

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 8

Chapter 8

She had heard that Weston randomly married a woman to anger her, but she had never thought anything about it thus far. Weston grabbed her wrist and slowly pushed her away before making her sit beside him. "An unimportant person." Guinevere's eyes twinkled, and her lips curled up slightly. "I'm very satisfied with your answer, so I'm giving you a reward." Having said that, she leaned over, wanting to kiss him. Her red lips were supposedly alluring, but Weston frowned instead. He subtly evaded and caressed her hair. "You have something on your mouth." Guinevere was stunned. Shock flashed in her eyes, and then she chuckled. "It's just lipstick... Fine, I know that you're a germaphobe, so I'll give you your reward after I remove my makeup." Weston grunted in reply before moving away to get up. He picked up the suit jacket he had casually draped on the back of the sofa and said, "I have something to do. Rest well." Guinevere leaned into the sofa and gave him a half-hearted smile. "Where are you going?" "I have something to do." She said playfully, "Something to do... What is this 'something' that you can't tell me about?" Weston didn't answer, but instead just opened the door and left. The smile on the woman's face disappeared instantly, and she clenched her fists. Outside the ward. Right after Weston closed the door and turned around, he met a pair of eyes that were red with anger. Roger couldn't believe it. What did he just see? He was breathing heavily with the veins on his neck throbbing as he glared at Weston. "Who was that woman?! How could you do this to my sister?!" After roaring out, he raised a fist and threw it forward. *** Stella returned to the mansion. The empty living room made her chest tighten. This place would no longer be her home soon. After tidying up a bit, she went to the washroom with the pregnancy test kit. She read the instruction manual carefully, afraid of missing out on even a single word. The waiting for the results was probably the most agonizing period of her life. Before the stick showed either one or two lines, her phone suddenly rang. The ringtone she had set exclusively for Weston sounded rather abrupt in this enclosed space. Feeling shocked, Stella subconsciously hid the pregnancy test. After realizing it was just a phone call, she took a deep breath and answered the call out of irritation. "Mr. Ford..." "Hurry to the hospital now." His message was short and hurried but carried an indescribable sense of authority. He hung up right after saying that. "Mr. Ford, did something happen to you?" Stella was stunned. After she heard the dial tone, she suddenly became anxious. By the time she hurried to the hospital, Weston's assistant was waiting for her at the entrance. Upon seeing her, he led her to the room on the topmost floor. When Weston heard the sound of footsteps, he turned back into the room from the balcony and strode over to her. With an icy gaze, he asked, "Are you a Bombay blood type?" Bombay blood was also known as Dinosaur Blood because people with such blood type were rarer

than pandas. Stella didn't know why he was asking, but she nodded. The next instant, she heard something that made her mind buzz. "Roger injured Gwen. She might lose the baby. She needs a blood transfusion right now." His assistant supplemented, "Ms. Cohen has the same blood type, but the hospital doesn't have this blood type in their storage as it is too rare." Stella gasped. Weston took a step forward. Staring down at her trembling body, he said resolutely, "If you don't want Roger to be put behind bars, you know what to do."