

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 931

Chapter 931

Stella knew that he was making things difficult for her because she attempted to escape the wedding.

But now that things had come to this point, there was no use explaining herself further.

She just hoped that he would not implicate another innocent person.

Spring was upon them, and it felt relatively warm in the garden.

The golden sunlight shone on the two as they stood facing each other, creating an ethereally stunning scene.

Weston looked into her eyes, his golden brown eyes reflecting the light from the sun.

He lifted his hand, and the handcuffs between them clanked noisily.

He caressed her cheeks tenderly with his handcuffed palm. "I suppose I don't need to remind you about what happens after the wedding ceremony."

Stella's eyes shifted.

Her other hand hung weakly by her side. A moment later, she lifted it and held his ring finger. "Are we going to the room right now? The guests..."

Before she completed her sentence, Weston carried her in his arms and strode off.

Henry shifted out of the shadows in his wheelchair in a dark corner

He shook his head, and he looked at their retreating figures.

He was about to return to the hotel when he saw a familiar face, and his brows furrowed.

He sat right there without moving.

The person clearly hadn't spotted him as she charged in his direction. Turning a corner, she crashed right into his wheelchair.

Screech!

The wheelchair screeched sharply and moved backward a few meters.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry..." Angelina collapsed on the floor and realized that she had bumped into someone. She apologized profusely. "I'm so sorry! I wasn't looking..." She was looking for the washroom but had ended up in the garden. Because she was in a rush, she started sprinting and accidentally bumped into Henry.

The wheelchair moved back quickly, *and she immediately* crawled up from the ground and *rushed to grab the* handle of the wheelchair. "Are you all right?"

Panting heavily, she looked *down at the man's face and* held her breath

This man looked so captivating,

His beauty was almost unreal, his face pale as a vampire's, with sharper and more delicate features than most women.

Thin veins were visible below his fair skin, and his ethereal beauty made her speechless.

"You..."

Henry was equally stunned as he stared at the face that looked so hauntingly like Faye's.

That day, when he bumped into her on the streets, he almost lost his senses.

He thought that Faye had returned, but when he calmed down and investigated things, he realized they were simply two people who looked like each other.

Such a coincidence was impossible, and he wasn't as lucky as Weston, in which both Stella and Ella turned out to be the same person.

Angelina was completely dumbfounded.

Looks were of utmost importance to her. Although she had once admired Weston's looks, he was so cold and domineering that she could hardly look him straight in the eye.

The man before her was in stark contrast to Weston. He looked rather like a sickly beauty.

With a demonic streak, she spoke her thoughts aloud, unable to hold back her praises for him.

Henry furrowed his brows.

He looked at the aching familiar face fawning over him, and a wave of disgust overwhelmed him. "Have you seen enough? If so, please release your hands."

Faye wouldn't act like her, staring at him so longingly until her eyes almost popped.

Indeed, they were two different people.

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Chapter 932

Faye appeared to be severely blind and incapable of making an aesthetic judgment.

His handsome face that would drive women crazy for him was something dangerous and she had to be alert about it.

Faye was extremely clueless in this regard, and definitely not like this woman who was fawning over him.

“Oh, oh. I'm sorry...”

Angelina snapped back to reality and immediately released her grip. “If you're fine, I'll be off then.”

She cleared her throat and tried to shift her gaze away, not daring to look at him.

Henry glanced coldly at her and wheeled himself back to the hotel.

Angelina followed behind him but suddenly paused. She didn't want him to think she was relentlessly pursuing him.

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She couldn't help but worry about the man in a wheelchair, and she looked on until he returned safely to the hall before going in another direction to look for Yvonne.

Waves crashed in the tumultuous sea.

Roger finally opened his eyes. Where was he?

A blinding white light shone from above his head. He gradually stirred awake as a voice sounded vaguely in his ear.

“Be careful, don't touch his wound.”

Roger winced as he felt a sharp pain in his back.

He sat up, his body covered in sweat. “Where am I? What are you trying to do to me?” A middle-aged man in uniform stood up in the spacious cabin.

He walked slowly toward Roger and said, “You don't remember how you got here?”

Roger's head pounded as he shut his eyes.

Fragments of memories started flashing past his eyes. Invitation card, wedding, ship, escaping the wedding... And Stella's pale face, her bound hands, and saying her vows before the priest. He threw the covers open and tugged at the tubes attached to his arm. “Where exactly am I? What day is it? I must find my sister!”

“Men! Hold him down!”

The middle-aged man in military gear turned solemn. “Do you know how injured you are right now?”

“Let me go!”

Roger struggled with all his might. “I must find her. I must bring her away!”

The sight of Roger going insane made the man's face turn cold as he hit the back of his neck with the side of his palm.

Everything turned black as Roger fainted.

“Inject whoever needs an injection, treat whoever needs treatment. Hurry!”

“Yes, Chief!”

The middle-aged man looked at Roger, unconscious, with a serious look on his face. “Consider yourself lucky to have met me. If that bunch of pirates were to have seen me, you'd bear the consequences!”

At the hotel, Stella wanted to take the heavy gown off.

She looked at Weston. “Can we release the cuffs now?”

Weston looked at her without replying to her.

Stella went on, “I want to take a bath.”

He sauntered to her and lifted his hands as if intending to take off her clothes for her.

Stella instinctively backed away. “Are you going to bathe me?”

“Why not?”

Weston remained unmoving. “Mrs. Ford, it's officially legal for me to give you a bath.”

A moment later, Stella stood up again.

She stood there obediently waiting for him to take her clothes off.

It was then that a phone started ringing.

It was Weston's phone.

The knot in between Stella's brows relaxed. “Pick up the call first.”

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Chapter 933

Weston furrowed his brow. He did not want to answer the call at first, but a hint of darkness flashed in his eyes when he saw the caller's number.

He glanced at Stella without saying a word, then uncuffed themselves and let her go to the bathroom. He waited until he heard the sound of running water from inside before he walked out onto the balcony with the phone.

He answered the call and asked, "He's missing? What do you mean?"

Weston's tone was low and cold. "How could you lose a guy? What's the point of having you then?"

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The man on the other end was clearly intimidated by Weston's tone. He said with trepidation, "Sorry, Mr. Ford. We were following him, but he jumped into the sea from the other fishing boat..."

"That area comprises a delta full of islands and reefs. There are pirates there too. We just can't find him like that."

"Delta?"

Weston furrowed his brow. His face turned gloomier. "I told you to chase him, but I didn't tell you to chase him to

such a place!"

Unlike home, foreign lands contained many places with terrible safety.

The Delta was known as a dangerous area. It was popular with pirates. They wouldn't even care if a navy vessel was passing... they would rush out and rob them.

"We didn't expect him to jump... We can't find him now, but we're sure he must have gotten on some boat..."

"Keep looking, and send more men." After that, Weston paused a little, then added, "Go check the spots where the delta meets the ocean current and check carefully."

Weston then pointed out a few more places to search. He predicted the places Roger would likely go to base on the geographical landscape.

Shortly after, the sound of a door opening came from the bathroom. Weston hung up the phone and looked over. "Are you done?"

Weston looked at Stella, who came out of the bathroom with nothing but a towel, her wet hair limply draping over her shoulders.

The water dripped from her hair to her collarbone and gradually ran down her body.

Weston put his phone away and walked to her. "Why did you bathe so quickly?"

He twirled her hair between his fingertips and sniffed it gently. "Are you sure it's clean?"

"It's clean," Stella answered him. "Do you want to bathe?"

"Why were you in such a hurry?"

Weston deliberately misinterpreted her words and looked at her with a meaningful smile. His gaze made Stella feel a little uncomfortable. She moved aside and said, "You can go in and bathe." Weston stopped teasing her and patted her head. "Wait for me in bed."

Their wedding lasted almost all day, and they did not return home. Instead, they stayed on the hotel's top floor.

The dinner party was still ongoing downstairs. The guests tried to come up and bother them, but Weston had ordered them to leave the space for them. He did not want anyone to come up and disturb them.

Stella found the silence unbearable, however.

Sitting on the bed, she felt like she was waiting to suffer. After she settled down in the silence, she finally felt a little lost. Memories hit her like an afterthought.

Her joy of freedom from her first escape had been washed away little by little. All that remained was her despair and fear when Weston caught her and forced her to return to

him.

She started feeling uncertain about her future. Lost and confused, she wondered where she could go. Would this be her life forever?

Must she be trapped in a cage she hated? Would she have to live with tiny remnants of hope while waiting for Weston to get tired of her?

What about Roger? Where was he?

What would Weston do to him? Would he make things difficult for him? What should she do if Weston refused to leave him alone?

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 934

Chapter 934 While she was feeling a little depressed, her phone rang.

It was a foreign number.

Stella had a strange feeling and glanced at Weston, who was in the bathroom. After that, she got up and walked to the side. She answered the phone.

"Hello?"

As soon as she spoke, Roger's anxious voice came from the other end.

"I saw the broadcast of your wedding! That b*stard forced you to marry him! "Sis, I know you never wanted to marry him, right? Why didn't you tell me that you planned to escape?"

Stella could hear the sound of the sea breeze from the other end. Instead of answering his question, she asked him, "Where are you now?"

Roger calmed down a little and looked around. "I don't know. I think I'm on foreign waters ... Weston has been sending people after me. I escaped, and someone saved me."

"What?!"

Stella got anxious and panicked. "You don't even know

where you are? Who saved you? Are you safe with them? You're not in any danger, are you?"

"I'm fine," Roger interrupted her and looked at the man in the uniform sitting on the couch.

"I think he's some commander of a small country. Everyone calls him Captain. He seems to be a high ranking

"He saved me. He doesn't seem hostile to me. He also speaks our language."

When the middle-

aged man heard Roger mention him, he put down the newspaper in his hand and looked at him. He had no intention of eavesdropping, so he got up and left the room.

He seemed like a well-educated gentleman.

Though they were strangers, Roger trusted him for some reason.

Stella was not as optimistic as him. "What do you know about him? What if he's a liar? What if he has something else in mind for you?"

It was a messy and dangerous place. Everyone was looking for money, and that man could simply be looking to harvest Roger's organs.

"Where are you now? I'll send someone to find you.

"You can come right away.

"I'll take you away!" Roger murmured.

There was an urgency in his tone. "I've seen everything! You don't want to marry Weston at all! I know!"

"Sis... I'll take care of you forever... I promise..."

Before he could say anything, someone suddenly took the phone away from Stella's hand.

Stella had no idea when Weston stood behind her. He grabbed her phone and saw a foreign number on the screen. Then, he snorted.

"Well, that didn't take much effort. He called instead."

Roger froze a little when he heard Weston's voice. After that, he said coldly, "Weston, if you're a man, let her go. What's the point of forcing her into this?"

"Did I force her?" Weston

sounded like he heard something funny. He turned on the speakerphone and put it close to Stella's mouth.

"Tell him. Did I force you or anything?"

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Stella's eyes flickered, but she heeded Weston's order obediently. She told Roger, "I ran away because ... I didn't think it through. I've figured it out now. Weston and I are married. From now on, I'm Mrs. Ford ..."

"Don't you say such a thing!"

Roger interrupted her in annoyance. "I know he must

have threatened you again! What excuse did he use this time? Glory and fortune? Or death?"

Weston snickered. It sounded like he was mocking Roger's naive thinking.

No data found.