

## Ex-husband's Regret

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### Chapter 1

On the day of our third wedding anniversary, Ryan Frost spent a ton of money to buy a necklace that I had liked for quite some time.

Everyone said that he loved me to the bottom of his heart.

I was preparing a candlelight dinner whilst feeling overjoyed, but that was when I received a video.

In the video, Ryan Frost personally helped another girl put on the necklace. "Congratulations, you're reborn."

It seemed that today wasn't only the day of our wedding anniversary, it was also the day that his true love got her divorce.

I had never thought that such a thing would happen to me.

Even though the marriage between Ryan and me wasn't because the two of us fell in love with each other, he still pretended to dote on me in front of others.

I sat in front of the dining table, looking at the steak that had gone cold and the words at the top of the trending searches. "Ryan Frost Spending Millions to Please His Wife."

I felt every single word of that sentence taunting me.

It was two o'clock in the morning when the blackly Mercedes into the courtyard.

Through the French window, I could see a man getting out of the car. He was wearing a tailored dark blue suit, ~~height, tall~~ had an elegant temperament.

"How come you're still up?" Ryan was a little surprised when he turned on the lights and saw me sitting in the dining room.

I wanted to stand up, but sat back down due to the fact that my legs had gone numb. "I was waiting for you."

"Did you miss me?"

He smiled casually and walked over to pour himself a glass of water. He was a little surprised when he saw the untouched dinner on the table.

I played along and pretended not to know anything when I saw that he didn't want to tell me the truth. "Happy anniversary! Where's my present?"

"I'm sorry. I was too busy today. I forgot."

It took Ryan a while to realize that it was our wedding anniversary that day.

He reached out and wanted to pat my head, but I subconsciously avoided his hand.

I didn't know what his hand had touched that night, so I was a little disgusted.

My actions caused Ryan to be a little taken aback.

I pretended not to notice anything and looked at him with a smile. "Why are you still trying to lie to me? The necklace that I've wanted to buy for ages has already made it to the top of trending searches! Why don't you give it to me now?"

"Charlotte..." Ryan slowly pulled his hand back and said casually, "I bought that necklace for Tom."

I had read about what Ryan was doing right now. He was using his best friend as an excuse.

I found it a little difficult to maintain the smile on my face. "Is that so?"

"Yep. You know he has a ~~illness~~?"

Ryan's expression and his tone of voice gave nothing away.

I looked at the perfect ~~figures~~ under the light and suddenly felt that I had never tried to really get to know him.

This made me wonder if that ~~was the~~ lied to me or did I had trusted him too much in the past.

If it weren't for that anonymous video, I wouldn't doubt his explanation right now at all.

Seeing that I wasn't saying anything, he tried to comfort me patiently. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have forgotten such an important date. I'll make it up to you tomorrow."

"I just want that necklace."

I still wanted to give him another chance.

I couldn't see the face of the woman in the video from the camera's angle. Therefore, I felt that their relationship might not be the same as I thought.

A hesitant look appeared on Ryan's face. I then gave him a puzzled look. "Is there something wrong? I think Tom won't mind disappointing ~~for~~ you, right?"

Ryan fell silent for a while. When he saw that I wasn't giving up on the necklace, he had no choice but to say, "I'll ask him about it tomorrow. I can't really take it o him if his girlfriend really likes it."

"You mean you'll ask "her" and not "him", right?" I asked inwardly.

I couldn't dwell on this matter anything, so I said, "Okay."

"Have you not eaten anything whilst waiting for me?" asked Ryan as he tidied the dining table. His long and ~~glance~~ looked even more beautiful when holding the white plates.

I nodded. "Yes, today is our wedding anniversary after all."

I stood up and was about to tidy the table with him, but he stopped me and said in a soft voice, "Don't get up. I'll make some spaghetti for you."

"Okay." I looked at him and felt less suspicious.

How could a man who was cheating on his wife be so caring?

The strangest thing was that Ryan was born into an a uent family, but he was really good at cooking.

However, he rarely cooked.

It only took him around a quarter of an ~~hour~~ taking the spaghetti bolognese he promised to make for me.

"It's delicious!" After taking a bite, I couldn't help but compliment his cooking. "Who did you learn cooking from? It's even more delicious than what most restaurants serve."

He became in a little bit of a daze when he heard my question. It seemed that he was lost in his memories. About 30 seconds later, he said softly, "During the two years abroad, I learned how to cook so that ~~my~~ appetite."

I was only asking a casual question so I didn't overthink anything.

By the time I went upstairs and had a shower, it was already three o'clock in the morning.

As soon as I got into bed, Ryan pulled me into his arms. He then rubbed his chin against my neck. "Do you want it?"

His voice was hoarse and his hot breath landed on my skin. All of that made me shiver.

Before I could say anything, he reached out a hand and slid it under my dress.

Ryan had always been very domineering in bed and never gave me a chance to resist.

However, this time, I had no choice but to refuse to have sex with him. "Honey, not today..."

My voice couldn't be any softer, just like my body.

"Mmm?" Ryan kissed my neck gently and continued to explore between my legs with his hand. His words made me feel embarrassed. "You're all wet and welcoming down there already, why aren't you saying no to me?"

"I... I have a stomach ache today."

He nally stopped after hearing my words. He kissed my earlobe and pulled me into his arms. "I forgot your period is coming soon. Get some rest."

After hearing those words, I became nervous again. I turned around and stared at him. "I had my period at the beginning of the month. It was a long time ago."

"Really?" He remained calm and continued to ask, "I probably got it mixed up with something else. Is it serious? Do you need Brenda to go to the hospital with you tomorrow?"

"I've already been this morning."

"What did the doctor say?"

"The doctor said that..." I lowered my head and hesitated slightly.

The doctor said that I ~~was~~ weeks pregnant. The stomach ache was a dangerous sign of a miscarriage. I needed to take some medicine to increase my progesterone and then head back to do a checkup in two weeks' time.

Finding out about one's pregnancy on the date of their wedding anniversary was by far the best news.

I placed the pregnancy test report inside a small glass bottle and hid it in a cake that I made myself. I wanted to give Ryan this surprise during our candlelight dinner.

However, the cake was still in the fridge and wasn't touched at all.

"It's no big deal. I probably just had too many cold drinks recently." I chose to keep the child a secret from him for now.

If I could get the necklace back the next day, then everything would be

If I couldn't then a marriage with a third party present wouldn't last long at all. Therefore, telling him about the child would have no meaning.

That night, I couldn't sleep at all.

I doubt that any woman would accept the fact that their husband was cheating on them.

What I didn't expect was that the question that I was wondering about soon had an answer.

On the morning of the next day.

When Ryan was still washing up, someone knocked on the door.

I just got changed, opened the door, and saw Brenda pointing downstairs. "Mrs. Frost, Miss Jessica's here. She said she's here to return something."

Jessica Frost was the daughter of Ryan's stepmother and her ex-husband. Therefore, the two of them weren't related at all. Jessica was also two years older than Ryan. Since Jessica's mother married Ryan's father, she could be seen as the daughter of the Frost family as well.

Brenda was arranged by the Frost family to take care of us, so she would call Jessica "Miss Jessica".

I was a little puzzled. Normally, I would only see Jessica during family banquets at the Frost family's house. Other than that, we hardly ever met. Neither had she borrowed anything from us.

"She's here to return something?"

"That's right. There ~~was~~ gift box. I'm guessing it's some kind of jewelry," replied Brenda.

### Comments (3)