

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 321

Chapter 321 He could not say it out loud because of his pride. All he could do was glance at Mrs. Cohen for a moment. A woman was more suitable to intervene in such matters.

Mrs. Cohen understood this. She looked at Guinevere gently and sighed. "Your father and I certainly wish for the best for you. It'll be great if you can stay with Weston happily. Your happiness is more important than anything...!!!" Guinevere breathed a sigh of relief. Her eyes were a bit red. "Thank you, Mom." "But..." Mrs. Cohen dragged her words. Guinevere's expression changed when she heard that. Mrs. Cohen said, "Marriage is not as simple as dating. This is a big thing. Are you sure you want to marry Weston?" "I am!" Guinevere answered quickly and firmly.

She looked at Weston and repeated, "I am."

Weston did not respond. He only looked at her and glanced at Mr. and Mrs. Cohen. "It seems that you two still have many considerations."

Mrs. Cohen nodded and said solemnly, "This is not a matter of mutual interest... We're more concerned about our daughter's happiness in the future."

"After all, marriage is not the same as falling in love. Gwen has given birth to Zack, but we can afford to raise a child. We don't want you to neglect Gwen because of this matter..."

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Wendy had to interject. "I thought we had an agreement! I'll treat Guinevere like my own daughter. She has been living here this whole time. I'm sure she can tell, right?" Then, she looked at Guinevere.

Guinevere nodded hurriedly, "Yes. Dad, Mom, they've been very nice to me all this while. I'm sure they'll treat me like their own daughter when I marry Weston..."

Her urgency was written all over her face.

Mrs. Cohen suddenly softened and glanced at Mr. Cohen. She also wanted her daughter to be happy. She might consider taking the risk if these interests could be set aside. However, men's thinking was different from a woman's.

Mr. Cohen shook his head firmly. He looked at Guinevere and said sternly, "Are you sure? The Cohen Family is your backbone at all times. If you have any grievances, you can just say so."

Wendy did not like hearing what he said. “We’ve discussed it and agreed to it. Why are you

changing your mind at this point?”

The two families were the only ones present here. They maintained a peaceful facade at the start of negotiations, but it seemed like they were opening up to reality when it came to this. Mr. Cohen lowered the glasses on the bridge of his nose. “Here’s the deal...”

He breathed a sigh and said, “I’ll be frank. With our close ties, I’m sure there’s no need to beat around the bush. Mutual benefit is always the best expression of goodwill. We’re not

demanding your family’s concessions, but on this project...”

He suddenly pointed to the document in his hand and looked at Weston. “Weston has a complete plan in Fern City. We all know that. Many shareholders in our company are optimistic about this project. Therefore, I just need a word from you!

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“What if the plan goes wrong? Will we be able to get out of this if Gwen marries you?”

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According to the law, there was a high risk of losing everything if a project failed, especially when it was a joint property between a married couple. Otherwise, they might even be trapped, immobilizing all their shares.

Mr. Cohen was in the critical period of winning succession in the Cohen Company. He would not allow himself to be trapped by such a big mistake like this. Others might use this to downplay him. Therefore, he was critically cautious with the matter of his daughter’s marriage.

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Upon that, Chris’s face turned ugly.

investments are risky. Are you trying to use your daughter’s marriage as a bargaining chip? Are you telling Weston to guarantee that you won’t lose money? Impossible!

“If they get married, it’s only natural for both families to face the risks together!”

Mr. and Mrs. Cohen exchanged a look. They had a mutual understanding of this.

If Guinevere and Weston were not married, they could protect themselves from the risk as only business partners. But if they got married, they would have to share all the losses.

Their maximum benefit from this cooperation would remain unchanged in both scenarios. Therefore, getting a marriage license at this time would do more harm than good.

Mr. Cohen fell into a short silence before explaining, "We're not just looking at our risks and benefits, but for our daughter's happiness too."

Mr. Cohen cleared his throat and put on a stern face. "Let's put those aside for now. I don't think Weston has been very sincere about getting married lately, have you?"

Guinevere's heart jumped, and she suddenly stood up. "Dad, how can you do this? You know how much I want to marry him!" She suddenly got a little worked up and complained, "Isn't it just some risky investment? Our family can't afford the risk!" "Shut up! It's not your turn to speak." Mr. Cohen looked at her coldly. "You haven't even married him. Are you taking his side already?"

Guinevere looked at him with red eyes and incredulity. It seemed that she finally woke up a little after all these years. Profit had always been the most important thing to her parents.

As the capable heir of a big family, Mr. Cohen could make his decision quickly.

"If Gwen were a little clear-minded, we wouldn't have to think so much. However, it seems like she has all her heart on you. Sometimes, it's hard to see who's,"

Wendy understood what Mr. Cohen was implying. She had to interject again, "What do you want now? We've completed all the pre-marriage procedures. We're just waiting for the license. Are you calling it off now?"

"No, but I think there's still room for discussion." Mr. Cohen coughed lightly and added, "We'll have to wait until the project in Fern City is finalized before further discussion." Annoyed,

Guinevere stood up. "Do you know how long that project will take? It'll take at least a year! Do you want me to wait for another year?"

Mrs. Cohen loved her daughter and felt sorry for her. Mr. Cohen felt a little uncomfortable

about this situation too. However, what else could he do? The stakes were too high. They could not afford to take this risk! "Your Dad's doing this for your own good." Mrs. Cohen tried to persuade her. "You're not much different from being married now. You have Zack too..."

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"It's exactly because of Zack. He's young and doesn't know anything now. What will he think

when he grows up and learns that his parents aren't even married?" The atmosphere became tense when she brought Zachary up.

Mr. Cohen did not agree with getting a marriage license now. He turned to Weston and asked, "What do you think? This is your marriage with Gwen. It's actually up to you two."

He actually preferred Weston to protect the interests of the Cohen family. They wanted to benefit either way, regardless of the marriage.

However, the Ford family would have to bear more risks in this case. He wondered if Weston was willing to make that concession.

It was originally a win-win situation for both parties. Potentially, they even had more room for profit.

He knew Weston was not a man who prioritized feelings over the business. He only cared about the benefits. Even Chris could not bend his mind. Despite that, Mr. Cohen hoped that Weston would give them a guarantee for Guinevere's sake.

At that moment, all eyes were on Weston.

There was a subtle change in his expression, but there was no hint of urgency. He rested his hand on the marble table and tapped his finger casually. A metallic shine reflected on his watch as everyone looked at him with expectant eyes.

At last, he only said indifferently, "Well, it's up to you."

Guinevere could barely hold back her frustrations. She clenched her fists and questioned, "This is between the two of us. Why should anyone else decide?"

“Hasn’t it always been our parent’s decision?” Weston asked back, “If it were just between us, what are all the lawyers here for today?” Guinevere’s face turned red at his question. She was lost for words.

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Chapter 323 Guinevere never knew Weston could be so irritating at times.

“Do you want to marry me or not?” She was a proud woman, but she had been enduring so many grievances for so long. It was inevitable for her to be emotional at the sudden changes.

Weston glanced at her coolly. “I’m not the one who can decide now...” He reminded her and turned to Mr. Cohen. “Mr. Cohen is the one deciding now.”

He easily directed the question at Guinevere’s parents, who were sitting across the room.

Guinevere took a deep breath and looked at her parents across the room. “Dad, Mom. I believe in Weston. His project in Fern City will surely be profitable. Our marriage won’t affect anything

”

“Silly child! You don’t understand what’s at stake!” Mr. Cohen scolded her in a low voice. He pointed to the papers on the table. “Do you even know what these terms mean? If anything goes wrong, it will hurt our family!”

“In the end, it’s all about profit!” Guinevere finally understood and laughed sarcastically. “Money! It’s all about money! “We’re so rich! Why should we care about such a small profit like this? The project is big—so what? Can’t I give you all my salary for a year?” Mr. Cohen knew things were bad as he saw how crazy Guinevere was about Weston. “What are you talking about? How could we take your money?”

Mrs. Cohen rushed to pull her. “Sit down. Let’s talk it over and not be rash! We’re a family...”

Wendy did not foresee such a big change and gave Weston a meaningful look.

Weston was her son. Logically, she should know him best. However, even she was a little confused at this moment.

Chris was the most emotional aside from Guinevere. His face turned dark.

He urged sternly, "Anyway, the two children love each other! Let's put business aside and let them get their marriage license to settle down first!"

"As their parents, why do we want to delay their happiness for this mere interest?" Hearing that, Mr. Cohen sneered. "Well, of course you think it's good because we'll have to share your risk as soon as they get married!" That was why Chris was so eager for Weston to get married to Guinevere. Did he take the Cohen family as fools?

Mr. Cohen had many years of experience in the business. He was not easily fooled.

Chris was embarrassed to be called out. That was one of the reasons, but it was not the main reason. It was mainly because...

He glanced at Wendy with guilty eyes and quickly withdrew his gaze. Anyway, this was a ticking time bomb. He must see Guinevere and Weston get married and settle down before he could breathe a sigh of relief.

At this point of conversation, there was no room for further delays.

Chris threw the document in his hand on the table. "Tell me. What do you want?"

This was what Mr. Cohen was waiting for. He fell silent for a moment before stating, "We didn't expect this project to be so risky beforehand. Anyway, our families are in a good relationship. We don't want you to suffer too much either..."

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"Gwen can marry Weston at the end of the project completion. What do you think?"

When he said that, it was clear that he had made up his mind.

Guinevere slumped back in her seat with tears welling up in her eyes. Her opinion did not matter to them at all.

She wanted to get married so badly, but her father's light-hearted words denied her so easily.. It would be at least a year before the project would be completed. A year seemed short. It was merely more than three hundred days. However, it would be a whole year of torment for her.

There was a time when she was separated from Weston for just a short time, yet he married Stella during her absence. She did not know what else could happen to their relationship if the marriage continued to drag on like this.

She had driven away a beautiful woman like Belle. What about in the future?

Guinevere felt like heaven and hell were merely separated by a thin line.

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Chapter 324

Mrs. Cohen could not bear seeing Guinevere's sadness, but she just could not understand. "Gwen, don't be so sad. It's for your own good! Weston doesn't want you to share his risk as soon as you marry him. After all, doing business is like going on the battlefield. The market changes very quickly. You might be wealthy, but you shouldn't act on a whim!" Guinevere knew her mother was trying to comfort her. However, she just could not stand listening to her anymore. She turned to the side, unwilling to listen to her mother.

Seeing that, Mrs. Cohen sighed.

Mr. Cohen could not accept the way his daughter acted. He berated her coldly, "Just look at you! It's just a marriage license. If you can't get over it, ask Weston to hold a wedding ceremony for you. You both have a child already. Do you really need that license now?"

Guinevere remained silent, but tears continued to stream down her cheeks.

She was already emotionally unstable. She never imagined that her parents would be the biggest obstacle that stopped her from marrying Weston!

Their reasons were for nothing else other than profit. Her parents knew how much she wanted to marry him, but she was less important than the benefit. To them, the business risk was too great for them.

However, what she did not know was that her annual salary was just a drop in the bucket compared to the project's revenue. That was why her parents were so concerned.

Guinevere suddenly stood up and ran into her room without looking back.

"Gwen!" Mrs. Cohen shouted after her, but Guinevere simply ignored it. She closed the door with a bang.

There was a dead silence.

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The lawyers did not say anything. Even those who were turning the pages of the document stopped moving. Mr. Cohen remained silent with a heavy face. Indeed, he suddenly

backtracked on their agreement because he refused to take the risk. Even so, he had to make it sound fair.

He spoke mercilessly in order not to embarrass himself. "Let's put the matter about marriage license aside first. If you are really sincere, we can start with preparing the wedding," Weston interrupted him politely and made himself clear. "I'll be staying in Fern City for a year. I won't have time to plan for a wedding." Mr. Cohen believed him on this. Weston's project in Fern City was truly exciting. Everyone who had their eyes on it had their eyes on it.

He knew it was too risky for him to take the plunge, but he did not want to give up this huge piece of pie easily. Therefore, he wanted Weston to find a way for them. Despite that, he did not want to be completely tied to them. In this way, they would be left unscathed by the project if anything went wrong. Chris understood their intention and greed, but he refused to say anything. Everything was

about benefits. It was pointless to waste his time persuading them further. Chris stood up in silence. He sneered coldly and turned to leave. Wendy followed after him and left the living room without saying anything. What started out as a good meeting ended in a bad disagreement. At last, only Weston remained seated with Mr. and Mrs. Cohen across the room. "Anyway, we still have to conclude this. What's your final decision?" Mr. and Mrs. Cohen exchanged a look. "We wanted you to marry Gwen as soon as possible, but now, it seems more important to move forward with the Fern City project..." Mr. Cohen hesitated with a short pause and added, "After all, Guinevere is my only daughter. I hope you can move forward with the project and speed up the progress."

He urged, "Once the project is done, marry Gwen as soon as possible."

Weston only smiled but did not answer right away.

Mr. Cohen frowned. It was puzzling to see the sudden smile on Weston's face. "What are you smiling about?"

"It's nothing." Weston stood up. His expression remained aloof but intimidating. He was only a young man, but he was prominent even among the group of old foxes in business. "Since you've made the decision, then there's nothing else to say." He pushed the papers in his hand forward. "You can bring these documents back first."

Mr. Cohen took the documents and rubbed his temple. He suddenly looked at Weston and said, "The negotiation about business interests is inevitable. However, I really cherish my only daughter. I hope you'll treat her better..." "Of course," Weston replied indifferently. Mr. Cohen

choked and suddenly fell speechless. He got up and walked over to Weston to pat him on his shoulder. "Anyway, I don't mind if you call me Dad..."

"There's no hurry. After all, there's still a year to go."

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Chapter 325

Weston said to him, "Everything is about a matter of order and appropriateness. Don't you

agree?"

Mr. Cohen pondered for a while and agreed with him. "I hope you can show the same confidence on the Fern City project."

"Of course." Mr. Cohen breathed a sigh of relief. He was slightly more confident upon Weston's affirmation. The big project in Fern City was his utmost priority now. He had been keeping an eye on it. Weston was in charge of the project, which meant the success of the project was likely

guaranteed.

The Cohen family was just a business partner, but they would make a lot of money if the project succeeded with a good response. By then, he would basically have a say regarding the Cohen family's heir. This was very important to him, so his attitude toward Weston changed a lot.

"Gwen will probably hold a grudge against us for today's matter... She has always listened to you. I hope you can help put in a few words for us and help her understand our reasons."

"This is within my responsibility." Weston never objected, not even once. However, everything played out as he wished.

Mrs. Cohen had mixed feelings. She knew men were only interested in business, but she had a feeling that... Weston's relationship with Guinevere was different from their imagination.

Weston politely escorted Guinevere's parents out of the house and into the car.

After they got into the car, Mrs. Cohen took a deep breath and spoke to Mr. Cohen.

"I feel like it's all part of his plan... Does he really want to marry Gwen?" "Of course he does. Didn't you see how Chris reacted when we said we weren't going to let Gwen get

the marriage license?" Mr. Cohen laughed and said with some glee, "I knew they wanted us to share the risk with them. This wouldn't do us any good! Anyway, we have to look at the benefits first before agreeing to them. Understand?"

Mrs. Cohen could not comprehend his reasons. She was just a little worried about Guinevere." I wonder how Gwen is doing now,"

"She's already living in Ford Mansion. What else does she want? Anyway, it's just a marriage license. She'll get it in a year!" Mr. Cohen cut his wife off impatiently, "Don't talk about this anymore. Gwen will figure it out herself eventually."

Mrs. Cohen could only sigh.

At the same time, in Guinevere's room.

Guinevere closed the door as soon as she returned to her room. She leaned against the wall with her eyes closed. After a long time, she suddenly opened her eyes... revealing her scarily

bloodshot orbs. She could barely stay in control and smashed everything to the floor! Sounds of heavy objects hitting the ground came from inside the room, making a series of loud noises. Meanwhile, outside her room. The maids looked at each other. No one dared to go in, but they were afraid that Guinevere might hurt herself. They did not know what to do.

"Mr. Ford..."

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A tall figure walked over. The people in the corridor scattered and looked at the handsome man with a cold face. "Mr. Ford. Ms. Cohen is inside..." "You may go down first." Weston raised his hand and gestured to them to leave. He saw their troubled faces and said, "I'll handle it." "Alright, sir." Guinevere heard the sound outside and knew Weston was there. She closed her eyes and let out a soft sob.

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"Gwen, open up." The man's mellow and low voice rang from outside. He sounded calm. Guinevere clenched her fists. She did not hear any hint of guilt or love in his voice. She said throatily, "Leave me alone..." "Okay." Weston did not insist. He turned and was about to leave.

She opened the door in the next second. Guinevere could not stand the thought of him leaving and rushed out. She hugged his waist tightly and pleaded, "Don't go... Weston, I just wanted you to coax me..."

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Chapter 326 The moment she rushed out of her room, Guinevere knew she had lost. She was completely defeated.

She held Weston in her arms.

The two of them were alone in the hallway as Guinevere burst into tears, "Why can't you say something and make me feel better? Why..."

Weston remained silent and let her cry. He waited until she was done crying and had calmed down. Then, he spoke in a low voice.

"Have you calmed down? Can we talk now?"

Guinevere exhaled as a sad smile surfaced on her face.

Weston was always like that. He was always so calm with her. His little indulgence and understanding for her were always based on logical reasons.

"Do you not want to marry me at all?" Guinevere suddenly asked.

Weston pulled her hand away and turned to look at her. He saw her bloodshot eyes but said nothing

Guinevere continued asking, "I've been with you for years. I'm always chasing after you. Weston, don't you feel anything for me at all?". "I didn't ask for it," Weston replied flatly. Guinevere found it ironic. "Yeah... You never wanted any of these. I've been asking for it..."

Weston frowned.

Guinevere suddenly squatted down in front of him. She hugged her knees and said, "I've been running after you throughout middle school, high school, and university. You've never responded to me.

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"Today, I thought we'd get married. I thought we'd always be together. I thought Stella, or whoever else, would only be a brief hindrance between us. I thought we'd be together forever and ever..."

She kept going on and on. It was the first time she shared all her insecurities in Weston's presence.

"What happened to us? Why did we come to this..."

"You have to ask yourself that question," Weston said, looking as cold as ever.

He lowered his gaze at the woman in front of him and pulled her up from the floor. "Gwen, your parents stopped the marriage. What else do you want me to do?"

Guinevere stared at the man in front of her for a moment. He was like a mist and the moon on a distant mountain.

She stared at him from far away and yearned for him. However, she just could not have him. When she reached out to him, he was just like a mystery. She would never understand and what was going on in his mind.

"Would you have married me if my parents hadn't stopped us today?" she mumbled, asking a question that she found pathetic.

Weston did not answer. After a brief silence, he asked, "What do you think?"

He easily turned the question back to her.

Guinevere fell into a long silence. At last, she clenched her fist and said, "The project in Fern City is for a year, right?"

She wiped away her tears and smiled at Weston.

"I'll cooperate with the doctor this year. Let's have a big wedding when I recover, okay?"

She clutched his hand and would not let go. "When I can finally get along with Zack, we'll stay together as a happy family. Okay?"

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Guinevere had a rare blood type. She could only bear one child in her life. Zachary was her only child. This was already set in stone; nothing could change this fact.

She understood this well. No matter how much she hated Zachary's existence, she still needed to use him to maintain the relationship. She had to be with Weston. It was all she had wanted for years. Meanwhile, in the living room, Chris had left because of the disagreement earlier. He had been looking forward to this day, but it crumbled.

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Chapter 327 Chris was probably the only one who really wanted to see Guinevere and Weston get married, apart from Guinevere herself. However, he did not expect such a change.

Wendy was the only one left in the living room. She asked someone to bring her a cup of tea and slowly enjoyed it. When she heard the sounds of footsteps coming from the stairs, she glanced up at the two people who were walking downstairs.

“Have you figured things out?” Her words were clearly directed at Guinevere.

Guinevere was still feeling down, but she was not as rash as before. She sat down opposite Wendy quietly and said, “I’ve figured things out. It’s only a year. I can wait.” Wendy did not think she would be so willing to bear the humiliation for the greater good. She said with a smile, “You really love Weston so much. As his mother, I’m happy to see this.” Guinevere’s mouth twitched. What Wendy said did not cheer her up at all.

The lawyers had already left.

Guinevere stared at the documents that were meant for the marriage. She browsed them back and forth and felt bitter at heart. She could have been Mrs. Ford after today. “I’m glad you’ve come to terms with it.” Wendy always treated her coldly when nobody else was around.

At the same time, the sound of a baby crying suddenly came from the children’s room upstairs.

Wendy stood up. “I’ll go check on Zack.” Then, she left.

Guinevere did not react when Wendy mentioned Zachary. She had mixed feelings about this child.

Sometimes, she would rather not have had him. However, she would not be living in Ford Mansion without him.

“Weston...” Guinevere suddenly put down the file in her hand and looked at the man beside her. “If you go to Fern City, will you spend less and less time in Ahn City?”

Weston answered with a hum but did not look at her. Instead, he turned a page of the book in his hand. He seemed to be unbothered from the incident earlier. The marriage did not seem to matter to him at all. He even had the mood to read a book.

Guinevere knew he had always acted like this, but she still felt uncomfortable looking at it. "Are we going to see each other less often?" she asked. Weston closed the book and put it on the table. He rubbed his brow and said, "I'll come back to see you when I'm free."

Guinevere was relieved to hear that. After a while, she spoke again. "By the way, my filming work will be starting soon. It seems to be very close to Fern City. Can I visit you often?"

"Why?" Weston asked her indifferently.

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Guinevere was startled at first. Then, she smiled. "Well... I can meet you at the company. If you have time, can we go on a date together?"

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Weston chuckled. "What do you think I'm going to Fern City for?"

Guinevere instantly curbed her emotions. "I'm sorry."

"I don't like to mix my personal life with work. You should know that."

"I know... "

Weston stood up.

Seeing that, Guinevere panicked a little. "Where are you going?"

Weston looked at the time and said, "To my study. I have a teleconference."

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Guinevere finally sat down again. She found herself becoming more and more anxious. She was always fearful that Weston might leave her.

She had never felt this way before. She had never felt so restless even when Stella was still alive.

When Weston was forced to choose between Stella and her, Weston chose her. Even so, why did she feel the pain of being abandoned?

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Chapter 328

Half an hour had passed.

Weston was supposed to be in his study, but he suddenly appeared at the stairs. Guinevere saw him stride down with a suit jacket in his hand.

“Weston...”

It was rare to see Weston walk like he was in a hurry. His face remained stoic, but there was a faint glimpse of change in emotions in his deep eyes.

Guinevere did not know what was wrong and subconsciously stopped him.

“What’s wrong?”

Weston did not even look at her. “I have something to take care of. Get out of the way.” After going through such a shock, Guinevere just could not let him leave. She grabbed his arm tightly and asked, “Can you take me with you?” “You’re emotionally unstable now. You shouldn’t leave home.”

“I haven’t had an attack in a long time now!” Guinevere cut him off, “Besides, I’ve been able to go back to work on the film. I’m emotionally stable now. Where are you going? Are you in some kind of trouble? Take me with you! I can help!”

Weston took her hand and pushed her away. “Take care of yourself.” He bade goodbye and turned to leave.

Guinevere looked at her empty hand and the way the man left without hesitation. Her face immediately turned menacingly cold. The sound of a car driving away came.

Wendy was the only one upstairs. She teased with a smile, “If you don’t want to be away from him, why don’t I have the driver take you there? You can follow Weston and see what he’s doing.” Wendy took Zachary in her arms and slowly walked over to Guinevere. Guinevere was about to say something. However, her face changed when she saw the baby in her arms.

“What are you doing down here with him?” she questioned. Most of the people in the house prevented her from meeting Zachary. They feared that she would lose control. Guinevere did not expect Wendy to carry Zachary out like that. Wendy replied hesitantly, “He’s your child. Why can’t I bring him down to you?” “You know I’m emotionally unstable now. I may hurt him...” Wendy sighed and said regretfully, “That was an accident. Besides, he’s your son. Even if you are emotionally unstable, you won’t hurt him.”

Guinevere turned her back quickly and refused to look at Zachary’s face. The baby’s face bore a

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striking resemblance to the man in the Ford family. He was just a child, but his features were vaguely visible.

She could not imagine what it would be like when he grew up and resembled Chris more...

“You better take him away,” Guinevere said with a trembling voice.

Wendy shook her head. “Okay.” She said to Zachary in her arms, “Your mommy doesn’t like you at all. I will take you for a walk, okay?”

With that, she took Zachary in her arms and walked to the garden. Guinevere waited until Wendy was completely gone and finally breathed a sigh of relief. She fell into her seat.

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Meanwhile, in Weston’s car. Weston called Ben directly and asked, “What’s going on?” Earlier, he received a call from Ben in his study. Ben said Stella had been accidentally injured on the set. She fell from a platform that was several meters high and was taken to the hospital. Ben was one of his most trusted assistants. He knew everything about Stella and kept his work a secret without letting others know. “Mr. Ford. Ms. Sealey is in the hospital — ”

Weston rubbed his temple and corrected him. “There’s no Ms. Sealey anymore.”

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Chapter 329 Ben was stunned for a moment before he hurriedly corrected himself.

“Ms. Steele is in the hospital now. We’re still waiting for the doctor to come out before we can understand the situation now.”

“How did she get hurt?”

“She wasn’t scheduled to be on set today, but the other actors had a fight scene. Ms. Steele wanted to practice in advance. Maybe the props team was negligent. Perhaps Ms. Steele fell off the stage because of a mistake and lack of experience.

“However, please rest assured. We found no major problem after a rough check was carried out on the scene.”

At that time. Once he got the answer, he told the

“Which hospital?” Weston did not want driver to drive to the hospital.

At the same time, Roger was informed of Stella’s injury and hospitalization. After all, he was the only family she had. Bradley was a little surprised when he searched through her phone. He could not find her parents’ contact. He looked around and only found her younger brother’s number. Not only that, but her younger brother was still studying at a university. He did not know much about Stella and thought she was just an ordinary dance teacher. He gave her the opportunity to try acting because she looked good and had a lot of potential. He did not expect to learn that her parents were gone.

Bradley felt bad. He was partially responsible for her accident today.

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Stella was a new actress, and she was completely inexperienced. He should have warned her of the high difficulty ahead and should not have let her practice with no safety protection.

“Sis... Sis!”

An urgent and worried shout drew his attention.

Bradley saw a skinny teenager running in the hallway. He wore a white sweatshirt and looked tall. He had good looks and stood out in the crowd too. Stella and Roger were both good looking people. The boy came running along the hallway. His anxious look did not affect his handsomeness. Many nurses who passed by were stealing glances at him. Bradley could tell that this was Stella’s younger brother almost instantly. “Robb?”

“How is my sister?” Roger ran to him.

Bradley walked to him and asked, “Robb?”

“Yes, that’s me!” He hitched a breath with his chest heaving violently. “What happened to my sister?”

His eyes were red. “How is she? Where is she now?!”

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Bradley squeezed his shoulder and urged, “Calm down. Your sister is fine... I think you’re the only family she has, so I informed you.”

What do you mean by she’s fine? Didn’t she fall off a platform that was a few meters high?” Roger interrupted him. He only wanted to know if Stella was okay.

“She’s fine,” Bradley explained to him with patience.

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Bradley was a mature man in his thirties. The panicking teenager in front of him looked like he had just become an adult, so he had to calm him down. “She’s still getting stitches inside. Don’t worry. The wound isn’t deep, so she’ll be fine after a good recovery. It’s nothing major. She fainted because she hit her head—

” “She hit her head, yet you said it’s nothing major?” Roger was relieved to hear Bradley’s explanation at first, but he frowned at the latter half of it. He said with a serious face, “Tell me the truth! How is she doing now?”

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 330

Chapter 330 Bradley felt a little helpless seeing that Robb was so anxious that he was about to cry. “I said she’s fine; that means she’s fine. If you don’t believe me, would you believe a doctor? I’ll have the doctor tell you himself later.”

Roger pressed his lips tightly, still unconvinced. He looked at Bradley with some doubt.

A short moment later, the doctor finally came out.

Roger

rushed to the doctor. “Doctor, I’m the patient’s brother. How’s the patient named Stella?”

The doctor, who was taking off his gloves, paused at the name. “There is no patient named Stella.”

Roger was stunned for a moment before he quickly corrected himself. "Sorry, I said wrongly. It's Ella Steele..."

"Ella Steele. Yeah. She's still unconscious mainly because of her recent overwhelming worries and the impact on her head. She didn't suffer any other serious trauma. She has a small wound on her inner calf, which we've stitched up. It's nothing serious. If she takes care of it, there won't be any scar. She'll heal if..." :

Roger breathed a sigh of relief upon listening to the doctor's advice.

Bradley looked at him in amusement. "You must be very close with your sister. You were so panicked and even called her name wrongly. Why did you say her name wrong?" He accidentally referred to Ella as Stella. It was clear that he panicked too much. Roger's eyes flickered for a moment. He did not say anything and fell into a short silence. After that, he finally remembered to ask Bradley, "Who are you?"

"I'm the director of the film." Bradley held out his hand to him. "I'm partly responsible for what happened to your sister. Don't worry. I'll pay for her medical fees."

In Stella's ward.

The nurse came out and saw the two men standing at the door. They were both good-looking and had been guarding in front of the ward. They attracted much attention in the hallway. "Are you both family members of the patient?"

"I am!" Roger rushed forward. "I am! How is she? Is she awake? Can I go in and see her now?"

The nurse said, "Calm down. She's heavily sedated. She'll probably wake up later. If she hasn't eaten anything, you can get some light food for her."

Roger nodded. "I'll go get some right away. Can I go in now?"

He could not rest until he saw for himself and confirmed that Stella was all right.

Bradley patted his shoulder. "Calm down. You'll be able to see her soon."

"You're the patient's..." The nurse got a little curious. She could tell that the handsome young

boy must be the patient's younger brother. However, the man next to him...

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"Are you the patient's husband?" "No. She works for me." Bradley gave her a look.

Then, the nurse suddenly recognized him.

"You're Bradley!"

She was very surprised. "You're the young director! I've seen your films."

She suddenly got excited and squealed.

Bradley hushed her at once. "Keep your voice down."

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The nurse quickly blinked and nodded. "I know. I won't say anything!" Her heart was pounding in excitement as she chirped, "Can I take a picture with you? Can I have your autograph?" Bradley had no choice but to deal with her patiently. Roger ignored the two and went straight into the ward.

When he saw Stella lying on the hospital bed and looking pale, he felt a pang of pain.

He knew she could not hear him, but he called out softly, "Sis..."