

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1106-1110

Chapter 1106

Stella glanced at Guinevere and ignored her right away. She had no intention to put up a false pretense of courtesy, nor did she pay any attention to the apparent venom in her words.

Seeing this, Ben sighed in relief and nodded at Guinevere. He soon went to the insurance company representatives who had just arrived to speak to them.

Guinevere's eyes were icy. She suddenly went up behind Stella and told her, "I'm sure you don't know about it yet, but Weston has agreed to marry me.

Stella abruptly paused her steps and turned around to look at her without saying a word.

"You look like you don't believe me," Guinevere observed. She sniggered and shook her head before getting nearer to her and said, "Why don't we have a little chat? Ben's right there, so I can't do anything to you anyway."

"If I'm not mistaken," Stella stared coldly at her, "I'm pretty sure that bigamy is illegal in this country."

"Naturally, he'll divorce you first," Guinevere casually explained. "And then he'll marry me.

"But you know how generous I've always been, so even if

Weston wishes to keep you by his side, you know I won't complain."

Stella clenched her fists and sneered, "I have no desire to be the third wheel."

Guinevere shook her head and said in a sympathetic voice, "But what can I do? He wants something from me, so he has no choice but to agree to my demands. He seems completely obsessed with you, so he definitely won't let you go. It seems I have no other choice but to trouble you by being his secret mistress again..."

"What did he want from you?" Stella asked, her pupils suddenly dilated.

"Something to do with the murder case, of course."

Guinevere checked her freshly manicured nails and casually added, "You didn't actually believe that he could just protect you without any problems, did you? Don't you know how serious this case is, not to mention how powerful Warren Ford is?"

"Don't ever forget," Guinevere added with a contemptuous smile, "that if he decides to stand on your side, it means he'll have to go against the whole world. Protecting you is not that simple of a task, you know." Guinevere tapped the corner of her mouth with her fingernails, smiling triumphantly, "With my

help, however, things would be entirely different. After all, I am Zachary Ford's mother, and my words carry

significant weight. If I am willing to sign a waiver and disavow the charges Warren Ford's side has thrown at you, your chances of winning the case increase dramatically, and your sentence will be much lighter too."

"But you know full well that I didn't kill Zachary Ford!" Stella uttered each word slowly through clenched teeth."

"You're still trying to deny it at this point?"

"Tsk tsk," Guinevere shook her head. "The only thing the court cares about is evidence, Stella Sealey. Perhaps you're just too young to understand how powerful Warren Ford truly is. He may be old now, but he used to be unrivaled in his prime. To his credit, the Ford family also has an heir as impressive as Weston. So if a man like that decides to crush you with all his power, not even Weston could stand up against him. Weston needs me, don't you understand?"

Stella remained silent, her face white as a ghost.

Guinevere was extremely delighted by the sight.

"Didn't I tell you before?" she continued. "Someone like you will never be able to beat me. You're utterly unworthy of Weston—not in terms of your family background and not in any other aspect." She then leaned closer to Stella's ear and softly added, "Two years ago, I could make him choose me over you. Likewise, I can make him divorce you now and marry me instead."

Finally, she declared, "You can never beat me, Stella Sealey."

She had successfully provoked Stella, whose eyes were now totally reddened. Stella's hand suddenly flew up and slapped Guinevere's face

"Get out of my sight!" Stella snapped. "You're the most repulsive person I've ever met!"

Guinevere gasped and stared at Stella incredulously.

"How dare you hit me!" she yelled before raising her hand to hit Stella back.

Just then, Ben rushed over from behind and stopped her.

"Miss Cohen!!! What are you trying to do?!" "Didn't you see?" Guinevere responded, pointing at her own face. "She slapped me first!"

"I'm sorry, Miss Cohen... My duty is to protect Mrs. Ford." In other words, he was only tasked to protect Stella, which meant he would never let anyone hurt her, regardless of their reason.

Guinevere was so enraged that her breathing became unsteady. "Fine!" she shoved Ben aside violently and huffed in anger. "You only have a few days left anyway!"

Chapter 1107

"By the looks of it..." Guinevere added, giving Stella a cold derisive look as she spoke. "You've obviously been kept in the dark by everyone around you."

"Ben, do you have the guts to tell her what Weston has promised me, huh?" she scoffed. "Or what about all those women Weston's been fooling around with the last few days? Why don't you ask her if she can accept Weston doing all that?"

"I'm the only one who can accept him no matter what he does," she added. "And I'm the only one who will always be by his side!"

She was so agitated that she did not notice Stella's clouded countenance.

Stella walked up to Guinevere and once again vehemently slapped her hard across the face

Slap!

The noise rang crisply in the air.

Guinevere could hardly believe what just happened. Her eyes widened as she stared at the woman in front of her.

"You

"

She took a deep breath and intended to fight back, but

just as soon as she raised her hand, she was once again blocked by Ben. "Miss Cohen..." Ben uttered a little helplessly. "I'm truly sorry."

In fact, he could hardly be blamed for it. Stella had made her move too swiftly that he couldn't prevent it. By the time he noticed it, it was already too late, and Stella had already laid her hand on Guinevere. Still, he could not possibly let Guinevere retaliate and hurt Stella, even though it made him seem like he was acting unfairly against Guinevere." "You did that on purpose!" Guinevere yelled, shaking with rage. "Why didn't you stop her when she hit me?!" "I'm sorry," Ben replied. "I only noticed what was happening when Mrs. Ford was done hitting you. The next thing I saw was you trying to hit her back..."

Guinevere was speechless. She gritted her teeth indignantly and turned to look into Stella's eyes. "Fine!" she spat. "Just you wait! Let's see how bold you'll be a few days from now!" She smiled, wiped the corner of her mouth, and added, "Because you lost your child that day on the rooftop, Weston pitied you, and you used his guilt to make him stay with you. But things are different now..."

She did not bother to explain further , but Stella clearly

understood what she was trying to say.

Guinevere meant to say that she now had the same leverage as Stella. Now, she, too, had lost a child, not just some unborn child but Zachary Ford, who had been very much alive not long ago. Now everyone assumed that Stella was the one who murdered Zachary.

If it was guilt that made Weston stay with Stella, then the guilt he felt for Guinevere must now be a thousand times heavier.

No matter how one looked at it, Stella had now completely lost.

In the end, Guinevere gave Stella one last cold glance before returning to her car.

Once they returned to Stardust Mansion , Stella headed straight into her room.

Ben hesitated for a while before telling Joan, "Please take good care of Mrs. Ford."

Not knowing what had happened, Joan simply nodded. Soon afterward, Ben went directly to Weston and reported what had just happened.

Meanwhile, Belle was all tears, her face contorted by a deep grimace as she knelt in front of Weston, clutching the hem of his pants and begging, "Please save me, Mr.

Ford..."

"It's Guinevere Cohen!" she continued. "She's gone mad! She's about to chop off my legs so I can never set foot in Ahn City ever again!!!"

Weston frowned and shoved her away without expression.

Nicole Douglas just sat there, her face deathly pale. Her lips were trembling, and she seemed not to have recovered her senses when she muttered , "Mr. Ford..."

Chapter 1108

It was the first time Nicole had ever experienced anything like it. She had just escaped from Guinevere Cohen and wasn't as familiar with the situation as Belle was.

She truly would never have believed that in a society ruled by law, Guinevere would dare to act so rampantly... so rampantly that she wanted to chop her hands off! Guinevere cursed and yelled at her, saying she never wanted her to play the piano ever again!

Nicole didn't want to be like Belle. She didn't want to kneel in front of Weston, crying and begging him in the hopes that he would pity her and help her.

But being in a really desperate situation and having no other choice, she could only come here and ask for his help. "I seriously don't understand what I'd done wrong," Nicole said. "Why would that Guinevere Cohen woman do such a horrible thing to us..."

She turned to Weston and, in a choked voice, continued, "Mr. Ford, this is a matter between you and her. Why

should I suffer for it?"

"What do I have to do with her?" Weston tugged at the folds of his pants lightly. His move was so nonchalant

that it gave him an air of utter coldness.

"Everyone in Ahn City knows that I'm already married," he continued. "I have nothing to do with Guinevere Cohen. If you have any problems with her, then you should go directly to her." "But..." Nicole's eyes widened in disbelief. "But Miss Cohen clearly attacked us because of you..." "Stop it," Belle quickly cut Nicole off. She could hardly believe that Nicole could be this naive. "This is all Guinevere Cohen's fault. It has nothing to do with Mr. Ford. We're only here to ask for his help, not to make any demands, do you understand?" Belle found Nicole's simple-mindedness almost unbearable. How could she still not understand the whole situation yet? How could she still assume that Weston Ford would help them simply on the principle of justice? This man was a capitalist wolf, not a charitable philanthropist. How could Nicole really assume that she could persuade him to help them just by saying a few words?

Besides, all of this was Weston Ford's plan, to begin with.

He had been setting up the snares from the start, tricking everyone into thinking that he was interested in them, thus triggering Guinevere's ire and provoking her to take revenge.

By that point, Weston could easily wipe his hands clean of

them and just mind his own business, so if they wanted to live, their only choice was to come to him and beg for his help

As for why Weston Ford would do this, there could only be one explanation – he must have wanted to use them somehow. He must have wanted them to do something for him.

Belle had to admit that this man had the terrifying ability to read through other people's minds, especially when it was pertinent to achieving his goals.

She hated herself for falling so stupidly into his hands!

Why could she not control her feelings and fall into his traps the moment she saw him again? Even after having learned such a harsh lesson once in the past?

It was already too late when she finally understood that the problem didn't lie with Guinevere's hatred for them since all these fell under Weston Ford's plans and calculations.

She could not help but relent to the fact that ordinary people like them just simply could not compare to a man like Weston Ford. They were just on entirely different levels.

This man was renowned for being all-powerful and unrivaled in the field of business after all, so it should not have come as a surprise that he was an artful and devious man with his own plans up his sleeves.

"Please..." she continued to beg. "Please save us, Mr. Ford ... We're willing to do anything..."

She reached out her hand and tried to grasp his pants again, but the contempt in his eyes crept into her mind and she decided against it.

"Mr Ford..." she looked at him and tearfully pleaded. "Please save us..."

"Why should we beg for his help?" Nicole was still confused. "Wasn't it all because of him that Guinevere Cohen attacked us? He should be helping us deal with this matter anyway, right?"

"Shut up!" Belle glared at her. "Didn't you hear what Mr. Ford said? He has nothing to do with Guinevere Cohen. She did this to us on her own accord, so what right do we have to demand him to deal with this? If Mr. Ford is willing to help us, then it will all be due to his kindness and generosity, but if he's not, it'll still be perfectly reasonable for him to do so..."

Chapter 1109

Belle had spoken very well.

But Weston merely glanced indifferently at her and asked, "You're willing to do anything?"

"Yes!" Belle nodded repeatedly. "Anything! But I really don't want my feet chopped off, Mr. Ford..."

Weston lit up another cigarette, his fingers rubbing against each other lightly as he looked over to Nicole. "What about you?"

Nicole suddenly collapsed to the floor as if her soul had just escaped her body. Only then did she realize that it had all been a trap.

She had assumed Weston had been kind to her and even paid off all her debts because he had taken a fancy to her, or that at least he harbored some feelings for her.

Never did it occur to her that he had done all that just to provoke Guinevere, subsequently causing her to attack them, which in turn, forced them to work with Weston in exchange for their own safety.

In their current position, they had no other choice but to do what Weston wanted. How else would they escape Guinevere's clutches otherwise?

This man truly was terrifying, a thousand times more

terrifying than Guinevere Cohen, in fact. "How could you do this to me?!" she asked tearfully. "Never mind Belle, but what have I ever done to you to deserve this?!"

Even then, Nicole still thought of herself as a class above Belle or those other women like her.

It would be perfectly understandable for Weston Ford to use and manipulate women like Belle, but Nicole was different. She was pure and innocent. Why would he help her and build her up, only to shove her down and drag her to hell?

Weston was in no mood to humor the naive sentiments of an immature woman. The cloud of smoke curled upwards from the tip of his fingers, amalgamating with the facial features that made him seem even more striking and intimidating

He narrowed his eyes and said, "I'm sure you've both heard of the oleander poisoning case."

"Y-Yes..." Belle and Nicole answered simultaneously.

Weston paused.

"Belle," he began again in a perfectly calm voice, not unlike a prowling lion slowly luring its prey, "you have a history with Guinevere that made you hate her. That was why you've always been planning to kill her son..."

As soon as she heard this, Belle's eyes were as wide as

saucers. Her face turned sickly white, and she felt a chill down her back.

"B-But, Mr. Ford..."

Weston seemed oblivious to Belle's horrified face. He turned to Nicole and told her, "And you needed a big sum of money to settle your debts. It just so happens that a sum of money has been transferred to you from Belle's account. That's because you're her helper and her witness."

Nicole was stupefied. She knew that Weston had given her a large sum of money so that she could go back to school, but she had never thought about where that money came from,

She had always assumed that it had come from Weston without giving it much thought.

Belle was suddenly struck with a realization. She crawled forward on her knees and asked, "Mr. Ford, are you saying that you want us to take the blame for Stella Sealey?"

Weston raised his hand and massaged his eyebrows.

"You'd be taking the blame for her if she was guilty," he corrected her in an impatient tone, "but she is not guilty."

He glanced over at the two women on the floor and added, "If the situation ever gets too perilous for her, I

want both of you to keep her safe, understand?"

"You mean..." Belle said with trembling lips, finally understanding the whole situation, "You'll try to get the lightest sentence for her, but if that fails, then you want both of us to take the blame. Is that correct?"

Weston's true intentions were plain to see. He did not answer any more of their questions. All he did was brush the ashes off his body and casually say, "Don't worry. Even if you're both needed in the end, my team of lawyers will do whatever they can to fight for you. The worst that could happen is staying in prison for a few years, that's all."

With his piercing eyes, he raised his head and swept a glance over Belle and Nicole's faces.

"That's still a lot better than losing your limbs, right?"

Chapter 1110

Belle was shaken to her core, but after a moment, she suddenly thought of something and quickly crawled up to Weston. Tugging at his trousers, she asked, "But why must I be the murderer? Why can't I be the witness...?"

She then tearfully begged, "Can you please let Nicole be the murderer and make me the witness instead?"

Belle was not an idiot. Of course, she knew that playing different roles meant shouldering different consequences. She also knew that there was no way she could persuade Weston to change his plans, but she still had no desire to go to prison, even if only for a few years.

"It's not my decision," Weston frowned. "Everything has been decided based on the motive and evidence. Don't make things awkward for me."

He shoved her hands away as he spoke and got up to his feet. He pulled out a wet wipe nearby and wiped his trousers before hurling it into the bin.

"There will be lawyers coming here later to inform you about what to do next," he said. "Once everything is over, you will get whatever your heart desires. I'll give you thirty minutes to think it over. If

you refuse, I won't force you to change your mind – the door is right there—you can show yourselves out.”

There were only the two of them left in the room now.

It was the first time Nicole ever felt such a downright chill. Fear radiated from her bones. She collapsed in a dark corner and turned to Belle in panic, ignoring the fact that she had looked down on her all along.

“Did Weston Ford really mean what he said?” she asked. “Is he really going to throw us to Guinevere Cohen if we don't do what he wants...?”

“How can you still be so naive?!” Belle wiped her tears and stood up. “Why else would he say that? Do you think he's toying with us and playing this trick on us because he likes us?”

“I just thought...” Nicole clenched her fists. “I just thought that he might be, at the very least, a good man...”

Belle responded as if she had just heard a funny joke.

“He is indeed an outstanding man,” she told Nicole. “But he's not a good man.” “Then what should we do now?”

“What else can we do?! We only have two choices now either we agree to do what Weston Ford wants, or we fall into Guinevere Cohen's hands. Unless...” Belle fell silent for a moment before adding, “You can also choose to go to Guinevere Cohen and reveal Weston

Ford's plans to her. Perhaps she might let you off because of it, but that's completely up to you.” “But...” Nicole hesitated. “Even if we go to Guinevere. with Weston's plans... Will she really protect us?”

Compared to Guinevere Cohen, Weston Ford seemed a lot more reliable. At least he was the kind of man who would never go back on his words. He always delivered on his promises.

“Looks like you're finally using your brain,” Belle sighed. “Even if we don't want to help Weston Ford, we still can't go to Guinevere Cohen because that woman is just pure evil! She does whatever she likes without giving a single thought about anything else...” “So the only choice we have is quietly being the scapegoats?” Belle gave her a derisive look and said, “At least you get to be the witness! You won't have to go to prison, unlike me!”

Nicole's eyelashes trembled hard as if she could still not wrap her head around the reality of her situation. In fact, it was only when the team of lawyers arrived that the two women finally realized the gravity of the situation they were in.

The black Maybach pierced through the air at high speed.

Ben was giving Weston a report when he glanced at the time and said, “Those two have agreed, Mr. Ford.” It happened a little sooner than they expected. “Okay,” Weston responded simply. Ben looked at Weston's striking profile and couldn't help but sigh.

“You really care about Mrs. Ford a lot, don’t you, Mr. Ford

Thanks to this incident, Weston had basically gotten no rest at all. In order to ensure that she would not go to jail, he had been considering every possible solution whether it was cooperating with Xavier Ford to quash the power wielded by Warren Ford or compromising with Guinevere Cohen so she would sign a waiver and withdraw the charges against Stella, or even planning a third contingency by letting Belle and Nicole take the blame in case the tide really turned against Stella.

He gave every aspect and angle a long and thoughtful consideration , all in the hopes that he could obliterate the possibility of Stella going to jail. Weston said nothing in reply and fell silent for a while before asking him, “How’s she doing?”

Ben’s first reaction was to tell him about the chance meeting between Stella and Guinevere, emphasizing the fact that Stella had slapped Guinevere twice.