

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 897

Chapter 897

Despite what she said, Stella had a hunch that Weston would never agree to such an outrageous request. Besides, their troubled past had been the talk of the town—everybody knew of the horrible things Guinevere had done to Stella in the past. What would they think if they found out that Guinevere was invited to the wedding?

They would all mock Stella, for sure.

She knew that whatever feeling Weston had for her was not true love and that it was just a short-lived infatuation, at most. But even so, she was sure that he wouldn't agree to something that would cause her so much embarrassment...

Warren smiled. There was an inexplicable trace of sympathy in that smile.

"Then how about I call him right now," he suggested, looking straight at Stella. "And ask him if he would let Guinevere come to the wedding?"

Stella merely nodded. What else could she do?

"If he agrees, then I have no further objection."

Warren then got his phone and called Weston, who quickly answered it.

Stella stayed silent as they spoke.

"Weston," Warren softly began while stroking his beard. "How is everything going at work?"

There was no ambient noise from Weston's end of the line. He was probably in his office.

"Everything's going well, Grandpa."

"Good," Warren nodded with contentment. "I can rest easy now that Ford Corporation is in your hands."

He paused, then asked, "How's the preparation for your wedding with Ella?"

"Everything's ready."

"I hope you won't be in such a rush that something goes wrong when the day comes."

"Absolutely not, Grandpa. Everything's under control."

"Good."

Weston glanced at the clock on the office wall.

"I have a meeting in a few minutes, Grandpa. To what do I owe this pleasure?"

Warren laughed.

"You are perceptive as always! Yes, I do indeed have a specific reason for calling."

He glanced at Stella and saw her sipping her tea, completely calm and composed.

Warren looked away and went straight to the point. "You've probably heard of what's been going on in the Cohen family ... Guinevere hasn't been very well, and she only has one wish: to

attend your wedding. Her family assured me she would not cause trouble this time."

Weston frowned.

"I don't think that would be appropriate," he quickly replied.

Stella sighed in relief as soon as she heard him. Then she caught her reaction and found it amusing. She never wanted to marry Weston anyway, and she knew there was no way this wedding would happen, so why did it bother her so much that Guinevere wanted to be there? Why should she care?

Perhaps Weston had been treating her very well lately, which made her warm up to him a little.

"I understand," Warren replied, completely unsurprised by Weston's reply. "It's perfectly normal to be concerned about this, but you must remember that the Cohen family has been our important ally for many years. I can't just refuse her parents' request outright, you see..."

"Besides," Warren persisted, "their family had relented to so much at this point. How can we refuse their one simple request?"

"Grandpa," Weston interjected somberly. "This is not a simple request. It's my wedding."

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Ben was already waiting for Weston in the office with a stack of documents in hand, ready to accompany him to the meeting, when he was signalled to wait outside as Weston continued his phone call.

"I don't think this is up for discussion, Grandpa. If the Cohen family still insists, let them come straight to me."

"Weston," Warren sighed. "I completely understand you. If I were in your shoes, I wouldn't agree to it myself ... but regardless of everything that's happened, Guinevere is still Zack's mother. No matter how much resentment you harbor for each other, we must never do anything that could sever our ties with the Cohens, do you understand? Besides..."

Warren paused and turned to look at Stella before adding, "All the gossip and news of your scandals have turned our family into a laughing stock. We'll have to maintain our reputation this time. We'll just let

Guinevere attend the wedding, that's all. We'll make sure that she stays in a secret corner that no reporters would ever find."

Weston fell silent for a long while. He stared at a spot on the wall, where a dull, throbbing pain nudged his temples. He closed his eyes. He knew his grandfather very well. He knew that if he didn't agree with him now, he would simply find other ways to get what he wanted. He might even drag Stella in...

That was the last thing Weston wanted to happen.

"Okay," he replied after some consideration. "But you must keep her in a quiet corner. Stella must never know that she's there."

Stella clearly heard each and every word.

Warren turned to her and saw an "I knew this would happen" look written across her face.

Stella said nothing. Her face turned exceedingly pale and she clenched her fists, which had been resting on her knees.

He agreed? He actually agreed to such an absurd request?!

Warren revelled in her reactions. He was satisfied now. This was just as he had planned.

He had always known that Stella never wanted to marry Weston in the first place, but he feared that she might still hesitate to leave Weston's side completely.

What if she suddenly changed her mind and decided she wanted to be with him?

Warren would never let that happen. That was why he had to make Stella understand that Weston would never completely give Guinevere up or refuse her requests.

He wanted her to realize that, although the marriage between Weston and Guinevere was now canceled, the bond between them still existed, and Guinevere would forever be a part of Weston's life no matter what.

Warren believed that being the smart woman she was, Stella understood that such a life would never make her happy.

He had to extinguish even the slightest trace of feelings that Stella had for Weston.

"Is there anything else, Grandpa?"

Weston was completely unaware of the happenings at the other end of the line.

"No," Warren replied, pleased that he got what he wanted. "You can go to your meeting now."

The call then ended.

"Mr. Ford." Ben walked into the office and handed Weston the day's schedule.

As Weston went through it, he told Ben, "Add Guinevere Cohen's name to the wedding guestlist."

"What?" Ben was startled. He couldn't believe what he had just heard.

"She said she wants to attend the wedding," explained Weston. "So I'll grant her wish."

"But..." Ben was perplexed. Knowing about the turmoil brewing between Weston, Stella, and Guinevere, wouldn't it be ridiculous for Guinevere to attend the wedding?

Then he thought of the phone call just now...

"Was it Mr. Warren's request?" Ben asked.

There could only be one explanation for this. Guinevere was probably so desperate that she forced her parents to ask for Mr. Warren Ford's help as he was the only one who could pressure

Weston into doing something.

Weston made no reply, but his silence was clear enough for Ben to guess what was happening.

Ben sighed.

"But wouldn't this be unfair to Mrs. Ford?"

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Weston frowned.

"We'll keep it a secret from her for the time being," he said.

"But even if no one tells her," argued Ben, "she'll still find out when she sees Guinevere Cohen at the wedding."

Weston knew that too, of course.

"I won't let her be there," he said coldly.

"But didn't you just promise Mr. Warren that you'd let her attend?"

"I did," Weston replied. "I promised that I would let her attend. However, whether she attends or not is her problem."

Ben fell silent for a moment before he finally responded. "You don't mean that you'll..."

"It's a long journey from her house to the wedding location," Weston explained. "It'll be unsurprising if an accident were to happen on the way."

Ben's mouth was agape when he finally understood Weston's plan.

"That is a clever plan indeed..." he marveled.

Not only would it appease Mr. Warren Ford and pacify the Cohen family, but it would also teach Guinevere a lesson for daring to make such an outrageous request.

Weston had managed to kill not two but three birds with one stone!

Stella had been in a grim mood ever since she returned from Warren's manor.

She knew that no matter what happened, Guinevere would always hold a special place in Weston's heart. What shocked her, however, was how overly confident she was of herself. If Weston could agree to such an absurd request, it must mean that he did, at the very least, care about what she felt!

Even if she had any doubts about running away during the wedding, they were all quelled now. She knew one thing for sure

—she had to run away and escape Weston, no matter what.

Guinevere would never give up on Weston, and Weston didn't seem to be so resolute in his rejection of her. If he could agree to let her come to their wedding, Stella could tell that once his infatuation for her had worn off, he would just let Guinevere do whatever she liked to her.

When Weston finally got back to their apartment, Stella was already cooking in the kitchen. Warmth and delectable aroma filled the house.

Weston paused and watched the petite woman busy at work in the kitchen. The scene reminded him of the early days of their marriage...

Back then, Stella would often work hard in the kitchen, just as she was doing now. She would make sure that the food was

precisely to Weston's taste, closely observing his preferences and how he liked the food. He was the entire world to her, where nothing and no one else mattered. Her eyes shone with unconditional love for him.

At present, Stella's mind was full of troubling thoughts while she was cooking that she didn't even notice Weston coming in. Just when she was about to put the last ingredient into the pot, a pair of robust arms suddenly wrapped her waist...

"What are you doing?"

Stella's body stiffened when she heard the voice. It was the same voice that agreed to let Guinevere attend the wedding earlier that day.

He would forever be compromising whenever it came to Guinevere, wouldn't he?

"Weston..." she hesitatingly began. She was stirring the soup in the pot with a wooden spoon, but her eyes were vacant and distant.

"Where were you the day Roger was sent to the hospital?" she finally plucked up her courage to ask.

She never should've been bothered with this, but still...

She quietly sneered at herself.

Weston rested his chin on her shoulder. He seemed perfectly calm as he playfully nibbled her ear lobe.

"I had some business to attend to," he replied. "Why do you ask?"

"What kind of business?" she asked again, insistent on getting a definite answer.

She then turned down the heat to low and turned around to look at him before continuing, "I remember that hat you were gone for a long time that day. Was it something serious?"

He swept her hair behind her ears and stroked her face. "Why do you ask all of a sudden, hmm?"

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Chapter 900 Weston's fingers wandered across Stella's face, caressing her smooth skin.

Stella looked up at him. She had intended to ask him the question, but her tongue was tied as soon as she opened her mouth.

If he really wanted her to know the truth, he would've told her by now, yet he would avoid the questions and kept responding with vague, evasive answers. That, in itself, was already an answer, wasn't it?

They would just go on as they did when their relationship was still a secret. Since he didn't want to answer, she would just stop asking. There was no need to disrupt the fragile peace between them.

"Nothing," Stella leaned her head against his shoulder and gently hugged him. "It's just that I can't believe we're really getting married..."

Her eyes were icy cold as she spoke.

She had always been forced to give in to Guinevere's requests. Back then, she had had to endure Guinevere's assaults quietly without the power to retaliate. Yet, even after asking for her hand in marriage, Weston still agreed to such a request he knew would upset Stella a lot...

Perhaps she should confront him, Stella thought. Perhaps she should ask him why he would ever let Guinevere attend their wedding.

But what should she have expected of him?

Should she expect him to ignore the long-standing relationship between the Ford and Cohen families, to ignore his own grandfather's plea? Should she forsake the resulting loss they might have to endure if they upset the Cohen family? All because of her?

No. She didn't need to expect any of that. She never intended to marry him anyway. The wedding was never supposed to happen anyway, so why should it matter to her if Guinevere was invited?

There was no need to trouble herself with this.

In the end, Stella didn't manage to finish making her soup.

For some reason, Weston's sexual appetite had gotten more voracious lately. Naturally, he wanted to do it with Stella at all times and at every place in the house.

She was forced to hold on to his neck to keep her body from sliding down to the floor.

"If we don't stop now, the soup will be burnt!" she pleaded to him.

"Weston!" she cried in exasperation, desperate to keep her mind clear. "Stop..."

"You can cook it again." Weston's raw passion was still burning. "Let's continue," he croaked as his hand reached down Stella's

body.

"No..." Stella closed her eyes.

Her body used to reject him, but Weston had somehow found a way to turn her on. All he needed to do was be gentle and patient with her; her body would warm up to him, and she would melt under his fingers. After that, everything would go smoothly.

Weston supported her weight so she wouldn't fall to the floor. Then he swept her hair away from her sweaty face, leaned down, and kissed her forehead.

"Turns out the only reason your body rejected me was that I didn't stimulate you enough, huh?"

He emphasized the word "stimulate" as he spoke, his lips still glistening with the moisture of some fluid.

Stella blushed deeply. She couldn't bring herself to look at him like that.

In the end, neither of them ended up eating the soup.

It had been a long time since Joan had last come to the apartment. Stella loved Joan's cooking and still missed her food very much.

However, they rarely let anybody else in after moving into the apartment. Stella would cook and clean up the place herself whenever she had the time, giving the place an especially homely feel.

The day after tomorrow would be their wedding day.

Weston had taken a few days off to be with Stella when she

tried on her wedding dresses. Everything was ready now, except for one last step.