

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1177-1179

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Such a man could only truly love after a great loss, even at the cost of death, before he could realize what it meant to

cherish someone.

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Regardless, belated love was lowlier than none.

Stella was no longer the one who would give all her heart upon receiving just a little warmth.

...

It was very late at night.

Weston stood on the balcony, holding a thick stack of papers in his hand.

They were all about Stella's life experiences in the past three years.

He never thought that this woman would fake her death to escape from him.

And he was actually unaware of it.

He thought of the corpse she left behind three years ago. He did not even notice that it was not her at all until the car was burned to ashes.

She had been living a prosperous life these past few years, with the Garcia family supporting her, so it was unsurprising that he hadn't been able to find out about

her.

He was more focused on sorcery and faith, hoping that those strange powers would allow her to see him again. But it did not occur to him that she was not dead at all.

The man's eyes darkened as he rubbed the words on the paper.

His fingertip stopped at the name Cicily, leaving behind a black mark.

The street lights against the apartment building were shining brightly, and the neighborhood was very quiet. Stella had moved in here for a few days. It was very near to Miguel's workplace.

She came back also because of a collaborative project and was set to meet Bradley tomorrow.

It was said that he had now started to venture into new genres and had a great deal to offer in various film and television shows.

She put her phone on the table. When she was just about to check on Elias and Emma, it suddenly rang.

She had a hunch that it was Weston calling.

Sure enough, once she answered the call, she heard the man's low voice.

3/3

“It’s me.”

She laughed, tapping her finger lightly on the table, pretending to be surprised, “How do you know my number?”

The man’s low and hoarse laugh came from the other end. “It’s been three years, and you seem to have really changed.”

She became ambiguous, like a little fox, mixing truth and lies when speaking with him.

He thought that she would hate and question him when they met again, but she showed plain indifference. And she could even talk him around effortlessly.

He suddenly remembered a saying. Hate was not the end of love, indifference was.

Still smiling, she walked to the balcony and turned around. “You didn’t call me just to say a few irrelevant things, did you, Mr. Ford?”

Under the streetlight, the man’s shadow was stretched out infinitely.

The silent shimmering light lingered around him as he looked at the slender back on the balcony, his voice carrying a heavy hint of yearning. “Stella, look downstairs.”

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1178

The streetlights were dim, and pedestrians were scarce. The night sky was dotted with stars; the background was a boundless horizon.

The tall man stood in the light, his shadow stretched out infinitely with the light from his back, exuding subtle loneliness.

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Stella walked to the balcony and looked down with her phone in her hand. "What business do you have that you come looking for me?"

"Why don't you ask me how I got your address?"

She laughed. "Do I have to? Who in Ahn City would not know about your ability? It is just an address. Anyone who has it will send it to you."

Hearing her teasing tone, Weston raised his head and looked at the slender figure on the balcony and said with a hoarse voice, "You come down, or I come up?"

She withdrew her eyes and leaned on the railing behind her, leaving him with only a back view.

A moment later, she looked at her nails and said indifferently, "I'm not going down, and you don't have to come up. It's good for us to be separated by a distance like this."

Of course, he could understand what she implied.

Thus, he hung up the call without saying anything.

Seeing that he had been standing there and did not seem to be doing anything, she turned around and returned to her room.

Elias and Emma slept were sleeping soundly, with serene smiles on their little faces.

She immediately relaxed from her state of tension a while ago. As soon as she looked at them, it was as if all the worries in the world had disappeared.

She leaned forward, gave Elias and Emma a kiss on their cheeks, propped her hands on the bed, and watched for a while before gingerly leaving the room.

It was past midnight, but the man downstairs hadn't yet left.

The moon cast a pale light over him, and there was a floor of cigarette butts.

Stella was sound asleep and did not notice the man downstairs at all, believing that he must have left long ago.

The next morning, seeing that Elias and Emma had not woken up, she cleaned up a bit and went downstairs to throw the garbage.

Out of her expectation, she saw Weston still standing under the streetlight just after she stepped out through the front door.

He was dressed in a thin black trench coat, covering his tall and strong figure. His broad shoulders and small waist made him look just like a one point eight meters tall male model in a fashion show.

His shoulders were cast with a layer of morning ray, like the afterglow left by last night's starlight.

Hearing the noise, Weston raised his eyes lightly and looked this way.

"Stella."

His voice was extremely hoarse, as if all that cigarettes he had been binging on had burnt his throat. Each and every word he said was heavy with dense smoke.

She knitted her eyebrows, turned around, and looked at him.

Then, she cast her eyes down and saw the cigarette butts on the ground beside the man.

There was still a cigarette burning in between his fingers, glowing with red light.

The smoke went up and blended with the morning light, highlighting the man's defined features.

She tucked her hair behind her ear, her movement was

elegant and gentle. "Have you been standing here all night, Mr. Ford?"

"You didn't come down and would not let me go up, so I could only wait here."

He heard the ridicule in her words, and said lightly, without any emotion, "Anyway, I have waited for three years, I don't mind waiting for this bit of time."

He was not being polite.

Without her by his side, his insomnia had been incurable.

It was just another sleepless night. There was nothing to be sorry about.

It was better to be standing near her apartment.

Stella raised her eyebrows and tapped her fingertips on her arm. "Since you are so patient, then you can continue to wait."

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1179

When she finished, she turned around, entered the building, and did not come out again.

When it was time to go to work, everything had already been recharged.

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It wasn't time for her appointment with Bradley yet, so she leisurely made breakfast for Elias and Emma.

When she heard the sound of a car engine downstairs, she knew it was Weston driving away.

She took two glasses of milk and placed them in front of Elias and Emma, staring at them as they drank them.

Emma's small hands held the large glass of milk. She reluctantly finished it, and milk foam was all over her mouth.

Seeing this, Elias said in disgust, "Dirty cat, messy cat."

He pulled out a tissue paper and wiped her mouth.

When Stella walked out of the kitchen with a plate of poached eggs and saw the interaction between the twins, her heart felt warm and tender.

So many things happened in the past few years, and she felt that her life was rather unfortunate, filled with many ups and downs.

But sometimes, she felt that she was very fortunate to have such a lovely pair of twins in the end.

Elias was too obedient, unlike a three-year-old child.

He'd always treat Emma and her like an adult.

Her eyes were incomparably loving as she sat in front of the two. "Mommy has something to do later. I have called the aunt you like over. When she arrives, you two will stay home with her while Mommy goes out to work, okay?"

Emma was still seriously battling the breakfast in her hand and did not listen to her.

After Elias heard that, he was a bit unhappy.

But only a little.

Then, he nodded solemnly. "Okay, Mommy."

Stella smiled and rubbed his head. "Don't be sad. I will come home early. Mommy has to work to earn money to give you a better life, right?"

Elias seemed to understand and nodded his head.

In Ford Corporation, Daisy was so preoccupied that she was a little distracted as soon as she got to work.

"Mr. Ford..."

After leaving the restaurant last night, she felt apprehensive about what Weston might think of her because of what happened last night.

She thought she was performing well but didn't want to upset him.

She came to the office very early today and did not expect to see Weston coming to work so early as well.

Weston was not surprised to see her here. He only raised his eyes and looked at her lightly without saying much. After greeting her briefly, he then went to the office.

Daisy's eyes darkened as she looked at his back.

She had been working with him for so many years. Why was she still getting such a cold and indifferent response? Did he really consider her an insignificant secretary...

As she was thinking about this, she personally made a pot of hand-ground coffee for Weston. Then, she knocked on the office door and brought it to him.

"Mr. Ford, I made this myself. It's to your taste."

He did not look up. "Leave it there."

Daisy nodded and walked to his desk to pour him a cup. Then, she asked out of nowhere, "Did you contact Ms. Sealey after we got back yesterday?"

When she mentioned Stella's name, the man raised his head and looked at her. "What do you want?"

"Nothing, I just wanted to ask..."

Daisy's hand shivered, and she said apologetically, "Maybe I'm being a bit presumptuous, but it is still something unbelievable to see Ms. Sealey suddenly appearing alive in front of us... After all, three years ago..."

