

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 991

Mr. Ford is Jealous

Chapter 991

Chapter 991 Stella had only ever seen such a long table on TV. She never thought that there were people who would use it in real life.

But the Fords were a large family that numbered in multitudes. Once all were at the table, Weston introduced some of his relatives to her.

Stella, in turn, greeted them all politely.

Clearly, they were all curious about her, though they maintained a friendly and courteous demeanor in front of her.

Wendy made sure to express her satisfaction with her new daughter-in-law. The words she said were obviously a hint that the others should treat Stella well and build a good relationship with her.

These people were all shrewd by nature and knew exactly how to read expressions.

If there was one person there who clearly wore a forced smile, it was probably Guinevere.

With Warren Ford there, she could just barely concoct a reason to join the family dinner. Besides, she was also Zachary Ford's biological mother, and since she was taking care of him today, it seemed reasonable that she

would stay for the dinner that was meant only for the Ford family members. Stella could imagine now that if she were to continue living with Weston, Guinevere would take every chance and opportunity she got to appear in front of her.

To think that a grand wedding was not enough to make her give up, not even after the truth about what she did in the past was exposed at the engagement party! Despite all the odds, Guinevere still persevered.

If it hadn't been for the strained relationship between Stella and Guinevere and the fact that they were enemies, Stella would have conceded and even admired Guinevere's steadfast determination.

Warren Ford finally took his seat and made a brief speech. The people around him started making a toast to his health , and soon, others joined in to wish him a happy birthday.

Stella knew that as long as she stayed by Weston's side and followed him, she would not go wrong.

Apart from Warren, the other person who attracted the most attention at the birthday banquet was, of course,

Zachary Ford. Since he was Warren's only great grandchild, he was naturally showered with adoration. "Great-grandpa!" the boy shouted as he climbed down from Guinevere's lap and darted towards Warren. When got to him the boy acted all kittenish and said, "Great – grandpa..."

Warren smiled so widely that his eyes narrowed to slits. He picked the boy up in his arms and cried, "My dear boy!"

"What do you want to eat?" he asked Zack, pinching his chubby cheeks. "I'll give it to you!"

"Grandpa ," Guinevere interjected , "why don't you put him down? He'll just get in your way."

Wendy joined in and echoed Guinevere's sentiments.

"Nonsense!" argued Warren. "How can a little boy be in my way?"

It was clear that he loved Zack very much by the way he would let him sit on his lap.

After that, Guinevere made no more objections.

Others at the dinner were well aware of this situation. Some of them looked at Guinevere with meaningful eyes and tried to start a conversation with her so she wouldn't feel so left out.

With Zack there, it could be said that she had a trump card that would forever make her at least a half-member of the Ford family.

"...Are you upset?" Weston asked, glancing at Stella.

Stella shook her head and said nothing.

Weston held her hand under the table and assured her, " If you're feeling unwell, I can take you back to Stardust Mansion tomorrow."

Although Warren Ford's birthday banquet lasted several days, this dinner was the most important occasion they had to attend. After this event, Weston could easily make a reasonable excuse not to stay here anymore.

Besides, apart from these necessary social events, Weston wanted Stella to stay at home at all times. He wanted her to be there by his side whenever he went home. He wanted her to stay within his line of sight and not go anywhere else. "No," Stella replied with knitted brows. "Everyone's here to celebrate Grandpa's birthday. If you bring me home suddenly in the middle of everything... I don't want people to think that I'm too fussy, and I don't want to give them any reason to gossip about you either."

This was not the answer that Weston wanted. But she had been considerate of him and wanted to do what was best for him, and that made him happy.

"Okay," he said. "If you don't want to see her again, I'll make her leave later."

Stella knew that by "her," he meant Guinevere.

She made no response and just sat quietly beside him.

Soon the dishes were served up. One man wearing an apron suddenly stopped when he walked past Stella and began acting weirdly.

Stella thought that she was in his way, so she tried to stand up

Just then, the man's expression suddenly changed.

"You despicable woman!" he shouted.

He then pulled out a transparent glass bottle from under his sleeves and violently hurled it toward Stella!

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Chapter 992 It all happened so suddenly that no one had the time to react.

There was a sizzling sound coming from that glass bottle. Stella's eyes widened

At that critical moment, she had a hunch that the liquid inside the bottle was acid!

She could only watch as the liquid was hurled toward her. There was no way that she could escape it now. The man was obviously aiming it at her. The last thing she saw before she could react was seeing the liquid coming at her head-on.

“Aaaah!” a piercing scream rang through the hall

The whole table was turned into chaos.

Everyone there could only watch as it happened in front of their eyes. None of them moved or reacted.

Just as Stella had lost all hope, a tall figure cropped up by her side

Without the least hesitation, Weston grabbed Stella’s shoulders and turned her around, locking her in his arms.

– The pain that Stella expected to feel never came...

She shut her eyes tight, but she heard Weston grunt

above her. Then she felt his grip around her shoulders suddenly tensing up. He had used so much force it seemed he was trying to suppress something.

Stella could hear her rapid heartbeats, so rapid it was about to jump out of her chest.

At that moment, the whole place became eerily silent. All the surrounding noises vanished instantly as if someone had pressed the “mute” button. Stella could only feel the force of Weston’s embrace and his stiffening muscle around her.

It was unclear who had come to their senses before everyone else and shouted

“Quick! Grab him!”

Then the people around them started to move.

The grim-faced man in an apron was stunned when he noticed that the acid had missed Stella and had landed on Weston’s back instead. But he came back to his senses in no time. Then, seeing Weston securely guarding Stella, he tried to pull something else out of his sleeves. “You evil wench!” he yelled in a voice filled with spite. “I will never let you run free! You will pay! I will destroy you! I will destroy that face of yours!” But this time, the bodyguards reacted. Before the man could pull anything out, they caught him by his shoulders and pinned him down to the floor. They quickly grabbed

the bottle in his hand and rummaged through his body. After a thorough search, they found a dagger and a long rope.

“What else are you hiding? Speak!”

Ben rushed up to the scene and immediately kicked the man on the back. The man spat out a mouthful of blood.

The air was knocked out of him, and he lost all his strength. “I said speak!” Ben grabbed a fistful of the man’s hair to raise his head before slapping him across his face. “What else are you hiding?”

“Noth...” The man shook his head, wincing in pain. “I’ve got nothing else...”

Ben pretended he didn’t see or hear anything and slapped him hard again.

“Do you have any other accomplices?!” he barked.

The man shook his head, stared directly at Ben, and spat another mouthful of blood. Then he suddenly started laughing

“I do have accomplices...” he said.

Ben immediately turned vigilant when he heard those words.

Even everyone else around them was alarmed. They held their breath and looked around nervously, fearing

another psycho might jump out of nowhere.

But Weston did not move. It was only his grip around Stella that got a little tighter. With cold eyes, he gritted his teeth as if enduring something.

“Weston...”

Even Stella could feel his tension.

“Be quiet,” Weston whispered , clasping the back of her head.

Stella could hear the pain in his voice, which made her afraid to move.

That man just admitted that he had other accomplices . They were all probably aiming to attack her too. This realization brought Stella back to her senses.

The thought of the man throwing the liquid at her just now made her flinch, but this only resulted in Weston restraining her even harder.

“Just hold on for a little longer,” he pleaded to her.

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Chapter 993 She heard Weston from above her head, saying in a low *voice*. “But...” Stella said quietly. It was as if she didn’t want to *alert* the bystanders. “You are hurt, *aren’t you?*”

He said nonchalantly, “It’s just a minor thing. Don’t worry about it.” He pressed her back. “Were you hurt?”

She shook her head.

She was completely untouched.

He had protected her so well that not once inch on her skin had been scathed.

She could clearly feel his tense body easing a little when she responded.

With his big warm palm caressing her back gently, he didn’t fail to *comfort* her. “Don’t be scared. No one will hurt you now.”

She clutched his suit jacket hard with trembling hands.

The sudden attack hadn’t only left her terrified but left many complicated and indistinguishable feelings inside her.

She did not expect that he would stand in front of her without a second thought.

Even she knew that the bottle that the man held might contain acid.

The thought would’ve surely crossed his mind, yet he still instinctively and subconsciously shielded her.

It was like her hatred was coated with a layer of honey, and her burning fire of revenge was covered with a layer of warm sand.

It could neither burn nor extinguish.

The torment was unbearable.

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Why was this man always like that? He could never give her an easy time.

He made her unable to love or hate him.

Ben brought some men to search the whole manor but failed to find his accomplice.

“Did you just lie? Were you stalling for time by lying about an accomplice?”

That man raised his head. His face was already swollen like a balloon, but he still stubbornly said, “I told you I have countless accomplices standing with me. It’s just that they are not here. If they knew what I have done,

they would’ve clapped for me!”

When he said that, he sounded a bit regretful. “Unfortunately, I did not destroy Stella’s face...”

The moment he said that, Ben instantly slashed at his face with a knife.

“Argh!”

A piercing shriek was heard Ben placed the knife against his chin. “Countless accomplices? Then I will cut your face a million times. We’ll see who claps and cheers in the end.”

This man seemed to be a normal person, but he might just be a bit psychotic and paranoid.

Ben had been with Weston since he was a kid, and had seen all kinds of big scenes.

The business field was like a battlefield, where dirty tactics were not uncommon.

When Weston was young, he was assassinated because he had touched someone’s cake.

There were also many undercover spies sent by the other parties just to get first-hand information from him to sell to the opponent.

Even when he was a student, these deceitful tricks had never stopped.

By now, they had experienced so many attacks and ambushes. Dealing with this kind of minion was out of the question.

He had all sorts of ways to torture him.

He soon found something in his pocket

“What’s your relationship with Guinevere?”

When Ben found the evidence , his face turned gloomy, and he questioned him. “Why is your phone full of her pictures?”

“She had nothing to do with this!” The slightly obese man lay on the ground in an awkward position. He resisted at first.

However, after a little of Ben’s persuasion methods, he immediately howled in pain. “I... I am a fan of Gwen!”

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Chapter 994 Even the toughest–talking man could not resist the tactics of Wenton’s man.

“I do have accomplices , but we’re all huge fans of Gwen ...” the man confessed with conviction. “But I’m the only one willing to put myself before Gwen!”

“You lie!”

Guinevere , who was sitting at the table , jumped to her feet and retorted vehemently. “You need evidence when you say stuff like that. Don’t utter slander as you like!”

The interrogation just now had been carried out in clear sight of all.

This man appeared when everyone was eating, which meant he was most likely related to one of the people present

Such a situation was not uncommon for all who were present.

As long as personal interests were involved, all sorts of thrilling surprises could happen.

A number of people even started wondering if the man’s words held any truth in them.

The man looked at Guinevere in pain. "I am sorry, Gwen.

I didn't mean to fail... I know you probably wouldn't be happy if I did something like this, but I really don't want to see you sad anymore..."

"What rubbish are you talking about?"

Guinevere was burning with anger. She was more worried that other people might misunderstand her. "I do not know you at all. Are you really my fan if you say so?"

The man shut his mouth and looked down, seemingly a little hurt.

After a while, he said with a hoarse voice, "This has nothing to do with Gwen. I planned this myself!"

As he was saying that, he suddenly glared at Stella. "It's all because of you! If it's not you, Gwen would not be so upset!"

He stared at her with a deadly glare as if he wanted to kill her. "I'm not the only one. All of Gwen's fans hate you to the core! Just you wait. We won't let you have your way!"

The incident in the engagement ceremony caused Guinevere's reputation to sink to the bottom of the valley.

And at the grand wedding, wearing a wedding dress, she was blocked at the door of the wedding hall, drawing the laughter of everyone present.

The fans she had gained over the years had long stopped being her fans, the incident causing a massive departure.

However, her fanbase remained huge, and even if she had lost her reputation, there were many hardcore fans who were still fanatical about her.

Those who stayed were the ones who loved her more than they loved themselves. Guinevere's body swayed when she heard that, and she quickly looked at Warren. "Grandfather, this really has nothing to do with me. I know nothing of it..." she explained in desperation.

Warren's face turned green, and he waved his hand at her. "Bring her away and look into the matter!"

When the man heard that, he straightened his back immediately. "This has nothing to do with Gwen! If you want, you should just kill me!"

He was indeed Guinevere's hardcore fan. However, even in such times, he did not forget to defend his idol. "I can't just stand here and watch as Weston hurts Gwen. Not when she loves him so much!"

As he spoke, he looked at Weston and questioned him "How could you cause Gwen such devastation for that lowly woman? She's also given you a son! How could you do this to her?"

To him, Guinevere was a goddess he held in his palm, his idol that he'd die for!

Such extreme fans were not uncommon in the entertainment industry.

Even Z-list celebrities might probably have fans that were crazy in love with them; what more for a star like Guinevere, an actress at the pinnacle of the circle?

Ben frowned and said, "So the accomplices you were talking about are Guinevere's crazy fans who are just like

you?"

Guinevere closed her eyes with an indescribable panic.

She really hadn't intervened in the matter and had no idea that they would do that, not to mention that they had chosen to do it at Warren's birthday party.

If they wanted to teach Stella a lesson on some other occasion, she wouldn't have any problem with that. She'd even applaud them in her heart.

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Chapter 995 But she did not expect that these fans would be so stupid!

Didn't they know that their action would only bring her bad influence?

These were all her fans. Once they investigated the matter, the blame would surely be on her.

She looked at Weston anxiously. "Weston, I really didn't know they'd do this. Trust me. I'd never do such a thing

At that moment, the man simply ignored her.

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Stella could feel Weston's increasingly rigid force.

She said with a trembling voice, "Call the doctor first. He's been doused with acid..."

"What?"

Warren jumped to his feet in a flash. "Why didn't you say anything?!"

He looked very anxious, but more than that, he was angry.

Stella was about to open her mouth when Weston nudged her back gently.

Then, he turned his head to Warren. "Grandfather, I am fine. Let's take care of this first."

He rubbed her head, hinting for her to shut up.

He knew she was stunned. If they continued to pursue the matter, Warren might be angry with her again.

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Warren had reached his limit in maintaining superficial peace with Stella. He would target her at the slightest hint of anything, even when the matter was Guinevere's fault and had nothing to do with Stella.

Perhaps it was his overly calm facial expression and tone that people took his word for gospel.

No one even thought how badly he was hurt.

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After all, his complexion hadn't even changed much, so they thought Stella was simply making a big deal out of nothing.

And because Weston had shielded her, she was obliged to show a little affection as a woman, even if he wasn't badly injured.

Nevertheless, Weston shouldn't have been so cold and

aloof if he was really hurt.

Warren sneered inwardly.

That was if Weston was not injured... If he was really injured, however,...

Should he spare this woman? He had gotten injured to save her, after all.

“This happened at my birthday party. I will definitely investigate.”

Warren stared at Ben and snapped, “You’ve been with Weston for so many years. You know what to do. Take him downstairs!”

“Understood.”

Ben brought the man away quickly and cleaned up the scene.

It was nothing unusual, but the commotion happened at Warren’s birthday party. Fear still lingered in the minds of the guests at the table.

As the party went on, everyone became absent-minded, especially Guinevere.

Even though Warren did not question her on the spot, she could feel he was upset with her.

No matter what, they were her fans...

She simply didn’t expect that they would be this stupid! Even if they really wanted to do it to Stella, they should have chosen a place where no one was around, then pull it off quietly!

They, however, did it so openly. Were they trying to let the whole world know?

People would start criticizing fans for following their

idols blindly. They would also compare her to the kind of fans she had, and she’d be thrown under the bus without hesitation.

This meal was dry and tasteless.

Warren initially wanted to let her take care of Zachary, but he did not say anything until now. It was a clear display of his attitude.

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Stella was also in a bit of a daze. She shot several glances at Weston, attempting to say something.

She wanted to ask him how badly he had been injured.

Weston, however, did not say anything.

Even when she tried to ask, he deliberately interrupted her, as if not wanting her to say it out.

“Aren’t you a big fan of caviar? Try some.” He shoved some caviar into her mouth.

Her appetite had gradually improved under his nurture. She was even allowed to eat food she wanted when she was outside.

After Weston fed her the caviar, he added some of her favorites on her plate, knowing she was shy and wouldn’t want to stretch out to take the dishes across the table.

She ate absent–mindedly, observing the man’s demeanor as she chewed.

He did not look abnormal in any way, as if he wasn’t hurt.

This made her doubt herself for a moment...

Had she just seen it wrong?

She clearly saw the acid splashing on him...

However, he looked so calm that it seemed what had just happened did not happen at all.

LI

She wondered if it was a matter of angle, where he merely looked as if he’d been splashed, but that wasn’t the case either.

After all, she was intact, so maybe he was only splashed with a little acid...

As those thoughts coursed through her mind, she subconsciously looked at the man.

He was wearing a black suit today, and if he had indeed been splashed, the corrosion would be visible.

But the moment she moved sideways, he put down his cutlery and looked at her. "What's wrong? Is there something you want to eat?" Her vision was blocked. She shook her head. "No, I just..."

Holding her cutlery, she wanted to ask him something .

But thinking of his previous reaction, she could only swallow all those doubts.

"Nothing."

He seemed to read her mind and rubbed her fingers under the table. "Don't worry, I am fine."

She hummed in response. She was so preoccupied that she had not eaten much.

Weston frowned slightly at the sight of that. "You have no appetite, or are you just flustered?" Stella forced a smile. "No, I am just full."

"You should eat some," Wendy interrupted when she overheard. "Women shouldn't always go hungry just to lose weight!"

Stella was a bit embarrassed.

She was not trying to lose weight, but she really lacked the appetite to eat.

Weston pulled a tissue and wiped her mouth. "Mother, she has a bad stomach. She's not doing it deliberately."

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Her appetite had always been small. It took Weston a good while to get her to be normal enough to start eating something, but she did not like to be forced to eat either.

He knew this.

Wendy naturally said nothing when he defended her and simply responded with a smile.

He glanced at Stella. "Don't force yourself to eat. You can ask the housekeepers to send food upstairs if you get hungry later."

Stella nodded.

He did not give her much food after that.

Her mind, however, was not on that. Instead, she was

looking at him, as if thinking about something.

Weston let her be, knowing well enough what she had in mind.

If he showed even the slightest sign of injury, Warren would have had him treated with great fanfare.

He might even exaggerate his injuries.

Even if it was not her fault, he had indeed taken a splash of acid, fending off the attack meant for Stella.

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