

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 871

Chapter 871

At the feel of her hand touching his body, Weston forcefully suppressed his urge.

“Don’t cry later.”

He uttered the three words coldly, a stark warning of what he was about to do.

Stella rested her head on his shoulder and suddenly behaved herself.

Before Weston could figure out why she suddenly became so well-behaved, he heard Stella whisper in his ear with urgency.

“I am so sick that I feel like throwing up...”

Without saying anything, his face suddenly turned dark. “Don’t you dare!”

“Ugh...”

She was shoved directly into the bathtub.

Splash

Buckets of water splashed everywhere.

His movements were not at all as gentle as before.

Being that drunk, it was unsurprising that Stella would choke on water.

“Cough...”

He wanted to get up to get her the bathing utensils at first but could only fish her out of the bathtub again.

“You are such a troublesome thing.”

She spat out a mouthful of water and tugged at the collar of her dress with some discomfort.

“I feel so hot...”

“You won’t once you sober up.”

He then helped her undress.

“Put your hands up.”

Stella raised her hands obediently.

Seeing her in her extra-submissive state, his originally sullen face could only helplessly smile.

There was really nothing he could do about her.

After washing her up, he tucked her in.

She frowned at him, seemingly dissatisfied with the strength he was exerting. “Be gentle...”

Weston was speechless.

The man’s eyes wavered as a storm began to brew in them.

He suddenly lifted her chin and forced her to look into his eyes. “Do you have any idea what you’ve done today?” Stella tilted her head and looked at him. “What have I done?”

She seemed to be asking him sincerely.

The pair of eyes were innocently doing a seductive thing.

He pinched her chin harder. “Why would you want to go to a place like that?”

She paused for a moment.

She thought for a while and said honestly, “Yvonne said she wanted to enrich our life experiences.”

The man knitted his brows. “There’s nothing good that can be learned from such a place.”

“Why can’t I go there?”

Although she was drunk, her mind was still very clear. “Why can’t we go to such places when men can go to Lowe Garden?”

He paused for a moment and suddenly laughed angrily at her. “Do you know what kind of a place Lowe Garden is?”

“Yes, I do.”

Stella nodded and suddenly frowned again with a disapproving face. “I also know that you did some bad things there...”

“What bad things ?” He raised his eyebrows and looked at her.

She poked him on his chest and pouted.

“I knew everything about that woman called Belle!”

“I thought you said you didn’t mind?”

“Humph!” Stella pouted and stopped talking.

She turned her back to him. Her back was telling him that she

did mind.

He pinched her face. "I thought you really didn't mind."

She seemed to be sulking.

The man chuckled and took her into his arms from behind." Idiot."

"Why are you cursing me?"

She glared at him. "It's you who are not virtuous, but you actually scold me!"

He pinched her nose. "What kind of nonsense have you learned from Yvonne?"

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Chapter 872

Stella grunted and closed her eyes, refusing to look at him.

The moment she shut her eyes, she felt sleepy.

It did not take long before her breathing evened out.

Weston hugged her and kissed her on her hair.

"It seems you really don't remember what day it is."

He sighed gently, but his voice was hoarse.

"Never mind. It's a good thing not to remember."

They would have a new wedding anniversary in a while.

It was just a day in the past. It did not matter anymore if she had forgotten about it.

His eyes glowed with infinite tenderness as he hugged her tighter.

In the dark

Her eyes slowly opened, as she lay in his arms.

She had sobered up a good bit. In fact, she remembered everything.

It was their wedding anniversary.

They had never actually celebrated their anniversary, having gotten married in a flash.

To Weston, she was just a tool to piss Guinevere off but to her, it was a dream that came true.

Just when she was full of joy and wanted to celebrate their anniversary with him, he handed her the divorce paper.

And there was no room given for negotiation.

Stella felt her hands shaking as she signed the papers, but there was nothing she could do.

It was just a few days before their anniversary.

All she could think about was how she would celebrate with him.

But all he was thinking about was that Guinevere was pregnant and he was going to marry her.

It was why the saying that everything was unpredictable existed.

In less than two years, everything had changed.

Yvonne returned home feeling a little uneasy.

Although she wanted to piss Lucas off at first, she was still a little frightened when Weston told her that he sent him the surveillance footage.

After all, if he really did see her enjoying herself with the young men, it would indeed make her feel guilty.

She had prepared herself mentally countless times at the gate, but what would happen next went completely out of her expectation.

There was no one at home.

The room was empty..

Yvonne stood for a long time before calling Lucas.

The phone rang for a long time, but no one answered it.

Yvonne looked at the clock. He should be off work by this time, but he was probably occupied by something urgent.

She chose her words carefully and sent him a text.

However, after showering and sobering up, she still didn't receive a reply.

Yvonne began to worry.

He was not angry with her, was he?

Could it be that he did not want to care about her anymore after he watched the footage? Or was he so busy with work that he had not seen it yet?

In short, no matter which one it was, it was not the result that Yvonne wanted.

She poured herself another glass of wine.

If Lucas were home, he would've never allowed her to drink so much, especially in the middle of the night.

If Yvonne deliberately went against him, she would inevitably get lectured.

Although Lucas was very busy, he was very strong physically.

Hence, if he did it a few times with her, she would immediately fall back to sleep, too tired to go back to drinking. When she thought of the days and nights they had spent together, Yvonne closed her eyes and could not sleep.

The clock showed that it was already one in the morning.

After a moment's deliberation, she made a call to Lucas.

This time, someone answered, but it was a woman who picked up the call.

"I'm sorry, but Dr. Quirk is resting now. May I know if you need anything?"

When she heard the voice, anger simmered, and she raised her voice by a few notches.

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Chapter 873 "Who are you?"

She stood up abruptly from the sofa. She was a little sleepy at first but seemed wide awake now.

The woman on the other end was hostile and asked her instead, "Who are you?"

Yvonne took a deep breath and said, "I'm his wife."

The woman paused for a while before answering quietly. "I'm sorry. This is all a misunderstanding. I'm Dr. Quirk's patient..."

"Misunderstanding?"

Yvonne sneered.

The pause just now wasn't a misunderstanding.

All she needed to do was to write out her relationship with Hayden on her forehead.

"Let Hayden answer the phone."

The woman hesitated. "He's..."

"What?"

Yvonne frowned. "Don't tell me he's busy."

"I think you should call again..."

With that, the woman hung up the phone.

"Hello?"

Beep... Beep... Beep...

Yvonne looked at the screen and almost dropped her phone.

At the hospital

With Yvonne's personality, there was no way she would wait and stay calm.

Immediately, she headed to Hayden's office.

No one was there, so she took the key and entered the lounge.

Whenever he was too busy with work, she would come to the hospital to find him.

She would patiently wait for him at the side and not disturb him.

Having a soft spot

for her, Hayden gave her the key to his office, instructing her not to mess with his things, mainly the medical records. But other than that, she was free to do whatever she wanted.

Yvonne was in a terrible mood.

But she didn't go to him right away. Looking at his duty roster, she found that he was indeed working the extra shift, which abated her anger a little.

A young and handsome doctor like him was very popular in the hospital.

Although many knew he was married, women still threw themselves at him.

Yvonne naturally understood this—it wasn't Hayden she didn't trust, but rather the myriad women who were deliberately throwing themselves at him.

But no matter what, he was also at fault for not dealing with this properly.

It left her in a dilemma.

"Ms. Quirk?"

The nurse saw that the door was open, and since Yvonne was inside, she came in and said hello.

"Are you here to see Dr. Quirk?"

Yvonne had always been friendly, so she had a good relationship with the nurses.

She smiled and looked at the person outside the door. "Yes, he has been working overtime for several days now, so I came to see him."

"You must really love Dr. Quirk."

The nurse sighed. "He should be doing rounds on the third floor now. Just wait."

"Thank you."

Yvonne took out the food she had brought. "Here, eat something! I know the night shifts are hard."

On the third-floor ward

Yvonne had never wanted to come to the hospital, but the woman's voice on the phone was stuck in her mind.

She walked around casually, seeing patients who were resting, until she saw a room with lights on. She walked over slowly, and saw a woman with long hair and a shawl in a hospital gown slowly moving down from the hospital bed

A tall man was lying beside the bed as if taking a nap.

She stopped in her tracks.

She recognized Hayden's back at a glance.

The woman carefully lifted the quilt and looked at the sleeping man lying beside the bed.

Then, she immediately picked up the coat hanging on the side and gently draped it over him.

Feeling the weight on his body, Hayden frowned and subconsciously grabbed the hand.

"Yvonne."

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Chapter 874

The man's voice was low, with hoarseness.

The woman was shocked, and her heart suddenly tightened.

She knew that he was not calling her, nor was she the person he wanted to hold.

But...

Instead of pushing him away, she responded gently.

From Yvonne's perspective, however, all she could see was Hayden grabbing the woman's hand.

"Hayden!!!" she barged in and yelled.

The sudden scream shocked the two inside the room, and they turned around to look at her.

The woman had been badly startled, and she stared at Yvonne. "You are?"

Hayden immediately came to his senses, let go of the woman's hand, stood up, and looked at Yvonne. "Why are you here?"

Her face was dark. "Did I disturb you?"

After understanding what she meant, the man frowned. "Don't talk nonsense."

Yvonne was about to burst out at any moment, and she clenched her fist. "Fine. I'll leave."

She turned around and was about to leave when the woman

came to her senses and said hurriedly, "Wait! You're Mrs. Quirk, right?"

Her smile was gentle. "Dr. Quirk talks about you a lot."

"Really?"

Yvonne stopped and turned to look at her. "What did he say about me?"

"He said that... you're cute."

The woman was still smiling. "I'm just Dr. Quirk's patient, don't get me wrong."

"In the middle of the night, which doctor would be in the same bed as his patient?"

Yvonne's face dropped when she heard this.

Even Hayden's face darkened. "Enough. Stop being unreasonable."

Instantly, Yvonne's eyes widened. "I'm being unreasonable?"

She stared at the man in front of her, but he only looked at her with those cold eyes, without explanation or persuasion. Only blame and impatience were written in them.

She suddenly felt a stinging pain in her heart, and the pain was unbearable.

She held back her tears and took a deep breath. "Okay. Since I'm being unreasonable, I'll leave now."

Without looking back, she ran outside of the room.

Inside the room

The woman stared at Yvonne's back and said worriedly, "Doctor Quirk, she must be jealous. Do you want to explain?"

Hayden stood up, took off his gold-wire glasses, and wiped them gracefully. "No, she's just like that."

He rubbed the bridge of his nose, then put his glasses back on.

His eyes were bloodshot, a clear indication of how tired he was.

The woman, on the other hand, felt a little distressed. "You've been here for so long. Go home and rest first."

"You accidentally fell asleep here just now, and your phone rang," she suddenly added, a little embarrassed. "I was afraid of disturbing you, so I picked it up for you. Your wife... Did she misunderstand something?"

Hayden paused for a while.

He adjusted his glasses and said nothing.

"Ring the bell if there is any problem. I'll go rest first."

"Okay. Rest well, doc."

Although he said he didn't need to explain to Yvonne, he still got up and left the ward.

The woman looked at his back with a smile still plastered on her face.

Her gentle countenance was soon replaced with a complicated feeling.

Yvonne's anger did not subside. She went to Hayden's office to get her bag, turned around, and was about to leave when he stopped her by the door. "Where are you going at such a late hour?"

"I don't want to disturb you and your patient."

Her eyes were focused on the corridor outside without sparing him a glance.

"Move," he snapped.

Frowning deeply, he pushed her by the shoulder and forced her inside before slamming the door shut.

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Chapter 875

"Yvonne..." the doctor called in a deep, exhausted voice.

Yvonne stood there stiffly, still refusing to pay attention to him.

Hayden hugged her gently, resting his head on her shoulder. "Stop messing around. Let me hug you for a while."

She wanted to push him away, but all her strength seemed to seep out of her the moment she lifted her arms.

She couldn't resist his gentleness, though she didn't return his hug.

He noticed this and sighed inaudibly. "I haven't seen you for a few days. Must you be angry with me?"

He let go of her and raised his hand to straighten her hair. "I'm a doctor, and she's a patient. Do you have to be jealous of us?"

Yvonne huffed. "Why must you both be together so late at night?"

He had been sleeping beside the female patient's bed, and she even answered the phone for him. Wasn't this beyond the limit of normal?

Yvonne felt that she was not at all unreasonable.

Hayden restrained his expression and let go of his hand.

He sat at the desk, scrunched his eyebrows, and explained, "Her situation is special. For the past few days, I have been discussing surgical strategies with other doctors in the hospital,

looking for a suitable opportunity for surgery. I was a little tired tonight, and I slept off..."

He looked at Yvonne's back. Usually, she would put down everything and run to him after hearing such words. She would then massage him or act like a spoiled child in his arms.

To Hayden, that was what she wanted anyway.

Now, she wouldn't even look at him.

Sighing helplessly, he stood up, walked behind her, and directly lifted her

"Ah!"

Yvonne was startled and subconsciously wrapped her arm around his neck as he carried her to the examination room and put her on the bed.

Then, he instantly squatted down and took off her shoes.

Before she could react, he was already lying down with her.

There seemed to be no retreat between the man and the cold, hard wall.

Hayden pulled her close and made her lay on his chest. "Yvonne, be nice and sleep with me for a while, eh?"

“Didn’t you sleep well just now lying on the side of the bed?” she asked quietly.

She felt the man’s body stiffen before he lifted her chin.

Their eyes met.

“It seems you don’t want to sleep, so let’s find another way to relax.”

“What way?”

The next morning...

The wind was blowing on the curtains.

Stella frowned and slowly woke up.

The hangover from last night reared its head in the form of a pounding headache.

The strength around her waist tightened, and a man’s deep voice came to her ears.

“You’re awake?”

“Hmm...”

She shook her head and met Weston’s steady, confident eyes. “I was... was I drunk yesterday?”

He looked at her calmly. “Since you remember being drunk, you should remember how you got drunk.”

Stella was stunned.

She blinked her eyes and played dumb. “How did I get drunk?”

“You made rumors with Yates and went to such places....”

The man’s eyes narrowed, and his tone became dangerous.” Stella, what do you think I should do with you?”

All sober now, Stella knew that he wouldn’t let her off.

He hugged her waist tighter . “There’s no point in talking to an alcoholic because they forget everything the next day.”

“Stella, I’ve been waiting for you to sober up... to teach you a lesson.”

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Chapter 876

Weston’s confrontation shattered her intention of escaping from the mess.

If only she had known that he would interrogate her, she wouldn’t have drunk that glass last night.

At the same time, she realized how great of a difference Yvonne’s alcohol tolerance was compared to hers.

The sound of an opening rang inside her head.

Stella raised her arm weakly and pressed it against the man’s chest, begging. “Let’s get up, okay...”

“No.”

He lowered his head and kissed the tip of her nose, rejecting her decisively.

She was covered in sweat, as if she had been pulled out of the water.

A drop of sweat fell from the man’s forehead at the same time, creating a splash as it hit her collarbone.

On the contrary, Yvonne, who had high alcohol tolerance, wasn’t in a good mood.

When she woke up, she was lying alone inside Hayden’s office.

Above her was the white ceiling.

She stretched out her hand and touched the side, which was already cold.

She sat up and yawned. With sleepiness written in her eyes reflecting off the mirror on the wall, she stood up and walked over to admire her looks before walking to the washroom in Hayden’s office.

There, he had prepared two sets of clothes and some of her beauty products.

Yvonne put on some light makeup and went out.

She thought he would be in his office, but no one was there.

A nurse saw her there and smiled. “Mrs. Quirk, are you here to check up on Dr. Quirk?”

These nurses had a great relationship with her, though there was a saying that went ‘a doctor would always have four women in their lives.’

The first was their classmates, the second was the nurses around them, the third was the medicines, and the fourth was their disciples.

At first, Yvonne had her guard up on the very beautiful nurse.

Born of a silver spoon, she had never suffered much in her life, and her thoughts were simpler than the ordinary person. That said, she was still very sensitive regarding relationships between men and women.

Nonetheless, human nature could never stand the ultimate test.

Even if she trusted Hayden, she couldn't be too relaxed in front of other women.

Thus, after some thought, she decided to be friends with these nurses. That way, they could help her watch him.

Fortunately, these nurses respected her. They knew that Yvonne was from a wealthy family and a beautiful woman in her own right. This made her the perfect match for him.

Although there'd always be women who would haunt married men for various reasons, many were also rather normal.

He was a married man.

As good as he was, all they could do was merely look at him. Yvonne smiled at her and handed her the gift she had brought yesterday. "It's been so long since I saw you. How's work?"

"A bit busy these days, but I still manage."

After chatting with her, the nurse saw her intentions and said, "Dr. Quirk is on the third floor. He'll come down in a bit."

Yvonne awkwardly rubbed her nose after her intentions were exposed. "I'm not looking for him..."

The nurse just smiled and shook her head. "I need to change the drip for the patients. I'll leave first"

"Bye!" As she watched her leave, the smile on her face slowly dropped.

The third floor...

Hayden was there last night.

Without hesitating, Yvonne went up.

The difference this time was that the door was shut, so she couldn't see what was happening inside.

A smile appeared on her face, but her eyes had no indication of happiness.

It seemed like yesterday was an accident. They had forgotten to lock the door, which was why she saw everything.

Chapter 877 She was by no means a patient person, but at this moment, she waited outside with the patience of a saint.

After an unknown amount of time, the door opened with a creak

Just as she was about to stand up, she heard whispers from the staff. "Is the lady a relative of Dr. Quirk's? He takes good care of her. He didn't sleep well for several days, always by her side..."

"They're not relatives."

The speaker was a young man in a white coat.

Yvonne recognized him. He was Hayden's assistant and a student who happened to be an intern.

He continued, "They're friends."

"Since when?"

"I think they've known each other since childhood."

"Best friends?"

"Yes. I think so."

Yvonne's heart sank to the bottom of the ocean

She was a girl who grew up with Hayden. Where did this unknown girl come from?

As the two spoke, they lifted their heads and saw Yvonne sitting there.

"Mrs. Quirk..."

Hayden's assistants also knew her.

When Yvonne had the time, she would mingle with the people around Hayden, silently claiming her own ership over him.

They all knew her character, and their faces were a little hesitant.

"Are you here for Dr. Quirk?"

Behind them, Hayden heard the sound, raised his head, and looked over.

Yvonne met his gaze, then looked away, smiled, and greeted the assistant and nurse. "I heard from the nurse on duty that you have been very busy."

"Yes..."

Inside the ward

The female patient looked at her in surprise, then looked at Hayden and said, "Dr. Quirk, let the nurse watch over me for the next two days... Mrs. Quirk, she seems very upset."

"Work is work," he interrupted her and wrote something in the notebook.

He phrased his words elegantly, then glanced at her report and said something to the assistant doctor on the side. "I will come again in the afternoon."

"Okay. Go safely, Dr. Quirk."

Walking straight to Yvonne, he said, "Let's go. I'll take you to lunch."

Yvonne followed him from behind without so much as a twitch on her face.

The two headed to the cafeteria. Along the way, she didn't say a word.

Hayden felt a little uncomfortable and gave her a funny look. "When did you become so quiet?"

She was usually very talkative, especially during short journeys, and would talk nonstop whenever she had the chance.

Yvonne, however, responded by giving him only a tight-lipped smile.

But there wasn't any sincerity in it.

Hayden noticed something was off with her. "The hospital food is not as good as at home."

She merely nodded and continued to eat.

He fixedly looked at her. Two swirls had emerged on her head that she didn't even notice.

However, he found it very cute.

It was just that she was so quiet, so unlike Yvonne.

With that thought, the doctor curled his fingers and tapped

lightly in front of her desk.

Yvonne raised her head and stared at him blankly. "What?"

"You're mad again?" he asked.

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With that thought, the doctor curled his fingers and tapped lightly in front of her desk.

Yvonne raised her head and stared at him blankly. “What?”

“You're mad again?” he asked.

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Chapter 878

Instantly, Yvonne felt like she couldn't swallow anymore.

She put her chopsticks down and cupped her chin with both hands. “Do you know her?”

A frown appeared on her face, and impatience flashed in her eyes.

Upon calming down a little later, Yvonne realized that she was wrong too, and she sighed.

“I see... I won't disturb you for the time being. We'll talk about it when you're done.”

Hayden took out a tissue and wiped the corner of her mouth. “I do know her...”

“Her husband is my former companion in the orphanage,” he added after pausing.

She was stunned for a moment. “...she is married?”

He nodded.

Instantly, her face flushed. “I'm sorry....”

He smiled and caressed her head. “It's fine. You've always been like this. I'm used to it.”

She was originally a spoiled child, and he always indulged her after marriage.

“What are you saying....”

Yvonne lowered her head. “You're making me sound unreasonable.”

He stuffed a piece of lettuce inside her mouth. “No one could be more reasonable than you.”

She looked at him and couldn't help but smile.

This time it was sincere.

They looked at each other, and all the conflicts were resolved.

She gobbled down the food happily like she had no worries. Although it wasn't that delicious, she couldn't help but feel much better.

Hayden's phone buzzed.

He opened it and saw that Weston had sent him an email.

At first, he was confused as to why Weston sent him surveillance footage, but after taking a good look, his eyes turned as hard as a stone.

The more he watched, the worse his face turned out.

“What's wrong?” Yvonne noticed something was wrong with him and looked up straight into his eyes.

The doctor put his phone in front of her. “Where did you go last night?”

Yvonne had completely forgotten.

Stella didn't know if it was the early wedding date that made her feel that a lot of time had gone by.

The wedding date was getting ever closer.

Mr. Ford originally had different opinions about her, but since it was done, he could only accept her reluctantly.

Stella, however, knew all too well that this all pointed to the calm before the storm.

They knew that Mr. Ford would do something before the wedding came.

The only thing that made her uneasy now was that Roger still couldn't be contacted.

Perhaps it was because summer was close.

Cicadas were chirping outside the window.

The noise was weak and distant.

During this time, she was resting in the apartment.

The reason was that Weston took her to do various physical examinations but did not tell her what they were and occasionally asked her to drink some medicines, which were said to be good for her body.

This made Stella feel very anxious.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 879

Chapter 879 When Stella finally got through Roger's phone, she heard a female voice answering instead of Roger's.

"Ella.."

Stella was stunned for a moment. "Riley? Is Roger with you?"

There was a long pause.

Stella's heart suddenly sank. "Why hasn't he been answering my calls? What happened?"

Riley took a deep breath before saying, "Ella... Roger's missing."

Her voice was hoarse, and she sounded fatigued. "We've been looking for him for several days, but we couldn't find him anywhere."

"What?"

Stella immediately stood up from the sofa.

The whole living room was suffocatingly quiet.

At that moment, she was unable to hear anything. Even the chirping cicada outside the window seemed to have gone silent all of a sudden.

"What do you mean he's gone? How could such a large guy go missing?"

Riley, too, sounded extremely anxious and panicked. "I don't know where he went. He didn't come to class a few days ago,

so I went to his tutor and was informed that he was on leave, but he didn't say where he went. I went to find him at his place, but his roommate also said he didn't see him for several days..."

"Then how did you get his phone?" Stella asked her.

"At first, I thought he was just going out to relax, but I couldn't contact him for a few days, so I reported it to his teacher and roommate. Everyone began to get really worried, so I went to his room to look..."

"I saw that he didn't bring his phone, as it was on his desk. The battery had already gone dead. The minute I charged it, you called."

Stella could hear her voice tremble as she asked, "Have you traced his steps?"

"We need to ask the police for this."

"Haven't you reported it?!" Stella's voice raised instantly.

"The thing is..."

Riley was in a dilemma. "His current situation is not a case of disappearance for no reason. Before he left, he deliberately asked for a leave, and it was obvious he didn't want to be contacted, so it would be useless even if we went to the police now."

There was a long silence from the other end of the phone.

Riley could hear Stella's breathing getting heavier with every passing second.

Stella was anxious too. "Ella, what should we do?"

In fact, she was worried sick. What if something terrible happened to Roger?

Flooded by bad news and shocking information, Stella felt herself getting dizzy.

Although she had had a bad feeling for some time now, knowing that her predictions were accurate didn't make her feel good.

After a long time, she regained her senses. "Have you heard any news from abroad?"

Riley paused before saying, "What news?"

Compassvale had a different time zone. Since she was studying there, she didn't pay much attention to what was happening in the country.

In the past, she would care about the latest gossip, but ever since she got to Compassvale, her whole heart had been devoted to Roger.

It was either that, or she would put all her time into her academics.

Stella asked with some hesitation. "Did Roger hear any news before he disappeared?"

"I'm not sure."

Riley was worried. "He didn't go back to find you?"

“No.”

This was what Stella was worried about the most.

Roger would've returned the minute he knew about her and Roger's wedding.

Why would he disappear without a sound?

When Weston returned home, he saw Stella's sad face and frowned. “What's wrong?”

At the entrance, he casually threw his suit jacket aside.

Before he could stand still, she ran in front of him. “You're back...”

The man took her into his arms, patted her on the back, and comforted her.

Stella hugged him, her hands shaking a little.

Weston paused, then asked, “Who bullied you?” in a slightly icy voice.

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Stella shook her head, her face pale.

“Roger is missing...”

Weston was stunned for a moment, but he quickly stroked her hair, kissed, and reassured her.

“Calm down and get in touch with his classmates.”

“I just did.”

Stella subsequently related to him the conversation she had with Riley

“They said the current conditions are insufficient to call the police. I just called their school to ask, and they said that Roger was on a regular break, and it wasn't over yet. They would only investigate if he doesn't return after his break ends...”

Weston listened with darkened eyes.

He raised his hand and patted her head with his big palm. “Don't worry. I'll send someone to investigate.”

Right now, Stella wasn't in the mood to care about anything else.

“Thank you...” she said and nodded.

The man paused for a while, then sighed lightly. “Stella, you are my wife. You don't need to thank me.”

Stella was taken aback for a moment as though she didn't expect him to say such a thing.

She lowered her eyes and replied, “Yeah.”

Roger was now her only family member, and Weston knew how important he was to her. Without hesitation, he immediately sent someone to Compassvale to investigate.

In no time, he got back to them.

“Mr. Ford, we checked the customs and major ferries, but there are no records of Roger...”

Stella could everything even though Weston was trying to hide it from her.

“How come there are no records? Does that mean he is still there?”

She was anxious, and her whole body was in a trance. “If he is, why couldn't his teachers and classmates find him? Where did he go?!”

“Calm down.”

Weston held her shaking shoulders and hugged her in his arms.” In the current situation, it's pointless to be anxious.”

Stella knew this too.

But...

Her heart felt hollow and empty.

She closed her eyes. If something happened to him...

A glimmer flashed across Weston's cold eyes as he quickly ordered, “Investigate the people around him and all the places he might've gone.”

Ben knew that it was Stella's younger brother who had gone missing and understood the gravity of the situation.

“Understood!” he replied solemnly.

However, several days later, there was not a single trace of Roger.

While Weston's business was based in Eclad, Compassvale was located on the Abron border.

Hence, his men needed time to get there.

But from the current search, it seemed that Roger wasn't in the country. But there was no record of him going out of the country.

Suddenly, Weston thought of something.

Both Roger and Stella had new identities now.

Before this, they went by another identity.

With that in mind, he quickly sent out new orders. "Use their original identities to check the customs clearance records."

Stella also thought of this. "Yes, he might've used his previous identity..."

But could it still be used?

As

if knowing what she was thinking, Weston tucked her loose hair behind her ear and said, "Generally, it can't, but it's our only lead now."

In the past few days, Stella had slept little.

She could never feel at ease as long she didn't get news about Roger.

In the study room.

Ben would come over from time to time to report the latest with somewhat embarrassed expressions.

"Even if you wish to find Roger, it will take a while... but the wedding date is approaching... and the project for the next

quarter will be commencing soon..."

He didn't mention the rest.