

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 891

Chapter 891

Stella came to the balcony. It was rare for her to take the initiative to hug him from behind. "When did you come over? Why didn't you go in?"

Weston stiffened for a moment. He flicked the dust off the cigarette and watched the light of the burning cigarette between his fingers.

The white smoke rose and made his features look more distinct.

Stella looked down at the cigarette and asked, "Why are you smoking again?"

She rubbed her face against his broad back and ran her hand along the firm line on his muscular arm. She touched the cigarette between his fingers and asked, "I thought you'd quit smoking."

Some time ago, she had found out that Weston had stopped smoking. She wondered why he had started smoking again.

Weston straightened up and pulled his arm back. He wanted to put out the cigarette, but Stella stopped him.

"Don't..." Stella saw his intention and said, "Don't put it out yet. I want to try it too."

Weston's action paused. He glanced down at her and raised his eyebrows. "You want to try?"

"Yeah." Stella nodded. "I've never smoked before..."

She leaned into his firm arms and stayed in his embrace. Weston had always enjoyed having her in his arms. He loved the feeling of having her in his embrace.

He watched as the wind messed up her hair, and he tidied her messy hair with one hand. "Smoking isn't good. You shouldn't do it."

Stella was upset. She looked up and rested her chin on his shoulder. "Didn't you just smoke too? Why do you get to smoke, but I don't..."

Weston let out a low laugh. He pinched her nose and said, "I'm not smoking. I only lit it."

In a few days, Stella would be fit enough to conceive. Then, they would not have to take any safety measures. If they were lucky,

she might get pregnant with his child.

It might be a slim chance, but Weston wanted to see her smile again, so he was willing to give it a shot.

He was preparing to get her pregnant, so he would not smoke. However, he would light one whenever he was in a bad mood.

Stella grimaced at his explanation. "What a waste. You're not smoking, but you're just lighting it... Why don't you let me try?"

There was a light twinkle in her eyes. She seemed very keen to try.

Weston stood up straight and stared at her for a few moments. "Do you really want to try?"

"Yeah." Stella nodded. "Anyway, you've taught me a lot of things

like playing pool, tying Windsor knots, drinking..."

She looked into his eyes and said, "It's just one more thing."

He seemed convinced. A certain indescribable emotion rose in him.

He was the one who had taught her everything and nurtured her with all his heart. As a man, this sense of accomplishment was very rewarding.

"Only this time." Weston let go of her hair and put the cigarette to her mouth. "You can try it once in a while, but you can't smoke."

"I know." Stella inched closer. "I'm just curious..."

When her father was still alive, he loved to smoke. Her mother had always fought with him because of this.

Her father was good at everything and devoted to the family; smoking was his only flaw.

When Stella was still a child, she saw her father secretly smoking and became curious. 'Are cigarettes that good? Why are there so many people addicted to it?'

As she thought of that, she took a deep puff without hesitation.

"Cough! Cough! Cough!"

She ended up choking herself and coughed so hard that her eyes were teary. She looked pitiful with her slightly red eyes.

Weston chuckled at her. His deep laughter resounded from his chest with a numbing vibration.

He put out the cigarette and slowly gazed down at her, then he gently wiped away the tears on the corner of her eyes and asked, "Do you still want to try? Hm?"

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Stella heard a little teasing in his tone.

She shook her head and looked at him with displeasure. "Didn't you say you were going to teach me? You just left me to try on my own. You didn't teach me at all..."

Weston smiled and looked at her with an incredibly gentle look.

"You're even laughing at me!"

Stella thought he was laughing at her and reached out to cover his eyes. She tiptoed, but she was still not tall enough to reach him.

All she could do was stare at him with a slight annoyance.

"Weston!" she complained.

"Do you really want to smoke?" Weston looked down at her and stroked her hair to soothe her.

Stella nodded and frowned slightly. "Anyway, I didn't feel anything just now. I only tasted the bitter smoke. There's nothing nice about it at all..."

She looked puzzled and asked, "Why do you all like to smoke something that tastes so bad?"

Weston did not say anything. Instead, he took a cigarette and put it in her mouth. "When I light it later, you take a drag."

Stella nodded and said, "I know that much..."

Weston gave her a doubtful look. He took out his lighter and sparked the lighter, making a clicking sound.

The blue flame rose and cast some light on their faces. Stella moved closer to the lighter and watched the smoke twist as the cigarette burned. She took a deep puff.

"Slow down, or you'll get dizzy." Weston instructed her, "Inhale, then slowly exhale."

Stella did as he said and spat it out a little. It was still not a good experience, but it was better than choking. Stella took the first drag of her life in between breaths.

"How do you feel?" Weston played with the lighter in his hands. He looked at her with his deep and affectionate gaze. "Is it the same as your expectation?"

Stella quickly shook her head. "It's completely different."

She breathed a sigh. "I thought I'd feel good smoking." Whenever she looked at the smokers smoking with a blissful look, she thought they were high on the cigarette.

Weston sighed and let out a laugh. "What's with all the strange thoughts in your head all day?"

Stella put out the cigarette and threw it in the trash. "It's totally different from my expectation. I'd rather not smoke."

"Yeah." Weston took her hand and wiped the ash from her fingertips. "It's not a good thing to smoke. Don't smoke anymore."

He hesitated a little and added, "It's bad for the baby."

Dead silence loomed over them after he finished his sentence. The silence stayed for a moment.

Stella paled instantly. Everything she had wanted to say was stuck in her throat. She could not say a word.

Why did Weston say that? He knew *very* well that she could never have a baby again.

"Stella..." Weston was distressed to see her silence.

Before he could say anything, Stella interrupted him.

"By the way, you were here earlier. Why didn't you go to the ward to see me?" Stella changed the subject.

Weston looked at her with a serious expression and sighed inaudibly. "I wanted to give you two some space."

Stella smiled, but the warmth in her smile seemed to have lessened. "You're very considerate."

Weston hugged her. "Did you tell him the wedding date?"

"Yes, but he doesn't want to come."