

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 911

Chapter 911

Warren had told her that she would be completely free from Weston's grasp in a few hours.

She could finally be free.

Everything was calm on the sea.

It was a good day for sailing.

If nothing went wrong, Weston should have met up with Guinevere by now.

He should've discovered her disappearance half an hour ago, and since the wedding rituals could not be delayed, perhaps they had already stepped into the church, hand in hand.

The wedding hall was on a cliff, and she had been there a few times for rehearsal, but there was no more chance to say the solemn vow.

Stella closed her eyes. She felt sleepy as she listened to the sound of the waves crashing in the wind.

She got little rest last night and had a thick foundation applied to her face to mask the dark circles under her eyes.

The makeup artist previously said that she did not need much makeup, but since the dark circles had to be covered up, she put on some anyway. The only thing was that her hair was tied into a wedding bun to suit the wedding dress, and it looked very awkward with her casual attire.

Later, when she got to the shore, she would meet with someone who would prepare some essential electronic devices for her.

When she got there, she would go straight to Compassvale and rendezvous with Roger before heading to another small city. There, they would hide for a while until Weston's anger subsided. When that was over, she could finally live the life she wanted once and for all.

She leaned against the swaying hull.

It was a long night last night, and she was sleepy. She yawned and waited patiently for time to pass.

Suddenly, there was a squeak coming from the front.

A strange sound was coming from the bow of the boat,

Stella looked up, worried that things might go wrong.

After a while, noisy footsteps approached her and stopped at the cabin door.

The bodyguard accompanying her shouted, "There is a patrolling fishing boat ahead. We may stop for a while."

Stella opened her eyes. "There shouldn't be problems, right?"

"No. This happens often. We have crossed those waters, and there shouldn't be anyone coming after us."

Stella was then relieved.

She estimated the time and planned to walk out of the cabin.

The ship suddenly swayed a few times violently

The rumbling of the engine was deafening.

The moment she wanted to ask what had happened, the boat suddenly dipped as if bearing the weight of a few extra people.

Unlike the earlier commotion, the footsteps were louder and more urgent this time.

"Who are you people?"

"Wait! This is a civilian boat! What do you want?"

"Run!"

It was the last word she heard before the sound of kicking and punching filled the air.

The ship was in chaos.

A bad feeling began to emerge in her heart as she listened to the thumping on the deck.

She hurriedly stood up and looked for the life raft, attempting to escape the cabin.

The boat was rocking so violently that no one came to the cabin, no matter how rowdy it was overhead.

Before she could do anything, the tap of leather shoes came steadily her way, one after another, as if stepping on her heart and causing her to hold her breath involuntarily.

Only a little light came in from the narrow hatchway at first.

In the next second, a tall figure emerged.

The man blocked out all the light, his gaze sweeping over the cabin's inhabitants.

Stella was frozen solid. Stunned, she watched as he slowly dimmed the light in front of her, one crushing step after another. "Stella, where else do you plan to escape to?"

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 912

Chapter 912

A clear voice that reeked with an oppressive aura and gut wrenching sharpness sounded from above her head.

Perhaps it was the stiff atmosphere that they were both eerily calm, like a thread stretched so thin it could snap at any moment.

Stella looked up and saw a man in a suit standing at the cabin door. His hand gripped the door frame, and his bony fingers vaguely showed his bulging blue veins.

He was so tall that he blocked out all the light, leaving only a long shadow on the floor.

It was a shadow that almost engulfed her entire body.

Stella clenched her fists slowly, and her lips turned white. She could not utter a single word.

The sound of heavy footsteps thumped toward her.

And then he stood in front of her.

The familiar oppressive aura that loomed above her head began to hit her.

She started to tremble but was swept into a pine-scented embrace before she knew it.

Weston was not someone who fancied cologne, but since it was their wedding today, he had changed his scent to suit the theme of the wedding.

Stella had personally picked it out for him.

Hence, she thought he would question and punish her, but unexpectedly, his first reaction was to hug her.

But his force was so powerful her arms hurt a little.

Stella closed her eyes and bit her lower lip without making a sound.

To say that Weston was terrifying in his current form was an understatement.

Perhaps his expressionless was a sign of his inconsolable rage.

Not even daring to plead, all she could do was await his pronouncement

“Why aren’t you saying anything? Is there nothing you want to say to me?” he whispered into her ear after a while.

Stella finally lost all control of herself and began trembling uncontrollably.

She closed her eyes, and her forehead was covered with sweat. “I’m sorry...”

In the end, she said this with a husky voice.

Weston suddenly let go of her and pinched her chin. “Is sorry the only thing you want to say to me?”

Stella closed her eyes and turned her head, wanting to break free from his control.

Weston would surely not let her have her way. He pinned her

against the bulkhead with some force and took up the space between her legs with his knee.

“Give me a good reason while I am still willing to talk to you nicely.”

“What reason?” Stella asked.

“Why did you run away?”

The woman took a deep breath. “There is no reason...”

What else could she be running away for?

She didn’t want to marry him or be with him. She wanted to run away from him, never to see him again. She hated him to the core and failed to squeeze even an ounce of love for him.

There were so many reasons, but none of which he was willing to accept

His eyes were suddenly tinted with redness. He buried his calloused fingers in her skin, hurting her a little. “You sure are cruel.”

Then, his hand slowly descended and grabbed her neck.

Her neck was so fragile it felt as though it would break with just a single squeeze.

Stella felt his touch move and stop at her rolling throat.

For a moment, she thought this man would choke her to death.

“Do you really think I won’t do anything to you?”

Stella gulped. She looked at him with a constricted throat,

unable to produce a word.

Chapter 913

Weston’s large palm slowly tightened as he looked into her eyes. “Do you really think you won’t have to pay for running away on the wedding day?”

Stella spoke, trembling slightly, "What price do you want me to pay?"

At this point, she was unexpectedly calm.

It wasn't like she hadn't thought about the consequences, but she never expected him to find her in such a short period of time.

But even in that short period, the wedding had already begun.

She never expected him to come to find her, regardless of the wedding.

The more she pretended she was calm, the angrier he became.

"Where are you going to escape to? Abroad? Then, you'll go find Roger?"

Weston seemed to have everything under control. "Do you think you can find him in Compassvale?"

Her eyes widened suddenly, and she livened up a little. "What do you mean? What did you do to him?!"

He sneered, and with eyes filled with mockery, he said, "Don't think I don't know the relationship between you and him."

He lowered his voice, and it resounded in her ear. "He's not your brother, and he thinks of you in such a way..."

"Stella, do you think I'm a fool and know nothing?"

"Shut up!"

She pushed him away, but he didn't budge. So, she took a few steps back, her breathing suddenly becoming disordered. "Who told you that? There's no such thing..."

"Stop lying."

Weston rubbed the corner of his mouth with his finger and stared at her intently. "You know I have the power to make him disappear."

"I did all these myself and wanted to run away on my own. Don't involve the innocent. He doesn't know anything!"

Finally, Stella was displaying some emotion.

Previously, she planned to let him do whatever he wanted to her even if she got caught. But just now, he said that Roger was still in the country...

He was in Weston's hands. He didn't even go back to Compassvale.

Realizing this made her lose all her cool.

"Just as I thought. Only he could make you this emotional."

Instead of being angry, a smile appeared on his face as he walked up to her slowly. "In your heart, has he always been more

important than me?"

Weston towered over her, looking even more perfect than usual.

His jet-black hair was slicked back neatly, revealing a smooth forehead, a sharp nose, and an overpowering aura. At this time, he looked even more mature and attractive than he usually did.

"The more you worry about him, the more I want something to happen to him. What should I do?"

The gentle beast had lifted its tender appearance, gradually revealing its tapered fangs.

Since they had been getting along so well, Stella almost forgot how cruel Weston used to be.

He had always been merciless, coercing cooperation out of people instead of going against him.

She should have known long ago that his gentleness was merely an act.

Her eyes softened, pleading, as she begged. "Don't hurt him, I beg you..."

The man's eyes suddenly trembled and narrowed dangerously.

He never expected Stella's first time begging him would be under such circumstances.

"You're begging me for him?"

Weston tore off the bow tie and tied it to her wrist, and his eyes darkened slightly. "You really know how to provoke me."

Stella pursed her lips and took a deep breath. "I know I'm in no position to negotiate with you, but I will do whatever you want if you don't hurt him."

"What if I refuse?" Weston said slowly.

"Then, hurt me too."

She was pale, but she still smiled. "I'll have nothing to lose if Roger is gone."

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On the narrow deck, bodyguards dressed in black stood in a row, surrounding the entire ship, making any attempt of escape impossible.

Mr. Ford had only sent a few bodyguards over, so naturally, he couldn't match so many people.

Inside the ship were all Weston's subordinates, and the whole ship was under his control.

Everyone was waiting on the board, only to see a tall and handsome man walking out of the cabin with a woman in his arms.

The scorching sun only accentuated the man's facial features even more, though the look on his face was as cold as ice.

Stella pressed her face tightly against his chest.

It wasn't that she wanted to be held like this, but he wasn't letting her walk away.

Sensing her squirmy movements, the man scolded in a low voice, "Be good."

He obviously didn't have the tenderness he had towards her before, as if he had returned to the state they were in when they got married before.

He was speaking to her with cold and harsh words.

Without a word, Stella let the man wrap her in a suit jacket and strode onto another boat.

No bystanders dared to make a sound. They all pretended they didn't see the scene in front of them.

They were all Weston's men, so naturally, they won't say a word for her.

Perhaps they thought she was a good-for-nothing woman who ran away on her wedding day, what more when the groom was as incredible as Weston!

Very few had the chance to get such an opportunity.

Stella lowered her eyes without any expression on her face.

After getting onto another boat, they immediately returned to the original direction.

Weston glanced at the time and said lightly, "Did you think that I wouldn't have come for you just because the wedding's started??"

Stella said nothing and merely pursed her lips.

He put her on the leather sofa, and the white side of the boat blocked the scene outside.

There were only two of them in this area, and he could do anything to her without being seen.

Realizing this, Stella felt a little uncomfortable. "What are you going to do with me?" she asked uncomfortably.

Seeing that she was looking down at her toes, Weston tidied up the folds of her cuffs and asked, "What do you think?"

Still, she remained silent and refused to answer.

He suddenly let go and lifted her chin. "Tell me the truth, are you planning to elope with Roger today?"

Stella frowned suddenly and pried his hand away. "What the hell are you talking about?! We're..."

She seemed unable to complete her sentence.

Even if Roger had clearly expressed his dark and deviant thoughts to her, he had always been family in her eyes.

So, whether it was Roger or Weston, saying such words made her feel extremely disgusted.

Pushed away, Weston sneered. "I know you both are not actual siblings. What else do you have to say?"

Stella pursed her lips tightly, her face gloomy. "I know I shouldn't have run from the wedding, but there is nothing between us besides being family. I only see him as my relative. Please don't say that again. It's disgusting!"

The word "disgusting" seemed familiar to Weston. "I believe you've used these words to describe me before."

He walked up to her, squatted down, and made her look at him.

She sat on the sofa and looked into the man's deep inky eyes. "Please, Weston. Put an end to this. Stop torturing me."

Chapter 915 She had said it as calmly as she could, but it only served to make Weston's blood surge, as he felt waves rolling in his chest.

How could she be so calm?

After abandoning everything he gave her, she had the audacity to utter such words.

Did she even know how angry he was right now?

"I've been too kind to you.

"You forgot what kind of person I am," Weston went on.

Stella smiled, but her eyes were devoid of light. "It's because I know what kind of person you are that..."

That she chose to run... that she chose to leave him.

But she didn't say it aloud, not wanting to add fuel to the fire.

Instead, she grabbed his wrist. "You can do whatever you want. Just don't involve the innocent."

"Innocent?"

He lowered his head and looked at where she was holding him, yet there were no emotions behind those eyes. "In my eyes, Roger isn't innocent."

Suddenly, he placed his hand on the back of her hand.

Stella's eyes trembled, anticipating his next move. However, Weston pulled her hand off and in a sharp voice, said, "He has

such thoughts for you. Do you think I can still tolerate him?"

"No!" Her eyes widened suddenly, and she cried emotionally, "Please don't do this to me..."

Tears began to pool around her eyes.

Weston, however, was unmoved. He reached out and touched her eyes instead. "You just begged me again for the same man."

"I really only consider him a part of my family, and I promise you I won't contact him in any way in the future..."

"He already has his own life now, and I don't need to take care of him like I used to. Just let him go, okay?" she continued to plead her case.

Weston looked at Stella, who was on the edge of crying, and felt mixed emotions. He was mainly annoyed that he was feeling

something unknown.

He didn't know whether it was jealousy or hatred.

As he looked at the tears pooling around her eyes, about to break into a massive bawl, he immediately covered them with his hand. "Don't cry. This trick doesn't work on me anymore."

As soon as he finished, he felt his palms becoming wet.

Stella closed her eyes, and warm tears fell in the palm of his hand.

After a while, he clenched his fists and stood up. "If you don't want me to deal with him, you—"

His countenance turning hard and stony, he said, "Show me your sincerity and please me."

Stella took a deep breath and at him firmly. "You promise?"

"You have no right to negotiate conditions with me now."

Weston pinned her messy hair behind her ears and rubbed her cheeks carefully. "The wedding is not over yet. You still have half an hour to show your sincerity. After we dock, the wedding will continue."

His eyes were fixed on her as he spoke, attempting to unravel whatever trick she might be hiding up her sleeve.

Under his gaze, Stella pursed the corner of her mouth, her face as white as a sheet.

She then stood up slowly, and squatted down in front of him.

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Stella closed her eyes, and warm tears fell in the palm of his hand.

After a while, he clenched his fists and stood up. "If you don't want me to deal with him, you—"

His countenance turning hard and stony, he said, "Show me your sincerity and please me."

Stella took a deep breath and at him firmly. "You promise?"

"You have no right to negotiate conditions with me now."

Weston pinned her messy hair behind her ears and rubbed her cheeks carefully. "The wedding is not over yet. You still have half an hour to show your sincerity. After we dock, the wedding will continue."

His eyes were fixed on her as he spoke, attempting to unravel whatever trick she might be hiding up her sleeve.

Under his gaze, Stella pursed the corner of her mouth, her face as white as a sheet.

She then stood up slowly, and squatted down in front of him.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 915

Chapter 915 She had said it as calmly as she could, but it only served to make Weston's blood surge, as he felt waves rolling in his chest.

How could she be so calm?

After abandoning everything he gave her, she had the audacity to utter such words.

Did she even know how angry he was right now?

"I've been too kind to you.

"You forgot what kind of person I am," Weston went on.

Stella smiled, but her eyes were devoid of light. "It's because I know what kind of person you are that..."

That she chose to run... that she chose to leave him.

But she didn't say it aloud, not wanting to add fuel to the fire.

Instead, she grabbed his wrist. "You can do whatever you want. Just don't involve the innocent."

"Innocent?"

He lowered his head and looked at where she was holding him, yet there were no emotions behind those eyes. "In my eyes, Roger isn't innocent."

Suddenly, he placed his hand on the back of her hand.

Stella's eyes trembled, anticipating his next move. However, Weston pulled her hand off and in a sharp voice, said, "He has

such thoughts for you. Do you think I can still tolerate him?"

"No!" Her eyes widened suddenly, and she cried emotionally, "Please don't do this to me..."

Tears began to pool around her eyes.

Weston, however, was unmoved. He reached out and touched her eyes instead. "You just begged me again for the same man."

"I really only consider him a part of my family, and I promise you I won't contact him in any way in the future..."

"He already has his own life now, and I don't need to take care of him like I used to. Just let him go, okay?" she continued to plead her case.

Weston looked at Stella, who was on the edge of crying, and felt mixed emotions. He was mainly annoyed that he was feeling

something unknown.

He didn't know whether it was jealousy or hatred.

As he looked at the tears pooling around her eyes, about to break into a massive bawl, he immediately covered them with his hand. "Don't cry. This trick doesn't work on me anymore."

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Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 916

Chapter 916 Weston didn't seem to think she would act like this and was slightly surprised.

But he didn't show it on his face. Instead, he continued to look at her, curious to see what she would do next.

Stella's movements were prolonged, and she seemed to be a little hesitant.

She glanced in the direction outside the cabin, worried that those people would come in. Seemingly seeing her thoughts, He said casually, "Without my orders, they won't come in."

She pursed her lips for a while and continued what she was doing.

She put her hand on the buckle of the man's belt; the metallic sheen reflecting the horrible state her face was in.

The well-tailored trousers wrapped around his long legs with smooth muscle lines. Stella knew what the beast looked like under the trousers and that this position would weaken her.

Weston fixed his gaze on her without saying a word.

With occasional pauses, she unfastened his belt awkwardly.

She had done it before, but her movements were clumsy and jerky.

Apparently, she hadn't made much progress. He could still feel the slight tremor of her fingers.

The man's eyes became darker and darker, brewing with emotions none could understand.

Stella took a deep breath and tried to calm herself down.

She slowly kneeled in front of him, doing things he hadn't let her do before.

Now, his eyes showed no intention of stopping her.

He lowered his gaze and looked at her—how she seemed to be struggling, and how she was choking.

Yet, he felt nothing.

He even grabbed the back of her head and pushed her harder.

As his long fingers held her hair, the veins between his fingers bulged as he pulled her hair, causing her scalp to hurt a little.

The corners of Stella's eyes were still crimson, and they had become redder.

Tears were flowing, yet there was no escape.

After an unknown time, the people outside the cabin held their breaths as they heard the woman whimpering inside.

Everyone looked at each other, not knowing how to react.

It was better not to say a word.

They turned their backs around and kept their gazes straight.

Occasionally, they heard retching sounds from inside, but they acted as if nothing had happened.

Though there were a few shameless people who were already blushing.

After half an hour.

The ship finally docked.

The bodyguards stood in a row, guarding both sides of the passage.

Stella was picked up by the man again and walked out.

The suit jacket still covered her from before, so no one could see her messy and flustered face under the coat.

Mr. Ford's men came forward just as they reached the shore.

"Mr. Weston, the chairman is asking for you now!"

Considering they were using the title "chairman", it indicated that Warren was furious.

Weston didn't stop though. "Whatever it is, just wait until the wedding is over."

"The chairman asks you to come over now!"

He continued moving forward.

Seeing that, the man was about to stand in front of him, but when Weston's cold gaze swept across him, he immediately froze in place.

"Go away."

He spat out the words coldly.

Shocked by the powerful aura around him, the man shut his mouth and didn't dare to go forward.

By the time he came to his senses, Weston had already taken Stella and strode away.

Chapter 917

Along the way, throngs of reporters had holed themselves up in various spots, waiting to pounce on the couple.

"Mr. Ford, will the wedding continue?"

"Who are you marrying? Ella or Guinevere?"

"Who's the woman in your arms?"

Another reporter came up, asking, "Are you holding Ms. Ella?"

"A correspondent saw Guinevere wearing a wedding dress, waiting in the auditorium. May I ask which woman you're supposed to marry?"

"Some from the inner circle have revealed that on the wedding invitation, Ms. Ella's name was written. So why did Ms. Guinevere appear in the auditorium wearing a wedding dress?"

At the barrage of interrogative questions, Stella's eyes quickly darkened.

She never regretted running away.

Even if she didn't run away, she would've faced such humiliation anyway.

When Weston agreed that Guinevere would come to the wedding, she should have expected such a scene.

Waiting for him in the auditorium wearing a wedding dress?

It was ridiculous to think about it.

At this time, she was tightly wrapped in a suit and leaned against his chest, unable to see the man's instantly chilling eyes and the cold aura around his body.

Ice-blade-like eyes swept over the reporter just now. "What did you say?"

The reporter was taken aback by his look.

But in the spirit of professionalism, he still bit the bullet and questioned back,

"At the previous engagement banquet, didn't the love triangle between you, Ella and Guinevere come to an end? Who does your heart belong to now?"

A bold reporter rushed in and asked,

"Do you want to hold a three-person wedding and bring these two beauties home openly and honestly?"

This question can be described as earth-shattering.

Although in such a wealthy circle, it was normal for a man of this status to have several wives, and it wasn't a problem to even have them at the same time, as long as they didn't talk about it openly.

But now that there were so many reporters, such a problem was undoubtedly adding fuel to the fire,

As predicted.

Weston stopped. The coldness on his face seemed to be able to freeze people.

He swept his gaze over the reporter.

Initially, others thought that he would ask his bodyguard to throw him out, but they never expected that he would say word by word to the camera of that person.

"From the past to the present, I have only married one person, and her name is Stella."

He stopped calling her Ella.

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She could be herself.

She was Stella.

Whether she hates him, she can only be his in this life.

At the wedding.

When Weston appeared holding Stella, it attracted the attention of the audience.

Ignoring those strange eyes, he directly carried her into the dressing room. "Come here and help her put on makeup and bring the spare dress that I prepared earlier."

The makeup artist and the customer were stunned in place, and when they heard the words, they moved quickly. "Okay, Mr. Ford..."

They sort of knew what was going on.

It seemed that Stella had run away.

But now wasn't the time to gossip, the most important thing was the wedding.

The makeup artist took a step forward and said, "Mr. Ford, give us your wife first. The makeup should be all off. We need to her put it on again..."

He ignored her and stepped into the room.

He put Stella down.

Stella took the initiative to stand up and said, "I'm going out to touch up my makeup..."

Weston pulled her back instantly, glanced at the white stains on her face and said, "Go look in the mirror yourself, do you want others to see you like this?"

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Stella was stunned for a moment.

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"You..."

She quickly took out a few tissues and wiped off the marks on the corners of her mouth.

"Why didn't you say anything?"

She had had the thing on her face from the cabin to the wedding

ceremony.

Weston glanced at her lightly. "Why did you think I covered you with a coat?"

Stella threw the tissue away and drew a few new ones. "You should remind me..."

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Guinevere was blocked at the door.

She looked at the guests inside and shouted to the bodyguard at the door, "Let me in!"

"I'm sorry. Mr. Ford's orders."

"I have an invitation! Why won't you let me in?"

Being a little overemotional, she attracted everyone's attention in her white wedding dress.

"Is that Guinevere?"

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Ben came over quickly. "Miss Cohen, I'm sorry. Please don't make it difficult for us."

He spoke politely, but his expression was icy. "If you refuse to go on your own. Things might get ugly if we are forced to do it."

The man represented Weston's orders.

Of course, she understood, but she still refused to accept reality.

"He agreed to let me come to the wedding. Why won't he let me in?"

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appeared more like a lunatic.

"You came to someone else's wedding in a wedding dress? Aren't you deliberately causing a scene? Don't think that we're fools!"

With that, he turned to look at the bodyguards around him.

The men immediately stepped forward and surrounded Guinevere.

She took two steps back, and that was when she twisted her ankle and almost fell to the ground.

But she held onto the flower basket beside her and stood up reluctantly. "I don't care; whatever I wear is my freedom. So what if it's a wedding dress? Since I have an invitation, you have to let me in!"

Having walked from the highway step by step, her heels had long been worn out, and blood was oozing from her feet, making her look extremely bad.

Ben saw her appearance and sighed. "Since you're so stubborn, don't blame us..."

Having said that, he instructed his bodyguards to throw her out. "Get her out of here!"

"I'll see who dares to touch her!"

Warren shouted and walked tremblingly from the side, leaning on his crutch. "She is the bride of the day. How dare you do anything to her?"

Ben immediately stood up straight. "Chairman..."

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It was also decorated with diamonds, making it an unimaginably costly piece.

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He grunted but did not move.

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It was also decorated with diamonds, making it an unimaginably costly piece.

After being captured by Weston from the boat, Stella had become very calm.

She looked at the wedding dress on the shelf and said to Weston, "I'll change my dress and then touch up my makeup..."

He grunted but did not move.

Stella pursed her lips awkwardly. "Can you turn around?" The man's cold eyes swept over her. "I've seen every inch of your body. Just change here."

She paused but did not nod.

It wasn't that she was trying to make a scene. They had done everything, and changing in front of him meant nothing.

However, the makeup artist and costume designer were also standing there. He was only embarrassing her by saying those things. The two immediately understood the situation. "Then we'll go out first..."

The makeup artist put away the tools on the table, but the designer reminded them of something. "It takes a little effort to put on this skirt, and the ribbons at the back must be tied one by one..."

She then gave Weston a few precautions. “Mr. Ford, please, help your wife put it on, and we will come in later.

Weston didn't reply. Instead, he walked towards Stella with the gown and glanced at the short-sleeved shirt and sweatpants she had put on for an unhindered escape.

“Why are you standing still? You want me to take them off for you?”

Stella moved a bit, then raised her hand and took off her clothes. She tore off the laces of her sweatpants and slowly pulled them off. Behind her was a huge floor-to-ceiling mirror, which clearly reflected her entire body.

He stood there, watching her as she took piece by piece off.

The red marks on her back clearly reflected off the mirror.

The man suddenly walked over, pressed her against the mirror, leaned over, and lowered his eyes. With the tip of his nose pressed against the red patch, and said in a hoarse voice,

“From today, I won't let you leave my sight even for half a step.” He watched Stella changing with unwavering eyes, staying by her side the entire time, no matter what she did.

She turned her back to him and felt the warmth of his breath sprayed onto her skin, causing her to shudder. She could already feel his oppression along with his pervasive desire for control.

Under his great oppression, she could barely breathe.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 919

Chapter 919

The name sounded offensive.

Ben frowned. “Mr. Ford is at the wedding with his wife. I will handle these small matters.”

“What a good dog, very loyal!” Warren spoke without the slightest sympathy, and his crutch rattled on the ground.

“Don't you forget who owns the company now? I haven't died, nor have I abdicated yet. How dare you disobey me?!”

Ben lowered his head but had no intention of retreating, standing firmly in front of him.

Warren was on the edge of losing his patience as he shouted, “Move!”

“Sorry, Chairman, you can go in, but she can't.” Adamant about not letting Guinevere in, Ben gave him no room for negotiation. “This is Mr. Ford's order!”

He was at fault for letting Guinevere appear at the wedding. If he couldn't even accomplish the task that Weston gave him, his title as the chief assistant would might as well become invalid.

Thanks to the backup plan, the wedding was able to continue.

Stella's wedding dress had been given to her body double, so she naturally couldn't use it.

Owing to that, the makeup artist immediately took out another ocean blue wedding dress.

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Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 920

Chapter 920

A possessive man by nature, Weston was now more possessive of her than ever.

Stella merely kept quiet and pulled up her hair.

Her hair was in a mess, no thanks to all that running and the favor she did him earlier.

Weston took the wedding dress from the shelf next to her, held her waist, and helped her put it on.

The tailor-made wedding dress perfectly complemented her figure.

He was stunned the moment she put it on.

He turned her around and asked her to look in the mirror.

“Look at how beautiful you are.”

She didn’t say a word.

Seeing this, he pinched her cheek and lifted her head, and looked at her in the mirror. “If you run away today, you won’t be able to see yourself like this.”

He had spoken calmly, yet, she could feel the mixed emotion and anger in his tone.

It was as if his anger had reached its peak, but it was suppressed and turned into other emotions that were so

deep it suffocated her. “Weston...”

She finally spoke, her voice a little weak, “I...” The man stared at her fixedly. “If there is anything else you want to say, it’s better to say it now. We’ll go up and take the oath later. There’s not that much time left for you.”

Saying that, he turned his head and kissed her on the cheek, but there was no warmth in his eyes. “Remember this. You’ll have no freedom in the future. You’ll only have me.”

Stella closed her eyes as her eyelashes trembled violently.

Her face now as pale as a sheet, the makeup failed to cover her fragile state.

After a long while, she shook her head. “...I have nothing to say.”

“Sure?”

A sneer appeared on Weston’s face.

He suddenly tore off his tie, brought her wrists together, and tied them firmly. Instantly her eyes widened, and panic surged into her heart. “What are you doing?!” She watched in horror as he wrapped the tie around her

hands. Without the slightest gap, she couldn’t struggle free. “Are you crazy!”

“Let go of me!” Stella shrieked, struggling hard to free herself.

He squatted in front of her, lifted her skirt, and lifted her ankle in his palm.

Not knowing what he would do, she subconsciously pulled her foot away.

But he held her in his iron grip.

His palm was so hot that it made her feel uncomfortable.” Weston, you...”

“Don’t move,” the man warned in a low voice.

He held her feet and took out a pair of shackles from nowhere.

She was stunned for a moment, thinking she had seen it wrong. “What on earth are you trying to do?!”

He clamped her ankles hard and cuffed them on her.

A crisp noise sounded.

She felt a chill on her skin. “You cuffed me?”

“I’m not your prisoner. Why handcuff me?” She quickly retracted her foot. Only then did it become clear that these were not

shackles but chain – like shackles.

It seemed they had been specially designed and was used for decoration. But there was a tiny lock on it, and a thin chain was strung together between the two feet. As it dragged on the ground, it gave off a sound that sounded like a warning.

It sounded pleasant yet cruel.