

# Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 15

## Chapter 15

The familiar voice pinned Stella to the spot. She looked to the source of the voice and found him standing near a flowerbed. There was a lush camphor tree beside him, and the sunlight that shone through the gaps between the emerald leaves left layers of shadows on Weston's face. The weather in summer was balmy, but the atmosphere was always dark wherever this man was. It was as if uneasiness didn't exist in him. As Weston slowly made his way over, Stella had to admit that he had exceptional looks that would put anyone in a daze. Even the lines on his shoulders were perfect. His aura easily overwhelmed even if he would say nothing. After he came over, his gaze fell onto Henry's hand that was grabbing Stella's wrist, and his eyes darkened. "Have you gotten desperate after being in a wheelchair for so long and never met any women lately?" His faint voice resonated in the air. Stella could hear the mockery in his words and she abruptly flung away Henry's hand. "Weston!" She had tried to hold herself back but she couldn't conceal the rage in her voice. However, as if he couldn't sense her anger, Weston glanced at her passively. "Hm?" Stella suddenly calmed down after seeing his nonchalant expression. She looked him straight in the eyes and said, "Looks like Mr. Ford understands his friend well." Her tone was light, neither humble nor arrogant, but it pricked. "Since Mr. Ford understands him well enough to know that he's not desperate enough to pick someone like me, this makes me curious. You're both friends, so why are Mr. Ford's standards so much lower than Mr. Moore's? Or has Mr. Ford always been this desperate?" Her tone was faint and didn't sound aggressive, but the sarcasm in her words was obvious. Henry was only staying next to her and Weston called him desperate. Then what about him prior to this? What he had done to Stella... was far worse compared to this! Weston raised an eyebrow. "You seem to have complaints about me." During their marriage, he had gotten used to Stella's meek personality and had rarely heard her speak with such sarcasm. Stella's gaze darkened and her lips curled up. "I wouldn't dare. Mr. Ford has provided me accommodation and paid for Roger's medical bills. I'm very grateful to him." Having said that, she took a step back. "I have something to attend to so I won't disturb you two. Goodbye." Weston was indifferent the entire time as if he didn't mind her leaving. Henry pushed his wheelchair around as he watched Stella leave. His lips curled up into a faint smile. "Looks like she's really just a toy to pass time. It's no wonder I've never heard you mention her or take her out to meet us even after so long. And she's so easy to dismiss." "Gwen didn't disappoint me after all. She's really quick in defending her territory." Weston snorted. He was about to light a cigarette when he remembered that this was a hospital. So he gave up on the notion. "How long do you plan to stay in this wheelchair?" "What's the hurry?" Henry looked relaxed. "It's only for a few years. I've gotten

used to life in a wheelchair now." "Don't tell me that you plan to stay crippled if she doesn't come back." Weston's cold voice contained undisguised mockery. Henry's face immediately fell. The leisured look on his face was gone and a hint of hostility flashed in his eyes. This seemingly ethereal man in a wheelchair possessed methods and cruelty that struck fear in the entire city of Ahn. Only Weston could openly take a jab at him on where it hurts. Henry stopped and regained his usual indifference. He looked at Weston. "There's something I wanted to ask you." "Spill." "You spoil and pamper Gwen so much, so why did you suddenly go off and marry another woman?" He paused for a moment and suddenly narrowed his eyes. "Don't tell me that you're planning to use her to irritate Gwen. Putting aside the fact that you're not the type of person to do something so childish, there are tons of other ways to irritate Gwen. Gwen is such a proud person so you can easily achieve the same effect by starting a scandal with some random celebrity. Why did you choose to marry this woman instead?" No response came for the longest time. When Henry thought Weston wouldn't answer him, Weston said, "The reason isn't important. It's all over now." \*\*\* The balmy weather easily put people on edge. As Stella walked, she felt a stinging pain in her chest when she recalled running into Weston at the hospital just now. She knew he didn't love her, and that he only cared for her when they were married because they were husband and wife. Now that he had decided on divorcing her, he obviously wouldn't be gentle toward her anymore. Especially not when he had someone else in his heart. Would she feel reluctant? Would she have agreed to marry him had she known that she was just a catalyst for his relationship with Guinevere? If so, she might just compromise and marry him because of her financial problem, but she definitely wouldn't lose her heart in the process and fall for him. Because Weston had kept the truth from her, she came to assume that his care and tenderness toward her were real. She had ended up indulging in those fleeting affections. Now that she thought about it, it was all just a lie. It should've been easy to hail a cab near the hospital around this time of the day, but perhaps Stella was having bad luck, she didn't manage to get one even after walking a long distance. She took a few more steps forward. A black luxury car stopped beside her but she pretended not to see it and continued forward. The car followed beside her slowly, and then the window rolled down, revealing the side profile of the man's handsome and exquisite face. Weston looked at her impassively. His tone was as indifferent as usual. "Get in." Stella frowned. She rejected him, saying, "No need. I can get a cab myself." "Get in. Don't make me repeat myself." The man looked at her with no warmth in his gaze. His tone was cold but allowed no room for discussion.