

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 7

Chapter 7

Even with her back against him, Stella could sense his sharp gaze on her. After gagging for a bit, she realized something as well. Her period... was a few days late this month. After this thought was planted, it gradually grew out vines that enveloped her heart. What would her child with Weston be like... ? "Stella," a man's deep voice called, sounding forceful and seemingly probing her. Stella shuddered before snapping out of her reverie. He was going to divorce her, and Guinevere was pregnant with his child too. So it didn't matter even if she was pregnant with his child. She even had a feeling that he would have her abort the baby without an ounce of hesitation... She dared not turn around, afraid of meeting the man's eyes. Weston seemed impatient and stepped forward oppressively. "What's wrong?" Stella chuckled bitterly on the inside. By the time she turned around, she was wearing a nonchalant expression. "Oh, I might have caught a cold last night, so my stomach feels unwell..." There was a moment of silence after she said that. Her words seemed like a reminder, and they inadvertently remembered last night. They both knew how passionate Weston was last night. But he had brought up a divorce the next day. Since he had decided on a divorce, why did he... The man's expression further darkened. His deep eyes studied her face, and his jaw tightened as the atmosphere around them somehow got tenser. After a moment, he massaged his temples and said, "Sign it quickly. I'll bear Roger's medical fees as compensation." Stella's gaze wavered. She was about to say something out of reflex. But when she looked at his distant and ice-cold expression, she merely nodded obediently and said, "Okay." Perhaps Weston was satisfied with her response, his gaze mellowed. "Be good." Stella's eyelashes trembled, and she dug her nails into her palms. The pain helped her endure the tingling sensation in her nose, and she choked out the word, "Okay." *** Inside the ward, Roger was hesitant to speak after seeing Stella being so out of sorts. Once the time was up, Stella looked at her phone and stood up. "I'll be going now, Roger. I'll come and visit you tomorrow." She had to go home and pack up. Weston had given her some time to move out, but he didn't mention how long. And before that... she had something she needed to clarify. Roger nodded. "Take care, Sis." "Okay." Roger pursed his lips at the sight of his sister's dispirited figure, and a dark glint flashed in his eyes. *** At a pharmacy... "Hi Miss, can I help you with anything?" "It's alright. I'll just take a look on my own..." Stella chose the pregnancy test kit she wanted from the fully stacked shelf and hurried away from the pharmacy with her purchase. After she left, a man in a black baseball cap entered the pharmacy. After confirming what Stella had just purchased, he said respectfully on the phone, "Mr. Ford... Ms. Sealey has just bought a pregnancy test kit..." *** The air inside the single VIP ward was silent. After seeing Weston hang up, Guinevere went up to him and

hugged him from behind. "Weston, who was that woman just now?" She could actually tell that something was off, but she didn't expose them in hopes that Weston would explain to her. She had been doing a lot of thinking. For a man like Weston, she could only get closer to him by being proactive. If she ignored him, he would only be much more indifferent. Compared to insignificant restraint and pride, Guinevere preferred Weston.