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As soon as she asked, the restaurant fell silent. It was so quiet that they could hear a strand of hair falling onto the ground.

Even their breathing slowed down.

She could clearly feel the sudden tightening of the man's body beside her.

Daisy would always keep her eyes on Weston, watching his every move. She could almost sense his breathing slowing down at that moment as well. The white shirt that concealed his strong and toned muscles was now taut.

Daisy had imagined countless times that Weston could use his sinewy arms to hug her and get it on. But it was only imagination she had in the dark and silence.

Everything that was happening, and all of Weston's madness and gaffes were in no thanks to this woman in front of him.

Only because of her...

This thought made Daisy froth over with jealousy.

Stella was tying Emma's hair into a bun. Her face did not change much when she heard the question. "Why did you ask if you know you are being presumptuous? You don't seem to be as thoughtful as before, Ms. Daisy."

Emma was unaware of everything. She simply hugged Stella's leg and played with the tassel pendant on her dress.

Elias stopped talking when he noticed that the vibe of the adults had changed, and he stayed beside Stella quietly.

She had raised these two kids well.

They were well-behaved and obedient. When Weston glanced at them, his eyes unconsciously softened.

Stella, however, did not notice his demeanor and stood up slowly, smiling. "That is indeed a ridiculous question."

She curled her hair with her hand, running her silky hair through her fingers with charming indolence and complete indifference.

"Of course, they are not his."

Stella looked into Daisy's eyes, not provocatively, not dismissively, but just with a sense of bone-deep indifference.

She said it loud and clear, without even a hint of hesitation, and cared little for the man's cold and sunken

eyes.

He looked at her as if he wanted to devour her alive.

The endless void in his eyes seemed to be brewing a raging wave.

The air around them instantly became still. Even Daisy did not expect her to answer so confidently.

She thought that she would hesitate a little, but it suddenly dawned on her—it was Stella’s attitude that intrigued people to find out the background of these two children.

Moreover, when Weston said he wanted to do a DNA test just now, Stella totally rejected it.

Although she denied that the children were his, it was difficult to be sure.

Daisy was a bit confused, thinking that this woman was very elusive.

What exactly was the identity of these two children? Stella had lost the ability to bear children. They shouldn’t

be...

The atmosphere all around was a little dead.

Even Elias and Emma sensed the unusualness and felt

uneasy.

Nobody spoke a word, and the whole space was about to freeze.

The servers dared not come out for fear of getting into trouble, thinking there was a war.

In the end, it was Stella who broke the silence. She unmasked her pretense and looked at them impatiently.” I’m really sorry, but I don’t have the time to have dinner with you.”

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She held the hands of the twins, one in each hand, and said, "Let's go back to our private room."

Weston was, of course, unwilling to let them go.

He stepped forward without hesitation and grabbed her small wrist, only to realize that it seemed thinner than

before.

When they met again, he thought she was doing well as her complexion looked good.

But the fragile and tender bones in her wrist indicated she hadn't been living too well for the past three years.

She must have suffered quite a lot.

Falling into deep thought, he forget what he wanted to

say.

She looked at him impatiently and shook off his hand languidly and somewhat indifferently. "Mr. Ford, why don't you say anything after calling out to me?"

She sniggered, not showing any annoyance, but with a hint of awkwardness. "I have an appointment, and I

don't have the time to talk riddles with you here. By the way, I heard that today is your birthday. I shall wish you a happy birthday, then."

Weston tightened his grasp, and his eyes darkened. "Who are you meeting?"

She shook off his hand and laughed. "What does it have to do with you?"

"You are my wife."

He gazed into her eyes and said emphatically, "Don't you forget that you are my lawful wedded wife."

She laughed with a calm face. She smiled occasionally,

but it was insincere.

"We got divorced five years ago. After that, you married a woman called Ella. She's dead. Have you forgotten?"

She was now Stella. She had gotten back her real name.

In all seriousness, she was only his ex-wife.

Miguel had been waiting for some time on the second floor of the restaurant. When seeing Stella come in, he said discontentedly, "Don't tell me you have just arrived."

The private room was spacious. The appetizer for

children had been served on the table, and the napkins

had been used.

It seemed like he was a little drunk and wasn't thinking

straight.

Stella came with the two little ones in her hands. "

Something happened, and I went to take care of it just

now. Shall we go now?"

Miguel sat up straight and put his jacket aside casually.

He obviously had just returned from a meeting at the bar.

When she got close enough, she could smell the strong

smell of alcohol and tobacco on him.

He seemed to be irritated. As he tugged on his collar, he

fixed his light-colored eyes on her. "I have just arrived. Why are we leaving?"

He grabbed his hair. "Why don't you three have dinner with me? I didn't even get to eat at the dinner party just now. I only drank..."

She frowned. "No, you stink of smoke and liquor. The

kids will smell it.”

In fact, she simply did not want to see Weston again.

Besides, it was a little tricky to escape from him.

If it was not because of Emma’s crying at the right time, he would not get agitated, and she would not be able to

get away from him so quickly.

With her understanding of his character, she was already

expecting that Weston would come to his senses soon and

investigate her thoroughly.

Moreover, with this drunk here, she did not want to stay

there for a second longer.

If Weston bumped into Miguel, she couldn’t imagine

what would happen.

Three years had passed, and Stella didn’t care for

Weston’s feelings.

However, that man was terribly possessive, and she bet he would spring into action.

Fortunately, she was no longer the woman he once had full control of.

She had her own career and status now and a family she

cherishes.

She wasn't about to let him have his way and do as he pleased like he always did.

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Stella dismissed all these troubling thoughts and exhaled

sharply.

She looked at the man on the couch with the smell of

alcohol, feeling a little helpless.

“Get up. We shall go back to the apartment first. I will

cook you something.”

Miguel's eyes shone the moment he heard that. “Really?”

Even through the fog of drunkenness, he still retained

some of his consciousness. "You haven't cooked for me

for a long time..."

He sounded a bit aggrieved.

He liked her cooking.

Although she wasn't nearly as good as a professional

chef, her home-cooked concoctions had a unique taste, .

especially her noodles, and though he did not know what

recipe she used, it was always different from the other

cooks.

Stella knew he was craving her food and said to him, still holding hands with Elias and Emma, "We will wait for you downstairs. You come down quickly."

She knew he needed time to sober up after all the drinking.

He closed his eyes to rest for a moment.

After that, he opened the window and let out a breath. "

You guys go first. I will come down in a minute after a
smoke.”

She frowned immediately. “If you want to smoke, we will
leave without you, and you can call the driver to pick you
up yourself.”

“Man, you are so heartless.”

“I said it already. You reek of alcohol and tobacco.”

She disliked the smell of alcohol and tobacco very much
and did not want Elias and Emma to smell it.

After hearing that, Miguel could only extinguish his
cigarette. “Forget it. I shall come with you.”

When they were at the basement parking, she subconsciously glanced at the rearview mirror and was
slightly relieved to see no sign of Weston.

As soon as she turned her head, she saw Miguel, who had been staring at her since who knew when.

Seeing her turn around, he smiled and asked her, “Why am I feeling that you’re acting weird today?”

He reached out his hand to trace the outline of her face.

She immediately dodged it, frowned a little, and covered her nose. "You stink! Stay away from me."

That was what she said, but in fact, she simply didn't want to get too close to him.

Even with his mind muddled, Miguel could detect her detachment and avoidance.

She really seemed to treat him like a brother.

When he thought of this, he could taste the bitterness on his tongue.

Looking at Elias and Emma, who were already asleep in their child seats, he closed his eyes and put his arm over them, blocking out all the light in front of him. It was then that his heart felt like sinking into the darkness.

"Don't see me as a brother. See me as a man, can you?"

She frowned.

Just as she was about to say something, he interrupted her as if he knew what she was going to say. "Alright. Don't say it. I know you are going to reject me again..."

After a pause, he said with a playful tone, "I have no intention of confessing my love to you either, so it's very unreasonable for you to reject me."

As long as he was fast enough, she wouldn't be able to reject

him.

His childish remark amused Stella a little.

After a while, she looked him in the eyes very seriously. I'm really sorry. It's really impossible between the two of us. As you know, I've always seen you as my brother. I really... You can't force this kind of thing."

He was still covering his eyes with his arm.

Therefore, Stella did not notice the fluttering of his

eyelashes and the redness of the corners of his eyes under

his arm.

After a while, he adjusted his tone and said with

amusement. "It is very difficult to separate love and

kinship. After a long time, love can also become kinship.

So, why can't kinship turn into love?"

"There are so many friendships in this world that turn

into love," he said gruffly. "As long as there is no blood

relation, I believe everything is possible. Besides..."

