

Mr. Ford Is Jealous

Chapter 1209

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He just left the client alone to come here. If he had this meal with them here, perhaps there would be no more chance with that

project...

But if he got up and left.

He glanced at the man across the table.

Although Weston suppressed his emotions, Miguel still sensed his confidence in having everything under his control.

He always acted so high and mighty, as if he could control everything

Thinking of this, Miguel sat down and nodded. "Sure. Let's eat together." He did not deny that he was being impulsive, yet he

could not give up his territory to Weston in any case. After eating, Weston casually offered Stella to send her home.

Miguel said immediately, "No, we are living together. We can just go back together."

From the moment he claimed himself as the father of the twin, and now he is unabashedly provoking him, his intention was

obvious.

Weston pressed his glabella and cast a distant look at him silently.

His slender finger tapped on the table lightly.

Without any change of expression , he had the ability to make people feel gloomy and oppressed, much less one that came as hard as a storm.

Miguel just stared at him as if afraid Weston couldn't see the hostility in his eyes. Weston suddenly stood up, and Miguel's face immediately turned stiff.

He was about to stand up, but to his surprise, the man simply pulled his chair to the back and said nonchalantly, "I'll get the bill."

Weston smirked at Miguel as if he was encountering his arch nemesis. His eyes were full of disdain , yet his face was still as calm. "Don't be so nervous. It's just a meal. It's nothing."

After saying that, he deliberately let his gaze linger on his face for a moment. He seemed to confirm something and then withdrew his gaze. Then, he picked up the suit jacket, turned around, and left.

The moment the door was closed, the man's face turned cold.

If he was not mistaken, this man called Miguel was similar to Roger.

The first time he saw him, he thought he was Roger. But after taking a closer look, he discovered that some subtle differences still distinguished them.

When Miguel provoked him by saying that he was the father of the two little ones, he displayed the typical, instinctive male repulsion.

Hence, he could see that it was impossible for him to be their father. Besides, with his face so similar to Roger's, he could guess that Stella treated him as her brother. He wasn't a man who could pose a threat, so he did not take him too seriously.

After he left, Stella looked at the man beside her somewhat helplessly. "You were so childish."

Miguel was still a bit upset.

He had a feeling that he had lost the confrontation just now, but he couldn't tell exactly how. He just felt as if he did not have the

advantage over Weston. Elias imitated Stella, crossing his arms, and said to Miguel, "You were so childish."

"I dare you to say it again."

Miguel did not dare to say anything to Stella, but it was not the case for Elias. Elias laughed and jumped in front of him, joking

with him.

Stella stopped it helplessly. “Don’t fool around outside. You might get hurt...”

But no one listened.

Emma grabbed the chance, saying, “Mommy, I want to play with the tablet...”

Stella rubbed her temples and sighed as she watched the mess in front of her. “Alright.”

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