play dumb while wiping her sweat.

“What are you getting nervous about?” The man watched her even as he took a sip of his wine.

Stella shook her head. “I’m not nervous.”

“Why look away if you’re not?” Stella paused and quickly looked him in the eye. “I’m not looking away.” With that, man and woman locked gazes, neither one backing down. Weston’s cool, piercing gaze seemed to penetrate the soul. No one would dare to lie to eyes like those.

Moments later, he chuckled in amusement while licking his lips. “You’re quite stubborn,” he said as he leaned in to kiss the corner of his lips. “That was good. Now, let’s teach you something else.” Stella’s eyes sparkled, and she suddenly appeared docile before Weston. Sensing her eagerness, he lowered his gaze at her. “Do you like it?” “It is quite interesting.”

The man’s lips curled up unwittingly. “Let’s try again.” Stella appeared surprised, however, and she shook her head. “Forget it.”

“Why?”

“We might run into someone we know...” she answered very quietly.

Studying her face, Weston could see that she was nervous, and it left him a little upset.

“Don’t worry. As long as you’re with me, no one would say anything against you,” he said and wrapped his hands around her again to teach her another new technique. “I won’t let anyone lay a finger on you-trust me. Alright?”

He kept his voice low, promising her beside her ear. Stella knew that any lady would get emotional by his loving words. However, she was perfectly aware that she was a secret lover.

Hence, the more promises he offered, the more ironic it would sound to her. After all, wasn't he the one who hurt her the most? If he had not forced her to stay with her, she wouldn't even be worrying that she would be recognized.

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Stella Sealey closed her eyes and stopped herself from thinking about those things. Now that her fate was sealed, she should be thinking about her way out, and not about self pity.

Crack!

Another ball into the pocket.

This time, she learned quickly-as usual, she was a little unsteady at first, but as she slowly got used to it-until every strike was perfect. Even Xavier Ford, who had been belittling her, couldn't help but approach the table to watch. "You're such a quick learner!" After giving her a praiseful gaze, he gave Weston Ford a look that seemed to say: You've hit the jackpot!

Weston raised a brow and didn't deny it.

Even if nobody else could tell, it was apparent to Xavier that it was clear smugness. Naturally, he found it unbelievable that Weston would be proud of a woman.

After all, Guinevere Cohen-Weston's fiancée, was a star celebrity that seized attention wherever she went-yet Weston had never made such a face for her.

It was then that Xavier could not help but change his evaluation of the woman before him. "Ella Steele..." he mused, breathing her name with length and meaning,

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Although Stella was engrossed in the game of pool, she didn't forget that she was there for something important. While taking a break, she approached Weston, saying, "I need to go to the washroom." "Go on," Weston said, sparing her a brief glance before turning back to his cue stick with movements subtle and elegant that seemed more of a work of art.

Stella watched him for a while before turning to head to the washroom. As she reached the doorway, she took a quick glance behind, ensuring that she was well outside the pool hall, before changing directions to an inconspicuous corner.

There was basically no one in the backyard-the bushes, having not been trimmed for a long while were so lush that they would keep out prying eyes. Stella headed there and checked if her cellphone could get a signal. In fact, she had tried to excuse herself to the washroom when they first reached the pool hall, but it turned out that the signal inside was too poor to even text. Out here, however, in a clear space, the signal was at full bar.

She called Bradley Lane immediately.

“...Ella Steele?”

“Ah, Mr. Lane... I’m afraid something urgent came up this afternoon. Can I take an emergency leave? I’ll be there tomorrow morning...”

Stella could hear Bradley impatiently flipping pages from the other end of the call. After a while, he said, “Sure, but you must be here tomorrow morning. Your role is too important and it can’t wait-Guinevere is coming next week, and your role must be done by then, along with the earlier parts.” Stella clenched her phone, a bitterness showing on her face at the mention of Guinevere. After a while, she nodded. “Okay. I understand.” She hung up and took a deep breath. As long as Weston was with her, she would eventually run into Guinevere.

Despite all that, however, she should’ve never been so afraid to sacrifice so much of her own time avoiding her.

In fact, this was a golden opportunity for her to escape from Weston, one that she had to seize. Nonetheless, the conversation with Bradley lasted for mere minutes. She was about to put away her phone as she turned into a corner of the walkway when she saw Weston walking toward her. Stella’s heart pounded, and she quickly ran up to him. “Why are you here?”