

Read Novel Mr. Ford Is Jealous By Boat Of Peaches Chapter 1221

Chapter 1221

Weston's face turned ashen. It was something he could never deny.

"At the time, I didn't realize how much you meant to me," he explained. "I was also too conceited, believing that my men would definitely save you no matter what."

With a deep frown, he slowly continued, "Guinevere was pregnant back then. It was important to Chris Ford that she remained stable because if she suddenly remembered everything and exposed the truth, it would've completely destroyed his reputation."

"I get it now," Stella's brows knitted. "So you were taking everyone into consideration... everyone except me, right?"

Weston seemed all choked up, unable to utter a single word.

"I see what your love is like now," Stella got up to her feet. "I'm sorry, but I just can't bear your kind of love. Let's just end things here."

"Weston," she added, "I haven't contacted you in these three years and never told you that I've been alive all along because I wanted you to know that I've made up my mind. From now on, we'll just be perfect strangers to one another."

Once she had coaxed Elias and Emma to sleep, Stella settled down on the couch in the living room and just sat there, lost in her thoughts.

Miguel, who had just returned from work, took a seat beside her and asked, "What's wrong? It looks like something's troubling you."

Stella shook her head silently, not quite willing to confide in him.

Miguel studied her expressions for a while before he got up and headed towards the fridge. He soon returned with a can of cold beer and pressed it to her face.

“Ah!” Stella cried before turning to Miguel with a scowl. ” What are you doing?”

“I just don’t like seeing you with a long face,” Miguel laughed. “You look much prettier when you smile.”

Stella sighed, then decided to tell him everything that had transpired in the past two days.

Miguel just sat there and listened to her in silence without interrupting her with any comments. When she was done, all he asked was a simple question.

“Has your heart softened for him now?”

“What?” Stella jerked her head towards him, visibly surprised by his question. “How has it? Why would you think that?”

“I just feel that everything he did made sense,” replied Miguel. “I’m just worried that you might go back to him ...”

“All I can think of now,” said Stella, “is how things never had to turn out the way they did at all. There were so many things we could’ve avoided, but how did everything turn out this bad?”

She just could not help thinking that Weston and herself were like oil and water—they were simply incompatible. Right now, every time she saw him, all she could think of was all the suffering and pain she had endured in the past.

It did not matter how he explained himself. No matter what, all that pain he’d caused her was real.

Stella simply couldn’t get over this fact.

“Perhaps he just didn’t love you enough,” Miguel stated bluntly. “If he really did love you, then he’d never hurt you.”

“Maybe you’re right,” Stella chuckled. She took the cold. can of beer from Miguel and gulped it down. “It’s all because there wasn’t enough love.”

She thought of how forlorn Weston looked as he stared at her before she left.

“Is there really no chance for us at all?” he asked her.

“No,” Stella heard herself tell him in an icy voice. “It doesn’t matter what really happened in the past. The pain and suffering can never be erased.”

Love should’ve inspired them to be better; it should’ve been a source of joy, not something that reminded them of all the painful memories in the past.

Even now, when Stella closed her eyes, she could still see the look on Weston’s face.

He looked utterly crushed and despondent. The light in his eyes gradually dimmed till all that was left was a dark void.

“Yeah,” Stella concluded with clear conviction. “That’s right. It’s all because there wasn’t enough love between us. If two people loved each other enough, they wouldn’t end up in the state that we are in.”

“Yeah,” Miguel echoed. “It’s because you don’t love each other enough. He doesn’t love you enough, and you don’t love him enough either.”

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Chapter 1222

The night was dark.

Downstairs, below the apartment, a tall dark figure was standing there all alone, casting a long and lonely shadow.

Under the streetlamp, moths were circling around the light in a frenzy. That was the way it had been since time immemorial—moths had always flown straight into the flame, sacrificing themselves for a short but brilliant life.

Stella stared at him for some time before retracting her gaze and closing the curtain.

Too bad for him, but she was resolved never again to be attracted to the flames like those moths.

From that day onwards, Weston never showed up before Stella.

Then again, now that he had found out it was Guinevere Cohen who had caused all the trouble in the past, it would be incredibly shameless even for a man like Weston to keep getting in her hair like he used to.

To Stella's surprise, though, when she entered the restaurant where she was supposed to meet a music producer, she caught sight of the very man at a table across the room. She knew then that she had vastly underrated Weston's thick-skinned shamelessness.

She had an appointment with a music producer that day to discuss her first concert in this country. She absolutely did not expect to see Weston here as well.

She walked up to them and greeted the producer first, before casually sweeping a glance over Weston. With a thin smile, she stretched out her hand towards him and said, "Pleasure to meet you, Mr. Ford."

Weston took her hand, briefly shook it in a business-like manner, and quickly withdrew his hand, saying, "Hello, Miss Cicily."

He called her by her new name, just as if the two of them were perfect strangers.

That was precisely what Stella wanted.

She took her seat and went on to discuss matters surrounding her concert with the music producer in a leisurely manner.

The truth was, only a few people went to music concerts, but Stella had gained so much fame and reputation abroad that it would be a shame not to take advantage of it.

By then, anyone who had even minimal exposure to classical music was familiar with the name Cicily. She was now widely regarded as one of the greatest pianists of this century.

With such prestige, the producer was confident that she had great potential to expand her career here in this country.

While Stella and the producer were happily chatting away, Weston just sat in complete silence without saying a single word the whole time.

The producer obviously had no idea what had transpired between Weston and Stella. After talking with Stella for a while, he suggested that they sign a contract right then and there.

"If you're interested, Miss Cicily, you can join us in our holiday retreat that's happening soon. We're going to Snow Mountain in Fern City. Lots of industry players will be there, and I'm sure it'll be a lot of fun!"

Stella thought of how she had not been doing much at all since returning to this country. However, considering that Miguel was already on the right track in his career, she nodded and agreed right away.

"If nothing happens to prevent it, I'll definitely find some time to join you guys."

"Great!" cried the producer in delight. "With you there, I'm sure lots more people will decide to join us too!"

They both continued chatting for a little longer until the producer suddenly turned to Weston and asked, "Would you be interested in joining us too, Mr. Ford?"

Weston said nothing. His clear black eyes were fixed on Stella.

She avoided eye contact and took a sip of her coffee. Whether or not he decided to go, it would be completely none of her business. Naturally though, his presence there would undoubtedly spoil her mood.

Weston seemed to be able to read her mind. He pursed his lips and smiled wryly before replying, "I'm too swamped with work at the moment, so you guys go ahead and enjoy the retreat. I won't be disturbing you."

He spoke calmly and politely, but to Stella's ears, she detected a hint of pain and grievance.

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Chapter 1223

Stella frowned. She put down the coffee cup and picked up her handbag before announcing, "If there's nothing else, I'll be leaving now."

"No problem, Miss Cicily. I hear you've got two young children, and I wouldn't want to take up any more of your time. Oh, should I drive you home?"

"No," she shook her head. "I drove myself."

She then got up and left without even looking at Weston once.

Just as she walked down the steps below the coffee shop, Weston suddenly grabbed her wrist and held her in place.

"Stella."

She seemed completely unsurprised by the turn of events. In fact, she had expected that something like this would happen.

"What is it now?" she asked, looking at him with raised brows.

That cold, unsurprised look of hers stung Weston's eyes.

"I have something to tell you. Do you have some time to spare?"

"You surprise me, Mr. Ford. I didn't think that a man like you would need to ask if someone had time to spare. Why didn't you just scoop them and take them away if you wanted to see them, just like you did in the past?"

He could sense the sarcasm in her voice, but he did not try to argue with her. His eyes remained calm and unperturbed.

"There's something very important that I think you should know," he said.

Stella glanced at him, realizing that he was not joking. She looked at the time and said, "I can only give you half an hour. I have to pick up Elias and Emma, and we're meeting Miguel today."

Weston's eyes swiftly darkened as soon as he heard the name "Miguel." There was even a flash of anguish on his face.

But by then, Stella had turned around with her back towards him, so she did not notice any of that.

They both got into the car, and Weston drove to a secluded spot where no one was around.

It was a long time before he finally spoke up.

“How have you been doing these past couple of days?” he asked.

“What exactly do you want to tell me?” she responded bluntly, not being in the mood to hear any of his nonsense at all.

Weston massaged his temples and smiled bitterly. She did not even have the patience to hear him speak now.

“There’s a problem…” he began in a grave tone, “with Miguel’s identity.”

Stella’s eyes widened. Staring incredulously at him, she asked, “What did you say?”

“There’s a problem with Miguel’s identity,” he repeated slowly and clearly.

Miguel had apparently been extra careful in concealing his true identity, but Weston still managed to find some clues that he had left behind.

“These are some information I found about his background,” said Weston as he handed Stella a folder of documents. “You can make your own conclusion.”

Ever since the first time he met Miguel, Weston had always been investigating his identity and background. Surprisingly, the more he dug, the more interesting things he uncovered.

Miguel’s face looked too similar to Roger Sealey. Using that as a starting point, Weston soon found that everything about Miguel led back to the year when Roger died.

Records of Miguel’s life trajectory seemed to begin after Roger’s death. Although there seemed to be an attempt to lead everyone into thinking that they were two different people, Weston quickly worked out that the details about Miguel’s life prior to Roger’s death seemed made up.

In fact, it was easy to determine whether or not someone’s life records were genuine or not. But at the same time, it was just as easy to deliberately weave a web of lies to disguise someone’s tracks or make up a fake identity, because it would not cross most people’s minds to compare the lives of these two identities.

Stella's face gradually got paler as she read through the documents in her hands.

"But that's impossible..." she gripped the documents tightly between her fingers. "If it's true that he's Roger, then why would he conceal the fact from me? Why would he keep it a secret for these last three years...?"

Weston looked straight at her and said, "I think you know why."

It was obvious that he wanted to be with Stella as someone else — not as brother and sister, but as a man and a woman

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Chapter 1224

Stella was still mired in confusion when she got home later that day. She was still holding the documents Weston gave her in her hands when she opened the door to her house.

Elias and Emma flew into her arms, laughing in glee as they hugged her tight...

"Mommy, you're home!"

Stella tried her best to put on a smile for them. Then she noticed some colorful marks on Emma's face and asked her, "What are these?"

"I was playing with Miguel and Elias!" Emma replied.

The girl spoke a lot more fluently and clearly when she was around people she was familiar with.

"Miguel was teaching us to play cards," Elias added, expanding upon Emma's points as he always did, "and the loser has to have a line drawn on their face!"

Stella paused. She reached out her hand to wipe the marks on Emma's face.

"You can play as much as you like," she told them. "But you have to be careful not to get the marks on your eyes, okay?"

Miguel languidly got up from the couch, still holding a deck of cards in his hands. As he slowly shuffled the cards while walking up to her, he noticed that she did not look very pleased, so he explained, "We were just having fun, that's all. It's only a simple game. It's not going to get them addicted or anything like that, so don't worry."

He assumed that Stella was unhappy about him teaching the children to play cards.

Stella said nothing. She slipped the documents into her handbag and silently picked Emma up in her arms.

"Let's go take a bath. It's getting late now. Both of you should go to bed early."

Miguel was a little disconcerted when he noticed that Stella was ignoring him. Once the mother and daughter pair had disappeared into the bathroom, he leaned down towards Elias and asked him, "Is your mommy angry?"

Elias had no clue, so he shook his head, confusion written all over his face.

Miguel pouted and patted the boy's head before saying, "Come on, let's give you a bath too!"

Meanwhile, in the bathroom, Stella had just placed Emma in the bathtub.

Emma was playing with her rubber ducky when she noticed Stella looking worried. Perceptively, she took her mother's hand and asked, "What's wrong, Mommy? Are you sad...?"

Stella glanced at her and smiled, telling her, "No, baby, I'm just thinking about something."

She then took Emma's arm and cleaned it thoroughly.

Seeing this, Emma thought nothing more of it and went back to playing with the bubbles in the bathtub.

Because Emma refused to sit still, Stella found herself unable to continue her thoughts. She sighed and just focused on giving her daughter a bath.

It did not take them long before they were done. Stella wrapped Emma up in a thick towel and carried her out of the bathroom.

Just as she walked out, she bumped into Miguel, who had Elias in his arms. Their eyes met, but for some reason, Stella quickly looked away.

Miguel frowned, sensing that there was definitely something wrong. He wanted to say something, but he could not just ask her about it directly in front of the twins.

Once they were both done coaxing the children to sleep, Stella turned and wanted to leave right away, but Miguel grabbed her arm and asked her, "What is it with you today? You're acting weird..."

Stella brushed his hand off without any hesitation and withdrew herself away from him.

Her cold gesture stumped Miguel. Panic flashed in his eyes.

"Have I done something wrong?" he asked.

Stella said nothing. She took a step away from him and stared at him steadily. After a while, she took a deep breath to calm herself down before asking, "Do you have anything to tell me?"

Miguel's Adam's [search apple](#) moved as he gulped. Evidently, he was feeling a little nervous. No matter how hard he tried, he just could not think of what Stella meant.

"No," he shook his head. "Can you just say exactly what you want to say? Don't make me guess. I really have no idea what you're talking about..."

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Chapter 1225

Stella's lips twitched. With a forced smile, she told Miguel, "It's nothing. If you have nothing else you want to say, then you should go home. I need to rest."

She then turned and headed towards her bedroom, but Miguel blocked her path by standing in front of her, preventing her from leaving.

“Something must’ve happened,” he said. “Why are you so cold to me all of a sudden? It’s Weston, isn’t it?”

Miguel frowned and added, “He must’ve said something bad about me! Or maybe... Maybe you’ve decided to get back together with him!”

Not again. Not this again.

Stella looked at him. Right now, he was acting almost exactly as Roger did in the past, especially his clear hostility towards Weston.

He was also always terrified of the prospects of Stella reconciling with Weston.

Stella was sure that Weston did not lie to her about

Miguel. She was convinced that all the documents he gave her were genuine, but she was still reluctant to believe that Miguel would lie to her.

She suddenly thought of the time when they first arrived

in Ahn City. Miguel had brought up casually that they had an apartment in Fern City too. Back then, she only thought it was weird, but did not really take it to heart.

Now, looking back, she realized that perhaps it was a clue she missed about Miguel’s true identity.

“The weather’s really nice this evening,” she said suddenly, looking straight into Miguel’s eyes. “Why don’t we go out and watch some fireworks?”

“Fireworks?” Miguel was puzzled by the sudden change of topics. He rubbed his nose and asked her, “Why are you talking about fireworks all of a sudden?”

“No reason,” she replied. “It’s just been a long time since I last saw fireworks.”

Stella’s eyes then glazed over, looking as if she was reminiscing about the past.

“When I was younger,” she continued, “I loved watching the fireworks in the sky. But later, fireworks were banned in the city, so my parents would take me to the countryside on New Year’s Eve, when almost every household would

be setting those things off at night. They are brief and short-lived, but they are beautiful and brilliant while they last. It's been so long since I last saw them, and I'm not sure if I'll ever have the chance to see them again..."

Miguel fell for it, and without thinking, he replied, "Weren't there fireworks in Ahn City three years ago?"

Didn't you see them?"

Stella turned to him and pointedly asked, "How did you know that there were fireworks here at the time?"

Those fireworks were the last bit of warmth she felt before she died. It was also the last memory she had of Roger.

Miguel seemed to be jolted awake when he noticed the doubts in Stella's eyes. He realized that she must have sensed something wrong.

"Well..." he started, stepping away from Stella, "it did cause a big commotion, after all, so how could I not know about it? Besides, when I was making my own investigation back then, lots of people mentioned the fireworks to me."

His explanations were starting to sound like somewhat untenable excuses.

Stella did not speak for a while. She just quietly and steadily stared at him.

Moments later, she took a deep breath and said, "I don't want to waste my time beating around the bush, nor do I want to keep testing you, so just tell me the truth – are you hiding something from me?"

Miguel avoided Stella's gaze, not willing to look into her eyes. After a long silence, he shook his head and replied, No..."

From that day onwards, Miguel started avoiding Stella.

But Stella would never have expected that Guinevere Cohen's parents would find her...

For the past two days, Stella spent most of her time practicing the piano. Occasionally she would play with Elias and Emma for a while, but the majority of her time was spent at Musx, playing the piano with Jason.

Slowly, the people of Ahn City became aware of Stella's return. Although she kept a low profile, most of the elite circle know that not only was Stella Sealey still alive, but she had even returned with two children in tow.

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Chapter 1226

As the matter gradually spread around, it caused quite a stir within their social circle, though no one had so far caused Stella any trouble.

She herself had no desire to enmesh herself with all the messy problems, so she was a little surprised when she saw Guinevere's parents looking for her at Jason's mansion.

"Why do you want to see me?" she asked them.

"We heard that you're back, and we know you want revenge on Gwen, but considering she's suffered enough, why don't you show her some mercy and spare her life...?"

"What on earth are you talking about?" asked Stella, utterly befuddled.

The elderly Cohens looked at each other.

Only three years had passed, but they seemed to have aged decades. The Cohen family had gradually declined in their influence within the circle. Three years ago, Weston exposed all the shady things they did, and they came very close to having everything they owned seized by the authorities.

The Cohens had plummeted nearly to the point of destitution. They lost all the benefits that they used to gain from Weston, and because of that, even as Guinevere was sent to the sanitarium, none of her family could do anything other than watch quietly.

They had become completely powerless.

"Haven't you heard? Weston is clearly framing Gwen for Zack's murder because of you. Think about it, Zack was Gwen's very own son! How could she ever do such a thing to him?"

Three years ago, Guinevere's affair with Chris Ford had practically rocked the whole of Ahn City. It even spread to the nearby Fern City, where the whole town knew of what they had done, becoming one of the most searched – for news on the internet.

Everyone now knew that Guinevere Cohen, the former superstar who grew up together with Weston Ford and his supposed perfect match, had gone behind his back to have an affair with his own father. To make matters worse, she even gave birth to a boy whose father was Chris Ford.

This whole scandal proved to be a terrible blow to the Cohen family.

In fact, it even devastated the Ford family's reputation as well, but luckily for them, they had Weston's impressive strength to rely on. Although their reputation took a temporary hit, Weston managed to pull them back up to their initial heights in no time at all.

Meanwhile, the Cohens' wealth and reputation were already in decline even before everything happened. Although they had been insulated from any serious consequences in the past, being among the richest and most prestigious families in Ahn City, this scandal was just too devastating a blow to them that even their money and status could not save them from ruin.

After all, much of their wealth had come from their reliance on Weston Ford, who naturally refused to do anything to help them after all that had happened. In fact, not only was he unwilling to help, he was even hell bent on attacking them by exposing all of the shady businesses that they had been conducting in secret, thus painting the Cohens' back as a target for harsh social judgment and criticism.

In the end, the Cohens completely fell from grace and became social pariahs.

Nevertheless, they were still grateful that Guinevere was still alive. Until then, they simply refused to believe that she was the real murderer who killed Zachary Ford!

"She's his mother, after all! How could she ever do such a heinous thing?!"

Amidst the Cohens' passionate pleas, Stella finally connected the dots and realized what had been happening.

It became clear that Weston's disappearance these last

few days was not because he had finally given up on her, but because he had been busy investigating the truth behind Zachary's murder...

At first, even she was shaken by this revelation. She found it hard to believe that Guinevere would really murder her own child, but she soon calmed down, and memories of Guinevere's vicious nature came flooding back to her.

It wasn't so hard then to accept the fact that Guinevere would stoop so low and do such a thing.

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Chapter 1227

Stella was still in some shock. Even wild beasts like tigers would never eat their own children, what more Guinevere, who was willing to go that far just to frame her.

She frowned and looked at the old couple.

"Since you're so adamant that she's innocent," she told them, "then you should help her by finding the evidence to prove she is. If you find no evidence, then it must really mean that she committed the murder. I don't understand why you're wasting your time trying to distort the truth."

"No!" Mrs. Cohen insisted as she stepped forward, tearfully looking at Stella. "It can't be true! You're a mother too. Surely you'd understand that no mother would be so crazy as to kill her own child! I'm convinced there must be some misunderstanding!"

She almost blurted out that it was all because Weston Ford was taking revenge on Guinevere.

Mr. Cohen, himself looking decades older after only three years, hunched over, and his eyes were red and bloodshot, but unlike Mrs. Cohen, he managed to stop himself from shedding tears.

"My wife and I are both very old," he said, "and we came here to beg you... please spare Guinevere's life..."

“Weston Ford is clearly doing all this for you,” Mrs. Cohen added. “Gwen has suffered enough now, so why can’t you let go of her?” 1

They never thought that Stella Sealey—the woman that Guinevere hated so much that she was willing to kill her own son to frame her, the woman that they thought had committed suicide in prison—was now standing before them, safe and alive...

But the better this woman’s life was, the more of a mockery it became to Guinevere’s present condition.

“You have everything now. Weston Ford would do anything for you! Please just spare Gwen’s life! I beg of you! Can’t you show a little mercy on her?”

“A little mercy?” Stella scoffed when she heard the word. “Why didn’t you ask your own daughter that question. back then? You know what she’s done to me all these years, yet you never stopped her or did anything about it. But perhaps I shouldn’t be surprised...”

Stella glanced at them and added, “With parents like you, it’s only to be expected that your daughter would turn out this way. Even after all that she’s done, she remains remorseless and unrepentant.”

“But she’s been punished enough now! She’s been locked up in that sanitarium for three years! What more do you want?”

“You think that’s enough punishment for what she did?!” Stella snapped, her tone audibly raising by a few notches. “Putting aside the fact that she killed her own son, she still owes me a life! She used her son to frame me, and if I hadn’t been lucky, I would’ve died because of her! She’s been only locked up for three years, yet you’re already begging me to let her go? You think that’s enough punishment? You think that’s justice? Don’t be ridiculous!”

As the Cohens tried to argue with her, Jason could no longer keep quiet and stand aside without interfering. He walked over to them and said, “Stop wasting your time begging her. Why don’t you go to Warren Ford instead? It’s been so many years. You know what’s happened between her and your family, so what’s the use of staying here and begging for her help?”

Jason was Warren Ford’s good friend. He was aware of Warren’s strained relationship with Stella, but for some reason, he still liked Stella despite all that.

Still, he was stuck in the middle of them both, so he thought it best not to interfere. All those years, he had stood aside and turned a blind eye to the bleak situation that Stella was trapped in, but he could no longer watch quietly without helping her today.

“I just can’t bear to see you bullying a young woman like this!” he exclaimed.

The Cohens looked at each other. They paid no attention to anything else Jason said. All they focused on was his suggestion for them to go to Warren Ford instead.

Perhaps that might work...

After all, Warren Ford had been on their side back then. Seeing how close the Cohen family was with him, perhaps they might be able to persuade him to help them.

Perhaps they might even be able to persuade him to spare Guinevere’s life.

Jason shook his head as he watched the Cohens leave.

“No wonder the Cohen family fell so quickly from grace, he commented. “They really are brainless idiots...”

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Chapter 1228

Stella remained flustered and was silent for a long time, even after the Cohens were gone.

Seeing this, Jason sighed, patted her shoulder, and assured her, “Don’t worry. I know Warren well. He won’t be kind to them.”

Having been in decline in the past few years, the Cohens had perhaps gotten a lot more naive now. They assumed that Warren would value the close ties between the two families enough to help them when they came to him.

But the truth was that ever since he learned of the affair between Guinevere and Chris Ford, Warren was so enraged that whatever respect he had for the

Cohens completely dissipated. From then onwards, apart from attending their funerals, he never once wanted a part in anything that involved the Cohens.

But the Cohens were desperate and had nowhere else to go, so they had no choice but to beg for Warren's help.

Unsurprisingly, they were blocked at the mansion gate and were not even allowed to step foot inside.

Warren Ford had no desire to see them. In fact, he had been sick in bed most of the time these past few years.

Because of what happened three years ago, he still had not reconciled with Weston. The only person he would see now was Xavier Ford, who would come to visit every once in a while.

Sometimes, even a proud old man like Warren Ford would feel some sense of remorse.

He regretted not respecting Weston's opinions back then. All he cared about then was how to eliminate Stella.

But it was too late to regret it now.

Warren had not bothered himself with anything that had been happening outside the gates of his house these days, so he was completely oblivious to all the commotion.

When he heard that Mr. and Mrs. Cohen had been kneeling outside the gate, waiting to see him, he merely waved his hand and said, "Let them kneel."

To his surprise, the old couple kneeled for the whole afternoon. In the end, Warren had no choice then but to let them in.

As soon as they got inside, they dropped down to their knees again and begged, "Please, Uncle! Please save our daughter..."

"Guinevere?" Warren frowned. "Wasn't she sent to the sanitarium three years ago?"

The Cohens made no objections in these three years, so

why did they come here to beg him for help all of a sudden?

“What exactly is going on?” Warren asked, turning to his butler, who was by his side.

The butler leaned down close to his ear and informed him of all that had transpired in the past few days.

“She’s back?!” Warren’s brows shot up. “But wasn’t she

The butler continued to explain. Warren pressed his temples hard, looking as if he found it all too much to take in.

“So she’s still alive...”

He failed to describe what he was feeling when he learned the truth. It just felt as if a heavy weight was finally lifted off of his chest. 1

Back then, he wished for nothing more than her death, yet right now, he really hoped that the rumors about her return were true.

Pressing his chest, he looked at the Cohens and impatiently told them, “This is all your daughter’s doing, so why are you here begging for my help? You should’ve raised her better, so she’d have never committed such an outrageous crime!”

His first reaction after learning that Guinevere murdered Zachary Ford was utter shock. But then he thought about

what she was willing to do these past few years, and he did not find it all that hard to believe anymore.

Back then, it never occurred to him to suspect Guinevere because she was Zachary’s very own mother. He just could not believe that a mother would be so cruel as to kill her own child, which was why he was quickly convinced that Stella was the culprit, then tried to eliminate her without any hesitation.

“No matter what,” he said, “Zachary was still a Ford family member... Even if he was the result of Chris and Guinevere’s filthy affair, he was still my flesh and blood. Since Guinevere was the one who killed him, there is no way that you can expect to get the Ford family’s forgiveness now! If she weren’t mentally ill, I would’ve sent her to prison a long time ago!”

“You can’t do that, Uncle!”

“Have you forgotten about your close ties to my parents?”

“That’s right, and Gwen is in trouble now. You can’t just stand aside and do nothing when she is about to die...”

“It looks like Weston is determined to have her sentenced to death!”

Hearing that Weston had already made his moves,

Warren sat on his carved wooden chair in a daze. After a long silence, he sighed and waved his hand, saying, There’s no point begging me for help now. Once Weston sets out to do something, no one can stop him.”

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Chapter 1229

“You’ve seen it yourself, haven’t you? I couldn’t stop him three years ago, and I won’t be able to stop him now! Not to mention now that that woman has returned...”

In fact, not only could he not stop Weston now, but he actually had no desire to do so either.

After that, he sent the Cohens out of his mansion and thought nothing about them ever again. No matter how hard they begged and cried, he remained completely unmoved.

After a while, it started to rain.

The butler told Warren that the Cohens had finally left.

Warren pushed his wheelchair to the window and stared at the pouring rain outside. He suddenly sighed and said, “I’m glad you’re still alive.”

Stella had set up her own office now. She had come back to expand her career here, so after signing some contracts, she publicly announced her return and set up her own personal office in the city.

Today was their first day of working here, so as the big boss of the place, she naturally had to be there with everyone.

Not long after meeting her new employees, the receptionist came to her and said, "There's someone here to meet you, Miss Cicily..."

Stella frowned, thinking if it might be Guinevere's parents again.

She was just about to tell the receptionist that she would not be seeing them when the receptionist added, "It's an old man."

Stella paused and fell silent for a long time. Finally, she nodded and said, "Let him in."

As she waited in the meeting room, she suddenly heard someone knocking on the door.

The butler pushed Warren Ford inside. Stella glanced at them and said nothing, she just turned to her secretary beside her and said, "Go get the guests some tea."

"It's fine," Warren interrupted her. "I won't be here for long."

Having finally met again after a long time, they were both unexpectedly much calmer than expected. Gone was the hostility in the air whenever they met each other in the past.

But even then, the hatred had only come from Warren's side, of course.

"So you've been alive for the past three years," he said. "

Why didn't you come and find Weston?"

It was their first meeting after a long time, and those were the words that Warren chose to say to her.

"Because of you," he added, "his life had been miserable."

"You haven't changed one bit," Stella chuckled. "Always blunt and direct."

Warren was at a loss of what to say when he saw her acting all calm and unruffled. Hence, he swallowed the words he'd been meaning to say and just told her, "I don't want to waste any more of your time here."

Stella smiled and poured him a cup of tea, and said, "Why don't you have some tea before you go? After all, whenever we met in the past, you always insisted on making me some tea without caring whether or not I wanted to drink it."

Thinking of the past, Warren's countenance changed immediately.

After a long time, he finally uttered the words, "I'm sorry. Those simple words seemed to have consumed all of his strength.

Stella's movements appeared to stiffen a little when she heard him.

"Some things can't be erased just by saying you're sorry," she told him.

She knew that the apology was already a sign of great compromise from Warren. He was a proud man. He had never admitted that he was in the wrong all his life, not even to Weston, his own grandson. Although Warren knew he had done him wrong, he still refused to yield to the younger generation.

It was a sign of pride in their generation, but it was also their biggest flaw.

"It just never occurred to me that Guinevere would ever kill Zachary herself," he said, his face turning ashen when touching the subject. "That's why I never suspected her. I was convinced that you were the one who did it. I have truly wronged you. It's absolutely all my fault."

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Chapter 1230

Indeed, he wanted to drive Stella away at the time, but he would never resort to such a method.

After that, when he learned that Stella had committed suicide in prison, he had a hunch that perhaps Stella wasn't Zachary Ford's real murderer. Perhaps it was all just a misunderstanding or a terrible accident.

But it never occurred to him that Guinevere was the one behind it all. It was Guinevere who had killed Zachary because she wanted Stella to be ousted and become a social pariah.

“I made a huge mistake,” Warren closed his eyes and told Stella, “I had never done anything wrong in my whole life, but I have, without a shred of a doubt... wronged you.”

“From now on,” he continued, “I will never give you trouble no matter what you decide to do, and I absolutely have no objection if you want to be with Weston again.”

Stella laughed as if she'd heard a funny joke.

“You're not thinking that I came back because I wanted to be with him again, aren't you?”

“Mr. Ford,” she added, “I must say that your family really are full of yourselves.”

She rested her hands on the table and tapped her fingers lightly, making a crisp noise.

Warren obviously noticed that she was clearly not the same woman that he knew back then.

“If I had wanted to be with him,” Stella continued, “then I wouldn't have been completely absent from his life in the past three years. I wouldn't have completely ignored him all this time.”

Stella had a polite smile, but the words that came out of her mouth were brusque and ruthless. “Three years ago, I was forced to be with him against my will. He had to tie up my hands to make me marry him and get on with the wedding. Three years ago, you promised me you'd help me escape him, but then what happened? Why on earth, then, would you ever think that I would come back now just to be with him?”

Warren's expressions turned more and more unpleasant, but he just could not find a word to refute her. After a long time, his hands shook slightly, and he told his butler to push him out of the room.

“In that case,” he told Stella, “I won't disturb you any longer.”

As he turned around, he seemed to be mired in a dilemma. In the end, he turned back towards Stella. He tossed his pride aside as he faced her and asked, "Can I see the twins for a little while?"

He had already found out that Stella was back, so naturally, he would have also found out that she had brought two children back with her. He knew that Stella had long been unable to get pregnant, so he did not have any hope that those children were Weston's.

But... What if?

If something so miraculous as Stella coming back from the dead could happen, perhaps those children could be Weston's too.

"They have nothing to do with you," Stella said, swiftly dashing Warren's hopes.

The lights in Warren's eyes dimmed as he asked, "So they're not Weston's..."

"No," Stella answered without letting him finish his sentence. "Those children have nothing to do with any of you. In fact, even if they are somehow connected to you, with my current status, I can take them away anytime I like."

Warren's head jerked up. He looked at her and suddenly laughed mockingly at himself.

"You're right," he said. "You are now Miss Cicily. With your international fame, we really can't treat you the same way we did."

Besides, she now had the full support of the Garcia family behind her, so they definitely could not intimidate her as easily as they used to.

Stella stood up and told her secretary, "See the guests off."

Warren's sudden appearance was like a brief intrusion into her schedule, barely causing a ripple in her life.

But later that evening, the receptionist came to her and said, "Miss Cicily, there's a man downstairs called Weston Ford to see you."

Stella became impatient. Warren was here this morning, and now he. What were the Fords thinking? Why are they coming here one after another?

"I won't see him," she told the receptionist.

She still had not read through the contracts in her hands yet. There was also the problem with Miguel, which had not been solved. She was already irritable as it was.

But then it was compounded by Guinevere's parents, who had come to trouble her, not to mention Warren Ford's sudden appearance in her office.

Right now, she was simply too upset to see anyone.

After a while, the receptionist returned to tell her, "That man said he'd wait for you until he sees you." "Then let him wait," replied Stella.