

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches

Chapter 3

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As if she had sensed Stella's gaze, the woman stopped. Holding her phone in one hand, with delicate eyebrows and the glamor of a pampered face, she quickly cast Stella a glance before talking softly on the phone, saying, "I'll wait for you at the hospital." Then, she hung up and extended a hand at Stella, smiling as she said, "Hi, I'm Guinevere." Stella was stunned. She extended her hand out of confusion and said, "Hi, I'm Stella..." Guinevere only took Stella's hand briefly before pulling away, frowning slightly. After seeing how harmless Stella looked, her lips relaxed into a smile. "It seems like I've misunderstood. When you were staring at me just now, I thought you were a fan who had recognized me and wanted my autograph." Upon hearing this, Stella felt her hand that had just shaken Guinevere's burn up. Her face flushed too. "I'm sorry... I wasn't staring at you on purpose." She pursed her lips before telling the truth. "I overheard you talking on the phone and heard a familiar name... I'm sorry that I bothered you." Guinevere smiled generously and said that she didn't mind. "It's just a misunderstanding, then. I was talking to my fiance. He doesn't have many female friends, and I'm acquainted with all of them, so he's probably not someone you know. You must have misheard." Stella nodded at this. Her gaze fell onto Guinevere's slightly protruding stomach and she lit up. "I must have heard it wrong." Guinevere was holding her sunglasses in one hand and noticed Stella's gaze. She caressed her stomach and smiled. "You probably guessed it, huh? I'm pregnant. I think you'll be able to hear the official announcement of my good news soon." "Congratulations, Ms. Cohen." "Thank you... But can you keep this a secret for me for now?" Guinevere seemed troubled and looked at her expectantly. Stella grunted a reply. "I won't tell anyone." As Stella watched Guinevere leave, she heaved a quiet sigh. She was actually acquainted with Guinevere. Being a renowned beauty, the latter had an excellent family background, academic achievements, and appearance. She was also Weston's ex-girlfriend and first love. Weston might not be aware, but Stella had gone to the same school as he did, though their social circles were complete opposites. She could only ever watch him from afar, and had never imagined that she would one day marry him. Stella suddenly remembered how her relationship with Weston had begun... A few months ago, she was at the hospital accompanying Roger for his chemotherapy. Just as she was worrying over the hospital fee, she saw a man in the corridor who seemed to be out there taking a breather. She had only wanted to find a secluded place to cry for a bit, but her gaze met Weston's the instant she looked up. He was smoking a cigarette. Sparks twinkled at his fingertips and the rising white smoke further mystified his dark eyes. They were like the tranquil sea without any waves. Stella had a feeling she would never forget that sight. At that moment, she even forgot to cry. When Weston saw her, he

had put out his cigarette and abruptly went over to her. When his shadow was looming over her, he asked in a deep voice, "Will you marry me? I can give you what you want." As if enchanted, she nodded. Maybe it was due to her crush on him, but she had never even asked him why he wanted to marry her. She feared that if she asked the question, this dream that never belonged to her would shatter immediately. Inside the ward, Roger seemed weak but was in good spirits. Stella was sitting by his bed, peeling an apple for him. When the knife was just about to cut her finger, Roger finally asked, "Sis, did you get into a fight with Brother-in-Law? You look absent-minded..." He was just about to reach over when he saw a familiar silhouette pass by his ward. He exclaimed happily, "Brother-in-Law!" Stella was stunned and the apple skin fell to the floor.