

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous Chapter 1140-1142

### Chapter 1140

“But the court hasn’t even convicted her yet. Isn’t it a little unfair to call her a murderer?”

“She’s admitted it herself! She clearly pled guilty, yet all these people are coming out to defend her! I really don’t

get it!”

“So what if she’s dead? I’m just so sick of people saying that you have to respect the dead so much right now!”

And so another war of words ignited on the internet.

But overnight, all the heated discussions about this matter mysteriously vanished. Everything that had to do with this huge scandal simply disappeared without a trace. Even when people searched for it specifically, nothing came up at all.

It was as if the name Stella Sealey was completely wiped out from the internet.

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Apart from the film that she appeared in, there was no other news or gossip about Stella Sealey at all. Even when people posted a comment using a confusing code name instead of Stella’s real name, it would all be quickly deleted.

This left everyone online dumbfounded.

“What’s going on here?”

afterward, an official statement was released with the following words:

Ms. Stella Sealey was never anybody’s mistress before she died. She had always lived an honest and conscientious life and was a dedicated actress throughout the filming process. She had never wronged anyone her whole life.’

This statement was officially released by the Ford family, and it even came with their official seal.

As soon as the statement came out, it immediately caused an uproar.

Guinevere was immediately thrown into chaos as she rushed to suppress the public opinion against her.

But before anybody could catch a breath, Weston, who by that point had been missing for so many days, suddenly spoke up and announced that he would be holding a press conference.

Guinevere's first reaction when she heard the news was a pang of guilt. She had a looming feeling of doom about it and went on to repeatedly call Weston.

But, unsurprisingly, he did not answer any of her calls at

all.

She was about to go mad! She had completely no idea of

hat Weston was trying to do!

All along, she had been trying to contact him but to no avail. Now that he suddenly appeared, she was sure that nothing good would come of this.

She just had to find out what exactly he was planning to do, come what may.

She went to Warren Ford for help, but because Weston had previously enraged him so much, he had been cooped up in his mansion ever since and refused to receive any guests.

But seeing that it was Guinevere who had come over, he still forced himself to see her briefly.

Guinevere plopped down on the floor as soon as she saw him, kneeled in front of Warren Ford, and pleaded, "You have to rein Weston in, Grandpa! I don't know what he's trying to do..."

"He's only holding a press conference," replied Warren. His eyes looked old and tired as he sat on the carved mahogany chair, sipping a cup of tea. Warily, he added, "At this point, he wouldn't even listen to me anymore, so just let him do what he wants to. Besides, that woman is dead now, so there's no need to stop him from doing whatever he wants anyway."

"But..." Guinevere clenched her fists, her heart feeling extremely uneasy. "I just have a feeling that he's going to take revenge on us."

ige?" Warren reacted as if he'd heard a funny joke. "That woman killed herself! What does it have to do with us? She even saved me the effort of having to deal with her myself." Guinevere could not explain how she felt at the time. She just knew that it was so hard to bear.

"But Grandpa," Guinevere continued to beg, "in case Weston is really trying something..." "You can leave now," Warren waved his hand dismissively at Guinevere. "I have no desire to interfere with the business between you and Weston anymore."

"Grandpa!" Guinevere stared incredulously at Warren, who had just turned to leave, her eyes flashing with hatred.

He used to be so supportive of her in the past. He even took her hands and assured her that he wanted her to be his granddaughter-in-law, but now?

He had completely gone back on his word.

All those people who had promised to help and support her had now turned a deaf ear to her pleas.

Guinevere could hardly bear it.

She had gone to countless other people to seek their help, but to no avail. In the end, she had no one else to turn to but Chris Ford.

## **Chapter 1141**

“Chris, do you know that Weston is going to hold a press conference?”

As soon as she arrived at Ford Mansion, Guinevere got out of the car and rushed straight to Chris’ study.

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Chris was in a terrible fix after what happened lately, and now he only focused on accompanying Wendy. He knew that she might have noticed something, but he would not let anything go wrong with his marriage at this juncture.

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This was all he could take.

“I know.”

Guinevere grabbed his hand and said earnestly, “I think Weston will definitely not give up. Is he planning on

getting back at us?”

Chris thought that she was overthinking and pulled his hand out. “Stella killed herself. Why would he?”

She froze for a moment, not knowing how to explain this. She was the one who drove her to her suicide. If only she didn’t kill her own son and framed Stella for it...

Guinevere inhaled deeply to stop herself from thinking about it.

No one knew that she had done such a thing.

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It took a long time before she looked at the woman in front of her in shock. “Did you actually hit me?”

Chris was equally shocked, not anticipating Wendy's sudden outburst.

He walked up to Wendy hurriedly and grabbed her wrist. "What are you doing?" "What am I doing? Ask her yourself!" Wendy laughed, then looked at him. "Your son has already told us everything at the press conference." Guinevere's heart skipped a beat. "The conference isn't until tomorrow night..."

"It's been brought forward."

Wendy walked up to Guinevere slowly, with red eyes as if smeared with poison. "I really didn't expect you two to do such a thing under my nose!" After she said that, she slapped Guinevere again. "What a shameless b\*tch!" Guinevere was struck so hard that she fell onto the ground this time.

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She looked back at Wendy with extreme shock written in her eyes. "What are you talking about? I don't understand a thing..."

"You can't understand? Watch the press conference,

then! Everyone knows about it."

## **Chapter 1142**

Wendy took a step backward and looked at Guinevere, then at Chris, who was standing in place, dumbfounded." Great, just great. Zachary, who I've been raising as a grandson, is actually the son of you two! Hah! Hahaha!"

She burst out laughing. She laughed fiercely, and her tears were falling uncontrollably.

The more she spoke, the paler Chris' face became.

He wanted to go up and explain to her, but his feet seemed nailed to the spot, preventing him from walking. His hands started to tremble. It was summer, but his back was soaked with sweat.

He never thought that Wendy would discover it. Of course, he knew this would happen someday, but he never expected it to happen now.

The secret he had kept for so long had been revealed so easily.

Suddenly, something flashed across his mind-if Weston announced this in the press conference, didn't this mean that everyone must've known about it already? Having figured it out, Guinevere shrieked loudly, covering her ears and screaming like crazy.

It was the very thing she had refused to face, yet it would be exposed like a gaping wound.

She stood up, looked at the people in front of her in uncertainty, and then broke down and ran out.

All the reporters at the press conference were stunned. The man in front of them was still as cold and reserved as he always was. It was as if his disappearance for the last few days meant nothing. Donning a full suit, he sat in the middle. Though all the microphones and cameras were pointing at him, he moved around with practiced ease, as if he were a noble.

“I have said everything I needed to say. Any questions?”

“Mr. Ford, is it true what you just said?”

“Of course.”

The reporter was so shocked that he could not speak.

“You just said that Zachary is the son of your father and Guinevere. Then why was it rumored before that he was yours?”

“It was just a rumor. I never admitted it. I never clarified it simply for the sake of preserving his dignity.”

When he said that, everyone came to a realization.

Guinevere had been, in fact, the only player all this while.

Weston had never cooperated with her, and he did this by showing no affection.

At first, they thought it was simply not in Weston’s interest, but little did they expect that Zachary was not his son.

“So then, the feud between you three...”

“There is only one thing I want to clarify in this press conference: my wife, Stella, has no reason to kill Zachary,” Weston interrupted indifferently. 1

He knew the public was under the impression that she killed Zachary out of jealousy.

Only he knew that he was the actual person she intended to kill.

He didn’t care at all whether she killed Zachary by mistake; all he had to do now was tell the truth and keep Guinevere from slandering Stella.

“Guinevere and I were never like what the tabloids put. It was always a means to cover up a family scandal.”