

Mr. Ford Is Jealous Chapter 1125-1129

Chapter 1125

The staff subsequently passed the message to Weston.

Weston sat in the lounge and listened to the staff retelling Stella's message. At first, he showed no emotions in his eyes. He simply sat there, as though all happiness and sorrow in the world couldn't shake him. However, underneath his seemingly unbridled coldness, countless cracks had already developed.

No one could see the turbulent emotions under his placid facade.

Weston stood up and said expressionlessly, "She can choose not to see me, but do pass the message to her. As long as she's in there, I'll find a way to get her out.

"She knows what I'm capable of."

After that, Weston turned and left without a word. Stella refused to see him, but that was fine since he would still get her out unscathed in just a few days. This left him in no hurry.

After that, outside the courtroom.

After seeing Weston's quick return, Michael asked him mockingly, "Stella has confused her crimes. Even if you want to see her, she probably doesn't want to see you,

does she?"

Weston ignored him and went straight to his car.

Michael shouted after him, "I know what you're thinking right now. Do you think you can get her out of there as long as you try? It's useless. You can try and find more evidence to clear her name, but if she doesn't want to come out, it'll be in vain!"

"What if she's mentally ill and has no way to take responsibility for her actions?"

Weston stopped and looked back at Michael, saying calmly, "Did you know? She's been mentally ill since a year ago. The psychiatrist has her medical record. If we release the evidence, she'll still come out unscathed."

Michael was stunned for a moment, not expecting Weston to have a backup plan.

He clenched his fist in anger. For some reason, he hated seeing Weston's confidence.

He had lost Diana. How could Weston still get what he wanted?

Michael looked at Weston's stiff figure from behind when some evil thoughts grew in his heart. He spat out a broken tooth and laughed sarcastically.

"You're always so confident, but I don't think you can wait until she's out. Even if you get her out, so what?"

She'll never forgive you."

After a pause, Michael gritted his teeth and said, "You killed her brother. She'll only want to kill you!"

Weston stopped dead in his tracks and turned to look at Michael. Anger welled in his eyes. "What did you just say?"

"Do you think you hid it so well? Stella long knew about Roger's death!"

Michael laughed at Weston's anger. "Guess what? I told her on that day she recorded it! I wanted to give her Roger's last recording, but she returned the favor by recording my conversation with her and gave it to Diana! It's retribution! She ended up where she is because of her actions..."

Weston could not listen to the rest of the story. He walked to Michael and slammed him against the car door.

Weston gave him a death glare and questioned, "Are you saying that she already knew about Roger's death?"

"That's right."

Michael got a little comfort seeing Weston lose his composure. He said, "Even the famous and all-powerful Weston can lose control because of a woman!"

He said with a sarcastic smile, "You, of all people, should know how important Roger was to her! When she left the Sealey family, she threw away her dignity and begged us for mercy, all for Roger's health. I regretted a little not

helping her before... But now that she's done this to me, I'm glad to see her end up like this..."

"Shut up!" Weston almost tried to kill him. He grabbed Michael by the neck and exerted more force.

Ben saw other cars coming in and guessed that the reporters might have gotten the news. He urged Weston, "Mr. Ford, we should go..."

The car stopped. It was Guinevere who came.

Chapter 1126

Guinevere got off the car and closed the door, and rushed over. She was shocked to see the situation. "What's going

on?"

When she heard that Stella had lost the case, she was stunned for a good while. With Weston's power, she shouldn't have lost the case. After that, she found out that Stella had pleaded guilty in court.

Guinevere couldn't understand Stella's actions, but it was none of her business. All she could care about was her agreement with Weston. Stella had lost the trial, so would Weston's promise still count?

"Stop fighting! Why can't you calm down and talk about it?"»

Guinevere rushed to Weston and tried to stop him, but Weston shook her off. "Get out of my way."

Michael laughed hysterically. He seemed to completely ignore his injuries.

"Just look at you. You're not much better than me. I lost Diana, but you won't have it any better! What if Stella is trying to punish you? Maybe she wants to let you suffer as she did before. After all, you forced her most important person to death. How could she stay by your side in peace? You're underestimating her!"

Weston's face was cold. For a moment, he looked like he wanted to kill Michael. He slammed his fist at Michael hard. In the next second, Michael stopped making a sound.

Michael looked blankly ahead and slowly fell to the ground.

Ben jumped in shock. "Mr. Ford..." He rarely saw Weston like this. Weston was completely out of control, so mad that he was about to kill someone in the street.

The rain only came down harder. Guinevere held the umbrella in her hand and did not dare to step forward. When Weston threw her aside, she hit the ground and had a small cut on her knee.

Guinevere urged, "Weston, you need to calm down. You're not helping..."

Weston ignored her. He walked past her and headed straight to the courthouse, stumbling a little.

Michael's words served as a harsh reminder. Stella had known about Roger's death, which meant her recent behavior might have been an act. She might be suicidal.

Weston walked forward. The further he walked, the weaker he felt. It was as if his heart was hollowed out.

Ben looked at his back with concern. He went after him and said, "Mr. Ford, I'm sure Mrs. Ford wouldn't do anything stupid..."

“Get lost!” Weston shook him off and hurried forward. He was afraid that he was one step too late. He feared that it would be too late.

Weston finally understood the look on Stella’s face when he left the mansion that day. It was the last time she would look at him.

However, what did he do then? He got angry at her, made her apologize to Guinevere, and forced her. He mistreated her so terribly.

A feeling of regret grew and overwhelmed him. It was just a short distance to the courthouse, but it took all his strength for him to get there.

Weston had never been afraid of a thing, but his fear was at its pinnacle at this moment.

It was heavier than the pain of watching Stella jump from the rooftop back then, so heavy that he felt suffocated.

He thought he had everything under control. He knew that even if Stella hated him, she would be unable to do anything with Roger around.

Weston was in complete disarray after knowing the truth. Stella knew Roger was dead. What would she do next?

He didn’t even dare to think about it.

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The rain was so heavy that the thick wall failed to block out its roar.

Stella was taken into the detention room to be held temporarily . Tomorrow, it seemed she would officially start her new life in prison.

The guards took her to a small room and told her, “Mr. Ford has already given his orders. We won’t give you too much trouble. Take care.”

After that, he closed the door and left.

Stella was left alone in the small, enclosed space. She looked at the tiny window, feeling a little lost.

She could see a little light there, but the light in her life had already extinguished completely.

Chapter 1127

Stella opened her palm and looked at the few oleander leaves. She deliberately took them with her before she left. No one knew about them.

The dose here was enough to kill an adult.

Stella stared at it for a few seconds and swallowed them

without hesitation. When she was in Stardust Mansion,

Joan watched over her all the time, and she had no way to

end herself. Even if she tried, Joan would soon find out something was wrong and report it to Weston. After that, she would only be watched more strictly.

Stella really did not want to live anymore. She could finally end her life without distractions right here.

The fragrance of oleanders lingered in her nose. The flower was so beautiful yet deadly. It could take a person's life.

Stella thought of how it resembled her short-lived love. It was full of color, yet so deadly.

Stella leaned against the wall and suddenly remembered something. It was her twenty-second birthday. She was only twenty when she married Weston. It had been almost two years after that.

In the recorder, Roger said that he would surprise her

today. She wondered what kind of surprise he had prepared. Unfortunately, she could not see it anymore. Even so, it did not matter. Soon, she would be meeting him on the other side.

Stella would soon be reunited with her unborn child and

Roger. She might not need to suffer so much pain in that afterworld of bliss. There might just be fewer tears.

She hoped Roger would not have any twisted feelings for her in that world. They would live together as a family again. She might even see her late mom and dad.

What would she have in that world? Would there be less cold and pain and more flowers and sunshine?

Stella's consciousness grew weak. She began to show some signs of poisoning.

She did not call out to anyone and sat in a corner quietly. Soon, her breathing started to become labored.

She felt like a piece of ice, slowly melting and rotting away in a dark place.

She felt like she was turning transparent and fading away.

Soon, the air in her lungs was being drained little by little. The angst in her blood gradually dissipated as time passed. At last, her body gradually turned stiff.

She closed her eyes and seemed to hear the sound of fireworks outside.

At the same time, a firework burst into the sky at Fern University as nightfall came. Everyone came out to look at the fireworks through the window.

This was Roger's gift to Stella for her twenty-second birthday. Unfortunately, he could no longer see it, and

neither could Stella.

Roger prepared the surprise ahead. It was a rainy day, so the fireworks did not last long before they went out. Roger left Stella his last words in the recorder. He said that his name might have signaled his end. The last thing he wanted to do was set the whole city on fire for her.

That night, many witnessed the gorgeous but short-lived fireworks display. Once the lights ended, no one remembered the beauty of the sparkles that streaked across the sky like shooting stars.

People continued to go about their business. No one would remember after the end of the firework. It only lasted just a moment in people's memory.

Ben got the news about the fireworks at Fern University. Apparently, Stella's name was spelled out at the end of the fireworks. However, it was raining, so the name did not show up perfectly. It was a waste.

After the fireworks went off, they got the news of Stella's death.

Chapter 1128

Without any source of light, the room was dark and damp. The space inside was so cramped that accommodating a corpse would be difficult, not to mention three adult men.

At first, no one thought Stella would take her own life. Instead, they all thought she would just stay in jail obediently and wait for Weston to get her out.

By the time they realized what was wrong, Stella had stopped breathing. Her heart stopped for good within just an hour.

Stella must have been determined to die. She had taken

far more than an adult's lethal dose of oleander.

The world thought she had killed an innocent child with oleanders, but she chose to end her own life in the same way. How could this not be a justification?

Even if Stella died, she was unwilling to be blamed as the murderer for nothing. Rumors soon spread that Stella had committed suicide because of fear. Some said she killed herself to prove her innocence.

Regardless of the rumors, she was already dead.

The dead could not talk nor speak for themselves. As time passed, the dead would soon be forgotten.

The corpse was still in the detention room. Michael was surprised at Stella's determination, not expecting her to commit suicide. Looking at her corpse, he had mixed feelings and couldn't tell what he felt. He thought he would be happy, but all he felt was a faint bitterness in his heart.

Ben was still dumbfounded over Stella's death.

Everything was fine before. Stella was still smiling and talking to him in the morning. However, in the blink of an eye, they lost both the trial and Stella.

Ben then came to a realization. Perhaps Stella had been determined to die. She had been putting on an act during all this time.

Ben looked at the man beside him. He tried to say something but could not make a sound.

Weston seemed unaffected on the outside. He stood in front of Stella and caressed her face as usual. He spoke to her naturally, "How can you sleep so well in such poor conditions..."

He sighed, "I originally intended to let you stay here for a few days before taking you home. I thought you should learn your lesson, but you were too obedient ... I'll take you home today, okay?"

Ben stood aside and listened as Weston spoke to Stella, as

his expression turned a little grim. At first, Ben thought Weston was unwilling to accept Stella's death, but he soon felt a little creepy after listening to what he said.

"Mr. Ford..." Ben didn't want to believe that Stella was dead, but the deceased could not come back to life.

The forensic pathologist determined the cause of death after examining Stella's corpse. Her heart had stopped due to an overdose of oleanders—the poison was too lethal, and although they took her to the hospital and tried to resuscitate her, it was in vain.

After a long afternoon, Ben finally mentioned the burial in fear. Weston acted as if he had not heard what Ben said. He told Ben, "Have the driver bring the car over. I'll take her home."

He looked at Ben indifferently. There was barely any emotion on his face. "Call Joan. Tell her to make Stella's favorite food for dinner. We'll be home soon."

Ben did not say anything and looked a little numb. He glanced at Michael, who stood next to him.

Ben urged, "Mr. Sealey, say something..."

Michael's mouth was set in a grim line. Weston's current state spooked him out a little.

"You should wait a moment. Give him a break," Micheal told Ben.

Diana's running away from home was already too much

for Michael to handle. So how was Weston going to

handle Stella's death?

Chapter 1129

Weston needed time. Not long after, the staff came over and told Ben, "A lady outside says she wants to see the deceased."

Weston frowned a little at the word "deceased." His eyes displayed a sharp cold as if he was shooting daggers, making a chill run down the spine of whoever had the misfortune of meeting him

Ben hurriedly stepped in front of him. He lowered his voice and said to the staff, "Who?"

The staff jumped in shock and stammered, "She said her name was Diana..."

Michael stood sharply. "Diana? She's here?"

Ben stood up as well. Diana must have heard about Stella's death and wanted to see her since she wouldn't have shown up in Michael's presence. She would have avoided him at all costs.

Ben looked at Weston and sought his permission. "Mr. Ford..."

"Let her in," Weston rasped in a hoarse and broken voice.

Weston focused all his attention on Stella. He tidied her hair and treated her like his precious treasure. He only paid attention to the outside world occasionally.

but

Weston thought Stella did not want to see Michael, she was probably worried about Diana. He thought he should grant her wish, so he let her in.

Stella had a grievance and was always angry with him. If he stopped Diana from seeing her, she might get angry again.

Weston thought he should not have been so hard on her. He should have spoiled her little temper. What was the big deal about spoiling her?

After all, Stella was his dearest woman. If she wanted something, he would give it to her. So there was no point fighting about right and wrong. It was simply pointless.

Diana hurried in once she was granted permission. She was still wearing the same clothes as yesterday. It looked like she had not found a place to stay. No one knew where she had gone.

She didn't seem to fare much better than Michael. Her face was full of anxiety, and her eyes were red and swollen, either from crying too hard yesterday or because of Stella's death.

Diana rushed over in a hurry and didn't notice Michael. She only looked straight at Stella, muttering her name. "Stella..."

Her voice trembled as she whispered her name. She had

cried so much that her tears had already dried up.

Michael saw her staggering and rushed to her. He tried to reach out and hold her. "Don't be too upset. You're pregnant with a baby..."

Diana didn't expect to see Michael around. After a short pause, she shook his hand away and warned coldly, "Don't touch me!"

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Michael looked at his empty hands and laughed bitterly. He followed behind Diana, not daring to speak again.

Diana went to Stella's side and looked down at her sleeping face. She wrinkled her nose and turned her head away, refusing to give the corpse another look.

"How can this be..."

Stella seemed fine a while ago and didn't even show the slightest suicidal tendency. She would greet her with a smile and ask her about the pregnancy. Why was Stella so desperate that she took her own life?

Diana clenched her fist in silence. Then, she shot a glare at Weston. "Did you force her? Did you do something to her? That's why she couldn't think straight and took her own life!"

Weston said nothing. He continued holding Stella's hand and focused on just her.

Stella's fingers curled slightly. Weston smoothed them out one by one, keeping her muscles relaxed.

He said flatly, "She's just angry. She didn't kill herself. I won't make her angry again. I'll give her whatever she wants."

"What's the use of saying that now?"

Diana bellowed out rashly, "She's already dead..."

"She's not dead!!!" Weston cut her off with a stern voice. As a murderous aura flashed in his eyes, the air around him froze over. He looked gloomy and furious.