

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 831

Chapter 831

“When you ordered the kidnappers to get rid of me on the rooftop two years ago, did you ever think that you would one day see me as I am today?”

Guinevere stared speechlessly at her with her mouth agape. She seemed to want to speak, but words couldn't escape her throat.

“Y-You...” she sputtered.

Her lips were pale. Her eyes widened with horror, as if she was literally faced with a corpse that had miraculously come back to life.

“Impossible ! It's impossible ! You should've been dead! I don't believe it...”

She recalled the first time she had laid eyes on Ella in Fern City. At the time, she was confident that the woman she saw was Stella. Not only did they look exactly alike, they even had the same rare blood type. It was just too improbable to believe that it was all a coincidence. Back then, she had no doubts at all that Ella was in fact Stella.

But afterward, she had conducted her own investigation, including a DNA test, and they all had pointed toward the fact that Ella was indeed a different person. Only then did she let down her guard and believe that Stella was truly dead.

If only she had known that her first instinct was correct after all!

Her expression turned cold. She glared at Stella and hissed,”

You lying b*tch! You've been alive all along! You've been deceiving me!

“You should've been dead!” she rushed forward and tried to grab Stella's throat. “You shouldn't have survived! Why are you still alive? Why are you still alive?!”

Her deranged behavior caused a huge stir among the crowd.

But before she got anywhere near Stella, Weston had long strode forward, pulled Stella into his arms, and shoved Guinevere away

“Haven't you caused enough trouble?” he stared down coldly at the woman who had fallen onto the floor. “Get out.”

“Get out?” Guinevere looked up at him through her tears. She could hardly believe her ears.

Weston had never treated her so heartlessly before. 1

“You’re chasing me away,” she blurted between her sobs, “all because of this woman?! Hahahahaha!”

Guinevere burst into a maniacal laughter before burying her face in her hands and wailing bitterly. “You’ve been lying to me all along! She has always been Stella! You knew it from the start, didn’t you?”

Guinevere lumberingly got back up to her feet. Seeing this, Weston pulled Stella backward to shield her from Guinevere.

Guinevere sneered at the sight of Weston shrinking away from her as if she was a venomous snake, and with reddened eyes, she added, “I’d been mocking her for just being Stella’s substitute ... Turns out she has been Stella all along... I must’ve

looked like a stupid clown to both of you, huh?

“She’s never been a substitute because she IS Stella!” she shouted wildly, her finger pointing squarely at Stella’s face. “You’re supposed to be dead! You should’ve stayed dead! Why did you have to come back to life? Why?!”

Her screeching voice rang through the hall, only to be interrupted by the constant stream of camera flashes which were all directed at her face—the face that had always looked dignified and elegant, but now could only be described as delirious.

Chris rose to his feet in the VIP section as he could no longer watch on quietly. He had been sitting among the members of the Ford family. Beside him was Wendy, who was holding Zachary on her lap and playing happily with the toddler without a care in the world.

But when she saw Chris standing up, she grabbed his arm and asked, “What do you think you’re doing?”

Chris brushed her hand away and said nothing. He then headed up to the stage without looking back. Once he got there, he placed an arm around Guinevere to support her and asserted, “That’s enough farce for the day.”

But that did nothing to shut the reporters up. When they all saw that it was Chris, a hail of questions began to rain down on him.

“May I ask if you, as Weston’s father, knew about his previous marriage all along?”

“Was Guinevere Cohen the homewrecker who caused Weston Ford and Stella Sealey to break up?”

“Since Stella Sealey was the lawful Mrs. Ford, what was Guinevere Cohen trying to achieve when she announced publicly that she was engaged to Weston Ford?”

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Those questions were like blood-sucking leeches that dug into everyone’s brains, influencing their thoughts and opinions.

Now, the truth was finally laid bare for everyone to see Guinevere had been lying all these years.

Her fans online were up in a furore. None of them could believe that their adored idol was such a shady person behind the scenes!

But however dramatic the reactions of people online was, it was incomparable to the reactions of those who were present and had seen everything go down with their own eyes.

“I can’t believe she still had the audacity to show up here even after doing all those horrible things ! Not to mention how she tried to make herself look like the victim despite everything!”

“I had a bad feeling about her the moment she appeared. Who in their right mind would show up at their ex-boyfriend’s engagement party and say all those things? She wasn’t just trying to make herself look like the victim-she was blatantly trying to win Weston back!”

“How shameless! After all the things she’s done! I wouldn’t dare show my face here if I was her!”

Murmurs and whispers of this sort spread through the crowd.

“Shut up!” Guinevere shrieked. She couldn’t take it anymore and was beginning to lose her mind. “Shut up, all of you!”

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Seeing that Guinevere was on the verge of losing her sanity, Chris desperately tried his best to lead her down the stage.

“Let’s go home now,” he told her with a gloomy face.

“No!” Guinevere refused to budge. With reddened eyes, she pleaded, “You have to help me, Chris! Please help me!”

She looked straight into his eyes and added, “You’re Weston’s father. I know you can help me! You must help me!”

Tears streamed down her cheeks. She looked utterly pitiful.

“Nothing they said is true...” she muttered. “I’m not a homewrecker! You know that, don’t you? You know how long I’ve been in love with Weston! How can I be the homewrecker when I’ve been by his side all along?”

“Of course,” Chris comforted her. There was nothing more he could do right now as everyone around them was eyeing Guinevere with suspicion and contempt. “I believe you, Gwen, but now is not the time to do anything. Don’t worry. I’ll definitely help you, just not right now. Let me take you home...”

Guinevere hesitated and looked as if she wanted to argue, but Chris gripped her arm and held her closer to him before leading her somewhat forcefully away from the prying eyes.

Meanwhile, Wendy watched on in her seat with a cold and stony look on her face. Zachary was still on her lap, happily bouncing up and down and completely oblivious to the commotion going on around him.

“Granny!” he cried out, pinching Wendy’s cheek with his chubby fingers.

Zachary had begun to speak, but while other kids his age had already learned how to say mommy and daddy, Zach was still fumbling in his speech. The only word he could say right now was granny.

“Yes, my dear.” Wendy turned her gaze toward the boy, and without a change in her expression, she stroked his little face and told him, “I’m here, darling. Are you hungry?”:

A lady who sat near her turned to her worriedly and asked, “Aren’t you going to go over there too?”

Even Chris had gone up there, so it seemed a little odd that Wendy did not join him.

Others in the crowd wondered why Chris and Guinevere seemed so strangely close to each other, but none of them dared to say anything about it. After all, such speculations seemed baseless at the moment. Furthermore, what had transpired today was scandalous enough that everyone was still reeling from it. No one had the time to notice the weirdly intimate relationship between Chris and Guinevere.

Someone even thought it was a good idea to give Wendy the following advice

“I know the Ford and Cohen families may still want to maintain a good relationship, but since Guinevere’s not engaged to Weston anymore, you should remind Chris that he doesn’t need to be so concerned about Guinevere anymore, Wendy.”

The person who had said that might have truly meant well, but Wendy could not listen to it without turning cold and aloof.

“You can’t say that,” she replied with a thin wry smile. “You’re forgetting that Guinevere is still Zach’s mother.”

“Oh!” the person changed their tune when they saw Wendy’s icy expression. “I’ve completely forgotten about that!”

After that, no one ever brought up the topic to Wendy again. Most people were still in shock after having learned such staggering things about Guinevere anyway.

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A big portion of the crowd was now curious about Stella.

“So is Ella Steele really Stella Sealey?”

“Of course she is! Didn’t she say so herself just now?”

“So it’s not really an engagement party, but more like an announcement of their remarriage, right?”

Now that Chris had taken Guinevere away, it was only natural that everyone started to turn their attention to Stella.

“Was everything you claimed the truth, Miss Steele?”

“How should we address you now—Miss Steele or Miss Sealey?”

“I’m sorry,” replied Stella. With Chris and Guinevere gone, she had no desire to face any confrontations. “I’m not in the mood to answer any of your questions right now.”

She then turned to leave after that, but the reporters still wouldn’t give up.

“Miss Sealey!” shouted one. “Please answer our questions ! If everything we learned was true, then shouldn’t you hate Weston Ford? Why would you want to marry him now?”

“Why did you use the identity of Ella Steele to marry Weston Ford?”

“Have you changed your name permanently, or is Stella Sealey your old name and Ella Steele your stage name?”

Dozens of cameras and microphones were aimed at her.

Those people who had been paid by Guinevere to do a live stream here initially felt aimless when Guinevere had left, but even though they’d already been paid, they realized that they’d earn a thousand times more money if they continued the livestream, so they remained there.

At the request of the live audience, one of the reporters sneaked in and approached Stella, asking her, “Miss Steele, would you raise Weston Ford’s child with him once you got married?”

Stella did not answer, so he continued, “Zachary Ford is Weston and Guinevere’s son. Would you be able to treat him as your own son?”

He added, “Would you treat Zachary Ford poorly because his mother is Guinevere?”

The questions she had received earlier had sounded as if they were borne out of innocent curiosity, but the ones this man had just posed were obviously tinged with malice.

Stella was too exhausted to face them right now, so she turned away and ignored the reporter.

The man was not going to give up just yet, though. He kept the camera rolling and chased after Stella.

“Miss Steele,” he uttered again, “please answer our questions! Or do you find these questions too difficult to answer? Why is that, Miss Steele? Miss Steele!”

“Who are you to force her to talk?”

Just as the man was firing questions at Stella, a large hand reached out and blocked the camera.

“What gave you the guts to be so bold?” the same voice asked.

The reporter turned around and saw Weston's ruthless face glowering down at him. His oppressive and intimidating aura completely overwhelmed him, giving him no courage to even look straight into Weston's eyes.

"I was only asking a few questions ..." the man mumbled. His bold confidence, which had been so prominent only seconds ago, was now completely gone. Instead, his voice now faltered, and he looked meek.

"I don't think you were on the guest list at all," said Weston before snatching the man's camera away from him..

"What are you doing?" the man responded in panic. He depended on that camera to make a living! "Give it back to me!"

Stella glanced coldly at Weston and pursed her lips without saying anything. Weston shielded her behind him, wrapped an arm around her body, and held her fast. With the other hand, he went through the photos in the camera that he'd just confiscated from the reporter.

"You really are a gutsy one," he sneered. There was not a trace of warmth in his voice. "Which magazine do you work for?"

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Blood drained completely from the reporter's face as soon as he heard Weston's question. He was fully aware of how powerful Weston was. It would be stupid to provoke him. He shouldn't have been so caught up in the moment and forgotten himself just now.

"I'm truly sorry, Mr. Ford..."

Weston restrained his anger and tossed the camera back to the reporter.

"Beat it," he snarled, and said nothing more to him.

He turned around and noticed that Stella didn't look very well. He frowned, took her hand, and whispered in her ear, "If you don't feel well, we can leave now."

Stella nodded.

"You take care of the rest," Weston instructed Ben.

Ben nodded, then Weston swiftly took Stella away from the hall.

The engagement party had caused such a stir that news of it occupied the front page of all major newspapers in Ahn City. The whole incident was a hot topic on everyone's lips.

Once the party was over, Weston booked a room at a hotel for Stella to stay in and brought her there. On their way, a pregnant silence hung over them. It was as if they were suppressing so

many thoughts in their minds, each unwilling to express them.

To start, there were those pesky questions that the reporter had asked...

It was true that Stella should hate both Guinevere and Weston. So why did she decide to marry the man? Was she resigned to her fate? Was she still in love with him even after all the horrible things that he'd done to her?

Neither of those answers sounded reasonable.

Both of them knew this, of course. That was precisely why they remained in silence.

As things descended into chaos outside, the two of them settled down in a VIP suite on the top floor of the hotel. But not long after that, Weston got up and was about to leave.

"Where are you going?" Stella asked, grabbing his arm before he left.

Weston sat down next to her, gently stroked her hair, and replied, "My grandfather is waiting for me outside. It'll only take a minute. I'll be back before you know it."

"Okay," she replied. Then, she asked, "Will he be furious at you?"

She thought of how Warren had now learned of their previous marriage to each other, and that she had been using a fake

identity all along.

Weston leaned over and kissed her forehead.

"Don't worry," he assured her. "I can handle it."

Stella nodded.

"I'll go once you're asleep," he said as he ran his fingers through her hair.

"I think you'd better go now," she urged. "Your grandfather must've been waiting for ages by now."

"It's fine," he insisted, firmly but with a tender warmth in his voice. 'TH wait till you're asleep.";

He gazed fixedly at her, as if she was the only person that mattered to him in this whole world. With those eyes and that husky voice of his, it was hard not to be completely bewitched.

After a while, Stella closed her eyes and slowly drifted off to sleep. The last things she was aware of were Weston's gentle sigh, the rustling noise as he placed a blanket over her body, and the sound of his footsteps as he left the room.

Warren had been waiting in the hallway outside the suite for hours.

"My dear boy!" he greeted Weston with a cold sneer when he came out. "You've really given me a massive gift!"

Weston had never disappointed him before ever since he was born. As an exceptional member of the Ford family, he had always displayed a level of skills and talent that was far beyond the reach of his peers. At an age when other men like him were busy fooling around with women and burning money on expensive cars and designer clothes, Weston had spent his time establishing a firm foothold in the Ford Corporation.

He was undeniably a rare genius.

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Whether it was his father, Chris, or his uncle, Xavier, none of them could compare to his unrivaled brilliance.

Yet Warren could never have foreseen that this grandson of his, who had always been a source of his pride, would one day secretly get married to a woman completely unknown to him behind his back!

In fact, he'd gotten married, divorced, and now re-engaged to the same woman, all without informing the family!

"I'm not sure if you remember that I'm your grandfather still. Perhaps I'm just an old decrepit man who doesn't mean anything to you now!"

Weston made no reply.

“What’s wrong?” Warren barked, glancing at the door to the suite. “Am I not important enough for her to come out and meet me?”

Warren could’ve kept calm and suppressed his anger, but when he learned that Ella and Stella were the same woman, the rage just surged back up, and he couldn’t hold it in any longer.

“Both of you have been pulling the wool over our eyes all along! What do you take US for? Simple-minded fools?!”

He took a deep breath and looked straight into Weston’s eyes before continuing, “I’ll only ask you this: Is it all true? Everything concerning Stella, Ella, and all the mess that was claimed to

have happened—are they all true?”

Weston’s eyes darkened, and he remained silent for a while before replying, “They’re all true.”

“So she really is the woman that you married a few years ago?”

“Yes.”

“Then why didn’t you tell US?”

“There was no need for it,” he replied bluntly.

At the time, Weston had no intention to hide the marriage from his family at all, but he wasn’t in a rush to tell them either. Both his father and Xavier knew about it, but they also knew that Stella didn’t mean much to Weston anyway. They assumed that he only married her to provoke Guinevere because he was angry at her. That was why they didn’t think it was important enough to mention it to anyone else in the family.

Besides, Weston and Stella had signed a prenuptial agreement before they had gotten married, so unless they remained lawfully husband and wife, none of Weston’s money or properties would ever go to Stella.

Had things stopped at their divorce and not turned out the way it did now, Warren wouldn’t have even been bothered when he found out that Weston had been married to Stella before. At most, he would’ve given him a good talking to, and that would’ve been the end of it.

But now that Ella had turned out to be Weston’s ex-wife, things had gotten much more complicated.

“Absolutely ridiculous!” Warren’s face turned ghastly with rage.”

I'd always thought that you were nothing like your uncle, who spends all his time drinking and fooling around! I'd never think that you would keep your marriage a secret from the family for so many years! I'd always regarded you as my most deserving heir, but as things stand..."

"Grandpa-" Weston muttered with a frown.

"Don't you dare call me that!" barked Warren, engulfed by fury." If you had thought of me as your grandfather, you wouldn't have concealed such a serious matter from me! If things hadn't exploded into chaos the way it did today, were you planning to fool me for the rest of my life?!"

"The most important thing is that my heart is set on her," Weston replied firmly, his fingers on his brows. "Everything else is irrelevant. It doesn't matter whether she's Ella or Stella. The woman I want to marry has always been her and only her."

"In that case, you shouldn't have put a baby in Guinevere's belly, then!"

Warren banged his walking stick furiously on the floor, then added, "I don't care if you love her, but you shouldn't have dragged Guinevere into it! How are we going to face the public now? How is the Cohen family to deal with the humiliation? It was bad enough that you publicly broke off your engagement with Guinevere, but things have gotten even worse now! How should I ever face the Cohen family now?"

"They brought it on themselves," Weston responded with knitted brows.

Warren heaved a long and heavy sigh as he realized that things

had gone past the point of no return.

"I know that I won't change anything now no matter how much I yell at you," he relented.

He glared at the young man in front of him with a gaze full of disappointment. He had put a lot of high expectations on this grandson of his, but he had dashed all his hopes.

"When did you turn into your uncle Xavier, Weston? You've made such a big commotion, and what was it all for? Just a woman."

Weston clenched his fist. If there was one person in his family that he truly respected and revered, it was his grandfather, Warren.

"I've made my decision," Weston insisted. "I was married to her, and now, I want to marry her again. My mind is made up no matter what, and that's the end of it."

Warren knew exactly what his grandson meant.

“Are you absolutely sure?” he asked. His old, wizened face hardened. “You’ve caused a huge uproar today, so if you regret it one day,” “I will never regret it,” Weston interrupted him, his voice full of conviction. “Whether she’s Stella or Ella, I know I’ll never regret marrying her.”