

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1175-1176

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1175

He paused for a while and put his arm down suddenly.

Gazing at her, he said earnestly, "At least I'm someone

important to you. That's enough for me to outweigh all other suitors of yours."

He still sounded very confident in himself.

All her suitors were basically unappealing to her.

No matter in which aspect, none of them could compete

with him.

The only man he found to be a threat was Weston.

He lit a cigarette. "Indeed, he's the one who wields all the

power in Ahn City..."

As soon as he took a puff, he saw Stella frowning.

He hastily put it off. "I am sorry. I was a little

overwhelmed by drinking too much."

Without saying anything, she wound down the car

window to let the air in.

She did not like the smell of cigarettes and did not want Elias and Emma to be exposed.

"You are still young. Now is the time for you to sharpen your skills. Smoke and drink less. These habits are

unhealthy,"

Times had changed. Drinking and smoking might have been required to get business deals in the past, but it all depended on one's capability now.

Although socializing was still important, it was more

about a person's potential.

Miguel hummed in response.

He loved the moments when Stella cared for him. His

actions were actually deliberate. He liked to see her nag at

him.

As he thought about it, he suddenly reached out his hand and tried to touch her hair again.

Stella was shocked and dodged him immediately, averting her eyes.

“We are almost there. Why don’t you close your eyes and sleep for a while? You’ve drunk a lot.”

Miguel dejectedly withdrew his hand and closed his eyes.

“Okay. Call me when we arrive.”

Stella carried Elias and Emma into their bedroom in the apartment and tucked them in.

They woke up as soon as they got out of the car. Emma was a bit fussy and kept crying.

Fortunately, Elias was docile and did not insist on Stella

reading him a bedtime story.

The twins slept peacefully.

Stella sat beside their bed, staring at their sleeping faces.

“They look like angels only when they are asleep...”

Miguel came in through the door and stood behind her.

They are also cute when they are awake. They are even

cuter when they are sleeping, though, especially Emma.”

..

He stood next to Emma’s bed. He intended to reach out

and poke her chubby cheek but was worried that he would wake her up and make her throw another tantrum.

“Her eyes were red just now. Did she get bullied in the restaurant? I forgot to ask just now.”

He had sobered up quite a bit after having some soup and only noticed that something was amiss when he thought back on her sudden request to come back to the

apartment.

They had already decided to have dinner in the

restaurant, but she changed her mind on the spur of the moment. Did something happen?

She mouthed some words at him: Let's talk outside.

They gingerly left the children's room.

She went to the kitchen and made him some noodles.

They each had a plate with a couple of eggs nestled on top of the noodles.

Stella gently poked the egg yolk with a fork and let the golden liquid flow out.

Miguel propped his chin and looked at her. Smiling, he said, "You always like these half-cooked eggs so much."

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1176

Stella smiled. "Yeah."

The two ate the noodles quietly in a cozy atmosphere.

Miguel had eaten all sorts of expensive delicacies over the years, yet his favorite was still the taste of home cooking.

After finishing eating, she raised her head up, pulled a tissue paper, and said out of nowhere, "I met Weston today."

The man's hand, which was holding the fork, froze, and he looked up at her almost immediately. "When did it happen? Why didn't you tell me until now?"

She wiped her mouth and tossed the tissue paper into the glass jar beside her. "It was just downstairs from where we were dining. Someone had booked the place, it was his birthday."

He snorted. "I have totally forgotten about that. He turns thirty today, right?"

Then, he put down his fork and spat out two words. "Old

man."

She found it hilarious to see him looking so childish.

She covered her nose and giggled, though her reaction didn't escape his eyes

"What are you laughing at? Was I wrong? Isn't he an old

man?"

He raised his eyebrows, puffed up his chest suddenly, and

hinted at Stella.

“You know, men’s bodies start to go downhill when they reach thirty, and so does their sex drive. Luckily you had Elias and Emma when he was in his twenties. If you want to have children in the future, you will need to find a young man in his twenties. An old man won’t be as good!”

After he said that, he saw the smile on her face slowly disappeared.

He suddenly remembered something and regretted what he had said. “Sorry, I don’t mean that...”

He knew that Stella was no longer able to have children.

It was already a miracle for her to be able to give birth to this pair of twins. But it was also because someone had taken good care of her body, just so that she was in a state to be able to conceive. It was why she could get pregnant.

He hastened to remedy the situation. "I'm not that fond of children either, and if it weren't for Elias and Emma, I find children very annoying whenever I see them."

She knew he was trying to remedy the situation and interrupted him. "Let's not talk about that."

She still refused to bring this up. It felt awkward.

Miguel sighed and changed the topic. "What was his reaction to seeing you?"

She shrugged. "No particular reaction. I expected this. But ... he thought Elias and Emma were his kids."

"How about you? What did you say?"

"Of course, I denied it."

"He should not believe it." He shook his head. "With that man's character, he'll probably investigate you."

Just as he said that, his phone rang.

He looked at his phone and speed-read the message. Then, he raised the corner of his lips and said sarcastically, "He has already done it. He has been investigating you, and now he is investigating me. I bet he will find out everything about Cicily soon."

She stood up indifferently, cleared the table, and went to the kitchen to do the washing up.

After that, she came back, sat in front of him, and said, "I

am not the same person I was before, so what if he investigates? I am not the same Stella who is at his mercy anymore. If he wants to hurt those I care about, he'll have

to ask me first."

A hint of sharpness flashed across her

eyes.

Miguel was stunned, and a strong, complex feeling rose

in his heart.

He thought that he should not have sobered up yet.

Otherwise, why would he feel so hot?

"Well, since they're both asleep, I'll go first. Tell me if he gives you a hard time. Don't carry it alone."

She knew he was referring to Weston. "Don't worry. I can

handle it myself."

After the meeting today and seeing Weston's attitude, she already got a picture of the situation.

It seemed he still had feelings for her.

Stella smiled faintly but felt that it was a little ironic.