

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 14

Chapter 14

After a while, Stella heard him chuckle. A strong scent of cedar wafted over and she heard him say, "It is a little effective." Stella didn't think he would react this way. She stared up at him dazedly, unable to regain her senses. The tip of her nose was still red and her eyes were bloodshot. Her delicate and fair skin seemed so translucent in contrast. If it had been a few days earlier, Weston would have held her chin and kissed her. He never held back whenever he needed physical relief with Stella, but now, he was no longer in that position to do that. Weston leaned in closer and his dark gaze stared at the tear that was threatening to roll down. "I'll go soft on you this time. Don't give me any trouble, okay?" Stella nodded and answered hoarsely, "Okay." Weston's lips curled up but his smile had no warmth. He straightened up. The top two buttons of his white shirt were undone and his suit jacket was casually draped on his arm. He said lazily, "This method does work, but I prefer your obedient side." "So, be good." *** Stella was discharged. There was nothing wrong with her health but because she had donated blood to Guinevere in the early stage of her pregnancy, she was weakened as a result. She had recovered considerably by now. Zeta met her at Roger's ward when she was patrolling the rooms and greeted her. "You look great. I presume you've decided to keep the baby?" Roger had been lying on the bed obediently. But when he heard this, he abruptly turned to Stella and asked, "What baby?" Stella's lips were pursed tight and she didn't answer. The atmosphere became tense for a moment there. Zeta glanced at Roger, then at Stella, before scratching her nose awkwardly. "His condition is stable, so I'll be going now." Then, she quickly left the ward. Before she closed the door, she looked at the siblings who seemed ready to jump at each other's throats and realized that she had said something wrong. She slapped her mouth and mumbled to herself, "Why do I keep running my mouth..." Inside the ward, perhaps because the consecutive setbacks had helped Roger learn to stay calm, he solemnly asked Stella about it instead of flying into a rage. "A baby? Don't tell me it belongs to Weston." His hands had balled into fists under the blanket, making the veins on his arms visible. He was originally skinny but further lost weight when he was ill, so even the shape of his bones was showing. Stella sat down beside his bed and looked at him calmly. "It's my child alone." "How can you have a baby on your own? Do you think I'm an idiot?!" Roger couldn't resist bellowing, "What does Weston mean by this? He doesn't want you and isn't willing to take responsibility, and now he wants you to bear his child?" Stella abruptly raised her voice and interrupted him, "I wanted to keep the child! He didn't want it, but I begged him to let me keep it..." "Why...?" Roger didn't understand. Stella looked at her stomach and said faintly, "I have a unique constitution. This might be the only child I can ever have." Roger felt the

energy drain from his body. His eyes became bloodshot and he hammered a fist onto the bed in resignation. Stella also felt upset after seeing his reaction. Her nose tingled as her calm facade began to crack. "Roger, you can't tell anyone about this. You must keep it to yourself. This is my child alone, do you understand?" Roger took a deep breath and kept quiet as he shook badly. After a long while, he finally contained his hostility and said, "I understand..." *** After calming Roger's emotions, Stella planned to return to the mansion to pack up. She didn't know when Weston would send someone to pick her up to collect their divorce certification, so she must secure accommodation before he kicked her out. As she passed by the hospital's rear garden, she saw a man in a wheelchair. He was rolling his wheelchair on the cobblestone path slowly. Stella subconsciously slowed down as memories surfaced in her mind. This seemed to be the man she last saw before fainting a few days ago. She felt a sense of familiarity just by looking at his back. When he heard footsteps behind him, the man in the wheelchair stopped. He turned around and his gaze met Stella's. Unlike the time she saw him before she fainted, Stella could now see the man's face clearly. Back then when she had only caught a quick glance, she remembered that he was good-looking, gentle, and had a warm smile. Now that she got to see him properly, he did indeed have outstanding features. It was easy to tell that he had a tall stature even if he was sitting in a wheelchair. However, he seemed rather thin and exuded an ethereal aura. He gave Stella a small smile. "It's you." With this, Stella was sure that he was the same man she had met that day. She took a step forward. "Hello. I haven't apologized for bumping into you that day, I'm sorry." The man rolled his wheelchair toward her. "You already apologized when you bumped into me." His action of studying Stella was actually considered quite forward, but his ethereal aura helped to cover up the elements of disrespect. He didn't make her feel uncomfortable or oppressed at all. "But it was quite frightening indeed when you suddenly fainted in front of me." Stella was even more embarrassed upon hearing this. "I'm sorry. I hadn't expected myself to faint either." She looked at him warily. "I didn't crush you, did you?" "I may be sitting in a wheelchair, but I won't be crushed by such a small frame like yours." By now, he was right in front of Stella. After observing her tone and demeanor as she spoke to him, he suddenly asked, "Don't you know me?" Stella was stunned. She searched her memory for information on this person but to no avail. "I'm sorry, have we met somewhere before?" The man cradled his chin and said, "My name is Henry Moore." Henry Moore... Stella was about to say she didn't recall hearing his name before when the man suddenly added, "Didn't Weston ever mention me to you?" Stella immediately clenched her fists. She willed herself to stay calm after the initial shock to say, "So you're his friend." Henry found the drastic change in her expression amusing. "He happened to see me when I was carrying you to the doctor. He looked very angry back then as if he didn't like me carrying you." "What? He didn't tell you about me after you woke up?" Stella frowned before answering faintly, "No." Henry chuckled. "Now that's interesting." "If there's nothing else, I'll be leaving then. Thank you for that day." The man probably wasn't lying when he said he

had carried her to the doctor. And since he didn't leave her be, Stella's tone mellowed down when she talked to him. However, he was still Weston's friend, so she didn't really want to say much to him. As she was leaving so suddenly, Henry grabbed her wrist out of reflex. "Are you in a rush?" Right after he said that, a deep and detached voice spoke up from behind them. "Don't tease her. She's not your type."