

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1017

Chapter 1017 Of course, Stella would definitely let Diana know the whole truth once she had the chance.

Michael's face instantly fell when he heard of Stella's resolve.

"Do you think you're helping her by doing that?" he argued.

"Do you think it'll do her any good if you tell her the truth? I'm telling you, Stella, you're being selfish!"

"There's no such thing as perfection in this world, yet your aunt is a perfectionist.

She's blissfully unaware now, and she can still get on with her happy life, enjoying her pregnancy before peacefully giving birth to our baby.

I will make sure that she remains clueless about this forever!"

"As long as I can keep hiding this secret from her for the rest of her life," he added, "it'll just be as if my past mistakes never happened!" Stella did not speak for a while and slowly clenched her fists.

She could not refute him at the moment, but she couldn't help but feel contempt for this despicable man.

"You clearly should've treated her better from the start," she rebuked.

"You should never have deceived her or let that low-hanging fruit below your waist overrule your head!"

Stella just couldn't wrap her head around Michael's audacity to look so righteous when he was demanding that she conceal his infidelity from his wife.

It was he who cheated on Diana, and the fault was clearly his, yet Stella would be at fault if she ever revealed the truth to her.

L "You were the one who made the mistake," she snapped fiercely at him, "yet all you're worried about is that I don't expose your lies?! Has it ever occurred to you that you should've controlled your own lust in the first place?" "I admit I've made mistakes...

but that was all in the past, and there's nothing I can do about them now.

All I can do is to make up for my mistakes.

But if you tell her the truth ...judging by her nature, I'm afraid I would not even have the chance to make amends." "If you really want what's best for her," he repeated, "then don't ever tell her the truth..." As he spoke, Ben rushed over and announced, "Mrs. Sealey is heading over here, Mrs. Ford!" Stella and Michael turned around simultaneously when they saw Diana approaching from a distance, craning her neck to take a better look at both of them.

Neither of them knew how long she had been there,

"Stella!" Diana smiled as soon as she recognized Stella. "What are you doing here? What a coincidence!" She walked towards them and stopped by Michael's side.

"Why didn't you tell me that you met Stella here?" she asked while giving Michael an angry look.

"I was wondering where you'd been..." "Be careful," Michael instinctively held her to make sure she was safe.

Ever since discovering she was pregnant, Michael had been extra watchful of her.

"You shouldn't have rushed in like that.

We're not going to run away from you anyway." Diana, on the other hand, wasn't so pleased with him being overly cautious all of a sudden.

"The doctor said that the baby in my belly is in good health," she argued.

"Do you have to treat me as if I'm about to have a miscarriage?"

"Hush!" Michael instantly frowned.

"Don't say such ominous things!" Stella watched the affectionate couple with mixed feelings.

After a while, she finally spoke up.

"Aunt Diana..." Only then did Diana suddenly remember that Stella was still there.

She blushed slightly and apologized.

"I'm so sorry.

I've been ignoring you..." She then added, "I haven't even congratulated you on your wedding and being a new wife, Stella." LIL "Thank you." Stella smiled.

For some reason, the air grew tense and awkward.

“Do you have something to tell me?” Diana asked, looking at Stella with confusion on her face.

Michael glanced furtively at Stella the instant he heard his wife’s question.

“What could she possibly have to tell you?” he asked casually.

“Aren’t you both always secretly gossiping with each other anyway?” “Well, how did you know?!” Diana turned to Michael, chuckling.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1018**

Chapter 1018 “Don’t be ridiculous...” Michael joined in his wife’s laughter.

“Stella just told me,” he continued while shooting Stella a meaningful look, “that both of you have been secretly talking to each other.” “But that’s only because ...” Diana abruptly paused mid sentence , attempting to gauge the expressions on both Michael’s and Stella’s faces.

A few years ago, when Stella’s parents passed away, Diana came to know that Michael had indeed wronged Stella.

Although she was always close to Stella, she couldn’t deny that her husband always stood between them, so even as they were privately talking to each other, Diana would make it a point not to mention Michael “So what did the doctor say?” Stella changed the subject, looking at Diana’s belly.

Diana gently stroked her tummy.

Even though it was flat with no visible bump, it still made her glow with bliss to touch her belly.

“Both the baby and I are healthy,” she informed Stella.” Although I am a little older now, my body is still healthy, and besides...” She smiled and turned to Michael, “Your uncle has been spoiling me so much that I hardly need to lift a finger.

He wouldn’t let me worry over anything.

I’m sure he’ll take good care of our baby and me.” Mixed feelings arose in Stella’s heart as she heard these words.

For a moment, her resolve to tell Diana the truth wavered a little.

U What if Michael was right? What if learning the truth would only bring her more pain and suffering? Besides, it looked like she was gleefully anticipating the arrival of their baby...

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"So why did you come to the hospital?" Diana asked. "Feeling unwell, Stella?" "No," Stella shook her head.

"Something came up, that's all." "Are we holding you up from something important?" Diana hastily asked.

"No."

"Oh..." Diana replied, saying nothing more than that.

She just had a feeling that Stella was acting out of sorts today as if she was upset for some reason.

"Honey," Michael finally interrupted them, "we still have another medical exam later..." "You guys go ahead," Stella took the initiative to suggest.

"I've got to do something, so I need to get going too." "Okay! We'll meet again next time."

Once Stella had gone, Diana rubbed her belly and worriedly asked Michael, "Did I say something wrong to upset Stella?" "Nah," he replied, pinching her nose.

"Don't worry too much.

You're carrying a baby in your belly, remember? Try to keep yourself in a good mood." "I know..."

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Diana fell silent and pondered over the matter for awhile.

Then she suddenly turned to Michael and asked, "Could it be that she still remembers what happened and was unhappy to see you?" She felt that the conjecture made a lot of sense.

"She seemed fine when we were talking privately," Diana recalled.

"She only started acting weird when she met you. Michael's expression turned stony as soon as he heard this.

But then he thought of something, and he quickly smiled.

"So what exactly do you guys normally talk about, hmm?" "Just run-off-the-mill stuff..." she answered before something suddenly dawned upon her.

"Oh, no! Is it because she found out I'm pregnant...?"

IL

"Stella has a rare blood type," Diana continued with concern in her voice.

"It's almost impossible that she gets pregnant again...".

She had always tiptoed around this subject, never daring to bring it up to Stella.

But Stella had found out that she was pregnant today.

Could Diana's pregnancy have reminded Stella of her own condition and upset her?

AT

Michael remained silent.

He scrutinized his wife for a while before cautiously asking her, "Has she ever told you anything else?"

AL His question startled Diana for a moment, as if she sensed something else going on.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"What happened? Are you hiding something from me?" "It's nothing," he stroked her hair.

"Stop thinking too much." He swiftly stepped forward and knelt in front of her, resting an ear over her belly.

"Let me listen to it," he said.

“Is my baby a boy or a girl?” 1 Diana blushed and pushed his face away.

“It’s only two months old, silly.

It’s so tiny that we can’t even see anything yet.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1019**

Chapter 1019

Chapter 1019

Stella got to the room with a mind full of messy thoughts.

Ben stood guard at the door.

Since it was a private hospital, everything was on the ready to cater to their wealthier clients. In fact, their private wards were no less luxurious than a five-star hotel suite.

Stella turned to Ben, and out of nowhere, asked, “Would you rather find out the truth or be blissfully ignorant for the rest of your life?”

Ben stared blankly into the air, somewhat bewildered by her question that had come out of the left field. It took him a while to figure out that she was asking about what happened just now.

“You’re probably asking the wrong person , Mrs. Ford.”

Ben rubbed his nose abashedly and admitted, “I don’t have much experience in love and romance.”

Besides, he did not even have an inkling about what they were all talking about just now. It was, after all, none of his business. All he had to do was focus on the tasks Weston Ford had assigned to him and not waste time sticking his nose into the affairs of others.

Stella had known him for quite some time by then, so she was fully aware of what he was really like.

She sighed heavily and asked again, “Imagine you had a girlfriend, and she cheated on you. But she treats you very well, and you’ve always believed that she loves you very much. Even though she betrayed you in the past, she is now truly repentant and has really changed. She even cuts all contact with her lovers. In that case, would you rather

know the truth, or would you rather stay ignorant by believing that illusion that makes you happy?"

Ben fell silent for a long time, pondering Stella's questions.

"What a conundrum..." he stated. "Well, I think I'd prefer to know the truth, but then again, it would be heartbreaking..."

As he considered his options, he suddenly gasped. His expression changed abruptly as he cautiously asked, "Mrs. Ford... You didn't have an affair yourself, did you?"

His shock was written all over his face.

This rendered Stella utterly speechless.

"Forget it," she finally relented. "Just pretend I never asked you anything."

She turned around and walked into the bedroom, and sat down on the bed.

Her encounter with Michael and Diana had distracted her for a while. But now that she was alone with time on her hands again, her mind wandered back to Zachary Ford.

She had not heard anything from Weston for a while now, and she wondered what was going on over there. Stella was sure that she had never felt anything for Zachary, but still...

She sighed, feeling inexplicably agitated. She simply couldn't shake the feeling that something bad was about to happen.

Meanwhile, downstairs, Warren Ford's man had returned and was whispering something into his ear.

Warren raised his head and looked at Weston, who was right in front of him. "How do you feel," he asked, "now that your son is dead?"

Weston was too calm, so calm that everyone in the room could sense that something was awry.

"How do I feel?" Weston frowned. "Does that matter?"

Warren suddenly lifted his hand and violently swept the medical instrument and medicine bottles off the table.

Crash!

Everything fell to the floor and shattered.

“I must get to the bottom of this!” he shouted, his eyes locked on Weston.

Weston slowly clenched his fists and said, “Are you implying someone was behind this?”

“There’s no doubt about it!” Warren sprang up to his feet. “Someone poisoned Zack’s food!”

His cane clicked as it hit the floor, mirroring the rage that surged in its owner’s heart.

“All the food in the Ford family has always been carefully prepared,” he stated. “How else was it possible that such a tragic mistake could ever happen?! The only logical explanation is that someone must’ve intentionally poisoned Zack!”

He closed his eyes and remembered Zack’s tiny purple face that resulted from the poisoning. He found it difficult to breathe.

“I want you to investigate this right now!” he ordered.

## **Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1020**

### **Mr. Ford is Jealous**

#### Chapter 1020

Chapter 1020 “Okay,” Weston nodded. “I’ll do that. You should get some rest now. I’ll handle everything from here...”

“You’ve always been lukewarm when it comes to Zack,” Warren interjected. “How can I trust that you’ll take this matter seriously?!”

“Grandpa,” Weston quickly interrupted him. “Zack is a member of the Ford family no matter what. The blood that flowed in his veins flows in mine.”

Weston had always been cold and aloof, even with family. He was just never one to express much warmth or affection to anyone.

But even he was not so cold-blooded as to turn a blind eye to Zachary’s death.

“Good, I hope you remember those words of yours!”



Warren's grief had reached the degree where he could not even shed another tear. With reddened eyes, he stood there trembling, reiterating, "The murderer must be caught! That'll be the only way my great-grandson can be buried in peace!"

After a while, the sound of crying in the room finally faded. Weston sat down on a chair and massaged his brows vigorously. He could feel his temples throbbing , bringing with it a wave of dreariness.

Then he heard the sound of rushing footsteps approaching him.

It was Chris. He stormed towards him and frantically yelled, "I heard from your grandpa that someone poisoned Zack!"

He clearly still had not recovered from the terrible blow that was the news of Zack's death. His eyes were bright red as he demanded, "Who did that to him?! I want that person to pay with their life!"

Weston massaged the point between his brows, suppressing his tumultuous emotions.

"It's still under investigation," he coldly told Chris, looking straight at him. "Right now, you should calm down a little."

F

"How could I possibly calm down?!" Chris grabbed Weston's collar and pulled him up.

This irked Weston very much. Of course, Chris was far inferior in strength, but it was still his father whether he liked it or not, and it gave him no choice but to stand up along with him.

"Dad..."

"Why aren't you the slightest bit upset?!" Chris went straight to the point and demanded . "Zack is dead! Yet here you are looking indifferent! You really never

regarded him as your own son, have you?!"

By then, they were the only people in the room. The rest had left earlier to keep vigil at Zachary's side.

Weston couldn't help but find his father's question laughably ludicrous. "Is he my son?" he asked.

Chris drew a sharp breath. Without hesitation he countered, "But he's still your flesh and blood! He's like your own younger brother!"

“And now, he just died all of a sudden!” he stressed, his eyes as red as ever. “Someone just poisoned him to death for no apparent reason, and this is how you react?!”

“How should I have reacted?” argued Weston. “Should I have reacted like you, crying and screaming hysterically

Weston shoved his father’s hands aside, eyes frosty.

“And what good did that bring???”

“Weston, you...”

“I will get to the bottom of this,” Weston cut him off impatiently. “But for now, please don’t bring me any more trouble, and just get out of my way.”

“Weston!” Chris roared, his shame turning into rage.

But after a moment of silence, that ballooning anger suddenly popped, quickly dissipating through the gaping hole. Only exhaustion remained now.

“You blame me, don’t you?”

Chris closed his eyes, suddenly realizing that they were filled with tears.

“You hate me, don’t you? You hate this father of yours because he pushed all the responsibilities onto your shoulders, don’t you?”

Weston stopped in his tracks. His posture stiffened slightly. For Chris to say such things to him now, Weston could only find it ridiculously laughable. All it did was fill him with cold, empty anguish.

“He’s dead now, so what’s the point of hating you?”

Chris couldn’t find the right words to say. He was overflowing with pent-up emotions, and too many feelings had piled on him to the point he was unable to bear them anymore. He had to find a way to let out what he had suppressed for so long. “I know that you must hate me and blame me for all this! But what can I do, Weston? I had no choice ... You know the position I was in! What else could I do?”

Weston turned around abruptly, and with bloodshot eyes, he punched his father in the face.

“What else could you have done? If you kept your distance from Guinevere back then, would any of this ever happen?”