

# Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches

## Chapter 4

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Roger had only met Weston once. On the day Stella and Weston got their marriage certificate, Weston had treated Roger to a meal. Weston had always maintained a gentleman's image in front of outsiders and his manners were impeccable, so Roger had a good impression of him. At that moment, Stella stared at Roger dazedly while holding her breath. Why was Weston here? He didn't even answer her call earlier. Roger didn't notice Stella acting strange. He was waving at the door excitedly, calling out, "Brother-in-Law!" Yet, the man merely passed by without stopping. Finally, Roger put down his arm in confusion. "Sis, did Brother-in-Law get the wrong room?" Having said that, he was about to lift his blanket and get out of bed. "He must have gone the wrong way. I'll go get him." Stella snapped back to her senses then. "Don't go!" Weston had just brought up divorce with her this morning, so he might not be here for her sake. Hence, they might get into a fight if Roger abruptly went over. Roger was very protective of Stella, but he would get impulsive due to his young age, and Stella didn't want him to cause trouble. She and Weston would be divorced soon, so she didn't want any trouble at this point in time. She had to at least ensure that Roger's medical fees were secured. Roger frowned at her. "Sis, tell me the truth. Did you get into a fight with Brother-in-Law?" Stella's eyes glinted. "Stop thinking too much. We're fine." Seeing that he was about to ask more, Stella quickly stood up. "I'll go and ask the doctor if there's anything we need to be mindful of. Stay here and rest well." "Sis!" Stella closed the door and sealed Roger's protests inside the ward. She gently breathed out a sigh. Just as she was about to turn away, she saw a man at the end of the corridor who she was all too familiar with, but also knew nothing about at the same time. Weston looked her way. His face looked gentle and dignified as always but showed no emotion. There was no warmth in his expression as he studied Stella, and after a moment, he came over. "Here to see Roger?" He came up to her and glanced at the ward's tag. Stella grunted in reply. She became wary when she saw an examination sheet in his hand. "Why are you here, Mr. Ford?" She pointed to the piece of paper in his hand and asked, "Are you here for a checkup? Where do you feel unwell, Mr. Ford?" Mr. Ford... ? Weston frowned slightly upon hearing this form of address. This was how Stella had addressed him when they first got their marriage certificate. After they started living together, she came over to ask him sheepishly, "Mr. Ford... Could I not call you Mr. Ford? It sounds rather distant for a married couple to address each other this way." He wasn't the type to mind these minor details, so he answered her casually, "Do as you please." However, he had never expected to hear this form of address coming out of her lips after a few months had passed. Not used to her sudden change, he was somewhat shocked. He was just about to speak up when he

remembered that he had brought up divorce with her. He gave up and smirked instead. "Don't you understand my body best?" Stunned, Stella only came to a realization when she saw the same intense look in his eyes he had shown in bed last night. "Mr. Ford..." When he saw the color of red creep up her cheeks, that inexplicable irritation he felt was slightly appeased. It was as if this was how she should be—a little dazed, a little awkward, and easily embarrassed. She looked much better this way, to him at least.