

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 921

Chapter 921

Weston stood up. "It doesn't affect your walking, but you can't run either."

Stella merely stared at the pair of things on her feet. "It doesn't affect walking..."

But she felt no different from a felon. Indeed, she could walk but there was no way she could run or jump.

"Aren't you afraid that people will see this and laugh at you?" Stella smiled bitterly. He lifted her chin, gazed into her eyes, and said, "Do you think I care what they think?"

She stared at him blankly. "You can only use these means to tie me to your side. Is that really what you want?"

"All I want is you."

The man raised his hand, and his long, well-defined fingers slid across her cheek. "It doesn't matter what it means. The important thing is, even if I need to use shackles, restraints, or even a cage, I will do it without hesitation to make you stay by my side."

Stella's face had almost turned green. "Cage? What do you think I am? A canary?"

Ironically, he laughed at this.

His eyes seemed to have a little love in them, but his tone was extremely dangerous. "A canary is much better than you are cause it won't escape like you."

Hearing this, she slowly closed her eyes. It was a gesture of compromise, a gesture that meant she was allowing him to dictate her.

Only then did he let go of her and call the makeup artist

1. in.

After the two makeup artists came in, they didn't dare to look at the scene inside. They just put on makeup for Stella and said nothing else.

They could tell how sour Weston's mood was.

The atmosphere was very solemn.

When everything was in order, the emcee outside began to move things along.

The wedding had been delayed for a long time, but none of the guests dared to complain.

They were all waiting for the bride and groom to appear.

The lights flashed on the door.

When the music of the wedding march sounded, everyone saw the couple walking out. They all widened their eyes and took in a breath of cold air

Because they were looking at a bride bounded by a tie!

The groom led her forward as if he was her master.

Stella had no elders who could lead her on the red carpet. So, from beginning to end, Weston was by her side. She didn't know why he chose to bind her.

After all, in the eyes of the public, there was no other way she could escape.

Perhaps he just wanted to punish her, to let everyone see that she was by his side, and that any attempts of escape would be futile.

"Why is Ella bounded?" "You didn't know?"

The guests were all waiting here just now, so they didn't know what was happening outside. "It seems that Stella ran away and was caught halfway!"

"Really? How's that possible!"

"It's true. You see, it's all over the internet..."

A fervent whisper began to rumble among the crowd, but silence soon ensued again. After all, it was a wedding, and they could only hold back even if burning questions loomed in their hearts.

Xavier and Daisy also wore complicated expressions as

they sat in their guest seats, especially Daisy, who was confused.

"What's going on?" she asked.

Why did Weston tie Stella?

Xavier smiled sarcastically. "Weston has completely planted himself in this woman's hands. Just wait and see. He will regret it."

Hearing this, Daisy felt slightly uncomfortable, but she didn't show it. The emcee was surprised to see that the newlyweds had already stepped onto the stage.

He had hosted many weddings before, but this was his first time hosting a wedding with a tied-up bride.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 922

Chapter 922 The emcee carried out his tasks in an orderly manner nonetheless.

Stella stood beside Weston motionless, listening to the noise. Her heart was cold, though.

The buzzing noise in her ear made her couldn't hear clearly

The priest invited spoke fluently.

Those marriage vows only heard on TV were now in her ears.

He asked her, "Stella, whether you are rich or poor, old or sick, are you willing to marry the gentleman in front of you and let him be your husband?"

Her heart trembled, and she lowered her eyes.

Weston looked down at her, suddenly stretched out his hand and clasped her fingers tightly.

She took a deep breath and said slowly, "I do." The next second, she felt the strength in her hand increase.

The man pressed his fingertips on the back of her hand, almost crushing her bones.

The priest turned to Weston. "Weston, regardless of poverty, wealth, life, old age, sickness or death, would you like to marry the young lady in front of you?" "Never give up, love her, take care of her, love her forever?"

Despite the emptiness in her heart, Stella raised her head and looked at the man in front of her.

He, too, was gazing into her eyes as he said, "I do."

Applause rang.

The priest, a grey-bearded old man with a kind face, stood under the holy cross as he gave his blessings to them.

"I now pronounce you man and wife. From now, you will be together through thick and thin and will be each other's lifelong partners."

Stella was in a trance as she heard the announcement.

A lifetime.

It sounded like a very distant word.

It meant she wouldn't have any choice in her life after this.

She could only stay by his side.

As Weston said, it would be until he got tired of her.

There was prolonged applause from the audience. Even though they had a million questions, their well wishes were from the bottom of their hearts as they witnessed this moment.

Perhaps that was the fascinating thing about love.

People usually heard how it was described, but few saw its true face.

Some thought that love was fake, and some believed it was just a fabricated lie where it was all in the moment's rush where a man and a woman yearned for each other.

There was no eternal love in this world, but true love existed in every fleeting moment. It was sometimes dirty, ugly, persecuting, deceitful, scarring, and sometimes full of holes.

But there would be a moment when people would see the light between two individuals.

Their bodies seemed to shimmer with light whenever they proclaimed their eternal oath.

For love, one was willing to risk it all, no matter when or where.

They were both newlyweds who had voluntarily become man and wife.

Guinevere was utterly embarrassed.

She couldn't even get inside. Next to her, Ben and a group of bodyguards surrounded her and Warren.

They didn't have any chance to make trouble, but they could watch the live broadcast on the big screen.

Warren's face was ashen as there was nothing he could do.

The plan he had today had all gone to waste. He suddenly realized that Weston hadn't listened to him at all.

Chapter 923

He could no longer control Weston. The man had a mind of his own.

"Married... he's getting married..."

Guinevere stumbled backward, tears welling up in her eyes as tears streamed down her cheeks. "I wore a wedding gown, excitedly waiting to marry him. Yet now, I'm sitting here seeing him marry another woman..."

It had been her lifelong dream to marry Weston Ford.

Ever since she landed her eyes upon Weston, she had fantasized about this day, where he would hold her hand and walk down the red-carpeted aisle.

Her father would give him her hand in marriage, and Weston would swear before the priest that he would take care of her forever and be her partner for life.

Yet, her dream was now about to go to another woman.

The fragrant, fresh flowers, the billowy wedding gown, and all the applause were supposed to be hers.

Yet, now, she was a mere outsider who couldn't even enter the doors of this grand wedding. She could only stand outside and witness them exchanging their vows.

Like a clown.

The tears that streamed down her cheeks smudged all the makeup on her face.

Guinevere finally sobbed out loud. "Why are you doing this to me... why..."

She was going completely insane. Her racking sobs got so loud that they alerted the guests inside.

In the family aisle, Wendy furrowed her brows as she carried Zack in her arms. She was about to turn around when she saw Chris looking in the direction of the entrance.

"I think I hear Gwen..." he said with worried eyes. "She's probably very upset right now," he said somewhat anxiously.

Wendy sneered. "She knows Weston doesn't want to marry her, yet she still ran here in a wedding gown to create trouble for them. She deserves it."

"Why must you be so snarky?"

Chris lowered his voice and said coldly in her ear, "If Weston weren't so bent on finding Ella, she might have successfully become a runaway bride, effectively embarrassing the Ford family! It was Gwen who was willing to sacrifice her pride and be Ella's replacement."

She loves Weston so much. Why are you so biased against her?"

"She loves Weston, not me. If you care so much about her, go out and console her," Wendy replied mockingly.

Chris returned a stern look.

He seriously considered heading out to be with Wendy but eventually decided against it since he had to be present for the ceremony. Wendy couldn't be bothered to care about him and focused on playing with Zack in her arms.

He had begun speaking a few words. "Granny..."

He pointed at Wendy's nose and then at Chris before saying, "Dada..." Chris' face changed as if someone had stepped on his tail. "What on earth have you been teaching Zack? Does he call any random person Daddy?"

Wendy furrowed her brows and looked coldly at him, "He only knows these two words now. What do you expect?"

Chris inhaled sharply, his face dark with displeasure and laced with a tinge of guilt.

Wendy scoffed as a strange and unfathomable look glazed past her eyes.

On stage. The newlyweds exchanged rings.

Stella's hands were still bound by the tie, the chains clanking noisily as she walked.

A ring box was placed on stage and gingerly opened, revealing a pair of wedding rings.

Stella threw it a quick glance before turning away.

She didn't appear very interested in its contents. Weston picked out the lady's ring, lifted Stella's hand, and slipped it on her ring finger. Both her hands had been bound together throughout, creating a strange and contorted scene that was supposed to be beautiful and sacred.

Stella lowered her gaze to see the ring around her finger. A feeling of entrapment engulfed her from all around, and she felt like she could hardly breathe.

The next second, she heard his deep voice coming from above her. "Your turn."

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Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 924

Chapter 924 Stella slowly shifted her gaze toward Weston's wedding ring in the box and reached out to take it.

She lowered her head and looked at his hand as she slipped the ring onto his finger.

The next moment, Weston grabbed her hands.

The crowd roared in applause.

Weston lifted her chin and gave her a deep, lingering kiss.

Stella could only yield, with no way of opposing him.

Her hands were still bound by his tie so tightly that it left red marks on her wrists.

She lifted her chin and received his punishing kiss.

Her arms drooped helplessly before her torso , swaying gently between them.

Everyone could see that tie around her wrists clearly, but no one dared to whisper a word about it.

In full view of all the guests, their marriage was solemnized, with Stella as the captured and shackled bride.

The news spread like wildfire online.

Very soon, their grand wedding had alternative headlines to it.

"Caged Wedding." "The Shackled Bride."

The image of Stella and Weston exchanging rings was as if Stella was trapped in a golden cage, locked up with nowhere to run.

The image was beautiful yet cruel at the same time.

Depraved yet decadent, glorious yet darkly mesmerizing. The diamond – studded wedding gown seemed entwined by piercing thorns embellished by the bride's fresh blood that the naked eye couldn't see.

Everything had been finalized and set in stone. They were now man and wife, never to be parted by anyone else.

Weston released Stella's lips and leaned his forehead

against hers as he declared hoarsely in her ear, "This is me branding myself on you. You can only stay by my side your entire life, and I'll be your only man."

Stella's eyes trembled as she stood silent without any resistance.

The ceremony came to a close.

Guinevere was completely drained of all energy and lay slumped on the floor.

She covered her face and sobbed sorrowfully.

She initially tried to control her volume, but her sobs eventually descended into loud, racking wails. Old Mr. Ford could no longer be bothered about her.

He wasn't in a good mood and decided to return to his hotel room, not wanting to see Weston and the rest of the family for the time being.

The next program was toasting the newly wedded couple.

At the guest aisles, Chris was unable to take it any longer and he stood up. "I'll go out and take a look."

"You're going to look for Guinevere, aren't you?" Wendy asked grimly. "You're giving the toasting ceremony a miss?"

Chris' face was dark.

He had no idea why Wendy had been so volatile and unreasonable as of late.

"It's the same with you representing both of us. What's more, I'm just taking a peek and will be back very soon."

Moreover, he wasn't keen on having Stella as his daughter –in–law.

He didn't want to see both of them together and have Stella call him Dad.

He didn't want to be Stella's dad.

The clueless Zack simply looked in the direction that

Chris left. He jumped in Wendy's lap and babbled.

He could walk and even run a little, albeit still shaky and unstable, though following him around simply made things more challenging.

He was also stronger and more energetic than before, and his caretakers had to tire him out with much time and effort.

Wendy looked at his face of innocence and reached out to pinch his cheeks with slight force. "You chubby cheeks... ignorant and blissfully unaware."

She looked at the scene before her as mixed feelings arose in her heart.

It was an intricate amalgamation of hatred and anger.

...

Fearing that Guinevere might cause further trouble, Ben stayed back to watch over her.

Chris walked over and asked, "What are all of you doing here?"

Ben was slightly taken aback to see Chris arrive. Wasn't he supposed to be at the toasting ceremony?

"Mr. Ford arranged for this so that we can keep an eye on Ms. Cohen."

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 925

Chapter 925 Chris furrowed his brows. "Given her status, why would she need you guys to keep an eye on her? She is Ms. Cohen, for goodness' sake. Back off, all of you!"

"But Mr. Ford gave us clear instructions to..."

Chris rubbed the space between his brows. "I know what you are all worried about... that she would cause a scene, right? I'm here now. Nothing's going to happen, okay?"

Ben thought that what Chris said made sense. Although Chris had always been biased toward Guinevere, would he allow her to do something so rash at this critical point that might put both families' reputations at stake?

He wouldn't be so foolish.

Therefore, Ben nodded and left with his subordinates.

Upon seeing them leave the room, Chris walked to Guinevere and helped her up from the floor. "Do you love Weston that much? You clearly know that he only loves Ella..."

He was still used to calling her Ella.

Guinevere finally responded at the mention of Ella's name as bitter hatred flashed in her eyes. "What right does she have? She snatched Weston from my hands from the beginning and refused to leave ... in what way is she better than me? Why must she snatch Weston from me? Why?!"

She was clearly still emotionally volatile. Chris furrowed his brows, wary that her mental condition might be triggered once again. "Let me bring you home

first."

"I'm not going home!" Guinevere flung his hands away. "Why should I?" "They're officially married!" Chris could no longer hold himself back as he yelled.

"Things are impossible between you and Weston!" He reminded her.

"How so?"

Guinevere questioned him back. "We share a child. How could things be impossible?"

Chris closed his mouth, unsure of what to say next.

That child...

D

"Take it that you are being considerate of your child. Split up amicably with him. You said it yourself that no matter what, you and Weston are Zack's parents. Zack wouldn't want to see his parents at odds with each other when he grows up."

"I don't want to fight like this either..."

Guinevere wiped away the tears from her face. "But Stella insists on snatching what is mine. What else can I do?"

"There must be another way..." she croaked, choking back on tears.

But what else could she do? Weston had put forth such a clear stance that everyone took Guinevere for a joke.

The only leverage she had right now was Zack.

That's right...

Zack...

She still had Zack!

The newly wedded couple had to change into another outfit for the toasting ceremony. Stella thought that her hands could finally be released from the tie.

When she was preparing to get changed, Weston came in.

Stella instinctively took a step back as Weston lunged forward and forced her into a corner. "What are you scared of?"

Stella remained silent.

Weston lowered his head to look at her bound hands. "If I don't help you with the tie, how are you going to get changed?"

Stella lifted her hands upon his explanation in a silent request for him to untie her hands.

The corners of Weston's lips lifted, and a low chuckle could be heard. "You have pretty good self-awareness."

Thereafter, he helped her release the knot on the tie.

Bright red marks circled Stella's wrists. Weston's eyes darkened, but he said nothing, allowing her some time to get changed. He then left to take a call.

When he returned after his call, he saw that Stella had freshly changed into a red gown.

It was a bright shade of crimson that contrasted with her fair skin so much it made her look even paler, like a fragile rose. Weston furrowed his brows and strode toward her. "Change into another gown."

In this shade of red, Stella was so shockingly stunning. "I remember there's a pale red gown around. Wear that instead."

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 926

Chapter 926 Weston refused to let Stella be seen in that gown.

The wedding gown she wore was his limit.

Weston realized that his possessiveness toward her had gone to an extreme, and it seemed to only get more intense in time.

Stella furrowed her brows. "I think I look better in this."

It wasn't that she was in the mood to argue with Weston, but she was too lazy to change into another gown.

Weston glanced at her for a moment but decided not to pursue the matter further. He took a couple of breaths and calmed himself, then retrieved a pair of handcuffs from somewhere.

"Stretch your hands out."

Stella's eyes widened. "What in the world are you doing?"

What is that? Handcuffs? He kept mum as he cuffed both their hands together. His stance made it clear that he forbade resistance of any kind.

This time round, he didn't use a necktie to bind her up. Instead, he chose a special pair of handcuffs to bind them

together.

Stella had to follow him around wherever he went.

As they walked into the hotel in such a manner, everyone got a rude shock.

Once again, no one dared to say a word. They just looked on as the newlyweds behaved like Siamese twins with their hands cuffed together.

Weston raised a toast with his free hand, looking leisurely at his guests as if he did not notice the strange gazes they were giving him and his bride. Stella stood behind him, still and obedient. There wasn't much expression on her face except for hopeless submission.

Wendy furrowed her brows as she saw them walking down the aisle. She looked around to see if Chris had returned.

Thankfully, Chris knew his boundaries and returned to his seat in time.

Wendy could smell a different fragrance on his body, and the knot between her brows tightened. "Your body reeks of perfume just from a quick session of consoling Guinevere."

Chris had just sat down when he heard her scathing remark, which further soured his mood, which was bad to

begin with. His face turned cold as he said bitinglly, "Everyone's watching. Stop blowing things out of proportion!"

The image of Guinevere's sorrowful sobbing kept playing in his mind like a broken record.

She cried with such tragic beauty, leaning on his shoulders and weakly telling him of the deep-seated indignance she couldn't help but display.

Chris had always known about Guinevere's pride and her strong sense of dignity.

Yet, her temperament and character had been tamed by Weston.

Since she had grown up with Weston, Chris treated her like a child and was constantly chasing after her. He literally watched her grow up.

Ever since that night...

Chris had to admit that it was an utter mistake.

To protect and preserve his family, he heaped lies upon lies to the extent of almost becoming enemies with Weston.

All along, he felt most guilty toward Wendy, who was also giving him a headache.

The only time he felt some reprieve, and a semblance of existence in this world was when he was with Guinevere,

who made him feel like he was still needed.

This feeling made him change his attitude toward Guinevere.

He was no longer able to treat her like a daughter-in-law, but... 1

Chris didn't want to think further down this line.

He could behave out of line in certain things, but not to such a devastating extent. But now that things had already come to this point, did he have to continue hiding in the dark, living his life on tenterhooks?

"Dad."

Silence ensued.

Wendy nudged him. "Why are you spacing out? He's calling you."

Chris snapped back to attention.

He looked kindly at Weston and Stella. "Yes."

No matter how much he did not like Stella, he still had to be courteous in front of so many guests.

Stella moved robotically through the entire ceremony.

She raised her arms stiffly in a toast to Chris and Wendy, addressing them monotonously as Dad and Mom before stonily receiving wedding gifts from them.

Chapter 927 She put her hands down and followed Weston to toast another table of family members.

Gazing at their retreating figures, Wendy handed Zack, who had fallen asleep, to the housekeeper, and said to Chris, "You're no longer needed around here. You can do whatever you wish now. Why are you still sticking around?"

Chris was, in fact, intending to head back to Guinevere.

But her words made him too embarrassed to do that. “What else would I wish to do? It’s just that Gwen isn’t very mentally stable right now, and I really should check on her, lest she makes a scene again...”

Even he could feel that his voice sounded guilty.

If his conscience were truly clear, he wouldn’t have arranged for Guinevere to be settled in a discreet room waiting for him.

Chris looked at Wendy, and his tone softened. “Wendy, I know we’ve been at odds with each other during this period, fighting over the most trivial things. But you’re always in my heart. If you’re upset with me over something, just tell me directly. I will change, I surely will

A major reason why he was able to win Wendy over and marry her, despite the stiff competition from many other wealthy heirs, was because of his honeyed tongue.

Wendy’s gaze trembled as mixed feelings arose in her heart.

It had been so long since he spoke so tenderly to her. She said self–derisively, “You didn’t do anything wrong.”

Except for lying to me, she thought.

Furthermore, he wasn’t even skilled enough since she had managed to see through him.

Her response made Chris even more irritated.

She should have been direct with him if she were really upset. He was sure that despite her response, she would turn around later on and pick on him again.

Frustration brewed in his heart, and an urge to smoke a cigarette kicked in. But the thought of the occasion right now made him quell the urge. He stood up. “I’ll head out for some air.”

Wendy took a deep breath and retracted her gaze. “Up to you.”

She shut her eyes as if she couldn’t be bothered by him.

Chris remained silent as he looked down at her for a long time.

Then, he turned to leave.

In front of the wheelchair, Henry looked at the newlyweds with a faint smile as he raised his glass.” Congratulations.”

He meant it from the bottom of his heart.

Being a good friend of Weston’s, he was naturally happy that Weston finally managed to marry the woman of his dreams.

But...

He glanced at the handcuffs binding them together, and his smile deepened. “You barely managed to marry her. Indeed, you do need to bind her tightly to yourself.”

Weston shot him a warning look but didn’t say anything further.

1. e/.

Stella’s brows furrowed, feeling rather uncomfortable.

As they made their way through the tables, everyone who stood up and noticed the handcuffs between them would be stunned for a moment or two.

Stella knew that it was a natural reaction for anyone who saw such a strange sight at a wedding.

Henry was indeed worthy of being Weston’s good friend.

Not only did he not–find it strange, but he was even approving of it. Birds of a feather did indeed flock together.

He was the only one to whom Stella did not raise a toast. She had simply stood there without a word. Weston glanced at her. “What’s the matter? Are you unhappy?”

Stella looked down and didn’t respond to him. He arched his brow. “It’s fine. If you don’t want to drink, I’ll drink on your behalf.” With that, he grabbed the glass of wine in her hand and tipped its contents into his mouth.

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The next moment, he put down the glass, pinched Stella’s chin, and kissed her.

He pried her jaw and sent the liquor flowing into her mouth, burning her throat.

He didn’t even care whether she could hold her liquor and simply focused on making her drink the wine. Stella furrowed her brows, almost choking on the wine. Weston released her and wiped the remnants of the wine

from his lips as he looked at her. “Did it taste good?”

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1. e/.

Stella’s brows furrowed, feeling rather uncomfortable.

As they made their way through the tables, everyone who stood up and noticed the handcuffs between them would be stunned for a moment or two.

Stella knew that it was a natural reaction for anyone who saw such a strange sight at a wedding.

Henry was indeed worthy of being Weston’s good friend.

Not only did he not–find it strange, but he was even approving of it. Birds of a feather did indeed flock together.

He was the only one to whom Stella did not raise a toast. She had simply stood there without a word. Weston glanced at her. “What’s the matter? Are you unhappy?”

Stella looked down and didn’t respond to him. He arched his brow. “It’s fine. If you don’t want to drink, I’ll drink on your behalf.” With that, he grabbed the glass of wine in her hand and tipped its contents into his mouth.

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The next moment, he put down the glass, pinched Stella’s chin, and kissed her.

He pried her jaw and sent the liquor flowing into her mouth, burning her throat.

He didn’t even care whether she could hold her liquor and simply focused on making her drink the wine. Stella furrowed her brows, almost choking on the wine. Weston released her and wiped the remnants of the wine

from his lips as he looked at her. “Did it taste good?”

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 928

Chapter 928 Stella coughed twice, her face flushing red.

She looked down in silence, her face displaying a clear look of submission.

Weston pinched her chin and made her look up. “Discontented?”

Stella shook her head. “No.”

The moment she was captured back to the wedding, she knew that Weston wouldn't let her go so easily.

The things he had done to her at the wedding were considered trivial. A man like him would spare no effort in reminding her that her attempt to escape the wedding was an utter mistake.

Henry's interest was piqued as he looked at the couple. “It's just a toast. Is there a need to make things nasty?”

All the guests surrounding them were looking over curiously. Even the videographer was immersed in recording, thinking Weston and Stella were sharing a passionate kiss.

Henry moved his wheelchair and grabbed another two glasses of wine. “Why don't you both raise a toast to each other?”

He began hyping up the crowd.

With a glance at Stella, Weston said, “You decide.”

What else could Stella say?

She took the glass from Henry, and Weston followed suit.

The two exchanged glances before raising a toast to each other.

They looked just like any other loving couple ... if Stella hadn't become a runaway bride who ended up being captured.

After Henry, it was Xavier's turn. He had brought Daisy along with him.

Stella's brows furrowed, but she remained silent.

Xavier didn't have much to say and simply raised his glass. “Congrats.”

Daisy followed suit and subconsciously glanced at Weston. “Mr. Ford, congratulations on your blissful marriage.”

Weston nodded and held Stella's hand as they stepped

forward toward the tray.

Stella obediently picked up another glass of wine.

Weston glanced at her and took the glass from her hands. “My wife isn't a good drinker. I'll drink this on her behalf.”

Stella paused for a moment as she pursed her lips. She was worried that Weston would play his old tricks and feed her through his mouth again.

However, Weston had no intention of doing so. He was simply coming to her aid.

Mixed feelings crept up Daisy's heart. She looked at the red gown on Stella and imagined herself wearing it. How would she look?

It would have been wonderful if only the man standing next to her was Weston.

Her mind started drifting.

Xavier grabbed her waist with slight force. “What are you thinking of? You're zoning out.” He followed her gaze and realized she was staring at them. He scoffed and said, “What are you staring at them for? Don't tell me you're thinking of getting married

too?”

Having been seen through, Daisy glared at him with irritation. “Don't talk nonsense. I'm just a little overwhelmed with emotions...”

“Why?”

“I just didn't expect things to be so complicated between them. I always thought that Ella... no, Stella was Mr. Ford's ex-wife and that she had assumed a different

identity to marry him. Yet everyone knows that she's the same woman from the beginning.”

The tone of her voice was laced with thinly veiled envy.

Xavier simply ignored her. She could be envious but not jealous. He didn't like jealous women. Jealousy had a knack for overshadowing all elegance and beauty of a woman. He poured himself a glass of wine and handed it to Daisy. “Many other women are envious of you, too.”

He said it carelessly, but it effectively calmed Daisy's trembling heart.

That's right. She was to be considered very fortunate. Because of this man, she managed to dump that clingy ex-boyfriend of hers. Her status as his official girlfriend brought her many connections as well. The Daisy of today was no longer that insignificant secretary who had to slog things out. She was now Xavier Ford's girlfriend.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 929

Chapter 929 That thought made her feel less depressed.

But what followed was an even deeper indignance gnawing at her heart.

As Xavier's girlfriend, she was not far from the ultimate position she coveted in her heart.

Even someone like Stella could assume that position. Why not her?

After going through Weston's family members, it was time to go through Stella's side of the family.

Stella had no family members, and she'd only invite Roger to this wedding over her dead body.

The Sealey family had tried to contact her countless times after learning about her engagement with Weston.

They wanted to express their sincerest apologies over what happened back then and beg her to return to the Sealey family.

But Stella didn't find that necessary.

Back then, when they chased her out of the house, she made a pact never to return.

She simply said she had no other relatives besides her parents.

As such, she only invited a few friends to the wedding.

Yvonne sat next to Angelina, and they sat up straight the moment they saw Stella walking toward them.

"Happy wedding day!"

Both of them greeted Stella at the same time.

Stella smiled. "You two must have waited for a long time."

Because she tried to escape the wedding, the entire wedding ended up being delayed for hours. Indeed, they had been waiting for a good while.

But instead of complaints, both were filled with blessings for her.

Stella didn't say much, but Weston was at his most courteous and genteel.

He was a very qualified groom indeed.

Yvonne had never seen him behave like this.

Even Lucas said in amusement, "Stella has such a good relationship with them. As her new husband, shouldn't you treat them especially well?"

Unspoken rules always existed in personal relationships like these.

Weston looked at him. "As Yvonne's former husband, why don't I see you treating them especially well?" His words served as a reminder to Yvonne.

She glared at Lucas, displeased. "Exactly. You used to treat Stella with so much bias. You should ask for her forgiveness!"

Lucas pinched her nose, helpless to her teasing. "Stop siding with outsiders."

"I'm siding with reason and not with relation!"

Angelina lamented wistfully, "I'm the only one left single

Weston looked toward Henry. "I do have a friend whom I can introduce you to."

He had never met Faye, the woman Henry was obsessed with, but he had seen the picture on Henry's phone and was sure that Faye looked exactly like Angelina.

But based on Stella's explanation, Angelina couldn't possibly be Faye.

That day, after Henry bumped into her, he had her thoroughly investigated and confirmed that Angelina was not Faye. Thereafter, he lost all interest in her.

At the same time, he also looked even more despondent and forlorn.

Perhaps the realization that Faye would never return had finally dawned upon him.

As his good friend, Weston hated seeing him so depressed day in, and day out. Weston's suggestion made Stella rather displeased. "Which of your friends could possibly be suitable for Angelina? Stop joking around."

There was finally a crack in her expression. "Angelina plans to go down the career path of an idol celebrity. She can't afford to be in a relationship right now. Don't try to ruin her future."

She knew what Weston was thinking.

He was thinking for Henry, but what kind of a man was Henry? She couldn't stand idly by and see Angelina leap into the fire.

Stella seemed rather flustered as her face flushed redder.

Weston preferred seeing her like this, lively and

emotional. "Mrs. Ford, are you trying to lord over me; right after we exchanged rings?"

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 930

Chapter 930 There was finally time for a break.

Stella dragged Weston to a corner and looked around surreptitiously.

Upon seeing that no one was around, she asked, "What exactly is going on between Henry and Angelina?" Weston let Stella lead him by the hand as they walked to the garden behind the hotel.

All the guests were in the hall, and no one was outside. Naturally, no one could eavesdrop on their conversation.

He looked calmly at Stella. "You dragged me here in a panic just to ask me that?"

Stella nodded. "I know you wanted to introduce Henry to Angelina, and that lady Faye you two have been talking about resembles Angelina a lot..."

"Since you already know that, what else is there to ask?"

"What I want to ask is... what exactly happened between Henry and Faye?" "That shouldn't be something that you, Mrs. Ford, should be poking your nose in." Stella furrowed her brows. "Angelina is my friend."

"So?»

"I don't care what happened between Henry and Faye, but Faye is Faye and Angelina is Angelina. If you want Angelina to be a replacement for your friend's sake, I will never agree to it!" Weston didn't say anything in response to Stella. He merely put one hand into his pocket and lifted his other hand.

He wiped the thin layer of sweat on Stella's head and said leisurely, "Do you feel very warm? You're sweating all over."

Of course, she did feel warm.

Her gown wasn't as grand and heavy as the wedding gown, and though its minimalistic design made walking around in it easier, it was still sufficiently weighty.

Moreover, she had been walking across the entire hall just now without a break. She did feel somewhat weary.

But Angelina weighed heavily on her mind, and she saw that as more important than her own fatigue.

Stella pondered for a while. "Can you promise me something?"

Weston's brow arched as he looked at her, signaling her to speak her mind. Stella pursed her lips. "Can you not do that again, trying

to introduce Angelina to Henry?" "You seem to have some prejudice against Henry," Weston said with certainty.

Stella remained silent.

She wasn't just prejudiced against Weston.

She was prejudiced against his entire bunch of friends.

Perhaps Weston was still unaware that they had once studied in the same school.

Although Stella's family wasn't as wealthy as theirs, her family's financial state was considered relatively comfortable.

Still, it was considered very ordinary compared to the wealthy and prominent families that students of that

elite school came from.

Back then, Weston, Guinevere, and Henry were famous in school.

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She also knew that Henry really liked Guinevere for a period of time.

But because Guinevere was obsessed with chasing after Weston, Henry's feelings for her were doomed to be one-sided.

Even after so many years, it appeared that he still had feelings for Guinevere.

The last time he mistook Angelina for Faye, he was with Guinevere.

If it weren't for Guinevere loving Weston all this while, Henry might have married her a long time ago, and their children might even be old enough to attend school.

He was a man whose heart was enraptured by Guinevere and subsequently taken by Faye. Now, Weston was thinking of involving Angelina.

Stella would never allow him to destroy Angelina's life like that.

The sight of Stella's solemn face made him laugh mockingly. "What status are you talking about, and why use that tone? Are you making a request of me?" He lifted her chin as his eyes turned sharp and cold. "Did you forget that you tried to run away from the wedding just now? I haven't settled scores with you on that." Stella stood stunned for a moment before her eyes darted downwards. "I'm sorry. I spoke too hastily."

Yet, her submissive posture annoyed Weston even further.

"You care so much for a random friend, even more than your lawfully wedded husband."

Stella took in a deep breath and suppressed her innermost feelings. "How do you want me to care for you?"