

Chapter 12

It was the third time that day.

I had tried to tell Ryan about the child three times, but was never able to.

It seemed that Ryan was destined not to meet the baby in my child.

I was glad that I didn't tell him. That way, the divorce would be much simpler.

Jelaston was a big city. If Ryan and I got divorced, it would be almost impossible for the two of us to meet again.

Ryan would probably never find out that we had a child.

Jane agreed with me after hearing what I had in mind. "Your child won't want a scumbag for a father. You're doing the right thing for not telling him."

By the time I finished the IV drop and left the hospital, it was already two o'clock in the afternoon.

Jane wrapped her arms around mine as we headed to the car park. "Your car has been sent to the garage for repairs. It was quite badly damaged and repairs would probably take a week. I'll go with you to collect your car when the repairs are finished. If you want to go anywhere for the next few days, you can just give me a call. I'll be happy to take you wherever you want."

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "Don't you need to go to work? Don't worry. I have other cars."

Ryan might not have given me much love, but he had given me enough in

terms of houses, cars, and money. I never lacked any of those things.

However, what he didn't know was that the thing I wanted the most was love.

"The doctor said that you will need to stay at home for a couple more days, so you can forget about driving around yourself." Jane subconsciously wanted to pike my face, but when she saw the bandages on my face, she had no choice but to pull her hand back.

We soon arrived in the car park and got into Jane's car. After that, we left the hospital.

Jane wanted to have a cigarette but decided to not do so because I was pregnant. "I was going to go to the graveyard with you, but you were just involved in a car accident and you're pregnant, so let's not do that for now. You should take care of the matter between you and Ryan first. You can wait for everything to be dealt with before telling his parents." 2

"Okay."

Jane drove straight to my house. But it soon wouldn't be my house anymore.

There would be someone new moving into the room that I had put so much effort into decorating. She would then clear all traces of me from the room and Ryan would soon forget about me.

Only when I arrived home did I realize that my phone had run out of battery. 1

As soon as I plugged my phone into the charger, a couple of missed calls popped up on the screen.

They were from Ryan.

This was the first time that he had called me so many times. But I had already made up my mind about divorcing him.

Besides the missed calls, there was a photo from an unknown number.

It was the same number that sent me the video two weeks ago.

In the photo, Ryan, the CEO of the Frost Group, was holding a tub of popcorn and an ice cream corn in his hands. 1

Next to him, was Jessica.

The time that the photo was taken was before I woke up in the hospital.

It seemed that the two of them were on a date.

Ryan had abandoned his wife in the hospital just to be with his true love.

It was a truly emotional scene.

A bitter smile appeared on my lips as I sat beside the window with my phone.

Ryan hadn't returned.

In the evening, Brenda came to my room and told me that dinner was ready.

The food lost all its taste in my mouth. I had no appetite whatsoever.

However, thinking of the child in my womb, I forced some food down my throat before wiping my mouth with a napkin.



I stood up and walked upstairs to call Jane. I then began to pack my things.

Three years wasn't a long time, but I actually had quite a lot of things.

I didn't want others to decide what to do with my belongings, nor did I want my things to make others feel uncomfortable. Therefore, I placed them into the suitcase one by one. 1

"Mrs. Frost..." When Brenda walked past my room, she saw that there were a number of suitcases and felt a little puzzled. "Are you going on holiday abroad?"

"No." I shook my head and said slowly, "I'm moving out. If I've left anything behind, please keep it for me. I'll arrange for someone to pick them up."

Brenda was dumbfounded. "Oh, okay. Why are you moving out? Did you have an argument with Mr. Frost? I'll call Mr. William right away. Mr. William will sort things out."

"Brenda, Grandpa's blood pressure hasn't been stable lately. I don't want him to be too worked up. Besides, Ryan and I didn't have an argument. I just don't want to be with him anymore."

Why would he have an argument with me? I wasn't worthy at all.

After hearing my words, Brenda could only look at me desperately. She wanted to say something, but she had been where I was. She witnessed our marriage over the past three years and how the two of us acted like strangers instead of couples.

I could lied to myself before that this was what Ryan was like, but Brenda

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must have known the relationship between Ryan and Jessica.

She couldn't say anything to change my mind.

When I closed the last suitcase, the sound of car engines finally sounded in the courtyard. 2

Ryan was back.

Brenda had probably said something to him, so he headed straight upstairs. When he saw the suitcases and then he looked at my forehead. His voice was hoarse. "How come there's a wound on your forehead?" 1

I smiled self-mockingly. "It's nothing. I just had an accident when you were on a date with her."

When he heard those words, his eyes widened a little.

I stood by the bed and clenched my fists. "Ryan, let's..."

'... get a divorce.'

I had already made up my mind and I knew that I shouldn't turn back. But when I saw the person that I had loved for seven years, the next three words seemed to have been stuck in my throat.

I couldn't tell whether I was unwilling to leave him or unwilling to say goodbye to the old me.

"Charlotte Wilson!" shouted Ryan. His voice stopped me from finishing off my sentence. He pulled me into a tight embrace for no reason. "This is your home. Where are you going with so much luggage?"

"Let go!" I could smell women's perfume mixed with Ryan's scent. Such a smell made me want to throw up, so I struggled to break free. "Let go of

Commented [Ma1]:

Commented [Ma2R1]:

me, Ryan!"

"No way!" 1

He was very strong, so my struggle was pointless.

A hopeless feeling arose in my heart. I took a deep breath and said, "What's the point? I'm willing to step aside and make room for her. Just let me go, alright?"

He buried his head in my neck and he sounded very nervous. "Charlotte, I have never thought of divorcing you."

"Really?" I wanted to laugh but couldn't. I was getting more and more emotional as I shouted, "But I have! I'm tired and don't want to continue to live such a life! I don't want someone else to be involved in my marriage anymore." 1

"There won't be anyone else, I promise!" He held me in the tightest embrace possible, but quickly loosened his grip because he was afraid of hurting me.

"There won't?" I pushed him away as hard as I could. I looked at him hopelessly. "Have you forgotten that you've said the exact same thing a week ago? I've also said that there won't be a next time."

Ryan thought I didn't mean it, but what he didn't was that I was actually talking to myself back then. 1

If there was a next time, I wouldn't continue to be lost in my own little fantasy.

He closed his eyes. "She slit her wrist in the morning and was hospitalized. I was only visiting her." 1

"I know." I shrugged my shoulders and tried to make myself sound relaxed. "I understand. Her mother saved you, so you can't just leave her because she had slit her wrist. It's the right thing to do. I bet when you arrived, you saw that the wound would have healed if you arrived a couple of minutes later. You were probably quite angry as well, but you didn't want her to continue to cause trouble. I bet she told you that if you kept her company today, she wouldn't bother you anymore." 2

I continued as I looked into Ryan's dark eyes, "You didn't believe Jessica would slit her wrist, but you still allowed her actions to affect your judgement. Why is that, Ryan? Only you know the answer to this question. I can't really figure it out."

"I no longer want to be stuck between the two of you. Ryan, let's get a divorce." 1

As soon as I said those words, the atmosphere in the room was at an all-time low.

Ryan's tall figure froze. His sharp dark eyes were locked on me.

"Is it because he's back?" he asked. His voice was no longer warm and gentle, it was full of disdain and mockery. 1



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