

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 191

Chapter 191

With a slam, the door of the car shut tightly. Stella felt her heartbeat quicken before it gradually calmed down. She was calm as she looked at Weston sitting next to her. Afterward, she shifted her gaze and stare dully in front.

Weston ordered the driver to drive them back to the mansion, only then did she turn to gaze outside the window.

After a while, a deep voice rang beside her ears. "What time is it now?"

"It's still early." She glanced at the time. "If I didn't see you here, were you planning to keep hiding it from me?" Stella found it funny as she listened to him and turned to look at him. "What is there to hide? I come here with Yvonne to get my mind off things. Why do you care?"

"How could I not?" All the anger he had vanished the minute he saw her face and he calmed down. "Who is that man?"

"Which man?"

"The one playing piano with you." "I don't know. He's a stranger." "Really?" He reminisced on her words. "A stranger can make you this happy?" He suddenly leaned towards her and grabbed her chin while making her gaze into his eyes. "Why don't you smile at me?" Hearing this, Stella took a breath before forcing a smile. "Not like this." Weston wasn't satisfied and furrowed his brows. "Don't smile half-heartedly at me."

"I'm not." She really didn't have the energy to fulfill all his weird wishes.

After a while, she sighed, "What about now?" She flashed a bright smile that seemed to be coming from her sincerely and it was no different than the smile she had on her face while playing the piano with the man earlier. Weston's eyes darkened and let go of her. "Don't smile if you don't want to." Instantly, her smile vanished, and her face dropped.

It was evening when they reached home. The sky has darkened, and the street lamps weren't lit yet. Stella had mixed emotions. The minute she got inside the house, Weston stepped forward, pushed her against the door, and clashed his lips on hers to the point she couldn't fight him off.

The man's scent swept her whole body with a refreshing woody fragrance.

She pushed him away subconsciously, but he deepened the kiss.

Eventually, she stopped fighting and stood still. Her back hurt as it rubbed against the door.

She didn't make a noise and held the pain in. She didn't know how long the kiss was, but he eventually stopped. Their heavy breathing filled the air, and the heat of his words splashed on her skin.

She wanted to avoid his heat, but the man pinched her chin and turned her head back. "I'll ask you again, who was that person just now?"

"I said I don't know!" She frowned. "He's just a stranger."

Right after she said that he suddenly stood up and took out his phone to make a phone call. "I don't ever want to see that man in Fern City anymore."

With that he hung up the phone, giving her no chance to stop him.

Seeing that the call had ended, she glared at him furiously. "You're sick!" she shouted.

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The reason Stella was upset had nothing to do with the man. She was enraged that she had no freedom at all. Weston was always manipulating and threatening her, and that was what upset her the most.

Weston knew this well, but he still couldn't stand the slightest possibility that she was begging for another man. "You have ten minutes to make me change my mind. If you can do that, I wouldn't cause trouble for him."

"You think I care about a stranger? I told you before that I got nothing with him. We met coincidentally and played a song together. That's all." "Really? But the way you react doesn't look like you don't care about him."

"That's because he's an innocent stranger! I don't want him to get involved in this, do you understand? I really don't want others to get into trouble because of this."

"Then you should've listened to me and stayed away from places like that."

"Places like what?"

"Places I forbid you to go." Stella sucked in a deep breath and stopped talking. Her eyelashes trembled and her face turned pale.

The man shot a glance at her and reminded her, "You still have 7 minutes."

She instantly opened her eyes. Writhing in agony, she had no choice but to soften her tone. "Please don't involve an innocent man in our issues..."

She even used the word 'please'.

Weston's eyebrows furrowed a little. He didn't like that she was begging for another man's mercy.

But as she was only doing what he asked of her, he let her go. "Fine. But remember not to challenge my bottom line any more." He gently caressed her hair.

He was using little force, but Stella felt completely powerless under his touch.

She nodded. "I know." Seeing that she no longer fought back, he knew that he couldn't suppress her too much. He let go of his hand and his eyes softened. "It's late now. Are you hungry?" he asked. She nodded like an emotionless robot, following every word he said. "What do you want to eat?"

She shook her head,

"There's nothing you want to eat?" he continued asking.

"I don't know what to eat," she answered dully.

He pulled her to the couch and sat down. "I asked them to prepare food that you might like. You should eat a little more." As he spoke, he pinched her cheeks.

He recalled her being a little plump, at least at places where she should be, and it felt great. But she was bony now, to the point she looked unhealthily skinny. Looking at her made him sad. Her fists tightened slightly, and her expression was unpleasant for a brief second, but she said nothing and simply nodded.

He saw all the small changes in her expression and he could see that she was at the edge of losing patience.

This upset him a little, but he didn't mind because he believed that she would stop rejecting him and accept him as time went on.

What was important was that she was with him.

He took out his mobile phone and barked a few orders to the other end of the line.

Not long later, the doorbell rang.

Weston walked over and opened the door revealing a couple of people holding different dishes in their hands.

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After a while, the table was piled high with food.

Stella heard the noises and turned to look at them, which surprised her.

Weston didn't like too many people in the house. Right after they left, he called Stella over.

She obediently stood up and walked to the table. Her eyes lit up slightly when she saw a table of food.

"What is this?"

He forced her to sit and then sat across from her. "Pick what you like to eat." He handed her a plate and a set of chopsticks.

There were all sorts of foods on the table.

All were made by top chefs, and for Stella to pick. She took in a deep breath. "It's only a dinner. Did you have to make it this grand?"

"At least I'll know what you like to eat," Weston replied logically.

Her movement stopped and she put her hand on the chair and subconsciously looked at the man in front of her.

They locked into each other gazes. She suddenly remembered something, and her lips curved into a smile, and she let out a laugh. But she wasn't sure if the smile was sarcastic or nostalgic. Before this, she would spare no effort in getting to know what Weston like.

Now, the tables had turned.

For a man like Weston, he naturally wouldn't cook for her. It was considered generous that he had asked someone to cook for her.

If it had been before, she would have been grateful, but now, she believed it was nothing but direct mockery.

She sat down and chose a few light-flavored items to eat.

Weston didn't move at all, merely looking at her.

When he noticed she was eating light cuisine, he grimaced and inquired, "I remember you used to appreciate spicy stuff."

Although he didn't love or care for her when they were still married, he knew her habits, since they lived together for a long time. Stella paused for a while when she heard this, but didn't say anything. But he didn't stop questioning. "When did your taste change?" "It never did."

"Why don't you eat them?"

Her lips curled into a sneer and said, "I don't feel so well, so I can't eat."

He didn't know whether it is because of the miscarriage she had suffered, or because of watching her fall from the top of the rooftop that day... Weston suddenly shut his eyes and rubbed his forehead in frustration.

After a while, he spoke in a hoarse voice, "What should I do to make you forget about the

past?"

She shook her head. "I will never forget that I lost a life."

She said so calmly, yet it felt heavy.

As he stared into her eyes and saw that the gentleness in them had faded, he knew that no matter what he did, she would never forget what happened.

The hurt he had inflicted on to her was like a scar that would never heal.

His eyes darkened as if he had accepted reality and he sighed. "Eat." She picked up her chopsticks and took some of the spicy food.

Weston's brows furrowed even more, seeing her like that.

Seeing that she suddenly started to put all those spicy dishes into her bowl, he stopped her. "Enough, what are you doing?"

She smiled and said, "It's been a long time since I ate my favorite dish. I want to indulge."

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It took Weston quite some time to understand what she meant by “indulging.” He noticed she was eating one mouthful after another, but her face was twisted, as if she was in pain.

“Enough,” he whispered. “It’s indeed enough.” She stopped. She put down the chopsticks in her hands and flashed him a smile. Her face was so pale that it was almost invisible, and her lips were bright red. “I’ll vomit if I continue.”

Her appetite had always been abnormal.

Since her miscarriage, she felt nauseous every time she took a few bites.

Weston had already arranged for someone to care for her health, but it turned out she had no major physical problem.

The look on his face was dark and stormy.

Although he didn’t care about her before, he remembered that she didn’t have this many problems.

“How did this happen?” he asked suddenly in a deep voice.

She knew what he was asking—he wanted to know why she turned like that after eating.

She was fine before, even with everything that happened. If her health was just bad, she would’ve returned to normal after nursing herself back to health. Why did she become like this?

Honestly, Stella wanted to know as well.

Ever since coming to Fern City, she had started a new life. Before meeting Weston again, she thought that her life would be like that till the day she died.

She hoped that one day, she would be able to let go of the past and begin a new life. But she knew that every night, she would dream about the kid she lost and relive the agony.

It was like a nightmare that would haunt her forever.

No matter how carefree she acted during the day, she would break down when night fell.

Weston didn’t know all of these.

He would never know the pain he had brought her, especially physically and mentally. She would never forget it. She smiled and without a word, picked up the chopsticks

once again and continued eating. Seeing the pain in her eyes, he walked in front of her and held her wrist. "Stop it. Don't eat anymore."

she merely looked up and smiled. "Didn't you want to know what my favourite food is? These

are all the foods I like. Why are you still unhappy after I'd fulfilled your wish?"

His face went dark. He shut his eyes and spoke in a gentle tone suddenly. "I know now. You can stop." She shook her head and answered, "These are all your efforts. How can I let you down?"

"Stella, don't do this." His grip on her arms tightened.

"What's wrong? I followed what you want but you don't like it, and you won't even let me go. Weston, what do you want me to do!" she yelled and tossed the chopsticks aside on the table.

She sighed and looked at the man in front of her, perplexed. "What do you want me to do so that you'll be satisfied?"

She really couldn't understand why he never cared about her when she loved him with all her heart. But now that she had lost all feelings for him, he was pestering her. He was always there to ruin her life.

What did she do to make him treat her like that?

Weston opened her palm and intertwined his fingers with hers.

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"I know you're uncomfortable. just say it," he said, his forehead pressing against hers.

She cocked her head. "I'm not at all bothered. I'm overjoyed, in fact, If I were the old me, I would've been overjoyed to see you being so thoughtful."

Even though he asked someone else to prepare the table of food, as long as he commands, anyone would be willing to do it for him.

How can such a man understand the agony of putting effort just to be trodden, neglected, and hurt?

He would never understand it.

Everything that he was doing right now was only to make himself feel better for all the hurt he has done to her before.

He thought he could transform her back into the old Stella, who used to adore him with all her heart.

But the reality was there was no turning back. The old Stella was gone. She was now Ella. Wasn't this what Weston wanted?

She saw the pain in his eyes and suddenly reached out her hand to caress his face.

Her fingers put on some force and her nails touched his face.

There was a moment when a brutal thought flashed inside her mind. She wanted to scratch his face.

However, she didn't do it, and merely stared at him coldly. "I'm full. Can I leave?"

Weston saw her forehead drenched in cold sweat, and her hair was stuck to her skin. Her black hair made her skin appear even fairer.

He reached out and brushed her hair away and kissed her eyelids, "It's still early, let's go take a shower first."

Stella didn't reject him but nodded.

Then, she let him carry her and walked inside the bathroom.

She was like a doll sitting inside the tub, obeying the man's every command.

"Lift your arms."

"Turn around."

It had to be said that the entire while, he never never displayed any bad intentions.

He never thought that one day Stella would sit in front of him naked and he doesn't have any bad intentions in his mind as he only wanted to clean every part of her. Seeing her body covered in froth, he felt that nothing in the world could stain her. Not even himself.

When he carried her out of the bathroom, it was already late at night, though not late enough to sleep.

He hugged her in his arms and went outside the hall and saw that the table has been cleared.

Stella's eyes glanced at the table and sighed suddenly. "What a waste. There's so much unfinished food."

"It's not a waste if you don't like it."

Weston lowered his head and planted a kiss on her hair then put her on the sofa before finding a hair dryer.

The loud blowing sound began. She saw the man walking towards her and consciously dodged away but he grabbed her, pulled her hair back, and continued drying her hair.

Unable to trust him, she was a little stiff.

He saw her nervousness and gently massaged her scalp. "Calm down."

His movements were rough-he had probably never blown-dried someone else's hair before. Slender long fingers went through her long hair.

Stella frowned from time to time, feeling the pain of her hair being tugged.

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Weston was observing her expression.

He would reduce the force on his hands whenever she furrowed her brows.

His movements were very gentle, yet he would still hurt her accidentally.

After repeating it a few times, though, he slowly got the hang of it.

He was undeniably a fast learner.

It only took him a couple of minutes, but he seemed to master it pretty quickly and didn't hurt Stella anymore.

The sound of the hair dryer stopped. Her dry and draped softly over her shoulders, revealing her small face.

He held her up, combed her hair, and suddenly questioned, "Your hair grew longer?"

She turned her face to the side, not wanting to answer.

He could see that she was repelled but continued to ask, "It's still early. Do you want to do something else?" "I want to sleep." She shook her head.

"It's only 9 pm. You won't be able to sleep. Or..." The man's tone took on new meaning.

Her brows furrowed and her fist clenched tightly when she heard this.

He was always like that. When he wanted her to do something and she didn't want it, he wouldn't push her. Instead, he'd provide her with another option far from what she wanted, so that in the end, she'd have no choice but to do what he requested.

Stella took in a deep breath as she knew that he wouldn't take no for an answer, so she said, "Let's just watch a movie." "Really? I thought you were going to say you'll be playing the piano."

He was still thinking about the scene he saw in the hall.

She thought that he had forgotten about it but there he goes bringing it up again.

"Don't tell me you want to cause trouble for that person." She stared at him with wide eyes.

That man was only a stranger to her. She didn't want him getting involved in their issues, just as she didn't want to put Yvonne in the spotlight and jeopardize her relationship with Lucas.

She could see that Lucas was prejudiced against her.

Even if she looked down on herself, how could she, an overtly self-conscious person, deserve the assistance of others?

On the other hand, Weston didn't understand her feelings and merely thought that she was defending that man. "You just met him and you're protecting him now?" "I'm not protecting him. I just don't want an innocent person to get involved!" Stella

increased her tone, having no idea when Weston would understand. A proud man like him had long been accustomed to people making way for him. He had never known the agony of being tangled up or the agony of having no options, hence the reason he had behaved so recklessly.

He heard her loud and clear.

It was hard to guess the look that was on his face, but he repositioned himself to make her sit better in his arms. "It seems you have lots of opinions about me."

"I wouldn't dare." She lowered her gaze.

He pinched her chin and forced her to look into his eyes. "You're quite brave when you're complaining about me. Why don't you dare now?" His words implied that only

Stella was this bold to talk in front of him. If it were others, he wouldn't have given them a chance. Not even Guinevere.

Seeing her avoiding his gaze as if she was trying to fight against him, his eyes turned cold. "Don't worry, I won't cause trouble to that man, as long as you don't do things that anger me. I won't make things difficult for you too," he said, his heart softening somewhat. She clenched her fists, and frustration brewed in her heart. However, to reassure him, all she could do was to nod and agree. "Remember your words."

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"Of course." He combed his fingers through her hair.

He seemed to enjoy playing with her hair, and he wanted to keep them in his hands and play with them, no matter what he was doing.

Stella despised strangers stroking her hair, especially when she was actually her parents' precious possession.

At that time, she had grown up with a lot of privilege and squeamish habits, but the realities of life soon smoothed that out, leaving nothing behind. Seeing that she was so obedient, he calmed down a little. "What movie do you want to watch?" as asked while carrying her to the movie room.

There was everything inside the mansion, even a nursery.

She used to like decorating every part of the villa, but Weston had never been to the nursery, and he didn't know what was inside.

As they walked past the room, he suddenly stopped in his tracks and subconsciously peeked at the door.

She noticed this and smiled.

The smile was meaningful. "In the future, you can take Stella and your two children here. After all, it would be a waste just being here," she deliberately said. Of course, she knew how noble their children were. The two kids had been treated like royalty from the moment they were born, so why would they possibly care about a room she had decorated?

She wanted to say all these things out loud, and let him hear them.

After such a sour relationship and marriage, she had few complaints about him.

The one thing she regretted was her unborn child. She craved a family, wishing that she could have at least one member in this world.

But her rare blood type determined that she could only have one child, and she had since lost

So how could she willingly let him go? Perhaps Weston could sense the resentment in her, and he quickened his pace to the movie room, not saying a word.

“What do you want to watch?” he asked, avoiding all topics about the baby.

Ever since reuniting with her, his first reaction was avoidance, whenever this topic was brought up.

That said, Weston wasn't a man that ran away from things.

Ever since he was a kid, he would bear the consequences of whatever he did and wouldn't regret a single thing. However, this wasn't something he could be just like Stella as well.

In the beginning, he never really cared about the child but as time passed on, he started to feel the same emotions Stella had in her heart. Every time he dreamed about the unborn child, the grief and misery he felt served as a constant reminder of how much he regretted his decision at the time.

But he never showed it.

He was Weston Ford. He never looked back at the past, as cowards would do. The one thing he would do was to get her forgiveness.

He believed that one day they would both forget the pain of losing their children, but that day had not yet come.

Nonetheless, all of his emotions were tucked away under his placid demeanor.

He randomly picked a movie and put the remote aside.

Stella stopped fighting and sat down.

The minute the movie started, they saw someone familiar.

She looked at the beautiful woman on the screen and smiled. “No wonder Guinevere is the best actress. She looks so stunning on screen.”

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Weston never expected that a film he had casually picked would have Guinevere in it. He was ready to change the show, but Stella stopped him. "Why do you need to change it?" She grabbed his hand. He lowered his head and stared straight into her eyes. "You don't want to change it?" She shook her head. "I want to learn and see how the best actress acts."

She sounded sincere, her voice was devoid of mockery or sarcasm.

However, he grasped the greater significance in her words and lifted her chin. "Do you want to use your acting abilities on me, or do you want to pursue a career in the entertainment industry?"

Hearing this, Stella gave the question some thought. After a while, she smiled and said, "I think both are okay." Did he really think that she would be honest in front of him?

Weston knew what she meant but wasn't upset. Instead, he chuckled and said, "You're bold now." He swiftly approached her ears and spoke gently.

Her lips curved into a cold smile.

The movie started and she said to him, "Let's watch it." He didn't say a word after that and simply hugged her tightly in his arms. The home theater was dimly lit, with the screen the only source of light.

Because of this, Weston didn't notice how terrible Stella's face was looking right now.

After dinner, she had felt a throbbing pain in her stomach, but she didn't make a sound.

She didn't even show it while talking to Weston. It wasn't until they had come to watch the movie that the pain became extremely unbearable. She didn't make a single sound, though, but tried putting pressure on her tummy, which provided some relief. Ever since losing her child a year ago, her ability to endure pain had gotten stronger. No amount of pain could ever compare to the crushing, utter devastation she had to endure after losing her child.

Just as the movie was coming to an end, Weston noticed that something wasn't right with her. She had barely made any sound throughout the movie. As the end credits rolled, he asked, "Do you still want to watch, or do you want to sleep?" When she didn't respond, he dropped his head and realized that she her eyes had been long closed, and her face devoid of color. His face darkened instantly. "Stella, what happened?"

Reluctantly, she opened her eyes and shook her head. "I'm fine..." Weston cupped her cheeks and felt cold sweat on her face.

He turned on the light and noticed Stella trembling slightly. In fact, she was in awful shape. Her shoulders slumped weakly in pain, she had clearly been in agony for some time.

His heart dropped and asked with some anger, "Why didn't say you weren't feeling well?"

She pursed her lips tightly and didn't answer, but stubbornly turned her head to the other side.

Weston suppressed the anger in his heart because he knew that at this point, he couldn't argue with her. So, he said patiently, "Tell me where you feel uncomfortable. I'll get the doctor."

She didn't respond, her eyes remaining shut as she lay down on the sofa.

Thus, he lost all patience and carried her straight-up, his movements, gentle, as he called the doctor.

He laid her down on the bed. When he saw her entire body curled up into a ball, gripping her stomach tightly, he had an idea, sat next to her, and helped her up.

Placing his palm on her stomach, he rubbed it gently. "Is this better?"

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Chapter 199 Stella didn't say a word.

He knew she must be having severe gastric pains considering how badly she was shaking." Does this have anything to do with what you ate?"

She remained mute and turned to the other side, her eyes tightly clenched.

He was on the verge of exploding at this point but swallowed his rage at the sight of her suffering, mainly because it broke his heart to see her in that way. "Why didn't you stop eating if you knew you couldn't eat it?"

He thought she knew her limits, and he did, in fact, stop her right in time, but never thought that the little she had was enough to put her in so much pain.

"Do you even care for your health?"

She opened her mouth as if to say something but the pain she was in made her lose all her strength. Even speaking was extremely difficult.

“Water” was all she managed to say. Weston stood up immediately to get a glass of warm water. He tried to feed it to her, but she was in so much pain that she barely had the strength to open her mouth. Instead of entering, the water dripped down the sides of her mouth.

When he saw this, he took a sip of the water, pressed his lips on hers, and slowly let the water into her mouth as they kissed.

Stella’s entire body trembled as she sat in his arms. Weston could almost feel the excruciating amount of pain she was in right now.

Nonetheless, after the drink of water, she was a little relieved, but her body was still curled into a ball.

“Stella...” His heart broke, looking at her in such a state.

He dialed the doctor once again, “It’s been 20 minutes and you’re not here. What good are you for?”

Millionaires like him had a personal doctor that was on call 24-7, ready for his command, but since it was rush hour, there was heavy traffic along the way. By the time the doctors arrived, it was already late at night.

Weston coldly glared at them and said sarcastically, “You could be a lot slower.”

The head doctor immediately rubbed the sweat on his forehead away and apologized, “So sorry Mr. Ford. We were caught in heavy traffic. We did our best to hurry here.”

Evidently, it wasn’t one doctor who had come.

On the phone, Weston briefly told them about Stella’s situation.

His private doctors were a team, and they didn’t know the existence of Stella.

Before this, they had only treated him alone, but since there was now a lady, they had brought

a couple more people. They too didn’t know about her identity. A female doctor came forward.

“Mr. Ford, can I check on her?” Weston let go of Stella and signaled the doctor to come.

Stella instantly opened her eyes when she felt the warm body she had been relying on was gone. She abruptly backed away in fear. She was insecure and scared, especially now, when she had lost all rationale after being in so much pain. All she wanted to do was just scrunch herself into a ball and not let anyone bother her.

“Hello miss, I am a doctor. Can I have a look at you?” the doctor asked gently as she sat at the bedside and placed her hand on Stella’s back and carefully pat her.

She was very experienced and knew how to calm a patient.

However, Stella still wouldn’t calm down. Constantly backing away like a scared animal, whimpers escaped her mouth as she curled herself even tighter.

Weston couldn’t stand looking at her like this, and he strode towards the bed and carried her in his arms.

Unsurprisingly, she fought hard to push him away. Seeing this, the doctor said immediately, “Mr. Ford, don’t force her. You’ll only scare her.” With that, he stopped and gazed at a pale Stella who had shrunken into a tiny ball. “Should I just watch her in pain?!” he growled with his eyes closed, voice filled with anxiety

and anger.

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The doctor could see that Stella meant a lot to Weston, so she said carefully, “We have yet to discover the reason behind her pain, but what she’s doing right now could injure herself...”

“Mr. Ford, we have to find a way or her condition will only get worse.”

“I don’t care what you do, just make sure she gets better,” Weston stated coldly after calming down and forcing himself not to look at Stella shuddering in pain. As he spoke, he turned around. The doctor shot a glance at the other doctors, and they went up to gently hold Stella down. When she saw them taking a needle and slowly injecting it into her arm, she simply struggled even more

“Nooo!!! My baby...”

Perhaps she was in so much pain that she had begun hallucinating, back to the day she lost her child.

Stella fought with her life to not let them inject the needle into her.

She believed that once that thing was inside, she would really have to say goodbye to her child.

She felt pressing desperation, as if her body was being cut to pieces.

She shut her eyes tightly and cried even more.

When she fell from the building, it took the medics a long time to bring her back to life.

Weston had waited outside the operating room, watching them repeatedly take out shrouds drenched in her blood.

He knew the child couldn't be kept, and he knew Stella would be heartbroken when she woke up.

However, he didn't realize that this was precisely what she had gone through the last time.

He saw how hysterical she became, unable to stop crying and begging for mercy.

He had never regretted anything more than that.

Those emotions swept over him in putrid, uncontrollable waves.

He wasn't a man with many emotions but when it came to Stella, he had too many of them.

"Be gentle. Don't hurt her." Weston could hear his own voice. It was hoarse, and it was as if he would lose it at any moment.

The doctor nodded and immediately injected the sedative into her body.

After a while, she finally calmed down.

She was in a much more rational state and appeared to know what was happening. She laid on the pillow and gazed at Weston as she spoke, "It's simply heartburn. You didn't have to get so many people to come."

He walked beside her and caressed her hair.

He knew she was in pain but at least she was a lot better than before. "I know you hate me, but don't hurt your body."

She wasn't feeling well from the start but after eating the food she felt even more uncomfortable, yet she didn't say a word.

She let him bathe her and watched a movie together. Throughout the entire thing, she never said anything.

It wasn't until she couldn't take it anymore that he realized she was holding the pain in for that long

Her lips moved but not a word came out of them.

He was the reason behind all her pain, and now, he was telling her not to hurt her own body.

He was the one who had been hurting her...

The doctors were working nonstop trying to find the reason behind her pain.