

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1096-1100

Chapter 1096

Weston looked up and glanced at Ben once. He did not show any response.

Ben hurriedly explained, "She seemed to have heard about Belle and Nicole, and she tricked them both into coming here. They thought they were here to work..."

"Well, Ms. Cohen clearly wants to teach them a lesson."

"A lesson?" Weston asked indifferently.

Ben said, "The people over there seemed like they were going to cut off Nicole's hand. She would never play the piano again."

Ben felt a little overwhelmed at this point and thought that Guinevere was too cruel.

Weston remained indifferent. "What else?"

"And Belle. Ms. Cohen seemed to be talking about cutting off her feet so she can never come back to Ahn City."

After that, Ben asked tentatively, "Mr. Ford, should we do something?"

"No need. Keep an eye on it, but don't make too much of a fuss."

Weston glanced at the time on his wristwatch. "Distract her and gather the evidence of power behind the Cohen

family." After that, he paused a little before asking, "How's it going with Xavier?"

"Mr. Ford, it should be soon. Warren trusts Xavier very much. The Cohen family thinks he's our competitor, so they don't suspect him at all."

Weston responded with a hum, seemingly uninterested. "Get on with it."

After a drink, Weston got up to return to the mansion.

The driver was at the wheel, and while they were exiting the parking lot, Weston saw a familiar figure waiting at the entrance.

Weston ordered the driver to stop and wound down the window.

The man outside heard the commotion and looked over.

When Michael saw Weston, his face changed. He immediately came over with a smile and greeted him, "Mr. Ford, what a coincidence." Michael thought for a moment and decided to give it a try. "I heard that there's a big multinational project ongoing recently that would cooperate with the Ford Corporation. Were you discussing the details here?"

Weston glanced at him with indifference. "Mr. Sealey, what's the matter?"

Michael could tell from Weston's attitude that perhaps Stella hadn't told him about Roger.

Michael gathered his composure and said sternly, "I've been unable to contact Stella for a while. I have something to tell her, so I hope you can pass the message to her, Mr. Ford."

Weston finally turned his head and looked at him at the mention of Stella's name.

Michael said with regret, "Stella's grandparents... My parents passed away a while ago, and tomorrow is the funeral. I hope she can attend it."

He paused a little in sorrow and said, "I know she has some issues with the Sealeys, but his father is the eldest son of the family, and I hope she can come over to see them off on behalf of her father."

Michael did not tell Weston that Stella already knew Roger was dead. After all, he was the one who broke the news to Stella. He did not want Weston to go after him later.

When Stella heard the news, she did not show any emotions.

Weston cut the steak into small pieces and swapped her plate with his.

Stella was startled by his thoughtfulness and laughed. "You're quite the gentleman."

She remembered that Weston used to do the same thing with Guinevere. He would cut the steak for her before giving it to her.

Weston pulled out a tissue and wiped his fingertips. He asked straightforwardly, "Are you going to their funeral?"

Stella fell into a short silence. "I don't know..."

She sighed a little. "They weren't nice to me, but my dad was very close to them."

Stella always thought that her grandparents loved her very much until the plane crash happened.

"Don't push yourself."

Chapter 1097

Weston said, "If you want to, I'll go with you. If you don't, I'll reject it for you."

Stella was torn between decisions. After a long time, she looked at him and asked, "Will you take me out?"

"If I'm around, yes." Weston lifted his hand and wiped the juice from the corner of her mouth.

Stella smiled meaningfully. "I thought you were going to keep me here forever..."

"That's because you never listen. If you behave, however, I'll take you out for events like this."

Stella nodded and took a piece of steak with the fork. She brought it to her mouth but did not eat it. "The trial..."

The two hadn't talked about this topic for the past few days in mutual understanding.

Weston paused a little. He picked up the glass of water on the table and took a sip. "It'll go as planned. Don't worry. Tina will tell you what to do later."

Stella held up her fork but did not eat for a long time.

She could not help but ask him, "Have you ever thought of it in your heart? Did you ever suspect me as a murderer?"

Weston raised his eyebrows. He clearly didn't want to talk about it. "It doesn't matter to me. I just want you to stand in front of me, safe and well."

"Even if I did kill your son, you wouldn't care?"

"I told you before. Zachary isn't my son."

"The child is dead, so it's not yours anymore?" Stella gripped the fork with all her might. "Then the child we lost before..."

"Enough!" Weston cut her off and stood up. "Don't overthink this. It's already been decided. It'll be fine as long as you cooperate with Tina during the trial."

"Also..." Weston walked to her and tipped her chin. "Don't try to contact anyone on your own. After the trial, stay in the mansion. Don't ever leave without my permission."

Stella's eyes trembled, but she did not say anything. After a short while, she put the food in her mouth and ate without expression.

Stella had gotten used to the always –changing tension between the two of them. Weston was sometimes soft and gentle but sometimes very cold.

Weston was pleased to see her obedience. He loosened his tie and pressed a kiss on her forehead. "Finish your dinner and get some rest today. I'll take you to the funeral tomorrow."

"Okay."

The next day, at the Sealey family home. Stella had mixed feelings coming back.

There were already numerous cars parked outside. Among them, Weston's black Maybach stood out the most.

The Sealey family was considered a middle-class family in the area. Stella's parents were both university professors and had a good reputation.

Stella and Roger grew up like little princesses and princes when they were young. They had never experienced any hardship

Though their family was not as rich as the richest ones, like the Ford and the Cohen family, they were still very well off.

Stella held Weston's hand and got out of the car while everyone was watching. She looked at the familiar building before her eyes and felt like a stranger.

"This is where you grew up?" Weston observed the look on her face. Then, he tucked her hair behind her ear gently.

Stella nodded. "Yeah....".

The Sealey family was dumbfounded at the scene. They

had heard about Weston and Stella's relationship, but seeing them interact in person was completely different.

Chapter 1098

If the Sealey family and Stella's relationship hadn't been such a big deal, they would've been all musing over Stella's marriage to Weston.

Those related to her were eager to bask in Weston's glory. However, they knew how ruthless they were when they kicked Stella out of the family, so they did not dare to bother her without any notice, fearing it would make things worse.

They only thought about contacting Stella after her grandparents passed. After all, it was Stella's grandmother who kicked them out of the family. No one else stepped in.

They did not help Stella when she was kicked out of the family, but they could say that they were afraid of Grandma Sealey and didn't dare to mediate the situation. They were in a difficult position themselves, but at least they could justify their action.

The dead had passed and would never come back to life. It was easier to let the dead take the blame anyway.

“Stella, it’s been so long since I’ve seen you. You’re all grown up!”

One of Stella’s distant uncles came over and looked at her with emotion and nostalgia. “I felt guilty all these years. I

couldn’t give you a hand before...”

He sighed a little. “But you should know. Your grandmother is too stubborn. I can’t just disobey her. She’s gone now, but she actually misses you. Before she passed away, she specially told us to let you come visit on behalf of your father.”

If it was before, Stella would have just ignored him. She knew they were being hypocrites . Things had changed, however. She had learned to smile and speak with these people despite her disdain.

“I’m glad she thought of me before she died. After all, she’s never asked about me after all these years,” Stella said with an indifferent smile.

Stella’s uncle smiled awkwardly and sighed. “She’s stubborn and unwilling to admit her mistake to the younger children. We tried to advise her, but... Anyway, it’s good that you’re back. After all, blood ties are inseparable. Don’t you think so?”

After that, he moved his gaze from Stella to Weston, who stood next to her. He acted as if he had just seen him.

“Mr. Ford, you’re here with Stella?” He smiled with relief. “I’m glad that Stella has you with her.”

“It’s what I should do,” Weston responded differently.

Stella glanced at him. Weston was again distant to outsiders . He shook hands with Stella’s uncle and then

quickly withdrew it.

Weston remained humble from the beginning to the end. He gave off the impression that he was not overly arrogant, yet was somehow distant and unreachable.

There were a lot of people waiting to catch up with Stella. However, they were all here, in fact, for Weston.

Stella understood how it was all about Weston. After all, his status and power were very attractive to these people who coveted fame and fortune.

Even so, she could not help but feel tired at heart.

There were no reporters at the funeral due to Stella and Weston's presence. However, people were waiting outside for Stella to show up, ready to flock to the scene as soon as she appeared.

There were many different opinions about Zachary's cause of death, and everyone wanted to find out more.

With paparazzi flocking around, eager to know the latest, harsh security measures were put in place. No one else except for family members and guests could come in.

Michael had come over with Diana.

"Stella, Mr. Ford," he greeted them while holding the woman beside him carefully. "You came."

Diana was a woman who adored the concept of beauty.

She could never live without her high heels, but due to her pregnancy, she was actually wearing flats and maternity clothes.

It wasn't easy for them to have child, so they cherished it with their lives.

Chapter 1099

Diana was delighted to meet Stella. "Stella, I thought you wouldn't come."

When Stella saw Diana, she finally showed a genuine smile on her face. "I left in a hurry last time, and I couldn't congratulate you. How are you coming along?"

"We're good." Diana rubbed her belly, wanting to share the joy of her pregnancy with Stella. However, after some thought, she decided not to for fear that Stella would start overthinking. After a few pleasantries, Michael and Diana took their leave. Before leaving, he looked at Stella for a few moments, only smiling and saying nothing.

Diana could not help but whisper in his ear, "Am I imagining things? Why are you looking at Stella in such a strange way? Are you two still not over what happened back then..."

Michael sighed. "I'm sorry for her and Roger for what happened back then, but there's no other way. I only hope they'll let it go eventually. We'll try to make it up for them too."

At the mention of Roger, Diana suddenly thought of something. "I haven't heard about Roger in a long time..."

She then got a little worried. "Why isn't he here at an event like this?"

Diana was unaware of the fact that Roger was not the Sealey family's biological child. Michael had no plan to tell her anything, so he said, "Roger is more willful than Stella. It's only natural that he doesn't show up."

Diana nodded but felt something was wrong.

Grandpa and Grandma Sealey were a bit patriarchal and preferred boys over girls. As their daughter-in-law, even she could sense it.

However, Grandpa and Grandma Sealey did not seem to favor Roger a lot. When they told them to invite Stella to pay her respect on behalf of her father at the funeral, they did not say a word about Roger.

It was as if Roger was not a member of the Sealey family.

Diana couldn't help but voice her doubts.

Michael put his arm around her shoulder and nudged her nose with a smile. "You've become paranoid since you got pregnant. Roger probably didn't want to come. Don't overthink things."

"Is that so?" Diana touched her head and felt a little embarrassed. "I'm probably overthinking then..."

Stella and Weston came to the funeral hall. As soon as

they arrived, the others automatically made way for them.

Stella found it ironic to see her relatives speaking so nicely to her after ignoring her for years. She stared at the portrait of Grandma Sealey with a strange feeling.

Despite that, she still paid her respects. After all, it was her father's family.

Stella had fond memories of them over the years. She just didn't expect the world to be so unpredictable as soon as they tore the superficial peace, revealing the cold and hard truth. It was cruel.

Weston portrayed himself as a very understanding son-in-law and accompanied Stella to speak to her relatives.

They did not plan to stay long. Besides, both knew very well that as long as Weston stayed, these people would be here not just to pay their respects to the dead but to

strike up a conversation with Weston.

Stella was finally able to rest for a while, so Weston let her lean on him. "Feeling tired?"

"I'm fine."

Weston cupped her chin. "Don't push yourself too hard. You're here to pay your respects on your father's behalf. It's alright if you want to leave now."

Stella said nothing and rested while leaning on him.

Suddenly, Ben came in from outside. He glanced at Stella and hesitated a little. "Mrs. Ford..."

Stella knew Ben had something to say to Weston, so she stood up and gave them space. "I'm going to the washroom."

Ben watched her disappear in the distance before whispering in Weston's ear, "Mr. Ford. Nicole and Belle are looking for you right now. They'd like to meet you."

Chapter 1100

"Let them wait."

Ben nodded. "Okay."

Just as he finished, Stella came out of the washroom.

Stella saw Ben leave in a hurry and walked to Weston. She asked, "Did something happen at work? Ben looks like he's in a hurry."

Weston caressed her head. "It's nothing. It's just some work matter. I'll deal with it when I have the time."

He paused slightly and said in her ears, "Also, you should meet with Tina later. She'll tell you what to do at the trial."

Stella's eyes darkened. She lowered her head and did not say anything

After a short moment, she answered in an inaudible voice, "Okay."

Weston parted her bangs, revealing the beautiful face underneath. He lowered his head and kissed her on the forehead. "Everything will be over after this."

"Stella, listen to me. Don't be capricious."

Stella nodded again and watched him walk away. After he left, she let out a breath.

Stella looked a little dazed and exhausted.

'I'm too tired. I'm really too tired,' she thought. As she closed her eyes, the shadows of many people began to appear.

Her unborn child and Roger were no longer alive. There was nothing she could hold on to in this world.

When she first learned about Roger's death, she wanted to let Weston feel the same pain she had suffered, but things had changed. 'I'm just too tired now. I'm tired,' she thought.

A black car was parked outside the estate. When Stella got in, she saw several cars coming over from the other road.

Ben sat in the driver's seat and said to Stella, "Mrs. Ford, come on up. I'll take you to a quiet area."

Stella was startled to see Ben here. "Aren't you with Weston?"

Ben said, "Mr. Ford gave his orders. Someone he trusts must accompany Mrs. Ford in his absence."

Weston had to deal with the matters over there, so he left Ben with Stella.

Stella nodded and said nothing as she got in the car. As the car drove away, she looked at the dozens of black cars

outside and asked Ben, "Who are these people?"

Ben paused a little and gave it a thought, wondering if he should tell her the truth.

After a slight hesitation, he answered, "These are the people Warren sent... and the Cohen family."

Stella understood immediately. She propped her cheek and looked out the window. "Are they still looking for

me?"

Ben nodded, "Mrs. Ford, rest assured, they won't get what they want with Mr. Ford around."

Stella did not say anything.

Ben looked at Stella in the rearview mirror and was a little lost for words. When they arrived at the destination, Ben accompanied Stella out of the car.