

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1031

Chapter 1031

Chapter 1031 Weston had Stella seated in the back seat.

He had switched to a Maybach with plenty of room for two people. He reached out, took off his jacket, and threw it at his feet.

Stella finally looked at him and realized that he wasn't shaved. With stubbles around his mouth, he looked tired and haggard.

Weston noticed her gaze and looked down at her. "What's wrong?"

Stella said, "I didn't kill anyone." She suddenly reached out and grabbed the corner of his shirt. Perhaps it was the way Weston protected her from those attacks; the way he defended her, reminded her of the day he had saved her from the acid attack without hesitation.

'Did you believe in me?' she wondered.

"I really didn't," she repeated again stubbornly.

Weston had an unreadable emotion on his face. He did not say he believed her, but he did not refute her either.

He exhaled and looked at her with a serious face. "Stella, this is a serious matter. You have to tell me the truth. Did you know? The oleanders you have are highly toxic."

Stella's eyelashes fluttered twice. She knew there was no point in lying at a time like this, so she nodded. "I know."

Weston tightened the force of his hand, clutching her wrist. "If you knew, why did you keep it anyway?"

Stella lowered her eyes and said nothing. How could she explain?

She had never thought of killing Zachary, but she did want to kill Weston...

Weston seemed to understand something from her silence. He pulled her into his embrace. "It's not important anymore. I told you."

Weston lowered his head and pressed a kiss on her forehead. "This will be over soon as long as you cooperate with me."

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He tipped her chin and looked into her eyes. "From now on, you'll be staying at Stardust Mansion. No one will hurt you."

Stella looked straight back at him, but she only repeated a single phrase under her breath.

"I didn't kill anyone." Weston squeezed her chin until it turned red. Seeing that she refused to give in even though it hurt, he had no choice but to let her go.

He stood up. "I'm going out to take care of some things.

You think about it. Ms. Hampton will be with you on the details."

After saying that, Weston turned away.

Stella's stubborn voice came from behind. "You can say it again and again, but it's no use. I didn't do it. I'm not going to confess to what I didn't do just to make it look good."

Weston felt like his feet weighed a thousand pounds. His hands lay limp at his side. Weston was simply helpless against her.

His deep voice had a sense of exhaustion. "Stella, I'll say it again. I don't care about whatever you'll say. What I care about is the result. I don't care about the process. I just need your cooperation, not your approval."

Stella's eyes were red. "I know what you mean. Ms. Hampton has explained this to me. You want me to admit that I killed Zachary by mistake and find a way to reduce my sentence. Then, you'll help me get probation to keep me out of jail, right?"

However, the basis of doing that was so that she'd admit that she killed Zachary by mistake. Why should she admit to a crime she never committed?

Why did Weston tell her to do so? Did he think of her as the murderer too?

"Stop being so stubborn." Weston did not look back at

her. He was afraid that he would say yes to her after seeing her tears. He knew what would happen if he agreed to her.

He couldn't afford to be soft-hearted.

If he did, she might have to spend the rest of her life in prison. Even if she hated him, he had to keep her by his side.

He could protect her, as long as she was within his sight.

“Stay here and don’t go anywhere. Ben will watch over you.”

Then, he closed the door. After the sound of the door closing, the room fell back into darkness.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1032

Mr. Ford is Jealous

Chapter 1032

Chapter 1032 Stella fell into the shadows and looked at his back. At this point, she felt she had returned to the moment when he refused to trust her.

They were on the rooftop, and someone was holding a dagger against her waist.

She told him that Guinevere had hired those kidnappers, but he did not believe her.

All Weston had in his eyes was Guinevere, and all he knew was that he had to save her.

No matter how much she begged and explained, he refused to believe her. She tried to make him stay with the baby in her belly, but he would not. He never believed her.

Meanwhile, in the hallway, Ben came forward. “Mr. Ford.

The board of directors refuses to stop. They want an explanation from you.”

“What do they want me to say?”

Ben paused and observed Weston’s expression. He said cautiously, “They want Mrs. Ford to...”

It was only obvious.

However, Ben feared Weston and did not want to offend

him, so he spoke softly. Weston rubbed his brows. "Send more men over. Don't let anyone near her."

"Yes, Sir."

After a long silence, Weston suddenly remembered the cup of tea Stella had given him the night before with obscure eyes.

He rasped, "Has the test report come out yet?"

Ben said, "The young master's autopsy report has been reissued, and this time, by trusted people. There isn't a high probability of falsification. We're in the process of identifying the authenticity of the surveillance video. The snacks Mrs. Ford gave Zachary have also been tested, and the report should be released soon."

"Okay," Weston responded. There seemed to be heavy fog in his eyes. "Has the glass been sent for examination?"

Ben was slightly startled. Then, he remembered the glass with tea stains retrieved from the trash can. He replied, "It was sent for examination already. The results should be out together."

Ben didn't quite understand why Weston would send such an ordinary glass for inspection. Was there something that he did not know about?

Weston did not say anything. He looked back in the

direction of the villa and left just a sentence. "Keep a close eye on her."

After that, he turned to leave.

The whole Ahn City was talking about Zachary overnight. Weston had been trying to keep the news down, but Warren was determined to bring Stella down.

Warren wanted to make her submit to the crime and ruin her reputation. He wanted to crush her to oblivion.

The so-called evidence had been released to the media with Warren's approval.

Several media outlets had already written influential articles revealing much of what Stella did at the Ford Mansion.

Everyone had been talking about the Ford family's family affairs. Numerous shocking versions of the story had been written before the trial even started.

One of the most compelling reasons for all this was Stella's strong jealousy, which led to this tragedy.

Although she married Weston first, she resented Weston's relationship with Guinevere as his childhood sweetheart. All these years, Guinevere had been the only woman with Weston.

The public saw Guinevere as Weston's only woman, so

even though Stella was revealed as Weston's official wife at the engagement party, they assumed Guinevere was the original spouse. There were also rumors that Stella used her child to marry Weston.

In particular, one newspaper made it clear that Weston and Guinevere were childhood sweethearts. Everyone knew they had a crush on each other.

Guinevere even confessed her love for Weston in public during her school years. The two came from similar backgrounds and were a match made in heaven.

However, it was not long before Stella appeared around Weston.

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[Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Chapter](#)

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1034

Chapter 1034

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Joan had been trying to get Stella to eat from the morning, but she failed despite her best efforts.

The pastries were still at the door, in the same position as when they had been brought.

Joan gave it a little thought and called Weston.

“Mr. Ford, Mrs. Ford refuses to eat... She says she has no appetite. She hasn't eaten anything since morning.”

There was a short silence from the other end of the call.

Then, Weston's low and mellow voice came. He sounded tired. “I see.” He did not comment anything.

“Mr. Ford? Are you coming home today?” Joan asked speculatively

Weston did not answer her, but glanced in the direction not far away and muttered, “We'll see.” Then, he hung up the phone.

“Mr. Ford? Mr. Ford?!”

Joan shouted a few times and sighed as she looked at the disconnected phone call. When she turned around, she saw Stella standing behind her. She did not know how long she had been standing there. Stella was still wearing the same white nightgown that

Weston had put on her when he left. Loose and velvety, it hung down to her feet.

With her hair down and unadorned face, she exuded a sense of fragility.

Stella spoke softly. She asked, “He's not coming back, is he?”

Joan felt sorry. “Mr. Ford must be busy with work. When he's done, he'll be back...”

Stella's eyes turned gloomy. She repeated, “He's not coming back.”

“Mrs. Ford...”

Joan felt that Stella was not in the right mental state. She asked, “Are you not feeling well?”

Stella shook her head and did not say anything.

“I want to go back to my room...”

“Mrs. Ford, but you've been in your room all day!”

Joan took her arm and urged her, “Come and eat something.”

When Joan's hand touched her, Stella flinched and took a step back. “No...”

“I'm not hungry.”

“You haven’t eaten all day. How can you not?”

Joan was getting anxious. “If Mr. Ford comes home and finds you hungry, he’ll hold me responsible!”

Stella pursed her lips. “He won’t. I’ll talk to him.”

“Mrs. Ford...” Joan wasn’t actually afraid that Weston would pursue the matter. She was just worried about Stella’s health. “At least eat something. You’re not well...”

Stella’s eyes were blank. It was as if there was nothing in them. It was as if she had lost her soul.

She pushed the door open, went inside the room, and closed the door.

The soft click on the door sounded as fragile as her breath. It was as if she could disappear at any time.

The smell of disinfectant water was particularly strong at the hospital.

Weston rushed over as soon as he received the news. When he arrived, Zachary was already covered with a white cloth.

The weather was getting warmer, and they needed to hold the cremation as soon as possible.

As soon as he entered the room, he heard a small sobbing sound. It was Guinevere.

Guinevere had been crying a lot in the past few days. Her

tears would not stop. When it was time for the actual funeral, her sobbing became weaker.

Guinevere stared blankly in Zachary’s direction with swollen eyes. When she heard the sound of footsteps at the door, she looked up and saw Weston.

“You’re here?” Her voice was very hoarse.