

Mr. Ford Is Jealous

Chapter 1207



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Weston also urged her with a soft voice. “Listen to your mother.”

Emma refused. It wasn’t easy to get such an interesting thing. She hugged it tightly, unwilling to hand it to her. She even turned her back and bowed her head, showing disobedience.

Elias sighed and climbed down from his chair, and walked to her.

Touching her head, he said, “You promised, Mommy. You can’t take back your words.”

Emma shook her head, and her pigtails swung in the air.

Stella increased her volume at once and called her name. “Emma! Put the tablet down.”

Emma was startled, and her eyes quickly welled up. However, she was still not letting go of the tablet and not making a sound.

After awhile, she pleaded, “Mommy, I want to play a little longer”

“No” Stella said sternly, “What did you promise me just now? A little while means a little while. You are getting addicted!”

Emma pouted in silence, still not letting it go as if planning to resist until the end.

Stella put down the cutlery in her hands and stared at her motionlessly.

Emma's tears were welling up in her eyes, and she looked at Elias with a grunt, trying to get him to help.

Elias sided with Mommy firmly.

Emma looked at Weston again. "Unkie..."

She tugged on his sleeve. She looked very pitiful.

Weston sighed and looked at Stella.

Stella seemed to know what he was going to say. "This is my child. How I educate her is my own business.

Don't interfere."

She sounded annoyed and gave him a grudgeful look. If it were not for him insisting on giving her the tablet, she wouldn't have

acted out. It was all his fault!

Weston did not say anything and rubbed his glabella in dismay. He was caught in the middle.

When the atmosphere was getting a little anxious, a familiar voice could be heard—

"Hey, why is this little girl crying?"

A man entered.

Miguel came to Emma and picked her up. In a playful tone, he said to her, "Why is our little princess crying?"

Look at the golden

beads you are shedding, is someone bullying you?"

The moment Emma saw him, she hugged him in grief, burying her face in his shoulder, and cried. She seemed very dependent on him.

Stella's eyes fluttered, not expecting him to be here.

"Stella, make some space for me."

He sat directly next to her, holding Emma and coaxing her while greeting Elias.

Elias was also very familiar with him. He ran to him cheerfully, hugging his arm.

Weston gazed at this sudden uninvited guest sullenly, and his aura turned cold.

Just as he was about to say something, Miguel seemed just to notice his presence and raised his brows. "I didn't expect to run

into Mr. Ford here. It's quite a coincidence..."

Weston did not show much expression on his face. A trace of gloominess flashed across his eyes, looking at how intimate the

children interacted with him. "You are..."

The moment he said that Miguel's face changed.

He twitched his lips slightly. "You are such a forgetful man, Mr. Ford. But I don't mind introducing myself to you again. I am

Miguel, and to the two little ones, Daddy."

He emphasized the last word.

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