

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1167

Chapter 1167 Even Nicole and Daisy, who were both dressed to the nines, paled in comparison to Stella, whose elegance completely outshone the combined beauty of the other two women.

Grace and charm flowed out of her body with every gesture she made, making it almost impossible for Ben to take his eyes off her.

How could such a bewitching woman not be a ghost?

The thoughts in his own head shocked him over and over again. His palms began to sweat, and he did not know what to do.

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In the end, it was Henry who spoke up, breaking the long silence in the room.

“So you’re not dead after all,” he commented. “Looks like you’ve been duping us for three full years.” He then chuckled under his breath, acting as if he was the only one in the room. “Don’t mention death in front of my children!” Stella glared coldly at him and hissed. She took Elias’ hand, glanced at Emma, who seemed to be extremely fond of Weston, and sighed.

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“What do I have to do for you to return my daughter, Mr. Ford?”

“All you need to do is prove that this really is your daughter, and I’ll gladly return her to you. What do you say?”

Stella gritted her teeth so hard that she could hear them grinding against each other. “Stop messing around with me!” she snapped. Weston’s eyes slowly turned gloomy as he stared fixedly at her.

“All I’m asking for is proof,” he spoke slowly, word by word. “After all, you can’t expect me to believe a word you say, can you? You’re the one who hoodwinked me into thinking that you’re dead all this time. To think that you’d deceive your own husband about something so serious as that, you can’t blame me if I can’t trust you enough to hand over this innocent little girl to you.”

“You—” Stella’s expressions altered. Instead of getting angry, though, she laughed as she stared at him and asked, “Fine, how would you like me to prove it then?”

Weston put Emma down on the floor , rubbed her head, and took her hand.

“We’ll do a DNA test to start,” he said.

Stella clenched her fists tightly, and her fingers dug deep

into her flesh that marks were visible. With a pale face, she looked at him and said, “I know what you’re thinking, Weston, but don’t you think that you’re being ridiculous? Don’t tell me that you still can’t let go of me after all these years. Are you actually hoping that I’ve given birth to your children? Have you forgotten why I became infertile?”

Stella uttered those words in an utterly plain voice, yet each word hit his raw nerves, again and again, causing him unimaginable pain.

His face changed as he gazed wistfully at the face that he had been dreaming about day and night for the past three years.

“I told you,” he said, “that I don’t care if we had children or not. I never minded the fact that you’re infertile...”

“But I did!” she interrupted him. “You didn’t want children, but I did!”

She then paused and frowned before impatiently adding, “This is not the time to be talking about these things. What exactly do you want?”

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Emma had never seen Stella so furious before. Thinking that it might be because she had done something wrong, those tears that had stopped flowing not too long ago started to gush out again. “Stop fighting,” she cried, waving her chubby arms, “stop fighting... It’s aw my fawt... Stop fighting...”

The sight of her daughter crying pierced straight through Stella’s heart.

“Mommy’s not mad at you,” she comforted the girl. “Don’t cry, Emma...”

She wanted to wipe away Emma’s tears, but stopped and merely glared at Weston when she saw that Emma was still in his arms.

Seeing that Emma was crying again, Weston wiped her tears and, without any hesitation, gave her back to Stella.

This move stunned Stella, but before she could react, Emma flew straight into her arms and softly clasped her hands behind Stella's neck before kissing her gently on her cheek.

"I'm sowwy, Mommy. I didn't mean to run..."

Stella quickly held her daughter close to her chest and hugged her tight. She closed her eyes and breathed in the faint scent of milk coming from her daughter. Only then did her heartbeat return to its steady pace.

"I'm just glad that you're alright, Emma... That's all that matters. But you're not allowed to run away like that ever again, understood? You will stay exactly where you are until Mommy returns, okay?"

"From now on, no matter where we go, I'll always make sure that you're by my side," she added after a pause.

Emma nodded solemnly. Elias, who was standing by the side, folded his arms as if he was an adult and shook his head disapprovingly, saying, "Emma is a naughty girl! A stupid one too!" Emma had always been so mischievous, and she was always causing trouble. She liked to bully Elias a lot, too, aside from being so dumb. How could she run off like that when she was left alone for just a few minutes? How could she possibly help him protect Mommy in the future if she kept on acting in this stupid way?

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1168

Chapter 1168 Weston's attention was drawn to the boy as soon as he spoke.

Because Stella's reappearance had been too astounding, he had focused solely on her and Emma. It was only now that he noticed the little boy beside Stella.

The boy seemed to be of the same age as Emma. He also looked almost identical to her, although he was evidently much bolder than the girl.

When the boy noticed Weston's gaze, he looked straight at him and fearlessly demanded, "Please give my sister back to me!"

He spoke much more clearly than Emma, though he still uttered each word slowly. He was obviously brought up in a bilingual environment because he spoke both English and French fluently, switching between the two with ease.

Weston studied the boy. He already had an idea in mind, but his eyes were perfectly calm, not revealing much emotion at all.

“What’s your name?” he asked, his voice hoarse.

Elias frowned and turned to Stella. Then he curled his lips and replied, “I might be a child, but my name is still my privacy. I won’t tell you that so easily!”

Weston was dumbfounded, but he showed no sign of irritation. In fact, there was a glimmer of a smile in his eyes when he asked, “Do you know what privacy means?” “Of course I do!” answered Elias, raising his head to look at Weston. “Privacy means something that you don’t want other people to know!”

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That was, in fact, not what Stella taught him. The truth was, while it might still be a bit too early for the twins, she had indeed instilled the ideas of safety and self defense into their minds. For example, she told them that all children had their own privacy and they were forbidden to allow any adult to take off their clothes or touch their private parts. She had originally intended it as a way to teach them to protect themselves, but Elias had stretched the concept of privacy beyond the private parts of his body. Now everything that he did not want to talk about had become a matter of his privacy!

Elias was a confident and daring boy. He was also a lot cleverer and more obedient than most children, so naturally, he had been following Stella’s advice consistently all along.

Emma, on the other hand, was timid compared to her brother. Although she was generally obedient too, she was easily influenced and provoked, especially when she was left alone, when she would falter against her own

good judgment Stella knew that she couldn’t stay by her children’s side forever, so she wanted to teach them these things early on. She did not want them to be too sheltered, like flowers in a house of glass –just as she used to be. She had been so sheltered and protected in her childhood that the first setbacks she encountered completely shattered her into a thousand pieces. Stella picked Emma up and told Weston, “If there’s nothing else, we’re leaving now.”

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Then she turned and walked away.

Weston’s brows knitted. Before he could speak, he was suddenly interrupted by Daisy, who until then was as good as invisible. “What a surprise!” she exclaimed. “It’s been so long since we last saw you, Ms. Sealey! Who would’ve thought you’d have children and they’d be so grown up!”

Daisy did her very best to keep her composure, even though her heart was as turbulent as the stormy sea.

“But since you’re already here,” she continued, “why don’t you join us for a meal? We’re all friends here and, besides, we’re all curious about... what happened to you. We’ll be excited to hear what’s happened the last few years and why... why you’ve never contacted Mr. Ford.”

She was all politeness, giving off an air of kindness and generosity.

Nicole could hardly stand looking at Daisy’s pretentious facade. She knew that Daisy was clearly jealous of her, yet she was acting all friendly for some reason. She, for one, didn’t care to put up such a fake performance. She was no hypocrite.

“We made a reservation here,” she grumbled with displeasure, “because we wanted to celebrate Mr. Ford’s birthday. We didn’t plan for a dead woman to show up suddenly. If someone like that were to join us, I’m afraid it would take all the fun out of the party...”

Just as she spoke, she could feel an icy gaze directed at her.

It was Weston. His eyes had always looked cold and indifferent without a trace of emotion, but right now, it was biting, piercingly ruthless.

His thin lips only parted slightly, but the words he spat out were like sharp icy blades, “Get out.”

Two short words, yet the air in the restaurant instantly froze, as if they had been transported into a freezer.

Nicole quickly realized that she had made a huge mistake, regretting her words as soon as she spoke them.

But it was too late to turn back now. She could see that Weston’s expressions had changed drastically. With a face that gradually got paler, she meekly uttered, “I...”

“Didn’t you hear me?” Weston barked while unbuttoning the top of his shirt with his long fingers so he could get some fresh air and breathe a little more easily. “I said, get out.”

“Get out now,” he stressed. “And never ever let me see your face again.”