

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 451

### Chapter 451

Even so, Weston was extremely patient with her.

Stella wondered while in between breaks had she ever seen Weston so gentle before?

She searched her memory, but there seemed to be none.

Their marriage was short-lived, just like the brief fireworks in the sky. It was gorgeous and unreal to her. She spent every day floating in the clouds.

Although Weston treated her so coldly, she was able to find the hint of his gentleness and persevered in the relationship. However, it seemed like she had deceived herself too much.

Weston noticed that she was distracted. He frowned and asked, "What's wrong?"

He had paid close attention to Stella last night, but she was too nervous and good at hiding her pain. She had endured it and refused to tell him if she was hurt somewhere.

Stella shook her head. "I'm fine..."

"Are you sure you're okay?" Weston did not believe her. His tone was suddenly serious. "If you're hurt, tell me." "I'm not hurt." Stella suddenly realized what he meant by hurt. Her voice softened. "I just feel a little unwell..." Weston was relieved to see her frankness. He kissed her on the forehead and said, "It's good you're not hurt. But if you are, you should take some medicine." He paused for a moment and looked into her eyes. "How are you feeling unwell?" "I just feel a little sore," Stella said. "I can't lift my arms."

Weston smiled at that and massaged her sore muscles with his hand. "Does that make it better?"

Stella closed her eyes. "That's much better." Weston took her back into his arms and patted her back. "Sleep a little longer."

They stayed up till very late last night and woke up at nine o'clock the next day. Weston thought Stella would sleep a little longer; he did not expect her to be up so early. After he said that, Stella felt a little sleepy again. She gradually closed her eyes and fell asleep again.

When she woke up, it was already noon.

She seemed to have slept too much in the past few days. When she woke up, her temples were aching in pain. No one was around her, but there was a residual warmth.

Not long after she woke up, the sound of footsteps came from the door.

Weston came back again with a white porcelain bowl in his hand. "Oh, you're awake."

He was dressed in house clothes and did not look as distant as usual. He looked a little softer and more handsome.

Stella could tell that he was in a good mood. She pursed her lips and watched him walk toward her. He urged, "Get up and eat something."

Stella nodded. "I'd slept for so long..." "If you still want to rest, you can just ask the crew for a day off in the afternoon." Stella shook her head. "No, I should go over anyway. The crew's progress has been delayed for a long time. I can't hold them back."

Weston did not comment. He knew it was unlikely for Stella to follow his orders at this point. He was learning to listen to her opinions and not make the decisions alone. Stella changed the topic. "What's inside the bowl?" "Joan made some food for you." He took the spoon and put it in her mouth. "It's warm, not too hot." Stella hesitated a little before she took a sip.

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### **Chapter 452**

She suddenly wondered if Weston had taken care of Guinevere in the same way. Was this how he took care of his son at home?

She noticed that Weston seemed to have become more caring than before since their reunion. She wondered who brought about this change.

Stella finished her food quickly.

Weston took the bowl away. While he was leaving, Stella lifted the covers and got up. When she stepped on the floor, she was so sore that she fell to the floor on her knees.

Fortunately, the bedroom was covered with a thick carpet, so it did not hurt.

Stella took a moment to stand up and found that there was little strength in her hands. She propped her hands on the floor but fell again. This time, she did not fall to the ground. Instead, she fell into a familiar embrace. "Idiot." Weston's voice came from above her head. Weston strode in and grabbed her off the floor into his arms. "How did you fall from the bed?" He picked her up and put her back on the bed. Stella was still weak and could only lean on his arm. "I didn't expect to be this sore..." Weston picked

up her foot and put it on his knee. "If you're feeling so uncomfortable, are you still going to the set this afternoon?" "Of course I'm going!" Stella insisted. "This is non-negotiable." The man's hand paused for a moment. Then, he suddenly increased the force.

Stella immediately hissed and drew a cold breath. "Ouch..."

She frowned and grimaced.

"Non-negotiable?" Weston raised his eyes and looked at her. "Since when do you talk to me with that kind of attitude?"

Stella pursed her lips. "You're so mean." She repeated, "So mean..."

The man froze with a gloomy expression. "Am I that mean?",

It was his first time hearing someone calling him mean. It stunned him.

"Yeah. Weren't you? I felt like you were going to scold me the next second..."

"When have I ever scolded you?"

Weston suddenly felt a little helpless. His actions were much lighter.

Stella refused to look at him and turned away. "Haven't you scolded me already? You called me an idiot when you came in..."

Weston did not know what to say for a moment and was speechless. He looked at the back of Stella's head and put her foot down. Then, he hugged her from behind.

"Then, tell me: Weren't you acting like an idiot?"

Stella did not say anything. Even so, anyone could tell that she was angry.

If it was before, she would never dare to act like this in front of Weston. However, she suddenly realized that Weston seemed to like it when she showed her temper in front of him without any fear. The more genuine she was, the more he liked it. He rested his chin on her shoulder and kissed her behind the ear. "Are you very angry?" "I wouldn't dare," Stella said grimly.

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### **Chapter 453**

she heard the man chuckle in a low voice as he put his hand on her waist. "You got so angry because I called you an idiot? What about those things you scolded me about last night?"

Stella did not say anything. Weston then whispered in her ear and reminded her word by word, "You called me an insatiable beast last night. You said I was a hungry wolf..."

The more he spoke, the redder Stella's face became. She turned her head and covered his mouth. "Stop it!"

Weston gazed at her with his deep eyes and suddenly kissed her on her palm. "Stella..." He called her name in a loving and husky voice. "Just stay by my side." He held her and hugged her tighter in his arms. Suddenly, he felt that this was what he had pictured his life to be like.

At the set.

Before Stella got out of the car, she checked the small mirror again. She armed herself and covered up all the marks before she left the house.

Fortunately, it was winter now. The costumes were very thick. If she took care of it, no one would notice them.

She breathed a sigh of relief and told the driver to stop in front. She made another turn before arriving at the set.

When she arrived, Bradley had just finished his last scene.

He saw her coming and nodded to her. "We can start shooting today."

Bradley was in a good mood. His relationship with Stella had improved, so Stella asked straightforwardly, "Did something happen?" Bradley said, "Guinevere has finally gotten into character." He suddenly paused and looked at Stella. "Have your injuries healed?" Stella said, "It's already much better. It's just some bruises. Don't worry." The memory from the last time she helped Guinevere as a body double in an action scene was still vivid in her mind. Bradley did not ask her any further questions because she seemed so optimistic. He only said to her, "Don't be so stubborn in the future. I still have a say in this crew."

"I know," Stella said. "I'll do my best."

Bradley shook his head. "Go and get ready. If you can get the scene done in one try, you can get off work early."

Stella then went to get ready with the crew.

Guinevere had just finished shooting when she heard a burst of laughter from Stella's side. Her face immediately turned gloomy.

The makeup artist who was fixing her makeup trembled a little when her expression changed. "I'm sorry, Ms. Cohen. Did I do something wrong?" Her trembling tone was in stark contrast to the staff around Stella.

Guinevere suddenly lost her temper. "Why are you looking so afraid? Who are you showing this to? Have I ever hit you or scolded you? It's just makeup. Why are you showing me this pathetic look?"

"Sorry...." The makeup artist immediately withdrew her hand and bowed to her with fearful eyes. "I'm just too nervous... I'm sorry to disappoint you, Ms. Cohen. I'm so sorry. Do you need another makeup artist?"

When she said that, it only made Guinevere angrier. She glared at her coldly and said, "Get

out!"

Then, the makeup artist left in despair.

Guinevere became angrier to the point where her assistant did not dare to come forward. However, the next scene required a different makeup style, so she had no choice but to bite the bullet.

The assistant reminded, "Gwen, which makeup artist are we going to change?" "I only brought one makeup artist. Who else could it be?"

She vented her anger on the assistant. The assistant did not know what to do anymore.

Suddenly, another assistant came running with her cell phone. "Gwen, it's for you..." "How many times have I told you! Don't let anyone disturb me while I'm filming!" Guinevere roared at her.

The assistant flinched and said softly, "But Mr. Ford called...".

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### **Chapter 454**

Guinevere's face changed immediately She picked up the phone and heard the man's low voice through the phone.

"Are you still on the set?"

Guinevere immediately took the phone and walked to a quiet place. "Yes, I'll be on the set for the next few days..."

She was very happy. Weston rarely reached out to her, but he called her a lot in the past two days.

She naively thought that their relationship was improving. They fought previously because of Belle's incident and got into a cold war. Looking at it now, it seemed like they would always be together no matter how many people came between them. "Weston, is anything the matter?" "Mom said she couldn't reach you on your phone. She's looking for you."

Guinevere was a little disappointed to hear that. "I see... Don't you have anything to say to me?"

Weston paused and said, "If you have any questions, you can contact Ben directly." Then, he hung up straight. Guinevere's heart sank. She glanced at the missed calls on her phone. Many of them were from Wendy. She did not know why Wendy was looking for her. The two of them had never gotten along. She called Wendy back. "You were looking for me?" she asked straightforwardly. Wendy spoke calmly in reply. "Why didn't you answer my calls earlier? I even had to talk to Weston to reach you." Her relationship with Wendy was very awkward. Sometimes, she could not figure out how Wendy felt toward her. She seemed to hate her a lot at times, but she seemed neutral to her at other times.

Guinevere patiently said, "I was filming on set, so I couldn't answer your call..."

"You answer the phone whenever Weston calls, but you don't pick up when I do. Are you upset with me?"

Wendy was being a little unreasonable. Guinevere was losing her patience. "Do you have anything else? If not, I'll have to start filming soon." "So I can't call you if there's nothing?" Wendy seemed like she was trying to piss her off on purpose.

Guinevere asked, "What do you want?"

Wendy said, "I'm coming over to visit this afternoon." "What?" Guinevere finally came to her senses and snapped. She stood up and asked, "You're coming to visit?"

Wendy said, "I'm bringing Zack over too." "Are you crazy!" Guinevere blurted out without thinking, "It's fine if you come by yourself, but why are you bringing Zachary along? Don't you know what this place is?" "I know. Isn't it just a set? I've done a lot more movies in my youth than you. Don't talk to me in that tone."

Guinevere took a deep breath and asked her, "What are you trying to do?"

Wendy was playing with the souvenirs she had just brought. A few days ago, she traveled

abroad with Chris. Chris thought their relationship was stable again, so he went back to the company to get back into fighting with his brothers over the family fortune.

While she...

She glanced at Zachary, who was sleeping soundly. She was back to the cycle of helping Guinevere with her kid.

After Guinevere went to the set, she was left alone in the large villa. Wendy said in amusement, "I'm just bringing Zachary to visit you. You're his mother. What's wrong with me bringing him over? Why do you sound so unwilling?" "I didn't mean that."

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### Chapter 455

Guinevere calmed down. "He's still so young. I'm afraid he'll get sick here."

"You don't need to worry about that. I've been taking care of Zachary. I know his body well."

Guinevere sneered. "You've been taking care of him? I've been taking care of him for the last few days. I act on the set during the day and come home at night..."

"Why are you complaining? You've just taken care of him for a couple of days. Don't you know who's the one looking after him when you and Weston ignore him?"

Guinevere got a headache from talking to her. She wanted to say something, but Wendy hung up on her.

Then, Wendy texted her.

[I've taken Zachary to the car. You should be prepared.]

Guinevere suddenly slammed her phone to the ground in a fury. It made a loud noise and drew the attention of the rest of the crew. She paled instantly and realized she had lost control of her emotions. She quickly said, "It's okay. I just dropped my phone by accident." Her tone was cold and hard. Everyone looked at each other with scared expressions. They stood at the door and did not dare to come in. "Gwen, do you need our help?" "Go buy me a new phone."

“Okay, Gwen...” Guinevere walked out and gave some instructions to her assistant. “Wendy is coming with Zachary later. Inform Bradley about this, and tell him to move my scene forward. Otherwise, I won’t be able to free up my schedule later.”

“Sure.”

Bradley frowned at her request. “I’ve only had a moment of peace, and she’s making trouble again?”

He had never seen such a difficult star as Guinevere! All she did was give him trouble all the time. Stella just came over from the shoot and saw his troubled face. “What’s wrong?” she asked worriedly.

“It’s Guinevere again! She said her mother-in-law would be coming over to visit the set. That’s going to slow down the whole production!” Stella did not say anything. Guinevere’s mother-in-law was Weston’s mother.

Stella was married to Weston for a year, but Weston never wanted to take her to meet his parents.

Looking back now, she had been really blinded by love. She had thought it would be enough as long as she stayed by his side. She’d wanted nothing else, but he had never wanted her to meet his family. This alone already spoke volumes.

Only a woman blindly in love would be so deluded and not care about these. Stella took her job seriously and ignored the outside world, regardless of the situation. During the break, she had lunch with an actor she knew. She got to meet many people during this time. She was easy-going, so the crew had no issue mingling with her. She was well-liked by everyone.

Not long after that, a black car drove in. Guinevere had always traveled alone and never mingled with them. When the black car stopped, Guinevere walked to the car while surrounded by a group of people.

Wendy had arrived. She stepped out of the car with Zachary in her arms. Guinevere immediately stepped forward to take the baby and said, “Let’s get in the car first.”

“I’m here to visit. How can I do that in the car?”

Wendy avoided her. She seemed like she was deliberately trying to go against her.

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Guinevere was displeased. "There are so many people here, and it is the first time Zachary came to such a place—"

Before she could finish what she wanted to say, Zachary clapped his hands twice in excitement. "As his mother, you know him less than I do." Wendy took the child in her arms. "He just likes to watch the fun. If you are tired, get in the car and take a rest. I will take him around." Guinevere pressed her lips. She disliked Wendy's presumptuous proposition, but when she saw Stella, who was eating in the distance, she paused and said, "Okay. I'll go with you." Wendy stopped immediately and glanced at her, unable to make out her intention. Why did she change her mind so quickly? Anyway, she did not care about it and took Zachary for a walk around the shooting set. When Bradley saw Wendy, he brought his men to greet her. After all, she was Weston's mother. It was just a brief greeting. "The fenced area might be dangerous, so don't bring the child there. You are free to go to other places." "Okay. Thank you for the reminder." Wendy had always been dignified and graceful in public. Moreover, she had been a legendary figure in the entertainment industry. This was why Bradley was respectful toward her. While chatting with Guinevere, she walked over to Stella. Suddenly, Guinevere stepped forward and tidied Zachary's collar. "We must keep him warm. A boy like him easily gets sick in this weather. If he catches a cold, his father will be very sad."

She said these in a loud voice so the people around her could hear her. Regardless, most of them remained silent and continued eating.

Stella naturally heard her. She immediately felt as if she had lost her sense of taste.

And every time she swallowed, she could smell blood.

She was reminded of the child that was removed from her womb again.

If it hadn't been for that kidnapping case, she would have had such a cute baby now.

She froze.

Seeing her not moving for a long time, the actress beside her asked in concern, "What's wrong, Ella? Are you not feeling well?"

Stella's face was as white as a sheet. When she heard the actress, she shook her head blankly. "It's nothing..." Then, she continued eating stiffly.

Guinevere also noticed her sad face and was somewhat pleased. But on second thought, wouldn't it mean that she had feelings for Weston? Otherwise, why would she show this expression? She immediately felt complicated. She did not want to see Ella not react to her action. But at the same time, she did not want Ella to see her contempt toward her. She thought that she could only be at ease when Ella disappeared before her eyes like Stella.

Wendy was a little nostalgic for the old days of filming and came over to greet these young actors.

Many actors recognized her, and so did Stella. She remembered watching Wendy's dramas when she was a child and did not expect her to be Weston's mother.

She stood at the end of the crowd and ate her food quietly.

When other people were talking, she would observe with patience, not stealing the limelight.

Her action caught Wendy's eyes instead. "What's your name?"

Wendy walked up to Stella.

"I am Ella."

Wendy smiled. "You look like a very quiet person. How come you thought of becoming an actress?"

"It was by chance."

Stella averted her eyes. She seemed reluctant to talk to her.

Wendy thought that she was nervous, so she did not say anything. Then, she turned around and met Guinevere's somewhat cold eyes. "Who were you talking to just now?"

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 457**

### **Chapter 457 "An actress called Ella."**

"What do you think of her?"

"She's not bad."

Wendy gave a nonchalant response while teasing Zachary.

Zachary looked at Stella and suddenly gave a very happy cry.

Wendy laughed immediately. "It looks like this little guy likes to look at beautiful women too. Look at how happy he is." Guinevere's face turned gloomy before she picked Zachary up. "He is still so young. What does he know about beauty and ugliness?" "Why wouldn't he? Children like handsome and beautiful people as well." Wendy was a little dissatisfied when Guinevere gave her that look "If you are tired, you can rest in the car. I will take Zack around the place." "Suit yourself." Guinevere gave Zachary directly to Wendy and left after casting a cold look at Stella. Wendy walked to Stella and sat

beside her. "Don't mind her. She is a bit hot-headed." The spoon in Stella's hand shook. No one even dared to speak.

The air froze for a moment. "Why are you all silent?" Wendy felt a little strange when seeing these people keep their mouths shut and not dare to even breathe. "Are you not daring to speak up because you think that I am talking bad about Guinevere?"

"Of course not..."

Another person quickly echoed, "It is just that..." She burst out laughing. "I was just kidding."

The other people laughed nervously.

Wendy did not care about the other people. She was only interested in Stella. "A person like you will have a difficult path ahead if you want to continue venturing in the entertainment industry,"

Stella said, "I will overcome it."

She put down the lunch box, whereupon Wendy said immediately, "Don't mind me. You can eat while talking"

Stella thought that it was not polite, so she said, "I am already full."

"Do you always eat so little?"

Wendy did not find it weird because all the actresses controlled their diets to remain slim.

The camera was a cruel thing. Even if one were considered a thin person among the commoners, they had to be thinner to appear exquisite on camera. "I haven't seen you before. Are you a novice?" "Yes. This is my first time filming." "Not bad."

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Wendy raised her eyebrows. "What do your parents do?" For a novice like Stella to be able to act in such a big production as soon as she debuted, it would mean that her family must be well-off.

Or she must have her resources.

However, such actors were generally not as gentle as her and should be more competitive. Stella paused for a moment and said, "My parents passed away a long time ago." Wendy was a bit taken aback. "I am sorry. I didn't know that." "It's okay." Stella shook her head. "It has been a long time." When they were talking, Zachary

suddenly jumped on Wendy's lap and reached for Stella while calling out, "Ah." Wendy smiled at once and said to her, "Look, he seems to like you a lot."

However, Stella's face changed, and she stood up immediately to avoid his hands. Zachary's chubby arms were still stretched out in mid-air. He was still reaching for her in a daze. He did not know why she disliked him.

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### Chapter 458

Zachary's chubby arms were still hanging in the air, showing his desire to play with Stella. Stella forced herself to suppress her disgust. She knew that this child was innocent, but she could not face him when she thought of the one she had.

She even loathed him.

Wendy relaxed her facial expression. "You don't like children?" "I'm sorry. I've always... I am very sorry." She did not say anything else. She packed up and left in a hurry. Looking at her back, Wendy had a somewhat complicated expression. Stella strode to the sink nearby and opened the tap. The cold water flowing out of the tap chilled the surrounding area. She splashed the cold water on her face, her eyes red.

She thought she would eventually forget, but she did not expect that she would think of her child the moment she closed her eyes.

She would have had a baby.. The water kept on flowing, mixing with the tears on her face. In the winter, it was unbearably freezing. The phone suddenly rang. She only managed to answer it after tapping on the screen a few times with her freezing cold and red fingers.

"Hello?"

A male's hoarse voice was heard from the other end of the phone. "Did you have your meal on urne?"

"Weston..." She took a deep breath and did not answer him. Noticing the silence on the other end, the man frowned slightly. "What's wrong?"

She remained silent. He could only hear her shallow breathing getting heavier, as if she was trying to suppress something

Sensing, the seriousness of the situation, he pulled his collar and stood up in his office. "Is something wrong? Talk to me, Stella."

Stella chuckled and rested her head on her hand. Suddenly, she said, "I saw Zack. Your mom brought him to the set. Do you still remember our child, Weston?"

Stella was a bit out of it at the end of the day.

Wendy stopped by the set to say hi and took Zachary back afterward. Guinevere was also a bit tired. She looked very reluctant to entertain Wendy. Regardless, Stella did not care about it. She only knew that she had no way to face Weston calmly. When the chauffeur came, she told him directly, "I still have something to do, so you can go back first." "But Mr. Ford said to let us bring you home safely." She shook her head. "Not for now... I have some personal matters to attend to." The chauffeur looked reluctant, then Stella said, "If Weston asks about it, you just tell him that it was my idea."

He still did not say anything. She frowned. "Why don't you just call and ask him and see if he agrees?" Although he did not say anything, he did as he was told. After the man on the other end of the phone said something, the chauffeur hung up and looked at her. "Okay, Ms. Steele. Please be careful."

She nodded and left without paying attention to him anymore. She knew that the moment she mentioned the child, their relationship would return to the freezing point like before.

So she knew that Weston would not refuse her request. She was indeed using his guilt to her advantage, which she found rather ironic.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 459**

### **Chapter 459**

Would he feel guilty? She suddenly thought with self-deprecation. She thought she was the only one who was filled with guilt for that child.

In the hospital, after the registration, she saw a familiar figure when she was just about to go to the clinic. She slowed down her pace subconsciously, wanting to avoid her, but Zeta saw her anyway.

"Are you sick, Ella? Why are you here in the hospital?" Stella forced a smile and looked at her. "It's nothing. Just a common cold." After saying that, she walked past her. "It's my turn now. I shall go and see the doctor first." Looking at Stella trying to avoid her, Zeta was suddenly reminded of something and grabbed her arms. "Wait."

Stella frowned, and her voice sounded a little impatient. "What is it?"

Zeta pursed her lips and looked at her fixedly. "I know I should not meddle in other people's affairs, but if you came for that, I think I can help you."

She was a doctor and knew that it was difficult for Stella to get that drug. She was also worried that Stella would try to get it through illegitimate means if she could not get it from the hospital. If this had to be the case, it would be better to help her out. Stella did not expect Zeta to say that, and her eyes flickered. "I am sorry for my bad attitude toward you just now." "It's fine. I can understand. Come to my office." "Okay."

Stella canceled her queue ticket and went to Zeta's office. Zeta took out a small white bottle from the drawer and handed it to her. "The side effects of this drug are relatively smaller compared to the other drugs. Nevertheless, it can still be dangerous. You should take it according to your tolerance to it." "I understand." Stella's eyes flashed, and she asked, "Will it work?" "It should be effective. But I cannot be completely sure of it because it still depends on your body." "I understand." Stella held the white bottle in her hand. "Thank you." "By the way, you can only take one tablet at a time. If you overdose, you will likely..."

Zeta did not say it, but she thought Stella would know. This drug was originally meant for arousing sexual desire. She should be very clear about the reactions if she overdosed. The common treatment used to alleviate this problem now was basically to stimulate the production of specific hormones in the brain. It would achieved the therapeutic effect by boosting sexual interest and drive, so it would numb the senses of a person to a certain extent. "By the way, you might experience hallucinations or neurasthenia. No matter what, the side effects of this drug are harmful, so I hope you can think carefully before using it." "Okay. I will."

Zeta looked at her leaving back and sighed.

Stella was unsure if it was because of the conversation on the phone during the day, but Weston came back very late today. She did not call him. After taking a shower, she took out the bottle of vitamins she bought from the pharmacy and emptied it, then refilled it with the pills Zeta gave her. She sat on the sofa in her bathrobe and poured herself a glass of milk. When she heard the sound of the car downstairs, she poured out a white pill. After some consideration, she poured out another one and swallowed them. When Weston came in through the door, he saw the frail woman sitting on the sofa. He suddenly did not want to get closer to her for a moment. He had never been afraid of anything all these years. But with Stella, he seemed to experience how it felt like to be afraid of disturbing her when he wanted to get close. "I am home."

The man's voice was a bit hoarse.

"Mmm-hmm." Stella responded. Her body stiffened, and she didn't turn around.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 460**

### **Chapter 460**

Maybe it was because Stella's acting skills had been so great lately. Weston thought that their relationship was improving, and they might one day go back to their old days.

But the phone call reminded him that there was a life lying between them. That was something Stella would never be able to let go of.

It was like a dead-end for Weston, and there was no way to get past it. He could only subconsciously ignore it and leave everything to time. When he thought of this, he sneered at himself. When did he become so powerless? It seemed that he was always the helpless one when dealing with Stella.

She did not seem to want to talk to him about the baby either.

She was ready initially, but she simply got up and walked to him. She adjusted his collar and took his coat. "You are a little late today. Busy day at work?" He lowered his head and looked steadily into her eyes, trying to read her emotions—but to no avail.

She was indeed very good at acting, and she could hide all her emotions well. He suddenly grabbed her arm. "Stella..." He wanted to say something, but he just could not.

Instead, Stella took the initiative. "I saw Zachary today."

He hummed in response.

She smiled. "Aren't you worried I'd do something to him?"

"I know you won't."

Her eyes twitched with anxiety.

Yeah, she would not

She would not do something like that to hurt an innocent person.

But why would Guinevere be able to do it?

Her child was innocent She did not understand why Guinevere could be so cruel to other people when she had a child of her own.

He suddenly hugged her. He had never felt so heartbroken and apologetic before.

"I am sorry."

For a long time, he could not think of any words other than sorry.

She did not say anything. Lowering her head, she leaned on his chest, only to say with amusement after a while, "So you actually know how to apologize, huh? I thought you could never do anything wrong." "I am a person too. Why would I not make any mistake?"

She nodded. "Indeed. Maybe the things you do wrong are irrevocable."

The man's eyes flickered, but he could not refute. "Never mind. Let's not talk about this." She smiled. "You don't have to worry about what I'd do to Zachary. The kid is innocent after all, and he's cute too." She pretended to be relaxed. The man raised her chin and kissed her, unwilling to listen to any more of her hurtful words. He hadn't realized until now that it wasn't him that Stella was hurting with those words, but herself.

She was forcing herself not to forget the child in an almost self-mutilating way. He kissed her passionately. Stella, however, did not close her eyes and stared at the man quietly. He sensed her gaze but ignored it. He pushed her onto the sofa.

She did not resist and just lay there. The man got on top of her. His hand explored upward from inside her shirt, but it reached the scar she got from her previous injury.