

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 311

Chapter 311

She originally thought that her chance to make it big had finally arrived but little did she expect that it would mean the end for her.

At Stardust Mansion.

In the kitchen.

Stella retracted her gaze and pretended that she overheard nothing.

She sipped on the cold water that slid down her throat, clearing her befuddled mind.

She heard how heartless and ruthless Weston was when he spoke to that woman over the phone.

Stella did not care about the women that Weston had outside, but the outcome of the woman on the phone made her wary.

She warned herself that no matter when or where, she should never forget that men were inherently unreliable.

When he fancied it, he could treat another woman just as he treated her; with tender love and care that would mesmerize and captivate her soul.

But when he left on his whim and fancy, he was no different from a stranger,

Having experienced his heartlessness for a long time, Stella refused to be fooled by him again.

Weston failed to find Stella in her room but ended up bumping into her when she walked out of the kitchen. "Who was that on the phone just now?" Stella asked with a smile. Instead of replying, Weston walked naturally to her, took the cup from her hands, and sipped on it. "I drank from it just now," Stella instinctively reminded him. He glanced at her without a word. But the look on his face told her that he did not care. "Which part of your body have I not seen yet? It's just sharing a cup. What's the big deal?" Stella remained silent. She walked to the hall and switched on the television. He sat down next to her and pulled her in his arms, gently hugging her.

Since he ended the call, Stella felt uncomfortable in his arms and instinctively wanted to avoid his touch.

Yet, she couldn't be too conspicuous about the repulsion she naturally felt. Weston could feel her resistance and tightened his hold around her as he furrowed his brows.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing." "Then why are you fussing?" "I'm not fussing," Stella replied with a hint of annoyance,

Weston pinched her chin and turned her face towards him. "You're not? Do you need a mirror to see how you look?"

Stella remained silent.

Suddenly, she sneered and said, "Are you sure you didn't say anything over the phone just

now?"

He paused for a while as realization dawned upon him. "Were you eavesdropping on me?" he chuckled

Stella pursed her lips, clearly displeased. She turned her face away, refusing to look at him. Weston's spirits lifted immensely. "You heard everything?" He turned her face towards him again. "No wonder you're mad. What exactly did you hear? Tell me." Stella grimaced, and said, "Nothing, I just think that you're being rather stingy, Mr. Ford. That woman in Lowe Garden was with you for quite a while but you dismissed her with that little bit of money?" She forced herself to pretend she cared. He knew that Weston liked her because she was like this, and she wanted to lower his guard. "What else could I do? Should I treat her like I treat you, spending so much time and effort to please you, but to no avail?"

Weston bit Stella's lower lip. "I don't have that much time to please so many women."

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Chapter 312 Stella found it laughable.

When did he ever try to please her?

Wasn't he always the one to make her life miserable whenever he was upset?

Weston knew that she was still mad, given her silence.

His patience was restored once again. "I thought you couldn't care less about all those women outside?"

"I don't," Stella insisted. "Anyway, I'm no different from them. Why should I care—"

Before she could finish, Weston lowered his mouth and bit the corner of her lips.

Stella yelped in pain.

Weston took the chance to advance and kiss her till she was all out of breath. He rested his chin on her forehead. "You're different from the rest. Don't compare yourself with them."

"How so?"

Stella looked up into his eyes. "You just haven't got tired of me..."

He furrowed his brows and interrupted her self-deprecating remark. "Stop overthinking."

Stella looked at him quietly.

She wondered if he would treat her like he treated Bella and dismiss her with a sum of money when he eventually got tired of her.

Of course, that would be the most ideal outcome, one that Stella looked forward to.

After all, he had done exactly the same thing to her previously.

Weston saw that she remained quiet and held her hand up, interlacing his fingers with hers.

He toyed with her fingers in his hand and chuckled lightly a moment later. "Are you jealous?"

Stella was stunned for a moment before she turned to him with a smile. "Do you think I'm in a position to be jealous?" "Why not?" Weston pinched her chin and tightened his fingers around hers. "As long as you say you're jealous, I'll agree to one request." Stella pursed her lips, keeping quiet. The next moment, she found herself pinned onto the couch by Weston. She was forced to lean back, unable to struggle against his hold. His arms were like bands of steel that shackled her in their embrace. His haunting gaze enveloped her like an ensnaring web, slowly suffocating the breath out of her.

After a long while, Stella opened her mouth to speak. "Yes, I'm jealous."

The knot between his brows unfurled and he looked clearly pleased.

He pecked her cheek and said, "Very good. What do you want?" Stella turned away, refusing to look at him.

She had to play her part thoroughly. She pursed her lips tightly, then said, "I want you to never see that woman ever again." As she had expected, his spirits lifted even more upon hearing those words.

Weston

pinched her cheeks. "There was nothing between us in the first place, and I never touched her. Why are you so mad?" Stella

pushed against his chest, not allowing him to come closer, "You've been desecrated by another woman. Don't you dare kiss me."

It was fine for her to throw a petty tantrum, but she had to know her limits.

Weston's eyes darkened as he planted another kiss on her.

"Desecrated?"

He kissed her repeatedly. "You're my only woman. What else do you want?"

Stella just couldn't figure him out sometimes. Was he such a habitual liar that lying through his teeth came so easily, or did he really think that she was stupid? ...So stupid that she would trust him completely just because of his honeyed words? Even if she had successfully immersed herself in the role and wanted to portray the image that she was fully reliant on Weston, she would, at times, subconsciously let slip her mind... like what she had just done.

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She was already trying her best to flirt with him in order to achieve her goal. Yet, she couldn't hold back her repulsion when they kissed. She didn't even shut her eyes and simply stared at him.

Weston suddenly stopped under her stare and bit her cheeks.

"Be more professional," he whispered into her ear.

He knew that Stella had probably been putting up an act all this while.

He could still distinguish between the fake and the genuine. Or perhaps he didn't... It no longer **mattered**.

What mattered was that he didn't want to distinguish the truth.

Stella circled her arms around his neck. "I want you to stop looking for other women. Since you can't do that, promise me something else." "What is it?" "After Guinevere joins the cast, promise me that you won't let her make things difficult for me."

It was something that Stella was most concerned about at that point.

Even if Guinevere didn't know about her relationship with Weston, given her petty and competitive nature, it was highly likely that she would vent her anger on Stella simply because she resembled Stella. Since Weston refused to release her and she had to bear the consequence, why couldn't she leverage his resources and power and pave the way for her career? It was perfectly justified, wasn't it?

His body stiffened. After a long while, he caressed her head and said, "Even if you didn't bring this up, I would do the same."

But he knew that Stella would never believe that.

On the other end.

Guinevere looked at Zack in the baby's room from afar before turning around and heading downstairs to the garden. She wasn't allowed to come close to Zack. She wasn't even close to him in the first place, and Zack showed neither affection nor reliance on her.

They were practically strangers now, and Zack was only close to Wendy and his nanny.

Guinevere felt resentment brewing in her heart, but the next moment, she heaved a sigh of relief as if a burden was removed from her.

"Ms. Cohen, we've dealt with that woman at Lowe Garden." The gardener who was tidying up the potted plants suddenly came to her side silently and spoke.

He didn't lift his head up and appeared to be mumbling to himself. Guinevere reached out to toy with a lush green leaf between her fingers. "What happened on Weston's side?" "Nothing much. He gave the woman some money and dismissed her." Guinevere chuckled. "I knew it. He's just fooling around with those women." She had dared to blatantly confront Bella because she was confident. Weston wouldn't do anything to her for the sake of the other women. So what if there was a Stella Sealey in the pa

st? Stella was even pregnant with Weston's child, but Weston still chose her over Stella when they were both kidnapped.

There was simply no reason for her to feel threatened.

The thought put Guinevere's mind at relative ease. "Don't let anyone else know about this, especially the media." "Yes, Miss."

He was about to leave when Guinevere suddenly called for him. "Oh yes, is that person in the hospital awake yet?" She was referring to the kidnapper responsible for abducting Stella and herself back then. Stella grabbed him when she jumped off the building, and she ended up dead. The kidnapper, on the other hand, remained in a vegetative state since then. Guinevere had wanted to kill him off in secret, but Weston's men were always guarding him, leaving her with no chance to strike.

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Thankfully, the kidnapper remained in a coma and showed no signs of ever waking up. The doctor said that he might possibly remain a vegetable for the rest of his life. In that case, she had nothing to worry about.. She just needed to occasionally check in on him. "Ms. Cohen, be assured that we will update you if anything happens to that man." "Alright. Leave me." Guinevere felt much better. When she returned to the hall, she saw Wendy walking toward her. Wendy tried to ignore her, but the proud look on Guinevere's face made her halt. "You're just going to register your marriage tomorrow. Is there a need to be so haughty?" Guinevere stopped in her tracks, clearly sensing the mockery in Wendy's tone. What Wendy said reminded her about Weston promising to formally register their wedding, and tomorrow was the deadline. That made her even happier. "You're right. We're going to register our marriage tomorrow and I should be resting today or I won't look good in the photos."

Wendy's face darkened as she scoffed. She remained silent and passed Guinevere on her way to Zack's room.

Guinevere called her, "Mom, are you going to see Zack?"

Wendy stopped in her tracks and shot Guinevere a cold glare. "Who're you calling 'mom'?" "Since I'm officially getting married to Weston tomorrow, I was calling you, of course..." Guinevere provoked with a smile.

She had always treated Wendy with slight trepidation, but perhaps because things have been going very smoothly for her as of late, that pride got the better of her. Wendy suddenly stopped in front of her and shot her a cold look before lifting her hand up high.

Guinevere immediately covered her face and shrank. "What are you trying to do? Hit me again?!"

Wendy smiled at Guinevere's sudden reaction as her hand gently patted Guinevere's hair. "What are you so scared of? I was just trying to straighten your slightly messy hair, that's all." Guinevere glared at her, not believing for a second that she would be so kind-hearted.

Wendy suddenly became so gracious, treating Guinevere as if she was her own daughter. Her eyes were filled with love as she caressed her face. "You're about to marry Weston and become like a daughter to me. Since I promised your parents to treat you well, I must get along with you."

Guinevere was stunned, feeling at a loss as to what Wendy said.

The day her parents came over demanding an explanation, Wendy put up quite a show, pretending that they were a very close mother and daughter pair.

But she knew clearly that she was simply acting in front of her parents for the sake of maintaining the alliance between both families.

Guinevere didn't expose Wendy's act, simply because she truly wanted to marry Weston. For his sake, she was willing to tolerate anything. It was precisely this weakness that enabled Wendy to do as she pleased with her.

After that day, Wendy's attitude towards Guinevere remained as poor as before. Although she held herself back from being nasty towards her in public, Guinevere knew that Wendy never truly accepted her, and abhorred her as much as she did before.

Owing to all of that, Guinevere never expected Wendy's attitude towards her to improve. What Wendy had just said disoriented her slightly. At Guinevere's silence, Wendy sighed. "I was rather biased against you in the past, but now that we're going to be family, we can't treat each other so poorly, can we? For the sake of Weston and his father, we should try to get along, eh?"

A glint flashed across Guinevere's eyes, unsure as to how genuine Wendy's words were. Despite her doubts, she was somewhat moved by Wendy's little speech. "Mom, I know... I truly want to spend the rest of my life with Weston and be a good wife to him. I wouldn't have decided to marry him at such a young age, otherwise..." "I believe that you sacrificed your career, married Dad, and had children at such a young age,

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Chapter 315 Upon hearing Guinevere's words, rage flashed past the depths of Wendy's eyes for a split second.

"Yes," she replied with a perfunctory smile. "You might give your all for a man, thinking you would get his whole heart in return, but someday, you might suddenly realize that your love and sacrifice for him were nothing but a joke.

"Those filthy things he's done behind your back will simply make everything you did feel so meaningless. When that day comes around, you will know how pointless and stupid it is to love a man so wholeheartedly."

Guinevere's heart thumped wildly in her chest, unsure if Wendy had said all of that because she realized that something was wrong or was purely warning her.

Guinevere forced a smile. "I believe Weston won't let me down."

Wendy realized that she had said too much and restored her affable look. "Good that you do."

Stella was originally preparing to report for filming the next day, but Bradley had suddenly called, telling her to rest at home instead because the props team was not yet ready.

She hung up the call and glanced at Weston. "I don't need to report to the crew today."

Weston fastened his shoes and caressed her head. "I have work to attend to and might not make it home tonight."

Stella nodded.

He was about to leave when he stopped in his tracks and looked at her. "Aren't you going to ask me why?"

Stella hugged her knees, "You have your reasons."

Silence ensued in the room.

She sighed and walked to Weston, saying as she straightened his tie, "I'm not insensible enough to ask you so many questions when I know you're heading to work. Even when we were married in the past, I would never interfere with your work..."

She said these words from the bottom of her heart, and for that split second, Weston felt like they had returned to the past. He looked at the woman before him, slightly disoriented, as he lifted his hand to caress her cheeks. The next moment, he planted a light kiss on her lips.

They had never lingered over each other so much in the past.

When they stepped away from each other, he looked at her with eyes so tender and soft; they could melt a stone. "Don't stay up for me tonight, alright?" He leaned close to her and took in a whiff of her aura. Then, rubbing her earlobes, he said,

"Don't be silly and stay up all night as you previously did."

Stella nodded and looked on as he left.

The moment she heard the sound of the car engine revving, her face turned cold.

At Ford Mansion.

Guinevere had been waiting for this day for a long time.

Today was the day Weston promised her they would finally register their marriage.

She waited solemnly, having dolled herself up in a way that looked natural and elegant.

As simple as it looked, she clearly knew how much time she had spent to look this good. Thus, armed with the knowledge that she'd woken up bright and early this morning to prepare herself, she laughed mockingly without saying a word. Marriage was a grand affair for a family like theirs.

Two cars were parked outside.

Weston and Mr. and Mrs. Cohen stepped out of their respective vehicles.

Mr. and Mrs. Cohen saw Weston driving home and said coldly, "Today is the day that you and Gwen are formally getting married. Why have you only just come home?"

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They knew that Weston had been busy with work recently.

There was an ongoing real estate project in Fern City which involved many stakeholders, and even a few important families.

Many people had their eyes on this lucrative project, but the risk of the investment involved was not something that everyone could stomach.

Yet, even so, today was the day that both of them were officially registering their marriage.

Weston shouldn't have let Guinevere wait all alone at home.

Guinevere heard her parents from far and immediately ran towards them. "You're here."

She grabbed Weston's arm and acted intimate. "Dad, Mom, I was the one who asked Weston to run some errands for me, which is why he came back late. Don't blame him."

She always only had good things to say about Weston in front of Mr. and Mrs. Cohen.

Unless she was forced to a corner, she would never rope in her parents.

Since Guinevere had given an explanation, Mr. and Mrs. Cohen decided to take it.

They weren't exactly in step with Guinevere's attitude, though. One of the reasons for that was their worries about their daughter's marriage. The benefit that would come to both families was an important consideration, of course, which was why they continued tolerating Weston and his behavior. However, that did not stop them from nagging at him. Weston remained expressionless and calm throughout. "Mr. and Mrs. Cohen."

He simply greeted them with the most basic courtesy expected of a cultured gentleman.

Guinevere held his arm and walked through the main entrance. Mr. and Mrs. Cohen exchanged glances before doing the same. A couple of lawyers walked in right behind them. The marriage between Weston and Guinevere was no small affair. It involved their personal assets, and naturally, required lawyers to provide professional advice.

No one seemed surprised, and were in fact used to it.

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Even when Wendy married Chris back then, she had to sign a prenuptial agreement, which was already considered amiable when compared to what many female celebrities had to go through when they married into prominent families.

That was also why back then, she made it widely known that she was the most respected female celebrity out of all who married into prominent families, and also the only one who was truly accepted in the circle.

Everyone sat down on opposing sides.

Chris was there on time as well, which was rare for him. "Everything has been prepared. After

everyone checks that all is in place, we'll have Weston and Guinevere go to the Civil Affairs Bureau to register their marriage." The other side didn't voice any objections. Guinevere, seemingly in a good mood, sat down and smoothed out her dress. She said with a smile, "I had originally planned on joining the crew today, but I specially asked for a day off.." Mrs. Cohen subconsciously reminded her, "Watch your health. Don't give yourself pressure and tire yourself out, okay?"

Guinevere nodded and instinctively turned to glance at Weston. His face remained expressionless and unmoved, and he didn't exactly look overjoyed about getting married, as if it wasn't a major life decision.

This made Guinevere feel rather upset and her smile faded slightly.

She had been feeling emotional since yesterday and even woke up bright and early this morning to doll herself up.

Yet now, it seemed like she was the only one who treated today as an important milestone in her life.

There was an important scene that she was originally supposed to film today, but she had to ask for a day off, causing Bradley to postpone the filming. Back at the crew.

Bradley had already gotten the equipment team ready, but he was notified at the last minute that Guinevere had something important to attend to and had taken leave. She did not make it clear that she was going to register her marriage, and instead, made her assistant distribute goodie bags to everyone in the crew as an apology for wasting their time.

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Bradley didn't care for the goodie bag he received, flinging it aside in disdain. "Another day wasted! We didn't even have much time, to begin with. Does she want to film this or not?"

As much as he could complain, there was nothing he could do to her.

Guinevere was invested in the movie, after all, and had announced to the public that she was the female lead.

Many scenes had also been filmed with her in them, making it impossible for the actress to be switched out.

Bradley would have to tolerate her behavior till he was done filming this movie. He promised himself that from then on, he would never collaborate with Guinevere Cohen, ever again.

She did have some acting chops and was also crowned the best actress previously but she wasn't the only person in the world who could act.

Bradley violently kicked the shelf next to him, shaking the equipment and it almost fell off.

The crew members who were around immediately held the shelf steady.

The assistant director stood next to Bradley and said cautiously, "Director, the actress by the name of Ella is here..."

"Ella?" Bradley furrowed his brows. "What is she doing here?"

He stood before the camera and looked at the empty stage, a nasty expression adorning his face. "She doesn't have any scenes today. Wasn't she notified that she didn't need to come in today?"

"Ella said that she wanted to try out her blocking. Wasn't her scene with Caspian rather lacking? She wants to familiarize herself with the scene."

Bradley's face softened. "That's professional of her." Despite being in an almost invisible role, her attitude was way better than that of Guinevere's. Bradley said, "Let her come in. I can take the time to talk her through the scenes as well." Stella had originally only wanted to immerse herself in the atmosphere and get herself in the mood.

She spent the whole of yesterday reading the script, thinking that Weston would be at home today. However, he had something to attend to and was out. Thus, not wanting to spend the day alone at home, she decided to join the crew at work.

She found a seat and settled down.

She had no scenes to film today, with her next filming postponed to the day after tomorrow. She decided that she would read through her script again and spend some time observing how other actors interacted with each other and exchanged lines.

Especially Caspian Today's schedule featured Caspian's scenes with other actors, and on the day after tomorrow, she was scheduled to film a scene with Caspian.

Stella wanted to be prepared beforehand so that she would not feel lost during her scenes.

She had just settled down when Bradley walked over to her. "Ella?" He called out to her.

Stella immediately stood up. "Director?"

She was slightly shocked, "I don't have scenes to film today, do I?" She did not know what else Bradley could be coming to her for.

Bradley nodded and waved his hand. "Come over. Let me bring you through your scenes and give you tips on how you can act them out better."

Stella—felt slightly overwhelmed. "Director, you can give tips on acting too?"

The assistant director next to Bradley chuckled, "Our director is multi-talented and diverse in many skills. The previous movie that he won an award for was regarding opera, and he can even sing opera rather professionally."

Stella had

watched that movie but didn't know that Bradley had directed it. This new knowledge only added to the respect that she already had for him. "Enough."

Bradley had no lack of people who tried to

suck up to him and flatter him, and he had long gone immune to such high praises. "Since I have time today and you seem very keen on learning, I'll teach you a thing or two."

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With that, Bradley

glanced at Stella, "You do know how to seize the chance when you see it, don't you?" S

tella rubbed her nose, "Better than being a sitting duck." "Excellent. I admire such proactiveness," Bradley nodded. "Come over here. I'll introduce you to some people."

Stella followed behind him, rather taken aback. "Aren't we supposed to talk about the scenes?"

"I saw how smoothly you recited your lines and know you've more or less grasped them all. There are a few seniors I'd like you to meet. If you want to improve your standard, they are the best people to talk to.

"These are all seniors who were untrained at the beginning but can now act very well. As long as you treat them with courtesy, I'm sure you will get along."

Excitement flashed across Stella's eyes. "Thank you, Director!"

Instead of responding to her, he brought her backstage. "Is everyone ready?" "Director, you came personally to check on our progress... of course, everything is ready." One of the slightly older-looking ladies stood up and joked, "I heard you flaring up just now. What just happened?"

Instincts told her that it had something to do with Guinevere. Bradley, however, didn't want to dwell on the topic. "Something unlucky," he replied simply. Everyone knew who he was referring to, but no one said it out loud.

The atmosphere became tense with awkwardness.

One of the older actresses familiar with the industry was halfway through putting on makeup when she stood up with the goodie bag in hand and said, "Whatever it is, at least she extended a token to all of us! I looked at what was inside, and it seemed rather expensive! And it appears everyone got something different..."

With that, something came to Bradley's mind. "Give Ella one too," he instructed his assistant.

Stella was confused. "What is it?"

The assistant explained, "It's Guinevere's wedding gift bag. You must have heard about her, right? She got married a while back, but for some strange reason, she's decided to distribute some gifts today, as if it's some special date. They look like wedding favors, but we don't really know what it's for exactly..."

Stella was stunned for a moment.

She suddenly realized why Weston said that he might not be coming back tonight.

It was because of Guinevere.

“Weren’t they already married?”

“Everyone says so, but who knows what’s the truth? After all, for people from such prominent

families, marriage is probably a huge affair for them...” Another actor couldn’t help but add on.

at heard that both of them even have a child. They should have been married a long time ago!”

“Come on, are they ordinary folks like we are? Even if they were, having a child out of wedlock is so common nowadays. There are even many unmarried female celebrities with more than one child.”

“Why did Guinevere distribute these, then?”

“I have no idea. Perhaps she is holding some celebration today and she wants to share the joy with the crew and salvage her reputation at the same time?”

Everyone had their guesses, but no one was sure.

Whatever it was, it ultimately was none of their business.

They cared about it as much as it provided fodder for their gossip.

They didn’t even have the guts to spread rumors about Guinevere.

After so many years, Guinevere had gained for herself a sizable number of fans. Such insignificant and minor rumors could do nothing to destroy her reputation. Stella remained silent throughout. Bradley was sensitive enough to feel a change in her mood, and he asked her, “What’s the matter? Are you feeling shy in front of so many strangers?” Stella shook her head and smiled, “No, I just feel humbled in the face of so many excellent seniors. As a newbie with no foundation to speak of, I’m worried about pulling everyone down

The entertainment industry had no lack of people who displayed such humility. But such humility could never be faulted.

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Bradley was very pleased with her attitude, especially in comparison to that of Guinevere.

He patted her shoulder. "I brought you here to get to know everyone here because I want you to learn from them. Everyone here is of high standards, you'll be able to learn a thing or two by following them."

Stella nodded.

Indeed, as Bradley said, these seniors were not stuck up and began chatting with Stella in no time.

"Today, Caspian has scenes scheduled with these seniors. You can watch and observe them from the sidelines. Next up will be your scenes with Caspian. You can learn from how these seniors respond to Caspian."

With that, Bradley left to return to his work. Stella sat in a corner and observed the chemistry between the actors.

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She concentrated on observing them and did not notice the assistant rushing to her side, "I forgot about this..."

He held a pen in one hand as if he was recording something, as he stuffed a red bag in Stella's hand with another, "Here, for you."

Before Stella could take a good look in the bag, the assistant had turned around and ran off.

She looked down at the bag and realized that it was the gift that Guinevere distributed to the crew.

Although she never used to pay much attention to entertainment news, she knew that many celebrities would distribute very lavish gifts whenever they got married.

Guinevere's was even more so. Stella opened it and saw an expensive bottle of perfume lying in the bag. She picked it up and looked at it. She felt like she had seen the brand before, but she wasn't familiar with it.

She searched it up online and confirmed her guess that it was an expensive brand indeed.

Stella smiled.

It was a cold, unfeeling smile.

That's right.

Given how highly Weston regarded Guinevere, he would never shortchange her on this.

Typically speaking, such gifts would come with a note.

For example, if it was a wedding favor, it would come with a picture of a couple.

If it was for celebrating the birth of a baby, there would be a picture of the baby on the bag.

However, there was no such note or indication on the bag, except for Weston and Guinevere's

sign off. There was no clear indication that it was for their wedding, or for any other reason. She thought about it. Weston did mention to her previously that he was not married to Guinevere. Perhaps he wasn't lying about that.

Except that it no longer mattered whether they were married or not.

Everyone knew that they were together.

What's more, now everyone in the crew had received their wedding favor

At times, Stella felt like an outsider wandering outside the world.

She thought that she would be affected, but her heart simply felt numb.

She couldn't feel anything and was even capable of calmly opening the box and taking out a glass bottle filled with milk candies.

She picked one candy, unwrapped it and popped it in her mouth. The sweet, creamy taste spread across her tongue. It tasted unbearably saccharine to her, but she kept it in her mouth, her face remaining expressionless. It was only until the taste turned bitter that she finally felt a piercing pain at the tip of her tongue. It spread across the entire tongue, into her throat, through her chest and into her veins. It spread to her organs and entire body, even into her bones. She would remember this taste, always.

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At Ford Mansion,

Lawyers from both sides began declaring both parties' respective financial situations.

All documents were duplicated multiple times, so everyone could have their own copy.

Everyone in the room took it seriously as they read the documents in their hands, and the atmosphere was tense and quiet.

As they read on, Mr. and Mrs. Cohen's brows began furrowing tightly.

It was especially so for Mr. Cohen, who suddenly placed one of the files on the table and tapped his fingers on it. "What's with this? I don't recall that the risk level of this Fern City project was so high."

Weston simply glanced over him and said, "Things have changed. This is our most optimistic projection after going through the risk analysis." Mr. Cohen's face darkened. "Why didn't you say this earlier?" Both families had high hopes for this project, with the Cohen family ready to participate the moment they got married, going as far as to invest a huge portion of their family fortune.

This project appeared to be a sure profit which was guaranteed to multiply their net worth. When that happened, they would no longer need to fight with their relatives over who had the final say over the company. With such earnings, the right to inheritance would naturally fall upon them. Now that the risk level seemed so high, things did not look so rosy after all.

"I've already discussed this matter with the Board of Directors. If they were to find out about this newly-assessed risk level, they would never be convinced about going ahead!" What's more, the sole reason why they decided to trust Weston Ford was his marriage to Guinevere.

Marriage alliances were an effective tactic even in today's corporate world. The law protected the joint assets and benefits between a wedded couple, and it was a solid guarantee for any commercial activity that a couple would be involved in. In the corporate world, nobody believed in emotional ties. Marriage, however, was a different issue altogether. It was legally binding, and therefore a marriage alliance had commercial value.

Although Guinevere had no clue about such commercial gains and losses, she knew clearly in her heart that her family supported her marriage with Weston because of these unspoken benefits. Hence, they chose to turn a blind eye to the grievances they suffered and could only issue weak, verbal warnings to Weston.

That was because marrying Weston brought great benefits to the Cohen family.

Although she didn't understand how the corporate world worked, she can sense that

something was wrong. She couldn't help but speak up, "Dad, Mom, these things probably don't have much to do with whether Weston and I get married, right?" She forced a smile and tried to smooth things over, "Today is the day Weston and I will register our marriage. The most important thing is our affection for each other, which has finally come to fruition after so many years. Regarding the business collaboration between both families, I suppose that is also built upon the foundation of our relationship, right? As long as both of us get along well as a married couple, these benefits are but additional bonuses, right?"

She wasn't sure of that herself. She just knew that she had to exert some level of pressure on her parents. She wanted to make it clear to them that their daughter's happiness was of utmost importance, and they should put everything else aside. However, Mr. and Mrs. Cohen remained silent. Their faces turned downcast. Guinevere's heart immediately turned cold. "What's the matter? Say something, please!" Mr. Cohen opened his mouth, but no words came out. Guinevere's words had placed him on moral grounds. If he were to stop them from registering their marriage on the grounds of commercial benefits, wouldn't that be equivalent to regarding his daughter's happiness as less important than earning money?