

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous Chapter 1117-1120

### Chapter 1117

After a while, Diana felt tired of walking. "We'd better go back now, Riley is still at home..."

Michael planned to bring her out for a date but sighed when hearing what she said. "Isn't that niece of yours a little bit inconsiderate?"

"Don't say that. Her classmate just passed away, so she wants to stay with me for a few days. It won't be for long anyway..."

Michael shook his head and stop complaining. "You are pregnant, so you are the boss."

Diana pecked him on the cheek. "Thank you, darling!"

The man pinched her face, smiling.

When they got home, they were much more restrained.

Riley knew that she'd been disturbing the two lately, so she tried her best to lower her voice.

In fact, she wasn't as annoying as Michael made her seem to be. He simply felt she was often in the way of his alone time with Diana.

"Uncle, Aunt, you are back."

Michael responded with a brief grunt and went straight to the study. Diana hurriedly said, "Don't take it to heart, he

is always like this." Riley smiled. As a niece, she was naturally happy to see her aunt having a good relationship with him.

After dinner, she suddenly asked Diana, "By the way, is Stella's trial happening tomorrow?"

"Yes."

Diana nodded, a little puzzled. "You seem to be quite concerned about her."

"Just curious," Riley answered with a smile.

Michael and Diana knew that she was heartbroken over the death of her classmate, but they didn't know the person was Roger.

And because of Michael's long-standing feud with his sister, very few of the Belfords knew that they were siblings.

Riley wanted to return to campus at first, but when she heard about Stella's case, she became a little worried about her.

Stella was, after all, the sister of the person she was deeply in love with, and she did not want anything bad to happen to her.

After a short rest, she returned to her room. In her hand, she was holding the recorder that Roger left behind

before he died.

She didn't dare to listen to it until now. She didn't want to waste the last thing he gave her.

Right when she was deeply absorbed in thought, there was a knock at the door.

"Riley, are you taking a shower?"

Riley stood up immediately to answer the door. She replied, "I'll be right there."

After that, she walked past Diana and headed to the

bathroom.

Seeing her room door was left open, Diana shook her head. "Careless girl..."

As she walked to her room, she saw the recorder on the carpet and bent down to pick it up.

Just when she wanted to put it somewhere, she accidentally pressed a button, and it started playing.

Startled, she hurriedly tried to turn the recorder off, not wanting to violate Riley's privacy, but that was when she heard a familiar voice from the speaker.

"Stella, what exactly do I have to do to get you not to tell Diana that I cheated on her?"

She would never fail to recognize the owner of the voice. He was the man who just hugged and sweet-talked to her a moment ago.

For a very brief moment, Diana felt as if she had fallen into an ice cellar, and her blood was flowing backward. She suspected that she might have heard wrong.

She froze on the spot and listened to the conversation in a self-tormenting way.

Michael didn't know why Diana took so long, so he went to look for her.

Seeing her standing at Riley's room door, not doing anything, he called out to her. "Darling, why are you standing here?"

She ignored him.

He frowned and went in. "You..."

"You say that you love Diana, but why did you fool around with my roommate? Don't you think that you should not have made such a mistake in the first place?"

This was Stella's voice.

Michael blanched for a moment, realizing that this recording was the conversation he had with Stella that day.

"Diana, I can explain..."

## **Chapter 1118**

The rain last night was much less intense.

When Stella woke up the next morning, she saw that the branches of many plants in the backyard had snapped off from the strong wind.

She pushed open the window to bring in the fresh air.

She stood on the balcony to sober up a bit. Then, she changed her clothes as she usually did every morning, walked downstairs to sit on the sofa in the hall, and waited for Ben to come and pick her up. Ben arrived right on time. His expression eased a bit when he saw Stella sitting there, all ready and waiting. "Mrs. Ford, the trial is about to begin. Let's go."

Stella stood up and walked silently to him.

He studied her face and said to her out of concern that she would feel nervous, "Don't worry too much. Everything has been taken care of. Miss Cohen has dropped the charges and will not appear as the plaintiff. There will only be Mr. Warren..." While he reminded her of the precautions, she felt rather calm.

She was in fact much calmer than she ever was in such a situation.

As he was talking, he noticed the unprecedented calmness on her face. Finding it rather unusual, he stopped. "Mrs. Ford, is there anything you don't understand?"

"No. Ms. Hampton has told me all about it yesterday."

She smiled and said to Ben, "You don't have to be too nervous. It's my business. You make it look like you're the defendant."

She was still in the mood for jokes, so Ben touched his nose and smiled reservedly.

Indeed, he looked a little uneasy. Finally, he decided to tell her. "Sorry, Mrs. Ford. I was the one who accidentally told Mr. Ford about you and Justin yesterday..."

Stella seemed unconcerned and showed no expression on her face. "You are his personal assistant. It's your job to supervise me. Don't worry about it."

Ben was surprised by her answer. He felt odd and was still a little guilty. "I know there is nothing between you and Justin, and I was just reporting to him about your day, as usual, I didn't expect that Mr. Ford's reaction would be so big..."

When he said this, he felt a little guilty.

If this had happened in the past, he would never believe that a friendly hug would enrage Weston this much—

When Weston was with Guinevere, he never even cared when Guinevere shot intimate scenes. But after he got together with Stella, he turned extremely over possessive.

Ben saw him do a lot of things that he would never have done before. It wasn't his first time displaying such pure and intense possessiveness, though, so he felt a little sorry for her.

It was obviously a small matter, but it could have caused them to fight.

Stella smiled and did not say anything. "Let's get in the car."

He pulled open the car door and watched her get in.

The car wafted steadily across the road. Everything was going well.

In the car, she suddenly asked, "Where is he?"

"Mr. Ford has a multinational meeting today, so he cannot accompany you to the trial," Ben stiffly made an excuse for Weston.

He rarely lied, so he was a little nervous.

Weston should've been by her side at a time like this.

He had made so much preparation for her, so Ben thought he would've definitely accompanied Stella, what more in such a period.

Besides, the meeting wasn't that important and could have been postponed. But to his shock, Weston wasn't showing up and was simply letting her face it alone.

He had no idea what went on in Weston's mind.

He obviously treasured Stella and took care of everything, yet he was absent at such a time.

Was it necessary to be so angry, though?

Stella propped up her chin and looked out the window, ignoring Ben's comfort.

## **Chapter 1119**

Ben could see that she was a little upset, so he said, "Mr. Ford still cares a lot about you. It's just that he can't let go of his pride sometimes..."

"I want to be quiet for a while." Stella turned her head and smiled at him.

There was a peaceful glow in her eyes, though the glow was like a pool of dead water.

Ben froze for a moment, that strange feeling growing deeper and deeper.

Yet, he could not describe it, so he could only nod.

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"Okay, Mrs. Ford. Have good rest.

The car soon arrived at the entrance of the courthouse .

Tina was already waiting there with her lawyers, ready to  
1.go.

At the door, Stella saw Warren sitting at the plaintiff's

table.

Warren looked like he aged a lot. When he got out of the car, he glanced at Stella from afar and then shunned away disdainfully.

She did not say anything and simply nodded to him, expressionlessly.

The calmer she looked, the bigger the fire burning in Warren's heart.

He sneered. "Do you think that you will be fine with Weston's support for you? I am not a person to be trifled with either. The outcome has not been decided yet!"

She smiled at him. "You are absolutely right."

Her indifference made him feel very uneasy, as if he had just thrown a punch at a pillow.

He glared at her. "Don't think that I will let you go by acting weak! You killed my great-grandson, and I must make you pay with your life!"

She remained silent.

After he finished talking, she asked, "Are you done talking? Can I go in already?"

Warren's face turned stiff. Holding his walking stick, he inhaled deeply and said to his lawyers, "Let's go."

Tina approached Stella. "It'll be better if you lessen arguments with the plaintiff before the trial."

Stella shook her head. "I am not arguing with him."

"Good then." Tina brought her in.

Ben stopped at the door.

He stood in front of the stone carving of a lion's head, watched the courtroom door slowly close, and exhaled.

The trial soon commenced.

A low-profile luxury car slowly pulled up at the landing of the high stone steps.

Ben focused on it and found it very familiar.

It seemed to be the Gust that Weston would occasionally use. A car synonymous with the term 'post-opulence,' it was a limited edition, with only two units ever built in the world.

This was why Ben remembered it.

Weston looked in the direction of the court from inside the car.

He rolled down the window only after Stella's figure disappeared from his view.

He lit a cigarette and held it between his fingers, but didn't smoke it.

There were a few visible scratch marks on the back of his palms, marks that Stella made when he held her in the kitchen.

A few of the buttons of his shirt were left unbuttoned, revealing his chest where similar scratch marks were visible.

Stella was docile when she was obedient but was very rebellious when she was not.

When she was comfortable, she would scratch him subconsciously, but she would also do the same when she

was not.

Ben walked over to him and interrupted him. "Mr. Ford?"

"You came," he continued respectfully.

"Hmph," Weston replied, his eyes still fixed on the courthouse.

## **Chapter 1120**

Ben wasn't too surprised that Weston actually came.

He was clearly concerned about his wife, so why did he have to put himself in such a dilemma?

He would only push his woman further and further away.

"Mrs. Ford is in good shape today. If there is no accident, the trial should go well."

Weston wasn't worried about the trial. He had made so much preparation that diminished confidence was out of the question.

However, even though a desirable outcome was almost a sure thing, he still wanted to see Stella walk out of the courtroom with her name cleared.

Ben stayed by his side and waited quietly with him.

As a light drizzle came upon the area, the low rumble of a car got louder as it approached from the distance.

A white Lexus stopped in front of them, and a man in casual clothes stepped out

"Mr. Ford, so you are here. I went to the office just now, but the receptionist told me you were not in the office."

Michael smiled, pulling his collar. His red eyes told of how little sleep he must've slept.

He always looked neat and clean, though he looked a bit messy at the moment.

His tie was nowhere to be seen, and the top of his shirt was left unbuttoned casually. He was unshaven, and his eyes were bloodshot.

He looked disheveled and miserable.

"I guessed you would be here. It's Stella's trial today. You will certainly accompany her."

He let out an ambiguous smile that looked fake.

His appearance alerted Ben. "What brings you here, Mr. Sealey?"

Michael's face turned gloomy instantly, and he charged toward Weston. His tone had lost its initial calmness, and the anger he was holding back was finally cut open. He glared at Weston.

"I'd like to ask Mr. Ford about his wife, Stella, who also happens to be my niece... about what she said to Diana!"

When he uttered the last word, he was almost gnashing his teeth.

How could he have ever imagined that? Thinking that everything was flawless, he would still end up with Diana knowing that he had cheated on her.

He could never forget Diana's heartbroken look last night.

She was standing at Riley's room door, looking at him with a pale face and streaking tears.

His heart ached as he watched.

For a moment, he really wanted to go back in time and strangle himself.

Why was he such an a\*\*\*\*\*e at that time? Doing those things that made her sad...

He knew she would be sad, but he did it anyway.

He could find countless excuses for himself in front of Stella, but when facing Diana, the woman who carried his child, he became speechless, unable to utter a single word.

He had prepared a thousand excuses to explain himself, but he could say nothing to her face.

Diana was still standing there with red eyes and tears streaming down her face waiting for him to speak.

In the end, he only said three words. "I am sorry."

Then, he saw the light on Diana's face fade instantly. Her face was so pale that it was almost transparent, and her body shook uncontrollably.

He hurriedly moved forward to hold her. "It's all my



fault. You can scold me or hit me, but don't hold it in your heart. You are pregnant..."

At the mention of this, her face changed immediately,

and she pushed him away violently. "Get out of the way!"

He tried to stop her and even knelt in front of her." Diana, don't go..."

He tried to beg her not to be so impulsive for the sake of the baby.

They argued and fought for a long time that day.

Later, Riley figured out what had happened and was a little shocked.

She did not know that Stella and Michael were related.

What's more, she did not know that the uncle she had always thought was Mr. Nice Guy was actually unfaithful to her aunt behind her back.

Riley originally wanted to side with Diana and scold Michael, but Diana was still pregnant, and she shouldn't get too emotional.