

Chapter 9

Every move they made felt like a slap in the face to me.

My heart ached more and more.

I had imagined such a scene countless times.

As I watched what was happening, I began to feel cold even though I was at home.

"Charlotte, you're awake!" Jessica said with a smile when she turned around and saw me. "Come and have a taste of Ryan's cooking. I promise you it's delicious."

As soon as she said those words, she began placing dishes on the dining table as if she were the hostess of the house.

I took a deep breath, walked past her, looked at Ryan, and asked, "Why is she in our house?"

Ryan brought out the last dish, removed his apron, and said coldly, "She'll get lost after having lunch."

"How can you be so heartless? Are you really going to kick me out of the house?" Jessica glared at him.

"That's enough, Jessica! I'll kick you out myself if I get any more from you!" Ryan's was dark and sounded like his patience had run out. 1

"You're so mean," Jessica mumbled as she dragged me over to the dining table. 1

It was as if she wasn't the person who was crying and asking my husband to divorce me. She made it seem like she wasn't the one who tried to take my husband away from me yesterday.

Ryan was a good cook. Everything he made had great looks and taste.

I wasn't hungry, but I had to make sure my child was receiving enough nutrients.

Since Jessica had no shame, what had I got to worry about?

With that thought in mind, I sat down and began to eat.

"The taste is quite nice, right?" Jessica asked quietly.

"Yep, definitely. Ryan would normally be the person who does the cooking when he's at home," I replied with a smile.

I was lying, of course. I was just trying to show Jessica who was the hostess of the house using such methods.

Jessica glanced at Ryan. "I didn't expect you to treat others so well as well."

"Can't you just shut up and eat your food?" Ryan snorted and then placed some food on my plate.

Jessica snorted as well and said to me casually, "Do you know why he's such a good cook? It was because I taught him. Especially the fried eggs. That's my favorite dish. He would put in a lot of effort when making this dish. By the way, his spaghetti bolognese is

delicious as well. However, he used to make that for me every day, so I got sick of it. That's why he would only make it when he doesn't want to spend too much time cooking now." 1

My fingers turned white from holding the cutlery too hard. My nails dug into the palms of my hands.

It seemed that even the spaghetti bolognese that I loved was something that others didn't want.

I then remembered when I asked him where he learned to cook on the night of our wedding anniversary. He was in a daze for around 30 seconds.

What was he thinking of during those 30 seconds?

Was he thinking of the days when he learned cooking with Jessica or was he just thinking about Jessica?

"Technically speaking, you have to thank me for having such a good husband who knows how to cook," Jessica continued.

I couldn't take it anymore, so I slammed the cutlery on the table and forced a meaningful smile on my face. "Really? So do you want him to take care of you because your marriage didn't end up so good? Ryan, I didn't expect you to have a hobby of taking care of other people's wives."

I stared at Ryan whilst saying those words. 1

"Charlotte Wilson, what are you talking about?" Jessica was infuriated. She turned to look at Ryan with red eyes. "We're supposed

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to be family, Ryan. Can't you have members of your family around you after you're married?" 2

"Are you full? I'll get Gary to give you a lift," said Ryan. He didn't even spare her a glance.

"Are you going to help her bully me as well?" Tears immediately streamed down Jessica's face. Her eyes were filled with disbelief and she looked pitiful. "Are you sure you don't want me anymore?" 1

"You should remember what you've promised me. If you need any help in the future, you can just contact Gary," Ryan said indifferently.

Jessica's shoulders began to tremble as if she was hurt badly.

Seeing that Ryan wasn't moved at all, she began to laugh. She then said sulkily, "Fine, I understand now. I won't disturb you anymore. Whether I live or die in the future has nothing to do with you anymore either!" 1

Jessica stood up and left with her suitcase.

Gary had been waiting for her in the car. When he saw her coming out, he quickly got out of the car to help her with the suitcase.

Ryan didn't even look at her during this whole time.

I was surprised at how fast he had set boundaries for Jessica.

I only found out about their relationship last night and he had cut ties with her the next day.

It was almost too hard for me to believe how fast things were. 2

"What are you looking at? Eat your food." Ryan rubbed my head and pulled me back to my senses.

He made it look as if we had never fallen out.

For the whole of that day, he kept me company. He would accompany me whenever I went to the courtyard for a walk or feed the fish. 2

When I worked on my designs, he would deal with matters at work next to me.

He didn't say it, but it was obvious that he was trying to comfort me.

After taking a shower, the alarm on my phone sounded. 1

I then went to put a tablet in my mouth. It was medicine to help protect the baby in my womb.

"How come you're on tablets?" Ryan walked into the room with a glass of milk.

"It's just some supplements." I looked at his dark eyes and said, "Can you come to the hospital with me next Saturday? I want to do a checkup and then take you somewhere."

It was time for another checkup next Saturday.

If Ryan was willing to cut ties with Jessica, then it would count as him making a choice.

However, I was still a little worried. I was scared that something

would happen, so I didn't want to tell him about the baby in my womb at the moment.

If nothing went wrong, then he would find out on the day of the checkup.

He would collect the ultrasound report in person and discover for himself that he was going to be a father.

He would find out that we had a child.

With that thought in mind, I began looking forward to the following Saturday.

"Okay. Does your stomach still hurt? How about we go to the hospital tomorrow?"

"It's alright. It's no big deal."

Ever since I began taking the medicine, my stomach rarely ached and there was no bleeding in my private part either. Therefore, I felt that I just needed to go for regular checkups and things would be fine.

After hearing those words, Ryan didn't say anything else. He placed the milk on the bedside table and pulled me into his arms. "I'm sorry that you've had to suffer grievances over the past couple of days. Please don't be mad, alright?"

I felt like he was caressing me like a cat. It was very comfortable.

His actions caused me to no longer feel angry. I then said, "I won't be mad this time, Ryan. But I hope there won't be a next time."

'If there's a next time, then we're over,' I added inwardly. 1

In the afternoon of the next day, Jane came to my office to slack off for a while. 1

"Is the Marketing Department so idle?" I stopped what I was doing and asked teasingly.

Jane was wearing a V-neck shirt, a beige fishtail skirt, and high heels that day. When she came into my office, she had a coquettish temperament. She attracted a lot of attention.

"What? Can you cut your employees some slack?" She had bright lipstick on and was holding two Starbucks coffee cups. She placed one in front of me and continued, "Don't worry. It's decaf. I've asked a friend of mine who's a doctor. He said that pregnant women should not drink too much caffeine. There are too many things you need to be careful of, I'll send them to you on WhatsApp. You need to be extra careful. Being pregnant is a serious matter, got it?"

"Jane." I interrupted her. When she gave me a puzzled look, I said teasingly, "You sound like my mom."

My parents died because my parents' family went bankrupt, so the debt collectors arrived outside my school and wanted to use me to force my dad to pay them the money.

This caused my parents to be terrified and rushed to school. But because they were in a rush, they crashed into a car going the wrong way. That accident caused both of my parents their lives. 1



I was only eight years old back then.

For many years, I blamed myself for what happened to my parents. I felt that they died because of me. 1

Jane told me later on that it was because they loved me.

She was right. In my blurred memories, they had given me a lot of love.

My parents used to run a big company. But no matter how busy they were, they would always spend the weekend at home to keep me company.

When my uncle urged them to have another child to inherit their assets, my mom immediately asked, "Who said that only a son can inherit a family's assets?"

They wouldn't let anyone take away anything that belonged to me, no matter if it was their love or their assets. They were all mine.

If it weren't for that car crash, my mom would definitely take very good care of me when she found out that I was pregnant.

"You're missing your parents now, aren't you?" Jane asked after a short pause. "I think it's almost the day that they died, isn't it?" She then looked at her phone to check the date. "I was right. Are you going to take Ryan with you to your parents' grave?"

"That was what I planned on doing."

For the three years that I was married to Ryan, I had never taken him

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to my parents' grave.

One reason was because he was too busy. The other was that I felt it wasn't time yet.

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