

Mr. Ford Is Jealous Chapter 1143-1146

Chapter 1143

The reporters were astounded, not expecting to hear such shocking news.

“Then why does Guinevere keep claiming that you are the father of her child? It doesn’t make sense!”

After a long silence, Weston said, “I didn’t want to tell you this at first. But since it has harmed my wife’s reputation, I must clarify this. Guinevere had been pursuing me for a long time, but I never responded, so she got very upset and slept with my father instead with the intention of punishing me. After that night, she got pregnant. Because of her rare blood type, she could only have one child, so she had to keep the baby. I planned to tell everything to my mother at first, but I was afraid she couldn’t take it because of her heart disease. So, I decided to keep it a secret. Anyway, I did not expect that Guinevere would suffer a memory distortion later, where she couldn’t recall who she slept with that night, thinking it was me. My father begged me, hoping I’d shoulder the responsibility since he didn’t want this to affect his family and marriage...”

When he said this, he paused for a long time.

A hint of gloominess flashed across his eyes before he continued, “It’s partly my fault for not handling the matter well that my wife became the victim. I shouldn’t

have dragged her into this before I could sort it out.”

The reporters were still holding their equipment, and camera flashes and shutters went off in a frenzy.

Apart from that, however, it was silent all around. They were probably speechless at the mind-blowing truth.

Apparently, Stella was the innocent one from the beginning until the end.

She hadn’t done anything else except marry Weston, yet she suffered unbearable criticisms and finally perished.

“Mr. Ford, were all those things after Guinevere’s doings?”

“I will submit the evidence to the court.”

Weston’s cold voice matched the look in his eyes that were devoid of warmth. “It will be announced officially in the future.”

Everyone understood that he was about to take action against Guinevere.

Bradley was also standing among the crowd. As he was listening to Weston, he laughed sarcastically.

What was the point of thinking about taking action against Guinevere now? 1

Stella was already dead, and these people killed her!

If they thought that Stella was jealous of Zachary's identity of being the son of Weston and Guinevere, it did not hold water now.

Bradley never believed that Stella could be that kind of person.

Then, he saw Weston, surrounded by the reporters, standing up and saying calmly, "If there are no other questions, I shall end the press conference."

He continued, "My wife is still waiting for me in the car."

The atmosphere became eerily silent the moment he said that.

Wasn't Stella his wife?

Wasn't Stella dead?

They exchanged glances, unable to fathom what Weston meant.

Regardless, some of them heard inside stories that Weston had not been in the right mind recently.

Stella was obviously dead, but he was treating her as if she were alive.

He took her to his home daily and lived with her as usual. This sounded a bit creepy.

With that said, although they found it horrifying, no one dared to say anything.

It was then that Ben rushed in anxiously and said to

Weston, "Mr. Ford, something terrible has happened! Someone set your car on fire! It's burning!!

Chapter 1144

Weston went pale as a sheet and marched outside, followed by an anxious Ben.

The reporters did not know what was happening and swarmed out, pursuing him.

Weston had almost lost his mind when he ran out. His eyes were tinted with a dark color.

He wanted to bring Stella along with him at first, but her current state didn't allow her to meet outsiders.

In their eyes, she was a corpse now. To him, however, she was his wife, dead or alive.

With that in mind, he had left her in the car and planned to return to her soon. However, he did not expect such an accident to occur.

Maybe it wasn't a mere accident.

Standing beside the black Gust was Guinevere, holding a jerry can and laughing so hard that she was tearing up.

When she saw Weston run out, she broke out into a hysterical fit, yelling, "I have done so much for you, yet you did this to me, all for a dead person?!"

She thought they would've taken the secret to the grave with them.

She was unwilling to accept the fact that she slept with Chris, so she kept lying to herself until she believed in her own lie.

However, she vaguely recalled the scene of that night after some time. Unwilling to accept the truth, she kept deceiving herself..

Then, completely out of expectation, Weston destroyed her dream in front of everyone

She fell to the ground and watched as the man she had been dreaming about stormed towards the black luxury car like a madman.

She laughed tearfully. "Hah... You really love her. How could you love her so much..."

She wanted to demand an explanation from him, an explanation of why he had to do such a thing to her.

But the moment he got out of the car, she saw Stella, who had been dead for days, sitting in the worldwide limited edition Gust owned by Weston

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She was so jealous at that moment that she almost went

crazy.

What the hell???

How could a person who was already dead still get Weston's love?

It also seemed that Guinevere only realized that Weston was already deeply in love with Stella after her death.

She had never seen Weston like this before.

Even when the two were in the best state of their relationship , Weston would merely be courteous to her.

Now that she thought about it, maybe Weston was acting out of guilt, or perhaps he only accommodated her because of his father.

Why?

Why?

The more she thought about it, the more resentful she felt.

Her eyes were bloodshot.

She wanted to destroy Stella totally, even if it meant burning her body.

As the flame was flaring up, she saw the man rushing straight over.

She had only seen Weston like that once before.

It was when they were on the balcony two years ago, when he had to choose between her and Stella while they – were both in the hands of the kidnapper.

Stella jumped straight off the balcony.

She did not expect that Stella would do this. She told the kidnappers to bring her to a secluded corner to dispose of

her.

She never thought that Stella would resist in such an aggressive manner.

It was on that fateful day when she saw Weston lose control of himself.

If the person next to him had not moved quickly enough, he would have jumped down with Stella.

The scene from two years ago suddenly overlapped with the scene before her.

She saw Weston rushing towards the burning limousine as if he wanted to die.

Guinevere let out a shrill cry.

“Aaahhh!!!”

Chapter 1145

Guinevere covered her ears as though deafening sirens were blaring all around her.

Ben hurriedly got some men to come over to restrain Weston so that he could not move any nearer.
“Mr. Ford! Mr. Ford!”

She could only see the man frantically shake off the bodyguards, wanting to dive into the fire.

Finally, from the craziness in the beginning, it gradually turned into calmness.

“She is dead. She is totally gone, not even leaving you with ashes!”

Guinevere started laughing.

She was not the only one in the world who loved the unattainable.

She also wanted to witness Weston suffer the same pain.

She felt satisfied.

Weston fell to the ground and watched the car burning with red eyes.

Seeing him finally stop struggling, Ben knelt beside him and begged, “Calm down, Mr. Ford, don’t act recklessly.”

The fire burnt the last bit of Stella into nothingness.

It suddenly started to rain.

It had been a sunny day, just like the weather on the day she confessed in court.

It started out as a little drizzle and got heavier and heavier.

Weston stayed on his knees, not moving.

By the time the smoke cleared, the car had long been empty with nothing left inside. He ended up not even being able to keep her body.

Time flew and soon three years had passed.

It was sunny in Compassvale.

In Lavender Mansion, a woman was lying on a recliner wearing a straw hat and sunglasses, enjoying the sound of the breeze.

There was a grand piano sitting beside her. A young girl ran to her from a distance, smiling. She hugged the woman's leg and shouted adorably, "Mommy, Elias!" She held her finger and pointed in the direction of the little boy not far away.

Stella took off her sunglasses, sat up, and beckoned to the little boy. "Elias, come here." 1

The little boy not far away sniffed and reluctantly put down the ball in his hand, slowly paced up to him, and buzzed. "Mommy... >>

"Emma said that you bullied her just now."

"I didn't!" Elias waved his hands quickly.

The two were still speaking a bit indistinctly, and somewhat slurred.

Anyway, Stella could understand them.

Stella was about to lecture him with a stern face when the crisp sound of a man came from not far away.

"I just saw that it was Emma who snatched away Elias' cookies."

The man squatted down in front of the two.

The sister gave a cheerful cry, rushed into the man's arms, wrapped her arms around his neck, gave him a kiss on the cheek, and called out to him. "Big brother!"

The man smiled and pinched her nose. "I am about the same age as your mother, why are you calling me brother? Don't you think that's confusing?"

He had to correct Emma every time she did this.

However, it was of little use.

The next time the two little ones saw him, they would

still call him that.

He sighed and stood up. The moment she looked at Stella, his face turned serious. "There is one thing I need to tell you. Do you still remember Ahn City?"

Stella's face turned grave and nodded.

She walked to Emma and wiped off the cookie crumbs at the corner of her mouth. "What is it?"

“Something goes wrong with our collaboration this time. You may have to go back for a while... are you okay with that?”

She did not waver as she put the tissue in the trash and went back to tidy Elias’s clothes. “I’m okay with that.”

It had been three years. The one in Ahn City should have already forgotten about her, right?

Chapter 1146

Stella closed her eyes, and all those things that happened in the past flooded into her mind.

It seemed to be happening before her own eyes, but the image had faded a lot... like in a dream.

She never thought that such a bizarre thing could happen to her. But it did happen. By the time she woke up, she was in a strange land

She was surrounded by foreigners of different skin and eye colors, and there was only one old man of her kind.

The men told her that she had escaped Weston’s control.

She struggled to sit up, instinctively not believing the strangers in front of her. At that moment, a man who looked uncannily similar to Roger suddenly appeared.

The resemblance threw Stella into a momentary trance. She gazed at him and called his name. “Roger...”

The man gave her a somewhat sympathetic look, sighed, and said to her, “I’m sorry. I’m not him. He’s dead.”

She clenched her fists, a little reluctant to believe him. “Am I in heaven?”

She grabbed his hand and refused to let go. “You’re Roger. There’s no mistaking it.”

The man sighed and pushed her hands away. He looked at her and said solemnly, “I am not him. I am his brother, Miguel. Some say we look identical, but we really are two different people.”

She still refused to believe it.

The man told her with a serious face, “You should know that Roger is not the biological son of your parents. Many years ago, my parents came to Compassvale and gave birth to me. I never knew I had a brother until recently. After searching for him for a long time, I didn’t expect to find him in the delta. Weston was also looking for him. when we found him, so we provided protection. However, he was unwilling to trust us and left in the end. Unsurprisingly, he was found by Weston’s men. At that time, he

didn't want to be a burden to you, so he chose the foolish way and ended his life. By the time we found him, it was already too late. Regardless, we wanted to fulfill his last wish to separate you from Weston. Hence, we planned this for a long time and finally executed it. Everyone in Ahn City thinks you are dead, but you are actually living a new life with a new identity."

Stella still felt that it was outlandish and felt like she was dreaming.

"But I had clearly taken so many oleanders. How am I still

The man laughed. "Of course, it was because we switched

your oleander and gave it some special treatment. Anyway, you don't have to know about this now. The most important thing is to recuperate."

At first, Stella remained doubtful of what she was hearing and insisted that the person in front of her was Roger, but as time went on and she regained strength, she slowly came to believe him.

With a face so similar to Roger's, Stella became a little less wary of him.

But it was also during the time they spent later that she gradually felt that this man was indeed not Roger, but his brother.

After accepting this fact, Stella became silent.

Her health had recovered a lot, but she showed signs of depression again after some time.

Miguel knew very well that it was because she felt that there was nothing in the world that she could hold on to.

Watching her lose weight day by day, Miguel got really anxious.

She was someone Roger cared about the most, so he certainly wanted to take good care of her.

One day, the doctor suddenly told him the news that Stella was pregnant.

He was startled at first since he knew all about her

condition before saving her. She had a rare blood type which made it difficult for her to have babies.

He did not expect her to be pregnant. Hadn't she already had a miscarriage?