

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1165

Chapter 1165 Weston rubbed the girl's head, trying very hard to keep his trembling hands under control as he gently asked her, "What is your full name?"

Emma sucked on her thumb and rolled her eyes as she thought about the question. "I'm Emma..." she replied. Stella had always called her Emma and her brother Elias at home. Their full names were almost never brought up, so she had forgotten what it was. All she knew was that she was Emma.

Weston chuckled at her response and then asked her, "How old are you this year?"

Stella immediately gave Emma a look to warn her. Emma, noticing this, carefully replied with a gulp, "I'm turning two this year..."

Before they came to Ahn City, Stella had repeatedly reminded her children that while they were in this country, it was imperative they said they were a year younger than their actual age if anybody asked them how old they were. The two children had no idea why their mother would want them to do such a strange thing, but they still listened to her and did as they were told.

Emma was a little relieved that she remembered her mother's instructions in time just now. Otherwise, she would have committed mistake after mistake today, which would have meant that she was no longer a good girl! Stella sighed in relief when she heard her daughter's response. Then she saw Weston's face abruptly turn cold before he shifted his icy gaze towards her.

She turned away, ignoring his questioning looks, and merely asked him again impatiently, "When are you going to give my daughter back to me?"

Everyone else was still in total shock.

When Weston slowly calmed down, the blood that had been boiling in his veins because of Stella gradually simmered down because of her too. Feeling a little hot under his collar, he unbuttoned the top of his shirt and gazed deeply at the woman in front of him.

"How are you going to prove that she really is your daughter?" he asked her.

"But she IS my daughter!" Stella's eyes widened, appalled. "Why would I need to prove it? Didn't you hear her calling me mommy?"

"But you heard what she said. She's not even two years old."

With a shadow of a smile on his face, he turned to Stella and nonchalantly added, "She's only a baby. What would she know? She even called me Daddy just now, so the fact that she called you Mommy doesn't really prove anything, does it?"

2

LII

LE

Hmm?

Emma looked up at the man and stared at him in confusion.

When did she ever call him Daddy? She clearly called him Unkie just now...

Stella took a deep breath, barely able to keep herself from exploding in anger in front of him. But she had not seen him for three years. Now that they bumped into each other again, she had no desire to be too enmeshed with him again.

"Just give her back to me now," she begged, "and we'll talk about the rest later.... She's still very young, so she'd get scared if she stays too long with a stranger." "But I don't think she's afraid at all," argued Weston. He turned to the little girl in his arms with a smile and asked her, "Are you scared of me, hmm?"

Emma looked at him, then turned to Stella. She could that she should be afraid of this man, from the way Stella was eyeballing her.

But didn't Mommy tell her that good girls never lied? So

what should she do?

Emma struggled with the dilemma for a while before she made up her mind. With her face all scrunched up, she replied, "I'm not scared of you. I like you very much..."

In the end, Emma decided that she would be an honest girl.

As she spoke, she clasped her hands on the nape of Weston's neck. The faint scent of milk wafted through the air and tickled his nose. His eyes softened significantly as he looked at her. "Now that's a good girl," he told Emma in a polite tone.

"Thanks!" Emma responded, giggling happily. She then turned to her mother and saw the look in Stella's eyes. She instantly became more cautious and reserved before telling Weston in a low voice, "But I still like Mommy the most, so if Mommy wants me to be scared of you, I'll be scared of you..."

Stella took a deep breath, suddenly feeling a headache coming on.

How could her own daughter betray her like that?

But in that instant, the initially strained and serious atmosphere suddenly relaxed. After hearing what Emma said, Weston chuckled and lovingly stroked her head.

Stella stared coldly at the interaction between Weston and Emma.

She knew that he was only treating Emma so nicely because he thought that the girl was his daughter.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1166

“I know what’s on your mind,” Stella reminded Weston in a cool voice, “but she’s only two, so what you’re thinking is completely impossible.”

Hearing this, Weston turned to her and plainly replied, “I’ve never been around children much, but even I know the difference between a two-year-old and a three-year old. Judging by how well she can speak, and how she could even speak French with me, you can’t expect me to believe that she’s only two.” “But that’s only because we’ve been living in a different country,” Stella argued, clenching her fist. “It’s completely normal for her to speak French, where she grew up.”

“Really?” Weston nodded. “So you’ve been living in another country. No wonder I’ve been never able to find you.”

Stella’s countenance abruptly changed. She had not expected that even after three years, he could still be so nonchalant about everything, that he could still be so... infuriating!

Meanwhile, at the table, the group of people was all stunned and speechless. None of them had the sense to respond properly yet.

Ben stared in disbelief at how cool and unruffled Weston was when in front of Stella.

In the past three years, Weston had done so many shocking and outrageous things just to bring Stella back to life. He tried it all—from trying to capture her spirits to reawakening her soul. Later, when he found out that none of these was possible, he calmed down a little before shifting his efforts to try to make Stella appear in his dreams.

In short, he looked nothing like the cool and calculative man standing in front of him right now.

LILIT

Where had the man who had been living like a zombie for the past three years gone?

Ben shook his head, then turned to look at Stella.

He had not seen her for three years now, so her sudden reappearance utterly shocked him. In fact, seeing her alive and kicking had put the group of people at the table into total shock. None of them was able to react yet as they all still thought they must be dreaming

Stella Sealey had clearly died a long time ago. In fact, Weston had been living with her corpse for so many days after her death before it was entirely burned to ashes in that car...

So how could she suddenly reappear out of nowhere, just like that?

Unless...

A thought popped up in Ben's mind, a thought that horrified him so much that he suddenly turned pale.

Could all those weird sorcery and voodoo stuff that Weston tried in the past have actually worked? Did Weston really succeed in bringing his dead wife back to life?

Ben's jaw actually dropped when he thought of this possibility. He regarded himself as a young and sensible man who had been working at Weston Ford's side the start of his career. He was a knowledgeable modern man with a faith completely rooted in science! How could he even entertain such an idea? Surely nothing so bizarre and unscientific could be possible!

No, it was simply impossible, wasn't it?

Right...?

Stella Sealey was not actually a ghost, right?

But the more Ben looked at her, the less convinced he became.

If she was not a ghost, then how was Stella even more beautiful than she was three years ago?

He only saw her from a distance, but even from there, he could see that she was as beautiful as a rose in full bloom.

She was only standing there yet she managed to draw everyone's attention toward her.

She looked nothing like the young, innocent woman she was three years ago.

Now, it was as if an enchanting aura surrounded her body, in turn, giving her a much more confident and charming outlook than before. She personified the exquisite blend of pure grace and alluring passion, which perfectly matched the elegant Chanel dress that she was wearing