

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous Chapter 1161-1164

### Chapter 1161

Everyone began to take their seat at the table.

Daisy wanted to sit by Weston's side, of course, but Nicole obviously wanted to grab that seat. The two women glared at each other, both seething with hostility for the other in each other's eyes. Weston had no intention of choosing either, so he walked across to the opposite side of the table and took a seat across from the two women.

Seeing this, Daisy and Nicole finally let go of the chair and gloomily sat themselves down.

Xavier couldn't help himself from sniggering when he saw how Daisy was walking on eggshells around Weston.

He and Daisy broke up not long after Stella died, and shortly before that, he had warned Daisy that if she still showed interest in Weston, he would immediately end things.

Once Stella died, Daisy instantly became restless and antsy. She couldn't stop asking about Weston, not to mention that she didn't bother hiding it from Xavier anymore.

Xavier had no lingering feelings for a woman like that, of course. He had wanted to dump her, but to his surprise, Daisy was the one to strike first, dumping him before he had the chance to do it.

In all his life, no woman had ever treated him that way before. Except, of course, for that silly girl named Zeta.

As he thought of Zeta, he became inexplicably irritable again, so for the rest of the meal, he spoke very little. He basically spent all his time eating in silence.

Daisy and Nicole had prepared a lot of food, all neatly filling the table to the brim.

Henry had initially come just to see all the commotion, but he was interested in seeing how Weston was doing too. It had been three years, after all, and he was curious if Weston had forgotten Stella Sealey.

Unfortunately, Weston was not very welcoming to him at all. The relationship between the two former best friends had been strained for a long time now, all because of Guinevere Cohen.

The main reason Henry was here was actually Angelina Thompson

Angelina had been pestering him day in and day out, asking him to come so he could keep an eye on Daisy and Nicole to see if they had any ulterior motives.

Although Stella had died a few years ago, all her friends still missed her very much.

As soon as they got wind of Weston's slightest movements, Angelina would never fail to come to Henry to find out all about it, as if she was being jealous and resentful on Stella's behalf.

"What right does he have to surround himself with beautiful women after Stella lost her life?! You have to go there and keep an eye on him..."

Henry had no idea why he had to do what Angelina said. She clearly wasn't the woman in his memories anyway.

Everyone at the table was lost in their own thoughts.

The two sisters kept giving each other meaningful looks.

Full of competitiveness and jealousy, they wouldn't stop squabbling, and neither would give way to the other.

Neither of them would let the other win.

Nicole clearly hadn't learned anything from Belle's stark warning in the past.

She knew Weston was only tricking them into exonerating Stella Sealey, though all of his plans came to naught when Stella ended up dying in prison.

Yet it was then that Nicole felt herself falling into a deep rabbit hole where she became hopelessly obsessed with Weston.

She couldn't help but wonder how much he must have loved that woman to make such intricate plans to save her life. If a man who would do such a thing for her did exist, Nicole would never throw her life away so carelessly the way Stella Sealey did.

Sometimes she couldn't help but feel disdain for that woman. She just couldn't understand why Stella wouldn't cherish and treasure what she had. If it had been Nicole, she would've never been willing to leave a great man who was so in love with her for anything in the world!

On the other side of the restaurant, Stella, carrying her two kids, had finally settled down at a table when she was interrupted by a waitress rushing over.

"We apologize for the long wait, Madam, but someone has reserved the whole space downstairs, so we have no choice but to move you upstairs. We've arranged a table for you by the window. Is that okay with you?"

## **Chapter 1162**

Having her two children with her, Stella naturally didn't mind having more space for herself.

"Great," she agreed immediately, not wanting to trouble the waitress anymore. "Just lead me there, then."

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“Thank you for your understanding, Madam.”

Each child by Stella’s side, Both Elias and Emma, could now speak in simple sentences. Although they were little over two years old, their development was closer to that of a three or four-year-old toddler, especially Elias, who was a little too smart for his age.

Stella even brought him to a doctor to get examined. Everything about him was found to be normal, but she still could not help but worry about him. The doctor assured her not to be too worried about it and told her to come back again in a few years to check his IQ.

Suddenly, Stella’s phone rang.

“Where are you?” she asked as soon as she answered the call. “Why aren’t you here yet?”

“I’m downstairs,” Miguel sighed. “Can you come down here and take me up? I’ve been drinking, and I’m a little tipsy right now.”

“Don’t you have your assistant with you?” Stella frowned.

“We managed to score a huge deal today,” Miguel replied, “so I let them all go home. I’m here alone.”

“But I have Emma and Elias with me.”

“Okay,” Miguel replied, sounding as if his feelings were hurt. “I’ll go upstairs myself then...”

“How old are you?” Stella asked, finding his reaction amusing. “Seriously, you’re acting like a child. How much did you drink? If you can’t even climb up the stairs...”

“Okay,” Miguel interrupted her before continuing in good humor. “I get it, I get it. I’m going upstairs to find you guys now.”

As soon as Stella hung up.... Splat!

Emma hurled the contents of a bowl in her hand toward Elias. There was now a massive red, sticky blotch of jam on his shirt.

Elias frowned and glared disapprovingly at his sister before yelling, “Naughty! Emma is naughty!”

Stella had little choice but to hurriedly wipe the jam stain off her son’s shirt with a napkin.

Emma sat quietly on the side, watching her mother and brother with a guilty look on her face as she covered her ears with her hands.

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Seeing this, Stella's anger quickly subsided. She naturally had no heart to reprimand her daughter, so all she did was pick Elias up in her arms and tell Emma, "Be a good girl and stay here, okay? Mommy's taking Elias to the restroom to clean him up, understand?"

Emma nodded.

Stella was still a little unsettled, so she called for a waitress. "Could you please keep an eye on my daughter for a minute? I need to take my son to the restroom to clean him up so he won't catch a cold."

"Sure," the waitress nodded. "No problem, Madam."

The waitress was watching Emma in the room when someone called out for her.

She hesitated for a while, but she quickly thought of the safe and perfectly guarded restaurant and how quiet and well-behaved the little girl usually was.

"I need to take a customer's order," she told Emma, "so just stay here and wait for your mommy, okay?"

Emma nodded and stayed in her seat, quietly waiting for her mommy like a good girl.

Seeing this, the waitress turned and left.

Meanwhile, downstairs, the meal proceeded under a strained atmosphere.

It wasn't long before Weston put down the fork and knife in his hands and got up to leave.

"Mr. Ford," Daisy sprung up on her feet. "Full already?"

He had barely touched the food.

"Yeah," Weston responded tersely and strode away.

But he only took one step before feeling something hitting his leg.

Slam!

A little girl with a cute round face had bumped into him and fell butt-first onto the floor. Her eyes reddened. She looked as if she was about to burst into tears.

WAAA!!! WAAA!!!

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## **Chapter 1163**

Weston frowned and shot a glance at the child.

For some reason, the sight of this girl quickened his breathing

Nicole grimaced as soon as she saw this.

“Where did this girl come from?” she asked. “What a rude child!”

“Shut up,” Weston snapped at her as soon as he heard her, and his hawkish eyes landed hovered over her head.

Weston’s look gave Nicole a fright. She soon clammed up and dared to say not a single word after that.

“Unkie...” Emma softly mumbled as she got up to her feet and rubbed her eyes. “I’m sowwy...”

Emma couldn’t speak properly yet, but she remembered what her mother taught her—she had to always apologize if she bumped into someone.

The little girl’s heartfelt apology instantly warmed up Weston’s expressions.

“It’s okay,” he responded tenderly and, with a rare display of patience, kneeled down in front of the girl, asking, “Where are your parents?”

Emma shook her head in confusion. She had no clue what the word “parents” meant.

Weston chuckled and rubbed her head before asking, “Where’s your mommy and daddy?”

Emma understood what he meant now. She nodded and quickly answered, “In the westwoom!”

Weston frowned in disapproval. What kind of parents would leave such a young girl unattended and let her roam about the whole place on her own?

Everyone else at the table was still examining the little girl. She was certainly beautiful and was probably around two or three years old. She was also so adorable that anyone who saw her would be tempted to pinch those chubby cheeks of hers.

And in fact, it was exactly what Weston did next.

“Let’s go find your mommy and daddy,” he said after pinching Emma’s cheeks.

Emma blinked as she stared at Weston’s face and nodded her little head. Without thinking, she reached out to take

Weston’s hand.

Her tiny hand felt pillowy soft to Weston’s touch. He glanced down at her, unable to fathom why he felt so fond of this girl.

Emma then stretched out her hand and cried, “Pick me up, Unkie!”

Daisy had been frowning deeply all along. She remembered how Weston never liked children at all.

Fearing that he would be annoyed, she rushed over and asked Emma, "Why don't you come with me so I can take you to your mommy and daddy, hmm?"

Emma was surprised that a pretty woman suddenly showed up and talked to her. She swiftly hid behind

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Weston to avoid Daisy, looking a little frightened.

"It's fine," Weston quickly picked the girl up in his arms.

"I'll do it. You guys should continue eating."

As soon as he finished speaking, he strode away.

"Mr. Ford," Daisy dabbed her mouth with the napkin and got up to follow him. "Let me help you."

Seeing this, Nicole pushed her chair away and rose to her feet as well, fully intending to follow them.

"I'll go with you too!" she insisted. "I'm good with children!"

Daisy stopped in her tracks and turned around to glare at Nicole.

"What are you doing?" she snapped.

"If you can go with him," Nicole argued, "then why can't

I?»

As the two women were busy arguing with each other, Weston had already left with the little girl in his arms.

At that moment, a loud noise rang from upstairs.

"We're so sorry, Madam! We will absolutely help you find  
your daughter!"

"We're incredibly sorry, Madam! This is the waitress' fault! We will check the security cameras right away!"

Stella almost didn't hear a word that they were saying. She clasped Elias to her chest as her heart almost burst with anxiety.

She had only left with her daughter for a few minutes to clean up her son, but just as she got back, all she saw was an empty room without a soul in it.

Her first reaction after realizing that Emma had disappeared was to call for the waitress, but unfortunately, she was just as clueless as Stella was when asked about Emma's whereabouts.

Stella could hardly describe how she felt then. It was just as numbing as if she had fallen into a tub of icy water on a hot day.

But she had only left Emma there for a few minutes! Where could she run to in that short span of time? She was only a tiny girl, after all...

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"I don't care for your apologies! The most important thing is to find my daughter no matter what!"

She took a deep breath. Her hands were shaking violently, but she still forced herself to keep her composure.

What she didn't notice was that as she was uttering those words, a tall and muscular man who was carrying a young girl in his arms downstairs suddenly stopped in his tracks and turned his head towards her.

## **Chapter 1164**

Just as she appeared on the first floor, she threw everyone there into a deep shock.

That familiar voice...

Everyone's first reaction was that they must have been mistaken.

But when they saw that familiar face of hers appearing among the crowd, the room got so quiet that the sound of a pin drop would be like a shriek.

Time seemed to stop at that moment. It was as if the moment had frozen in place, and the clock stopped ticking because of her.

Weston's eyes were glued on that face in front of him, suddenly doubting if he was actually dreaming right now. 1

But the sun was still high in the sky. How could he be dreaming?

The little girl sensed something strange going on around her. She twisted and turned, but her chubby arms still clasped themselves around Weston's neck.

"Unkie...?" she softly murmured.

Her voice brought Weston back to the present.

Before he could react, the woman in front of him took the little boy's hand and rushed towards him. She reached for the girl in his arms and cried, "Give her back to me!"

Weston instinctively stepped away from her and held the girl even more tightly in his arms.

Seeing this, Stella's expression changed drastically. Initially, she was anxious and dismayed, but now she seemed to be burning with rage.

"Give my daughter back to me now!" she yelled.

The word "daughter" dropped like a bombshell in the room. Everyone exchanged looks with each other as they tried to digest the new shocking information...

Stella Sealey was still alive, and she had finally returned. She had even brought her daughter back with her.

But what about the little boy she was holding? Who was he then?

Emma had never seen Stella looking so angry before. Her eyes reddened, then suddenly bawled her eyes out. Warm streams of tears streaked down her cheeks.

She assumed Mommy was still angry with her because she made Elias' shirt dirty.

"I'm... I'm sowwy Mommy..."

A pang of pain spread out from Stella's chest at the sight of her daughter crying, as if someone was clutching at her heart in their hand.

"Give her back to me..." she repeated, her voice shaky now as if she was holding back her tears.

She could not forgive herself for causing this. How could she have left her daughter alone at the table? She shouldn't have trusted a stranger to look after her own child, assuming it would be fine since she would only be gone for a few minutes anyway.

Weston could see the sudden change in her face, but he did not move. His eyes still stared at her, but giant turbulent waves like the dark, tempestuous sea had long crashed against his heart.

After all these years, this woman had reappeared in front of him just like that. It all happened so suddenly without any warning signs at all.

Even for someone with steely self-control like Weston, the corners of his eyes couldn't hide an almost imperceptible sign of reddening.

He had to grit his teeth as he blurted out each word slowly to ask her, "Tell me, who are you? Who is she?"



Stella took a deep breath and avoided eye contact, only glancing at Emma, who was still in his arms.

“She’s my daughter,” she replied. “Can you give her back to me now, Mr. Ford?”

As soon as everyone there heard her call him Mr. Ford, it was as if the riddle was completely solved. There could be no more doubts now—this woman was Stella Sealey.

She was not someone who looked exactly like her or sounded just like her—she was definitely Stella Sealey!

Weston subconsciously tightened his grip around Emma, inadvertently hurting the girl.

“Unkie...” Emma couldn’t help but complain. “It hurts...”

Stella’s voice turned raspy as she pleaded with the man,”

How much longer are you going to hold onto my daughter? Give her back to me, please. She’s afraid of strangers.”

It was only then that Weston got his senses back. He stared deeply at the girl in his arms, scrutinizing her eyes and her brows.