

Mr. Ford Is Jealous Chapter 1113-1116

Chapter 1113

When she came back with a cup of tea, Weston suddenly grabbed her wrist, making her drop the cup on the floor

Crash!

The cup shattered, throwing shards of broken ceramic in all directions.

Water flowed on the floor, and two dried flowers lay on the plush carpet.

The crocus-like flowers spread beautifully.

He stared at the woman coldly with his solid gaze. "Tell me. Are you thinking of poisoning me like the last time?"

Stella shuddered. She raised her head quickly and met his gaze. "How did you...

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Though she knew very well in her heart that Weston would find out one day, she did not expect him to know at such a time.

Her reaction answered all his questions.

His eyes turned red, and he grabbed her by her neck. "Do you want me to die?"

He could accept that she was acting in front of her, but not for a second did he anticipate that... the person he shared his bed with actually wanted him dead.

"Do you hate me that much?"

He increased the force of his grip and looked at the face that was slowly turning pale from suffocation.

At that moment, he really wanted to choke her to death.

"Do you really want to poison me to death?"

Stella was speechless.

Tears rolled out of the corners of her eyes.

She stared straight at the man in front of her with short, rapid breaths.

Weston inhaled deeply and let go of her before she suffocated.

Immediately, she fell onto the carpet like a broken doll, wheezing and coughing her guts out.

The man turned around to face away from her, and a chilling aura filled the room. In a voice like a demon from hell, he said, "You told me that you didn't kill Zachary. It turns out that I was the one you wanted to kill, am I right?"

Stella stared blankly at the floor and didn't deny it.

He turned around and condescendingly looked at her. "You wanted to kill me with oleander, right?"

She still did not deny it, nor did she look at him.

The man dropped to his knees in front of her, cupped her chin, and made her look into his eyes.

"Zachary's death was an accident. You wanted to kill me with the oleander but accidentally killed him, didn't you?"

"I did not!"

Stella looked him straight in the eye and said stubbornly, "I didn't kill him, and neither did he die unintentionally

..."

"Still denying it?"

Weston pinched her chin hard until her skin was bruised. "Hayden told me that your emotions would make you somewhat aggressive, but I did not expect you would want me dead, and you even dragged Zachary into this."

She closed her eyes.

She knew that it was useless no matter how she explained.

"I wanted to kill you, but I never meant to do anything to Zachary. He's innocent."

"Stella!"

He suppressed his voice, called her name, then whispered in her ear with seething, unabated rage. "You hate me that much? You hate me so much that you want to kill me???"

Those sweet moments from the past flashed before him.

For a moment, it was like they were back in the old days. The only difference was that he would not ignore her and leave her alone like he used to.

He always thought that Stella wanted to go back to the past just like he did, but in the end, it was all just wishful thinking.

“You’ve been pretending and acting. You’ve never taken me into your heart...”

“Yes. I no longer love you.”

She suddenly pushed him away and pierced her stare into his eyes. “What makes you think I would willingly love you after what you did to me? On what basis?”

“I stopped loving you the moment you chose Guinevere on the rooftop and abandoned me. No woman would love a man who wouldn’t hesitate to give her up.”

Chapter 1114

Stella closed her eyes.

She would never be able to face the man in front of her as long as she recalled the past. “You know, even when you gave up on me, I didn’t hate you. I just didn’t want to love you...”

“I didn’t hate you then because you simply didn’t love me, and you just abandoned me. However, my child was dead, and there was no way I could forgive myself, much less you.

“But I still had Roger. I wanted to start a new life, even if there was little hope left. I still wanted to live... But what did you do?”

“You forced me. You obliterated whatever little life I had left and separated me from Roger!”

She almost gritted her teeth when she said this.

He did not know that she had learned of Roger’s death, so he thought that the separation she was talking about was just so that the two of them would never see each other again.

But Stella had made it very clear that it was his death that did them apart.

Weston’s voice was extremely hoarse, and his eyes were

bloodshot. “He had an unacceptable intention for you. You treated him like a brother, but he never treated you like his sister. I don’t think it was a bad decision to keep you both apart.”

“Is that so? It looks like you have done me a favor...”

Stella stood up. She looked horribly thin, like a fallen leaf drifting in the wind.

“You said that it is for my sake, but it’s all an excuse to satisfy your own selfish desire! Are you really going to prevent Roger from having inappropriate feelings for me? You’re just trying to monopolize me. You only want to possess me; you don’t actually love me!”

He moved forward and locked her wrists, forcing her to look him in the eyes. "And what about your claim to love me? You gave up on us so easily."

"Haha, hahaha..."

Stella laughed abruptly. "Do you know how many years I have loved you?"

Her tears kept falling. "I gave up on us so easily? I've loved you for so many years... I can't believe you're actually saying this..."

His pupils contracted. "What do you mean by many years?"

It had only been two years ago since they first met. At most, Stella was only in love with him during their time

together.

What did she mean by so many years?

She shook her head, unwilling to talk about the time when she had a crush on him. She would never bring it up in front of him again.

To her, it was a brand of shame.

"Say it clearly.

Weston, however, was unwilling to let her escape. He intensified the force of his hand and was on the verge of crushing her jaw. "When did you start loving me?"

"This does not matter anymore."

She gently brushed his hands away. "What matters now is that I don't love you anymore."

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She looked at the man's darkening red eyes. She thought he would be furious at first, but he calmed down.

The pair of deep eyes looked at her solemnly. He ran his fingers on his face with a touch of unprecedented

tenderness.

"I don't need you to love me."

His gaze was soft yet cruel. "I just need you to listen to me."

She took a deep breath and slowly calmed down. "As you wish."

He yanked her hair, and when he tightened his fingers, she hissed. There was a sharp pain in her scalp.

She opened her eyes to look at him. The corners of her eyes were a little red, but she stubbornly kept them from tearing.

He played with her hair, twirling it around his fingertips. "I heard that you slapped Guinevere today?"

She sneered. "Why? Have you come to chastise me?"

He was silent.

She looked at him sarcastically. "She told me you promised her that you would divorce me and marry her in exchange for her dropping the charges against me. Is that right?"

"Yes."

He admitted without hesitation.

He stared directly into her eyes. His overpowering, suppressing aura made her tremble.

Chapter 1115

"Do you want to make me the third wheel again?"

"So what, don't you want to kill me as well?"

His large palm was clamping her chin, disabling her from lowering her head, and she was forced to tilt her head upward and look at him.

Weston looked like he was trying to penetrate the deepest part of her soul. "Since you know it was a deal, then the two slaps you gave her cannot be considered a wise

action. I hope you will apologize to her before the court hearing tomorrow."

This one sentence was the last straw.

She pushed him away frantically. "That's impossible! I would rather die!"

She shouted hysterically. "I will never apologize to her! Never!"

"She killed my child and nearly killed me. She ruined my whole life. You are both murderers! You are headsmen!"

"STELLA!!!"

He roared suddenly and cupped her face, restricting her movement with force. “You killed her son, too, and

nearly killed me...”

She quieted down instantly, tears swirling in her eyes, and it was how she gazed straight at the man before her

eyes.

She wanted to cry, but she couldn't.

Her chest was heaving violently, but her face was unusually stoic.

She inhaled deeply. Emotions surged in her chest like a whirlpool, so intense that it was almost agonizing.

The string, which had long been taut to its limits, was about to snap.

But the man in front of her was still recklessly tightening it, still pressuring her.

Why?

Why did he have to force her?

Whose fault was it that she had come to this point...

Stella began to breathe heavily, and her eyes looked dull.

Her thoughts were disorganized, as if she could no longer think straight.

What should she do? What was she supposed to do?

She hated it so much... And she was so tired...

Was it her own fault that she had come this far?

She was wrong.

She was wrong for not dying sooner.

She was wrong for not doing it sooner.

If she had ended her life in the beginning, so many conflicts wouldn't have happened and there would not be so much suffering...

Indeed.

Her death was the only way to solve the problem.

She was unaware that she had an extreme depressive mood swing that caused her to blame everything on herself.

How much better would it have been if she had died early?

Somewhere in the man's heart caved in as he watched her sudden confused and painful appearance with his red

eyes.

But the thought of her embracing Justin and her plot to kill him made him fail to contain his anger and desire to destroy everything.

He pushed her away coldly. Then, watching her fall onto the carpet, he turned around mercilessly and left.

"You are emotionally unstable now. You need to calm down. Someone will bring you to the court tomorrow. Do your best. Don't waste the days I spent preparing everything for you."

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Stella watched him leave.

She collapsed on the edge of the bed and watched Weston's back disappear at the end of the room door without blinking.

She knew it would be the last time she looked at him.

She closed her eyes tightly; her body was stripped of its strength.

She really could not hold on anymore.

Infinite darkness overwhelmed her, and her thoughts could no longer sustain her as she continued to live.

Chapter 1116

She was exhausted, very, very exhausted.

She did not want to hate or love.

She did not even want to live.

Pain gripped her chest every time she breathed, and her head felt like it was being slashed.

She had no one left to love.

All the people she cared about had left her.

The love she once regarded as her salvation was the source of her destruction.

She couldn't help but look at herself and think that she was downright sinful, disgusting, worthless, and unworthy of redemption.

She should die, just die...

She covered her face.

Weston was right. She had planned to kill him.

What difference did it make to who died? She already had the idea of killing someone.

Or maybe he was right, maybe Zachary really did die because of her...

Because of her inattention.

No matter how it went, the boy died from the oleander, didn't he?

It was oleander was cultivated by her own hands.

Stella suddenly broke out into fits of laughter from the uncertainty and sorrow.

She didn't know why she was laughing or crying but only knew that the tears wouldn't stop falling and that she didn't even know why she was alive.

In the evening, it started to rain, and the dark clouds were thick.

Peals of thunder rumbled in the distance, underscoring the drab, depressing atmosphere.

Ben held up his black umbrella and glanced at the slender man beside him.

"Mr. Ford, you won't be staying in the mansion tonight?"

Weston said coldly, "Go to the office."

He ordered as soon as he got into the car. "After Hayden gets everything ready, tell him to send a copy to me for review."

Ben nodded.

He now realized that Weston had actually prepared a backup plan- the proof of Stella's mental state.

If Belle and Nicole suddenly turned against her, this would be the key to turning things around, that was, Stella was suffering from a mental disorder and was legally unfit to take responsibility for her actions.

He has calculated almost every step.

The most important step, however, was to seize power from the old man. Only then could he lay out the subsequent steps.

Even if he encountered some difficulties, he was always able to quickly come up with another set of plans to remedy the situation.

Ben couldn't help but admire him.

That man was a born leader.

There was nothing he couldn't achieve as long as he wished for it.

That woman, Stella, was the only variable in his life.

Because of Stella, he often found that Weston was unlike his old self.

He had become out of control, paranoid, and autocratic. "Don't let anything bother me until the court hearing tomorrow."

As soon as they reached the office, he dropped his orders and went straight into the building.

Ben hurriedly began to execute his order.

On his way, he ran into Michael and Diana and sighed as he watched their incomparable love for each other.

He wondered when he would ever see Weston and Stella

like this.

On the way...