

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1191-1195

Chapter 1191

"Don't move. Just let me hug you for a while."

Stella seemed to catch on to what he was doing and glanced at the Cullinan through the rearview mirror. She chuckled and made no objections.

Meanwhile, in the other car, Weston's eyes turned gloomy as he stared at the appalling sight of the two people hugging. He gripped the steering wheel so tightly that his knuckles turned white. He said nothing, he just switched on the turn signal and honked

The screeching noise rang through the parking lot.

Bradley straightened up in his seat and whispered to Stella, "He looks angry now. Do you need my help?"

"No," she replied. "I'll deal with him myself."

"Are you sure you don't need my help?" Bradley asked again, staring deeply at her. Now that he had provoked Weston's ire, there was no way he'd let things go without causing some trouble.

He was, in fact, waiting for Stella to speak up, to ask for his help.

But all she did was shake her head lightly as she toyed with her earrings with her fingers. Looking away from him, she said, "This is my problem. I'm not about to drag

someone else in."

So she still regarded him as an outsider, keeping him at an arm's length. Bradley's eyes darkened. He knew that he couldn't be too rash about this.

He pushed the door open and got out of the car, and when he walked past the Cullinan, he paused and looked straight into the eyes of the man inside it. Their eyes glinted in the shadows like daggers. The temperature seemed to drop suddenly, and the air in the surroundings turned frosty.

It was only a brief glance before Bradley withdrew his gaze and turned to leave without looking back.

Stella gazed indifferently at the black luxury car through the rearview mirror without saying or doing anything. Once she had seen Bradley safely entering the elevator, she turned her car around and drove away.

As expected, Weston slammed the gas pedal and started to tailgate her, seemingly without any hurry at all, as if he was playing a cat-and-mouse game with her. Stella remained silent. Every once in a while, her fingers tapped on the steering wheel listlessly. She drove on like that for some time until she suddenly realized that the black car that had been following her was gone.

She chuckled. Was that already too much for him to handle?

She shook her head. Then she gave no more thought about it and drove straight home.

When she reached the apartment, she pushed the elevator button and walked in. Suddenly, a hand appeared out of the dark, forcing the elevator door open

Before Stella could react, a tall and muscular man with broad shoulders and a narrow waist appeared before her. His black inky eyes were staring fixedly at her. His strikingly handsome face was illuminated by the elevator light, making his elegant features seem even more pronounced.

He said nothing at all. With a cold, stony face, he grabbed her wrists and dragged her out of the elevator, just as he did at the private lounge earlier. But this time, Stella had lost all her patience for him. She scowled at him and demanded, "Let go of me!"

The man did not seem to hear her at all. He dragged her to a dark corner nearby and pinned her on the wall with both his hands holding her shoulders tight.

"Have you had enough fun?" he asked, his eyes peering down at her.

Stella wanted to shove him away, but he had locked her hands in place and pressed her hard against the wall, forcing her to look into his eyes. "I'll ask you again," he repeated, "have you had enough fun?"

"What are you talking about?" she frowned. "Are you trying to threaten me again?" "I'm not," he whispered, leaning down close to her ear. "I'm just..."

He could not finish his sentence, either because he had no idea what to say next or because he was still lost in thoughts. It was a long while before he spoke up again with a calmer tone, whispering, "I want to see the twins." Stella's body stiffened instantly. Then she violently shoved him away as if she had just gotten an electric shock.

"What right do you have to demand to see them?" she snapped. "Who do you think you are?!"

Chapter 1192

"I'm not saying I have any right," he replied, his eyes pitch – black and his voice raspy. "I'm not trying to take anything from you."

"Trust me," he comforted her gently as if she was a frightened little creature. "Stella, this time I won't force you to do anything, like how I did. All I want is to see them. Please?"

As soon as the thought of those two children popped into his mind, an uncontrollable feeling of tender affection overcame him.

That day, in the restaurant, he only had a chance to hold Emma for a while, but he could never forget how it felt.

He wanted to see his children again. Especially the boy. He had not even had a chance to hold him yet.

Stella could easily see the desire in his eyes.

"I think you must've misunderstood something," she sneered, trying to chip away at his hope bit by bit. "You should've known a long time ago that I could never get pregnant, Mr. Ford. The truth is, the twins aren't my children, much less yours." "Then why do they look just like you?" he asked, his eyes full of tenderness. He took no offense from her biting

sarcasm, and he kept his patience intact. "I know you won't be able to accept me right now, but I honestly just want to see them. Please, Stella, I won't disturb them at all. I'll be content with watching them from a distance..."

"Absolutely not!" Stella snapped coldly. "I told you they're not your children, so what else do you want from us? Why won't you leave us in peace?"

She uttered each word with icy clarity, showing him absolutely no mercy.

"By the way," she continued, "since you seem really curious, perhaps I should just tell you that I adopted those kids."

Weston's face sank. He remained silent as he kept staring at her. A long time passed before he finally said, "If you're trying to hurt me, go ahead. I don't mind it. Just let me see them again, please. Just for a little while."

Stella stepped away from him and scoffed. "But they're not your children," she said. "Why on earth would you want to see them?" She looked defiantly at him and added, "You're acting strange, Mr. Ford. You didn't seem that interested in your own son back then. I wonder why you're suddenly interested in someone else's children?"

"What are you talking about?" Weston frowned. "You know perfectly well what I meant," answered Stella,

checking her nails casually, but with eyes that were full of contempt. "Or perhaps you're more forgetful than I thought? It was only three years ago that Zachary Ford died. He was your own son no matter what. How could you be so unbothered and act like he never existed just because he's dead? Instead of being upset, you're so eager to be a father to children who aren't even yours! You really are something else!"

Stella spoke very harshly, and her words touched directly at his raw nerve.

She could see that Weston's face grew darker and darker until she could sense a terrifying coldness emanating from him.

"Get out of my way," she pushed him aside. "I'm going home."

Weston grabbed her wrist from behind and pulled her back towards him. With his other hand, he lifted up her chin, forcing her to look straight into his eyes.

"How many times do I have to tell you that Zachary Ford was not my son?" He could remain relatively calm before, but at this point, he could no longer hide his vexation.

It was clear that in the past three years, he had never crossed Stella's mind at all. She had never paid any attention to whatever that had been going on around him.

If she had even cared about him a bit, she wouldn't have neglected to contact him at all in the past three years, and she would've known what had happened to him.

Back then, he had publicly revealed Zachary's true parentage, and by now, virtually everyone in Ahn City knew

Zachary Ford was Chris Ford's son.

And yet, Stella, the one at the very center of the scandal, was still none the wiser.

How could he not be angry with her for it?

Right now, he was not entirely sure if there was more hate or love in his heart. All he knew was that every time he looked at that face of hers, he yearned for nothing more than to see some kind of emotion on that face.

Just as it was all those years ago, when all there was in her eyes was him and him alone.

If that was too much to ask, then he would be content with her hating him, fighting with him... anything but the look on her face right now.

All that was left there was indifference, sarcasm, and almost no emotion, save for a minute trace of contempt.

Chapter 1193

Not this again...

Not Weston acting all passionate again.

“Let go of me now!” Stella yelled, glowering as she pushed him away.

But Weston didn't budge. He just kept gazing at her, searching for something.

Stella took a deep breath and told him, “Don't make me hate you more than I already do.”

Those words instantly made him ease his grasp on her ever so slightly.

But as soon as she sensed that his grip was loosening, Stella took the chance and shoved him forcefully away and said, "It's getting late. You should go home now, Mr. Ford."

Then she turned and left straight away.

She headed towards the elevator and pressed the button.

Weston didn't follow her this time. He just stood there in the dark corner, his gaze steadily following her every move, with eyes so dark and profound that they seemed to be merging with the darkness of the night. Stella watched him through the gap in the elevator door.

For a moment, she thought she could perceive an indelible sadness and loneliness radiating from his body.

Her heart was calm and unmoved, however.

The elevator door closed, blocking off her sight. Stella looked down and immediately tossed the images of what just happened out of her mind, thinking nothing more of it.

Stella pushed the door open, and the first thing she did was call out for Elias and Emma.

Nobody answered. She turned around, and her eyes met Miguel's displeased gaze.

"Why are you home so late?" he asked. Stella froze for a moment before responding, "What are you doing here?" "I heard from the nanny that you'd be out this evening," he explained. "And I came to make sure everything's alright. The two ruffians are asleep."

"Oh," Stella replied simply. She tossed the keys into the bowl near the entrance, changed her shoes, and walked inside.

As Miguel noticed her cool and calm demeanor, he suddenly felt as if his heart was shrouded by a heavy gloomy cloud. It seemed that, in her eyes, he was nothing more than a brother.

She was always calm and at ease around him because he was just a family member. There was never any spark between them that there should be between a man and a woman.

Stella had barely taken a few steps inside her house when she suddenly felt her waist encircled by a pair of muscular arms. She turned around and saw Miguel rushing up toward her and hugging her from behind.

“Stella...” he only managed to murmur her name before she swiftly pushed him away.

“What are you doing?!” she snapped, visibly agitated. “Let go of me!” “I saw him just now...” said Miguel. “The man who sent you home was Weston, right? I saw his car downstairs.”

“No,” she replied. She took a deep breath and told him, “I drove home myself. I didn’t ask him to send me home.”

“Then what was he doing here?” Miguel demanded. He stepped forward and looked straight into her eyes. “How would he know that you live here?”

Stella stepped back to get away from Miguel until her back was up against her bedroom door. From there on, there was no more room for retreat.

“I’ve told you many times,” she said in a helpless tone, her eyes staring at a random spot on the floor. “We can never be anything more than family... Stop acting this way, Miguel.” Miguel’s eyes reddened the instant he heard this.

"It's him, isn't it? Everything's been fine between us in the past three years, but the moment he came back into your life, you started rejecting me. What's going on, Stella?"

Chapter 1194

All of a sudden, Stella clenched her fists and said, "I've never returned your feelings once in the past three years, and besides, you've treated me like a sister all this time... or am I just mistaken?"

"But you've never openly rejected me before!" argued Miguel. "So why is it exactly that now you're suddenly saying obvious things like how we can never be anything more than family...?" Miguel paused and stared at her silently for a while. Then he could not help but laugh, although the laughter that escaped his lips was filled with bitterness.

"So you knew all along..." "So you knew all along, huh?"

He stared vacantly at his own hand as it clutched at the empty air.

"Don't you understand," he asked with a hoarse voice, "why I'm so restless all of a sudden? It's because I'm scared. I feel insecure. I'm afraid that as soon as you return to Ahn City, you'll fly back into his arms. That is why I have to hold onto you as firmly as I can right now. I'm so scared of losing you, Stella."

Stella was not sure how to feel about that. She raised her

hand, meaning to pat him on the shoulder, but then decided against it.

"I've always regarded you as a brother," she insisted firmly. "And nothing can ever change that. I'm really sorry... But as for Weston Ford, he's nothing to me now. Nothing at all."

Miguel's eyes seemed blank. After a long while, he finally regained his composure and smiled at her.

"I know," he said. "So long you allow me to be by your side, it means I still have a chance, right? We have all the time in the world anyway. There's no need to hurry."

"Miguel..." Stella's brows knitted again.

"Let me tell you about my next plan," Miguel interrupted her. "I've already met the person in charge in Ahn City..."

Now that he had turned the subject to business, Stella had no choice but to go along with him.

"Okay," she sighed. "I'll go change into something more comfortable and take a quick look at Elias and Emma."

Then we'll talk."

Elias and Emma were both already asleep. Stella had not been home since the afternoon, but she saw their activities that day because the nanny had recorded videos of them doing various activities and sent them to her. She had not seen them for only a few hours, yet she had already missed them so much.

She gazed lovingly at the twins. They were both lying flat on their back, arms and legs stretched out. She could not help but pinch their noses.

"Naughty kids," she grumbled. "You should've waited for Mommy to come home and say goodnight before you go to bed..."

She then kissed their cheeks and walked out of their room.

After changing into something a bit more more casual , she saw Miguel already waiting for her on the couch with some documents in his hands.

She walked up to him and poured him a cup of coffee. “Looking at you, I’d guess you must’ve encountered some major obstacles already. Am I right?”

They had returned to this country with a plan to expand their business, but neither would have guessed that such huge hurdles would block their path so soon after arriving

“The majority of the market share is basically dominated by Ford Corporation,” Miguel explained. “It’s practically impossible for us to make any kind of breakthrough here. Our only hope is to get Weston Ford’s help.” Miguel had been having headaches about this exact matter.

If it had been anybody else, he would’ve gladly laid down

his ego if it meant he could get ahead. But it just had to be Weston Ford, the only person in the world he was unwilling to bow down to or beg for help.

But Stella found none of this surprising at all. She took a sip of her coffee and sat down across from Miguel.

“He was already building his own business empire three years ago,” she said, “and now it can only get bigger and bigger. There’s nothing extraordinary about that. In fact, he has even expanded his business into Europe, and he’s still quite powerful in the delta too. Going up against him will certainly be no mean feat.”

No wonder even Marcus Garcia wanted Miguel to give Ahn City a try.

The Garcias were already the most esteemed and prominent family in Compassvale, but they were ambitious. They wanted Miguel, who was still very young, to pick up some skills here and gain valuable experience by being a Ford Corporation employee. This alone demonstrated the Garcia family's audacity and cunning "I'll find a way. Somehow." Miguel sighed. He laid the documents on the coffee table and exclaimed, "I simply refuse to believe that apart from Weston Ford, there's just no one else in the whole of Ahn City that we can work with!"

"But working with him would clearly be most beneficial for us," argued Stella. "Wouldn't it?"

She flipped through the documents and pointed at a line of words on one of them, saying, "With your qualifications, as long as you could properly point out the benefits that you would bring them, I believe that there's a high chance that Ford Corporation will agree to work with you."

She had been closely studying the economy of the past

few years and found that they themselves were quite powerful in many ways.

"Why do you know all this stuff so well?" Miguel asked with displeasure in his voice after hearing Stella's clear headed analysis. "Didn't you say that you don't care about Weston Ford anymore?"

Stella massaged her temples. Those words proved that Miguel was being a bit too naive about all this.

"This concerns our profits and interests," she explained, "so of course, I have to pay close attention to it. Besides, have you forgotten that I own some of the shares too?"

These past three years, Stella had managed to earn a lot of money as an internationally renowned pianist. She even had a lot left after giving a portion of it back to the Garcia family, so she used it to make investments.

“We’re strictly talking about business right now, not . about anything else,” she stressed , her voice suddenly turning serious. Don’t you remember why we feared Weston Ford so much in the past? It’s all because he has too much money and power for us to even have a fighting chance. The only way for us not to ever be intimidated by him again is to amass just as much money and power as he does, that way, we’ll be on a level playing field with him, do you understand? So before we get to that point, if all we need to do to get to our goal is to work with him, then why on earth shouldn’t we do it?”

Miguel fell silent for a long while after hearing her speak. Eventually, he chuckled drily and said, “I don’t think I can be as mature as you are.”

“But you have to be!” she reminded him. “You’re not a child anymore, you know.”

She looked him in the eyes and told him, “Interests and benefits always come first in the adult world. As long as we don’t cross a certain line, we should be willing to do anything.” Miguel stared fixedly at Stella. After three years, it seemed that she had grown wiser and more astute about many things. She was always calm and composed now. Nothing ever seemed to provoke or distress her anymore.

But at the same time, it was obvious that there were certain things that she cared about, that she would pursue doggedly without giving up. Miguel massaged the point between his eyebrows and muttered, “You know that it’s not any of those things that have been bothering me. It’s just that I...”

“I know,” Stella cut him off. “You’re worried that I might get back with Weston Ford, right? Don’t worry about that.”

She tapped her finger on the table and nudged the coffee cup forward. With a smile , she assured him, “The thing

that you're worried about will never happen. Trust me."

For some unknown reason, Miguel was suddenly moved as he looked into Stella's eyes. He felt the urge to believe her, to believe everything that she said.

"Okay," he said after taking a sip of the coffee. "We'll do as you say then. I'll do everything I can to surpass him in wealth and power. One day, I'll never have to fear him again..."

"And when that day comes," he added, "will you be willing to give me a chance?"