

Mr. Ford Is Jealous Chapter 1071-1078

Chapter 1071

The door behind him opened with a creak, and Bryce's tiny head popped out. He looked at him and asked, "Did you just argue with Mommy again, Daddy?"

Justin sighed helplessly and pushed his son's head back out.

"This is an adult problem," he scolded his son. "You're just a kid. Stay out of it."

The family ended up deciding not to go to the movies after all.

Under Bryce's begrudging gaze, Justin told him to go back to his room and do his homework.

Tina was still angry at Justin, so as soon as she finished her dinner, she quickly went back to work without saying a word to him.

"Wait!" he suddenly stopped her. "Have you ever thought about us getting back together?"

"What?!" Tina froze. She could hardly believe her own ears.

Justin sighed and took a step towards her. He looked straight into her eyes and earnestly asked her, "Have you

ever thought about us getting back together?" "You're..." Tina was still in shock. "You're joking, right?" "I would never joke about this," he replied, his eyes still fixed on hers.

The truth was, he could already guess what she was thinking from her reaction. He still would not give up, though.

"Weren't you the one who suggested that getting back together would be good for our son?"

At the time when Tina suggested they get back together, Justin was thinking about getting together with Stella, so he refused her offer. Back then, he thought it would be pointless to repeat the same mistake.

But lately, he had been thinking about a lot of things. He realized that there was no longer any need to pursue love and romance at their age. "Bryce said he'd like us to get back again," he explained. "He's in the middle of his high-school entrance exam right now, so I thought, for his sake perhaps..." "I'm sorry," Tina interrupted him. She looked him in the eyes and took a deep breath. "I don't think I can agree..." Justin fell silent for a long time before he responded, "Why not?"

In fact, he could hazard a guess about what she would say

from how she acted, but for some reason, he still would not give up. "Didn't you say that if we got back together, it would do our son a lot of good?"

"That is true, but I..." Tina paused, not knowing how to continue.

After hesitating for a while, she looked into his eyes and admitted the truth.

"I have a boyfriend now."

The appearance of the new eyewitness was a dark foreboding. Even Ben, far from an expert, knew that Stella would more than likely be convicted as the murderer now.

"What should we do now, Mr. Ford? The eyewitness from the mansion is adamant that Mrs. Ford is the perpetrator

In fact, after sleuthing around, he even found out that the other side had acquired a lot of evidence to support the eyewitness's testimony.

Weston perused the documents sent by the lawyers from the other side and fell silent for a good while.

"How is Guinevere Cohen behaving right now?" he finally asked.

"Her side is not willing to budge at all..."

Weston raised his brows.

"Set up a time for me to meet her," he instructed.

"Yes, Mr. Ford."

As he had not set foot in the company these last few days, all the documents had basically been sent to him here. Once he looked through them, he would give them some basic feedback, and that was it. Most of the decision making authority had now been handed over to Xavier Ford

Once Ben had left, Stella suddenly walked in and wrapped her arms around Weston's waist from behind.

"Did something bad happen?" she asked. "I saw Ben looking really grim just now..."

Weston naturally had no intention of letting her know all the worrisome stuff that had been happening lately. He took her hands, turned around, and pulled her into his arms.

"Don't worry about it," he assured her.

Chapter 1072

He leaned down, kissed her forehead, and with a gruff voice, asked, "Does it still hurt?"

It had been nothing short of a wild night. Weston even lost control and inadvertently hurt her.

Stella's cheeks blushed softly.

Although they had been giving each other the silent treatment lately, she was surprised at how prepared he was last night with all the tools and toys. Between the smooches, Stella asked while panting heavily, "Why do you sometimes use those things and sometimes not...?"

"Do you prefer that I use them or not?" Weston responded to her question with another question.

Seeing that her blush only deepened, he chuckled softly and enfolded her in his embrace.

"I might have to go out tonight," he told her. "Why?" Stella frowned, looking at him with displeasure. "Why can't you just stay here with me and not bother yourself with all the problems out there?"

"You know I want that too, Stella, but things aren't as simple as you think."

"I know," she suddenly let go of him. "You're trying to help me escape the charges, aren't you?" The man did not speak.

Stella turned away from him, not wanting to see him. "I told you I didn't do it, so why do you still refuse to believe me?"

"And I told you that none of those things you said matter," he argued. "What's important right now is to minimize the severity of your sentence as much as possible."

"So you still don't believe me," said Stella. "You didn't even answer my question..."

With reddened eyes, Stella looked at him and asked, "You believe, like everyone else, that I'm the kind of woman who would kill a child, don't you?"

Weston said nothing. "I understand," she suddenly wiped her tears dry. "You don't have to explain anything."

She turned her back towards him and added, "You can go now. I'll be right here waiting for you."

Over at the Old Cohen Mansion, Guinevere was all dolled up in a lavender dress that made her look smart and

elegant. She poured Weston a cup of tea and quietly took a seat beside him.

"I never thought I'd get another chance to pour you a cup of tea at my own house. I thought you would never set foot here again after our engagement ended," she said.

"Let's cut to the chase," he interrupted, unwilling to delve into all that nonsense with her. "What do I have to do to make you drop the charges against Stella and sign a waiver?"

“Do you still remember back when we were still at school,” she asked as she poured herself a cup of tea. “When you and Henry always came to my house to play? Henry was always so jealous of you. He says I’ve always favored you more than him and that it’s unfair...”

Weston’s brows knitted as he listened to her blathering about the past. “What exactly do you want me to do for you to let her off?” he interjected.

Guinevere put the teacup down on the table.

“Is there really no trace of affection left between us at all?” she asked while looking at Weston with reddening eyes. “Everything used to be so perfect between us. Is all that going to be ruined just because of that woman, Stella?”

“The fact that our relationship became what it is now has

nothing to do with Stella,” he argued. “Even without her, we still...”

“Of course it has everything to do with her!” she cut him off agitatedly. “Don’t even bother making excuses! I know you’re only trying to protect her! If that woman hadn’t appeared, we would’ve married happily long ago!”

Her eyes then turned vacant, as if she was reminiscing about something.

“We used to be so happy together... How did we even get to this point...?”

Weston tapped his finger lightly on the table. Guinevere knew that this gesture meant he was starting to lose his patience. She chuckled bitterly and said, “He was our son, Weston. Do you really not care about his death at all just because of that woman?”

“What do you want?”

In the end, that was all that Weston responded with.

Guinevere’s eyes flashed with hatred and indignation, seemingly triggered by Weston’s cold indifference. “Will you agree to do anything that I want?” she asked. Weston tore off his tie irritably, “Only if you get to the point while I still haven’t lost my patience with you.”

Chapter 1073

“Okay, then.”

Guinevere wiped the tears from the corners of her eyes and sniggered before continuing, “I want you to divorce her and be with me instead. Can you do that?”

The black Maybach drove away from the Old Cohen Mansion. When Mrs. Cohen noticed that Weston had left, she went into her daughter’s bedroom to find her.

Guinevere was obviously in an excellent mood. She was even humming a tune to herself as she pulled out all the dresses in her closet and laid them out, looking over each of them one by one.

“Gwen... What are you doing, honey?”

“Mom!” Guinevere turned around as soon as she heard her mother’s voice. She smiled and continued, “Come over and help me choose the best dress!”

The way Guinevere was acting made Mrs. Cohen feel a little anxious.

“Is something wrong, dear? Did Weston refuse to do what you asked...?”

“No,” Guinevere replied with a big grin. “He agreed. He’s finally agreed to marry me!”

She picked up a dress and pressed it against her body to see how it looked.

“After so many years,” she said, sighing softly, “he ended up marrying me after all.” “Is this true, Gwen???” asked Mrs. Cohen. “He didn’t...”

“Of course it’s true!” Guinevere interrupted, then asked with displeasure, “How could you not believe me, Mom?”

Mrs. Cohen said nothing. She kept looking at her daughter with eyes full of doubt.

Guinevere sighed and walked up to her mother.

“Stop worrying about me,” she insisted. “My dream finally comes true now, so you should be happy for me instead...”

“Of course I’m happy for you, dear. But I also feel a little ... sorry for you.” Mrs. Cohen couldn’t quite explain the anguish that plagued her heart.

“Did you... agree to do something for him so he’d...”

“Yeah,” Guinevere replied with a smile. “I promised to drop all charges against Stella Sealey and sign a waiver.”

Mrs. Cohen froze for a moment before exploding in a massive fit.

“Have you gone mad?! How could you even consider signing such a thing?! Don’t you understand that as soon as you sign a waiver, Weston will certainly find a way to minimize Stella’s sentence as much as possible? Then they’ll file an appeal, and that woman might end up completely off the hook!”

“So?” Guinevere shrugged indifferently. “If I don’t sign the waiver, then Weston will never agree to marry me...”

“But how could you let Zack’s murderer off just so you could marry Weston?”

“But, Mom! I have no other choice...”

Guinevere tossed the clothes in her hands aside and sat down on the bed. “I didn’t want to let Stella off so easily myself, but this might be my only chance to marry Weston. I can’t just let this opportunity slip through my fingers!”

Mrs. Cohen suddenly felt as if she did not know Guinevere at all. For a split second, she even felt that the woman in front of her wasn’t her daughter but a complete stranger.

Later, when she revealed what had transpired to her husband, he fell silent for a long time before he finally said, “Let her do what she wants.”

“From now on,” he sighed, “I just don’t want to interfere with her problems again.”

Once she had gotten Weston’s agreement to marry her, Guinevere could not wait to spread the happy news. However, Mr. and Mrs. Cohen thought it was a little too embarrassing, so they did not want her to announce it publicly. But even so, many people in their circle still got wind of what happened. Most of them were skeptical that Weston Ford would want to marry Guinevere Cohen, though none were surprised that he was about to divorce Stella Sealey.

After all, no one would want to stay married to a murderer, especially not if the victim was their own child.

Chapter 1074

Stella had truly started living the life of a bird in a golden cage.

After Zachary Ford’s death, there was even more reason for her to be locked up inside all the time, for as soon as she stepped outside, she would be instantly hit by a barrage of assaults. Not only would she be hounded by packs of reporters, but there were also numerous others aiming to attack her. Warren Ford and the Cohens were also eager to snatch her up at the first opportunity and throw her into the gallows.

Perhaps their wedding was a bad omen after all. Ever since the day the press dubbed it “The Caged Wedding,” Stella had befittingly become the woman in the gilded cage.

Stella saw Joan hanging up the phone in chagrin, so she asked, “He’s not coming home again today, is he?”

Stella didn’t seem half as disappointed as Joan was. In fact, she even spoke exceptionally calmly.

Joan couldn’t tell what she was thinking, but she could sense that the girl was just pretending to be strong.

“Mr. Ford has been swamped with work lately,” Joan comforted Stella. “He might be tied up for now, but as soon as he gets some time, I’m certain he’ll be home and

be by your side, Mrs. Ford..." Stella smiled and asked, "Do I look like the lonely wife waiting for her husband to come home every day?"

"That's not what I meant ..." Joan corrected her, fearing that she might have said something wrong.

The truth was that she had been hearing rumors about Weston's change of feelings towards Guinevere and how he had spent much more time with her these two days.

But Joan was certain that these were all just false rumors. She had witnessed first-hand how much Weston Ford loved Stella Sealey and knew about the animosity that existed between Stella and Guinevere. So how could Weston even consider getting closer to Guinevere?

Lately, she had been spending most of her time at Stardust Mansion caring for Stella. Perhaps these were rumors spread by those completely clueless about the truth of the matter.

Judging by Guinevere's character, if all these had been true, she would have proudly announced it publicly so that everyone would know about it.

Yet to Joan's surprise, she soon discovered that Guinevere had posted a photo of Weston Ford to her circle of friends on Moments.

It looked like they were having dinner together. The background of the photo was a black marble table. Only

Weston's silhouette could be seen, but it was unmistakably him.

The photo gave off an air of warmth and intimacy, clearly suggesting that it was a photo of her lover. But the accompanying words were even more unambiguously suggestive.

"No matter how far I've wandered, I'll always come back to you in the end."

Joan almost stopped breathing. She just could not tell what Weston might be thinking.

Did he not care about exonerating Stella anymore?

Guinevere Cohen and her family had been trying to frame Stella for young Zachary Ford's murder, and they were determined to let Stella rot in prison. As her husband, Weston should be doing all he could to help Stella. Why was he spending his time with Guinevere instead?!

"What's wrong, Joan?"

Stella suddenly appeared behind her.

"What are you looking at?" she asked Joan again. "Why do you look so upset?" "It's nothing..." Joan quickly hid her phone away and forced a smile. "Anyway, since Mr. Ford won't be coming home tonight, should we go ahead and have dinner?"

Stella initially planned to wait for him, but judging from

what Joan had just said; she was probably suggesting they shouldn't wait for him anymore. He was already having dinner with someone else anyway, Joan thought. She was sure that he would not be coming home tonight.

"I'll go prepare your dinner now, Mrs. Ford. You should eat something first."

Stella could see that Joan was being evasive, and she quickly understood something but remained silent.

She nodded and returned to the piano room.

All Stella did during the past few days in the Stardust Mansion was practice the piano. Apart from playing the piano, it seemed there was really nothing else that she could do.

Chapter 1075

Besides playing the piano, all she ever did was wait for Weston to come home. Now that he wasn't coming home, she was clueless as to how she should spend her time.

As Stella ate, Joan looked at the lonely figure sitting there all by herself and was reminded of that photo she saw on Moments and couldn't help but sigh, feeling incredibly

sorry for Stella.

Stella had been waiting for Weston to come home, yet he was somewhere else enjoying his dinner with another woman.

Joan had no idea if Weston was planning something secretly, but even so, could he not inform Stella about it first?

Why would he leave her here all alone with all those thoughts and questions in her head?

Meanwhile, at Golden Eve Apartments, Guinevere had just taken the photo and posted it to her circle of friends when she noticed Weston getting up and leaving.

She quickly put her phone away and rushed towards him.

"Are you leaving already, Weston?"

The man was wearing his usual white shirt and black trousers that accentuated his wide shoulders, long legs, and lean body.

"Is there anything else?" he asked, looking up slightly to glance at her. Guinevere went up to him and rested her hands on the marble table. With a self-deprecating smile, she said, "I asked you to have

dinner with me, and you really just had dinner and nothing else..." "If there's nothing else," he said, placing his suit jacket on his arm and glancing at the time, "then I'm leaving."

"You're going back to Stella Sealey, aren't you?"

By that point, Guinevere knew that things had come so far that there was no point in acting all jealous toward Stella or causing a scene in front of Weston.

He had promised her, and she knew that he was not the kind of man who broke his promises, so all she had to do now was patiently wait for him to leave Stella and come back to her.

She knew that, yet she was still foolishly bothered by the fact that he was going back to Stella. As she expected, she soon saw Weston frown and his voice turned icy cold as he replied, "I thought I've made myself very clear – as long as she is still not completely let off the hook, then there is absolutely nothing between

1.us. Nothing at all." He had only agreed to stay for dinner because she had promised to sign a waiver and drop the charges against Stella.

Guinevere knew this more than anyone else, yet she was still inevitably hurt by it more than anyone else.

"If it hadn't been for her, you wouldn't even give me a second look, would you?"

Weston said nothing, but his silence said it all.

"I clearly knew the answer," Guinevere lamented with pain in her voice. "Yet I still insisted on humiliating myself by asking you that kind of question... sometimes I just wish that I never loved you so much."

She had never been the person who wanted to appear vulnerable; in fact, she had always been a little proud, to the point of arrogance.

Yet now, thanks to Weston, she had become the woman she detested the most in the past.

"Do you remember that it was you who gave me this apartment ...?" She wiped the corners of her reddening eyes and pretended to be calm and composed. With a smile, she continued, "I've kept it up meticulously and stayed here every now and then. Every time I remember that you used to live in this place, my heart fills itself with a sense of belonging."

"It's just a house to me," Weston touched his brows.

"But to me, it's like a home," Guinevere smiled bitterly.

Back when they were still engaged, they were supposed to be living together, but Weston would always stay in this apartment instead. This was his personal space, a place he would let no one else in.

Guinevere dreamt that one day, he would invite her to this place. Her wish was eventually fulfilled when Weston gave her this apartment.

Yet, to her dismay, he ended up never returning ever again after that.

Chapter 1076

In the end, Weston insisted on leaving.

Guinevere completely expected this to happen.

She watched as he went away, reminding herself not to be too impatient, yet deep inside, she still felt extremely powerless.

She leaned against the door and slowly slumped down to the floor.

When Weston got to the underground parking lot, he received a call from Ben.

“Mr. Ford, we’ve got the test report you asked for.”

“Send it to my email,” he instructed while turning the steering wheel.

Later, in the car, Weston tapped the screen of his phone and read through the test report. In the next second, his eyes turned cold and frosty.

Even Ben, who had been compiling the documents, froze for a moment when he first read the report. He could hardly believe his own eyes.

How could there be traces of oleander poison in the cup too?

He remembered that the cup was found in Weston and

Stella’s room, so how did the oleander poison end up there?

Ben suddenly thought of a terrifying possibility, and his back was soaked in a cold sweat.

He rushed to give Weston another call.

“Mr. Ford, there’s one test report I’ve just sent you whose reliability I’m not entirely sure about. Perhaps they made a mistake...”

“But you oversaw the whole process didn’t you,” Weston interrupted him, knowing exactly which report Ben was referring to.

“Yes,” Ben replied. “Our team oversaw the entire testing process, so there shouldn’t be a mistake.”

As soon as he finished the sentence , he hastily added, “ But the staff might’ve been careless, or something might’ve gone wrong during the process ... Don’t worry, Mr. Ford. I’ll have them redo it immediately!”

“No,” Weston answered in a raspy voice. “We’ll continue with our original plan. Arrange everything necessary and contact every member of the board of directors. I’ll meet them one by one.”

“Understood, Mr. Ford...”,

Ben was still soaked in cold sweat when he hung up the phone.

If he was not mistaken, then the person who left the poison there... was probably Mrs. Ford.

But why would she want to poison Weston Ford?

And if that was true, did that mean she was also the one who poisoned Zachary Ford?

Could the allegations be true after all?

Besides, there were only Weston and Stella’s fingerprints on the cup. Weston couldn’t possibly have tried to poison himself, which meant all evidence pointed towards Stella

The more Ben thought about it, the more confused he became.

Initially, he had always been skeptical about Stella being Zachary’s alleged killer, but he wasn’t so sure anymore.

He could not help but think of how cruel women could be.

Once their love was gone, they were capable of doing anything to you.

He even used to believe that he knew Stella’s character very well. Thus, he was sure that there must have been some misunderstanding.

He sighed and called his parents back in his hometown, telling them to cancel the blind dates they set up for him.

For the time being, he was just too afraid of women.

Meanwhile, in the underground parking lot...

Chapter 1077

Under the dim lights, Weston’s car had been parked there for a long time and still hadn’t moved.

His eyes were as dark and inscrutable as the pitch-black night. He had gone through the test report over and over again, but the results were still the same. He still could not find a difference from what he had read before.

He covered his eyes with the back of his hand to block the harsh light from the elevator entrance. The look in his eyes was colder than winter frost.

He then suddenly stepped on the gas pedal, and the car lurched away, like an arrow shot from a bow. He wanted to rush back to Stardust Mansion. He wanted to question Stella.

She actually wanted to kill him.

How ironic.

But once the monstrous rage had simmered down, he suddenly didn't feel like seeing her anymore. He was afraid that the moment they met, he would not be able to stop himself from strangling her to death. '

He kept changing routes. He had initially planned to call Joan, but he kept his phone on silent and headed straight toward the sanatorium Henry Moore was at without

sending her a word.

Henry had been discharged from the sanatorium a while ago, but because of Angelina Thompson, he had to return.

Weston found his room with ease. When he pushed the door open, he saw a familiar woman leaning on Henry's bed, asleep. Henry lay on the bed with a book in hand, quietly flipping through the pages. The whole scene looked peaceful and harmonious.

Hearing the door open, Henry looked up and raised his brows when he saw Weston standing there.

"What an honor," he stated with a smile. "I thought you'd be too busy to go anywhere these days. Who would've thought you'd spare some time to visit me?"

Weston shot him a quick glance and gestured at Angelina with a jerk of his chin.

Without saying a word, Henry quickly understood what Weston meant.

"She insisted on coming to take care of me," he explained. Weston snickered before finding himself a place to sit beside Henry and settling down. He then closed his eyes to rest for a while.

But the snicker just now really hit Henry's nerves.

"What was that supposed to mean?" he demanded. "You

don't believe me, do you?" He then put his book down and continued, "This woman finally left me alone, but the Stella Sealey conundrum happened, and she's returned again. She's been pestering me day in and day out, trying to get some information

from me... trying to find out how Stella Sealey is doing right now..."

Weston finally opened his eyes when he heard Stella's name. He glanced at the sleeping woman nonchalantly and commented, "It seems she's surrounded by friends who really care a lot about her..."

"What's wrong?" Henry teased him. "Don't tell me you're jealous of them?"

Angelina slept on, completely oblivious that news about Stella that she was so desperate to hear about was discussed in front of her.

Weston massaged his brows, looking extremely exhausted.

"I don't want to talk about her today."

Henry turned to him with a scrutinizing gaze and asked, "Are you guys having a row?"

Weston said nothing.

It prompted Henry to observe him even more closely now. "The rumors can't be true, can they? That woman didn't

actually kill your son, did she?"

He then continued, "Tsk tsk. The jealousy of a woman really is such a terrifying thing."

Angelina was suddenly roused from her sleep, probably because Henry's voice was too loud. She got up and rubbed her eyes lazily before asking, "What time is it?" Henry looked at her indifferently and made no attempt to answer her question. Angelina was already used to such cold treatment from him, so she just yawned and looked up when a handsome and familiar face greeted her. She froze for a moment – She thought she was still dreaming.

So it was true that the things that occupied your mind the most during the day would appear in your dreams. Angelina had been talking about Weston Ford non-stop during the day, and seeing him in her dream surprised her.

She rubbed her eyes again and again, suddenly feeling like something was wrong. Why did this dream feel so real?

"You're not dreaming," she heard a cold voice coming from above her head say. "He really is right in front of you. You can ask him anything you like."

It was only then that she suddenly reacted.

“Mr. Ford!” she cried.

She sprang to her feet and frantically asked, “What are you doing here? How is Stella right now? Are the rumors true? I heard Guinevere Cohen and her family, along with Mr. Warren Ford, are determined to bring Stella to justice. People on the internet are saying that things are looking really bad for her right now. Is that true? If it is, then what will happen to her? Will she go to jail?”

Chapter 1078

She basically blurted out all the questions that had been on her mind.

Henry’s brows twitched as he listened to her, before he impatiently cut her off. “What do you think you’re doing? Interrogating him?” “I’m sorry...”

Angelina looked at Weston’s cold expressions and tried her best to compose herself. At last, she chose to ask him the one question she cared about the most. “Is Stella ... doing okay?”

She saw the man’s eyes darken and his larynx move up and down.

However, after a while, all he did was turn toward Henry and tell him, “Since you have a guest, I’d better make myself scarce.”

As he spoke, he got up and left the room.

“Mr. Ford! Mr. Ford!”

Angelina ran out after him in a hurry.

“We’re all really worried about how Stella is doing...” she told him. “Could you please at least tell her that we all miss her... that no matter what help she needs, she

always has me, Yvonne , and Bradley Lane by her side?”

Weston stopped abruptly and turned around to look at her. Angelina had always known that he was an intimidating man, but she was still petrified by the look he just gave

her.

“If it’s inconvenient,” she sputtered, “I could just tell her myself when I see her...”

When she returned to Henry’s room, she could not help but complain to him. “Are you really Weston Ford’s friend? He’s such a cold man. How could you even stand him?”

“I don’t have to. Only Stella has to stand him.”

Angelina was a little upset when she heard this.

“Don’t you think Weston Ford is too possessive?” she asked. “What right does he have to treat Stella like his property? He wouldn’t even let her friends ask about her! Is Stella an inanimate object owned by him and him alone?”

Henry continued to flip through his book. Hearing her complaints, he did not even look up at her when he replied, “None of this concerns you.”

“Why not?” she argued. “We’re all concerned about Stella. Weston is just simply too selfish! Does he really think Stella shouldn’t contact anyone else but him?”

“Can you be quiet?” Henry was starting to get a headache from her endless grumbling. “If you can’t, then just stay away.”

“Why did you have to be so cold? I came here with a sincere intention to help, you know...”

“Help me with what? Help flare up my old sickness again? And bother me all day?”

“I didn’t mean to bother you. I just felt guilty for bumping into you, so I wanted to take responsibility for what I did...” “You just wanted information about Stella from me, didn’t you? Well, you got it now, so you should leave.”

Henry saw through her and exposed her without any hesitation, causing Angelina to blush instantly.

“How can you say that...?”

Although it was true that she wanted to get information about Stella, her intention of taking care for him was actually sincere.

Henry suddenly paused and looked at her. “Haven’t you heard them say that you actually look like Faye, and that’s why you’re trying to get close to me?”,

“What are you talking about?” Angelina’s eyes widened. “That’s all nonsense!” “Good,” Henry sneered. “I’m glad it’s not true.”

“What I hate the most,” he added, “is a woman who just doesn’t know her place.”

Angelina started to feel like he was acting really weirdly.

“And what I hate the most is a man acting all weird and saying incomprehensible things!” she exclaimed.

Henry was speechless for a moment. He massaged his brows, suddenly feeling a throbbing headache.

“Can you go now?” he asked.

Angelina got up and said, "Well, since I've expressed my honest intentions, taken care of you for many days, and even paid for your medical expenses..."

Before she could finish speaking, Henry waved his hand impatiently and interjected, "You won't ever need to come back here."