

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 771

Chapter 771

The man was already bruised and swollen as he lay on the ground lifelessly. He was dying and had no strength to fight back.

Weston was undoubtedly terrifying in this state. Soon, a sweet and fishy smell filled the air.

Stella felt nauseous and subconsciously heaved. Her body tensed and kept trembling uncontrollably. She bit her lower lip tightly and could not help but dry heave a few times.

She did not even have the strength to stand, and her face was as pale as a sheet.

Weston heard her voice and stopped. He gave the man in front of him a cold glance, then slammed him to the ground and walked toward Stella.

“Stella, come here.” His voice had a hint of urgency. The sound of his breath was like a whistle.

He picked Stella into his arms and held her tightly.

Weston hugged her tightly in his arms, as if trying to make her one with him.

His hostile eyes were so red and bloodshot but filled with other deeper feelings as well. Strong reluctance, regret, and anger... But more than anything else was the

heartache for the woman in his arms.

Weston was at his breaking point, but he restrained himself and gently held Stella in his arms. He brushed her hair gently and tried to ease her fears. “It’s okay now.”

He looked down at her with endless tenderness for her in his eyes. “Don’t be afraid. I’m here.”

Stella looked up at him and met his gaze. Her eyes were red. She pursed her lips in silence and was still trembling.

She could not deny it. The moment she saw him, her tension had eased. Although she rejected him and wanted to run away from him, she could not help but feel safe in his presence.

The night’s fear swept over her and drowned her like a tidal wave over her body.

Stella moved a little and could not hold back her tears anymore. At last, tears streamed down her cheek. She did not cry loudly. She only let out two choked sobs. Her restrained sobbing was more heartbreaking than anything

Weston was devastated to see her being hurt. He hugged her, lowered his head, and kissed away the tears from her face little by little. He was heartbroken. He held her incredibly gently, as if he was holding a fragile doll. "I'm here." He kept emphasizing and repeating, "I'm right here."

Stella trembled more. She slowly grabbed his shirt and buried her face in his arms. As she wet his shirt with her tears, all her cries were silenced in his arms.

"I'm here. Don't be afraid..." Weston held her and soothed her patiently. His voice was low as he whispered in her ear to calm her, "Stella, don't be afraid."

The harsh yet familiar voice soothed her deepest fears. She cried in silence as Weston murmured, "I'm here. You're safe now. No one will hurt you."

Stella did not cry when the kidnappers got her. She did not cry when they locked her in the room. The man almost took advantage of her, but she did not cry either.

She knew she was safe in Weston's arms now. She knew she was finally safe from the humiliation and pain, but she could not help but cry.

She could not shut off the raging storm of grievance, sadness, and despair in her. She had been under so much stress dealing with Weston. With all the things she had been through...

Stella could not think of anything else. She wrapped her arms around his waist and buried her face deeper into his chest

"Weston ..." Her voice trembled. Her reliance on him conveyed her intentions. She wanted him to hold her closer.

Weston understood her message. He looked down, kissed her hair, and held her tighter. "Yeah."

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 772

Chapter 772

Weston pursed his lips and looked at her with a fixed gaze and deep eyes. He only had her reflections in his eyes. 'I should not have left her alone in that place,' Weston thought. If he had not let her stay out there alone, Guinevere would not have gotten the chance to hurt her, and the incident today would not have happened.

He suddenly recalled the day Stella had leaped from the rooftop. He could not help feeling like he would lose her again after he had learned that she had disappeared from the hotel.

He had already lost her once. He could not bear to lose her again. It was too tormenting for him. That feeling of loss never left him, but fortunately, she was still here. Fortunately, she was still unharmed.

Weston breathed a sigh and picked her up. He adjusted her position so that she was more comfortable in his arms.

“I won’t let you go again,” he said, as if to soothe her. It also sounded like a vow.

Ben stood at the door and controlled the traffic in and out. They had sealed off the bar.

No one was allowed to leave without permission.

When Stella had calmed down a little, Weston gave Ben a look.

Ben understood at once. After that, a few bodyguards came in to drag the half-dead man away. Weston had indeed used all his force to beat him up. That man lay lifelessly on the ground like he was already dead. He could not resist when the bodyguards lifted him and dragged him to the floor. Stella took a deep breath and finally came to her senses.

“Stella,” Weston called out to her. When he looked down and saw her torn clothes and unzipped zipper, his eyes turned grim. Those people deserved to die.

The man in the summer shirt was dragged away.

Ben stood in front of him. He could not resist, so he turned around and kicked him hard in the stomach.

“You piece of sh*t!” He cursed angrily and grabbed him by his collar. When he saw his hands, it felt like an eyesore.

Ben wanted to break his arms too, but he was one step too late.

Weston had broken the man’s arms earlier. Both his arms were hanging limply there. It was obvious that Weston had tortured him hard.

That explained why he had already passed out. He did not show a single response to their rough treatment.

“You piece of sh*t. How dare you hurt Mrs. Ford!”

Ben felt that his punishment was not enough. He pulled a knife out of his palm and lifted the man's hand. Then, he slashed the man's palm a little by a little and let the blood drip

"I'll cripple your arms for Mr. Ford today!"

Weston had already broken his hands earlier. Even so, Ben's action still caused him great pain. As expected, the man, who had passed out earlier, woke up in pain the next second and howled.

"Oww!" His face was pale. He looked like he was taking his last breath as beads of sweat rolled down his face.

He barely had the strength to say the words to beg for mercy. He could only stare at the man in front of him with blurry eyes while the corners of his mouth kept twitching

Stella suddenly looked up from Weston's arm at the sound of his voice. She just kept staring at the scene before her.

Weston looked down at her and furrowed his brows slightly. Immediately, he used his hand to cover her eyes.

"Don't look, Stella."

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 773

Chapter 773

Stella grabbed his hand and shook her head slowly.

Her eyes gradually became firm as she watched the man get beaten up. She finally opened her mouth and spoke her first sentence. "I want to see him beg for mercy."

Weston's eyes moved. He looked at the woman in his arms with a sullen gaze. At last, he put down his hand and interlocked his fingers with hers. He was holding her tightly.

Stella watched as the man lay on the floor, breathless. He was crying for mercy, but soon, his voice became weak, and he fell to the floor.

As he fell to the ground, he hit the floor with a loud thud and stopped struggling. Stella looked away after that.

Weston knew the limit. Besides, he knew that Ben, who was next to him, would make this man's life a living hell.

For a moment, Stella felt it would be better to let this man die on the spot. Based on his reaction earlier, it was clear that he was experienced in this. He might have hurt many other innocent girls in the same manner.

What made her feel even sicker was... they were all connected to Guinevere.

The perpetrator might not be working for Guinevere, but

he was the same kind of person as her.

The room was cold and dark. It was obvious that it was a special room for these people with different kinks. The whips and shackles were just there. Stella could not help but shiver by just looking at them.

Weston sensed her emotions and remained silent. He lowered his head to kiss her forehead, and then picked her up in his arms and walked away.

The man on the ground was covered in blood. When they passed him, Stella suddenly clutched Weston's shirt tightly. Weston's eyes turned dark. He only hugged her tighter.

Ben stood outside the door and asked, "Mr. Ford, about that other party..."

"Investigate it." Weston stopped in his tracks and commanded in a cold voice without any trace of warmth, "Don't let anyone off the hook. Find out everyone who's involved."

He would not spare anyone that was involved in this.

The aura around Weston was full of murderous intent, unlike his usual cool and elegant aura. His fury was crystal -clear.

Ben had worked for him for years. He knew Weston was furious and would not stop before there was a bloodbath.

This time, Weston had used many people to look for

Stella. He had mobilized not only his men but also Henry's hidden forces. It was clear how much he valued this woman.

Weston carried Stella out and stood in front of the group. He swept a cold glance at them.

The group of men immediately lowered their heads nervously.

They were at the border between Ahn City and Fern City. The two bustling cities were not far from each other.

It was not easy to control an area on the border, so there was a gap.

Law and order here were less strict than in the two cities. Many people took advantage of this gap and would do some trading in the gray area here. This bar was an obvious example. There were many forces here, and no one was really in charge. Even if someone was in charge, they would cover the illegal trades here, which made this place a big trading ground.

When the one in charge heard the commotion here, he quickly got out of bed and rushed over. "Mr. Ford, I didn't know you were coming over so suddenly. I'm sorry..."

Weston gave him a cold look. "Are you in charge of this place?"

"Yes, I am!"

"You allowed such a large underground exchange to operate here. Now, I'm wondering where all the money I've donated over the years has gone."

The one in charge paled. He could only smile and try to flatter him. "It was a mistake on our part. I'm sorry, I'm

sorry..."

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 774

Chapter 774

When the bar owner had received the news, he had quickly rushed over

The bar owner had wanted to rely on his connection with the person in charge to resolve the matter, but the moment he saw Weston, a cold chill ran up his spine.

Certain people carried an aura strong enough to intimidate others just by standing there. The bar owner did not know who he was, but he knew he could not afford to mess with him.

Weston had the innate aura of a powerful man. With just a look, his action would give others endless pressure.

The bar owner saw Weston carrying a woman in his arms and know something bad might have happened. He went up to him and apologized without hesitation,

"Sir I'm really sorry! I'm the only one in charge here and neglected this. I wouldn't dare to let anything happen to your woman! How about this... You've taught the customer a

lesson earlier. From now on, we'll never let him set foot here again. We'll leave him to you to do as you please. What do you think?"

He did not know who Weston really was, but he could tell he was very powerful. He noticed the person in charge with the most power here was keeping his head down in silence, ready to accept his scolding. Needless to say, it was the same for him. He did not want to provoke Weston's wrath.

Weston was concerned about Stella in his arms, so he did not stay for long. Before he left, he only said, "I don't want this place to operate ever again."

After saying that, he carried Stella and left. He left Ben to deal with the rest of the matter.

While he walked out, he carried Stella tightly in his arms. He put the blazer over her face and covered her, blocking the view of the outside world.

Stella was still emotionally unstable. She was in bad shape and trembling continuously. She clutched the man's shirt tightly and refused to let go.

A black Cullinan was waiting outside the bar. Weston leaned in and got into the car with her in his arms.

While in a trance, Stella noticed the crash marks on the front of the car. However, they were not very obvious. She pursed her lips tightly and buried her face in his arms without saying anything and asked no questions.

The back seat of the Cullinan was very spacious. The two of them had done a lot of things here before.

Weston held her and sat her down on top of him. He gently stroked her hair and soothed her silently. During the whole journey, Stella remained silent.

She just lay quietly in his arms and looked ahead with her empty eyes. She looked a little dazed and lost in thoughts.

Weston remained silent. Words were not needed at a time like this. He just held her quietly, feeling her warmth and making sure she was right in his arms.

Weston regretted it a little. Stella was throwing a tantrum. Even so, he should not have left her alone and let her go. Whenever she was out of his sight, something bad would happen to her. She would be bullied. If he had been a little late...

The man's face tensed and turned grim.

Stella sensed that something was wrong. Weston's hold on her was getting stronger, so much so that he might break her.

She looked up to see Weston's perfect side profile and noticed his grim face. It was clear that he was restraining himself.

When Weston noticed her gaze, he looked down and met her eyes. The two were still arguing before and had said some harsh words to each other. Yet at this moment, they stayed silent in unison and quietly looked at each other without making a sound. After a long time, Weston could not help but put his hand over and cover her eyes. "Don't look at me like that." He said, "Stella, don't look at me like that."

The vulnerability and pain in her eyes were too obvious. He was afraid that if he continued to look into her eyes, he would not be able to resist the urge to kill.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 775

Chapter 775

They arrived at the best private hospital in Ahn City. It was equipped with high-end facilities and built specially to serve the rich. The costly service in the hospital was built for the wealthy.

Weston came over with Stella in his arms. The dean himself had come to meet them. The people guarding outside were all Weston's men, which showed Stella's importance to him. Ben led the bodyguards and waited outside, forbidding anyone to go in.

In the emergency room. The door was closed tightly. A group of bodyguards in black waited outside with a solemn look

Weston pressed his lips tightly. He stood in front of the door and kept looking at the emergency room in silence. The aura around him was intimidating and unapproachable. No one dared to come up to him. Weston wanted to go in with Stella, but she was hurt and needed treatment.

Therefore, he waited outside while the doctors took care of her injuries.

Anyone could tell that he was in a bad mood.

Ben could not help but complain about the doctors in his mind. They were a little dense and overly rule – abiding

Weston was obviously very worried about Stella's safety. They could have just let him in. Was it really a big deal?

His presence might delay the treatment progress slightly, but it was not a big deal. Why should the people waiting outside suffer from Weston's silent anger?

Ben was more surprised that an egotistical man like Weston was willing to listen to the doctor's advice. He actually waited outside obediently. This was new to Ben. It seemed like Stella was really important to Weston.

Sometime later, a sudden noise came from the room. It sounded like a banging noise and things dropping to the floor.

A nurse came out in a hurry and said to Weston, "Mrs. Ford isn't in good condition... She's very repulsive to others and refuses to let anyone go near her! We can't even treat her wounds, but her wounds need urgent attention."

These people did not know Stella's relationship with Weston. Judging from the way they came in and Weston's nervousness, they had assumed they were married.

Weston did not correct her, so the nurse continued referring to Stella as Mrs. Ford.

Weston remained silent, but the aura around him turned

colder. He furrowed his brow slightly and walked straight

Not anyone could enter the intensive care ward. The nurse wanted to stop him. "Wait..."

The moment she spoke, she quickly shut up. She realized that Weston was not someone she could stop. Besides, he had no intention of listening to her and strode in without hesitation.

Meanwhile, in the ward.

Stella cowered motionlessly at the end of the bed. Her hair was messy. She kept her head down and curled into a ball.

When Weston came in, that was the first thing he saw.

She had curled herself into a ball and buried her head deep between her knees. She refused to let anyone look at her and would not look at anyone either.

Whenever someone tried to approach her, she would keep moving backward, as if to avoid something.

If someone tried to touch her forcibly, she would go mad and suddenly rise to attack the person who tried to touch her.

"Go away! Get lost!"

“Don’t touch me...”

She muttered with blank eyes, “Leave me alone...”

Weston frowned with a heavy expression. “What’s wrong with her?”

Chapter 776

The moment the doctor saw him enter, it was as if he had seen his life savior.

“Mr. Ford!”

He said hesitantly, “Her current condition is rather complicated...”

“Is it serious?” Weston knitted his eyebrows.

When he was talking to the doctor, his eyes were fixed on

Stella.

The doctor replied, “She’s only suffered some minor injuries. There won’t be anything serious as long as they are treated properly. It’s just that...”

He swept a glance at Stella and sighed. “It’s hard for us to treat her wounds now that she’s like this, even though they’re not big. Coming out from a place like that, she might be infected by some kind of germs. If her wounds are not treated as soon as possible, it would be a problem. Things will get very bad if she is infected.”

He continued, “We tried sedating the lady, but she did not cooperate. We were afraid of hurting her, so...”

Weston nodded without saying anything.

He looked at Stella, who had been keeping her head

down, and walked toward her. “Stella.”

Stella did not respond while her eyes remained lowered.

Weston approached her slowly and stood still.

The surrounding nurses did not dare to go near her. Only he walked to her gently and reached out to her...

Right at the moment he was about to touch Stella, she shuddered violently, and the spikes of alertness stood up all over her body. “Don’t touch me!”

When everyone thought that she was going to push him away, she did not move. She just shouted and then froze in place.

“Stella, it’s me...”

Weston let out a sigh of relief. His tone was full of sadness and tenderness that even he did not notice. He put his palm on her forehead and rubbed it gently. “It’s me.”

A familiar and refreshing smell filled her nostrils.

Stella smelled the strong ebony scent on his body. When the man in the speakeasy was holding her, all she could smell was his disgusting scent.

It was Weston’s appearance and his scent that brought her back to reality.

It was him...

As if realizing she had been saved, her tense body eased a bit as she let out a whimper.

“Weston...”

A long time after she called his name, she slowly loosened her grip and finally lifted her face.

Her eyes were out of focus at first. It was when she saw Weston that her gaze gradually came to a focus.

“You are here.”

Her voice was low and hoarse, but it was not difficult to hear her dependence on Weston.

He could not describe his feelings when seeing her in such a state.

He just wanted to take her in his arms immediately, soothe her, kiss her, and tell her that he would never leave her again and that he would always protect her.

The man sat beside her without any disguise and swept her into his arms.

He carefully avoided the tiny wounds on her body. “Don’t be scared. I am here.

“Don’t be scared.” Weston did not know that there would be a time he could be this patient. He did not have any other thought in his mind. All he had in his mind was her.

Stella started to show an expression on her face, unlike when she was repulsing the doctor and the nurses.

She pressed her lips very hard, not wanting to let herself cry. Her lips had turned white from the biting, and a trace of blood oozed from them.

Weston did not want to see her self-mutilating behavior. He lowered his head and kissed her on her lips. "Don't bite yourself."

He pried her teeth apart little by little until she released them.

Then, he whispered into her ear. "Be a good girl and let the doctor treat you."

She did not say anything and simply looked ahead blankly.

He sighed and kissed her ear. "You need to be treated. I will bring you home when it's done, okay?"

"Home?" Stella did not say anything and only repeated this one word.

Then, she looked up at him with teary eyes. "I want to go home."

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 776

Chapter 776

The moment the doctor saw him enter, it was as if he had seen his life savior.

"Mr. Ford!"

He said hesitantly, "Her current condition is rather complicated..."

"Is it serious?" Weston knitted his eyebrows.

When he was talking to the doctor, his eyes were fixed on

Stella.

The doctor replied, "She's only suffered some minor injuries. There won't be anything serious as long as they are treated properly. It's just that..."

He swept a glance at Stella and sighed. "It's hard for us to treat her wounds now that she's like this, even though they're not big. Coming out from a place like that, she might be infected by some kind of germs. If her wounds are not treated as soon as possible, it would be a problem. Things will get very bad if she is infected."

He continued, "We tried sedating the lady, but she did not cooperate. We were afraid of hurting her, so..."

Weston nodded without saying anything.

He looked at Stella, who had been keeping her head down, and walked toward her. "Stella."

Stella did not respond while her eyes remained lowered.

Weston approached her slowly and stood still.

The surrounding nurses did not dare to go near her. Only he walked to her gently and reached out to her...

Right at the moment he was about to touch Stella, she shuddered violently, and the spikes of alertness stood up all over her body. "Don't touch me!"

When everyone thought that she was going to push him away, she did not move. She just shouted and then froze in place.

"Stella, it's me..."

Weston let out a sigh of relief. His tone was full of sadness and tenderness that even he did not notice. He put his palm on her forehead and rubbed it gently. "It's me."

A familiar and refreshing smell filled her nostrils.

Stella smelled the strong ebony scent on his body. When the man in the speakeasy was holding her, all she could smell was his disgusting scent.

It was Weston's appearance and his scent that brought her back to reality.

It was him...

As if realizing she had been saved, her tense body eased a bit as she let out a whimper.

"Weston..."

A long time after she called his name, she slowly loosened her grip and finally lifted her face.

Her eyes were out of focus at first. It was when she saw Weston that her gaze gradually came to a focus.

"You are here."

Her voice was low and hoarse, but it was not difficult to hear her dependence on Weston.

He could not describe his feelings when seeing her in such a state.

He just wanted to take her in his arms immediately, soothe her, kiss her, and tell her that he would never leave her again and that he would always protect her.

The man sat beside her without any disguise and swept her into his arms.

He carefully avoided the tiny wounds on her body. "Don't be scared. I am here.

"Don't be scared." Weston did not know that there would be a time he could be this patient. He did not have any other thought in his mind. All he had in his mind was her.

Stella started to show an expression on her face, unlike when she was repulsing the doctor and the nurses.

She pressed her lips very hard, not wanting to let herself cry. Her lips had turned white from the biting, and a trace of blood oozed from them.

Weston did not want to see her self-mutilating behavior. He lowered his head and kissed her on her lips. "Don't bite yourself."

He pried her teeth apart little by little until she released them.

Then, he whispered into her ear. "Be a good girl and let the doctor treat you."

She did not say anything and simply looked ahead blankly.

He sighed and kissed her ear. "You need to be treated. I will bring you home when it's done, okay?"

"Home?" Stella did not say anything and only repeated this one word.

Then, she looked up at him with teary eyes. "I want to go home."

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 777

Chapter 777

Weston's heart turned mushy at once.

"Okay." He rested his forehead against hers.

Though he only gave her a one-word reply, there was actually a turbulence in his heart.

He should not have let her out of his sight.

No matter how much she made a scene, he would never let her leave his side again.

He hugged her and asked the doctor to come forward to treat her wound.

Seeing his signal, the doctor came over with the gauze carefully.

“I shall disinfect her wound now...”

But the moment his hand touched her skin, she shook his hand off her violently.

“Don’t, don’t touch me!

“Don’t touch me!”

Stella, who had calmed down with much difficulty, was suddenly emotional again.

She was trembling, clinging to the man’s waist and burrowing her face into his arms. “Don’t touch me! Go away! Go away...”

Her memory seemed to be out of whack.

For one moment, she reacted like she was in the speakeasy with that man.

In the next moment, she thought she was on the balcony that night, when the kidnapper had held a knife against her and threatened to humiliate her before her death.

The faces of those men kept appearing before her eyes, trapping her in the dark abyss where she was unable to escape.

He held her tightly and soothed her. He could feel her shivering again, and his heart ached. However, all he could do was say to her patiently, “Don’t be scared. I am here. No one will be able to do anything to you anymore.” She closed her eyes tightly and started crying. “Dad, Mom, don’t leave me alone...”

“Don’t leave me alone...”

Her voice was choking with emotions.

It had been too long.

She had been holding on alone for too long.

She suddenly missed her parents very much. Ever since they died, she did not dare to be weak, nor did she dare to rely on anyone or stop.

Even when she had to face all the difficulties alone, she could only bite the bullet and walk on.

She did not dare to slack in the slightest.

But she was really tired.

She was exasperated. She had devoted herself to protecting her family, yet they left her one by one in the end.

And her baby...

She suddenly touched her belly as tears rolled down her face.

“Don’t leave me alone... my baby...”

When he heard the two words, the man’s eyes flickered, and he tightened his arms slowly.

He knew that the biggest barrier that straddled the two was the child.

He felt a deep sense of helplessness.

Though he was nearly invincible , he could not bring the dead back to life.

This was the only thing he could not do.

But it was what she wanted the most. “I will give you a child.”

Weston held her tightly and kissed her ear, slowly sliding down her face.

“Trust me, Stella.”

Stella kept shaking her head, as if she couldn’t hear him.

Her mood was up and down. She was clearly irritated and looked a bit dazed.

A psychiatrist had reminded him once that he should pay attention to Stella’s mood because she had shown signs of major depression. He sighed and said to the doctor, “Give it to me.”

He would treat her wound himself.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 778

She would not let any other people touch her, so he was the only one who could get close to her.

This was the only way that she could be treated.

The doctor nodded and instructed him from the side. "Disinfect her wound with iodophor first."

His movement was very gentle. He seemed to be scared that he would hurt her, so he instinctively blew on her wound softly.

Ben was shocked to see such a gentle side of Weston when he came in after dealing with the matters.

He could not believe that a man like Weston would actually blow on someone's wound while treating it.

Was he so scared that she would feel the pain?

He had things to tell him when he came in, but now, he had forgotten everything and was standing blankly at the door.

He was undecided about what to do next.

Although Stella's injury was not serious, there were a lot of scratches on her body. It should take him quite some time to treat the small wounds all over her body.

Some of the wounds were hidden in other parts of her body.

Seeing this, the rest of the people left the place in understanding

After all, judging from Weston's possessiveness of Stella, he certainly would not want them to be present.

After much consideration, Ben did not report the matter and left with the rest.

He took another glance before closing the door behind him and leaving the place.

Weston's movement was already very gentle, but Stella still shuddered in pain. Her wounds were bleeding after all.

Even though she was in pain, she gritted her teeth to not let herself make any sound.

When he saw that a new wound had been added to her wounded lips, he sighed helplessly. "Silly girl."

He put down the ointment in his hand, lifted her chin, and kissed her on the lips.

He licked her wound with his warm tongue carefully.

Stella jerked her eyes open and looked at him. "Mmph...".

His eyes darkened. Suppressing his urge to deepen his kiss, he let go of her. "Stop biting your lips."

She pursed her lips without saying anything in acquiescence.

But when it hurt, she still could not help but bite her lips subconsciously.

As a result, as soon as she bit her lips, he would stop and kiss her.

He would do the same thing every time without exception.

She blushed and finally stopped biting herself.

Lying in his arms, she obediently allowed him to treat her wounds.

When he had finished treating all the wounds, she had already dozed off.

Having cried earlier, she fell asleep quickly. There were still traces of tears on her face.

After confirming that she was really asleep, he called the doctor in. "Give her another detailed examination and take care of the rest of the wounds. There can't be a single slip-up."

"Yes, Mr. Ford."

Although he had been very thorough just now, he was not a professional.

He had to make sure that nothing was wrong and could only rest assured after a thorough examination.

Ben couldn't help but sigh in his mind.

He was thinking that she had complete control over his boss.

In the corridor.

Weston had regained his usual icy indifference.

Perhaps it was because the side of him he had seen just now was too shocking, Ben could not come back to his senses for a moment. "Mr. Ford, I have taken care of the matter."

Weston hummed in reply and glanced in the direction of the ward.

Stella was still lying weakly on the hospital bed.

She could only be sleeping peacefully because of the sedatives administered to her just now. Her face was still as white as a sheet. Although her injury was not serious, her body was still covered with wounds. Even her head was wrapped in bandages, and it made her look scary.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 779

Chapter 779

The man's eyes darkened and were tainted with a hostile aura.

"What did she say?"

"Ms. Cohen still wouldn't admit it. She said she just happened to pass by there..."

Weston suddenly ripped open his collar and sneered. "If she is so stubborn, I will think of a way to pry her mouth open."

Guinevere sat on the chair anxiously. The moment she saw Weston come in, she stood up immediately. "This really has nothing to do with me! Weston—"

Before she could finish, the man closed the door with a bang.

"Sit down."

His tone was monotonous, without excessive emotions.

But Guinevere could feel terrifying oppression from the aura around him.

"Weston, 1—"

"Can't you understand my words?"

Guinevere shut her mouth and slowly sat down.

But she still tried to defend herself. "I don't know why Ella was there—"

"Don't tell me it was just a coincidence." Weston interrupted

Guinevere's eyes flashed with anxiety. "What if I say that it was just a coincidence?"

Weston did not say anything.

Guinevere's face changed, then she suddenly walked up to him and whispered, "Is something wrong with Ella? It looks to me like you're in a hurry."

She looked like she was trying to steer clear of the accusation in silence. She was being rather truthful with her acting skill as a famous actress.

"Do you know the two people over there?"

After he said that, Ben came out from behind her.

Two brawny men were pushed forward. They stumbled and kneeled in front of her.

Her face paled immediately, and she stumbled a few steps backward. "I— I don't know them!"

The two men were smart enough to say the same thing after looking at her for a moment. They stuttered, "We don't know her!"

Ben smirked. "You are still too stubborn to admit it, eh?"

He kicked one of the men in the back.

The man fell straight to the ground and spat out a mouthful of blood.

Weston

walked to the side and sat down. His long legs wrapped under his suit pants were filled with beastly power. He

looked at the two men on the ground indifferently. "Since you won't tell the truth, it's useless to keep your tongues. I should just cut them off."

The man widened his eyes immediately. "No! You can't! Don't!"

Ben nodded and approached them with a knife. "Who's first?"

The two struggled backward desperately.

One of them could not withstand it and looked at Guinevere. "What the hell is going on? Didn't you say that there'd be nothing dangerous?"

"You promised to give us the money once we get the person! Why are you cutting off our tongues now?"

They had already agreed when they received the money that they would part ways as soon as the matter was over. But now, they had been caught by these two mysterious men who wanted to cut off their tongues!

Guinevere looked away coldly. "I don't know what you are talking about. I don't know you at all..."

Weston looked at his watch nonchalantly. "She said that she doesn't know you. Open your eyes wide and look carefully. Do you know her?"

One of the men still refused to say anything. Perhaps he wanted to get that money, so he begged, "Please spare us! We really do not know her..."

"Are you sure?"

Weston repeated his question. He sniggered and signalled Ben. "It seems like his eyes are useless as well. Let's gouge them out."

"Yes, Mr. Ford."

After getting the order, Ben walked up to them and swung his knife in front of their eyes.

"Don't! We really do not know her... Argh!"

Suddenly, a miserable scream was heard.

One of the men's eyes was gouged out directly. It was dripping with blood.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 780

Chapter 780

The other man did not expect he would really do it and fell limp in fear.

"I-I'll tell you!"

He said warily, "We know her. She gave us money to take that woman away."

"You're lying!" Guinevere rushed to him and shouted emotionally, "You're slandering me!" After saying that, she looked at Weston again. "Weston, don't believe them. I really

didn't do it. They're slandering me!"

Weston looked at her indifferently. There was no warmth in his eyes at all. "If you don't know them, why would they slander you?"

Guinevere pressed her lips and was at a loss for words. "You suspect me and think I'm targeting Ella?"

Weston pulled his collar. It was his habitual action when he was irritated. "It's not a suspicion."

He stared at her. "It's a certainty."

Guinevere widened her eyes and laughed bitterly. "Since you have already declared me guilty, what else can I say?" She suddenly stepped forward and grabbed the man's wrist. With a choking voice, she said, "You've changed... Weston, you wouldn't have done this before. There is no evidence of anything, so why are you so eager to return a verdict? Do you care about that woman that much?"

Weston shook off her hand. "Stay here until it is over."

After saying that, he turned around and was ready to leave.

Guinevere called out to him. "Are you trying to place me under house arrest?"

All she got in response was the man's leaving back view.

When Stella woke up, she found herself in an unfamiliar room.

She sat up with a jolt. Thinking that she was still in that dark basement, she subconsciously pulled the blanket off herself and wanted to leave.

The next second, she fell into a warm embrace.

A low crisp voice came from above her head. "I'm here. Where are you going?" Stella was instantly relieved. Her stiff body relaxed, and she leaned on his arms. "I thought I..."

She did not finish what she had wanted to say and shut her mouth. When she surveyed her surroundings and found that she was in a ward, her mind cleared up a bit.

Remembering what had happened earlier, Stella's eyes darkened. She looked at Weston. "Thank you for saving me."

Weston turned on the lights, and the room was brightly lit.

He looked at her. "If you really want to thank me, then don't say it." She lay in the bed and closed her eyes with a pained expression on her face. He frowned and sat beside her. He helped her up and asked, "What's wrong? Are you feeling unwell somewhere?"

She shook her head and said, "I am just a bit dizzy."

He massaged the back of her head. "You got hit with a stick here. There is some bruising, but luckily, there will not be any complications. Anyway, you will feel dizzy, so just bear with it for a while."

She nodded.

Weston checked on her wound again. After making sure that the bandages were secure, he took her into his arms again.

He rested his chin on her head and sighed. "Stella, do you know how long you've slept?" She did not wake up from last night until the next afternoon.

He lifted her chin and made her look into his eyes. "Don't run away from home again."

"I wasn't running away," Stella frowned and said automatically.

She had really wanted to leave him, but she didn't dare to say it.

After all, he had just saved her.

1

Weston knew what she wanted to say but he did not reply. He put his thumbs against her cheek and rubbed them slowly. "How can I rest assured if you cannot even take care of yourself? Don't ever act rashly again."