

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 11

Chapter 11

It was a bright sunny day and the curtains fluttered with the wind. The man who stood by the bed blocked most of the sunlight. His elongated shadow made him seem so much taller. Stella was covered by his shadow. She slowly clenched her blanket as she regained her senses. "Pregnant..." She looked down as she mumbled. Her belly under the white blanket showed no signs of protruding. But there was a human life inside. A glint slowly appeared in Stella's dark eyes. It had merely been her assumption, and she didn't have time to check the pregnancy test's result after hurrying here. But to think she was actually pregnant... She couldn't conceal the joy on her face. Weston lit a cigarette and took a drag at it. "Are you happy about this?" Stella looked up at him upon hearing this. The man's face was shrouded by the white smoke and his exquisite features were shaded by the light, making him look all the more stoic, dignified, and unattainable. The soft expression on her face gradually stiffened. "Mr. Ford..." Stella clenched at the bedsheet, getting nervous. She had forgotten that Weston was divorcing her and that Guinevere was pregnant with his child. She was only a tool used to relieve his loneliness when the two of them had a lovers' spat. How could he possibly tolerate her having this child? The man noticed the changes in her expression. With a cigarette in one hand and the other arm resting lazily on the back of a chair, he flicked the cigarette ashes into an ashtray. "I'm sorry." Just two words and nothing else. These words hinted that she should give up on the child. Stella shook her head, looking pale. "You don't have to be sorry... We won't be related at all after we divorce." Then, she looked up. "This child will have nothing to do with you either. I guarantee you that I won't appear before either of you after we divorce, okay?" Weston frowned. "You want to keep the child?" Stella's jaw tensed up and her gaze wavered. Before she could speak, the man snorted. "Putting aside the influence you would bring to the Ford family by having this child, you're having a hard enough time now just taking care of Roger. If you do have the child, how will you take care of it?" What he said was true. Stella didn't know what to say for a moment there, but she clenched her fists. "I will think of something on my own. I won't give you any trouble..." "You're giving yourself trouble." Weston put out the cigarette and stood up. "There's no need to give the two of us trouble over something that hasn't taken form yet, don't you agree?" Stella's lips turned pale as her nails dug into her palms. She didn't speak, and Weston didn't have the patience to wait. He simply grabbed his suit jacket and said, "Rest well. I'll make arrangements for everything else." Having said that, he left the ward. The door closed, and Stella closed her eyes. Even the buzzing noise ringing in her ears couldn't compare to what Weston had just said to her. To have called their child a 'thing' with such a cold tone. One part of her heart gradually died away and the expectation that

shouldn't have existed was sucked out too, leaving nothing but cold emptiness. *** Stella was only allowed to see Roger the next day. Weston never came back to see her after he left, but he assigned someone to watch over her. Inside the ward, Roger was resting with his eyes closed. His complexion was far worse compared to several days ago, and there were a few obvious bruises on his face. Stella's heart ached. She closed the door gently and went over to sit down beside the bed. Her eyes reddened as she watched the youth's sleeping face. She said softly, "I'm sorry... I didn't protect you properly." They used to have a happy family, and Stella was once a renowned young lady in their community. On the day of her coming of age ceremony, their parents were involved in a plane accident while they were rushing home... It only took one night for them to fall from grace. These past few years, she and Roger experienced how heartless the world could be. Stella, who never had to worry about survival, and spent most of her time playing the piano and doing ballet, found it difficult to even pay her university fees. Later on when Roger fell ill, Stella finally knew how important the money she never used to care about would be. Roger frowned and woke up. "Sis..." He looked uncomfortable. He rubbed the point between his eyebrows and sat up with Stella's help. "How long have I been asleep...?" Then, he suddenly remembered something and grabbed Stella's arm. "Where is Weston? Where is he?!" Stella saw how furious he was, so she quickly comforted him, "Calm down. You just woke up..." "Sis!" Roger didn't want to hear this so he interrupted, "That man's keeping a celebrity as his mistress. He even got her pregnant!" He was utterly exasperated. "How could he do this to you?!" Stella's eyes darkened. She abruptly grabbed his shoulder and pressed him back down. "That has nothing to do with you. You just have to rest and wait for the doctor to schedule your surgery. You don't have to worry about anything else." Roger looked like a little enraged beast with his red eyes. When he saw how calm and exhausted Stella looked, he immediately deflated as if he had been stabbed by a needle. He hugged her tightly. "Did he give you trouble...?" Stella sighed and patted him on the back. "I know you're angry, but you shouldn't have hit Guinevere." Guinevere was Weston's beloved. If Stella didn't have the same Bombay blood type that could save Guinevere, Weston wouldn't have forgiven Roger. Roger clenched his fists upon hearing this and his voice lowered down. "I didn't hit her... I only wanted to hit Weston, but she came up and shielded him, so I accidentally hurt her..." Then, he asked, "Is her baby okay?" Before Stella could answer, Roger suddenly spat. "Even if she had a miscarriage, a third wheel like her who interferes in someone's marriage deserves it!" Stella's chest tightened. She released Roger and caressed his head, forcing out a smile. "It doesn't matter. You just have to go through with your treatment and stop making me worry, okay?" Roger noticed the exhaustion in her delicate face and he swallowed. Finally, he averted his gaze with reddened eyes, and said, "Okay. I got it." *** On the day Weston finally came to see her, Stella was standing on the balcony, staring dazedly at the high-rise buildings in the distance. Weston was welcomed by such a sight when he entered the room. A frail woman was standing by the window with her hands on the railings. The wind blew at

her long hair, and she looked pale and weak. If the wind was a little stronger, it seemed as if it could blow her away. The man's pupils dilated and he strode over, lifting the woman up without a second thought. Stella was startled. "What are you doing?" She felt herself being lifted into the air, and the next instant, she saw Weston's furious gaze. "Stella, are you trying to kill yourself?"