

# Mr. Ford Is Jealous

Chapter 1212

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Stella's voice turned cold. "Do you think I care? What I want isn't something you can give me." Weston suddenly stiffened. He closed his eyes and exhaled.

Her slap earlier was no more damaging to him than her harsh words.

Weston put his hands on her side and said in her ear, "I know what you're thinking, Stella. I can't. If I could let you go, I would've done it three years ago." His voice was hoarse.

"Now, you should understand my feelings for you."

Weston looked at her with his dark eyes and intense gaze. He reached out to stroke her hair. "Whether you hate me or have no feelings for me, the answer remains the same. You wanted to take my life three years ago, but you couldn't. It'll be the same now."

Stella sneered at the fierce obsession in his eyes and suddenly laughed at his persistence. She asked, "Do you love me?"

Weston said nothing. He set his jaw and pressed his lips into a tense line.

Stella asked him once more, “Hey. Do you love me that much?”

Weston remained silent. The light behind him stretched his shadow, making him appear lonely.

Stella suddenly pulled his tie and made him look into her eyes. “Are you a coward? You can’t even admit that you love me, can you?”

“I love you,” Weston said suddenly. He looked her in the eye and enunciated word for word, “I love you.”

Stella immediately let him go. She took a step back and smiled sarcastically. “So what? I don’t love you anymore. Your love only sickens me.”

Elias and Emma were each enjoying a cup of jelly in the car.

Miguel was wiping their mouths when he saw Stella rushing over. “What took you so long?” he asked, frowning

Stella got in the car in silence. Then, he told the driver to drive.

Miguel was sharp-eyed. When he noticed that her lipstick seemed to be smudged, his face fell. However, he stayed silent about it because of Elias and Emma’s presence.

Elias and Emma were a little tired by the time they got home. They were used to napping in the afternoon, so it did not take long to put them to bed.

Miguel grabbed Stella by the hand as soon as she walked out and pulled her to the living room couch.

“What happened earlier?

Did you do something with Weston?”

Stella was already irritated from the earlier incident.

Hearing Miguel’s question, her tone turned unpleasant.” What I do is none of your business, isn’t it?”

Miguel was stunned for a moment. Then, he became angry. “I can’t even ask anything now? Are you starting over with that man again?”

“That’s my business. What does it have to do with you?”

Stella stood up in annoyance. “I’m not about to make up with him, and I’m not going to with you either!

How many times do I have to say it?” The moment she finished, she felt she might’ve been a little too harsh.

Seeing Miguel’s hurt eyes, she lowered her head.

“Sorry. I didn’t want to hurt you, but I had to make it clear. I can’t lie to you and give you any hope. It’ll only hurt you more.”

Love was something that couldn't be forced.  
Stella didn't feel anything for Miguel. She could only see him as Roger, which meant they could only be family.

She was well aware of Miguel's feelings for her, but all she could do was stay as a family and friend. She could not give him anything else.

Miguel looked at her steadily. His eyes suddenly glowed red. "Is it because I'm too young? Or because I'm not as good as him?"

Miguel fell silent for a moment. Then, he let out a somewhat self-deprecating laugh. "I know. I acted like a child in front of

Weston in the room earlier, right?"

Miguel was indeed a child. The difference in their years of experience was significant. Besides, Weston had always been smarter and more mature than his peers.

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