

Chapter 2

'Jewelry?' I wondered.

I furrowed my brows slightly and raised my voice to ask Ryan, who had just gone into the bathroom, "Ryan, Jessica's here. I'll head down to take a look."

The next second, Ryan quickly walked out of the bathroom. His face was colder than ever. It was an expression that I had never seen.

"I'll go. It's none of your business, go wash up."

The man who had always been calm in front of me suddenly had a trace of emotion in his voice. He sounded annoyed and nervous at the same time.

A strange feeling arose in my heart. "I've already washed up. I was the one who squeezed the toothpaste on your toothbrush, have you forgotten?"

"Alright, let's head downstairs together then. We can't keep the guest waiting."

I held his hand and walked down the stairs.

The staircase was in a spiral. When we were halfway down, I could see Jessica wearing a white dress and sitting elegantly on the sofa.

She also raised her head when she heard us coming down the stairs. When she saw mine and Ryan's hands, her hand trembled a little and she spilled some of the drink that she was drinking.

"Ouch!" Jessica gasped due to how hot the drink was.

Ryan quickly released my hand and rushed down the stairs in a panic. He then took the cup from Jessica's hand. "I can't believe how stupid you are. Can't you even hold a cup properly?"

His voice was sharp and cold, but he still grabbed Jessica's hand and headed towards the sink to rinse the burn with cold water.

Jessica felt helpless and wanted to pull her hand back, but she had no need to make a fuss.

"Shut your mouth. Don't you know that a burn can still leave a scar if not treated properly?" Ryan scolded coldly but still wasn't letting go of Jessica's hand.

I stood on the stairs and looked at what was happening in a daze.

Memories came flooding back into my mind.

After we just got married, I found out that Ryan had a bad stomach, so I began learning how to cook.

We had Brenda in the house, but her cooking didn't suit his taste.

As a beginner, I would occasionally cut myself or burn myself.

One time, I accidentally knocked a pan over and the oil on it splashed onto my stomach. The oil stained my clothes and burned me quite badly.

When Ryan heard the noise, he just walked over and asked me as gently as ever, "Are you alright? You go take care of yourself and leave the rest to me."

He was kind and caring, but also indifferent.

I would occasionally feel that something wasn't right, but I've had a crush on him for many years. Most of my diary was about him.

Being able to marry him already satisfied me.

However, I just felt that he had an indifferent attitude towards most things.

"But I thought I prepared some water with lemon for Ms. Jessica." Brenda's mumbling beside me pulled me back to my senses.

My vision somehow became blurred and my heart seemed to be squeezed by an invisible hand, which caused me difficult to breathe.

Ryan personally took the cup from Jessica's hand, but was so worried about her that he forgot to determine the temperature of the drink in her hand.

I took a deep breath, walked slowly down the stairs, and looked at them with a meaningful smile. "Honey, the drink that Brenda prepared for Jessica was water with lemon. It's a cold drink. She can't get burned. If you continue like this, you might need to worry about frostbites."

I wanted to hold back the sarcasm but couldn't.

Ryan's body froze for a moment and then let go of Jessica's hands. He avoided my eyes and turned to Jessica. "Why did gasp when you spilled cold water on your hand? Don't you think you're overreacting?"

Jessica glanced at Ryan and then looked at me with a gentle gaze. "He's always like that, exaggerating things. You can just ignore him."

As soon as she finished speaking, she walked to the table, picked up a luxurious-looking gift box, and passed it to me.

She smiled gently. "This is back where it belongs."

I took the gift box, opened it, and then dug my nails into the palm of my hand.

A mixture of feelings arose in my heart.

'Jessica's the woman in the video?' I wondered.

When I raised my head again, I hid all my emotions. I wanted to smile, but couldn't.

Last night, I was forcing Ryan to bring the necklace back. The necklace was now in my hands, but I didn't feel at ease whatsoever.

I turned and looked at Ryan. That was when I saw that he was trying to hide something in his eyes. He then reached out and pulled me into his arms.

"Do you like it? Keep it if you like it. If you don't like it, then just give it to anyone you want. It's not expensive anyway. I'll just get another present for you."

"Okay." I pursed my lips and decided to not embarrass him in front of Jessica. Or should I say to not embarrass myself?

For a moment there, I couldn't tell why Jessica was here today.

Did she feel that she really shouldn't keep the necklace, or was she trying to make an announcement?

Seeing my reaction, an expression appeared on Jessica's face, but it was too fast for anyone to see.

She smiled. "I was scared that this necklace would cause a misunderstanding between the two of you. Looks like it hasn't. Well, I should get going now."

Brenda was the one who saw her out.

As soon as the door closed, I broke free from Ryan's arms. "I thought you said you bought the necklace for Tom? Moreover, isn't Jessica married? Since when did she become one of Tom's girlfriends... Mmmm!"

He kissed me without reason and broke me o .

His domineering actions made me feel like he was venting his emotions.

Just when I was finding it difficult to breathe, he let go of me a little and caressed my head. "I lied." He pulled me into his arms. "She's divorced. I didn't want her to be too upset, so I got this present for her."

I was taken aback. I understood what he meant by "Congratulations, you're reborn" in the video.

I pursed my lips, but was still a little suspicious. "Is that all?"

"That's all," he replied confidently. He cleared his throat and explained, "You should know that her mother got into that accident because of me. I can't just leave her."

I had heard Brenda talk about this matter.

Ryan's mother died giving birth to him. When his father, John Frost, married another woman. She was Jessica's mother, Lauren Wood.

Lauren was Ryan's stepmother, but treated Ryan as if he was her own.

She was even willing to sacrifice herself to save Ryan when the latter was in danger. This caused her to be in a coma all these years.

If that was the reason, then I felt that everything made sense.

I immediately felt relaxed, but still reminded, "Ryan, I believe you're just trying to repay your debts and only see her as your sister."

In the end, I threw the necklace into the storage room.

I was still probably a little suspicious and just chose to believe him temporarily. It could all come back one day and by then, I would have lost all trust.

That day came faster than I expected.

My degree was in fashion design. I also became an intern in the Design Department of the Frost Group.

Marrying Ryan had no effect on my career plan.

After four years, I became the deputy director of the Design Department.

"Why didn't you tell me you were coming for dinner, Ms. Wilson?"

One day, when I was in the canteen at lunch, my university roommate Jane Greenwood, walked coquettishly to me with food in her hands and then sat down opposite me.

"I'm in a rush. I'll finish my designs after lunch."

Seeing that she was looking at me meaningfully, I asked helplessly, "What do you want?"

"I've heard the Human Resources Department say that the candidate for the director of the Design Department has been chosen." A smile appeared on Jane's face. "I bet it's definitely you, so I came to congratulate you on the promotion in advance. Let's get rich together!"

"Nothing's for certain until I get the letter of appointment. Keep your voice down."

The director of the Design Department had resigned a week or so ago. Everyone said that I would probably be the candidate for the position.

I was confident as well, but I knew it wasn't for certain.

"What do you mean not for certain? You're the CEO's wife!" Jane lowered her voice for the second half of the sentence. That was because Ryan and I didn't tell anyone about our relationship. The outsiders only knew that Ryan loved his wife, but they didn't know that I was his wife.

Jane then began complimenting me again. "Everyone could see your achievements ever since you began working for this company. You're responsible for both the brand designs and custom designs. Countless other companies want you to work for them. Why wouldn't the Frost Group promote you?"

As soon as Jane finished speaking, both of our phones rang. It was the letter of appointment.

When she saw the title of the email, her eyes lit up, and began reading it excitedly. A while later, she began furrowing her brows and was a little mad. "Who the hell's Jessica Frost?"

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