

Mr. Ford Is Jealous Chapter 1130-1134

Chapter 1130

Michael rushed forward and stood in front of Diana, protecting her behind. He frowned and said, "Let's not talk about this now. We have to prepare for Stella's..."

"Stella's funeral" was what he wanted to say, but thinking of Weston's current state, he quickly swallowed his words.

Michael muttered in a low voice, "She can't stay here forever. Just let Mr. Ford take her away."

Weston got up and picked Stella up in his arms. The oleander's poison had not worn off yet, and there were still visible purple spots on her body.

Weston took off his suit jacket and wrapped her in it. He whispered in her ear, "Let's go home and have the doctor look at you, okay? I know you love to look good. You don't like these ugly marks on your body."

What he said caused the crowd in the room to look at each

other in disbelief.

Diana was just as grief-stricken, but it was obviously nowhere near Weston's extent.

Was Weston refusing to accept her death, or was he hallucinating?

The news of Stella's suicide spread through Ahn City like a fire razing a dry field on a windy day.

Guinevere originally thought she would have to fight Stella for a little longer. She did not expect Stella to give up just like this.

Now, she could rest easy and wait for Weston to fulfill his promise. Either way, she did drop the charges against Stella and signed a letter of understanding.

Stella's suicide in prison had nothing to do with her. Weston had not left Stardust Mansion after the news of Stella's death—he handed over his responsibilities at Ford Corporation to Xavier, seeming to be giving up his own share in addition to the shares he had promised

Xavier before.

The Cohen family had a problem with the new arrangement. After all, they had a project with Ford Corporation and did not feel comfortable with Weston

leaving everything to Xavier. Mainly, it was because they were unsure if they would make any money.

Guinevere tried to meet with Weston many times, but he kept her away.

Weston would not see anyone, not even Warren, let alone her.

Guinevere returned to the Cohen family home and did not go to Golden Eve Apartment.

Mrs. and Mr. Cohen said to her directly, "Can you contact Weston? He was in charge of the company's project. It mustn't go wrong. Now that Xavier is in charge, the board of directors is having doubts. The company is on edge..."

"Mom, Dad. Stop pushing me. If I can contact him, would I be sitting here?"

Guinevere was upset. "He promised to marry me, but he wouldn't even see me now..."

Mr. Cohen said nothing. His face turned ugly.

Mrs. Cohen was silent. She wanted to say something, but she stopped.

Mrs. Cohen had been looking at Guinevere's deal with Weston. She hoped to find a breakthrough with Guinevere, but it seemed futile.

"Stella is already dead. Why is he still obsessed with her?"

Mrs. Cohen had to complain, "She's just a murderer. She took her life in prison because of fear. I don't understand. How is she better than Gwen?"

Guinevere did not say anything, but she thought the

same.

Stella was finally dead this time. Guinevere did not have to do anything, and Stella was already dead in prison.

Weston was very obsessed with Stella, but she died just when he loved her most.

Chapter 1131

Guinevere could not help but wonder if she'd ever replace Stella in Weston's heart someday.

But she was dead now anyway, so what would be next if she could never win over her? Guinevere still had a long future ahead. She was sure that in the end, Weston's heart, body, and soul would eventually belong to her.

Hence, she was in no hurry.

“Don’t worry about it, Mom, Dad. Xavier is still a Ford, after all. If something serious happens to the project, I’m sure Weston would come in and help him.”

“That would be best, of course. Otherwise...”

Mr. Cohen glanced coldly at Guinevere and said, Otherwise, we’ll have to consider withdrawing our cooperation with the Ford family.”

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It was Weston Ford who had been overseeing their collaborative projects with Ford Corporation. Now that Weston wasn’t at the company, there was no guarantee that Xavier Ford would be able to take over all of Weston’s roles effectively.

Warren Ford had personally gone to Stardust Mansion countless times, but each time, he was barred from entry

without exception. The only explanation he ever got was, “Mr. Ford is not accepting any visitors. He will not see anyone.”

Warren Ford had just stepped out of the car when he received the same excuse again.

He was so enraged that he flung his cane to the ground, snapping, “Is he going to forsake the whole company just for one woman?! He hasn’t stepped out of this house for the entire week! What on earth is he thinking?!”

“I’m truly sorry, Mr. Warren. We’ve done all we could to persuade him, but it was all futile...”

Ben was looking utterly exhausted. His bloodshot eyes had thick red veins in them.

It had already been a week since Stella’s death. No matter what happened, her body had to be buried soon.

Yet Weston would not listen to anyone’s pleas or advice. To this day, he still lived with Stella’s corpse as if she was still alive.

In order to slow down the rate of decay, he hired the most renowned experts to preserve her body in a state as close to its original as possible.

All the projects at the company had now been handed over to Xavier Ford. Right now, there was only one thing on Weston’s mind—to build a new hospital not far away from Stardust Mansion with the sole purpose of keeping

Stella in a completely sterile place where her body would

never rot.

Even Ben thought he had gone raving mad when he heard it.

Yet Weston simply would not listen to anyone now. He would spend his days doing nothing but talk to Stella's

corpse.

Ben was totally at a loss for what to do.

"If I'd known this would happen," Warren Ford said, "I would've dealt with Stella Sealey a lot sooner so Weston wouldn't turn out to be a brainless zombie like he is now! Everyone's laughing at him!"

"I don't think you should say that, Mr. Chairman. To tell you the truth, I don't think Mrs. Ford had anything to do with Zachary Ford's death..."

"But the evidence speaks for itself!" barked Warren Ford furiously. "Even now, you're still making excuses for that woman? You're no different from your boss! You've all been completely blindsided by that witch!"

Ben said nothing in reply.

Although Warren Ford lost his temper, Weston was still unwilling to come out and meet him, leaving him with little choice but to go home.

Not only was Weston's family unable to see her, but even Stella's friends couldn't see her either. Bradley Lane,

Yvonne, and Angelina had been calling Ben so many times that his phone almost exploded.

Yet Weston still refused to relent, harshly disallowing anyone from even taking a glimpse of Stella.

Yvonne had the most intense reaction. But, unfortunately, it was her husband Lucas who had to bear the brunt of her anger.

"What kind of a lunatic do you think Weston Ford is?" she asked him. "She's already dead! Why would he keep her body and refuse to bury her? Can't he just let her friends pay their last respects to her?"

As she spoke, she got so agitated that she burst into tears again.

"I knew nothing good would come of her being with Weston Ford!" she continued. "Two years ago, she lost her only child because of him, and now, this happened! Is Weston Ford cursed, or is he her nemesis who wouldn't stop harming her even though she's dead?!"

She had put it so terribly that Lucas massaged his temples, feeling deeply sorry about the whole matter.

"It's all happened now," he reminded her. "You're not helping anyone by saying all these things. Just give him a little more time. I'm sure he'll eventually pull through this."

Chapter 1132

But Lucas's words only sought to rile Yvonne's anger.

"What if he never gets over it?!" she asked. "Is he going to wait till Stella's body rots and stinks before he does something about it?!"

"Calm down," he replied. "None of this is my fault, so don't take it out on me. It's pointless."

Lucas reached out a hand and pulled her down to sit on his lap.

"In two days," he said, looking at her, "I'll be leaving for a work trip. You'll probably have to be home alone for a while."

Yvonne paused and turned towards him.

"But you've always brought me along when you're on a work trip!" she argued. "What's the problem?"

Hadn't she always been by his side whenever he was on a work trip?

"But it's different this time," he answered, looking seriously at her while tucking her hair behind her ear. "I might have to go to a very remote place this time. There's been an infectious disease outbreak, and I don't want you to be there. It's very dangerous."

"If it's dangerous for me," she argued, "then it must be dangerous for you too, right?"

Yvonne suddenly realized something and moved on his lap, but in the next moment, Lucas pinched her waist to make her stay still.

"No!" she insisted. "I'm going with you too!"

"No," Lucas grabbed her hand and patiently reassured her, "it's really too dangerous for you. You'll only be a burden to me. I'm going with the intention to help them, but with you there, I'd have to divide my attention, and

that's not ideal."

Yvonne pursed her lips tightly and stared at him

stubbornly.

Lucas couldn't help but sigh.

"Aren't you worried about Stella right now?" he asked. "What if Weston thought it through suddenly and decided to give her a proper funeral, but you're not here to send her off for the last time?"

Those words instantly hit Yvonne's raw nerves.

As Stella's friend, she had always felt herself inadequate and regretted that she never helped her enough. She had so many opportunities to help Stella in the past. She should have done more back then, but all she did was helplessly watch as Stella jumped into the fiery pit of hell.

"If only our family was more powerful than Weston Ford ..." she sighed. "If I'd known it would end up this way, I would've taken her away from him. I wouldn't have let her end up like this."

"Are you forgetting that you're a woman?" Lucas chuckled softly. "What would you do with her once you've taken her away from him?"

"Don't worry," she glared at him, "I don't like women in that way. I just..."

The more she spoke about Stella, the more she sighed with melancholy, and her heart grew gloomier and gloomier. It was almost unbearable to even think about her.

"I need to go calm myself down," she said, pushing Lucas away and rising to her feet. "I'll think of a way to make Weston come to his senses. The weather is getting warmer, and if Stella doesn't get a proper funeral soon, things might get really ugly..."

Meanwhile, Bradley Lane had been going everywhere, inquiring about Weston.

At the time, the whole of Ahn City was guessing what Weston would do. All the evidence he had prepared to prove Stella's innocence was now useless since she was already dead.

Yet he still would not let anyone see Stella's body at all.

Stardust Mansion was heavily guarded around the clock, and nobody could get through to the inside.

Apart from Joan, the housekeeper, who would occasionally enter and exit the mansion, no one else knew the real situation that they were in.

No one could contact Weston Ford, so as his personal assistant, Ben became the target of public criticism. Still, Ben was completely powerless to do anything. All he could do was to follow Weston's orders, nothing more.

Soon, those people learned that they could never tease anything out of Ben's mouth, so they shifted their attention to Xavier Ford instead.

Xavier Ford had been extremely busy lately. Even his girlfriend Daisy had not contacted him much at all. Having just dealt with a big project, he saw Bradley Lane approaching him from a distance as soon as he stepped out of the car.

“Where is Weston Ford right now? Where has he been hiding Stella? He’s taken too long! Isn’t he going to come out yet? How long will he hide in his shell like a tortoise?”

Bradley hit Xavier with a barrage of questions as soon as they met.

Chapter 1133

Xavier rubbed his brows, but he did not look all that surprised.

“So you finally caught me...” he muttered.

Of late, everyone in their social circle had been trying to get a hold of news about Weston from him. He had been able to fend off some, but someone eventually slipped through. Bradley finally caught him, though.

“It’s totally pointless to say all these to me,” he told Bradley. “Weston does whatever the hell he wants now without the slightest care for the advice of others. No one can influence him or change his mind. He’s just too deeply obsessed with Stella Sealey. He won’t let go of her so easily, not even in death.”

“Does he not understand what it means to let her soul rest?” Bradley was now so agitated that he grabbed Xavier’s collar. “The film is about to be released. By tomorrow, it will be shown in cinemas across the country. Why can’t he let Stella’s soul be in peace? Let tomorrow’s premiere be a last farewell to her.”

“I can tell Weston everything you just said,” said Xavier, but I can’t guarantee if he’ll listen to me.”

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Xavier let out a sigh. He had indeed hated Stella before, but never to the point where he wanted her dead.

Now that she was dead, it was as if all the hatred and anger he felt for her gradually dissipated, and only fond memories of her were left behind.

“Weston treated Stella horribly when she was alive,” continued Bradley. “Now that she’s dead, he should try to make up for it by being kinder to her...”

In the end, Bradley released Xavier with those heartfelt parting words.

Xavier fell silent for a while before nodding, saying, “Don’t worry. I’ll convey those words to him.”

Xavier wasn't the only one who was troubled. Henry Moore himself had been getting headaches lately.

Ever since the last time, Angelina hardly ever came for him, and they both peacefully led their own separate lives. Henry himself had no desire to have this inferior substitute of Faye prancing around him.

But ever since Stella died, Angelina had once again started to badger him like crazy. Every time they met, the first thing that would come out of her mouth was, "Have you seen Weston Ford?"

She would appear in front of him every day with reddened eyes, all just to hear some news about Stella Sealey.

At first, Angelina simply couldn't accept the fact that

Stella had really died. But gradually, reality sank in, and she learned how to handle the blow. All she wanted now was to see Stella for one last time. At the very least, Stella's friends should have a chance to attend her funeral and bid her their final goodbyes.

Yet Weston Ford would not even let them have that. He insisted on keeping Stella all to himself. When she was still alive, he was so possessive over her he wouldn't even let her meet her friends. Now, although she was dead, he still wouldn't let her friends see her body either.

Even for Weston Ford, this was a bit beyond the pale.

Knowing that Henry Moore was Weston's best friend, Angelina could only go to him and beg for his help.

"I'll do whatever you want me to," she told him. "Please just ask Weston Ford to come out and say something ..."

At that point, Angelina was no longer interested in finding out if Stella had anything to do with Zachary Ford's death. It no longer mattered if she was the murderer or not since she was dead anyway.

As things stood, the guilt of the crime would forever be chained to her name if nothing were done about it.

"Even though she died," Angelina added, "Weston Ford

must come forward to clear her name. Then he should

give her a proper funeral. Whatever the case, he shouldn't act the way he is..."

As she got to this point, Angelina even cried out, "Henry Moore, please do me a favor and talk to Weston!"

“Isn’t it bad enough that he tormented her while she was still alive?” she asked. “Does he have to imprison her after her death too?”

Henry said nothing. His countenance remained cold and indifferent.

While she begged, Angelina couldn’t stop herself from shedding a few tears. She sniffled, trying her best to hold

them back.

Chapter 1134

Henry was turning his wheelchair when he saw her tears falling, and a strange pain began to ache in his heart.

He was stunned. It felt as if the person in front of him was not Angelina Thompson, but...

He quickly closed his eyes, wishing to rid his mind of those messy thoughts.

“I’ll try my best to persuade him,” he said, “but whether or not he’ll listen to me will depend on him.”

He then swept a glance over at the woman in front of him and said, “Don’t ever show up in front of me again after this. It’s annoying.”

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As soon as he finished his sentence, he turned his

wheelchair and left.

Angelina watched his silhouette receding into the distance, making no move to chase after him.

All the commotion outside seemingly didn’t reach Stardust Mansion at all.

Inside, Joan was on pins and needles. Devastated over Stella’s death at first, she was soon horrified by whatever was taking place there.

OSTA

Weston would carry Stella’s body around every day and go on with his daily life with the corpse just as he would back when she was still alive.

He would hold her up early in the mornings and help her wash up. Then he would take her to the dining table as he sat beside her, eating the breakfast Joan had prepared. Every once in a while, he would say something to the corpse with the gentlest of expressions.

In fact, Weston seemed to be acting just like his usual self. Had it not been his chilling behavior these past few days, Joan wouldn't have been so terrified or walked on eggshells all the time.

At first, she still tried to talk some sense into him, but later, she didn't even dare to say a word to him.

Sometimes he would carry Stella into the back garden so she could bask in the sun after changing her into a white dress. Those purple spots on Stella's skin still had not faded, so Weston hired a makeup artist to cover them up nicely for her.

Stella's eyes were now always shut. Her hair was starting to dry up. Her face was so pale that it seemed translucent.

In fact, she was ashen and gray, just like a corpse.

As if dissatisfied with the makeup artist's skills, Weston decided to do it himself.

One day, as soon as Joan entered the door, she was met

with the sight of Weston combing Stella's hair. He had even learned how to groom her eyebrows. He was quick to pick up these skills, and soon, he could do the things that women did and could even apply makeup and dress her till she looked quite decent.

But this only terrified Joan further.

As she watched him live with a corpse every day, she could not help but worry about Weston's mental state, so she secretly contacted Dr. Quirk.

As soon as he received Joan's call, Dr. Quirk quickly rushed over to see him. He had, in fact, been trying to contact Weston himself these past few days but to no avail.

Even his best friend Henry Moore, his uncle Xavier Ford, and his grandfather Warren Ford failed to speak any sense into him, so there was not much hope that a stranger would fare any better.

As he arrived at Stardust Mansion, Joan was already waiting for him at the door. Had it not been for her help, he might not even get the chance to enter the place.

"It's so good to see you, Dr. Quirk!"

"Please go check on Mr. Ford," she spoke in a hushed voice as she led him into the mansion through the back door. "I don't know what's gotten into him. He's been carrying Mrs. Ford's corpse around all day. He even speaks to her. I'm really worried about him. If this goes

on, things might get really bad..."

"Don't worry," Dr. Quirk nodded and reassured her. "I'll go take a look at him now."

From afar, he could already see Weston sitting on the swing in the back garden with Stella in his arms. He would lean down from time to time to say something to her. His expressions were tender and warm, and his eyes were clear—there were ostensibly no signs of madness at all.

“Mr. Ford,” Dr. Quirk slowly approached him.

Weston’s face turned cold as soon as he heard the footsteps. He turned swiftly around and asked, “What are you doing here, Dr. Quirk?”

He stood up slowly while still propping Stella up. An

obvious look of displeasure flashed across his face as he watched Dr. Quirk walk up to him.

“I don’t remember asking for you,” he said.

“I just stopped by to see you,” replied Dr. Quirk. “Joan is really worried about you.”