

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 16

Stella glanced at him upon hearing this, ignoring the warning in his eyes.

She pursed her lips, said nothing, and continued forward.

Weston had one hand on the steering wheel while the other hand unbuttoned the cuff on his wrist out of annoyance. "There's a large-scale examination today, so all the cabs have gone to the west district. You won't be able to get a cab near here."

Stella was baffled that he would actually explain to her. She paused and said, "It's alright, I can take the bus."

Weston had run out of patience. He tapped his finger on the steering wheel before opening the door and getting out of the car.

Then, he strode over to Stella and carried her up in a bridal style.

Startled, Stella reflexively hugged his neck.

After meeting the man's meaningful gaze, she regained her senses and pushed his shoulders out of irritation. "Put me down!"

Weston ignored her protest. He simply tossed her into the passenger seat and leaned down to fasten her seat belt.

There was only limited space in the car and their silhouettes were practically overlapping. Even their breaths were mingled.

Stella stared at the handsome face that was only inches away and clenched her fists. "What are you doing?"

"Like I said, don't make me repeat myself." The man supported himself by propping an arm on the back of her seat and looked down at her.

"And like I said, I don't want to get into your car. I can walk on my own!"

"You don't want to get into my car?" Weston suddenly gripped her face. His dark eyes scanned her expression before he snorted a laugh. "You've even gotten into my bed before, so why are you afraid of getting into my car?"

Stella's fist tightened as she felt the urge to raise her hand and slap him.

However, she remembered her predicament, so she merely clenched her fist tight and then let it slump to her side. "We'll be strangers after our divorce, so I don't want to have any excessive interaction with you."

The man's eyes darkened and he suddenly tightened his grip. "If you didn't want to have anything to do with me, why did you beg me with tears in your eyes to let you keep the baby?"

Then, he looked down at Stella's stomach as his lips curled into a grin. There was no joy in his eyes, only ridicule.

Stella's expression immediately fell.

She bit her lip and endured. "Like I said... This child belongs to me alone. It has nothing to do with you."

Weston's slightly calloused fingertip caressed her lips. His eyes darkened after seeing the rows of red. "Tell me, how do you have a child alone, hm?"

Stella glared at him angrily. "You clearly know what I mean. I want to keep the child not because it has anything to do with you, but because it might be the only child I can ever have. I would've kept it no matter who the father is... Ouch!"

She felt the force gripping her increase before she could finish her sentence.

Stella noticed the raging hostility in Weston's eyes, threatening to drown her. But after a moment, they quickly stilled and showed no turbulence.

She thought she was mistaken.

Weston's thumb pressed down on her bottom lip, forcing her mouth to open slightly. "You look better when you're crying."

Stella stared straight at him. They were too close together that his breaths reminded her of their intimate nights together.

She didn't understand how someone who had ruthlessly used and abandoned her could nonchalantly say this to her now?

Stella's gaze gradually darkened and she turned her head away. "You'll be marrying Guinevere soon. Aren't you afraid that she might get upset that you've carried your ex-wife into your car out here in public?"

Right after she said that, she heard the man laugh. "Not bad. You're even bringing Gwen into this."

Weston studied her clear eyes. "What else do you have? Try me."

Stella scoffed, laughing at herself in the process. "Don't you love it when women cry, Mr. Ford? Can't Ms. Cohen compare to my tears?"

Weston's eyes on her gradually darkened.

He released her with flagging interest. "Don't compare yourself to her."

Stella looked down. "Ms. Cohen is a great celebrity loved by all, so of course I can't compare to her. But since you love her so much, Mr. Ford, you shouldn't let an insignificant ex-wife like me be a thorn in her heart."

Weston kept quiet.

He didn't seem forced when he looked at her, and his eyes were calm as if he agreed with her.

After a moment, he chuckled for some reason.

When he finally backed away and went around the car to get in, Stella slowly turned her head back, breathing a sigh of relief.

The car moved away.

Stella frowned. "Where are you going?"

Weston didn't answer. He stared at the road ahead and casually propped his hand on the steering wheel, revealing a metal watch on his wrist. "Stardust Mansion."

Stardust Mansion was their marriage home.

Their marriage was sudden and they didn't host a ceremony. Stella only had Roger as her relative, so after they got their marriage certificate and had dinner with Roger, she officially became Mrs. Ford.

The place she used to call home was now just a name.

Stella retracted her gaze. "Great. I just happened to need to head there to collect my luggage."

Then, she would collect their divorce certificate with him, and this man shall disappear from her life.

The mansion's district was quite far away from the city center. Stardust Mansion wasn't exactly huge, but it was well-positioned. The scenery and environment around it were top-notch, and it was a suitable residential location for newlyweds.

A black luxury car drove into the yard and stopped at the parking lot.

The two entered the elevator. After opening the door, Stella subconsciously studied the decor of the house with mixed feelings.

Weston didn't like having strangers at home. He was a detached and aloof man who preferred being meticulous at work, but alone in private.

Although the mansion wasn't big, it had all the necessary facilities. It even had a garden and swimming pool, so keeping the house in order required a lot of work. Weston had arranged for a few housekeepers to be in charge of cleaning and cooking.

However, Stella liked the feeling of being able to manage her house herself, so she frequently took charge instead. As a result, they didn't let the housekeepers live with them but only had them come over once in a while.

For Weston, this was only a house, but for Stella, this was her home.

There were traces of her in each corner of the house.

Hanging on the porch was the seashell bell chime she made, and there were also plush couple indoor slippers that she had specifically picked out for them.

Weston used to call them childish and refused to wear them, but after Stella begged him a few times, he stopped objecting.

"Weston..." Stella stared at their shadows on the floor as she changed into her slippers.

The man was standing behind her. He rarely came home after their marriage, but he had gotten used to this place after living here with her for a while.

Perhaps recalling how obedient and agreeable Stella was when they were together, Weston's gaze softened. There was even a hint of warmth. "Hm?"

Then, he heard Stella ask, "When are we collecting our divorce certificate?"