

## Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 18

It wasn't until the hot water splattered onto her that Stella snapped back to her senses.

After seeing the dispirited look on Stella's face, Yvonne understood it all.

She didn't continue the subject but asked, "By the looks of it, you haven't found a place to stay, have you?"

Stella grunted a reply. "I'll stay at a nearby hotel for now and slowly search for a place."

Her salary as a trainer here was actually quite lucrative.

Besides, Yvonne was also a generous person and offered Stella commissions, so Stella had some savings.

Yvonne knew many rich wives, and their children had wealthy family backgrounds. So the families who sent their children here to learn extra skills could obviously afford to spend. As a result, Stella had earned quite a bit in the past year.

However, Roger's medical bills were a bottomless pit, so Stella had to live frugally.

Although Weston had promised to bear Roger's medical bills, Stella was now with child. She had to work hard for their sake.

Yvonne sighed and leaned against the water dispenser. "Just tell me if you have any troubles. I like you as a person, and we're also working together, so you don't have to hold back."

Stella wiped the water spill on the table with a tissue and smiled. "I got it."

Yvonne had a straightforward personality and gorgeous looks. Though she might not seem friendly, she was a very loyal person.

For this exact reason, Stella refused to give her trouble.

Seeing as to how Stella refused to say more, Yvonne didn't force her.

She then patted Stella's shoulder and left without saying anything.

Then, Stella turned to the reddened patch on the back of her hand that was scalded by the hot water, and went into a daze.

It felt like the pain was slowly coursing through her veins through her skin, and then spreading further into her bones.

She sighed as her eyes turned bloodshot.

As if there was a thorn stuck in her heart, the pain was excruciating whenever she thought about it.

But she didn't have time to be upset. She even had to wait until work hours were over before she could have a good cry.

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At the Cohen family mansion, the two families were now closer than ever as a marriage was soon to happen.

Weston's parents had yet to return from abroad. Since the Cohen family was very concerned about their marriage, Weston was mostly at the Cohen family mansion aside from his office.

He stood on the balcony and rubbed the point between his eyebrows, feeling tired.

The door to his room was pushed open.

Assuming it was a servant, he asked, "What is it?"

Guinevere's hand on the door frame tightened before she put on a smile. "Can't I see you without a reason?"

They would be married soon and her stomach was getting bigger, but it was amusing that they were still sleeping in separate rooms.

The Cohen family had been busy planning their marriage. Guinevere's mother assumed that they would be sleeping together, so when Weston mentioned wanting to sleep in the guest room instead, the expressions on Guinevere's parents' faces immediately faltered. Guinevere got annoyed by this and was peeved at Weston for a few days.

Alas, it was Grandma Cohen who reasoned with Guinevere. "We have many people at home, and your aunts and uncles are watching. Since both of you aren't married yet, it makes sense to sleep in separate rooms. Moreover, Weston is still young and vigorous, but you're pregnant..."

Then, she revealed a knowing smile and patted the back of Guinevere's hand. "What if you accidentally go overboard, and end up hurting the baby?"

Guinevere blushed and lowered her head, but her mouth felt bitter.

Grandma Cohen was only trying to comfort her in the first half of her talk. They already had a child together before marriage, so it seemed amusing for them to be concerned about sharing a room before marriage.

As for the second half of Grandma Cohen's talk...

Guinevere heaved a sigh. Looking at the strikingly tall figure standing on the balcony, the man could look proud and dignified even in a simple white shirt. With a face that was much more exquisite than popular male celebrities and such flawless features, this man could easily draw everyone's attention even without his family background, wealth, skills, and capabilities.

Guinevere took a deep breath as a sense of fear and impulse suddenly welled up in her heart.

A moment later, she strode over and hugged his waist. "Weston... We haven't done it since that night. I had too much to drink back then, so I don't remember what had happened. If it wasn't because I got pregnant, I would've assumed it was just a dream..."

Right after she said that, she felt the man stiffen as if he was repulsed by her contact. Her heart sank.

She closed her eyes and tossed aside her dignity to mumble, "Weston, I'm now six months in. The doctor says we can if we do it gently. I want..."

"This isn't important," Weston interrupted her gently. He sounded kind and patient, but there was a hint of detachment in his tone. "Gwen, there's no need for you to bear excessive risk."

His words sounded considerate, but they turned Guinevere's heart cold.

She retracted her hands as sensibility returned to her. Then, she smiled at him. "You're right. We have a whole life ahead of us, so there's no need to rush."

Despite saying that, her eyes were filled with a sense of reluctance.

She had wanted to ask him if he was just as abstinent when he was with Stella.

Had they... done it during the time they were married? They must have...

Since he could do it with Stella, why couldn't he do it with her?

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After moving out of Stardust Mansion, Stella rented a two-room apartment near the art school.

The place wasn't big, and despite calling it a two-room apartment, it was really just a one-room apartment separated by a partition. The rent was cheap too.

Although it was rather simple, at least she had a place to stay now. She would rent a two-bedroom apartment after Roger gets discharged, but for now, she didn't need to live lavishly.

Her life had settled down, and Weston finally contacted her to officialize their divorce.

At the Civil Affairs Bureau, Weston had yet to be there by the time Stella arrived.

Their agreed time was 2 p.m. sharp, but Weston's black Maybach only appeared at 2.15 p.m.

It wasn't only Weston who got out of the car. There was also Guinevere who looked as stunning as always. Her stomach was much more obvious now, and she even staggered as she got out of the car.

Weston carefully supported her. His actions proved just how protective he was of her, and the patient expression on his face was something Stella had never seen before.

"Sorry, did you wait long?"

Guinevere slowly walked over to her and smiled. "We could have been on time, but we were delayed slightly because of me..."

Stella glanced at them indifferently and nodded. "Let's get to business."

Weston's gaze fell on her face. When he didn't see any expression, he averted his gaze and followed her into the Civil Affairs Bureau without saying anything.

They only got a marriage certificate when they got married.

Now that they were getting a divorce, the procedure was just as simple. There wasn't even any excessive interaction between them.

Stella then realized that the original divorce certificate was now red in color.

However, green seemed to be a better fit for what she was feeling right now.