

Chapter 15

After hearing that question, I realized that besides William, there was another gaze fixed on me tightly.

I actually found it hard to answer William's question.

I didn't want to lie to William, but if I told the truth, William would definitely not allow us to get a divorce.

After hesitating for a while, before I could say anything, William seemed to have already got an answer. "Alright, I think I know the answer. Please stay by his side for me. This kid didn't have a mother to raise him, that's why he has such a bad temper. Please forgive him."

Finally, he grabbed Ryan's ear and said, "If you think I've been around for too long, you're welcome to piss me off so much that I die of a heart attack or something. No one will stop you two from getting a divorce if I'm not around."

"Are you trying to use your life to force me to do something?" Ryan asked with a meaningful smile.

"How dare you speak to me like that?"

William was furious and was about to hit him again, but Ryan dodged this time. He compromised and said, "I understand what you mean. I don't have any problems with it. You have to ask her."

It was that indifferent attitude again.

After saying that, he glanced at his watch. "I have a meeting to attend."

He left in a matter-of-fact manner, leaving me alone with William.

A while later, William said meaningfully, "Charlotte, I don't want to force you into anything. I just don't want you to have any regrets. Do you have feelings for him?" 1

Then, he pointed to his heart. "I can see everything clearly here. Jessica isn't a suitable person for Ryan. Her thoughts are too complicated."

"But he loves Jessica."

"He can't even see his own heart clearly."

William stood up slowly. "But you will be able to see into his heart one day. Promise me, give him another chance, okay?"

With that said, I couldn't say anything else. I just nodded in agreement.

After William left, I placed the agreement on the table and stared at the words "Divorce Agreement" in a daze. 2

"You've got quite a knack for turning things around," Ryan said casually.

He had returned from the meeting.

I frowned. "What do you mean?"

"If you really want a divorce, why did you tell Grandpa so quickly?" he asked with a voice full of disdain.

"You think I was the one who told Grandpa?"

"Who else could it be besides you?"

Suppressing the bitterness in my heart, I pushed the divorce agreement toward him and said slowly, "Sign it. Let's get the divorce certificate as soon as possible."

A moment of bewilderment appeared on his calm face. 

"You didn't agree to Grandpa's request?"

"I did," I said calmly. "But that doesn't prevent us from getting a divorce first. As long as we keep it a secret from Grandpa."

Just thinking about the words I overheard outside the door made me lose any desire to continue to be in a relationship with Ryan.

I couldn't bear to cling to something hopeless.

Ryan seemed amused by my persistence. "Why are you in such a hurry? Is your sweetheart pressuring you?"

I looked at him hopelessly. "Ryan, not everyone can engage in extramarital affairs with a clear conscience like you."

"Am I having an affair?"

"Aren't you?" I asked. "You keep saying it's just to repay Grandpa's kindness, but in reality, you left your newly wedded wife for her, stayed out late frequently, and broke your promises to me time and time again! You can't cover up 'cheating' with a hypocritical excuse and expect everything to be fine!"

He was slightly stunned. "So, it seems that you have zero tolerance towards her. Or are you jealous?" 

'Unbelievable!' I exclaimed inwardly. 

I forced myself to calm down, handed him the pen, and said, "It doesn't matter anymore. Ryan, sign it."

His face darkened, and he took the agreement, scrutinizing it. "You just want that house?"

"Yes."

Although he gave me the house, I put a lot of effort into decorating it.

Apart from that, I didn't want anything else.

The house could provide a place for me and my baby to live, and it was enough to provide a comfortable life for my baby even if I couldn't earn much.

Only by doing so could I cut ties with the Frost family.

After all, the Frost Family hadn't contributed a penny to raising the child.

"Fine, I'll sign it when I have time."

He casually tossed the agreement into a drawer. 

I furrowed my brows. "Don't you have time now?"

What could signing a document possibly delay him from?

With a stern face, Ryan said, "Don't I need to have the lawyer review the agreement first?"

I lowered my head. "Fine, do it as soon as possible."

With that, I left his office and went back to mine.

The divorce was settled.

Now, all that was left was to resign. 

I made an internal call to the Human Resources Department. "Mr. Clinton, this is Charlotte. I want to ask why my letter of resignation hasn't been approved yet?" 1

"Huh? Mr. Frost has rejected it. I'm sorry, I must have been too busy the past few days and forgot to reply to your email."

Ryan had rejected my letter of resignation?

He should have wanted me to be gone just like Jessica.

I had to call Ryan again. "Mr. Clinton said you rejected my resignation?"

"If you want to keep it from Grandpa, continuing to work at the Frost Group is the most basic thing to do. Otherwise, Grandpa will be suspicious."

The reason actually made sense.

After hanging up the phone, I realized that the resignation had been rejected a few days ago and not today.

Thinking about it made me feel frustrated.

I didn't know what Ryan was up to.

A mixture of feelings arose in my heart again.

However, this tiny disturbance was quickly settled when I saw Ryan and Jessica leaving the company together in the evening. 1

The divorce agreement hadn't been signed yet, but they were already showing their relationship to others.

I bought some groceries at the supermarket and returned to my new

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After hearing those words, I woke up a little. "You know we're getting a divorce. Go ask Jessica."

Ryan would definitely listen to Jessica.

"But you're not divorced yet. As long as you're not divorced, you're still his wife. I can't really let another woman pick him up, can I? Charlotte, please help us."

"Tom..."

Tom hung up before I could say anything.

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