

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 9

Chapter 9

Stella's throat tightened, unable to digest what he had just said. After a while, she said with great difficulty, "Roger doesn't even know Ms. Cohen. How could he possibly harm her..." "Weren't you the one who told him?" Weston interrupted her impatiently. Stella was stunned. She explained reflexively, "I didn't tell him anything!" She finally noticed that the man's face was injured too. There was a tiny bruise at the corner of his mouth, though it wasn't very obvious. It was probably Roger who had hit him. But that didn't affect the man's appearance at all. He looked just as exquisite, dignified, and daunting. Stella pursed her lips and took a deep breath, calming down all of a sudden. "Where is Roger? I want to see him." "He's fine for now. You can see him once Gwen is safe." He had deliberately mentioned 'for now.' Stella clenched her fists to suppress her anxiety. "I want to see Roger or I refuse to donate blood... The hospital wouldn't force me to donate blood if I don't want to, would they?" Weston's eyes narrowed slightly at her forceful response as if to study her. Stella had always been submissive and accepting with him, and had never been this forceful before. So rabbits do get angry when they're anxious. Weston snorted a laugh. "Give me a reason why you refuse." Stella's heart shuddered. She had come in a hurry so she didn't know the results of her pregnancy test... If she was really pregnant, would a blood donation affect her baby? Her emotions were a mess, but she couldn't leave Roger be, much less go against Weston. She didn't have the power to. After a while, as if she was willing to compromise, she said, "Mr. Ford, you must promise me that if I donate my blood to Ms. Cohen, you won't hold Roger accountable anymore." Weston merely stared straight at her without saying anything. She was clearly nervous and at a loss, but she still found an advantage to strike a deal with him. He suddenly lifted her chin and stared into her eyes. His gaze darkened as he said, "Sure." Then, he released her and instructed his assistant, "Take her there." Due to the urgency of the situation, they didn't have time to perform any tests. By the time Stella regained her senses, she had been pressed down onto a chair, and had a plastic tube tied to her slender and fair arm while two indistinct veins appeared. "You're too skinny..." The nurse in charge of taking her blood frowned as she found it difficult to find Stella's veins. Stella looked down without saying anything. A tiny but sharp pain surged through her body and she quickly turned away. Her eyes slowly turned red. She feared needles a lot. She had trypanophobia since she was little. As a result, she would tremble every time she had to get an injection. She used to have people who would hug her and coax her in the past, allowing her to wail and be spoiled without having to restrain herself. But now... "I didn't use that much force, so why are you shaking?" The nurse sounded flustered. She even started panicking after seeing how pale Stella's lips were. "You even shook the needle out, so we

have to do it again..." Stella forced a nod. Paling as she stared at the needle that seemed like a beast to her, her mind began to swirl. In the next instant, her world suddenly turned dark as warmth spread around her eyes. Weston went over to her and covered her eyes. "Don't look if you're afraid."