

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 856

Chapter 856

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Stella seemed dazed by Weston's kiss.

After the kiss, she saw something in her peripheral vision: the boxes of condoms that he had bought earlier. They were unused and casually placed aside. "Isn't that all a waste?" she asked.

Weston touched her lips again. "Don't worry. We'll need it soon." Sounding a little breathless, he unwrapped one in his hand.

"R-right now?"

Stella's voice was a little raspy. Weston replied to her gasp with a low laugh. "My hand is so wet now. What do you think?"

Stella blushed and buried her face in the blanket again, refusing to come out.

It was late at night when they finally stopped.

By then, Stella was already very sleepy, but she still got up from bed after looking at the time.

Roger should be awake by this time. She thought about it for a long time, not knowing how to explain it to him. Even so, he would get the news sooner or later. One day, she would still have to tell him.

She did not want someone else to tell him about it and use the information against her. She would rather tell him her plan now and let him wait for her aboard for a while. They would be free

for good once everything was over.

Stella became nervous after listening to the beeping dial tone. For some reason, she felt really anxious.

She became more anxious because Roger was not picking up. She had just sent several messages and even called him, but there was no reply. This only served to worsen the bad feeling in her gut.

She glanced at the time again. After considering the time difference, she was sure that Roger was at home. Was he out with his friends ? Even so, he should've carried his phone with him.

Such a thing had never happened to them before. Roger would always tell her his whereabouts and plans, and despite the time difference, would still let her know about his schedule.

Stella's worsening anxiousness affected her sleep. Wide awake on the bed, she looked out the window. Although it was not cold anymore, she still felt chilled to the bone.

A few moments later, a gentle embrace came from behind.

Weston pulled her into his arms. "What's wrong?" he asked with a silvery voice in her ear.

Stella shook her head and sighed. "I called Roger, but he didn't answer..."

Weston paused. "Are you going to tell him?" Stella nodded. "I'll have to, eventually."

Weston gave her a kiss on the cheek. "Maybe he's caught up with something and didn't hear his phone ringing. Let's contact him tomorrow."

Stella nodded again. "But it's daytime there, and he's not in class now. How could he not hear..."

"Maybe he's out partying with his classmates. Don't be so worried. He's an adult. He can take care of himself."

Even so, Stella was still anxious. She looked at Weston suddenly and asked, "Do you think the ones overseas have gotten the news?"

Weston patted her head. "Don't overthink it. It won't be so soon. Even if he knows, it'll be fine. You'll have to tell him eventually."

After hearing that, Stella relaxed a little, but she was still slightly restless.

Weston leaned close to her ear and asked, "Can't sleep?"

Stella nodded in reply, to which Weston sighed.

“I guess we’ll have to find a way to get you to sleep.”

Stella immediately understood what he was implying.

“D—don’t... I’ll sleep now.”

The next day.

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Chapter 857

Chapter 857 Stella called Roger the first thing in the morning, but still, there was no response.

Weston told her to stop thinking about all this nonsense and focus on their wedding instead. Because of what happened at the engagement party, Weston had decided to move the wedding date up.

Warren disagreed with it, but he did not say anything.

Before going to the office, Weston pinched Stella’s face. “I’ve hired a team of designers to be in charge of our wedding. You can tell them what kind of wedding you want.”

Stella smiled at him with a nod, but she still looked worried.

“If you’re still worried, I can send someone over to take a look,” Weston attempted to reassure her.

However, Stella shook her head in response. “No need for that.

“You’re right. He is an adult. He’s probably busy with something.”

Weston noticed something in her reaction. “Stella, you don’t trust me?”

“No. If I didn’t, why would I remarry *you*?”

Stella told him, “But Roger already has a prejudice against you. If you send someone over there, I’m afraid he’ll reject you even more.”

Weston eased his look and patted her head. “I know. You

shouldn't worry too much."

Stella breathed a sigh of relief.

After Weston left, Stella checked the local news in Compassvale and the school's official website and was relieved to see no reports about international students encountering any accidents in Compassvale.

Meanwhile, at the Ford Corporation building.

The farce at the engagement party had a detrimental impact on the company—news about Weston's scandals and his past with Guinevere caused the company's market capitalization to dip slightly. However, it was still manageable.

When the project in the western suburbs was announced to the public, people quickly realized there was more to the project than they thought. However, the potential earnings were so great it made them forget about Weston's scandal.

Weston could reap hundreds of millions of dollars in profits for Ford Corporation and its partners, making his scandals seem trivial in comparison to the obscene profits he could get.

Ben had always admired Weston at work. Sometimes, he even thought that a man like Weston did not need a woman. What was the point of all that trouble?

It left Ben wondering what could be different if Weston had focused all his energy on work. Under his stellar leadership, Ford Corporation might just reach heights that nobody would've ever imagined they could achieve.

Suddenly, someone from the secretary's office came in to report something

"Mr. Ford..."

It turned out to be Daisy.

Ben stopped her at the door. "What's the matter?"

Daisy looked at him with a troubled look. "Mr. Sullivan, I have something urgent to report to Mr. Ford..."

To which Ben reproached with a frown. "Mr. Ford doesn't like to be interrupted in the middle of work. Next time, call in advance."

Daisy looked stressed. "I know, but it's a phone call from the Cohen family..."

Ben paused for a moment and looked at Weston.

Weston rubbed his temple. "What is it?"

"They said Ms. Cohen's condition has worsened. They want you to go over and visit her..."

Daisy looked at Weston from his side with a complicated feeling. She had heard about the engagement party incident and thought Ella was merely his new love. Little did she expect that she was actually his ex-wife.

Why would a man like him be attracted to only a woman like her?

Daisy always thought Weston would keep changing partners. First, it was Guinevere. Then came Ella. After that, perhaps he would've dated a better woman.

What was so good about Ella? No, what was so great about Stella?

Daisy simply couldn't figure it out. If she compared herself to Guinevere, she would lose because of her family background. However, she had already conceded with the knowledge that it wasn't a part of her that she could change.

'But Ella...'

Daisy thought there wasn't too much of a difference between them. She believed she had the upper hand as Weston's secretary

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Ever since Guinevere had been diagnosed with mental illness; she had used it as an excuse to get Weston to visit her.

It used to work, but Weston decided to stop granting her that courtesy

"From now on, you don't have to answer these calls."

Daisy froze for a moment. "Mr. Ford, what do you mean?"

"Mr. Ford means that he shouldn't be bothered with the Cohen family's matters anymore," Ben chimed in.

Daisy's eyes flickered for a moment.

"I understand," she said after a moment and turned to leave.

It seemed Weston was serious this time. He was breaking ties with the Cohen family for real.

As soon as he turned down the Cohen family, Chris called.

"I'm looking for Weston."

Weston knew this was coming.

He gave Ben a look. Ben got the message and left the office at once.

As soon as the call connected, Chris barked into the phone irritably. "What the hell are you trying to do?"

Weston frowned. "State your business."

Chris took a deep breath. He tried to calm down, but he could not conceal the anger in his tone. "You think you're so tough now, huh? How can you ignore our agreement?!"

A smile formed on Weston's lips. "I wanted to keep our agreement, but the Cohen family went overboard..."

"I don't care about that! Weston, what did you promise me?"

Chris got worked up. "You said you'd be with Guinevere. How could you hurt her like this? What if, one day, she remembers everything?"

"Well, she doesn't remember it now, does she?"

"Are we going to leave a ticking time bomb in the open? Doesn't it disturb you when you think of it?"

"You should be worried."

"Weston! You're my son!" Chris roared in a fury.

"We're all in this together! If I go down, you're coming down with me! How do you think you'll fare if this thing blows up?!"

"It'll be bad." Weston paused. "But no worse than before," he added.

Chris' tone suddenly changed, and he sounded exhausted. "Is she so important to you? It's not that I don't want you to be together, but can't you just maintain the balance like before?"

He simply couldn't understand why this was so difficult for Weston. Guinevere had clearly made concessions—she'd taken

a step back and was even willing to accept Ella's presence.

Weston could've made Guinevere his wife while simultaneously keeping Ella as his lover. There would be no conflict of interest, and none would be the wiser.

"Even if Ella is Stella, you're already divorced. Why are you still so obsessed over her?"

Chris didn't realize how little he knew about his son until the incident at the engagement party. He had always thought his son didn't care for women.

All these years, he had no other woman around him except for Guinevere.

Chris never imagined that Weston would give their family such a big surprise.

"Now that things have come to this..." Weston began coldly. "There's no point in talking to me about all these. Why don't you think about your problem? Do you want to keep hiding this, or do you want to tell Mom the..."

"You mustn't tell her!" Chris cut him off at once. His voice trembled a little in fear. "With how she is, she absolutely won't let me go once she gets to know..."

Weston fell into a short silence after hearing that.

"Why are you so afraid of telling her the truth?" he asked after a while. "Are you afraid of her sadness or her revenge?"

Chris and Wendy had, after all, been known to be a loving couple for many years.

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Chapter 859 Did Chris have any regrets about coming this far? If he did, he'd never admit it to his son.

"Of course, I'm scared ... I don't want her to be sad and upset ... What happened back then was an accident. If you kept your promise, no one would've known. Now that you're treating Guinevere like this, we'll be screwed when her memory comes back, and she'll drag us all down..."

“Then, so be it.”

Weston was about to hang up when he heard Chris’s pleading from the other end of the line.

“Did you forget?! Your mom just had her heart checked at the hospital. If she finds out the truth ... It’ll be too much for her to handle!”

Weston held his breath and remained silent for a long time.

“Please, I’m begging you, just come and see her... Consider it a favor for your mother. Don’t hurt her anymore.”

“If you don’t want to hurt her,” Weston snapped coldly. “You shouldn’t have done this in the first place.”

Weston ended the call with a bang as he slammed his phone on the table. His eyes gradually turned dark, like the frost formed on a thousand years of coldness.

Although Weston moved the wedding to an earlier date, he clearly had no intention of reducing his original budget, hiring even more designers from abroad to the already massive wedding planning team.

Stella looked at the teams of people and plans in front of her with a headache. “Are you planning to do two ceremonies; with so many styles?”

She looked through the plans in her hand, but it was too much.

Meanwhile, the patient design team explained everything in detail to Stella. “Ms. Steele, there’s no hurry. Mr. Ford has instructed us to do everything to your liking. We can combine the two ceremonies if you wish.”

They were ready to face Stella’s tricky demands.

After flipping through the pages, Stella suddenly said, “I want the simplest wedding possible.”

The designers were stunned. “The simplest?”

Weston was annoyed following Chris’ outburst and the Cohen’s matters. When he showed up at the wedding planning meeting to learn about the progress, Stella’s request made him frown a little. She wanted only a simple wedding?

After that, in the apartment.

When Stella returned, Weston was already at home, leisurely flipping through a booklet on the sofa.

Stella put her bag down and walked up behind him. She put her hands on his temples and massaged them softly. “Why are you home so early today?”

Weston grabbed her hand and took her into his arms. “Did the designers fail to impress you?”

Stella hesitated for a moment. She knew he was talking about the wedding. She shook her head and explained, “It’s all good, but we don’t need such extravagance—”

“I thought women loved grand weddings.” Weston tipped her chin and nudged her a little. “If you don’t like them, I’ll hire another team from abroad.”

“It’s not about the designers.”

Stella explained, “They’re good and clever at their plans, but... Sigh.

“I just don’t want to make it so grand.”

She leaned her head on his shoulder. “Isn’t marriage something we both share? The most important thing is that we like it, not how lavish it is. Besides...”

She paused and muttered softly, “I don’t want people to say I’m showing off.”

Weston hugged her waist and looked her in the eye.

“Are you sure of this?”

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Weston consulted several married people, some of them business partners, about the wedding. Each of them couldn’t wait to impart their advice.

“Mr. Ford, women are all the same! They like to see the man’s sincerity.”

“She’ll say she doesn’t need an extravagant and wasteful wedding because she cares about you, but as the man, you shouldn’t be stingy!”

“But if you listen to her and make an event as important as her wedding too simple... she’ll haunt you for decades!”

“Whenever you quarrel, your wife will nag in your ear: when I married you, I didn’t even have a decent wedding! How dare you argue with me now?”

“When it comes to that, you’ll wish you never listened to what she said!”

The other married men agreed with this statement.

Thinking that there was some merit to their advice, Weston shared them with Stella.

The moment she heard it, Stella, in his arms, laughed. “I didn’t know your business partners were so funny.”

“I heard them mention their wives in the meeting today, so I casually asked them.”

Weston’s gaze softened at her amused laughter. “Are you like them too?” he asked while scratching her chin.

Stella fell into deep thought. After a bout of silence, she said, “I don’t know what the future brings, but I did mean what I said. I don’t want to be extravagant and wasteful... I feel it’ll be too much trouble.”

She frowned. “I’ve seen lots of wedding videos – both the bride and groom were completely exhausted from the wedding. A wedding should be a happy occasion. I don’t want it to be complicated...”

Weston saw the seriousness in her eyes that told it wasn’t a half –hearted request. Perhaps, these were her real thoughts.

He let out an inaudible sigh.

“As long as you’re happy.”

“What? You’re not going to have a grand wedding?!”

Yvonne had a completely different idea when she heard this.” What were you thinking? A wedding is a once-in-a-lifetime thing!”

After saying that, however, she found her statement a little wrong.

“Bah. Bah,” she cursed. “It’s not necessarily a once-in-a-lifetime thing. I can’t say that.”

Stella was rendered speechless and looked at Yvonne helplessly.

Yvonne continued muttering to herself. "But anyway, it's still an important life event. You can't deny that, can you?"

"It may be no big deal to you now, but what if you regret it later? When you get old and reminisce on your youth, won't you regret your simple and insignificant wedding?"

"We'll worry about that much later," Stella said.

"Oh, you sure are silly, aren't you?"

Yvonne was so annoyed that she almost wanted to pinch her ear and give her a lecture. "Weston has done so much wrong to you. You should at least make him bleed some money for the wedding. You have to make him suffer! Let him learn how to treasure you!"

Yvonne turned to Angelina next to her. "Don't you think so too?"

Her question caught Angelina off guard.

Angelina seemed confused as she gobbled down the food in front of her. She looked at Stella and then at Yvonne, not knowing how to answer.

It was only her first meeting with Yvonne. With the filming reaching its conclusion, she was on vacation. Having plenty of free time, she would often invite Stella out.

Yvonne also started inviting Stella out openly. This time, as the invitations coincided, Stella decided to introduce them to each other.

Lively and sociable in nature, Yvonne's personality matched Angelina's easygoing attitude. Upon meeting, they quickly warmed up to each other and began chatting like long-lost buddies.

Yvonne's thoughts shifted very quickly. She suddenly thought about something and turned to Angelina. "By the way, do you have a boyfriend?"

Her question caught Angelina off guard again.

Angelina froze for a moment.

"No..."