

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches

Chapter 2

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Divorce? Stella couldn't describe how she felt when she saw the divorce agreement. She sat down and squeezed her hands at the hems of her shirt. "W-why?" She looked up, finally staring him straight in the eyes. She had never looked at him directly before even when they were making love last night. There was always an imposing distance and iciness in his cold but charming eyes. Like an everlasting iceberg, no one could ever gain his pity or love. Just like the staff in his company, Stella was afraid of looking him in the eyes. However, divorce was a major issue. She wanted to know why he had suddenly decided to do this. Even if she didn't have the right to refuse, he could at least give her a reason... "There's no reason." There was no emotion in his tone. He got up slowly and swept a glance at her, exuding an oppressing aura. "Sign it after you've read through it." Stella's gaze fell to the divorce agreement. Instead of taking it, she hung her head, looking rather pale. There was a momentary silence in the air. Weston looked at her ghastly pale face, but still, she refused to speak up. He was then reminded of last night. He had gripped her with overwhelming force and it was obvious that she felt uncomfortable. But her fingers had clenched onto the sheets tightly instead, despite looking so pale. She never made a sound even when she almost tore the sheets. They didn't close the windows, but the curtains were drawn. When a breeze fluttered the curtains and moonlight spilled over Stella's body, Weston wasn't sure if the moonlight was too pale, or if Stella was just too weakened. With this in mind, his gaze mellowed and his forehead relaxed. "I will give you some time to get used to this. You can keep staying here for the time being." Even after the man had left, Stella was still shrunk back into her chair. She hugged her knees and stared at the divorce agreement. Her eyes felt dry. At least he was willing to give her some time to get used to things. It was merciful enough for an aloof man like him to not chase her out immediately... so should she feel content instead? At the hospital... Stella didn't have time to stay upset. Roger Sealey was in the midst of undergoing treatment. Stella stood outside his ward and watched the frail young man lying there. She felt hints of being exhausted, bitter, and slightly afraid. She held up her phone and pondered for a moment before calling Weston. Perhaps the divorce had given her determination and courage, she wanted Weston to keep her company since he was still her husband for now... Would he do it? The busy tone was her answer. Stella leaned against the ice-cold wall helplessly. A silhouette strode past her, and an indignant female voice bellowed, "Weston Ford, I'm at the hospital now. If you don't want anything to happen to the child in my stomach, come and see me now." Stella immediately straightened up. She thought she had heard it wrong. Weston... Ford? Her mind had been a swirl of emotions so she didn't hear anything else but the name clearly. Was it her husband, the Weston Ford?

Stella looked up and immediately recognized the woman to be the recently popular celebrity, Guinevere Cohen. As Stella listened to the woman's capricious tone, her fists clenched slightly and bitterness filled her heart.