

Mr. Ford Is Jealous Chapter 1045-1050

Chapter 1045

Joan sighed, wondering if he could really be with Guinevere.

Stella knew Joan was not asleep yet, so she came out of the room wrapped in a woolen shawl. "...You should go and get some rest. It's getting late now."

"Mrs. Ford?"

Joan looked at the frail figure in front of her and couldn't help but comfort her, saying, "I'm sure Mr. Ford is held up by something urgent right now. Once he's dealt with everything, I'm sure he'll come home. Don't you worry about it. I'll wait for him here. You can go inside and get some rest..."

122

"I'm not waiting for him anymore," Stella shook her head. "You should go and get some rest too."

She smiled and added, "He's probably by Guinevere's

side."

After all, their son had just died. As Zachary's father, it was only natural that he would be with the child's mother right now. Stella had nothing against that.

"Mrs. Ford..." The more she acted that way, the more Joan felt bad for her. "I'm certain Mr. Ford will come home once he's dealt with everything out there."

Stella's eyebrows drooped. She closed her eyes.

It no longer mattered to her whether he came home or not.

The awful weather late at night made going out to sea unsuitable.

Ben stood on the deck as the waves violently rocked the boat. He glanced around and turned to Weston, saying, "It looks like it might rain soon, Mr. Ford." Weston stood tall and firm at the front deck. His eyes were as dark as the surface of the nocturnal sea, dotted with faint starlight. The aura around his body was frosty enough to condense the air, but his voice was eerily calm when he said, "This matter must be resolved before dawn."

Whether Roger was alive or dead, they had to get to the bottom of this.

Ben nodded.

"We never expected things to ever come to this, Mr. Ford ..." Ben explained apologetically.

He rarely ever fumbled in the tasks Weston assigned him, and although what had happened was due to factors that were out of his control, he still blamed himself for being incompetent, ultimately leading to Weston having to

clean up all the mess himself.

But now that the ship had sailed, it was no longer the time to look for someone to blame.

“Make sure that Stella doesn’t know about this for now,” Weston raised his wrist and glanced at the time. “Negotiate with those people over at the delta. Do what you can to bring him back.”

U

“Yes, Mr. Ford.”

Ben noticed his visibly somber face and couldn’t help commenting, “Who would’ve thought that he’d be so similar to Mrs. Ford? They’re both just so headstrong...”

They had finally managed to rescue Roger from those dangerous people over at the delta. However, not only was Roger not grateful, he even insisted on treating Weston like an enemy.

Not only that, but he even went so far as...

Ben sighed again.

TIL

Weston turned around, his eyes dark as the night. Like the vast endless sea, dangerous turbulence hid behind their ostensibly calm surface. The rain was getting heavier.

Joan couldn’t fall asleep no matter how hard she tried. She had been raring to give Weston another call, but she was afraid of disturbing him.

Even Stella was probably asleep by now, so why shouldn’t she just wait till the next morning to talk to him? That was what she thought, but she still tossed and turned, unable to sleep.

Weston might be spending time alone with Guinevere Cohen right now at such a late hour. What if something happened? She could hardly be blamed for worrying over this because it was plain for everyone to see that Guinevere still harbored feelings for Weston right now

Zachary’s death must have caused them indescribable pain, which presented an excellent opportunity for them to reconcile. After all, they must be both heartbroken right now, so they had to be leaning on each other, lamenting, and comforting the other...

This would be the perfect fuel to reignite old flames, and once that spark was lit, no one could contain the resulting fire.

Just as her thoughts ran wild, she suddenly heard the gate opening downstairs. The creaking noise distinctly pierced through the droning of the late night storm.

“Could that be Mr. Ford coming home?” Joan sprang up to her feet.

The black Maybach slowly pulled into the driveway as the gate opened. When Weston stepped out of the car, he

noticed Joan waiting for him at the elevator door.

“You’re still awake?” he shot her a glance and frowned.

Chapter 1046

“Mr. Ford, you’re finally home...”

Joan seemed immensely relieved to see him.

“Mrs. Ford still hasn’t eaten or drank anything yet,” she informed him. “I really am at a loss of what to do.” For a moment, Weston froze in silence before handing the car to the driver to be parked.

“I know.” He turned back to Joan and added, “It’s getting really late. You should go get some rest now.”

Joan nodded repeatedly. She was now completely relieved.

“It’s good that you’re back. It’s good that you’re back...”

As Joan got older, she still retained her conservative view of things. To her, it did not matter what Weston and Guinevere did when they were together that night. As long as he came home in the end, it meant he still cared about Stella.

As for what could have happened between them, to Joan, it was customary for men to lose control of themselves and make mistakes sometimes.

It was good enough that he came home in the end.

By the time Weston entered the bedroom, the first light of the day had started to appear at the edge of the

horizon. He had been hard at work the whole night, getting practically no sleep at all. The room was dimly illuminated. He could see a tiny bulge beneath the thick layer of blankets on the bed. He walked over and noticed that the bulge trembled slightly with the sound of his approaching footsteps, but it soon returned to its initial stillness,

11

Weston's eyes slickered, with a glimmer of mirth emerging from inside them.

1L

He walked to Stella's side and reached out his hand to pull the bulge under the blanket into his arms.

"Still awake?" he asked in a deep, husky voice.

Stella stayed silent, pretending that she was asleep.

1

Weston naturally would not let her get away with that. He kissed her several times on the forehead and said, "Joan told me that you hadn't eaten anything for the whole day. If her cooking isn't to your taste, I can find someone else to replace her.."

"It has nothing to do with her cooking!" Stella swiftly pushed the blanket off her body. "Don't you dare replace her!"

"So you're finally willing to talk, hmm?" he asked gruffly and pinched her nose.

Stella stopped pretending to be asleep and scrutinized him from head to toe.

He was still wearing the same clothes he did yesterday. In his strikingly straight and majestic eyebrows, there was a sign of barely noticeable exhaustion.

Weston was a demanding perfectionist in every aspect of his life. He rarely allowed himself to look as sloppy as he did. Evidently, what happened to Zachary and Guinevere must have distressed him quite significantly.

Stella opened her mouth to speak, looking straight at his dark eyes, asking, "Where... have you been last night?" Her voice was hoarse, sounding distinctly frail and weak. Her delicate lips were cracked, likely due to the fact that she had not drunk any water for a long time. He raised her chin and pressed his thumb against the corner of her lips. "I had some business to attend to last night. What's wrong? Are you angry with me?"

VV

Stella said nothing, but her eyes were still fixed on him.

After a period of silence, she finally asked, "What kind of business? Why did it take you so long?" He was clearly by Guinevere's side last night, she thought. Why did he have to bother himself with concealing the truth?

"Are you starting to get clingy now?" Weston smiled, stroking her chin. He then picked her up and put her down on his lap. "All these messy problems will soon be dealt with, and I'll have a lot of time to spend with you."

Naturally, he wasn't about to tell her what had happened to Roger last night, at least for the time being. Her mental state had been unstable as it was, so while the problem of Zachary's death had yet to be resolved, he had to make sure she was safe before he could tell her the truth about Roger.

Stella leaned against his chest, listening to his strong and steady heartbeat.

After holding her for a while, Weston said, "Since you can't sleep, why not sit here with me for a while?"

He then effortlessly picked her up.

She limply leaned on his shoulder, as if her body had no bones.

It suddenly occurred to Weston that all he needed was to exert a little force, and he could easily break her whole body.

"Joan told me that you haven't eaten anything today," he fretfully raised her chin. "Did you do that on purpose? Were you trying to punish me?"

Chapter 1047

"No," Stella shook her head. "I just had no appetite..."

"I did promise not to force you to eat anything," Weston cut her off. "But that was only if it doesn't affect your health."

He glanced at the shimmering light on the horizon. It was already sunrise, and rays of sunlight had crept into the room through the curtains.

"You should go eat something," he added, kissing her on the forehead.

Stella frowned. She truly had no appetite at all, but she also knew that there was no arguing with Weston, so she kept quiet and said nothing.

Joan was already asleep by then. Weston had no intention to disturb her either, so he put Stella down on the sofa and went into the kitchen himself.

Stella did not have a good sleep at all, basically having tossed and turned all night. Even so, she probably wouldn't be able to fall asleep now if she tried.

Weston knew this too, so he allowed her to watch TV, hoping to kill time and relieve her boredom.

Stardust Mansion was much quieter early in the morning than it was at night.

Stella could hear the faint noises coming from the kitchen. She got up from the sofa and walked into the kitchen. She gazed at Weston whose back was facing her.

He heard her coming but did not turn around.

“What’s wrong?” he asked. Stella said nothing, leaned against the door and continued looking at him.

As he did not hear her reply, he put down the knife in his hand, placed the cut tomatoes in the bowl and set it aside, and covered the pot with the lid before turning around to look at her.

“Are you feeling unwell?” he asked.

She shook her head and stood up straight. Weston pulled her into his arms and held her tightly, asking her, “Are you getting hungry?”

Stella shook her head once again.

He knew that she was not in the mood to talk, so he just kissed her hair and quietly held her in his arms.

After a while, the silence was broken by the bubbling sound of water that was starting to boil. “The food’s almost ready,” he told her. “Why don’t you go sit down and wait for me outside?” Only then did Stella raise her head to look into his eyes

before turning around to go back into the living room.

Soon afterward, Weston emerged from the kitchen with two bowls of noodle soup in his hand. A mild, savory aroma permeated the entire living room. Even though Stella said she had no appetite, the smell was so tantalizing that her stomach suddenly growled

Rumble... Rumble...

Weston chuckled softly as he put down the bowls on the dining table and went back into the kitchen to bring the cutlery over. Once the table was set, he raised his head and called out, “Come here. It’s ready.”

Stella got up and headed toward the dining table. She took a seat and laid her eyes on the two bowls of soup in front of her.

He had made a simple chicken noodle soup, a dish that Stella used to often cook for him. Weston had always been a fussy eater. He never liked dishes with too many ingredients in them, but he made an

exception for Stella's chicken noodle soup. It was the one dish that he would finish to the very last drop, albeit a little begrudgingly. "So you know how to make it too..."

Stella picked up the spoon and looked at the clear surface of the soup dotted with green bits of chopped spring onion. The scent of rich chicken broth lingered at the tip of her nose.

It looked like he even made some adjustments to the recipe himself.

"I just made that on the fly," he said, stroking her hair before taking a seat opposite her. "My cooking skills are probably nowhere near as good as Joan's, but it should be good enough to fill your stomach."

Stella leaned her head down and took a bite.

Weston did not move. He merely peered down to observe her expressions.

She knew he was waiting for her comment on the food, so without raising her head, she slowly savored the rest of the soup before declaring, "It's delicious."

"It's just as good as the one Joan makes," she added earnestly.

Stella had long realized how much God favored this man. It was as if he had been blessed with all the talents and privileges that life could offer.

Chapter 1049

"I'm going to the study," he replied. "I've got some work to do."

"But you haven't rested since last night, have you?"

"I'm fine," he grabbed her hand and placed it back under the blanket before leaning down to kiss her forehead.

"Unless..." He brushed away the hair on her cheeks, then looked at her as if he could read her mind. "...you need me by your side for you to fall asleep?"

He treated her so gently that Stella even doubted if the conflict between them had even existed.

She pursed her lips and softly said, "I'd like to meet someone."

Weston remained silent, his expressions unchanged. His eyes were steadily glued on her.

"I just want to meet Aunt Diana once," she added. "Please?"

"Tell me why."

She took his hand and pressed his fingers. He had long and straight fingers that looked very elegant. Stella always thought of how much more enchanting those fingers would be if Weston could play the piano.

"I know you don't want me to see anyone else," she said, "but I have something really important to tell Aunt Diana

Weston looked at her as if he was waiting for her to continue.

Stella took a deep breath and added, "There's something that I simply must tell her. I just can't continue to keep her in the dark about this..."

She raised her hand, placed it on her heart, and earnestly asked, "Just let me see her once, please?"

Weston fell silent for a while.

Then, he pinched her cheek and looked into her eyes, telling her, "I can let you see her once."

Stella's eyes lit up...

"But," Weston continued, "you must promise me one thing-from now on, you must always eat properly. You must never do what you did yesterday."

"Really?" Stella asked incredulously. She could hardly believe how easy it was to persuade him.

Weston stared at her for a moment. There seemed to be something stirring in his eyes.

He nodded.

"Great!" Stella quickly responded. "Then I promise you I

will eat properly from now on."

Hearing this, he leaned over and kissed her on the forehead.

"I will have Ben follow you closely at all times," he told her. "Contact me as soon as anything happens. You're also not allowed to stay outside for too long, okay?"

"Okay, understood."

He looked at her and sighed deeply.

"Get some rest," he said. "I have some work to do at the company now."

"But you haven't had any rest for the whole night," she argued while stealing a glance at him. Her voice was laced with concern, perhaps out of gratefulness that he agreed to her request. "Why don't you sleep for a while?"

“No,” he gently kissed her fingers. “I don’t need sleep. As long as you listen to what I say, it’ll be the only peace of mind that I need.”

The two seemed to have some tacit agreement on not bringing up the subject of Zachary’s death.

“Sleep tight,” he said, tucking her under the blanket.

After seeing that she had closed her eyes, he finally walked out of the room and left.

By the time Stella woke up, it was broad daylight.

Weston had already left Stardust Mansion. He had been extremely busy these past couple of days. Last night, he was only back to be with her for a few hours before he had to go out again.

When Stella walked into the living room, she noticed that Ben was already sitting there.

“You’re here already?” she asked, though she did not look one bit surprised.

Ben nodded. “Mr. Ford has instructed me about what to do, Mrs. Ford. We can leave anytime you’re ready.”

“Okay,” she replied before going back into her room to change.

SELLES

After long contemplation, she still came to the conclusion that it would be best to tell Diana the truth. But, as for what Diana should do after learning the truth, she would leave that choice to Diana herself.

But she knew one thing for sure—she could not possibly keep concealing the truth from her like everyone else.

This was perhaps the last thing she could do for someone else, she thought to herself in despair.

Chapter 1050

She used to have a comically whimsical idea that she would carve out her own successful career, then escape Weston Ford’s grasp through the power and reputation she had gained. But now, when she looked back, she could not help but find the notion silly and naive. The power gap between them couldn’t possibly be bridged by her individual efforts alone.

It was the same as what happened after Zachary’s death. She had no way to protect herself or fight against those determined to see her getting convicted as Zachary Ford’s murderer. Even Weston didn’t believe that she didn’t kill

the boy. Indeed, he was doing all he could to help her escape punishment, but he never truly thought she was innocent.

Stella was inside a quiet private room of a restaurant, contemplating the words she should say and the best way to tell Diana the truth when the door was suddenly pushed open. The person walking in turned out to be Michael Sealey

“We meet again, Stella.”

Under her surprised gaze, he took a seat right in front of her.

“What are you doing here?” Stella scowled. “Where’s Aunt Diana?”

“She’s not feeling well,” he replied. “So I came here on her behalf. You can tell me whatever you wanted to tell her.”

Stella’s eyes turned cold and stony. She stared at him without saying anything.

Michael raised his brows and smiled a meaningful smile as if he had expected to see such a reaction from her.

“Perhaps you don’t have anything to say to me, but I do, in fact, have news to break to you...” he said.

He paused to pick up the cup of coffee in front of him and took a sip, before adding, “Roger is dead.”

Crash!

The coffee cup in Stella’s hand slipped through her fingers and smashed on the floor, noisily shattering into a thousand pieces.

The windowsill of the private room on the second floor was lined with lush green plants , filtering the sunlight through their leaves, and casting faint shadows on the table.

Stella did not move, nor did she say anything. She just stared vacantly at the broken fragments of the coffee cup on the floor, the expression on her face completely

unchanged. Time seemed to be extended indefinitely, flowing implausibly slowly between the two of them.

One second.

Two seconds.

Time went by so slowly that Michael wondered if he had pressed a pause button.

He looked on as the blood slowly drained from Stella's face, until, at last, she became deathly pale. Yet he waited patiently.

In no time, a waitress soon rushed into the room and politely asked in a soft voice, "Pardon my intrusion, but do you both need any help?"

The loud smash could be heard from outside the door, and she rushed over to see what was happening.

Stella did not react at all. She just sat there very still like a puppet.

Michael nodded at the waiter and said, "Could you please clean up the broken cup?"

"Of course."

The waitress immediately called another person in, who efficiently tidied up the mess. She then turned to Stella and thoughtfully asked her, "Would you like me to bring you another cup of coffee, madam?"

Stella's hands trembled slightly. Only then did she seem to be jolted awake from her dreams as she turned to look at the waitress.

"No," she replied. "Thank you."

"Okay," the waitress responded. She then apologized for her intrusion again before exiting the private room, leaving Michael and Stella alone.

Michael rested his chin on his hand and calmly looked at Stella, telling her, "I can understand how you feel. But, to tell you the truth, the moment I heard the news, I couldn't accept it either, but..."

"You're lying," Stella interrupted him, looking straight at him with piercingly icy eyes. "I will never believe you."

"You actually think I am lying to you right now?" Michael frowned. "Do you think I would ever joke about something like this?"

Stella pursed her lips vehemently, saying nothing.