

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 13

Chapter 13

Weston's words were still ringing in Stella's mind even after he had left. He was right. With her current circumstances, she couldn't afford to raise a child on top of caring for herself and Roger. It was probably her instincts that made her want to keep the child. After learning that there was another life inside her, Stella naturally built up some sort of connection with it. She looked down at her flat stomach, feeling disappointed. "I'm sorry that we're not fated to be together," she said softly. Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. She looked up and said, "Come in." In came a young female doctor wearing black-framed glasses. She was tall and slender, and her thin face made her look dispassionate, but she had on a friendly expression. "Are you feeling better?" Stella nodded. This was probably the doctor Weston had mentioned. "Are you here to perform a checkup?" "Yeah." The doctor went over to the balcony and pulled the curtains open. As the sunlight shone in, Stella closed her eyes out of reflex. The brightly lit room further accentuated how pale she looked. The doctor sat down beside her. "My name is Zeta Taylor. You can just address me by my given name." Stella nodded. Her obedience baffled Zeta, but then Zeta seemed to have understood why and went on to say, "Mr. Ford might have already told you, but you will be undergoing an abortion procedure later on. It's a simple process so you don't have to feel pressured." Stella clenched her fists so tightly that her fingers were turning white, but she forced herself to nod. "I understand." The woman watched her with clear eyes that were hiding behind her glasses. She suddenly reached out and patted the back of Stella's hand. "It's alright. I know that you find this hard to accept, but technology is advancing really fast nowadays. Who knows, you might still be able to have a child one day..." Her words didn't comfort Stella. Instead, Stella looked up at her, puzzled. "What do you mean by I might still be able to have a child one day...?" Zeta paused. "Didn't Mr. Ford tell you that your body isn't suited for an abortion, and that you might not be able to bear a child after this?" *** Stella felt like she was being shrouded by a shadow. No matter how dazzling the sunlight was outside, her body felt no warmth. Then, the sound of sturdy footsteps pulled her out of her spiraling thoughts. She didn't have to look up to know who was standing beside her. "You're here." Her voice sounded hoarse. She then looked up at Weston. "Sorry, I didn't mean to disturb you." When she had called Weston earlier, she heard Guinevere's sweet voice complaining in the background and suddenly felt humiliated. She didn't want to keep seeing him either, for fear that others might assume she couldn't part with him. She only... "The doctor says that I might not be able to bear a child anymore if I get an abortion. Did you know about this?"

Perhaps her rage had reached a boiling point, she sounded very calm. "You called me all the way here because of this?" Weston frowned as he casually sat down on the sofa. The sunlight shone in. His features were further accentuated under the shadows. He had such a good-looking face, but the man was so aloof and unapproachable. Stella stared straight at him. "Don't you think I have the right to know?" "You already know now." "But that's because someone else told me! If Dr. Taylor hadn't mentioned it, I might have already aborted the child..." Her voice was getting louder and finally, angrier. "I might not be able to get pregnant again for the rest of my life." The man stared at her indifferently. "So?" Stella took a deep breath as her body trembled slightly. She already figured that Weston wouldn't care, but she didn't expect him to be so detached. Even a normal person would have feelings for a dog they had been raising... Her eyes suddenly turned red. "Please let me be..." Stella's voice was shaking as she said, "I'm begging you. I'd already agreed to abort this child, but the doctor says I might not be able to get pregnant anymore... I'm grateful that you're willing to pay for Roger's treatment, and I can slowly pay you back in the future..." "Why did you marry me if you didn't want me to get pregnant? This child might even be the only child I can ever have in this life..." With her current predicament, she didn't even have the mental capacity to ask Weston why he had involved her in a lovers' spat between him and another woman. Now that they had reconciled, he wanted her to leave the picture quietly without even telling her the reason and consequence. "Did you get my agreement when you used me as a tool to irritate Guinevere? You'd never even explained things to me..." She shouldn't have brought this up, because now that she had, she found it incredibly amusing and aggrieving. "You don't have to assume that I must have this child so I can blackmail you. Don't worry. Once I get the divorce certification, I'll stay far away from you and never appear in front of you ever again. I won't bother you and Guinevere either." Had she known from the start that Weston was only marrying her for this reason, she wouldn't have agreed to it. Nor would she have fallen for him because of his careless tenderness and care for her during their daily interactions... Weston looked at her face and gave no response. After a while, he said enigmatically, "Are you crying?" He stared at Stella's face. What used to be an expressionless face that had been trying hard to contain all emotions after he brought up divorce was finally starting to show something different. She was crying in front of him again, and both her eyes and nose were red. Weston rarely saw Stella cry, aside from certain times, of course. Her crying face was actually quite alluring. Stella sniffled, refusing to meet the man's eyes. When the nails digging into her palms were threatening to draw blood, the man suddenly stood up and went over to her. He lifted a hand to caress her head. "You're quite clever, aren't you?" His low voice sounded from above her. Stella didn't understand what he meant, so she looked up at him. Tears were sparkling in her reddened eyes, and she looked so stubborn and weak. Weston suddenly leaned down and lifted her chin. His voice deepened as he looked at the tears in the corners

of her eyes. "Did you think that your tactic of crying so pitifully will work on me?" Stella kept quiet and stared at him nervously.