

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1151

Stella smiled and hid the strange look on her face. After she learned that she'd be making a trip to Ahn City in a few days, she couldn't help but think about her messy past.

Miguel Garcia did not notice her thoughts. He smiled gently at her and said, "It's my job to take care of you."

At first, Miguel treated Stella like a sister. However, the more time he spent with her, he found a lot of new emotions in her.

A few years younger than Roger and only twenty years old at the moment, Miguel was too young. Stella was already twenty-five.

She was still very young, but she had gone through a lot and matured from her experiences. She was no longer as childish as before.

"You'll graduate from Compassvale in two years. By then, Grandpa Marcus will let you take over the family business. If you want to shift the focus to another country, you'll have to go there to tender your cooperation..."

As she spoke, her voice became quieter until it was inaudible.

Miguel seemed like he could read her mind. He put down his knife and fork and straightened his bow tie.

"If you don't want to come with me, I can't put it off..."

he said to her with a sigh.

Stella shook her head. After a short silence, she told her, "Don't let me affect your plan. The people and Ahn City have become things of the past."

"But the children's father is there," Miguel said. Then, there was silence at the table.

The two children sat in their places and behaved well. Emma blinked her dewy eyes and played with the bread crumbs on her hands.

Stella looked at her helplessly and took out a tissue to wipe it for her. As soon as she leaned over, Emma kissed her directly on the cheek, leaving an oily trail on her face.

Stella gave her a gentle and helpless pat on the head.” You’re a girl. Why are you always so naughty?”

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Meanwhile, Elias stood from the side and kissed her on the cheek too. The siblings were not shy and refused to lose. They kissed Stella’s cheek one after the other. Stella hugged both of them at once.

After a short playtime , Stella turned to Miguel, who sat across the table. She told him, “I don’t know if you understand how I feel now, but with these two, I feel like I’m not afraid of anything anymore.”

Miguel looked at her steadily and realized she had spoken those words from her heart. He nodded after a long pause. “Okay. There’s just one more thing. You have to promise me.”

“About what?”

“He’s Elias and Emma’s biological father, after all. If anything happens, I hope I can protect them legally.”

Stella was a little confused about what he meant.

Miguel took a document and handed it to her. “I want to be their legal father.”

Stella frowned and pushed his hand away at once. “Are you crazy? You’re only twenty!!!”

“I’m not crazy.”

Miguel fixed his eyes on her. “We’ll go back to Ahn City. If Weston finds out about this, I’m sure he won’t let you go. He might come back to haunt you. I’ll need a proper identity to justify it. Otherwise, I can’t let you go back to Ahn City.”

Stella instinctively refused his offer. She had always treated Miguel like family. Miguel’s face resembled Roger so much that she sometimes treated him as Roger. Stella refused, “No. We can think of something else.”

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1152

Stella was about to ask Miguel if he had a crush, as she wanted him to start dating. However, she did not expect him to make such a ridiculous proposal.

Even so, Miguel insisted, "If you don't agree, I won't go to Ahn City."

"Will you stop that?" For the first time, Stella found Miguel incredibly naive.

"It's just a document, not a real marriage. This will help to grant me legal status. Stella, what are you afraid of?"

Stella let out a breath. She knew he would not stop.

After a short silence, she told him, "I won't sign the document, but... If I really need you to pretend to be my other half, I won't expose you."

That was all she could say. Otherwise, with Miguel's capriciousness, he might give up this opportunity for her sake.

"Okay. That's a promise from you."

Miguel was glad to get her agreement and did not push her any further. Then, he put the papers back and went back to his meal.

Miguel was in a very good mood today. He was all smiles when he took Stella home.

Presently, Stella no longer lived with him at the estate. She had moved out on her own.

At first, Miguel had a problem with this. However, Stella thought it was better to be on her own with two kids. Fortunately, Grandpa Marcus did not say anything and allowed her to move out.

Even so, Miguel visited her often and stayed overnight occasionally.

Stella and Miguel shared a close relationship. Stella treated him like family. If it was not for him, she would not be who she was.

Miguel carried Emma to the bathroom right after changing his shoes. "Let's take our stinky baby to the bath!"

Miguel was a bit of a neat freak, which was very different from Roger. Roger was a boy at heart and he cared little about the nuances of hygiene.

Thanks to his parents' teaching, although lazy, he was not as lazy as some boys. He didn't smell as bad as them and at least, maintained basic cleanliness.

Miguel was very different. He was probably a little obsessed with cleanliness like Weston. He would clean up whenever he arrived home.

"A girl has to stay clean!" Miguel carried Emma to the bathroom and made her laugh and giggle. After the bath, the little one was a little tired.

Emma hugged Stella's neck softly. "Mommy..

Stella melted at Emma's soft mutter.

Soon, the two children were dozing off. Stella then put them both in their cribs in the nursery and walked out of

the room with ease.

When she saw Miguel still sitting on the sofa, she had to go up to him. "It's late. Aren't you going home? Grandpa might be worried about you."

"I'm a grown man now. What does he have to worry about?" Miguel said indifferently, cleverly avoiding Stella's real question.

Stella gave him a helpless look. "You know that's not what I meant."

"I know."

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1153

Miguel nodded slightly. "Why do I feel like you've been avoiding me lately?"

"Have I?" Stella took a sip of water and concealed her emotions. "I've agreed to go to Ahn City with you. What do you mean?"

"It's not that, but... I don't know how to describe it."

Miguel sighed again. He said, "Have you ever felt that you've been avoiding me emotionally?" Miguel believed he had made it clear.

Stella instantly frowned. She put the glass of water down and looked him in the eye. "That's irrelevant. I've always treated you like my own family."

"Is that so?" Miguel was stubborn. He said, smiling, "We can be a family as husband and wife too."

"Miguel!" Stella raised her voice at once. She said to him sternly, "Don't make jokes like that. I don't like it!"

Stella treated Miguel like Roger. When Miguel said those words, it brought her back to the time when Roger made his bizarre confession in the hospital.

Stella felt like a failure. She had no idea what she'd been doing all these years. She could not believe that she did not realize Roger's feelings for her.

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Miguel was surprised by her overreaction. After a short silence, he said, somewhat hurt, "Aren't you being a little too conservative? We're family, yes, but we're not blood related. You don't have to keep pushing me away..."

The weather was getting a little cool. Then, the rain started to pour.

It was almost midnight. Stella stood on the balcony and watched Miguel leave angrily.

She sighed heavily. They had just engaged in a very harsh argument.

Miguel said nothing. After looking at her for a few moments, he picked up her car keys and turned around.

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Stella didn't know how to express her emotions. The feeling of exhaustion engulfed her.

For the past three years, she lived a peaceful and happy life. With her job and career on the rise, she had everything she wanted in her hands. However, she inevitably felt empty and uncomfortable.

Looking back, she missed her parents and Roger a lot. Even so, she was fine with what she had.

Stella did not want to get involved or respond to Miguel's feelings. She was at a loss, having no idea how to handle their relationship.

Miguel expected everyone to be asleep, but he found the living room brightly lit as he arrived home. He walked over and saw his grandfather Marcus sitting on the sofa in his favorite black nightgown.

Marcus Garcia sat there quietly. When he heard the movement at the entrance, he turned over to see Miguel. "Why are you so late? Were you at Cicily's place again?"

Miguel nodded. "Grandpa , why are you still up so late?"

"I heard some gossip about you two today. You picked Cicily at Infinity Hall with flowers and looked pretty close," Marcus said in a casual tone. He sounded as if it was nothing serious.

Miguel observed the look on Marcus's face and was a little relieved to see that he wasn't here to ask questions. "This is between the two of us. Don't bother."

Marcus was older and more enlightened. In the past, he would use his influence to force a couple to break up, but his son's tragedy woke him up.

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Marcus never did something like that again. Instead, he was very careful at dealing with Miguel. "I'm not lecturing you. I just thought the both of you shouldn't blow things out of proportion. If it's not confirmed yet, don't make yourself a laughing stock..."

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1154

After all, the Garcia family had claimed that Stella was their adopted daughter.

Stella and Miguel were regarded as family members, and if they became a couple suddenly, it would hurt his reputation, not to mention their five-year age gap.

Miguel frowned at Marcus's words. "What era is it now? Why are you still so conservative?!"

"Besides, couples with big age differences are common now. She's only five years older than me. So what?"

Marcus wanted to say something else, but Miguel cut him off. "I suppose you're going to talk about the two children again, right? You better not!"

Miguel said in a straightforward manner, "As you know, I've never believed in marriage for a long time. If I don't get married, no good girl would be willing to bear my child out of wedlock, is there? Besides, don't you like Elias and Emma too? The two little ones are so beautiful, cute, and smart. Isn't it good to have them as my

children?"

Miguel's words angered Marcus. "What nonsense are you talking about? If you are going to be with Stella, you'll have a child with her after a few years!"

Miguel was only twenty. He was in no hurry to have children. However, he would still need a woman to bear his child, regardless of whether he stayed with Stella or

not.

Miguel did not take it seriously. "I don't care what people

say. I know what I want. Just stay out of my business."

Marcus sighed heavily. "I'm too old to be controlling young people like you. I won't complain as long as you study hard now and take over the Garcia family business in the future."

Marcus was an old blond man who spoke to Miguel in French. The family had a maid who had been with them for many years, and she had become almost like a family member.

When it was time, the maid came over to help Marcus go to his room to rest.

Later, Miguel returned to his room and turned on his computer. On the screen were Weston's details. Miguel looked at it sullenly with indistinct emotions.

Miguel and Stella did not meet until the flight. They thought it would be awkward to meet again after their cold war, which lasted a few days. Miguel acted as if nothing had happened, however. When he saw Stella at the airport, he came over and took her luggage naturally. "Why didn't you bring Elias and Emma?"

"They're still asleep in the car. I'll go get them when it's time to board," Stella said.

Miguel frowned. "Did you leave them alone in the car? Do you know how many stories have emerged about children who suffocated in cars?"

"Of course not. The nanny is watching them."

Miguel breathed a sigh of relief. "That's good."

Stella looked at him steadily, unable to describe her feelings. She truly realized that Miguel treated her

children as a family. He could not have saked that kind of heartfelt concern for them.

Soon, they boarded the plane, and Stella and the two children fell asleep as the aircraft took to the skies.

Miguel watched as Stella slept soundly, observing the fine features on her face with voracious eyes.

Stella did not have a seductively pretty face, but she was pretty without makeup and had good skin.

Twenty-five years old was a very good age. She had lost her innocence and naivety of her teenage years but wasn't overly mature as someone in their thirties. She was right between the age of a little girl and a grown woman.

Miguel thought even if Stella was still a teenager, he might like the youthful impulsiveness she had. Who knew, he might even still like her in her thirties or forties.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1155

Upon arrival, Miguel naturally offered to help them with their luggage.

The group was at the airport.

Elias and Emma had returned to their home country for the first time. There was something about the people around that made them feel close to home.

Stella could tell that the children were both nervous and happy. After all, they were always surrounded by blondies and foreigners abroad.

Although her family looked similar, it was exciting to see so many people of their own ethnicity on the street. As expected, Stella's homeland felt different.

Stella had been abroad for so many years, living a happy life, but when she returned to her homeland, she felt a familiarity that no other place could give her.

Stella took Elias and Emma with her. After they got into the car, Stella gave the driver an address.

Miguel was a little surprised and looked back at her. "Why don't you go to the apartment next to Fern University?"

Stella chuckled. "It'll take a while to get there. Let's find a place to rest." After that, she suddenly realized something and looked at the person in the front passenger seat with suspicion in her eyes.

"I don't remember saying that I lived with Roger in an apartment near the university." In fact, she rarely mentioned anything about Roger to Miguel, especially her stories in Ahn City and Fern City.

Miguel paused for a moment. His face turned stiff with a flash of guilt. However, he soon returned to his usual

state.

Miguel said to Stella, "Did you forget? You managed to fake your death and escape Weston before. I helped you to get such a big thing done. Your residence is just simple information. What makes you think it's that hard to investigate where you live?"

Stella seemed a little more convinced after Miguel

explained. She answered with a nod, "We'll go back to Ahn City for now and settle down. I'm meeting someone."

Stella had never told anyone about her return, save for one person—Bradley Lane. She had been keeping in touch with Bradley over the years.

Bradley would share her news with her other friends, since Stella couldn't contact them directly. After all, she was afraid Weston would find out about her through them.

After the news of Stella's death got out, Weston went quiet for a while before he returned to living a normal life again. It was business as usual.

Weston was in his office in the Ford Corporation building. He had just completed a contract negotiation when Ben knocked on the door.

"Mr. Ford, you've got the rest of your schedule free."

Weston answered with a nod. "What did the church say?"

"You may go there at any time."

It had been three years after Stella's death. Weston seemed to have moved on from the past.

Ben was worried at first. He thought Weston would be devastated by Stella's death. However, he seemed to have come out of it after Stella's burial.

Weston started to live a normal life again. Meanwhile, a lot of things had happened in the past three years.

For example, when Guinevere's affair came to light, she became a complete loser. She was then put in a mental hospital.

All the things she did were gradually exposed, not to mention that she was the one who hired the kidnappers years ago.