

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1027

Chapter 1027

Chapter 1027 When she finished, she saw the sudden burst of anger in Weston's eyes.

His intense ruthlessness swept over her, sending chills down her back.

The man pressed his thin, knifelike lips into a straight line as he uttered icily, "She would not do such a thing."

"Face reality!"

Guinevere shouted, her eyes red. "It is more than normal that she would hate Zack in her position. She can't have a child on her own anymore, so she despises mine..."

Weston suddenly grabbed her neck. The veins in his temples and the back of his hands bulged and throbbed, making him look like a devil from hell.

"I repeat myself. I don't want to hear such a claim anymore."

Her eyes snapped wide open in fear. They were, in fact, bloodshot.

She slapped his palm hard. The suffocation drove away the air from all directions.

As the overhead light blinded her, she could also smell the stench of death.

She looked at the man in front of her quietly and then swept a glance at the guards behind him. The men behind him hesitated. They did not dare to move due to the fear of the ruthless aura that now surrounded Weston.

She was almost fainting. Her fear of death caused her to show trepidation, and she pleaded for mercy.

She looked at his bloodshot eyes and stopped resisting. With a trembling voice, she said, "Kill me... Even if you... kill me. It won't change reality..."

His gaze changed immediately, and he suddenly threw her aside and marched out.

In the tea room of the mansion, Warren was sitting at the tea table, looking somewhat disheveled.

His hands had somehow lost their energy to move, and as he gazed at the teaware he used for his favorite pastime, his heart felt numb.

The moment he closed his eyes, he would see Zachary's mischeviousness, and his heart would ache.

"Mr. Warren, Mr. Ford is coming..." the man outside informed him hurriedly.

He looked up and knitted his brows, looking rather dissatisfied. "Didn't I ask you to keep an eye on him?"

The man retreated to the side sheepishly.

They were told to guard him, but their capability didn't seem to match up to the task.

Who knew Weston would be so crazy?

He was hostile to the point of killing someone.

They didn't dare to stop him, nor were they strong enough to.

The moment Warren withdrew his gaze, he heard an icy voice.

"I want to see her, Grandfather."

Warren looked in the direction of the voice, and his eyes met with Weston's.

One's eyes were filled with weariness and hurt feelings, and the other with anger and urgency.

"Where is she now?"

"All you ask about is that woman the moment you came out! Stella so deeply blinds you!"

Warren said with immense disappointment, "Even Zack's death couldn't make you see her for what she really is."

"Things aren't clear yet...."

"Not yet? The evidence is right before your eyes!"

Warren shouted sternly, "I know you would take her side, which is why I locked you up. When things come to light,

and you see her for who she truly is, I'd let you go. However, it does not seem necessary now." He stepped forward. "She would not do such a thing." The man's eyes were so red they seemed to be bleeding. Warren seemed very disappointed and closed his eyes. "See for yourself. These are the evidence."

He stood up trembling , despite the help of his walking stick. "The report said Zack died from the toxicity of oleander . Think about it—who has been holding those pots for the past few days – and who had the oleander?"

Warren opened his eyes and looked at him steadily. "I've already had someone investigate . One of those pots she has on the balcony is oleander, and it happens to be blooming!"

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Chapter 1028

Chapter 1028 Weston's eyes stiffened sharply, and he pressed his fingertips until they turned white. At Weston's silence , Warren knew that Weston did not believe him. "I retrieved the surveillance camera footage. Just before Zack was poisoned, she fed him something! It must be something that she brought out of her room. No matter the timing or the action, everything matches! How long do you want to defend her?"

Weston remained silent for a long time.

Looking at the evidence in his hands, his eyes were smeared with a frosty layer of decay.

"Where is she?" he asked with a husky voice.

Warren instantly knew he had achieved his purpose.

He patted him on the shoulder. "That's your son, your own son! Don't let everyone get cold feet over a woman."

Weston closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

"Where the hell is she?"

In the interrogation room, Stella had a long dream.

In the dream, she was covered in blood, lying on the cold ground, and looking up at the sky.

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It was the same dream again—the nightmare of that night when Weston abandoned her on the balcony.

Now, this nightmare was re-enacted once more.

She saw him holding Guinevere's hand and looking at her with an inexpressible look of disappointment. Then, he left.

Stella kept trying to explain, but could not make a sound.

She wanted to say that it was not her.

She did nothing. How could she possibly kill an innocent child?

But no one listened to her.

Guinevere's laughter was heard from a distance. Then, she told her with a victorious voice, "Even if I didn't have a child, and my child was dead, you still can't beat me!"

This dream lasted for too long.

So long that she thought it was real.

She could not help but recall the day she met Weston for the first time...

In fact, she had actually fallen for him for a long time.

This crush had lasted for umpteen years, so when he proposed to her, she did not hesitate to say yes.

It was a dream come true for her, but little did she expect that she would have to pay such a heavy price for her fluke.

She was so tired.

She did not want to go on anymore.

The only thing that had been holding her up was Roger. She lived like a walking corpse by Weston's side, and only the knowledge that Roger was safe could give her a little comfort.

But now, with so many accusations weighing on her, she could not even iron out the personal issues that plagued her life.

She seemed to have used up all of her luck when she met him, where it was all a never-ending nightmare and darkness after that.

“Stella...”

A familiar voice rang in her ears, with a faint patchouli scent filling her nose.

The man’s voice was so melodic.

Stella liked the piano and had been keen on music since she was a child. To her, Weston’s voice was like a high quality bass that ran deep and heavy, and it was a pleasure to listen to.

But at that moment, it was like the voice of a devil.

She snapped her eyes open and broke into a cold sweat. “I didn’t kill him...”

The first thing she said when she grabbed his hands was, “I didn’t kill him.”

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Chapter 1029

Chapter 1029 Weston froze, looking uncertain for a moment. Then, he pulled Stella into his arms and kissed her forehead. “It’s alright. I’m here.”

The man tilted her face and looked at her. “Did they hurt you?”

She shook her head. “They just locked me up, and they keep saying that I killed someone...”

She clutched the corner of his shirt hard, tightening her grasp gradually. Trust me. I didn’t...”

Weston didn’t answer and simply patted her back. “I have hired a team of lawyers to exonerate...”

Hearing this, she looked at her in shock. "Exonerate ? I am not guilty! You don't believe me as well?"

"That's not important."

He avoided her eyes and tucked her messy hair behind her ears to reveal her small face. "I will ask the lawyers to communicate with you later. Even with all that evidence, they still cannot convict you. However, you must fully cooperate with the lawyers."

"You don't believe me, do you?" Stella interrupted and fixed her gaze on him. "Do you also think that I killed

Zachary?" He looked at her sullenly. "I told you, it's not important."

He cupped her face. "The most important thing now is to clear your name. I don't care or want to care about the rest."

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She suddenly started laughing. "Haha.. hahaha..."

She looked at the man in front of her with teary eyes. "I am so moved. How could you love me so much? You love me so much that you want to clear my name even after I killed your son..."

"Don't be like this, Stella..."

Still cupping her face, Weston wiped away the tears from her eyes with his thumb. "Make sure you tell the lawyers that you did not kill him."

"I didn't kill him in the first place!"

He pressed his forehead against hers. "Tell them later."

His voice was low as usual, but her heart sank when she heard what he said. "You still don't believe me. You still think that I killed him... You are doing this now just to exonerate me..."

“Stella.”

He lifted her chin and made her look straight into his eyes. “That’s not important. Look at me. We will talk about it later, okay?”

Stella shook her head and stopped talking.

With lips tightly stuck together, her face was so pale that it was almost transparent.

He fixed his gaze on her with his deep eyes.

After a while, he stood up. “Let the lawyers in.”

Tina was flipping through the documents in her hands outside the interrogation room when Weston walked to her and looked at her condescendingly.

“How do you view your chances of success?”

Tina stood up and frowned. “In my experience, a complete acquittal would be unlikely. The evidence indicates that Ms. Sealey is the culprit. However, if we tackle the case from the point of involuntary manslaughter, we may have a chance.”

Weston pinched his glabella.

Still wearing the same black suit a few days back, bloodstains marked the hem of his shirt, but they were not obvious.

Although he was in a mess, a powerful aura was still surrounding him.

Tina held prejudice against this man, but she could not deny that his face was the most captivating and handsome one she had ever seen.

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It was very hard to find someone like him, even in the entertainment industry.

Even some top actors were unable to exude the regal aura that he did. And she was a bit surprised that such a man was willing to do so much for Stella.

She had thought that they wouldn’t be together for very long, living under the impression that Weston simply wanted Stella out of momentary novelty and possessiveness.

Moreover, with Guinevere being by his side at that time,

she did not hold high hope for Stella.

It was not until the incident during the engagement ceremony that shocked the whole city that she learned the truth-it turned out that Stella and Weston were deeply entangled with each other.

She looked at the man in front of her. "And there is one thing we must confirm. Did Ms. Sealey..."

Weston knew what she was about to ask and interrupted her. "That's is not important. What matters now is that we must minimize the penalty put on her."

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Chapter 1030

Chapter 1030 Tina frowned and sized up the man. "If she really did that, do you still want to clear her name?"

"That's none of your concern."

Weston's eyes flashed a hint of impatience. "The sky high legal fee Ford Corporation is paying you, and the reputation your firm will be getting from this should be enough for you to give it your all."

"Certainly. We are professionals," Tina said. "We will do our best to fulfill your request." "Don't let me down."

It didn't take long for Stella to look at the man who had gone and returned.

Weston did not look as if he had any excessive emotions and walked up to her as usual and held out his hand to her. "Come with me. I'll take you home."

Stella's eyes were hollow. "I heard from the lawyer that there is no bail for criminal cases."

He held her hand straightaway. "You don't have to worry about that. Just come with me."

She stood up, but her legs gave out. She obviously had

little energy left. Weston picked her up and brought her out of the police station.

A luxury car was waiting outside the door. Once they were out, Stella heard a chorus of curses,

“They are out, they are out!”

“Is it Stella?”:

“It’s her!”

“Murderer! She’s a murderer!”

Reporters were pervasive creatures of late, and they swarmed toward them like locusts the moment they received news from unknown sources.

“Mr. Ford, is it true that your new wife killed your son out of jealousy?”

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“Ms. Sealey, you killed an innocent child after becoming Mrs. Ford because you couldn’t tolerate him being Guinevere’s son. Do you have any regrets? Do you feel guilty?”

Apart from the rabid reporters, Guinevere’s fans who received the news had also come and were gathered outside.

“It’s her! She killed Gwen’s son!”

“She is a bitch! She snatched Gwen’s husband away, then killed her son!”

“Gwen has a rare blood type. She won’t be able to have another child again...”

“What a ruthless woman! I hope she goes to hell!”

Stella was not sure who threw a rotten egg at her, but it seemed that they had planned it in advance. Subsequently, all the eggs they had were smashed into her face

The stench was unbearable.

Stella closed her eyes, and when she opened them again, she found nothing on her.

Weston had blocked all the attacks for her. With a stoic face, he ordered Ben, who was beside him, “ Arrest all the troublemakers.”

“Yes, Mr. Ford.”

“Stella, say something if you dare! Explain yourself!”

“Murderer!”

“Murderer! Go to hell!”

“You’ll die, murderer!” “Quiet, quiet! Stop it!”

Considering that the large commotion broke out outside the police station, the officers on duty immediately came

to restore order. At the sight of the police, the mob quickly dispersed and made their quick escape.

Ben looked in the direction the people were running at and understood the situation.

Those reporters were real, and so were the fans. However, only that person would know if there was someone manipulating these people in secret. They got into the car.