

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 1201-1203

Chapter 1201

After saying that, she picked up her cup of coffee and put it in front of Weston. "Why not give it a taste to know the difference, Mr. Ford?"

Without even blinking his eyes, Weston took a sip of the coffee she handed him.

The cup was used by Stella, but Weston drank the coffee without even a flinch.

Daisy's face immediately turned.

As his secretary, she knew how serious his obsession with

cleanliness was. He would never use what others had used.

Did he make an exception for her just because it was Stella?

When she was still in confusion, she heard the crisp sound of the coffee cup being placed on the table—

And that “clang” brought her back to her senses with a jolt.

The man’s chilly voice rang.

“Is this what you usually serve the guests?”

Her face paled, and she quickly explained, “I apologize, Mr. Ford. As you are used to drinking hand-ground coffee, I personally brew this for you. The coffee we serve

the guests meets the company’s standard practices and has been prepared in full compliance with the procedure. If Mrs. Ford does not like it, I can make her ground coffee as well...”

Weston was already very irritated. His handsome face was gloomy, like the dark sky that was about to rain. “There is no need for that. You can go out now.”

She stood still, and her body felt stiff. She seemed to want to go out, but she wasn’t moving.

Looking at her trapped in an awkward situation, Stella smiled and said to Weston. “Don’t be like this. Look at

her. she seems to want to make coffee for me. I am interested in tasting the coffee your secretary makes. After all, it’s something Mr. Ford can accept. I bet her skill should be excellent.”

He gazed into her eyes. Knowing there was something between her line, he still decided to let her have her way.

He pulled her to sit on his lap. "If you want, I can make it for you myself. It will surely not taste any worse than hers."

Watching the two act like no one was around, Daisy clenched her fists slowly. As her face turned pale, she said, "Don't bother yourself, Mr. Ford. I'll go make it now."

In fact, she was indeed hiding a small intention in her actions. Being in charge of all of Weston's necessities, she

wanted to give him the best.

Therefore, she naturally cared less about other people.

Though it was somehow a little deliberate, she thought it brought no harm. She didn't expect that Stella would expose her so directly

She simply wanted to watch her make a fool of herself, didn't she?

After saying that, Daisy escaped the scene.

Stella's eyes darkened, and something played in her mind. when she looked at her back.

The next second, the man pinched her chin and forced her to look into his eyes. "Are you satisfied now?"

"I don't understand what you are talking about."

Once Daisy left, Stella's face changed immediately.

She pushed him away and got right up off of him.

Weston laughed and shook his head at how ungrateful she became after using him. "I thought you were jealous."

She sneered. She felt intense mockery but still bantered with a charming tone. "Your secretary is such a beauty. She is so capable and is so concerned about you. It's your blessing. Why should I be jealous?"

Her heart was cold, yet she was smiling, and her words were ambiguous.

Since the day they met in the restaurant, Weston had envisioned a lot about how she would treat herself afterward.

But it never occurred to him that she would be as vague as she is now.

She could smile at him just to get what she wanted.

Chapter 1202

At times, Weston felt that it would hurt if he knew too much. He didn't want to see too deeply into her.

Perhaps a little self-deception would help him feel better.

Hence, not wanting to bother with her anymore, he stood up, tossed his pen casually onto the table, and tucked his hands into his pockets. "Let's go out. You said you'd treat me to a meal."

Stella stood up steadily and sighed. "I didn't expect you to take it so seriously."

"Did you just say that casually?"

"Alright, since you signed the papers."

She ran her finger through her fingers. "But I might need to go home first. My two children are still waiting for me at home. I need to inform them."

He suddenly changed his mind. "No need. Let's go to your place."

Without looking at him, she looked down at her phone and sent a text message.

A moment later, only then did she faintly spit out a few words. "You wish."

She looked up and swept a glance at him. Her smile was

beautiful, but it was abominable in the eyes of the man.

"It's just a meal. I won't do anything to them."

“Do you want to meet them so badly because you think they might be your kids?”

He did not say a word and stared at her in silence.

He knew that Stella wouldn't be giving him a definite answer within a short time.

Even if she denied it again and again, he knew it wasn't the truth.

She sighed. “Alright. Let's do this. I'll ask them if they want to come to dinner with you.”

“Let me talk to them.”

She raised her eyebrows, wondering where he got his confidence. “Sure.”

After that, she hit the call button.

It was the nanny who picked up the call. After talking to Stella briefly, the nanny asked Elias to talk to her.

Weston planned to talk to the little girl at first, but it was the voice of a boy

“Hello, is this Mommy?”

He glanced at Stella. Pulling his necktie, he

subconsciously slowed down his breathing and said gently, “No.”

“Who are you?” Elias sounded confused and was a little alert.

Weston’s gaze changed, and an ineffable aura surrounded him. “I am called Weston,” he solemnly introduced himself.

“Weston...”

Elias mumbled his name but did not say anything more. Where is my mommy? Why did she put you on the phone? Is there something wrong?”

He spoke clearly and logically, and it was apparent that he was a brilliant kid.

“Your mother wants to invite me to dinner, and she

wants to bring you and your Emma along. I wonder if you would like to come with us?”

Stella blushed immediately, grabbed his phone, and glared at him.

You cheat.

She mouthed. “How could you ask that?”

Sure enough, Elias’ cheerful voice could be heard. ” Really? Mommy is taking us out for dinner? Yeah! I am going to call Emma right now!”

Then, he hung up the phone.

Stella was speechless.

Weston looked at her with a smirk. "See. I asked, and he's happy to have dinner with me."

"You're misleading him!"

She looked at him, dissatisfied. "Don't you think it's a little shameless to set up a small child using such tricks?" "I don't think so."

Chapter 1203

Looking at how Stella had her hackles up, Weston wanted to reach out to touch her hair, but she avoided it.

The gesture didn't annoy Weston. His eyes showed a subtle softness and smile instead. "Let's fetch the two."

Seeing Stella remain standing, he stopped and looked at her. "What? Or would you prefer to dine with me alone?"

Stella immediately withdrew her gaze and walked past him without looking at him. Weston laughed dumbly and shook his head as he looked at her from her back.

He drove and pulled up at the apartment with no trouble. Stella didn't even give him her address, but he could already drive right to her house.

He came once, after all, so it did not seem necessary to pretend.

She got out of the car and went straight to the elevator.

The two remained silent, as he followed her from behind.

The man would constantly attempt to start a conversation, but Stella would ignore him totally.

“It seems like you learned a lot abroad that you can be so

ungrateful now,” Weston suddenly said as he looked at the floors ascending on the elevator panel.

She knew he was talking about her ignoring him after signing the contract, and leaned her head against the elevator. “I can’t help it. This is me. If you’re not used to it, you’ll have to put up with it.”

He lowered his head, and he beamed a gentle smile. Suddenly, he reached out his hand and pulled her gently.” Don’t lean against the wall. It’s dirty.”

She glared at him, frowning. “Why are you still the same? Don’t you get tired of being so obsessed with cleanliness?”

They fell into silence the moment she said that.

The atmosphere changed abruptly when the past was mentioned.

Stella , too, restrained her expression and looked ahead without speaking.

The door of the elevator opened with a ding. Elias and Emma had been waiting for a long time. When they saw the door open, the two chubby kids scooted toward her.

“Mommy!” “Mommy!”

Stella squatted down and held one in each arm.

When Weston came out of the elevator and saw what was happening, his eyes showed a tenderness that he had never noticed he had before.

Such a scene only appeared in his dream.

Now it was happening right before his eyes.

It was only after the children had cuddled Stella enough, that they noticed the tall and handsome man standing beside her.

Emma recognized him. She released her arms from Stella’s neck, pointed at Weston, and greeted him happily.

“Unkie!”

Emma ran toward him joyfully and spread her arms, asking for a hug.

Stella looked helplessly at her chubby back.

Emma was a little timid but more enthusiastic than Elias.

There were times when she hid behind him, but when she saw someone she liked, she would be very bold.

Stella was sometimes worried that her daughter might just go off with someone else if she didn't keep a close eye on her.

She reminded Emma from behind. "Don't be naughty."

Weston looked at her quietly. Then, he squatted down

and put his hands under the little girl's armpits to pick

her up.

He moved very gently. Looking at the doll – like girl, he asked, "You still remember me?"

Emma hugged his neck and nodded.

His nose was immediately filled with a baby's scent. Weston's movements were a little stiff, and he exerted little force.

Hence, Emma felt a bit uncomfortable and kicked her short legs slightly. "Unkie, pain."

Stella was helping Elias fix his somewhat long sleeves. When she heard that, she looked up and explained to Weston, “You need to put your hands under the bend of her knees to hold her, otherwise her legs would dangle on your waist, and both of you will feel uncomfortable.”