

Mr. Ford Is Jealous Chapter 1051-1055

Chapter 1051

In fact, her pale face exposed her true feelings.

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It was not that she didn't believe it; she just didn't want to, nor did she dare to believe it.

She had cut ties with Roger, and Weston promised her he would not touch him.

She could only endure all these because of her wish for Roger to have a brand new life...

How could he die?

He would not die.

Michael looked at her eyes and suddenly felt pitiful for her. "I am not sure if Weston protects you too well, or he lied to you..."

Her gaze sharpened instantly. "What do you mean?"

He sighed. "Actually, I have been looking for Roger sometime now..."

"Why are you looking for him?!" she interrupted him emotionally.

Even though she tried her best to hold back, Michael could easily see the anger in her eyes.

She was now like a bowstring that had been stretched to

its limit.

From the moment she heard of his death, even though she had subconsciously tricked herself into not wanting to believe the news, she was still gradually consumed by her fear which slowly manipulated her emotions. Michael tapped his finger on the table. "I admit that my intention of looking for him was malicious. I know I can't touch you since you are with Weston, so the only one I could target was Roger. I wanted to manipulate you through him, so you'd take that secret to your grave and not tell Diana about me cheating on her..."

The more he spoke, the darker Stella's face became.

In the end, Michael stared into her eyes and said slowly, "Soon, I discovered that there was another person looking for him apart from me, and that was Weston."

Seeing her face turning stiff, he asked, "You never intended for Weston to look for him, right?"

He could roughly guess the answer from her reaction.

Michael went on, "Weston wanted you to stay with him forever by using Roger to threaten you."

Stella knew this all along, so she made no rebuttal.

Her hands on the table were clasped so tightly that her fingertips turned white.

Michael glanced at her hands quietly and said, "Roger

knew Weston was using him to threaten you, so he committed suicide..."

"No way!" she blurted.

She let out those words in a shrill and unrestrained tone, seeming to lose her stately poise to a certain extent. "Don't think you can deceive me so easily with a few words..."

Michael did not seem surprised to hear her say that. He took out a recorder and placed it in front of her.

"This is what Roger wanted to say to you before he died."

Stella's eyes turned red immediately.

She laughed and shook her head continuously. "Don't try to fool me with this lousy trick. I won't believe it!"

But tears were already rolling down her cheeks when she said that.

Seeing her like this, Michael sighed. "Why bother?"

He said, "I am your uncle. You can't imagine how sad I am to see you like this."

"You are not!"

Stella said sternly, "From the moment you chased me out of the family, embezzled my parents' property, and ignored Roger, who was seriously ill, you have no more relation to me!"

Finally, she could not hold it any longer and vent those emotions and revulsions that she had not bothered to express.

Perhaps she was in urgent need of a channel to fight off the sorrow of learning of Roger's death.

She had never been like this, wishing that that person was simply lying to her.

“I’ve said all I have to say.”

Michael’s expression had not changed much from the beginning, remaining as svelte as he was.

However, under the sheep’s skin lurked an unknown amount of selfish and self-serving thoughts.

He had always been a pragmatic one. Apart from Diana, there was nothing that could influence him.

Of course, he could have used some other means to tell Diana the truth since she had nowhere else to go, but he didn’t want to see her in sorrow.

Chapter 1052

Stella looked at the recorder on the table and asked, “ Why are you telling me all these?”

Michael thought for a while, then sighed and said, “ Although you hate me to the core and want Diana to know about those mistakes I made when I was young and brazen, I am still your uncle. And Roger’s as well. He was not your parents’ biological son but watching him grow up, I still have some feelings for him ...”

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“There is no need to say such grandiose things !” Stella snapped; her voice cold and stiff. “What exactly do you want to say? Just say it.”

Michael stared into her eyes, knowing that she had reached the limit of repression.

He picked up his coffee and took an unhurried sip. “It’s nothing. I’m just thinking that I spent so much time finding him, yet all he wants to do is to end himself, so it seems my purpose is defeated...”

She remained silent when her face grew paler and paler until it almost became transparent.

“Stella, I really don’t want to be in a hostile relationship with you all the time.”

He sighed lightly. “Before Roger died, he asked me to do

something. If you promise me that you will keep my secret and never tell Diana about it, I will tell you. How does that sound?” Stella glared at him coldly. “Are you threatening me?” “Of course not. This is just an exchange. It’s fair and square, isn’t it?”

Michael looked at her in anticipation. "As long as you promise me, it will be good for both of us. Stella, as long as you say yes, you will get what you want, my Diana will forever be a happy woman, and none will be the wiser."

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She sneered. "But that's just a lie."

"Even if it is, what is wrong with living under the lie of happiness?"

Stella withdrew her hands and put them on the table, clasping them tightly.

After a while, she said hoarsely, "Okay, I promise you."

Michael was instantly relieved. "Remember our promise."

He stood up and was about to leave when Stella called out to him. "Did you forget something?"

"No, I didn't."

Michael swept a glance at her. "It's your birthday in two days. Roger has prepared a birthday present for you."

He paused momentarily and said, "He said that it was the

last thing he could do for you before he died. On your birthday, right at midnight, look up to the sky, and you will see the gift he gave you."

After he said that, he chuckled. "If I didn't know that you two shared such strong sibling relationships, I would have suspected that kid had a thing for you."

Stella's eyes fluttered, but her face remained calm. "Is that all?"

He nodded. "That's all."

After he left, Stella was the only one who remained in the private room.

She just sat there motionlessly.

The recorder was still on the table. She wanted to pick it up and listen to it but failed to gather the courage to do so.

Perhaps, when grief reached a certain degree, it would turn into cowardice.

She just wanted to escape at this very moment.

Stella took a deep breath. Finally, she played the recorder with her trembling hand

“Sister, when you are listening to this, I should have been no longer alive...”

After hearing the first sentence, Stella couldn't help

sobbing She shut her eyes as tightly as she could, but tears still flowed out.

“Actually, I always knew that Weston was using me to threaten you... When you chased me away, it is because you didn't want to get me involved , right? I knew it all along.”

Chapter 1053 Roger laughed a little. “What I regret most is leaving you rashly out of anger back then and not bidding you a proper farewell.

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“Sister, I really miss you...”

“If possible , I'd like to see you again and live with you. “I don't dare to be greedy, nor do I expect us to be lovers. As long as we stay together as a family, I'll be satisfied enough.

“Thinking of it now, I think I had a hunch at that time, and I told you what I had hidden in my heart. I don't have any regrets, except that I'll never get to see you again.”

Stella closed her eyes. Her eyelashes fluttered wildly, and her whole body shook uncontrollably.

“Yesterday, Weston's men came for me, so I knew something must have happened. He needed me to threaten you to stay by his side.

“I really hate myself sometimes for being your dead weight. I said I wanted to make your life better, but I only ended up dragging you down...”

“How could I let myself be used as a tool to threaten you?”

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“I want so much for you to be happy.

“But in the end, it turned out that the biggest obstacle to your happiness was probably me...” As he was saying that, he drew in breath gently, seemingly trying to suppress the lump that had risen in his throat.

“You know, sister, when I realized this, I really wanted to die...”

Roger’s voice was shaking a little.

Evidently , he was trying his best to calm himself down. It was only after a long time did he let out a soft sigh. “Sister, I have never done anything for you, and... this seems to be the only thing I can do for you. “I don’t want to see him threatening you anymore. Perhaps only when I die can you be truly free.”

“No, it’s not like that!” Stella’s nose was red. She wanted to refute him. “I never thought of you as a burden! You are the only family I have...”

Unfortunately, Roger would never hear this.

“Sister, I wish you a happy twenty – second birthday in advance.”

“If there is another life, I don’t want to be your brother again.”

In the end, the boy’s voice trembled so much that he was

almost unable to continue. Seemingly not wanting to make himself cry in front of Stella, Roger forcefully chuckled.

“Sister, I really love you.

“No matter if it’s love for a family member or whatever other feelings, I just want you to live well.” “But if you leave me, what’s the point of me living...” Stella asked in a hoarse voice.

No one answered her in the private room.

Her question echoed in the room and drifted into the still air, never to be heard again.

Ben had been waiting outside the door of the private room.

Seeing that Stella didn't come out even after Michael had left for some time, he frowned.

Just as he wanted to enter to check on her, he saw her coming out with her eyes red.

"What's wrong, Mrs. Ford?"

Ben was alerted immediately, and his face turned serious. "Is something wrong?"

When he said that, he instinctively wanted to bring Michael back.

Stella shook her head. "I'm fine."

She was just about to leave when she suddenly thought of something and looked into Ben's eyes. "By the way, I haven't contacted Roger for a long time. Have you heard from him?"

Chapter 1054 Ben froze and was instinctively flustered.

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Roger was...

However, he knew that he couldn't tell Stella about it, so he could only bite the bullet and lie. "I am not sure myself, but I heard that he's living quite well abroad..."

He touched his nose subconsciously.

Stella knew this was a very clear sign of lying.

She suddenly could not pretend any longer and asked, "Tell me the truth, Ben. How is Roger now?"

He avoided her eyes. "You better ask Mr. Ford about this

She closed her eyes.

His attitude made her heart freeze. "Tell me honestly. Is Roger in trouble? Why are you being so secretive?!"

"I really don't know!" Ben's tone sounded a little stiff. "If you really want to know, you can ask Mr. Ford. I am really not sure..." She pressed her lips and knew that she would not get a word out of his mouth.

*Let's go back to Stardust Mansion," she snapped, frustrated

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Ben let out a sigh of relief, thinking he'd just survived a close shave. "Sure, let's go back now."

He even forgot to ask Stella what had happened and why she was crying

Stella did not say a word the whole journey.

She leaned against the car window and looked out at the receding landscape.

The trees on the side of the road were so lush and thick that they blocked her view.

She was in a trance, as if she was in a dream.

There could still be a lucky break.

Although Roger had the intention of committing suicide, he... there was always a glimmer of hope, she thought.

Perhaps he had not done it yet?

Maybe something else happened to stop him...

She couldn't help thinking that way. Regardless, no matter how much she convinced herself, she knew in her heart that she was simply refusing to face the cruel reality.

Suddenly, a familiar face caught her eyes.

She sat up straight, thinking that she might have been mistaken.

But she clearly saw Riley's face just now... Was it an illusion?

Riley should be studying abroad at Compassvale University. Why would she appear here?

Ben noticed Stella's strangeness and slowed the car.

"Is there anything wrong, Mrs. Ford?"

Stella paused for a moment and looked at him. "Can you stop for a while? I need to go to the washroom."

"But...!"

Ben hesitated and surveyed the surroundings. "This is a public place. If there are any bad hats around..."

"I am in a bit of a hurry. It'll be quick and won't hold you up much."

Ben quickly checked the remaining agenda.

They were at least an hour and a half from Stardust Mansion.

There was no way he would let Stella hold it in for that long.

Having little choice, he nodded and pulled into a parking

spot. "We will be waiting outside. Shout for us if anything happens."

He wanted to send a bodyguard with her at first, but since it was the ladies' room, they could only keep watch

outside.

Stella had just gone inside when she saw Riley exiting the cubicle

"Weston is watching you too closely. This was the only way to reach you."

Chapter 1055

"Is it really you?" Stella couldn't believe it. "I thought you were in Compassvale!"

"I was." Riley looked at her with a calm face. She displayed no emotion as if she was looking at a stranger.

"I come back this time just to tell you something." Stella clenched her fists as if she knew what Riley would say.

"Roger is dead," Riley stated indifferently.

She saw Stella clench her fists quietly until her nails cut into her palms. Stella was shaking, forcing down the redness in her eyes and the turbulent emotions swirling in her heart.

“Why don’t you seem surprised?”

Stella exhaled. “I know you are joking with me.”

She laughed, but the smile on her face was a little awkward.

“Did you make a special trip home just to pull a prank on me?”

Riley stepped forward. Her eyes were red. “I am not joking with you. You know well enough that I won’t lie about something like this, don’t you?”

She grabbed Stella’s shoulders and looked into her eyes.” Roger just died yesterday. Do you know how he died?”

Her voice was suddenly filled with hatred. “He’s dead because of Weston!”

Stella looked away, not daring to face her glare. Riley pressed on. “We were obviously living a good life in Compassvale, but since he last disappeared for no reason, everything has changed...”. “Why won’t he leave him alone? Why! What has he done wrong?”

She had been waiting in Compassvale for Roger’s return, but the news of his death arrived instead.

She heard that he was trapped in the delta and tried everything to get his family to get him back with their influence.

But still, he was found by Weston first.

“Why didn’t he spare Roger??? Why? He is your man, Roger’s brother-in-law! I really cannot understand why he has to push him over the edge!”

Riley was almost hysterical. “You are his sister! Why didn’t you protect him? Why?!?! Why did you just watch Weston drive him to his death?”

Her questions were like a shower of swords, stabbing into Stella’s heart without warning.

She could no longer lie to herself nor escape anymore.

She burst into tears and started crying. “It’s my fault. It’s all my fault...”

She closed her eyes, and her ears were flooded with the sound of the recording.

She didn't expect that her submission and forbearance that was intended to let Roger live a brand new life would make him feel that he was a burden. She didn't expect that he wouldn't hesitate to end his life in exchange for her escape from the prison.

Had she known it would be like this, she should have fought her way out and escaped with Roger...

So what if Weston recaptured her?

Even if he would threaten her, so what?

Could it have ended any worse than it did? It couldn't.

Riley, on the other hand, had gradually calmed down.

She took a deep breath. "It seems you already know about this. I came here this time just to tell you."

She was in love with Roger, and Stella was his most beloved sister, so she couldn't really hate her no matter how she tried.

Maybe, she was just projecting her anger onto Stella.

However, she knew that it would not be something Roger would want to see.

Stella closed her eyes tightly, but the tears only kept flowing harder.

Her voice was so hoarse she could only repeat these exact words: "It's my fault..."

Riley watched as she slumped herself against the wall, squatting slowly, and shot her a condescending look.

"He might be dead, but do you really want him to die in vain?"

Stella stared into the void with her red eyes. After a long time, she shook her head slowly.