

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 811

Chapter 811

Guinevere didn't look too thrilled.

Believing that she would end up getting married to Weston, she had always treated Wendy as her mother-in-law.

She had tried to call her "Wendy" before, but Wendy seemed displeased. Guinevere could only call her Madam, just like the servants in Ford Mansion.

The last thing she expected was for Wendy to allow Ella to address her on a first-name basis.

She clenched her fists but smiled. "I remember that you once announced Ella as your god-daughter," she blurted with thinly-veiled irony. "Since she's your god daughter, why isn't she calling you 'Mom?'"

"She can call me whatever she likes."

Wendy was rather annoyed with Guinevere's questions and glanced at her mildly, "What we address each other is a mere formality. Although I treat her as my god daughter, she might very well become my daughter-in-law. She'll have plenty of chances to call me 'Mom' in the future!"

It was unclear if Wendy had deliberately said those things

to anger Guinevere, but it made Guinevere's face turn dark with displeasure.

She was seething with fury but refused to express it, the internal conflict contorting her face.

Stella didn't want to continue staying at the door. She glanced at Weston. "Shall we take Zack in? It's rather windy here."

Guinevere immediately said, "Give Zack to me. I'll carry him in."

Her strongly defensive actions made it clear that she did not want Ella anywhere near Zack.

Stella shrugged nonchalantly as she looked at Guinevere plucking Zack from Wendy's arms as though she was protecting him from her. She merely wanted to upset Guinevere—in her eyes, Guinevere was nothing but a clown.

“I thought you two wanted to have some alone time. Why did you suddenly come back here?”

Wendy sat back on the couch and instructed the housekeeper to pour a cup of tea for Stella. “This is rose tea from Damsil City. It nourishes the skin and is known for its detoxifying effects. Try it.”

Stella took the cup from her. The tension in the air had barely eased when Weston suddenly spoke up.

“We came back because we have something to announce.”

He sat next to Stella with his arm casually placed on the backrest behind her, brandishing an aura of possessiveness in his posture. “Regarding Ella and my marriage plans...”

“What?»

Guinevere stood up in disbelief and shock. “You’re marrying Ella?”

Stella was rather taken aback herself as she looked at Weston.

Weston looked back at her and reached out to brush her hair away from her cheeks. “If she is willing to marry me, that is.”

Dead silence ensued.

Guinevere’s eyes turned red. “We just broke off our engagement, and here you are, rushing to get married?” She refused to believe what was happening. She pointed to Stella’s nose and snapped with pure vitriol, “What exactly did she do to you to bewitch you like this?”

Given Stella’s status, she was unfit to even be Weston’s lover.

How could she, no, how dare she marry Weston?

Extreme fear and hatred pierced through her heart and veins.

Guinevere clenched her fists, her face paling.

At that moment, a wave of emotions and past memories overwhelmed her.

Her head was suddenly racked with intense pain.

Guinevere clutched her forehead; her face strained in pain.

"It hurts... My head hurts..." she whined.

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Chapter 812

The Ford Mansion was awash in bright lights amid the deep of night.

A doctor dressed in his robe paced around, his face plastered with nervousness.

The Cohens' car was parked in the courtyard, and Mrs. Cohen was pacing anxiously back and forth at the entrance, mumbling, "She'll be fine...she'll surely be fine

Suddenly, she saw Stella standing at a side and immediately walked toward her, eyes red-rimmed with fury.

"You're Ella Steele, aren't you? What wicked motives do you harbor?"

Weston was busy with work when he heard Mrs. Cohen's accusations. He walked over to Stella and pulled her into his arms. "Mrs. Cohen, please have some self-respect."

He stood ready to side with Stella no matter what, protecting her and guarding her against all things.

Mrs. Cohen was about to say something nasty, but Weston's posture only upset her more.

"Weston, this woman is the cause of Gwen's condition relapsing. She's still critical, so how could you side with

the culprit?»

Weston's brows furrowed.

He did not like Mrs. Cohen blaming Stella for what happened.

"Guinevere is in her current condition because of her own health. It has nothing to do with Ella."

"How does it have nothing to do with her? If it weren't for Ella provoking Gwen, would her condition have relapsed?"

By the time Mrs. Cohen found out what had happened and rushed over to the Ford Mansion, Guinevere had already caused quite a scene.

She had never seen her daughter behave so crazily before.

She was a whirlwind of insanity, sweeping almost everything on the floor and incoherently repeating her words. Unable to recognize anyone, she indiscriminately attacked everyone who tried to get close to her.

Mrs. Cohen would never forget that scene.

Guinevere was no different from a deranged psychopath. It was only when the doctor rushed over and forcefully administered a dose of the tranquilizer to her that she finally stopped.

Even the medical attendees who tried to restrain her had their arms and legs covered with scratches and marks.

One of the nurses had her face badly scratched. Tiny streaks of blood spiderwebbed her face, and she looked ghastly.

Mrs. Cohen had always known about Guinevere's poor mental health, but this was the first time she witnessed the effects of her condition.

If she hadn't seen it for herself, she wouldn't have believed that this haggard – looking madwoman was her own daughter...

She couldn't understand what Ella had done to turn her like that.

"You wicked woman! Gwen has already broken off her engagement with Weston! What else do you want? Must you force her to her death?"

Mrs. Cohen pointed at Stella's face and berated her harshly. She then turned to Weston accusingly and bemoaned, "No matter what, Gwen is still Zack's mother, his biological mother! She gave birth to a son for you! How can you bear to see her become like this?" Her eyes turned red, seemingly blaming Weston for all that was.

Stella could have easily rebutted her, but she couldn't bring herself to go against a mother who was losing her mind over her own daughter.

She didn't want to say anything. Instead, she turned to

Weston and whispered, "I need some fresh air. I'll head out for a walk."

Weston furrowed his brows and fixed his gaze on her. "I'll accompany you."

Stella shook her head and pushed his hand away. "Go and take a look at Guinevere. You're still needed around here. You shouldn't just disappear like that."

"Ella..."

Weston grabbed her arm with a torn look in his eyes. Stella looked at him with a smile. "I'm fine, don't worry. I'll wait for you."

She was her usual obedient, pliant self, never putting him in a tight spot even at a time like this.

Weston pulled her closer and kissed her hair. "Her parents are with her; I don't need to be with her."

Stella was slightly surprised that Weston was willing to put Guinevere aside at such a time.

She had always thought that Guinevere was important to him, at least. He didn't say a word when Guinevere previously wanted her to die.

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Chapter 813

At least, it appeared to Stella that Guinevere's reputation was more important to him than her life.

She thought he would've certainly chosen Guinevere at such a critical time.

A glint flashed past Stella's eyes, but she didn't reply to Weston.

He held her hand and interlocked his fingers with hers as he turned to Mrs. Cohen. "The doctor is already here. I'll bring her out first."

His tone was mild and not particularly emotional, yet it bore a clear, authoritative note.

Stella looked down to see him holding her hand tightly. His fingers were long and graceful-looking.

She had a quirk-looking at other people's hands.

When they were first married, she realized how good Weston's hands looked, believing that such a pair of hands would look stunning while playing the piano.

Weston did not realize what she thought as he held her hands and prepared to leave. It was then that the sound of a car engine shutting off came from the courtyard.

Immediately after, Chris appeared at the door. "How's Gwen doing?" He was wearing a white suit and looked like he rushed all the way here, an anxious look on his face.

Stella could clearly feel Weston's hand tightening, making her fingers hurt slightly.

"Weston..."

She couldn't help but turn to glance at him and ask, "What's the matter?"

His eyes shifted. When he snapped back to attention, he released his grip and apologized softly.

"Sorry."

Stella furrowed her brows and surveyed him.

Somehow, she had a feeling that whenever Chris appeared with Guinevere, Weston always seemed a little strange. Was there something between them that she did not know of? Chris walked toward everyone in the house and first looked at Mrs. Cohen. "I'm sorry I came late. How is Gwen?"

The look of genuine concern on Chris' face softened Mrs. Cohen's tone. "She had a dose of sedatives administered.

As for specific details, the doctor is still trying to find out."

The expression on Chris' face was heavy and solemn. "Why did her condition suddenly relapse?"

"You'll have to ask your beloved son about that!"

Mrs. Cohen began grumbling as she turned toward the two who were about to leave. "If it weren't for that woman, Ella, Gwen wouldn't have become like this!"

Chris walked toward the couple , his face taut with fury.

He glanced at Ella before turning to look at Weston with an icy glare. "What exactly happened?"

Mrs. Cohen sneered and responded on their behalf. " Weston said that he wanted to marry Ella, which shocked Gwen..."

Chris' eyes widened. "What?"

He was even more agitated than Mrs. Cohen as he questioned Weston. "You want to marry this random woman you picked up from the streets?"

Weston furrowed his brows in discontent. "She's not a random woman." Chris' face darkened with anger, "Weston Ford, what did you previously promise me? You said that you would marry Gwen and treat her well! Just look at what you've done!"

Stella, stuck between them, felt exposed and vulnerable, as if stripped naked and left in the sun.

Weston's hand tightened over hers as he noticed her gradually paling face.

He looked down at her and said firmly, "I want to marry her. It is a decision I have made, and it will never change."

"Weston Ford!" Chris raised his volume and glared at him with bloodshot eyes.

Weston looked straight at him and repeated himself. "I want to marry her."

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Chapter 814

The Ford Mansion was in complete disarray.

Stella had never imagined that she would one day run out of that suffocating house, hand in hand with Weston.

A noisy racket had broken out behind her. The moment Guinevere's condition relapsed, the doctor inside was doomed to be in despair.

Mrs. Cohen sobbed in a corner, mumbling under her breath.

Wendy had long disappeared, probably to bring Zack away from the mess.

Old Mr. Ford was already sleeping at this time and no one dared to alert him.

Mrs. Cohen had secretly allowed Guinevere to come out without Mr. Cohen's permission, and she dared not inform him either.

The only person who could make a decision and bring things under control appeared to be Chris.

However, even his words seemed ineffective against Weston.

Weston brought Stella running out of the mansion, chucking aside all the troubles that brewed in that manor.

The night seemed extra chilly, as the cold wind blew in their faces.

Stella looked at Weston and suddenly felt like they were eloping

"Are you really intending to just not care about her anymore?"

Stella asked him the moment they got into the car.

Weston hugged her and kissed her forehead. "From the moment we broke off our engagement, she is no longer my responsibility."

He looked into Stella's eyes. "Don't you know the one who truly needs my attention and care?" A glint flashed past Stella's eyes, and his words seemingly moved her. "Okay," she whispered while leaning into his embrace. He hugged her tighter. "I will marry you and announce you as my wife to the world."

Stella hugged him back tightly as well. "Okay."

That was the only word she could say. Perhaps, she might have believed Weston in the past, happily basking in the knowledge that he regarded her with such importance. At least, more important than Guinevere.

However, having been betrayed by him once, she knew the high price one had to pay for trusting him. She also knew clearly that when compared to the past, she had simply switched positions with Guinevere.

This man had hurt her mercilessly for the sake of Guinevere back then. In the same manner, he was now completely disregarding Guinevere, the woman who bore him a son.

Perhaps it was in a man's nature to prefer the new to the old.

They might look merely affectionate when they were, in fact, heartless to the core.

If she were to lose her novelty, how much better would her final state be compared to Guinevere?

The only thing Stella was sure about was that she wouldn't end up hurting those around her, unlike Guinevere. Unlike Guinevere, she wouldn't cling to a man who'd had a change of heart.

A massive commotion was happening outside.

Guinevere flung everything she could get her hands on.

Broken shards of glass were strewn all over the floor.

Even the doctor dared not go close to her.

He was worried about her hurting others as well as herself.

"Gwen, calm down!"

Chris stood at the door cautiously and tried to soothe her. "Put that down, put that knife in your hand down..."

Guinevere, with a face streaked with tears, shook her head and shrieked, "I only want to speak to Weston! Where is he?!"

Chris took a deep breath. "Something cropped up at work, and he's left..."

"I don't believe you! Did he leave with Ella Steele?"

"Get him back here! GET HIM BACK! I can't go on!!! Not without him..."

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Chapter 815

Guinevere brandished the knife in her hands.

Everyone around her retreated to a safe distance, daring not to approach the unhinged woman.

There was a moment when she appeared to be in a daze. Chris seized the chance, lurched forward, and managed to grab the knife from her hands. He hugged her tight in his arms and yelled, "Doctor, quick, give her another sedative!"

Mrs. Cohen's heart was in her throat when Chris did that, but she finally heaved a sigh of relief when she saw the situation finally under control.

Due to concern for Guinevere's wellbeing, the doctor had initially administered a weak dose of the sedative, not expecting Guinevere to come around so quickly.

This time, he pumped the entire dose into her without any further thought.

Guinevere's eyes glazed over as she looked sorrowfully at the man before her.

Chris' heart ached as he looked at the condition the girl was in...

He turned to Mrs. Cohen. "Given her current condition, she might need to be hospitalized..."

Mrs. Cohen wiped away the tears on her face. "She was clearly doing so well, but she's suddenly become like this ... my poor daughter!" Chris sighed. "It's all my fault for not disciplining my son. No matter how ridiculous Weston's actions might seem, don't worry. We certainly won't leave Gwen in the lurch! She's Zack's biological mother, after all."

After all the pain and suffering the Cohen's were put through, Mrs. Cohen naturally bore a grudge against the Ford family.

However, the long night made her so fatigued and overwhelmed that she didn't have the energy to pursue things further.

She wiped her tears away at Chris' words. "I feel better after hearing what you said. As parents, the only thing we want is for our children to be happy." Guinevere finally calmed down after being administered a full dose of sedative.

She lay on the bed in the guest room, her face deathly pale. Tears covered her face that used to shine and dazzle before the world.

Pain pierced through Chris' heart.

"I will discuss things with old Mr. Ford and make things right for her."

Given Guinevere's current condition, she was unfit to stay in Ford Mansion. Everything associated with Weston could possibly trigger her condition again.

It was impossible to keep things from Mr. Cohen now that things had regressed to such a state.

Chris

felt that Mrs. Cohen couldn't possibly handle everything by herself, and he decided to bring Guinevere back to the Cohens alongside Mrs. Cohen.

Thus, he remained beside them throughout the episode, ensuring that everything had been taken care of before he finally returned to the Ford Mansion completely wiped of energy.

It was very late at night.

Wendy had long fallen asleep.

Being the deep sleeper she was, hardly anything was allowed to disrupt the slumber she needed to maintain her physical appearance.

Chris used to think

that her vanity wasn't a big deal. Beauty was, after all, something that every woman pursued.

However, her lack of concern over something so major that happened in the house, and her act of bringing Zack away to hide, ticked Chris off.

He felt that she had been rather selfish.

Disgust simmered in his heart as he returned to the room.

When he opened the door, he saw Wendy still awake, dressed in her sleeping gown and seated before her dressing table, surveying her own face in the mirror.

This surprised him a bit, but he kept his face expressionless as he asked, "Not sleeping yet?"

"How can I, with that ruckus downstairs?"

Wendy looked at him through the mirror.

The look on Chris' face softened. "Things got rather messy today. I'm not sure what will happen from here on

The two began a calm chat as if the cold war they were waging against each other had never happened.

Wendy had announced to everyone that Ella was her god daughter at Zack's birthday bash.

The Cohen's had also broken off their engagement with the Ford's.

They both just had a huge fight, too.

Chris just couldn't understand why Wendy wanted to help Ella humiliate Guinevere.

Wendy, on the other hand, felt like he was way too concerned for Guinevere.

They split up acrimoniously, with Chris slamming the door and leaving the house. He didn't come home for a long while. He was now finally back, but it was mainly for the sake of Guinevere.

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Chapter 816

Wendy smoothed some moisturizer over her face, but her looks remained cold and hard.

"It seems you're the only one who can bring Guinevere under control. Before you came, she was acting so crazy that even her own mother couldn't handle her..."

They had been married for many years, and Chris could naturally hear the sarcasm in her voice.

He furrowed his brows and said with displeasure. "Whatever it is, she is Zack's mother. Who is Ella? How could we upset Gwen just because of her?"

"Of course, you wouldn't want Gwen upset. You care the most about her."

He could feel Wendy becoming bitterer by the minute.

Chris used to feel guilty, but now he simply felt inexplicably annoyed. "Just speak your mind, don't beat around the bush!"

He added coldly, "You've become quick-tempered and jumpy as you age! Why are you even jealous of Guinevere?"

His words struck Wendy where it hurt.

She gripped the bottle of moisturizer and sent it hurtling

to the ground.

It hit the ground with a smash.

The bottle broke into pieces, spewing all its contents out.

“If you think I’m getting too old for you, go ahead and find some younger woman! Oh yes, Guinevere is pretty young. I’m sure she’s not as jumpy and quick-tempered as I am! Since you care so much for her, and boy, does she need your care and concern right now, what are you still doing here?”

“You’re being ridiculous!”

Chris was taken aback by Wendy’s reaction. The broken shards on the floor only soured his mood further. “Have you turned silly?”

“You know best whether I’m the silly one!”

Wendy glared at him. “Since you think I’m getting old, why don’t you just stay out and never come back! You’re only back here for Guinevere anyway. Ask yourself: what exactly is your relationship with her?”

“What relationship could I have with her? You’re being unreasonable! She’s the mother of my grandson!”

Wendy remained silent as she glared at him with unspeakable rage. Chris turned his face away, feeling slightly surprised at the look in her eyes. “Think about it yourself.”

With that, he turned to leave, slamming the door shut behind him.

Wendy was left all alone in the room.

She looked at herself in the mirror. It was the same beautiful face that she was looking at before Chris came in.

But it was true that she was getting old. No matter how beautiful one was, time was ruthless in leaving its mark on one’s face.

Chris’ words about her getting jumpy and quick tempered resounded in her ears. She looked at herself in the mirror and saw a stranger looking back.

Since when had she become so nasty and vile?

She had always been the center of attention, the darling in everyone's eyes. When did she become so wicked and repulsive?

At Serenity Café.

Old Mr. Ford was seated across from another elderly man, engaged in a game of chess.

Weston sat silently at a side while Stella filled his cup with tea. She then paid attention to the chess game between the two older men.

Weston was serious about marrying her when he proposed to her earlier.

That night, after leaving the Ford Mansion, he brought her to Old Mr. Ford and made his intentions to marry her clear.

Old Mr. Ford was silent at first, neither approving nor disapproving

The other old man was Jason, the boss of Musx Piano. He had met Stella once before and even made a piano for her.

Old Mr. Ford and Jason had been good friends for many years.

With Jason owning a villa located right next to Musx, the two would frequently fish and play chess over there. Sometimes, they would even grow plants on the hillside, enjoying their retirement life together.

Since Old Mr. Ford did not explicitly answer, Weston decided to bring Stella to the villa for some time.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 817

Chapter 817 Weston's handling of his previous project was outstanding, and everyone in the industry was impressed with his working capability.

Stella thought this must've been why Old Mr. Ford improved his disposition toward Weston.

If Xavier were to come here, he would probably be chased away in no time.

Only someone as incontestably capable as Weston could stand here and negotiate with Old Mr. Ford.

Marriage, however, was another issue altogether. It was a major life decision.

Old Mr. Ford's lack of comment was better than Chris' outright rejection.

Jason had a deep impression of Stella from the first time they met.

He placed a pawn on the chess board and looked at Old Mr. Ford, saying, "I've practically seen Weston grow up, and this is the first time he begged me for something, and it was for the sake of a woman. For Ella, to be exact."

"Is that so?"

Old Mr. Ford arched his brow. "Why would he need your

help? You're just someone meddling with the arts." Jason chuckled, "Of course, it had to do with the arts, then. You probably don't know this yet, but your potential granddaughter-in-law plays the piano excellently."

Calling Stella his 'potential granddaughter-in-law' made Old Mr. Ford furrow his brows.

He looked at Stella, a pawn in hand, "You know how to play the piano?"

Stella nodded. "A little."

Jason intercepted, "Don't be so humble. If that's your standard, then all my studies are noobs."

"Is that so?"

Old Mr. Ford stroked his beard. "You sound like an expert. I've never heard you play the piano before. Coincidentally, there is a piano in the villa. Why don't you play a piece and let me hear what you've got?"

Stella glanced at Weston.

He caressed her hair and mouthed for her to go ahead.

Stella nodded.

She sat down at the piano.

The two old men put their chess game aside and gave Stella their full attention, especially Old Mr. Ford, who

appeared to have something on his mind.

Stella's musical background was superb. On top of her natural talent, she had been diligently practicing in the apartment, and her current standard almost matched the time she used to win awards.

Jason was completely immersed in her piano playing." Not bad. Not bad at all."

Old Mr. Ford smiled without a word at Jason's remarks .

After the piece came to an end, he put his hands together in applause. "Very impressive. Even an amateur like me is mesmerized."

Stella closed the piano fallboard. "You're too kind."

"Grandpa , if you like, I can ask her to play the piano for you more frequently," Weston offered.

"You really know how to seize the chance to ask for approval," Jason replied with twinkling eyes. "Ford, I've never seen Weston so taken by any woman before. Why don't you just give him the go-ahead?"

The smile remained on Old Mr. Ford's face, but he didn't say anything further.

Jason had seen Weston grow up, and he treated him very well.

But he wasn't Weston's grandfather, after all.

All he felt was that Weston's happiness was the most important, and he didn't consider anything deeper.

If Weston were just fooling around with Ella, Old Mr. Ford would never interfere with that.

But if it involved marriage , Ella would never be fit to be *Mrs.* Ford.

No matter how good she was at playing the piano and how many awards she won, those were nothing compared to the scale of the Ford family.

Stella herself was clear about this fact.

Old Mr. Ford suddenly turned to look at Weston.

"Do you really want to be with her?" Weston replied solemnly, "Yes, I do."

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 818

Chapter 818 "Very well."

old Mr. Ford put all his pawns back into the bowl where they belonged. "If that's your decision, I really don't want to interfere. But I'm worried. You're still young, after all, and there's every chance that you might regret your decision. My suggestion is for you two to get engaged first."

He went on, "If, after staying engaged for a period of time, you still decide to get married, I will have nothing else to say."

Weston furrowed his brows and remained silent.

Then, a moment later, he resolutely defended his request. "I don't think there's a need to get engaged. I've already decided to be with her."

He was adamant about getting married to Stella once more.

This time, though, he would give her a happier marriage.

"Since you're bent on doing so and are so confident, you should have no problem accepting my suggestion, that is, if you're confident about the state of your relationship with her," old Mr. Ford said.

Stella could sense Weston's hesitation. He was, in fact, worried about her.

He squeezed her fingers. "I'm the one who can't wait to marry her."

Stella looked back at him and said softly, "Let's listen to Grandpa and get engaged first.

"I'm confident about our relationship. What about you?" she stated with determination.

Weston rested his forehead on hers. "As long as you're willing to."

"All right, then that settles it."

Old Mr. Ford smacked his palm against the table. "If you two really cannot wait, then get engaged quickly, I won't stop you from doing so. If you two still want to be together after getting engaged, I suppose that would be a decision arrived upon thinking things through. As long as both of you don't regret your decision and are very certain that this is who you want to be with for the rest of your life, I won't tear you two apart."

"What? Old Mr. Ford agreed to their marriage?"

Mrs. Cohen was in disbelief.

Mr. Cohen immediately shushed her as he turned to glance in the direction of the room. "Lower your volume, don't alert Gwen! If she were to hear it, she might go crazy again..."

Nothing had been going well for the Cohens over these few days.

Things went downhill right after they rode on Weston's coattails and earned an envious sum of money from the western suburbs project. Although they were affected by the termination of Weston and Guinevere's engagement, the profit they

gained was most important, which was why they were willing to let Weston go.

What they did not expect was for Guinevere to be so obsessed.

She had almost fully recovered in terms of her mental state, but all the improvement seemed to be vain, now that her condition had relapsed.

If the public were to catch wind of what happened to Guinevere, it would surely dent her reputation. "I had thought that Old Mr. Ford would spare a thought for the relationship between our families and stop that woman from being part of the Ford family..." Of course, they knew that with the engagement called off, Weston wasn't obliged to keep himself single for Guinevere.

They were also making alternative plans for Guinevere.

However, whatever it was, it was the Fords who called off the engagement. It was only reasonable that they ensured that Guinevere was properly settled before moving on.

To their surprise, they were so eager for a new engagement!

...to Ella Steele, to boot.

Guinevere certainly wouldn't be able to take such a blow.

Mr. and Mrs. Cohen were racking their brains on how they could hide the Fords' impending engagement when Guinevere suddenly walked out of her room.

Her hair was in an unruly mess and her eyes were soulless. "Dad, Mom, are they getting married?"

“Gwen, do you feel better now?”

Mrs. Cohen rushed

forward and looked at her with a pained expression in her eyes. “Just forget about him. He’s a bastard who doesn’t care about you. There are still plenty of fish in the sea...”

“There are many men out there indeed, but none of them are Weston, and none of them are as good as he is.”

Guinevere shook her head, her lips chapped and dry.

“He’s the only man I want.”

Mrs. Cohen sighed.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 819

Chapter 819 Unable to bear seeing Guinevere in such a state, Mr. Cohen said rather agitatedly, “So what if you can’t let go of him? He’s about to get married to someone else, and he doesn’t want you anymore. Your current appearance will only bring embarrassment to our family!”

Mrs. Cohen stopped him anxiously. “Don’t say that!”

Guinevere was already emotionally vulnerable, and her outburst at the Ford Mansion was frightening enough.

Mr. Cohen naturally understood where Mrs. Cohen was coming from and stopped himself from saying anything further.

However, instead of going berserk again, Guinevere leaned against the door and looked dreamily ahead of her. “Since he wants to get married, then let him be...”

Mrs. Cohen was stunned for a moment, unable to believe the words coming from Guinevere’s mouth. “Don’t be too upset, they are just getting engaged. Anything could happen in the future...”

Mr. Cohen glared at her. “Why are you still giving her hope?”

“I’m not. I just can’t bear to see her so upset...”

The two of them were about to start fighting when

Guinevere intercepted.

“Don’t worry about me. I will work with the doctors and get myself treated.”

She went on, "I won't resist it if you try to set me up with someone...but I suppose no man will want a deranged woman for a wife."

"What nonsense are you spouting?"

Mr. Cohen stopped her from saying further. "You're my daughter! Who dares to despise you? As long as you are willing to give up on Weston, there are tons of outstanding young men waiting in line for you to pick!"

That might be the case, but Guinevere didn't care for a single one of them.

Right from the beginning, she had only wanted Weston Ford.

"Dad, Mom, don't worry. I will cooperate with the doctor and put your minds to ease."

It was because she realized that acting crazy was no longer effective on Weston.

Even if she were to really turn crazy, he wouldn't care.

She had to find another way.

Weston was very quick to act.

The moment Old Mr. Ford agreed to their engagement, he made arrangements for the ceremony to proceed in the quickest time possible.

At the presidential suite on the top floor of the hotel.

Stella was subjected to an entire night of torture before she finally fell deep asleep in the latter half of the night.

The next day, Weston woke her up early in the morning, and she was not in the best of spirits.

"The engagement ceremony is about to begin. You need to put on your make-up and get ready. You can make up for your sleep debt after the ceremony, alright?"

His deep, low voice rumbled in her ear.

Stella leaned on him; her eyes still bleary with sleep." You knew that we were supposed to wake up early this morning, yet you still kept me up all night..."

She was wearing a silk gown that Weston was used to wearing

That was because her own nightrobe was torn to shreds during the whirlwind of passion last night. Remnants of her torn garment were still floating in the half-filled bathtub.

His nightrobe was clearly too large for her, and it slipped down her shoulders the moment she moved.

It revealed her fair, dewy skin that was covered with bright red marks.

Weston's gaze darkened as his fingers brushed across the hickeys he left on her. He leaned close to her and whispered into her ear, "Our guests are all here. You still want to stay in bed?"

"Who should I blame for being unable to get out of bed?"

Stella looked at him begrudgingly, "Since you knew that we were supposed to wake up early, you could've just exercised some restraint..."

Weston remained silent as he found her clothes and helped her with them.

After today, she would have an official status and reason to be by his side, and the nasty rumors surrounding them previously would be thoroughly buried.

Weston kissed her cheeks. "I'm sorry. I won't be like this next time."

He hauled her into his arms and promised, "I'll make sure you get ample rest the night before our wedding."

Chapter 820

The engagement ceremony was scheduled to be held in the hotel.

Guests invited included relatives and good friends of the Ford family, as well as some of Weston's business partners.

Stella had expected the engagement ceremony to be simple and straightforward, given the little time that Weston had to put things together.

She thought that, at most, it would be the Ford family gathering for a meal, but she was surprised to see so many guests instead.

She sat before the mirror in the dressing room as anxiety crept into her heart.

Weston was all dressed and ready.

He was out of bed earlier than her and was already in his suit and pants while she was still blurred with sleep.

Thanks to his outstandingly dashing looks, there was no need for him to do much to make himself look more presentable and eye-catching amidst the crowd.

The moment Stella got out of bed, she found herself ushered into the dressing room and manhandled by the make-up artist, who was at that moment rolling in an entire row of haute couture gowns and seeking her opinion.

“Madam, these are this season’s haute couture gowns that have just been launched. Many popular celebrities fought for these, but they were unable to get their hands on them...”

She surveyed the woman in the mirror and said with envy, “Mr. Ford treats you so well.”

Stella smiled. “That white dress will do.”

She pointed to a minimalistic chiffon dress with gardenia flowers adorning the hem.

Fine silk lay below the white organza, without excessive adornments and embellishments on the gown. It could be considered the most low-profile and modest-looking option amidst the row of dresses.

The make-up artist’s eyes lit up. “You have excellent taste!”

She pulled the dress out and exclaimed, “This dress is my favorite one, too. It exemplifies the beauty of gardenia flowers very well.”

It was only then that Stella had a good look at what the entire dress looked like.

The design on the top was deliberately minimalistic, whereas the hem displayed the essence of the piece— impeccably lifelike Gardenia flowers that had been hand-sewn on it.

The flowers looked freshly plucked, their petals adorned with beads of morning dew that seemed on the verge of falling to the feet of its wearer.

As the make-up artist shook out the hem of the dress, her movements seemed to trigger a whiff of gardenia fragrance.

Stella's eyes illuminated, clearly betraying her liking for the dress.

She said, "This one will do."

After getting changed, the make-up artist looked at Stella through the mirror. "Madam, your skin complexion is great, and you don't need thick makeup. A little color to highlight your features should be enough to make you look stunning..."

She couldn't help but add, "I seldom see someone with such fine complexion."

People in her industry were used to flattery and empty praises, but her compliment towards Stella came from the bottom of her heart.

Stella's complexion was way better than most female celebrities. Although she was obviously fatigued, given the dark eye bags surrounding her eyes, her skin was so fair that even her veins were visible from up close.

The make-up artist didn't have to expend much effort to get Stella all dolled up.

Weston was already waiting at the door, and his eyes lit up the moment Stella walked out of the dressing room.

He tugged at his collar as he swallowed past his constricted throat.

Although he didn't say a word, Stella could see the tenderness in his eyes.

He walked toward her and hitched his arm in a silent signal for Stella to rest her hand on it.

"This dress suits you very well," he commented.

Stella lowered her head to glance at the dress, and that was when she noticed even more details.

She couldn't see the gardenia flowers at the hem when she was just standing.

But the moment she began walking, the petals would move along with her steps.

It was clear where the dress got its "Flowers in Every Step" name from.

The doors opened.

The sight of all the wealthy and powerful people gathered in the room made Stella slightly nervous.

Weston could feel her grip tightening on his arm. To reassure her, he patted the back of her hand.

“Just follow me.”

Stella nodded and inched closer to him, sticking as close as she could to him every step of the way.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 820

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