

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 19

Stella said nothing to Weston at all during the whole process of obtaining their divorce certificate.

Guinevere was waiting outside. When she saw Weston come out, she immediately went over and latched onto his arm. "Did everything go smoothly?"

Being a man of few words, Weston only grunted a reply, but it was obvious that he had a lot of patience to offer Guinevere.

After walking a few steps, Guinevere abruptly stopped and looked back at Stella. "You came here by cab, didn't you, Ms. Sealey? If you don't mind, Weston and I can give you a ride."

Stella rejected her without hesitation. "That's alright. It's easy to get a cab here."

Then, she walked past them to leave.

Guinevere raised her eyebrows slightly as she watched Stella leave, seemingly wanting to say more. Weston retracted his gaze and said, "Gwen, don't do anything unnecessary."

His voice was low as a whisper and there was a look of warning in his eyes.

Guinevere's smile disappeared. "Are you pitying her?"

Having said that, she felt the man's aura abruptly darken.

She turned and met Weston's dark, cold eyes.

Guinevere internally shuddered. She forced herself to smile and said, "I was just joking. You're not going to argue with me over something so small, are you?"

Weston kept quiet and tugged at his shirt collar.

Guinevere wasn't sure if he was being his usual quiet self, or if he was angry about what had happened earlier.

At the bottom of the stairs, Stella went over to the sidewalk, holding her phone as she waited for her order to be accepted. She only wanted to leave this place as soon as possible.

The two people's gazes felt like daggers on her back, even though they probably weren't looking at her.

A cab drove over but it didn't stop. Instead, it sped past and swept up a wave of dust.

Stella covered her mouth and coughed, trying to fan it away with her hand.

A sudden wave of disgust rushed up to her throat. Her expression faltered and she rushed over to a nearby trash can to gag.

Guinevere was about to get into the car when she heard this. She abruptly looked over. "What happened to her...?"

Weston went on to open the car door as if he didn't hear anything. "Get in."

But Guinevere retracted her hand and stared straight at him. "You're really not concerned about her at all?"

The man frowned as he looked at Guinevere. "Gwen, there's a limit to how emotional you can get."

Guinevere held back and smiled sarcastically. "Don't I have the right to be capricious when I'm pregnant with your child?"

Weston let go and hid his annoyance as he answered, "You do."

He looked straight at her. "How do you plan to be capricious?"

Guinevere suddenly lost interest. She cast Stella a glance before saying, "Let's get in."

She sat inside, and Weston shielded her head out of habit as she got in. Then, he sat beside her.

After he closed the door, Guinevere stared at his side profile.

When she saw how he showed no interest in Stella's well-being at all, she leaned against his shoulder, feeling satisfied. "Weston, I'm not that childish little girl from before anymore. I know that a relationship must be maintained by two people, so I'll try my best to control my emotions from now on."

Weston massaged the point between his eyebrows and grunted faintly in response.

Guinevere was looking up. She had wanted to kiss him, but she was secretly annoyed after seeing how indifferent he looked.

Alas, she said nothing and swallowed her anger.

They were officially divorced.

Stella gently breathed out a sigh of relief when she arrived at the hospital.

Despite feeling forlorn, she also felt relieved for some reason.

She went straight to Roger's ward, and this time, she didn't run into Henry. She didn't want to meet anyone who was anyhow related to Weston at all.

Roger's complexion had improved significantly, and he immediately lit up upon seeing her. "Sis, you're here!"

Stella suddenly felt much better.

She sat down beside his bed and patted the back of his hand. "Are you feeling better?"

"Yeah. Don't worry, sis. I'll cooperate in the treatments."

He knew how much Stella had done for him, so right now, he should focus on recovery so as to not disappoint her.

His gaze wavered and he seemed like he had something to say.

Stella could tell what he was thinking, so she smiled. "I'm already divorced. I don't have anything to do with Weston anymore, so just take it as you've never met this man before."

Roger swallowed, holding himself back. Finally, he hung his head and replied, "I got it..."

Then, he stared at Stella's stomach absentmindedly.

"Sis, once I'm discharged, I'll work hard to earn money and take care of you and the nephew in your tummy!"

Stella ruffled his hair and smiled gently. "Then you'll have to work hard to get better first."

After a pause, she added, "You don't have to worry about money. Weston has lots of it and he didn't mistreat me, so just focus on recovering."

Roger's jaw tensed up, looking dark.

After a moment, he hugged Stella. "Sis, I'm sorry you've had to suffer."

Stella smiled. "What are you saying? He gave me such a huge sum of money, and I got both his cash and body. I don't consider it suffering."

Roger said nothing. He merely sighed in response.

At Random Art Training Center...

Yvonne had come up with quite a few names when she first founded this training center, but she finally settled on the name 'Random' instead.

The name suited her personality too.

Perhaps Yvonne felt sympathy for Stella because the latter's husband had cheated, she was much closer to Stella now and treated Stella like a real friend.

Stella's life was peaceful after that.

Her chest would still ache slightly when she remembered Weston sometimes, but she couldn't be bothered anymore once things got busy.

This child was a secret between Weston and herself, so she wouldn't tell anyone.

However, the baby would keep growing, and there would come a day when she couldn't hide it anymore.

By then, the first person to know would be Yvonne.

Stella wondered if she should tell Yvonne the truth or come up with an excuse...

On this day, after Stella was done with her prenatal care checkup, she felt someone following her on the streets.

She thought she was overthinking things.

But after a few more steps, she heard the footsteps behind her get closer and heavier.

Stella felt goosebumps and remembered the harrowing news she had heard before...

She suddenly picked up her pace. Alas, the person behind seemed to have noticed and came chasing after her.

Stella broke into a run, but she only managed to run a few steps when someone abruptly pressed down on her shoulder.

"Where do you think you're going?"

The rough voice of a man sounded behind her ear, followed by his heated breaths.

Stella screamed and turned around to look. But she was caught off guard, and a white cloth was stuffed into her mouth.

She just had a glance at the man's appearance before she smelled a strange scent and fainted.

She felt groggy.

Stella tried to get up countless times, but her body felt heavy, and she couldn't even open her eyes.

However, her hearing was slowly recovering.

She couldn't move but could hear the noise around her.

And because she couldn't see, her sense of hearing became much more sensitive. The sound of heavy footsteps got closer, and then she heard a rough male voice saying, "The drug is almost wearing off. Let's hurry!"

Then, she felt a sudden chill!

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Chapter 20

She tried her best to open her eyes a little, hoping to see her surroundings. But then, she heard a very familiar voice.

"You don't need me to teach you what to do after this, right?"

"I understand! We've already contacted Mr. Ford to come with the ransom money. Then, we'll have him choose between you two, and the remaining one will be taken away as our hostage!"

Was that... Guinevere's voice?

Stella's body went cold. She thought she had heard wrong.

"Mr. Ford will surely choose you. As for this woman... We'll take her to a secluded place as per our original agreement, and remove the child inside her..."

Then, the man suddenly paused before asking carefully, "Ms. Cohen, what if Mr. Ford doesn't choose you..."

"Do you think that's possible?"

A chuckle interrupted the man, and Guinevere slowly made her way over. "I have at least that much confidence, but... I changed my mind."

She went over to Stella and looked at her unconscious face. Suddenly, she gripped Stella's chin with her sharp nails and said viciously, "I hadn't wanted to go to such extremes at first, but how dare she get pregnant with Weston's child?!"

Jealousy appeared in Guinevere's eyes as her grip tightened.

She had had enough of Weston's recent indifference toward her. Just the thought of Stella being married to Weston before made her want to shred this woman to bits!

Even if she and Weston had already broken up at the time... She had always assumed that Weston would try to get back with her! She hadn't expected him to suddenly marry a random woman.

Guinevere hadn't planned to give Stella trouble. A woman like Stella didn't seem like a threat to her, but to think Stella was pregnant with Weston's child! If she hadn't been wary when she suddenly saw Stella gag that day, Stella might have actually deceived her!

"Did you think you could regain your status by being pregnant with his child?"

Stella's face turned pale and she willed herself not to tremble. She dug her nails deeply into her palms, so the excruciating pain would remind her not to let them discover that she was already awake.

Guinevere pushed Stella's face away with disgust. Then, she stood up and instructed the man and his goons, "Once this is over, you can do whatever you please with her. I don't want to see her in Ahn City ever again!"

She had spoken with hostility, so it was obvious what she meant by that.

The leader of the kidnapers sounded hesitant. "Do you mean to kill her, Ms. Cohen? That would be different from what we've agreed. She's somehow related to Mr. Ford, so what if Mr. Ford takes revenge on us later on..."

Guinevere looked up at them. "What are you scared of when you have me around? Don't worry, I'll keep Weston in check. You just have to clean up your tracks and don't leave any evidence!"

"Alright, understood."

No one said anything else.

Stella felt chills down her spine. She was breaking out in a cold sweat, but she couldn't make a sound. She could only hold her breath and try to listen to what was happening outside.

Her surroundings became silent as if she was the only person left.

Without knowing how much time had passed, she suddenly heard hurried footsteps. Stella had a bad feeling about it. Sure enough, she was abruptly picked up from the floor and dragged outside in a rough manner.

She opened her eyes out of reflex and grunted, holding back the tears that had welled up in her eyes. The man spat when he realized she was already awake. He said impatiently, "Walk on your own if you're already awake!"

Stella took a deep breath. She kept quiet and nodded shakily.

She had to stay calm. She must survive.

She just had to tell Weston when he comes over later that this was all Guinevere's plan, then she could be saved.

She was being ushered out. Once they left the tiny house, Stella realized they were on top of a large building.

The dazzling sun was so bright that she couldn't open her eyes. The sudden roar of propellers from above rattled her eardrums painfully.

A few helicopters were circling the building, and Weston was inside one of them.

She had wanted to look up, but the burly man beside her gripped the back of her neck and barked, "Stay still!"

Stella gritted her and lowered her head obediently.

She must stay calm, she must stay calm...

She repeatedly chanted to herself on the inside that she must survive, she must survive...

The wind raged.

She staggered forward, being dragged on by the kidnapper. The strong wind messed up her long hair, causing it to stick to her thin and pale face.

The sounds of the propeller got closer and the strong wind made it hard for her to advance. Finally, it stopped.

In the distance, she saw a helicopter hovering near the ground as a familiar silhouette appeared.

Stella stared straight at that man.

Even if she had already decided to cut this person out of her life, when her life was at stake, she would still feel fear and despair. Hence, she subconsciously believed in him.

He must have rushed over from the office. He didn't look battered at all in his suit, and his innate noble aura never faltered even in the presence of these kidnapers. Instead, he looked increasingly imposing.

"Mr. Ford, Ms. Cohen and Madam are over there. The culprit is a criminal gang, and some of them are still hiding around. What do we do now?"

"Don't move recklessly. Ensure their safety at all costs."

The man looked down at what was happening below. Holding onto a rope in one hand, his cold eyes scanned the people on the rooftop and his jaw tensed up. He loosened his shirt collar and then jumped down from the helicopter in one deft movement.

The hems of his clothes lifted in the air as his figure made a streak in the void. He landed steadily, stirring up a cloud of dust around him which further accentuated the height of his striking stature.

With a frighteningly dark expression, he stared straight at the kidnapper. He casually tossed his suit jacket on the ground and loosened the collar of his white shirt as he strode over.

The words he had forced out of his throat were thickly laced with murderous intent. "Let her go!"

The kidnapers tensed up and they backed away nervously. "Don't come any nearer! Both of your women will die if you do!"

"Mr. Ford..." Stella was pulled back by the man beside her. She reflexively called out to Weston and looked up to meet his eyes.

Weston paused and looked at Stella.

He immediately noticed the scratches on her face, the bloody wounds all over her body, and her ghastly pale complexion...

The man's expression looked dangerous all of a sudden. A thick layer of ice had formed over his eyes as he seemed ready to kill.

He had only ever seen Stella so weak and near to tears during late nights. She preferred acting tough most of the time.

Weston loved seeing her begging in tears, but now, this appearance only roused up uncontrollable irritation and fury in him. His hands balled into fists, and one could almost hear the crackling of his knuckles.

He was about to make his way to Stella when a weak cry for help sounded behind him.

“Weston...”

This cry made him pause.