

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1169-1171

Chapter 1169 Weston tried his best to suppress his anger in front of the children.

Unfortunately , Nicole had no skills of reading people's expressions, which was why she just sat there hemming and hawing without making a move. She had not matured or improved much at all in the past three years. She was still the kind of person who loved to be loud and brash, yet in the end had no courage to bear the consequences of her actions.

Luckily, Ben could read the room very quickly. He walked up to Nicole and made a gesture with his hand to "invite" her to leave.

Nicole's face was as pale as the belly of a fish now. A hot wave of embarrassment rose up from the sole of her feet. She turned to Weston with pleading eyes, begging for his mercy.

But the man never even gave her a glance. All along, his gaze had been consistently glued on Stella and Stella alone.

Nicole suddenly felt a chill in her heart, followed by the rising of an unbearable pain.

It had been three years now. Why was he still pining over that woman?

She suddenly remembered how, three years ago, she had assumed that the reason why he helped her and treated her so kindly was because he must have taken a fancy to her.

At the time, she was just an impoverished college student. Because of the financial straits her family was in, she decided to work at Lowe Garden to earn some extra money.

It was Weston who eventually waved all her financial problems away. It was him who pulled her out of that filthy place so that she could go back to her studies with her dignity intact. But it did not occur to her at all that...

Everything he did was actually for the sake of another woman.

All Weston wanted was for her and Belle to take all the blame for Stella should things turned south for her.

In his eyes, she was no different from women like Belle.

They were all his tools and nothing more.

But by the time Nicole realized all that, she had fallen head over heels for Weston. In fact, the more she learned about him, the more she became hopelessly obsessed with him.

Belle, on the other hand, seemed to have awakened from her initial stupor. She had come to realize that a man like

Weston was just out of her reach, and so she took the big sum of money she was offered and disappeared.

But Nicole could not give up just like that.

All she wanted was for him to take a good look at her once, and in the past three years, she had been staying by his side, walking on eggshells all the time so as to not annoy him. But what did she get in the end for all that?

Just the words "get out".

How could she not be indignant about it?

As she walked past Weston, her eyes reddened and she told him, "I know I shouldn't have said what I said, Mr Ford, but my intentions were pure! All I wanted was to give you a nice birthday party..."

Weston gave her a frigid look with eyes as sharp as pointed blades.

Up until now, he had just been ignoring her, but now there was even a trace of disgust in his eyes as he looked at her.

This almost froze Nicole's heart into a stone. She could feel an unbearable wave of humiliation surging up her body.

She knew then that it would be pointless for her to grit her teeth and remain there, and she had even less hope that Weston would change his mind and have mercy on her.

Before, she had assumed that since Stella Sealey was dead, she could probably take her place in his heart one day as long as she stayed by his side, but now that Stella somehow came back from the dead... Weston's gaze never once left Stella ever since she showed up.

This filled Nicole with rage, yet she was powerless to do anything about it. She bemoaned how unfair it was that life depended so much on timing. After all, she never thought for once that she was in any way inferior to Stella Sealey. But because Stella had come into Weston's life before she did, it was her that had always held a special place in his heart.

This thought distraught her so much that it was almost unbearable.

"Mr Ford," she continued. "I really was only trying to give you a nice birthday party. I'm so sorry."

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1170

Her heartfelt confession did little to nudge Weston's heart. Instead, he merely lifted his eyes impatiently and swept a cold glance, asking in a savage tone, "Are you done talking?"

Nicole could feel the tears welling up in her eyes. Her head was drooping as she mumbled, "Yes..."

Her blanched face had now turned beet red. That brutal sense of humiliation intensified, making it impossible for her to remain there for a second longer.

Finally, with a flushed face, she turned and ran away.

Daisy sighed in relief when Nicole was gone, scoffing at how childish Nicole was and how she completely couldn't control her emotions.

But perhaps that was for the best, as it would make it clear to Weston how different Daisy and Nicole were. He would finally see that she was the one who was calmer and more mature, that she was the one who could always keep her temper in check.

Unlike Nicole, Daisy was fully aware that she could never compete with Stella Sealey for Weston's love. After all, she couldn't find a way to replace her in his heart, even when everyone believed that she was dead, much less now, when she suddenly turned up not just alive and

kicking, but with two children in tow—children that might very well be Weston's.

Daisy still had some doubts about these children, though. After all, Stella had a rare blood type that made it impossible for her to get pregnant again. Based on this alone, Daisy felt that she might still hold an advantage

over Stella.

As it was now, her position by Weston's side was very stable, even if she was only there as his secretary. She never wished for anything more anyway.

She was not foolish like Nicole, who immediately threw a tantrum and attacked Stella out in the open as if she was a child whose candy had been taken away from her.

No, Daisy would never harm Stella in any way because she knew that in order for her to remain in Weston's favor, she must treat Stella very nicely or even be on good terms with her. Daisy knew that only by treating the person Weston loved as someone she loved would she have a

chance to remain in Weston's orbit.

"I'm so sorry, Ms. Sealey. That was my cousin. She's always had a bad temper since she was a child. I apologize on her behalf if she has offended you. She really

shouldn't have said..."

"Daisy?" Stella interrupted her, looking Daisy up and down before pointedly adding, "It's been a while since I last saw you."

Stella recalled that this woman was Weston's secretary, who later became Xavier Ford's girlfriend. But judging by how she was acting now, she somehow seemed a little... different.

She glanced at Xavier, who was not far away from them. He was sitting beside Henry Moore, and they were both gazing in her direction, amused by what they saw. Stella turned to Daisy again and said, "So, you..."

Daisy seemed to understand what Stella was thinking and smiled resignedly before explaining, "I broke up with Xavier three years ago. We're just good friends now." 1

"Really?" Stella smiled almost imperceptibly, looking as if she did not find the revelation surprising. "That's just too bad."

Daisy's face instantly froze. She knew that Stella probably did not mean anything more than what she said, but it made her feel a little awkward!

She had a hunch that Stella had long seen through her feelings for Weston. Daisy clenched her fists and suppressed her emotions before telling Stella with a smile, "It really is such a surprise to see you here, Ms. Sealey. It's Mr. Ford's birthday today. He has been thinking about you these past three years. Why haven't you contacted him, considering you've been alive all along?"

Before Stella could open her mouth, Daisy let out a sigh and continued lamenting, "I don't know what you've been doing these past few years, but you should've at least let Mr. Ford know that you're still alive, right? He's been missing you so terribly... why don't we all sit down and have a chat?"

She then pressed on earnestly, "I'll be completely frank with you, Ms. Sealey. Mr. Ford has suffered a lot because of you these past three years. Since it is his birthday today, why don't you spend some time with him? I'm sure it would make him immensely happy..."

At that point, Stella suddenly paused and turned to look at Daisy with a smile.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1171

It seemed this was the first time she looked at her properly.

Stella sized her up several times. If this was the past, she wouldn't have cared about these small thoughts of Daisy.

She had long sensed the schemes of this woman.

It was just that she refused to entertain her like some jealous woman.

This time, she didn't return to Ahn City to play dumb in front of these women.

She smiled and said indifferently, "You don't have to sound me out. If you want to pursue Weston, just do it openly. I have no problem with it. I have nothing to do with him. Didn't you say everyone thought I was dead? It's been three years. Let's assume I'm dead, and we shall not see each other again."

After she said that, the man with gloomy eyes interrupted. His sound was rather hoarse, with a hint of persistence

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"What do you mean? Are you still going to leave?"

He looked at her sullenly. A powerful aura formed around him, with an overwhelming pressure that was hard to resist.

STR A W.TVS povokielais emotions so castly... Daisy watched at the side, feeling a little sour in her heart.

Three years had passed, yet she could not stir up any unusual emotions in Weston. Just by appearing, this woman could turn him completely unlike himself.

Weston only cared about whether Stella would leave. He did not notice her feelings for him from her remark just now at all...

"As you can see, Ms. Sealey, Mr. Ford still cannot get over you. As for what you said about me pursuing him or not, that's all..."

She paused for a moment and took a glance at Weston. Seeing him still not spare a glance at her... it would be a lie if she said she wasn't hurt.

Regardless, she still pretended to be strong. "My feelings are my own. It will not affect you. The most important thing to me is to see Mr. Ford happy."

“That’s pretty considerate of you.”

Stella yawned, a little disinterested. “I wish you get your heart’s desire.”

As soon as she said that, the man’s face darkened.

The atmosphere turned even colder, so cold that it was about to freeze.

Stella, however, seemed to be completely unaware of it and was not very interested in Weston.

She looked at Emma, sucking her thumb, and frowned, pulling her hand away from her mouth. “Didn’t I tell you that you cannot suck your thumb anymore? You are a big girl now!”

Emma chuckled and put her hand behind her back.

Elias shook his head as he was watching. With an adult like tone, he said, “You are indeed two hours younger than me, acting so immaturely!”

The moment he said that, the people in the restaurant understood at once.

These two children were twins. No wonder they both were so nice-looking.

Both of them had delicate faces which still had not shed the chubbiness of babies, urging kisses from whoever saw them.

Even people like Henry and Xavier, who found kids annoying, couldn’t hate these two children.

Daisy’s eyes fluttered. She keenly sensed the subtle changes in Stella.

If it was in the past, she would never have said these words to her.

She did not know if Stella was playing dumb, if the current Stella was also probing her, or if she simply did not take her seriously.

But what she was sure of was that she was a completely different person from the one she was three years ago.

Daisy inhaled deeply and decided she wouldn't be polite any longer.

She asked the question that everyone else wanted to ask. Ms. Sealey, please excuse my brashness, but are these two Mr. Ford's children?"