

# Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 12

## Chapter 12

Before Stella could even react, she was being carried back to her bed. She was stunned as she stared at the man's dark expression. "What are you planning to do...?" Weston pressed down on her shoulder. It was obvious that he was furious as he spoke ominously, "I should be asking you. What were you planning to do?" He clamped down on her waist and was leaning so closely into her that they were only inches apart. Stella could feel his oppressing aura. After she understood his meaning, she found it oddly amusing and said darkly, "Let me go!" She struggled to pull her wrist away but the man's grip didn't budge. Stella's jaw tensed up and she abruptly raised her head to stare into his dark eyes. Her hands slowly balled into fists. "I was only enjoying the breeze. I wasn't trying to commit suicide, so relax." Weston still didn't let go. Instead, he stared at her quietly as if to distinguish if she was telling the truth. A moment later, he snorted a laugh and lifted her chin, warning her, "Indeed. You wouldn't try to seek death with Roger around." Then, he released her. Stella steadied herself and looked at him. "Don't worry, Mr. Ford. I wouldn't seek death just because of a divorce." She looked down, refusing to meet Weston's eyes. He couldn't see what she was feeling. He suddenly changed the topic and looked at her faintly. "Have you thought about the issue with the child? A doctor will be coming over in the afternoon, so be mentally prepared." Stella's pupils dilated at this. She looked up at him. "Why should I be mentally prepared?" "I thought you'd already thought it through a few days ago?" "Is there no room for discussion...?" Stella subconsciously felt her stomach. Her voice was light and shaky. "No." Weston didn't hesitate at all. Before he left, he stood at the door and said one more thing to her, "After this is over, someone will come and pick you up for the divorce procedures." His voice remained in the air even after he left. Stella felt as if she could still hear the indifference and bone-chilling cruelty in his tone. She relaxed her tightly clenched fists and saw red marks on her palms. Their marriage now seemed like a huge joke and dream, even more so than ever. And only she found it difficult to wake up from it. \*\*\* At the office, Guinevere was stunned when she saw the man return. She quickly smiled at the doctor and said, "Thank you, Doctor. I will take note of what you just told me..." Weston came up behind Guinevere and asked, "Is it over?" Guinevere stood up and naturally latched onto his arm. The man frowned discreetly as he stared at the part where their arms linked, but he didn't say anything. He turned around with annoyance in his eyes. "Let's go." Guinevere's expression darkened slightly, but she kept her smile on. "Okay." Inside the car, Guinevere seemed excited as she talked about the checkup incessantly. "Weston, the doctor said our baby is very healthy and it's growing well..." She leaned against his shoulder with a yearning look in her eyes. "I don't want to know if it's a boy or girl yet... Do you prefer boys

or girls?" Weston supported her shoulder and pushed her away. "Sit properly. We'll be departing soon." Guinevere's eyes twinkled and she asked hesitantly, "Weston, are you in a bad mood?" He had been out of sorts since just now. No, to be precise, he had been out of sorts since he divorced Stella. He was a very reserved man who didn't like displaying his emotions. However, Guinevere was a woman who possessed extraordinary observation skills that all women had when it came to the man they loved. She pursed her lips. "Weston, are you thinking about Stella?" The man abruptly lifted his head, his gaze tensed up for a moment there. The veins on his temples were throbbing as if he was trying to suppress something. After a while, he forced out the words, "Don't mention her name." Guinevere wanted to say more but kept quiet when she saw how solemn he looked. She could only endure her turbulent emotions. "Alright, let's not mention her anymore. Weston, let's forget about the past and start over." Forget about the past and start over... huh? Weston said nothing. He merely closed his eyes as his temples throbbed painfully. His emotions were a mess and too many images were flashing through his mind. But they all stopped at the image of a crying face that was trying to stay strong... Stella. She was pregnant. Weston suddenly reached up to unbutton his collar and loosen up his tie. Perhaps it was due to being in an enclosed space, but he found it hard to breathe for some reason. The child was an accident. It would only mess up their original plan and pace for both him and Stella. But it seemed like she really wanted to keep the baby... Weston's eyelids felt heavy and he massaged the point between his eyebrows. \*\*\* Golden Eve Apartment was located in a wealthy neighborhood far away from the city and was exceptionally quiet. The top two floors were where Weston frequently stayed. As he was constantly busy with work and frequently traveled abroad, he was here most of the time aside from being at the Ford family mansion and Stardust Mansion where Stella stayed. Before they got out of the car, after much consideration, Guinevere decided to give up on holding herself back. "Weston, I've never been to your apartment before... We'll be getting married soon, so can I go and take a look?" Weston did notice the hint and shyness in her eyes, but he had no intention of complying. "You're pregnant so the apartment is very inconvenient for you. There are people to take care of you at the family mansion, so I'll get the driver to send you back." While it sounded like he was being considerate, Guinevere's expression immediately fell. She put on a straight face and said, "Alright, I understand." Weston knew he should say something to comfort her, but he didn't do anything as he watched her get into the car and leave. As the car drove away, all he could hear after that was the sound of the engine. The streetlights in the area were warm, and Stella's image suddenly appeared before Weston. He turned around and a familiar steel gate seemed to manifest with Stella standing there, waiting for him to come home. After just an instant, that silhouette disappeared. Weston subconsciously stopped as a feeling of annoyance surfaced in his chest. \*\*\* His minimalistic living room only had basic furniture so it was quite spacious and vacant. Weston sat at the bar and took out a bottle of aged red wine given to him by a business partner from the

wine cabinet. He propped his elbow on top of the cold counter and poured himself a full glass. Before he started drinking, a gentle and worried voice suddenly rang beside his ear, sounding rather fearful as the voice said, "Are you drinking? But it's very late now. Drinking too much isn't good for your health..." Stella always sounded forgiving and flattering whenever she spoke to him. There were also traces of affection that she couldn't hide no matter how hard she tried. "If you must drink, could I make you some tea to help you sober up?" Weston closed his eyes and swallowed. For a moment there, he didn't realize it was just an auditory hallucination, so he uttered a word in response, "Sure..." He heard no reply after the longest time. His surroundings were so quiet that it was beginning to feel eerie. He abruptly opened his eyes and Stella was gone. He was alone.