

Mr. Ford Is Jealous Chapter 1121-1124

Chapter 1121

Diana wanted to run away from home. Riley could only help Michael to calm Diana down.

Soon, it was nightfall. Diana was unwilling to stay with Michael, so she slept in the guest room with Riley. When Riley got up in the middle of the night, she was surprised to see that Diana was gone. She had no choice but to wake Michael up and look for Diana.

Michael got no sleep the entire night.

He thought he would have to sit and stay awake all night, but he did not expect Diana to sneak away. Having been searching for Diana since midnight, Diana was, however, still nowhere to be found.

Michael did not dare to alert Diana's family. If her family knew what he had done, they might take Diana back and force them to divorce.

Michael could not live without Diana, and he could only ask Riley to keep this a secret until they found her.

Riley did not think much about it. Finding Diana was her most important priority at the moment.

They searched all night, but still, Diana was nowhere to be found. Michael still had no clue about Diana's whereabouts.

Michael knew Stella would be on trial in court on this day, and when he thought about the recorder Stella had given to Riley, his worry turned to anger.

He wondered if Stella had done it intentionally, or if she had just taken the wrong recorder by mistake. So far, all he knew was that his marriage might come to an end because of Stella.

Michael was the vindictive kind, and there was little chance he would let her get away with it. Therefore, he found Weston.

Stella got him into this situation. He had a hard time and wanted to drag them along.

After hearing those things, Ben seemed to have remembered something. "So that's why..."

No wonder Stella had inexplicably asked him what he'd do if his partner was cheating on him and if it was better to keep it to himself for the rest of his life or to tell the truth.

Ben initially thought Stella had done something wrong to Weston. Although she wasn't close to Justin, Ben still reported to Weston everything she did with someone of the opposing gender.

Little did he know that Stella was only asking that question because she felt lost about Michael and Diana's relationship.

Ben was wrong about Stella.

With a frown, Weston stubbed out his cigarette. He looked at the man with red eyes in front of him indifferently, harboring little sympathy for him.

"You should be looking for Diana, not shouting at me here."

Michael suddenly felt a little disillusioned and took a few steps back. He clutched his head hard, fell, and slumped down on the edge of the flower bed.

"I can't find Daina.

"I've searched everywhere. I've searched every place she could have gone, but I still can't find her.

"Where could she have gone?"

Michael hoped that Diana would beat him and scold him. He was fine with any of that as long as she stayed.

Weston frowned and looked a little impatient. He tapped his fingertips on the steering wheel in annoyance.

He didn't want to get involved in the business of others, but Stella greatly cared about Diana. When Weston realized his thoughts, he laughed at himself a little. He was still reluctant to let go of a woman who tried to kill him. He knew Stella had a grudge against him, but he never thought she hated him enough to kill him. In the end, this led to Zachary's wrongful death.

'Does she hate me that much?' he wondered.

Chapter 1122

The hours flew by in the blink of an eye. The heavy rain outside showed no signs of ceasing.

Ben glanced at the weather and suddenly noticed Tina walking out of the courthouse alone. She kept her head down and looked somber.

Ben took a glance at the time. "How come it's over so soon? Could it be..."

A bad feeling crept into his heart.

Weston looked in Ben's direction, and when he saw Tina coming out alone, his eyes turned grim. He opened the car door and swiftly got down.

Tina walked to him slowly, not daring to meet his eyes. Instead, she rasped, "Mr. Ford, my apologies..."

Weston interrupted her coldly, "Don't you tell me you lost." A cold storm brewed in his eyes, and with clenched fists, he looked as furious as the dark sky pouring itself out.

The rain only got heavier and heavier. The aura around Weston became colder. He looked like a messenger from hell.

Tina pushed her glasses and sighed, "I did my best... But I didn't expect Stella to confess to her crime."

"Crack." At the end of the sentence, Weston cracked his knuckle hard. He enunciated each word slowly, "Confess to her crime?"

After saying that, he sneered. "Are you telling me that she just confessed to her crime?"

Tina shook her head. "Sorry, Mr. Ford... Even if I had the power, Stella has confessed to the crime... Even if I was the judge, there'd be nothing I could do to save the situation."

Michael was slightly surprised when he heard this, but he quickly understood the situation and snickered. "This is nothing surprising. Stella didn't want to be with you. Maybe she confessed to escape you."

Michael looked up and gave Weston a mocking look. " Maybe she thinks it's better to stay in jail than to stay with you."

"Bam!"

Weston rammed his fist directly into Michael's face, his eyes red and bloodthirsty. After the punch, he calmed down and rubbed his wrist.

Weston looked down at the man who fell on the ground. "If Diana wants to divorce you, the Belford family will have my support."

"Weston, don't you dare!"

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What Weston said hit Michael hard. Having taken away Stella and Roger's inheritance in order to gain the Belford family's approval, he no longer needed to rely on the Belford family. But then this happened...

If Weston were to provide his support to the Belford family, Diana would certainly divorce him.

Michael, in a fury, screamed , "If Stella hadn't recorded our conversation, Diana wouldn't have known about that! She wouldn't have run away from home! She wouldn't have left me!!!

“In the end, it’s all Stella’s fault!”

Weston grabbed him by the collar, dragged him up from the ground, and punched him hard again. Punching Michael seemed like the only way to vent his anger.

Bish!

Bam!

Bish!

Weston didn’t say a word and kept punching Michael in the face. Soon, Michael’s nose and mouth pooled with blood.

Weston was about to beat Michael to death in public.

Realizing that the situation was getting out of hand, Ben tried to mediate. “Mr. Ford, our priority now is to contact Mrs. Ford... We don’t know what’s going on inside...”

Chapter 1123

Weston stopped and looked at the man on the floor. “Diana left you, and you deserve it.”

“Stella confessed, and you deserve it!” Michael shouted from behind him. It was as if attacking Weston would give him some sort of relief.

In reality, it was just two losers attacking each other.

Michael knew this very well, making the whole situation seem so sadly ironic.

“You’re powerful, but what can you do? You can’t even protect your loved one!” Michael continued to scream and cursed behind Weston to vent his anger.

Unable to find Diana, Michael felt helpless. He finally found an outlet to vent all the anger he had built up throughout the night.

Weston ignored Michael coldly and walked straight in. His goal was clear. He wanted to see Stella.

The staff accompanying him told him, “Sorry, Mr. Ford. Mrs. Ford doesn’t want to see you...”

“I said I want to see her,” Weston said in a sharp, icy voice. The people around him held their breaths, afraid to disobey him.

However, one man bit the bullet, saying, “I’m really sorry, Mr. Ford. If the defendant doesn’t consent to it, even her family won’t be able to see her...”

Stella refused to see him, and even if he went there, she would not see him.

Weston did not say a word, but his face was scary.

The trial was over.

Warren walked to Weston and looked at him. He shook his head, saying a little regrettably, "I thought you would win this time. You had it all worked out. You and the board of directors took power, but you never thought Stella would make you lose in the end."

Warren wanted to tap Weston on the shoulder, but he missed. Weston took a step back as soon as Weston held his hand mid-air.

Weston gave the old man a cold glance. "It's not just the directors and me. Someone you didn't expect took part as well."

Weston paused for a moment and said, "Did you know that Xavier was involved? Your good son, the one you trusted most, is on my side."

Warren paused with a look of shock that flashed in his eyes. He couldn't believe what he was hearing.

Anger filled his old and wrinkly face. "You're deliberately sowing discord between us!"

"You can confront Xavier yourself and find out if it's intentional or not."

Weston suppressed the anger in his heart and took a deep breath. "Xavier chose to be on my side. I don't think he'd be despicable enough not to admit it."

He then looked into Warren's eyes and said, "Grandpa, you're old. Even if you don't want to admit it, Xavier is no longer the obedient son he once was. He used to listen to you all the time, but now, he knows exactly whose side would benefit him most."

Warren widened his eyes as if in disbelief. He stumbled backward, unable to say a word.

Even so, Warren knew in his heart that Weston would never deceive him when it came to this. He simply never thought that Xavier would be the one to betray him.

'Xavier... I trusted him so much!' Warren thought in despair.

Warren loved his youngest son, Xavier, the most. Although he left most of the responsibility to the more capable Weston, he never treated Xavier poorly. Why would Xavier be on Weston's side?!

Was what Weston said true? Had he grown too old to

grant Xavier what he wanted? Warren laughed bitterly and hunched in agony. He had

been a schemer his whole life, but he did not expect such an ending to befall him.

Chapter 1124

Warren looked up at Weston. "I know you hate me. You blame me for hurting the woman you love. That's why you deliberately made Xavier turn on me. You're trying to get back at me, aren't you?"

Weston, a filial grandson, naturally couldn't directly hurt his grandfather, but he knew how to make him suffer.

Thus, he remained indifferent and looked ahead. "Grandpa, aren't you overthinking? Xavier is the one who has decided on his own actions. What does it have to do with me?" he asked, his sharp voice devoid of emotion. After saying that, he shot Warren a cold glance. Then, he turned back and walked away without looking back.

Warren looked at Weston's back and felt a gush of blood in his throat. He consoled himself with the fact that he had at least sent Stella to prison and avenged the death of his great-grandson.

Warren tried to tell himself that he didn't lose too badly. However, Weston's words forced themselves into his head again, and he took a few steps forward before suddenly blacking out. He shuddered a little and lost

consciousness.

"Warren!

"Warren!"

The people around him picked him up in a panic and sent him hurriedly.

Stella was in a small room. Amid the heavy and quiet atmosphere, she sat on a stool obediently, watching passersby come and go.

Some of them were in uniform, while some of them looked serious. They would stop in front of her for a moment, then walk away.

Stella sat with her head hanging low, pretending she never saw them.

A short moment later, a staff member came in and said to her in a low voice, "Your family wants to see you."

Stella shook her head and said, "No."

'Family? Who else does she have now?' she thought.

“Weston is outside. He’s your lawful husband. He has the right to meet you,” the staff said, trying to persuade her.

Stella refused. “I don’t want to see him. Even if I die, I won’t see him again.”

The staff seemed a little troubled. “But he’s already here. He specifically asked for you. Why don’t you go out and say a word to him? After all, it’s such a big deal...”

The corners of her mouth tugged slightly. She said, “I’ll

stay here. I’m not going anywhere. Aren’t you going to send me to jail?”

Stella raised her head and looked at the man in front of her. When she looked at him like that, a chill ran down his spine.

Stella was undoubtedly a gorgeous woman. She had a pretty face with skin so fine that dormant veins under her skin could be seen. However, her eyes were blank and dull, completely devoid of life and light.

The staff had witnessed many death row inmates in the courtroom. He had seen some chilling sociopaths too, but never someone as depressed as Stella. She seemed to have completely given up on life. It was his first time seeing a different kind of beauty like her.

After a short silence, he said, “I’ll go and talk to him. If you change your mind...”

Stella shook her head and cut him off, “I won’t. Tell him to leave.”

“Tell Weston I’m never seeing him again in this life.”