

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches

Chapter

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Chapter 937 Beep. As the call disconnected, it felt like something inside her had been cut off together. Something in her mind snapped. Stella took a step back and bumped into a warm chest. She almost slipped and fell to the ground. Weston embraced her and held her in his arms. He wrapped his arms across her chest and looked at her with a dark gaze. "You've gone to a lot of trouble to keep me away from him." He said and tipped Stella's chin, forcing her to look up at him. "You're so cruel." She was cruel enough to escape their marriage and cruel enough to cut off her relationship with Roger. "Are all women like you? When they're heartless, they become more ruthless than men?" Stella looked at him and croaked, "No matter how cruel I am, I wouldn't give up my child..." After she finished that, Weston increased force and wrapped his arms around her neck, making her choke. Stella frowned. She felt uncomfortable, but she did not make a noise. She knew it was inappropriate to say that but did not want to retract her words. No matter how cruel she was, she was not as heartless as him. She ran away from the marriage for her own freedom. All she wanted was to get away from Weston, She had cut Roger off because she wanted to kill his forbidden feelings and stop Weston from hurting him. When did she ever hurt anyone on her own accord? Never. Weston slowly let go of her and suddenly raised his hand and covered her eyes. He hated the look in her eyes. It made him feel as if they would never reunite. Weston stayed silent and lifted her across the room. He laid her on the soft bed and turned the red blanket over. Stella lay on top with a tense and stiff body. Weston sensed her nervousness and put his hands on her waist. He rubbed her slowly and murmured, "Relax. Don't you want a baby?" Stella closed her eyes. "It's not something I can have just because I want it." In the past, she would be sad and angry whenever he mentioned the child. However, now she felt nothing but endless despair that numbed her heart. Stella had accepted the reality. She would never have a child of her own again and never be a mother again. Whenever he brought up the subject, she only felt despair and nothing else. Weston propped himself above her and observed the changes in her expression. His gaze turned grim. Weston hugged her gently and rested his chin on the nape of her neck. She could feel the heat of his breath on her skin. "Zachary is still young. You can treat him as your own child." Stella's mouth twitched at his ridiculous suggestion. Zachary is Guinevere's child. Unfortunately, those with special blood types can only have one child. Do you think she'd let her child treat me as his mother?" Even if Guinevere would accept it, Stella could not. Guinevere's child was innocent, but so was hers. Zachary was the Ford family's only great-grandson. He was born with a silver spoon and was destined for greatness. Meanwhile, her child died when she jumped off the building. How could she live with that? After all, Weston chose to abandon her. Weston would always choose Guinevere in a life-or-death situation. How could she be at peace with this knowledge? How could she treat Weston's child with Guinevere without bias? "Don't ever say that again." Stella wanted to end the conversation. Weston looked

at her and said, "We can adopt." According to the doctor's advice, Weston had been trying to improve her condition. Even so, the chances were slim. It would be best if she were willing to adopt. Weston did not care about bloodlines . He grew up in an environment where everyone appeared to care about blood ties, but all he saw was just the coldness of humanity. His father pushed him into a difficult position just because of his interests. His father forced himself to sacrifice himself unreasonably. He found profit more important than blood ties. Stella fell into a short silence. "We'll see." She was no longer interested in anything else. Weston untied the belt around her waist and ran his hand on her skin, his eyes burning with an intense desire. Stella closed her eyes and tried to ignore the discomfort that arose from his touch.