

# Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches

## Chapter 1

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The creaking sounds finally stopped. On this heavy night, a low voice gradually calmed down. A subtle rustling sound of the sheets could be heard as the man got up. As Stella Sealey looked at the scratch marks on his back, she felt a sudden impulse, and reflexively grabbed his wrist. "Could you stay here tonight?" Weston paused. Without turning back and letting her keep the view of his perfectly toned back, he buttoned up his shirt. Stella was anxious. Her fingers clenched at the already wrinkled sheets, further crumpling them. She held her breath as if to wait for his judgment. After a long while, she heard him say, "Okay." Stella breathed a sigh of relief. She even felt tears well up in her eyes. The man turned around. He was strikingly tall and had chiseled handsome features, and his deep eyes looked like the starry night sky. This man was her husband, Weston Ford. Sole heir of Ford Corporation, he was the youngest man to ever top the Fortune's List, and the most prestigious businessman around the globe. He was also a frequent guest at major banquets and events. A man as perfect as him belonged to her. Stella straightened up and looked him carefully in the eyes. "Can I help you change into a set of sleepwear?" She slowly touched his shirt collar, trying to probe for his permission. Weston's eyes darkened, but he didn't stop her. Although he seemed somewhat reluctant, he allowed her to unbutton his shirt. Stella quietly breathed a sigh of relief, feeling bittersweet on the inside. During their marriage, Weston was undoubtedly the perfect husband. He was wealthy and prestigious. When it came to his wife, he was meticulous and respectful. Sometimes, Stella wondered why he was interested in her in the first place. Only, she didn't have time to ponder this problem... Because she needed money badly, and this man was her only support. Weston was her only pillar. So even if they were husband and wife, she was still careful around him and tried to gain his favor. However, Weston was good enough to her. He gave her the dignity of being his wife. Even if she was so average that she would be easily lost in a crowd, her identity as Mrs. Ford had given her space to breathe in this real world. Aside from the fact that he never spends the night with her, everything was great. It was exceptionally quiet tonight. This was the first time Weston was sleeping beside her, and he slept soundly. But Stella couldn't sleep. She kept wanting to reach out to touch his face. The man frowned and turned over to have his back face her. Her hand stopped midair. A moment later, she bitterly retracted her hand and closed her eyes to sleep. The next morning, Stella woke up very early to make Weston breakfast. She drew her hair up in a high ponytail, revealing her fair neck. Weston was greeted by such a sight when he woke up and entered the kitchen. Stella turned around upon hearing the sounds and smiled at him. "You're up." Weston grunted in reply. "I made you breakfast. It'll be ready soon. Can you wait for me in the living room?"

"Okay." Stella worked faster. In the living room, without anything to talk about, they ate their breakfast in silence. She had always been skillful in cooking. As she watched Weston slowly finish up the breakfast she prepared, she smiled in satisfaction. Weston had a great upbringing. He was dignified, elegant, and a sight to see even when he was eating. After he put down his cutlery, he glanced at her and said, "There's something I want to tell you." "What is it?" Stella was about to clear the plates but paused and stood beside the table to look at him. The man's defined and slender finger tapped on the table briefly before handing her a divorce agreement.