

Mr. Ford Is Jealous Chapter 1061-1065

Chapter 1061

These people did not expect Warren to set up Weston like that and were at a loss for words.

Warren concluded decisively, "I've made up my mind on this. I gathered everyone here today just to announce the decision formally..." He suddenly paused and turned to Weston. "This matter is closely related to you. Do you have anything to say?"

Weston tapped his fingers on the table lightly and suddenly curled his lips into a smile. "You've made up your mind. I don't think I have anything to say." –

Warren furrowed his brows immediately. He stood up, furious. "How dare you talk to me like that?"

After that, he got so emotional that he coughed violently and fell back to his seat.

The butler hurriedly got him some water, patting Warren's back to calm him down. "Relax. The doctor said you shouldn't get angry..."

Weston frowned a little and said nothing. After a short

silence, he said, "Okay. I accept your arrangement."

"What?"

The directors looked at Weston with some surprise. They

did not expect him to accept such an unreasonable decision without any resistance.

Weston looked at Xavier, who had not spoken. "Grandpa is right. After all, I've been at the helm for the past few years. I should give others a chance. Maybe it's better that we pool our efforts. It's better to work as a team."

Weston had already put the word out, so Xavier could only take his stand. "I won't let you down."

Warren finally let out a sigh of relief and nodded. "Then it's settled."

While they were on the way from the mansion to the villa, Ben was indignant at Warren's treatment of Weston.

"Mr. Ford, why did you accept Warren's suggestion? He's obviously trying to stifle you!"

Weston rubbed his brow. "He's not trying to stifle me. He's forcing me to make a choice."

Ben paused a little, then let out a sigh. No one expected things to come to this...

Warren was forcing Weston to stop protecting Stella. He wanted Stella to confess to the crime in the next trial. He wanted her prisoned forever.

If Weston insisted on bailing her out. Warren would take his power away and slowly crush him. Weston would not

be able to protect Stella anymore at that point.

Ben felt troubled. If it were him, he would not know what to do in such a dilemma.

After that, when Weston got out of the car at Stardust Mansion, he instructed Ben to continue to reinforce security around the area. Warren wasn't going to stay idle, and he'd look for Stella everywhere.

"Don't let her out again until this is over."

Weston ordered, "No matter the reason or excuse, don't let her out of this door unless I ordered it. Understand?"

Chapter 1062

Weston came into the living room and glanced at the sofa. "Stella?"

Stella was nowhere to be found. Joan was out working, so the house was empty. Weston furrowed his brow as a dull feeling of restlessness surged through him.

Weston searched the bedroom and did not find Stella. Then, he went to the back garden to look. There was still no one in sight.

Weston's face sank instantly.

He couldn't stand it any longer, but he couldn't see her when he came home. Then, just as he was about to call her, soft footsteps came from behind him.

Weston turned around and saw Stella appear behind him, holding a handful of thorny roses. Her face was covered in dirt, and her hair was disheveled. Her white nightgown had a few cuts and holes.

Weston moved his gaze down and stopped at her pale hands. The thorns of the rose had pierced her skin, leaving spots of blood.

She just stood there, looking at him but not saying a word.

Black hair and red roses... Stella's face was so pale that

she looked like a white, delicate, lifeless doll.

Weston's eyes looked dazed for a moment. Then, he came back to his senses and strode over to her. He put his hand on her shoulder and asked, "Where have you been?"

Stella looked into his eyes and saw his urgency and pressure. She was quite surprised to find herself so calm when seeing Weston. She heard her voice answer him calmly, "The roses I planted were blooming, so I went to pick a few." Weston frowned harder. "Are you still fiddling with your flowers and plants?"

He took her hand and looked at the bruises on her palm, and his face stiffened up. "Don't do that ever again."

"Why not?" Stella frowned. "Are you afraid I'll poison someone again?"

Weston's grip on her tightened. It was so hard and

painful, but Stella didn't cry out. Stella stared at him blankly. She wanted to find some other emotion in his eyes, but there was nothing. How could he be so calm, she wondered.

'How can you be so calm...'

Weston drove Roger to his death and kept it to himself. He hid the truth from her.

How could he stand in front of her without any guilt?

Weston's gaze was oppressive.

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He swept his cold gaze over her, put her hands together, and avoided the tiny wounds on her. He threw the roses in her hands aside and ordered, "Don't say these stupid things again." He looked down and kissed the back of her hand, which had no wounds. "I'll go get some medicine." Stella saw him get up and leave, so she turned and went to the bathroom.

She was not as precious as Weston thought. She turned on the shower, letting the cold water cascade over her.

She put her hands under the water and rinsed them hard. It stung a little, but she did not care. The clothes on her body were a bit of a nuisance. It clung to her skin with an uncomfortable and sticky

feeling. She ripped it off and threw the white dress aside. No amount of scrubbing could get rid of that bitter annoyance in her heart.

She felt that the switch to the emotions in her heart was broken.

Chapter 1063

Stella's feeling at this point was no longer sadness, but outright boredom and annoyance.

Yes, she was bored. She did not see the point of living in the world anymore. She had no interest in any of these.

The world had no one she cherished.

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She was still alive, but barely. It wasn't until her fingers were white from soaking in the water that she got out. Weston was already waiting for her in the living room. When he saw her come out, his eyes were full of disapproval. "Your hand is injured. You shouldn't have showered yourself." Stella's mouth tugged slightly. "It's just a shower. It's not like I broke my hand. What's wrong with bathing myself?"

Weston looked at her steadily and sensed her unusual mood. He pulled her to the sofa and sat her down.

"What? Did the person you met today give you a hard time?"

Weston thought Stella was depressed because she must've had a bad meeting with Michael and Diana. Stella looked at him indifferently and suddenly said

something meaningful, "With you, who would hurt me?"

Weston's hand movements paused for a moment. He knew what she said was not a compliment, but he still nudged the tip of her nose. "I'm glad you know."

Weston was very indulgent with her. He gave her everything except for letting her leave. Stella laughed, but no one knew why she was laughing. She did not seem to be laughing at anything. She just laughed. It was a pure smile. Perhaps, she found it funny

Weston looked down at the small wounds that dotted her hand. Before he applied for the medicine, he said in a deep voice, "Endure it. It might hurt a little."

Weston disinfected her wound and then used tweezers to pick up the thorns lodged in her flesh. Some of the thorns appeared to have gotten stuck so deep into her flesh that it showed how bemused she must've been while handling the roses.

Thus, Weston could not help but lecture her. "You still don't know how to take care of yourself." Her skin was so pale from soaking for so long in the bath. The blood from the wound had been washed away, leaving the transparent edges of the skin exposed to the elements.

Weston frowned slightly and simply clipped off those edges a little. "Don't let yourself be hurt again. Try not to bleed," Weston said, subconsciously making his movements lighter. "You know your blood type. It's hard to get supply. If something happens, you'll be in great danger."

Stella looked down at his serious side profile and hid the flash of contempt in her eyes. She said faintly, "You won't put me in any danger, would

you?"

Weston's movements paused slightly. His fingers lingered on her skin for a moment, then raised his hand to pinch her cheek gently.

"As long as you listen to me."

Weston's movement was gentle, but he worked quickly.

Soon, Stella's hand was fully wrapped in a bandage.

"Remember to keep it away from water," he ordered.

Stella looked at him and suddenly put her hand on his hair and stroked it gently. Weston was a little shocked. He looked up at her. "What's wrong?"

Stella shook her head. "It just occurred to me. I haven't heard about Roger in a long time..."

She paused for a moment while waiting for Weston's response. Weston's expression did not change. Instead,

he put the remaining bandages on the table back into the medical kit before saying calmly, "I remember you saying that you've cut ties with him."

Stella watched his expression quietly, not wanting to miss a single change. 'Will his face ever show the slightest guilt?' she wondered.

"I've cut him off, but he's still the only family I have. I just want to know how he's doing without bothering or letting him know I'm asking about him. Is that okay?"

Chapter 1064

Stella's tone seemed a little agitated. Sensing she was losing control, she took a deep breath to calm down.

"A lot has happened in the last few days... Weston, I want to know... I want to know that he's safe and alive, so I can

"He's in Compassvale," Weston interrupted her.

Weston's eyes were dark, more intense than the night. Only her shadow reflected off of his eyes. Turbulent emotions flowed in them, like dark currents under the calm sea.

"He's doing well. You don't have to worry."

Stella tried to suppress the urge to cry and dropped her head. She knew Weston would not tell her the truth, but her heart pounded heavily and hurt whenever she heard him lie with her own ears.

She wanted to grab him by the collar and question him for lying to her. Why?

He had clearly forced Roger to death, but he could still lie to her. Was he simply heartless?

"Okay, I know." Stella did her best to suppress the surging emotions in her heart. She tried to sound as calm as possible. "I'm relieved as long as he's well."

Then, she reverted to her lifeless look.

Weston frowned. He was keenly aware that something was wrong with her. "What's wrong? Did you hear something?"

Stella shook her head. "I'm just a little uncomfortable being cooped up here for so long..."

Weston picked her up. "You'll get used to it in time."

Then, he strode into the bedroom and put her on the bed. "It's late. Get some rest."

After saying that, he planted a kiss on her forehead.

When he was about to leave, Stella tugged his wrist. "You haven't rested for a long time either. Aren't you going to

sleep?"

Weston turned around. "I have some things to take care of." He caressed her cheeks, "I'll be back with you soon."

Stella shook her head and looked him in the eye. "I want
•you to sleep with me. I can't sleep without you by my side."

Weston's eyes twinkled a little because of her sudden clinginess. Stella knew he could never regret her request in this manner. Weston would rarely reject her whenever she showed weakness and reliance on him.

Just as she expected, Weston's gaze gradually deepened. "Sleep. I'm right next to you," he said with a doting tone.

Weston took off his jacket and casually threw it aside. He lifted the blanket and lay down beside Stella. He lifted his hand and took her into his arms.

Stella closed her eyes and nuzzled into his arms. She put her ear close to his chest and listened to the steady rhythm of his heartbeat.

“Don’t leave until I fall asleep.” Her seemingly domineering words softened Weston’s heart at once. He put his broad palm on her back and stroked her long hair. Weston looked down and kissed her on the top of her head. “Don’t worry. P’ll always be there for you.”

He thought that keeping her locked up and close to him was the right choice. Stella would resent and hate him at first, but with time, he would be the only person left in her world. Everywhere she looked, there would only be

him.

Her initial resentment would change and fade. Eventually , she would uncontrollably be dependent on him. Even if Stella did not want to, she could not fight her instincts. She would be so attached to him that she could never leave.

She only had him as the only person in her world. Who else could she rely on?

Chapter 1065

Stella could only have him in her eyes. She could only see him in her sight. There were only two things left in Stella’s life: staying with him, and waiting for him to return.

Whenever Weston thought of this, he vaguely felt his blood boil. The natural possessiveness and dominance in his bones made him sleepless in the dark.

He opened his eyes and looked at Stella’s peaceful sleeping face in the dark. All he wanted was to possess her completely , from her body to her soul.

Stella became unusually well-behaved over the next few days. However, Weston could see the strong emotions brewing in her eyes whenever he laid his eyes on her.

She seemed to want to spend time with him, cling to him, and pester him at all times, giving him no breaks.

Stella had been this passionate before, but it was just an act. All she wanted was to get through the one year, then get away from him.

Weston secretly enjoyed her passion for him, so he never

exposed her acts. However, things were different now.

He had a taste of what it was like to be truly loved by Stella, and an act of affection simply wasn't enough now. He wanted more.

Weston was on the phone with Hayden in the study. He described to him how Stella had been acting strangely.

Hayden sat in the clinic and stared at the two vibrant cactus pots on the windowsill. He was a little tired after a night shift last night. When he heard Weston's question, he gradually went back to his usual spirits.

"Are you saying that she's suddenly very clingy? Are you worried she's still putting up an act?"

"Even if it's an act, it'll be fine," Weston said in a cool and low voice.

Weston was wearing a black and blue silk robe. He casually stood on the balcony and held a glass of red wine in his hand. He twirled it slightly and looked at the ripple on the surface.

"If she's willing to act with me for life, I'll gladly accept it. Of course, I'll be more than happy to see her being serious."

Hayden pondered for a moment and thought for a long time. "In her case, maybe she's not really acting." Hayden thought about it according to his experience and found only one possibility.

"Maybe Stella has Stockholm syndrome..."

Weston raised his eyebrows slightly and seemed interested. "Go on."

"It is a type of psychological disorder, where a victim falls in love with its abuser. It's not an uncommon condition. I think what she's experiencing is very much in line with the principles of Stockholm syndrome."

"Are you saying I'm the abuser and she's the victim in this relationship?"

Hayden heard the displeasure in Weston's stone and smiled. "I'm just an outsider. You should be clear about this. Besides, I can't be sure if Stella really has Stockholm syndrome. Maybe she simply fell in love with you. Who knows?"

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He knew what Weston wanted to hear and spoke with a touch of sarcasm.

"Who says only crazy people fall in love with those who force themselves on them and hold them captive?"

Hayden's smile faded after the call disconnected. The pen he was spinning in his hand fell on the table.

The tip of the pen dropped and split. He picked it up and tried to write a few words on the paper, but the words only came out intermittently as the ink had stopped flowing

It was one of his favorite pens. Hayden was a little annoyed and put the cap on with a loud click. Then, he threw it on the table. The pen almost fell again.