

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1101-1105

Chapter 1101

“Ms. Tina Hampton, the lawyer, is waiting for you inside, Mrs. Ford. You can go on ahead. I’ll be right here, on guard. If there’s any problem, you can call for me.”

Stella nodded and walked inside.

The office was a suburban studio. Because it was very secluded, there was no worry about nosy eavesdroppers or getting followed.

As Stella pushed the door open, she saw Tina Hampton sitting in front of her computer, perusing through the

files.

Hearing the noise, she turned around and glanced at Stella.

“You’re here already?”

“Yes,” Stella responded and walked in before taking a seat in front of Tina.

“Mr. Ford has probably informed you that we have an urgent task today,” Tina bluntly told her. “So I really need you to cooperate with me.”

Stella nodded.

“It looks like you’re very calm about it all,” observed Tina with a frown when she noticed how Stella had been

compliant and obliging without raising any objections .

At the very least, she seemed much calmer than when she last saw her at the detention center.

“Have you accepted the reality of your situation?” Tina asked.

Stella smiled almost imperceptibly, looking resigned but also cooperative at the same time.

“What could I do even if I can’t accept it?” she replied.” He’ll find a million ways to make me accept it eventually.”

Tina nodded and went straight to the point.

“So this is the current situation,” she explained. “Mr. Warren Ford and the Cohen family have acquired watertight evidence against you, which means that we might not be able to fully exonerate you at this point. If we try that, the probability of success is very low, and it would take up too much time. This would be disastrous for your future, so we’ve decided that the best plan is for you to confess that you’ve accidentally killed Zachary Ford, and it’s never been your intention. In fact, you didn’t even have any idea that oleanders were highly poisonous. In other words, you must insist, without a flinch, that you are ignorant of the fact that oleanders are harmful or toxic. This is the only way that we can minimize your sentence as much as possible. If the sentencing is light enough, Mr. Ford can then easily find

a way to release you on bail.”

“So you’ve all made up your mind?” Stella asked, her face drained of color.

“Yes,” replied Tina. “All the preparations are done.”

Seeing that Stella looked a little unsure, she sighed and tried to convince her, saying, “To tell you the truth, your case is an extremely difficult one. The fact that all the lawyers working for the other side are the cream of the crop isn’t helpful either. If we go by the original plan, there’s simply no way we’d win this case, and you’d end up in prison, so why not change the strategy instead? They’d never expect you to confess to the murder. Besides, if you insist on being ignorant about the poisonous nature of oleanders, they’d have no way of proving that it was a premeditated murder, so...”

“I understand,” Stella gently cut her off.

Tina stared at her and continued, “If you have no objections, we’ll start discussing the next steps. I will explain in detail what will happen on the day of the trial. Then, I’ll simulate the questioning you might receive from the prosecution. We’ll try to anticipate everything that might happen on that day so you’ll be perfectly prepared when the time comes.”

“Okay,” Stella responded.

Tina nodded, “Then I’ll call in my assistant now.”

She then turned towards a closed door and yelled, “Okay, you can come out now!”

The door was pushed open. Stella turned towards it, and shock was written all over her face when she recognized who it was.

“Professor Hall? What are you doing here...?”

Justin Hall walked out holding a thick stack of documents.

“It’s been so long since we last met, Stella.”

Tina glanced at the two of them and stood up.

“I have some backup documents to prepare,” she said. “I’ll leave you two to it.”

After speaking, she walked straight out of the room, leaving only Stella and Justin inside.

Stella was about to stand up too. She was confused and a little awkward.

“What exactly is going on here...?” she asked.

“Don’t worry,” Justin assured her. “Please sit down.”

He then walked up to her with a smile and explained, “It’s just as Tina told you – I’m her assistant right now, and I’m here to help you with the whole process. Don’t be nervous. I assure you that I have no other intentions.”

The corners of Stella’s mouth twitched, and she smiled, saying, “I wasn’t thinking about that. I was just a little

surprised...”

“Really?” Justin opened the file in his hands and handed Stella a pen, followed by some notes. “I thought we’d never see each other again, you know.” “Me too,” Stella nodded. “So much has happened since then.”

She took the pen and paper from Justin and asked, “Are these for me to take down some notes?”

“That’s right. You might need to write down the most important points so you can carefully review them when you go home. It is important that you try your best to appear as natural as possible during the trial.”

Chapter 1102

“You might be required to act at certain points,” Justin continued. “You’ll have to cooperate with us. If you don’t like pen and paper, you can type down your notes with the computer instead.”

“No, thanks. I’ll just use the pen and paper.”

“Okay,” Justin nodded. “Let’s start, then.”

After that, time passed very quickly.

Stella earnestly remembered everything that Justin had told her.

“That’s all for now,” he said. “Is there anything that you don’t understand?”

“No,” she replied.

Justin put away the documents in his hands and glanced at her before asking, "So what are you planning to do after this?"

Stella knew then that he must have had other reasons to be here today, reasons other than simply being Tina's assistant.

She sat back down and looked straight into his eyes before saying, "Professor Hall, if you have anything to say, just come out and say it."

Justin paused for a while and smiled helplessly.

"Actually," he began, "I shouldn't be the one to bring this up, but everything between us... it's been over a long time ago, hasn't it?"

He found himself being perfectly at peace when he said all these. Perhaps all his feelings for her in the past were simply a competitive instinct in the face of a man like Weston Ford. Perhaps that was the real reason behind his obsession with Stella back then and why he found it so difficult to give her up.

After all, it was extremely difficult to beat someone like Weston in any way. As a man, Justin had a natural tendency to be competitive. This urged him to prove that although Weston was remarkable in every other way and could get everything he wanted in his life, he could at least beat him in one aspect by having Stella.

Now, looking back, he realized how reckless and impulsive he had been.

"You've probably guessed that... I'm here because I have something to say to you."

"Yes, I know."

Justin sighed.

"The truth is... it's a little embarrassing for me to say this, but since we last met, I've always been trying to find an opportunity to make it clear to you that..."

Stella slowly sat up straight. Her fingers curled up, seemingly worried about what he would say next.

Noticing that she was tensing up, Justin chuckled and reassured her, "Relax. I'm not here to make things awkward for you. I just want to apologize."

"Back then," he continued, "I noticed you because of your brother Roger. I was attracted to you. At the time, I really did have feelings for you." He paused to loosen his tie, then went on to come clean about the whole thing. "But later on, when I suggested that we get married, I must admit that I didn't take careful consideration before I made the decision. Now that I've calmed down and thought a lot, I realize that even if we did get married then, it might not have resulted in happiness. I know you only agreed to

marry me because you wanted to get away from Weston Ford. Your reasons for wanting to marry me were not pure and sincere. But my own reasons were... not so pure and sincere either.

“Stella, perhaps all I wanted was to triumph over a man like Weston Ford. I know I have that competitive streak that men tend to have, which ultimately inflated the affection I felt for you.

“Besides, the way he coerced you made me feel like I could be your savior, swooping in and saving you from the clutches of misery.

“Although I did not succeed, I still made a false promise to you out of my own selfishness,” he admitted. “That alone must’ve caused you harm.”

After speaking, Justin felt as if a heavy weight had been lifted off his shoulders. He had always been troubled by his past behavior towards Stella.

Already pushing forty, he was no longer an immature kid who’d get carried away by love and romance. Even his own son was now ten. He should have never acted so rashly and unwisely.

After hearing all that, Stella also let out a long sigh of relief.

She smiled and softly said, “Don’t worry about it. I wasn’t rational back then. All I could think of was how to escape Weston’s control...” Seeing that she was relieved, Justin teased her, “You didn’t think that I would confess my love to you and try to take you away again, did you?”

Now sure that he had now let go of his feelings for her, Stella chuckled and replied, “No, not at all...”

“But you looked really nervous just now...”

As they chatted and laughed, the previously tense atmosphere relaxed considerably.

It was at that moment that Tina, clad in a business suit and busily flipping through the document in her hand, returned...

Chapter 1103

As she entered the room, she was met with the sight of the two people laughing and joking. She frowned and asked Justin, “Are you done with the task I gave you?” “Yeah,” Justin’s smile faded a little. “I’ve explained the whole process to her in detail.” “Good.” Tina then put the documents away and told Stella, “I’ll send the rest to Mr. Ford’s email. He’ll tell you what to do.”

“Okay.” Stella rose up to her feet and asked, “If there’s nothing else, can I go now?”

“Sure,” replied Tina.

She watched Stella as she walked away and suddenly thought of something. She turned to Justin and suggested, “Why don’t you send her off?”

Justin scrutinized her with a meaningful look, but Tina seemed oblivious, focusing intently on the computer screen in front of her.

Thus, he had little choice but to get up on his feet. "I'll send you off then," he told Stella.

\\ "Okay."

Although they had spoken about it before, the last time

Stella met Justin, she still felt an awkward atmosphere existing between them. But this time, they'd completely come clean and said everything they needed to say, and she no longer felt that sinking feeling when she looked at him.

They had just walked out of the door together when Justin suddenly stopped and told Stella, "I think I'd better leave you here. If I go any further, I'm afraid Weston Ford might..."

The corners of Stella's mouth twitched. She seemed to be smiling, yet her eyes were bereft of joy.

Justin knew what she had been going through lately, so he patted her shoulder and said, "I know you're not the kind to murder anyone. You still have a whole life ahead of you. Right now, just focus on protecting yourself."

Stella jerked her head up suddenly and looked at him. "Do you really believe that I didn't kill anyone?"

"Yes," he replied without any hesitation. "You wouldn't kill anyone, much less a young kid like Zachary Ford. You would never harm an innocent child like that."

Stella's eyes turned red. This was her first time hearing someone say explicitly that they believed in her and that she would never do such a heinous thing. Even Weston had been evasive about the matter. Sure, he had been trying to shield her from harm, exonerating her

from the charges, but he had never been willing to look into her eyes and truly trust her. Seeing Stella in that way made Justin sigh heavily. He looked up, and he got a sudden longing to smoothen the messy strands of hair on her head.

But then he thought about it and decided against it. He knew such a gesture might send the wrong message, and he put his hand back down. "We're still friends, you know. If you need any help from me, just say the word, okay?" After that, he walked up to her and gave her a polite and friendly hug. "Let's put the past behind us," he said. "The next time we meet, we'll just be good friends."

Stella nodded and patted his arm before letting him go. Justin chuckled under his breath when he noticed her distant gesture toward him.

“So I guess this is goodbye then,” he said. “I see Weston Ford’s assistant has been waiting anxiously for you over there.”

Hearing this, Stella turned around and, as expected, saw Ben standing at the car door looking at her.

When Ben saw both standing at the door, he wanted to approach them. However, he frowned deeply while

exuding an intensely austere aura. He was becoming more like his boss by the day.

Chapter 1104

Stella smiled apprehensively and waved Justin goodbye. “I’m getting into the car now,” she said.

“Okay.”

He watched Stella leave, then turned around and returned to the office.

“How was it?” Tina asked without even looking up when he got inside.

“What do you mean?” He paused in his steps, looking at her quizzically. “I was only saying goodbye to her.”

“I know you two were saying goodbye,” Tina’s gaze shifted from the computer to Justin, giving him a meaningful look. “That’s what I was asking you—how did your farewell go?”

Justin walked over to the water cooler and poured himself a glass. Her words told him that she had another meaning between the lines.

“It was just a farewell between two friends, and I was just sending her off. How else could it go?”

“I thought you must have had other things to talk about,” Tina replied simply. “After all, you came here to be my assistant because you wanted to meet her, right? I

left you both alone for quite a while just now. I’m sure I’ve given enough time, haven’t I?”

“Tina!” he suddenly snapped in anger and abruptly thumped the glass loudly on the table. “You think there’s something between Stella and me, don’t you?”

“It’s not that I think there’s something, I just know that there used to be something between you two,” Tina argued.

She put down the pen in her hand, wondering why Justin would suddenly lose his temper. "It just didn't work out, that's all. Don't think I don't know what's on your mind, Justin."

Justin's expressions soured drastically.

"I've just made it clear to her," he explained, "that I did have feelings for her in the beginning, but it was more of a man's ego and desire to win. Besides, she was being coerced by Weston Ford, so I just wanted to save her from that dire situation. The affection I felt for her was nowhere near enough to support a marriage..." "That's is your private business," replied Tina with a shrug, paying little attention to his explanation. "It doesn't concern me." Justin suddenly got inexplicably agitated by her response. He walked up to her with fists on his hips. "If it doesn't concern you, then why did you agree for me to be here

today?" "Because you're still the father of my son, after all. If you still have any lingering feelings for Stella or if you have something to tell her, I'm always ready to help you... Mmmph..."

Before she could finish speaking, the man suddenly kissed her.

Tina's eyes widened , but she was too shocked to react. She stared at the handsome face right next to hers and was in a daze for a few good minutes.

But after a while, the silence was broken by the sound of a slap,

Tina raised her hand and slapped him hard across his face.

"You a*****e!" she cursed.

Justin never thought that he would ever do such a thing himself. With a clear red mark on his face , he turned to the other side and remained motionless.

He panted heavily as he wiped the mark on the corner of his mouth and stayed silent.

Tina got up and went to the water cooler to get herself a glass of water. She then used it to rinse her mouth thoroughly.

Seeing this, Justin sneered, "We have a child together, you know. Which part of your body have I never touched?"

"A*****e!" she repeated, as if it was the only expletive she knew. She raised her hand as if she was about to give him another slap.

But in the end, she simply lowered it.

Justin's eyes darkened as he stared deeply at her.

“Why didn’t you hit me again?” he asked.

Tina took a deep breath to calm herself down and replied, “I’m not totally blind to your intents, Justin , but I think I’ve made myself clear... I have a boyfriend now.”

Justin’s pupils shrank instantly. Only then did he realize what he had just done.

He rested his arms on the table and massaged his forehead hard. After a long while, he finally said in a low raspy voice, “I’m sorry. I was being impulsive.” After that, he picked up his coat from the chair and turned to leave.

Chapter 1105

“I won’t be disturbing you with your work now,” said

Justin.

“Okay,” Tina replied simply, having no intention of sending him off. “Close the door behind you.”

Justin suddenly paused his steps. Hearing that reply from her made him head out of the studio without even looking back.

Meanwhile, outside, Stella was already inside the car.

As Ben drove, he glanced at her through the rearview mirror.

“Who was that man, Mrs. Ford?”

“Professor Justin Hall,” Stella rested her chin on her hand and stared outside the window. “He used to teach Roger.”

Ben was struck with guilt momentarily when he heard Roger’s name and thus avoided Stella’s eye contact, “Oh, so that was Professor Hall, huh? No wonder he looked a little familiar...”

“Just a little?” Stella shot him a cold look. “I thought you should know him very well.”

Ben touched his nose and turned the steering wheel,

saying, “You must be kidding, Mrs. Ford.”

Stella did not question him any further , but judging by how possessive Weston was, she knew that even the background of a male animal that got near her would be checked thoroughly, and since Ben was his assistant, he should naturally know everything about it.

"I'll take you back to Stardust Mansion now, Mrs. Ford. Mr. Ford should almost be done dealing with the rest. You'll have to appear in court tomorrow. Is there anything you're still unclear of?" Stella shook her head, then nodded, saying, "Ms. Hampton has explained everything clearly to me." "That's good."

Ben had been driving in an orderly manner, but suddenly

Bang! A white Porsche had rushed up from the side and hit them.

"What's going on?" Ben frowned and unbuckled the seat belt to get out of the car to check on the situation.

Just then, he saw someone familiar stepping out of the other car.

"Miss Cohen..." Ben was stunned for a moment. He was not expecting to see her here at all. "What are you doing

here, Miss Cohen?"

Guinevere seemed a little surprised as well. She was wearing sunglasses, and her high heels clinked as she walked up toward him. "I was meeting a director in this area," she replied. "What are you doing here?"

As she spoke, she took a peek at the car behind Ben and saw Stella inside. Then, it seemed a realization hit her.

"So you brought her here to find a way to save her at the trial tomorrow, huh?"

Ben ignored her question and said, "I'm sorry for hitting your car, Miss Cohen. Perhaps you can find out the total cost of the repairs and send the bill directly to my email, or perhaps..."

Even though Guinevere had clearly crashed into Ben's car, he knew he should offer to shoulder the blame based on social etiquette.

"That won't be necessary," Guinevere refused generously, very satisfied with Ben's attitude. "It was all my fault. I'll call my insurance company over now."

Ben nodded.

At that point, Stella got out of the car and asked, "What's going on?" "Just wait in the car, Mrs. Ford. We'll wait for the

insurance company to arrive, and I'll talk to them."

Guinevere saw Stella, and she eyed her from top to bottom before strutting up to her with a sneer.

"It's been a while, Stella... Sealey..."

She uttered Stella's name slowly, hatred obviously pouring through her teeth, though she tried her best to conceal it.

Guinevere would never let Stella know how much she truly hated her because, to a woman, being hated by another woman could be seen as an accomplishment and a form of compliment.

So far, Guinevere had always been the one who was hated. She had never hated anyone before; she had only felt contempt for some.

It was precisely why she didn't want Stella to think that she ever gave her the time of day, yet at the same time, 'Guinevere wanted nothing more than to eliminate Stella.