

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 901

Chapter 901

Stella stood in front of the full-length mirror, wearing a long white lace dress. She gazed at her reflection and got lost in her own thoughts for a while.

She hadn't had her makeup done yet. Her naturally black hair cascaded down her shoulders. It had been a long time since she got a haircut, so her hair was now very long indeed. She never dyed, straightened, or curled her hair, so it was very soft and glossy. Its inky blackness also contrasted very well with her snowy white skin.

Even without the makeup on, she looked so exquisite that the staff around her couldn't help but stare at her in awe.

"You look absolutely beautiful, Madam!"

A woman in a suit walked up to help her tidy up the fishtail hem of her dress.

The top of her dress was simple but elegant. Smooth lines followed the curves of her body to complement her figure. From the waist down, a thin but delicate layer of lace covered the main body of the dress. The finished product might seem simple, but it had been, in fact, made with meticulous care, with all its embroidery handmade. The little butterfly details were veiled under a thin layer of tulle fabric, fluttering like real butterflies whenever Stella moved.

All in all, it was a truly magnificent wedding dress that exuded refinement and craftsmanship.

The designer was sure that once the dress appeared at the wedding, it would cause a sensation within the fashion industry.

Each of Stella's dresses had been specially designed for her by a renowned designer hired by Weston. Among the hundreds of different wedding dress styles, they eventually decided on two: a modern wedding dress and a traditional wedding dress.

This meant that in addition to the lavish silk dress that she was wearing, there would be another one made for her in the traditional style. Extravagant golden embroidery lined the dress, including a stately pattern of a phoenix from the collection of an old friend of Warren Ford's who was an archaeology professor.

To think that they even bought someone else's family heirloom just to make this explicitly demonstrated the arduous time and effort had been put into this wedding.

The traditional dress was kept at Ford Mansion, so they couldn't bring it out whenever they wanted. Basically, most people would only ever set eyes on it on the wedding day itself.

Despite all this, Stella had no particular interest in the dress. The only thing on her mind was...

"This is a bit heavy, isn't it?"

Although it did look exquisite, Stella couldn't help but feel an oppressive weight bearing on her as she wore it.

"It is an elaborate dress, after all," the designer explained with a smile. "Naturally, it carries some weight. Besides, each of these butterflies is made differently. Their wings shine and glisten with real diamonds... You can't blame the dress for being heavy!"

Stella looked down and took a closer look at the fine details on the dress.

"You're right..."

Each butterfly was its own unique piece.

"How did you guys manage to do this in such a short time?"

"Mr. Ford emphasized from the beginning that he needed the dresses made as quickly as possible," explained the designer. "So we worked day and night and spared no expense to meet his request. We did meet challenges and were worried that we might miss the deadline, but Mr. Ford increased the budget significantly, and we finally managed to complete them."

Stella was speechless, daring not to imagine how much these dresses might cost. To think that so much was spent on dresses that would only be worn once... nothing would be done with them after the wedding except to be kept in storage somewhere.

Seeing that Stella had fallen silent, the designer feared that there was something wrong with the dress.

"If there's anything that you're dissatisfied with, Madam, we'll fix it right away!"

"No," Stella hurriedly waved her hand. "Both dresses are stunning."

She looked again at her own reflection with mixed feelings.

Most women dreamed about wearing beautiful wedding dresses one day, and Stella herself was no exception. Yet she probably

would have no chance of wearing it on the wedding day. She also might never have a chance to wear another wedding dress ever again for the rest of her life.

She smiled wryly.

But at least she could appreciate wearing it now.

"I'm glad to hear it, Madam! Now, let's try the wedding toast dress..."

"What?" Stella was stunned. "There's more?!"

“Of course!” replied the designer cordially. “We’ve prepared many options for you, and we strive for perfection in each dress

par

Before she could finish her sentence, Weston suddenly pulled the curtain away and strode in from the other side of the room.

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Chapter 902 “Mr. Ford...”

“Good afternoon Mr. Ford!”

The room was filled with voices greeting Weston.

He nodded slightly at everyone in acknowledgment, before his eyes fell on Stella, and his eyes stayed glued on her.

The sight of her in the wedding dress mesmerized him so much that he could only stand in complete silence.

The last time they got married, all they did was sign their names on dotted lines and not much else. Stella was not someone special to him back then, so he didn’t bother making any effort. Though he treated her with dignity and respect, the fact remained that he didn’t have any feelings for her.

In the end, all they did was invite Roger out for dinner. He didn’t even inform any of his friends or family. He remembered how Stella thanked him for settling her brother’s medical bills. The overall impression the day left on his mind was that the marriage was a transactional exchange.

Yet, before he could realize it, his mind would shift to Stella every time he stood on top of a high-rise building and looked down at the crowd on the ground. Anytime he thought of home, the image of her would pop up.

“Are you done testing your wedding suit, Mr. Ford? Madam still has a few dresses to try on. Would you mind sitting here for a

while?” the designer asked, breaking his thoughts.

“There are some magazines for you to browse here,” said another staff member. Weston was now surrounded by a few people trying to serve him. “Would you like a cup of coffee, Mr. Ford?”

“I don’t need anything,” he told them, signaling them to leave him alone.

All along, his eyes were glued on his bride, who was standing in front of the mirror, wearing a long white wedding dress.

He had always known that she was beautiful.

But her beauty was subtle. Her beauty demanded to be savored slowly and patiently, a beauty that compelled him to cherish her and protect her carefully.

To him, beautiful women were a dime a dozen. He had always been surrounded by attractive people all his life, not to mention the aristocratic roots he hailed from. He was used to having the best of everything, including beautiful admirers. Guinevere, for example, was a gorgeous woman who had been in love with him for as long as he could remember. Not to mention all the other girls from wealthy and powerful families who adored and admired him.

Yet none of their beauty enthralled him enough to warm up to them in a way he’d examine their beauty intimately.

But Stella’s beauty did...

He wanted to see her face without makeup. He wanted to see her all made up and glamorous. He wanted to see her try

elegant dresses and precious jewelry of all manner. He wanted to see her all stripped, without so much a stitch to hide her bare body from his probing eyes.

And she was now his bride.

Stella looked up to see Weston in through the mirror where their eyes met

She smiled at him and asked, “How do I look?”

“Stunning,” he replied.

Their conversation sounded simple and almost mundane, but each step Weston took to get to Stella betrayed the underlying current of violent passion bubbling under his skin.

At the same time, Stella was examining Weston too. Compared to the bride’s dress, the groom’s wedding suit looked much simpler. The black suit he donned himself was decorated with golden embroidery at the cuffs, echoing the patterns on her wedding dress.

He looked nothing short of aristocratic, perhaps even princely.

The color black suited him very well. Some people looked like bank managers when they wore black suits, but on Weston, it only heightened the air of grandeur and superiority he always had about him.

He stopped right behind Stella and wrapped his arms around her waist before telling her, “You look beautiful.”

He leaned down until his lips brushed against her ear and looked into her eyes through the mirror.

“Very beautiful,” he emphasized in a voice deeper and huskier than before. His warm breath tickled her ear.

“Stella... You’re mine.”

On the eve of the wedding day, Stella had assumed that she would be able to have a good rest, but Weston had been ravishing her all day with even more ferociousness than usual.

In fact, he had been no different from a savage beast ever since they got back from trying on their wedding outfits. All the while, his eyes had bewitched themselves on her, eyes that gleamed with a greedy possessiveness.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 903

Chapter 903 Exhausted after a few rounds of sex, she begged with a husky voice, “The wedding is tomorrow. If there are red marks all over me, how am I supposed to wear the wedding dress?”

Only then did the hard-working man pause momentarily.

His thin lips moved away from her delicate cheek and kissed gently on it again before he let go of her. “After tomorrow’s wedding ceremony, I need to buy more condoms.”

Stella was already in a daze because of him, and now, doubts arose in her mind.

“Why do you wear it only occasionally ? Don’t you use it all the time or not use it if you don’t want to?”

The man smirked and pulled her arms around his waist. His force was a little greater than before.

“If I give you too much, you won’t be able to accept it, so I’ll just block out some.”

“You...”

Unsure if he had said that on purpose, Stella blushed. “You don’t always be so, so...”

“So what, huh?”

“So shameless...”

Weston lowered his head and nibbled on her cheek. “Why would I need that? I just need you.”

At midnight, perhaps her exhaustion caused her mind to sober up a bit.

She was carried by the man to wash up and was tucked into bed. She should have slept until he got up the next day and woke her up as usual.

But tonight, she tossed and turned and couldn’t fall asleep.

Faintly, she vaguely heard some noises on the balcony. The man seemed to be on the phone.

He appeared to have picked up the call outside to avoid waking her up.

However, she could still hear the sound.

When the wind blew, his voice pierced her ears.

“Arrange a place for her, it doesn’t have to be too conspicuous.”

“Guinevere is a public figure,” Weston reminded Ben, who was on the other end. “Make sure she takes precautions to prevent the reporters from taking photos.”

Upon hearing Guinevere’s name, Stella’s heart fluttered.

She held her breath, and all her sleepiness dissipated.

On the balcony, Weston looked a bit impatient.

“What else does she want?” he demanded.

Ben was left in a dilemma, but all he could be was the middleman who had to withstand the anger of both sides. “Ms. Cohen promised she would not cause you any trouble, but she

wants to choose her own seat...”

“Tell her to get lost if she doesn’t want to come.”

Weston was not even willing to answer her call now.

Ben naturally wouldn’t dare to tell her that, though he had no choice but to agree.

“Then, as for Mrs. Ford...”

“Just leave it.”

The man’s voice was cold. “Take care of things over there and give her a seat. If she has any more requests, ignore all of them.”

“Okay, I understand.”

Mr. Ford never really gave his consent for Guinevere to attend the wedding anyway. So whether it was a traffic jam, a wrong turn, or even an accident, it was all to be expected.

He hung up the phone.

Just as he was about to enter the door, he saw Stella standing behind him. He did not know how long she had been there.

“Stella.”

He paused momentarily and then walked to her with a calm face. “Why are you still awake? Did I wake you up?”

Draped in a silk robe, Stella shook her head but quickly nodded after that. “Why are you still awake? Who were you talking to on the phone?”

She acted as if it was a random question.

Weston picked her up and strode into the bedroom. “It was Ben.”

“I see. It’s so late now. Is there something wrong?”

“There are some wedding issues that need taking care of.”

It looked like he wasn’t going to say much.

She suddenly clutched the collar of the man’s robe and slowly said, “Actually, I just... I heard what you guys were talking about on the phone.”

Weston abruptly stopped in his tracks and looked at her with dark, downcast eyes.

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Chapter 904

Weston looked at her steadily and asked with an unfluctuating voice, “Really, what did you hear?”

Stella looked into his eyes. “Why did you agree for Guinevere to attend our wedding?” she almost asked, but when their eyes met, and she thought of tomorrow’s plan, she swallowed all her words back.

Hence, she simply said, “I heard that you wanted to add one more seat. Hasn’t the guest list been decided? Why do you need another seat? Who else hasn’t been invited?”

He put her on the bed and lay down beside her. Covered her up with the blanket, and he took her into his arms again. “It’s no one important.”

“Oh...”

She did not ask anymore.

He brushed away the hair on her forehead and kissed her.

It was a kiss that was almost reverent.

He gazed into her eyes deeply with a look as gentle as the infinite night. “Goodnight, my bride.”

Tomorrow, she would become Mrs. Ford.

She smiled. “Goodnight, my bridegroom.”

She buried her head into his arms.

Inexplicably, a tear rolled out the corner of her eye.

On the wedding day.

Although Stella had said, she wanted the wedding to be simple... Her concept of simplicity was on a whole different level from Weston’s.

Nearly a hundred limousines had arrived to pick up the bride, causing a heavy traffic jam.

The whole city was broadcasting the spectacle of the limousines adorned with wedding banners—and all the congratulatory messages contained two names:

Bridegroom: Weston.

Bride: Ella.

Stella had nothing, while Ella had everything.

The limousines departed from Ahn City and went to the nearby Nordwen City before finally arriving at the apartment next to Fern University.

It was the place where Stella and Roger lived after changing identities. It represented their new life.

Anyway, the bride was not there.

Having said that, the flow of the wedding still differed greatly from the norm.

At the moment, Stella was on a ferry, getting her makeup done

and changing into her wedding dress,

Because she requested simplicity, the design team tried to be creative with the theme, and what they came out with was a unique moniker called “The End of the World.”

The venue of the wedding was on a cliff, below which was an endless sea. The bride would come from the sea and go onshore where the groom was waiting.

This might sound awfully romantic for a wedding theme, but Stella clearly knew the reason she agreed to this plan—it was because Warren told her that it would be easier for her to escape with the ferry.

The clamor of a hundred human voices flooded her ears.

Weston was still on land. Having departed Ford Manor, it would take him at least half an hour to get here.

The ferry that Stella was on was also half an hour away from the shore.

She sat at the dressing table, waiting for the makeup artist to put on her makeup, when there was a knock on the door.

“Come in.”

Steady footsteps came from behind her. When she looked back, she found that the person in front of her was not the makeup artist from earlier but a sturdy man.

“Ms. Steele, Mr. Ford wants you to come with me.”

He then handed her a cell phone intercom.

“Grandpa,” Stella said as she took it.

Warren’s voice came on the line.

“We’ve managed to buy some time on Weston’s side. We will switch you with a double. There is another ship at the dock that heads to another country. You will board that ship later.” Stella frowned. “Will Weston do anything on the double?”

Chapter 905

“Don’t you worry,” Warren assured Stella with confidence. “There’ll be nothing he can do when he discovers that you’ve gone missing. He will fail to find you, and the wedding will go on.”

Stella seemed to understand it. “You mean... he will marry that double?”

Warren smiled. “Of course not... Do you know why I agreed to let Guinevere come?”

Of course, he wasn’t about to fulfill her dream of seeing Weston’s wedding with her own eyes.

Instead... he wanted to make her dream come true.

Weston would surely be furious when he found out that Stella had run away from the wedding.

As for Guinevere, who’d be at the wedding, she would be the perfect catalyst.

By then, both families would pressure him to let Guinevere put on the wedding dress and for the wedding ceremony to carry on until the end.

They would make the best of a bad situation.

Everything which had been diverted from the track would be back to where they were supposed to be.

“It is the wedding of the century. There can’t be an invisible bride.”

Warren’s voice was still solemn and calm. “Guinevere is the deserving bride. She is Zachary’s mother, which makes nobody more suitable to marry into the Ford family. Maybe Weston will blame me at first, but when time passes, he will know how the importance of marrying a woman of an equally reputable family. This is the road that the Ford heir should take.”

Stella slowly gripped the intercom.

At that moment, she suddenly felt that Weston couldn’t possibly be so high and mighty all the time. There had to be an extremely saddening aspect in his life.

In the eyes of the Fords, his feelings and will seemed to be something so easily sacrificed.

The belated pain in her heart made her breathing roughen a little.

But she swallowed the strange feeling nonetheless and asked him, “I just need your assurance that this matter will not affect Roger and me...”

“I promise...”

“As long as this wedding goes smoothly, the Cohens and the Fords will be tied together completely. No matter the Cohens or me, we will forbid Weston from having anything to do with you. Don’t worry, Ella. You are free.”

Several Aston Martins and Maybachs departed simultaneously.

Several helicopters had even been deployed to circle Ahn City to ensure that the wedding would go smoothly even in a traffic jam..

In the meantime, the ship inched closer toward the shore.

The bride, dressed in a white wedding dress, appeared on the deck. Then, holding up her skirt, she boarded another ferry.

She moved gingerly as several people held her from the sides, fearing she would fall.

The video was sent to the silver Maybach.

Xavier, who was in the backseat, could not help but sneer. “You’ll be getting married later. Do you really have to watch her all the time? Don’t you get tired?”

He simply couldn’t understand how a man could be so obsessed with a woman.

He had seen so many beauties, but none was worthy enough for such an extent of devotion.

The only one would be Daisy.

But still, he would never turn himself into something like this.

Weston ignored him. He was obviously in a good mood and did not want to argue with Xavier.

He tapped on the screen with his slender fingers to zoom in.

He seemed to try to get a better look at Stella, but the sea breeze was strong, and the video was a bit shaky.

Moreover, Stella was not facing the camera, so he could only see her somewhat blurred back.

Xavier leaned closer to him. "What do you have to see here? The video is shaky. Can you see her face clearly?"

After Xavier said that, he did not get a response for a long time.

The next time he looked up, he noticed that Weston's face had suddenly turned gloomy.

His eyes were fixated at one point on the screen, and his aura was frighteningly cold; his dark eyes looked hardened with frost.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 905

Chapter 905

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Chapter 906

Xavier could not react to what happened. He only saw that the man's face was as cold as ice with confusion. "What's wrong? What happened? Why do you look so sick?"

Weston stared at the screen in silence.

After a while, he said, "Go to the pier immediately."

"But there is another step before that. It will take about ten minutes or so..."

"I said, go now, don't you understand?"

Weston interrupted him with a stern voice. It did not look at all like a joke.

Xavier sensed that something was not right. "What the hell is going on?" he demanded

Weston still didn't say a word.

He rubbed his temples, and a moment later, he asked his subordinates to resend the surveillance footage there.

Now that the video was in high resolution, Stella's back was clearly visible.

Xavier, on the other hand, still failed to make anything out. "What exactly is happening?"

As Weston was looking at it, he suddenly snapped the tablet in his hand, his face scrunched up in an ugly mess.

The back of this woman was totally clean—he could not see the red hickeys at all.

Last night, when they were at the peak, Weston accidentally left a small mark on Stella's back, right on her shoulder blade.

The spot was subtle enough that it was not completely exposed but not completely covered up, either.

Even Stella herself had not noticed the mark he had left on her last night.

Weston felt something off the moment he saw the woman's back.

Now, the image in front of him confirmed his suspicions.

The woman in the footage was not Stella.

Meanwhile, on the other side.

Stella had gotten changed and got onto a tiny boat.

There was only one person driving the boat and three bodyguards that Warren had arranged for her. Perhaps the boat was only manned by a skeleton crew to avoid any unwanted attention.

The documents Warren prepared for her were in her hands. As long as she escaped this sea region, Weston would basically have no way to chase after her.

Even if he did, it would be a long time from now.

By then, the wedding ceremony would have been conducted, and maybe, the matter between him and Guinevere would be settled,

too.

Just like what Warren said, everything would be back on track.

Just as she boarded the ship, Warren contacted Guinevere directly

"Guinevere, where are you now?"

Guinevere, in a red dress, sat inside the Lincoln limousine, feeling a little nervous.

She took a deep breath. "I am on my way..."

Warren said in a serious tone, "Make sure you take advantage of this opportunity."

"Yes."

Guinevere's palms were a little sweaty. "I also didn't expect that Weston would still be willing to let me attend the wedding."

Her tone was full of gratitude, but also it also contained hatred and disbelief for Stella.

Was she really running away from the wedding?

Warren said, "We have taken care of things on our side. She is now on another boat, so don't worry. When the time comes, we will join forces to pressure Weston. The wedding must go on, except that you're his only option."

Guinevere was still a bit anxious. "What if he is not willing to?"

"Child," Warren continued, "it is a good sign that he agreed to you attending the wedding. It means that he is not that heartless toward you. After all, you are Zack's mother."

Upon speaking of this matter, her expression slowly relaxed.

She didn't say anything and hung up the phone after a while.

She tidied her dress and revealed a smile on her face.

When Stella tried on the wedding dress, she was also doing the same thing.

She did not have such a bold idea at first. She really just wanted to see with her own eyes what the wedding of the man she had been chasing after for half her life would look like.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 907

Chapter 907 But when she got to know from Warren that Stella would run away from the wedding, she felt both glad and annoyed.

She was glad that she could finally replace her.

She was annoyed that she could only follow Stella's lead and pray that she'd receive a little alms or something she did not want.

But none of that mattered anymore.

As long as she could marry Weston, she was willing to pay whatever it might cost her.

After Mrs. Cohen sent her to the car, she got out.

Though this was agreed upon, she knew it would lead to unfavorable criticism.

The Cohens had given up on this marriage, but Guinevere was just too persistent.

For the sake of saving face, they did not want her to see Weston anymore.

However, she threw tantrums at home, crying and screaming, saying that she wanted to die. Her madness was too much for them to handle.

Since she was going to turn herself into a laughing stock, they might as well go along with it.

At least they had Warren's assurance, and there was a child between her and Weston.

If Weston could come to his senses and treat Guinevere right this time, they would be glad to accept it.

Who else could they blame for having such a disappointing daughter?

The car slowly rumbled through the road.

It went through the gate of the Cohen Old Mansion and headed in the direction of Weston's wedding reception according to the planned route.

At that moment, Weston should have almost arrived at the pier.

Perhaps he had already found out that Stella had escaped the wedding.

It was such an important occasion, but she did such a thing. No man would accept such humiliation.

He would surely not want her anymore.

Guinevere's heart was filled with joy and happiness.

She had to let him know who the one who loved him the most was and the one that would never betray him!

While she was immersed in happiness, suddenly...

Bang!!!

She was jolted by a loud bang from the front of the car.

Unable to react in time, she was thrown forward violently and nearly hit the back of the front seat.

"Don't you know how to drive!"

She couldn't help but snap at the chauffeur. "What an idiot!"

The chauffeur's face turned white. "Ms. Cohen, there was a truck in front..."

Perhaps today was such a special day for Guinevere that she had become extremely anxious, fearing that something bad might happen.

Hearing what the driver said, she became even angrier. "If there is a truck in front, can't you just go around it? Don't you know how to handle such things after being a chauffeur for so many years?"

"No, Ms. Cohen, that truck seems to be coming for us..."

"What do you mean by that? That truck..."

Before she could finish, there was another abrupt bang

The car shook violently.

Guinevere now understood what he meant.

She looked at the huge truck in horror. "Why did it suddenly hit US?"

"I have no idea..."

The chauffeur was getting nervous. "Could it be a drunk driver?"

"Get out of here quick! I have to get to the wedding. I can't stop here!"

Hearing that, the chauffeur hurriedly swerved onto another lane.

But Guinevere started shouting again. "Where are you going? . That is not the way to the wedding venue!"

"But the truck is blocking the way. There is no way we can overtake it, so we can only make a detour..."

"In that case, can we get there in time?"

"Not sure. If there is no jam, we should get there in time." The chauffeur, however, realized that he had spoken too soon once he made the detour.

With all the limousines on that road, how could there be no congestion?

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Chapter 908

Guinevere was only anxious at first, thinking that she would most likely not make it to the wedding.

However, as she looked at the massive wedding reception, her heart couldn't help but burn with jealousy.

What was it about Stella that made Weston think so highly of her? Why?

How was she inferior to Stella?

"Ms. Cohen, what should we do? The road in front of us is a gridlock..."

Guinevere took a deep breath. Gritting her teeth, she suddenly said, "Open the door! I want to get out!"

The chauffeur was stunned, thinking that he had misheard.

"What?"

"I said, I want to get out of the car! Don't you understand me?"

"But we are on the highway..."

"What else can we do if I don't get out now? Do you want me to be stuck here and miss the wedding?"

"But..."

"Are you opening the door or not? If you won't, I'm jumping out of the car!" Guinevere threatened him.

The chauffeur had no choice but to open the car door.

Guinevere pushed open the door quickly and ran.

She was very eye-catching because of the wedding dress.

On the highway, the passengers in other cars also looked over.

Some even recognized her.

"Isn't she Guinevere?"

"It seems its her. Why is she running in a wedding dress on the highway?"

"I don't know. Isn't the wedding of Weston and the woman called Ella or Stella today? Did I remember it wrong? Is Guinevere getting married?"

"It can't be! They broke up in such an ugly state. It will be impossible for Guinevere to marry Weston..."

"Could it really be so simple? So many bizarre things have happened between them. Anything is possible."

"You're right."

A gossip girl pulled out her phone and surfed the web.

"Hey, today is Weston and Ella's wedding ! What is Guinevere doing wearing a wedding dress?"

"She can't be trying to snatch the bridegroom, can she?"

"It's possible!"

"But I think she is also getting married. Maybe she doesn't want to give the impression that Weston abandoned her, and she immediately found a man?"

For someone like Guinevere, she could get married anytime as long as she wanted it to happen. She did not need to worry about finding a man.

But within such a short time, finding someone decent would be a tall order.

It would be fine once some time had passed, but it was only a month after the previous incident. If Guinevere chose to

get married at such a time, everyone would think that she was provoking Weston. In fact, nobody who wanted to save face would be willing to marry her at this time—unless he was someone who wouldn't bother about the criticism he was about to receive.

Those who took pictures of her posted them online immediately.

In no time, she started trending into the hot search.

Many tried to guess who Guinevere would marry, but none could think of a person.

(She can't be marrying Weston, right?)

[Impossible! I know someone in the circle. His friend showed off the wedding invitation card, which clearly stated Weston and Ella!]

(But it is possible. After all, Guinevere and Weston have a son?)

[it's possible. Rich people really know how to enjoy themselves!]

There were some unusual comments as well.

[I hope their work will be as exciting as their lives.]

[Maybe they can put their real-life acting skills into their work.] :

Soon, Guinevere's fans started mocking those comments.

(Guinevere has no acting skills ? Are you kidding me? You can always trust her acting!)

[She is the youngest best actress, after all!]

Someone asked,

(Isn't Ella an actress as well? Does anyone know about her acting skill? How does she compare to Guinevere?)

[Didn't they work together in a movie? I heard that it would be released in another two days. We will know after we watch it!]

Unsurprisingly, the movie soon began appearing on trending searches as well.

Chapter 909 Bradley felt helpless when he read the comments.

The movie had already become so famous even before it was released.

Now, investors from all over were trying to contact him.

Although it might seem a positive thing, the truth was actually far from that. If the movie did not meet the audience's expectations, it would probably backfire on them.

Especially for Ella...

Bradley was in a sweat about her.

Today was a sunny day.

Spring was officially over, and it was the first day of summer.

Weston rushed to the pier at the cliff as fast as he could.

"Mr. Ford..."

"Mr. Ford..."

He walked straight to the ship that Stella was supposed to be in, completely disregarding the bystanders' greetings.

The "bride" was sitting in the cabin, and shocked by his early arrival; she turned away from him. —

"Mr. F— Mr. Ford..."

He walked straight up to her and turned her around.

Sure enough, she was not Stella...

"Mr. Ford..."

The woman quickly blocked her face. She paled with fear. "I'm... I'm sorry... I didn't mean to do it!"

She had done it for the money. If it weren't, who else in their right mind would dare to take such a risk and trick Weston?

It was just that she did not expect that it would be exposed so quickly.

Didn't Warren say that he would be here to protect her?

Weston grabbed her wrist and stared at her with a gloomy face.

His horrible expression made her shiver.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Ford..."

She nearly cried out of fear.

The man had not said a word since he came in.

The force of his grip was about to crush her wrist.

"Who told you to come here?" he roared.

After a while, he uttered, gritting his teeth. "I am asking you. Who told you to come here? Who let you wear this wedding dress?"

"It's ... It's Warren Ford. He asked me to come here, and Miss Ella agreed!"

"She was the one who let me wear this wedding dress..." the girl begged in trepidation.

Weston's face darkened and he threw her to a side.

Even though she was innocent, few people could bear his rage.

"You are asking for death," Weston barked.

"I am very sorry, but Mr. Ford said he would give me good money

Weston let out an incredulous chuckle. "You said that Ella agreed? Where did she go?"

"I-I don't know."

Without even waiting for him to torture her, the woman told him everything she knew.

Clearly, she didn't know where Stella had gone. "I really don't know. I have told you everything I know."

"Let me ask you one last thing."

Weston had lost his patience. "Be honest if you do not wish to die!"

"I really don't know!" The woman was on the verge of crying.

Suddenly, an old voice came from the doorway.

"Weston, don't give her a hard time. It's Ella's own choice."

"Is that so?"

Weston let go of her hand, his face suddenly turning expressionless. "It seems you know about this."

Warren stood at the door with a walking stick in his hand. Looking at Weston's face, he sighed inwardly.

He knew Weston best. The colder he looked, the greater his rage was.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 909

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Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 910

Chapter 910

The old man shuddered and walked up to him. “Why bother? She doesn’t even want to be with you.”

Weston took out a tissue and wiped his fingertips. He turned his back on Warren and did not even look at him. “How would I know that she ran away because she didn’t want to marry me and not that someone forced her?”

“Who could force her if she was unwilling?” Warren smirked.

Weston closed his eyes, his face grave. “There were too many people who forced her.”

As soon as he said that, his face suddenly became a bit sad. “Even I, too, have been forcing her.”

Weston suddenly sensed the absurdity of the situation.

From the very beginning, he had taken it upon himself to arrange everything for Stella.

And she was indeed a competent actress. It really made him think that she had let go of the past and wanted to be with him properly.

In fact, he should have noticed the signs long ago.

Her petty tricks shouldn’t have been able to fool him.

He was the one who wanted her too much.

He opened his cold, hollow eyes. “I just want to know one thing. What exactly did you tell her? Did you force her?”

Until now, Weston was still making excuses for her. He even assumed that Warren had forced her to leave.

If she really wanted to leave, it meant the sweet affection and tenderness she had displayed for so many days were nothing but lies.

She had been lying to him.

It was just to lower his guard and give him a hard blow on the wedding day

This time, Weston looked surprisingly distressed, completely stripped of his sense of pride and aloofness.

Warren wondered when was the last time he had seen him like this.

He somehow felt sorry for him. He was, after all, his grandson.

: "I did not force her. It was she who wanted to leave. Anyway, have you ever thought about it? She does not deserve you, as you are both not of the same world. Being together forcefully will not bring any good..."

"That's not for you to decide."

Weston's gaze blazed with the flames of decisiveness. "The person I want has to be mine."

Seeing how stubborn he was, Warren's face turned gloomy. "But she is gone now. What are you going to do about that? Are you going to bring her back? You can't force a relationship, Weston."

Weston looked at him coldly. "I will."

Warren was stunned for a moment. Then, he flung his arm up and said, "No matter what, this wedding must go on, no matter who the bride is!"

Weston seemed to figure out what his grandfather had been meaning to do, and his face turned extremely distant. "It seems like you have got a plan."

"You are a clever man. Do I need to spell it out?"

"Guinevere should be on her way now. She's been preparing herself to marry you. I hope you're smart enough to know who you should choose."

Weston did not seem surprised by this.

"It will also depend on her capability of making it to the wedding."

Warren suddenly sensed something and looked at him in surprise. "Are you..."

Weston turned around and left without saying a thing with a stoic face.

Everything had gone according to plan, but the only thing which was out of his expectation was that Stella was no longer willing to marry him.

In the ship.

Stella did not have a phone. To prevent Weston from locating her coordination, she removed everything that might have a GPS

tracker in advance.

With only the sound of the seawater beating against the boat in her ears, she was completely oblivious as to what was going on at the wedding.

She sat in the cabin, looking out at the surface of the sea through a small window.