

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 6

Chapter 6

Stella stared at Weston with reddened eyes. She was waiting for an explanation, waiting for him to talk to her. Weston glanced at her, stopping only briefly before he retracted his gaze and showed no emotion. "Let's go," he said to Guinevere gently. Guinevere shrugged with a smile on her face. Then, she glanced at Stella with compassion in her eyes. Stunned, Stella was rooted to the spot as she watched them leave. Tears welled up in her eyes, much to her disappointment. She had wanted to rush over and demand an explanation. But she couldn't move at all, as if roots had grown out of her feet. Guinevere was already six months pregnant... But they had been married for six months too! So Weston had gotten Guinevere pregnant shortly after they got married. Was he still in touch with Guinevere during the time they were married as well? Did he come home and hug her after he had just hugged Guinevere? Did he come back and kiss her after he had just kissed Guinevere? Did he... Stella's frame shuddered. She suddenly gagged at the possibility. She quickly covered her mouth, bent down slightly, and rushed to the washroom. Her thoughts cleared up a little after she splashed her face with cold water. She looked in the mirror to study her plain and bare face. Other people must find her distasteful for looking so bland, right? Her heart gradually calmed and she breathed out slowly. Then, she laughed at herself. After the longest time, she finally regained composure. She turned around only to meet a pair of dark eyes. Weston was standing at the entrance of the washroom since god knows when, staring right at her. His tall figure was blocking the light source, and with his handsome features shadowed under the light, he seemed all the more mysterious. What a charming face. Stella subconsciously held her breath. In just six months of their marriage, she had fallen deeply for this man, and this face deserved the most credit for it. It tempted her no matter from which angle she looked. But now, it was time to awaken from her dream. "You..." "Have you signed it?" They spoke almost at once, but the contents of their conversation differed greatly. Upon hearing Weston's question, Stella felt bitter at first before hanging her head to say, "I'll move out as soon as possible." "Okay." The man moved to lean against the frame of the door, studying her. "Lift your head up." Stella paused, confused as to why he had suddenly made this request. Weston was surprised that he didn't feel impatient with her slow response. He only felt a hint of annoyance. He repeated, "Lift your head up and look at me." Stella looked up at him. "Mr. Ford..." This form of address again. Weston frowned and his tone became much harsher than before, "Don't you have anything to ask me?" Stella's eyes wavered and then she laughed at herself. "You don't even know me, Mr. Ford, so what is there for me to ask?" She was using his earlier statement to counter him instead. Weston was baffled, but he quickly composed himself. Judging from his expression, it looked like

nothing had happened at all. "I don't like tempers." Stella clenched her fists slowly and finally grew some courage. "Since you don't like me, why did you marry me?" Right after she said that, she suddenly felt queasy and turned around to gag. Weston stared at her. Then, as if realizing something, his expression fell.