

Lost Me Gained Regret

#Chapter 101 - Read Lost Me Gained Regret Chapter 101

Chapter 101

"Scared I'll regret it?" Bryant's voice carried a hint of sourness, "But I'm more scared of becoming a stranger to you."

It was freezing outside, but his embrace was as warm as it always had been. His words took me aback.

He had opened the car door for me when I returned to reality. After I got in, he turned and walked away without looking back.

Through the veil of the rain, I caught a glimpse of his drenched figure. It felt like my heart was being gnawed away by millions of ants, growing emptier by the second.

It turned out that ending a marriage was that simple. The couple just needed to spare half an hour, head to the city hall, submit the paperwork, and sign a document. A month later, they would make another visit, and if both parties still agreed, they could get a divorce certificate.

Just like that, everything was severed. The shared beds and the mutual support seemed like nothing but a dream. Of course, all would happen, only if Bryant didn't go back on his word.

When I returned to Christine's place, she opened the door from inside before I could even reach for the keys.

She came to me. "Back already?"

"Yeah. I managed a light chuckle, trying to appear nonchalant.

She quietly watched me come in and shake off my shoes, then hesitantly said, "Bryant texted me. Did you guys go through with the divorce?"

"Sort of. We've filed for it. I'll pick up the divorce certificate in a month." I undressed my coat and grabbed a hair tie to pull my hair back casually. "Why would he text you?"

She hesitated before speaking, "He asked me to take good care of you this month."

"Thinks I'm going to jump off a bridge?" I said mockingly, "Tell him not to overthink it. Life is going on without him."

"No, it's not that." Christine denied, frowning thoughtfully, "I just feel like there's more to his message. Could it be he's not wanting a divorce? Maybe he's just trying to appease you for now. After all, the divorce can't go through if one party withdraws the application during the cooling-off period."

"No way..." A lump formed in my throat. Could Bryant be having second thoughts? It was indeed his style.

But then, thinking of Margaret's baby, which would take a few more months before

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arriving, even for her sake, Bryant wouldn't change his mind within this month. He had made his choice long ago. It was only me holding onto foolish hopes.

Exhausted, I headed for the shower. "I'm going to take a bath."

Christine asked with concern, "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine. It's just a divorce. That's what I want." I said.

"That's good then." Christine closed the door behind me and added, "Get some rest after your bath. You hardly slept last night."

"Will do." I nodded with a smile, and as the door clicked shut, I slumped onto the toilet seat, bending over as tears streamed down.

I didn't want to cry. I had longed for the divorce. Shouldn't I be happy? Even though I hadn't received the divorce certificate yet, why did it feel like my heart ripped out, leaving a hollow void?

Perhaps feelings never heed to reason. And I didn't have many eight years that.

+ years to waste like

What made me feel even worse and guiltier was thinking of the child, who would grow up fatherless even before being born. Seeing other kids with their dads would surely make him sad.

To pull myself out of the misery swiftly, I immersed myself in my work during my recovery. My design drafts couldn't wait any longer.

Once engrossed in work, one would forget everything else. The agony of working was enough to consume all one's energy.

I had redrawn my designs many times, never quite satisfied. It wasn't until the thought of Xaving a little bundle in my arms by the next Christmas suddenly sparked my inspiration!

I had just made a few strokes when my phone rang. It was from the Ferguson Mansion.

Worried it might be something a

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Gary was practically out of breath as he blurted out, "Mrs. Ferguson! You've got to come back quick. Mr. Timothy is raging mad, threatening to beat Mr. Bryant! You're the only one who can calm Mr. Timothy down."

"What happened?" I was on my feet before he even finished speaking, grabbing a coat on my way out the door.

It wasn't Bryant I was worried about.

Timothy had more than one grandchild, but Bryant was his favorite, which was no doubt. Even if he laid hands on Bryant, he'd hold back. Bryant's life wasn't in danger.

But Timothy's health was another story. He shouldn't be getting worked up like that. Gary wouldn't sound so panicked unless it were something urgent.

"You'll see when you get here!" Gary insisted.

Despite my reservations, the sight that greeted me at the Ferguson Mansion left me speechless.

In the study, usually so composed and dignified, Bryant was kneeling on the floor, unable to stand straight from the pain, his forehead veins bulging, barely keeping himself from collapsing by holding onto the edge of the fine coffee table. And to my surprise, Margaret was there, too.

I was about to say something when Timothy, who had treated me kindly, glared at Gary. "You called Jane?"

"Yes." Gary had to admit it.

"I see you've been taking liberties!" Timothy bellowed, "Everyone out!"

"Timothy..." I wanted to intervene, worried that he might get too upset.

Timothy waved me off. "Don't worry. They won't be the death of me. Wait outside."

With that, I had no choice but to leave with Gary.

Behind me, I heard Timothy scoff, "You're just like your mother, lacking in sense. Now get out!"

Margaret said softly, "Timothy, what's the point of beating Bryant? Jane wanted the divorce. Plus, giving her a house was already generous. Bryant is your grandson, and Jane is just an outsider."

"Shut your mouth!" Timothy shouted, glaring at Bryant. "Is this the kind of woman you want? Someone so low and petty, who doesn't even have a shred of common decency?!"

Enduring the pain, Bryant gritted his teeth. "Grandpa told you to leave. Didn't you hear it?"

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"Yes." Though irritated, Margaret dared not show her usual arrogance before Timothy.

She left soon after, passing by me and Gary without a trace of anger descending the stairs.

Gracefully Gary frowned, looking at me, and said in a softer tone, "Timothy wasn't mad at you."

"I know." I lowered my gaze, asking, "Timothy knows about our divorce?"

"Yeah." Gary nodded, "A few days after you and Mr. Bryant went to the town hall, Mr. Timothy got wind of it."

Seeing my stunned expression, Gary sighed. "Mr. Timothy guessed you two might finalize things quickly and had made arrangements with the authorities."

That was when it hit me. In my haste, I should've realized that with the Ferguson family's influence, Timothy could easily find out about anything if he wanted to.

Seeing my guilt, Gary added, "But Mr. Timothy's not just furious about that."

Hooked up, "Then what?"

"That woman downstairs." Gary gestured with his chin, looking troubled. "Mr. Timothy asked M Bryant to come home for a bit, and when Mr. Bryant stepped in, she followed, refusing to leave. She said that Mr. Bryant would marry her eventually."

"Tell her she might as well give up on that idea! From beyond the door, Timothy's voice roared with a fury likely meant for Margaret, "And you, too. Don't even think about it! Want to follow your father's footsteps, changing your mind like the wind?"

Well, you can wait for me to drop dead first. But as long as I'm breathing, there's only one Mrs. Ferguson in this family, and that's Jane!"

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Even though the thought of continuing my marriage with Bryant was the furthest thing from my mind, hearing Timothy's staunch defense still warmed my heart.

Bryant's lips were a tight line. "I've failed Jane, but remarrying was never in my plans."

"Never in your plans? If that were true, why would Jane consider a divorce? Isn't it because you've broken her spirit?" Timothy didn't believe a word.

Leaning on the cane, Bryant slowly stood up. "I truly haven't considered it. However, I can't just abandon Margaret. After all, she is pregnant."

"Look at you, Mr. Philanthropy!" Timothy hurled a teacup at him.

Bryant didn't dodge, taking the hit squarely on the forehead, blood quickly beading at the surface. Yet, his expression remained unchanged, seriously saying, "I promised Teresa I'd. take care of Margaret."

Timothy fumed. "And what about Jane? The office rumors are vicious, bringing Margaret close and painting Jane as the homewrecker. How is that fair to her?"

Bryant said, "Jane's far stronger and more independent than Margaret, not easily swayed; by others, let alone affected by baseless rumors."

I never imagined Bryant's praise would come under such circumstances. It was the praise that only filled my chest with bitterness.

I wasn't born strong and independent. I was once like a flower in a greenhouse. Left with that the reason no choice, I used all my strength to grow into resilient wild grass." Bryant made me suffer time and again?

"Have you ever considered, Jane growing up without parents, living under her aunt's roof,

't strong and how many cold stares she endured? Who could she rely on if she wasn't strong independent?" Timothy sighed, his voice filled with anger and disappointment, "Can she really depend on you, when you're the husband that's hurting her all the time?"

Bryant's eyes suddenly dimmed. "She never shared any of this with me."

"It's because you're not worthy of her trust. Ask yourself. Have you ever been a good husband for even a day?" Timothy's rebuke was cold.

Bryant pressed his lips together. "You got me a good wife, but I've disappointed you."

"It's not me you've disappointed. The person you've disappointed is Jane." Timothy seemed resigned, and the argument faded into silence.

Bryant's last words spun in my mind, leaving a lingering bitterness. Perhaps all peaceful separations ended with one person handing out a "nice guy badge."

Suddenly, the study door opened.

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Leaning on the doorframe, Bryant appeared thinner than I remembered, his features more pronounced. His usually straight posture hunched slightly, blood still trickling from his forehead.

"Your wound..." I wanted to be indifferent, but seeing him like that, I couldn't help but express concern.

Bryant chuckled softly, his gaze tender. "Worried about me?"

"Suppose so." I admitted freely, "If the dog in the yard got Kut, I'd ask, too." the yard

"Would you dress the dog's wounds?" He looked at me seriously.

I nodded, "Of course."

"Then come on, help me with mine." He steadied himself against the wall, taking my hand and leading me to our room.

I instinctively tried to pull away. "You're not a dog..."

"Ouch..." Perhaps I pulled too hard, aggravating his wound. He winded in pain but didn't let

go, his voice a mix of hurt and sincerity, "But I can still feel pain."

"Oh." Seeing his genuine expression, I didn't dare move again.

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Although we hardly stayed there, the housekeeper kept the place spotless, with no dust in sight. Even the bed linens were changed every three days, fresh and crisp.

Above the headboard hung a wedding photo, a vintage masterpiece crafted by a top-notch editor, seamless and perfect.

It wasn't until Bryant sat on the bed that I tried to pull my wrist away. He tightened his grip, furrowing his brows. "We're not officially divorced yet, and you can't even help me with a little first aid?"

"I'll grab the first aid kit. What else am I supposed to use?" Feeling defeated, I had no choice but to comply.

Only then did Bryant let go of me. "Go ahead."

I rummaged through the drawer for the first aid kit, took out the antiseptic and ointment, and stood before him.

The gash on his forehead was ghastly. I slightly bowed my head, one hand supporting the back of his head, the other gently cleaning away the blood.

Timothy had given it to Bryant. As soon as I wiped away the blood, more seeped out.

It looked so painful. "Does it hurt?" I asked.

"It hurts. A lot." Bryant looked up at me, his eyes shimmering.

My heart softened, and as I blew on the wound while disinfecting it, he said contentedly, "That's better, thanks, babe."

I reminded him, "We're getting divorced."

"It's just habit." His eyes dropped slightly, shadowed by his long lashes, giving him an unexpectedly harmless vib I felt a pang in my heart. "It's okay. We'll get used to a new normal."

He would eventually get used to it.

It was just like I'd gotten used to turning in bed and hugging his waist, seeking comfort in his embrace. But lately, I'd often find myself grasping at air, waking up in the middle of the night to stare blankly before falling back into a restless sleep.

I thought, 'They say the hardest part about two people splitting up isn't the breakup, but getting used to living without each other. In an empty house, when you call out, there's no reply. But thankfully, time heals all wounds. Eventually, it will all pass. Call out, there's no Bryant fell silent and asked, "Do we have to change?"

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"What else is there, Bryant? We're both going to start new lives. You will, and so will I." I twisted open the ointment tube and applied it, then placed a band-aid over the wound, "There, all done."

As I stood up to leave, I knew I had to check on and needed some calming down.

Timothy who was probably still f

"Is that everything?" Bryant's question stopped me in my tracks, and under my puzzled gaze, he gestured to his

"My back hurts, too. Grandpa was dead set on defending your honor today. He might have gone too far if it wasn't illegal."

"Timothy was just heated. He wouldn't hurt you." I pursed my lips.

Bryant unbuttoned his shirt and struggled because of his shoulder injury. "You'll see."

"Wait." I still felt that maintaining some boundaries would be better for us. "This isn't right. I'll call Margaret in to help with your back."

"Why isn't it right?" Bryant asked.

I explained, "We're getting divorced, Bryant. It's just a matter of paperwork now.

Shouldn't we have some boundaries?"

"But we're not divorced yet."

Suddenly, he reached out, his fingers

slipping under my collar to hook out a necklace, focusing on the ring hanging there, his gaze intense. "See, you can't let go, either."

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My heart skipped a beat. Suddenly, I was overwhelmed by an indescribable sadness.

That was our wedding ring. On our wedding day, Bryant didn't care much, but Timothy ensured I, his granddaughter-in-law, had the best of everything, like a million-dollar wedding gift, a mansion for a wedding house, and matching rings custom-made by a top-notch jeweler.

Later, a large amount of money went to my aunt as a token of gratitude for raising me. And the mansion never became my sanctuary. The only thing that stayed by my side every day was the ring.

I joyfully wore it on my ring finger when I first got married. After knowing I also worked at off that Ferguson Group, Bryant immediately advised me to keep a low profile. I took it off and wore it around my neck with a thin chain. And there it stayed for three long years. What once brought me joy seemed like a silent mockery. To Bryant, I was just like this ring, meant to be out of sight.

I laughed at myself. "Just forgot to take it off."

Indeed, I had forgotten. More accurately, I was used to touching the ring when I felt alone or uneasy.

"Bryant is my husband.' Once, just liking him seemed to give me so much strength.

Bryant didn't believe me. "Just forgot?"

"If you want it, it can be yours again." I reached behind my neck, intending to take it off.

Bit by bit, erasing all traces of him from me. The faster I erase, the quicker I should be able to let go.

Bryant's expression turned cold, and he firmly grasped my wrist, stopping me. "Don't take it off. You belong to it."

"It's a wedding ring, Bryant." I smiled, reminding him and myself, "Even if I don't take it off today, I will in a month."

Bryant's thumb caressed the ring on my finger, his eyes revealing a rare obsession. "What if I never take mine off?"

I took a deep breath. "That's none of my business."

Anyway, I didn't want to believe our marriage had hope again just because of a few words from him.

I freed myself from his grip and turned to leave. "I'm going to call Margaret to apply your medication."

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"Will you start a new life?" His cold and deep voice, with a hint of melancholy, suddenly echoed behind me.

I stiffened, my mind a whirlwind of thoughts, but I didn't turn back. "Maybe."

I couldn't give a definite answer to that question. For years, all my romantic daydreams were about Bryant. It was tough for me to love anyone else.

And after taking such a hard fall, I didn't dare to start a new relationship.

I just wanted to live a good life with my child and stay far away from Bryant after we separated.

But life was too long, and no one knew what the future held for us.

More importantly, why should I promise to remain faithful to a m soon-to-be ex-husband who hadn't even divorced me but had already hooked up with Margaret?

I knew what he wanted to hear but refused to please him.

He scoffed, "Found someone? Mark?"

I turned around angrily, instinctively wanting to retort, but I held back.

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"What, you want to play.com matchmaker? I'm in. My standards are pretty low. Looks, family background, job, and height don't matter."

Perhaps my eagerness to remarry angered him, and he turned bitter. "So you're not demanding anything?"

I added, "But one condition."

Bryant asked, "What's that?"

"Faithful, decisive, no infidelity, not on standby for another woman 24/7."

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My dear, come have amant seat"

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That was what my dad used to call me.

My eyes welled up with tears as I sat down. "Timothy, are you feeling alright?" Considering how badly Bryant got beaten, it was clear Timothy was furious.

He poured me a cup of coffee, his mustache twitching. "I'm fine, my dear. I just had to teach Bryant a lesson and ensure that Margaret gets the message, too."

"I've got you worried again." I took the coffee, smiling, "I thought you'd be mad at me."

He chuckled, asking. "What did you do wrong?"

"I kept things from you..."

"Bryant might not get you, but do you think I don't? You have a heart of gold. Even a cornered rabbit will fight back, let alone a person." His words carried weight.

I suddenly felt like crying. Staying at home these past few days, trying to distract myself, thought I could hold it together. But Timothy's comforting words broke me.

He patted my hand back. "Silly girl, are you upset with me?"

"How could I ever be upset with you!" I shook my head frantically, and then something else on my mind came to mind. "Oh, there's something that's been

"Go ahead." He took a sip from his coffee cup.

I Hesitantly, I asked the question I had been pondering. "If you never wanted Bryant and Margaret together, why..."

"Why didn't I tell Bryant what Teresa had done? Timothy nodded, om completing my thought, "You mean things might not have been so complicated if Bryant had known the truth earlier, right?"

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Spotting that Timothy understood, I stopped hesitating and nodded. "Right."

Timothy gestured for Gary to fetch something. It was a yellowed medical record.

My heart clenched as I took it from his hands.

Bryant had visited the psychiatrists a lot when he was a kid.

I looked up, utterly incredulous. The golden boy had been a frequent visitor at the psychiatrist's.

It took me a moment to gather my thoughts, my voice barely above a whisper, "How could he..."

But then, thinking about it, it made sense. Born to a mother who passed away, a father caught up in a new romance, causing chaos at home, favoring his stepdaughter over him, led to mental health issues. It was all too common.

"All these years, I've wondered whether to tell him." Timothy sighed, and his eyes were - sharp with age. "But one day, he'll find out. We can't hide it from him forever."

My emotions were a whirlwind as I left the Ferguson Mansion. I had a sink feeling on the way back. I'm not usually superstitious, but my chest felt tight with anxiety. Just as I was about to enter the parking lot of my apartment complex, Bryant called!

My heart skipped a beat. "Hello?"

Bryant's voice came through. "Grandpa passed out! The ambulance is on its way."

"I, I'm coming right back..." Struck by lightning, my speech faltered, but Bryant's calm and steady voice on the other end grounded me. "Jane, don't panic. You don't need to come back. Head straight to BlessedCare Medical Facility.

"Okay, okay, will do." My mind was buzzing.

After hanging up, I handed my car keys to the security guard, asking him to park it for me, and flagged down a taxi. Having been through a similar situation, I dared not drive myself. I arrived at the hospital just as the ambulance, sirens wailing, zoomed past me.

'Timothy, you'll be fine.' I thought.

Worried about the child, I couldn't run, so I hurried after the ambulance. The ambulance stopped at the emergency entrance, and a swarm of doctors and nurses rushed to unload someone from the ambulance. It was Timothy. When I saw the eighty-year-old

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man moved to a stretcher, my vision blurred.

Bryant followed closely, easing a bit when he saw me. "Don't worry. Grandpa has been in good health lately."

Timothy was quickly taken into the ER, with medical staff bustling in and out. Finally, the doors of the ER shut completely. Every second became agony.

Leaning against the wall to keep from collapsing. I looked at Bryant, my voice weak. "He was fine when I left. What caused him to faint all of a sudden?"

Bryant's expression was grave. "After you left, he called her in."

"Who?" Confused and panicked, I blurted out without thinking.

Gary managed to remain composed. "It was Margaret."

"Margaret?" I frowned. "Did she and Timothy have a fight or something?"

"No fight." Gary shook his head. "I was outside the whole time and didn't hear much noise until Timothy collapsed."

"How could this happen..." Staring at the red light above the ER, I felt so panicked and helpless, tears streaming down my face.

Timothy was the only person who made me feel the warmth of family. All I could hope for was that Timothy would come out of the ER safe and sound.

Bryant reached out to wipe my tears. "Don't cry, I promise Grandpa will be okay."

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"Where's Margaret?" I dodged his approach, voice choked with emotion as I asked.

Timothy had been with Margaret when it happened. Why wasn't she here?

No sooner had I asked than the sound of heels clacking anxiously along the corridor reached us. Margaret hurried toward us, her face pale. "Bry, is Timothy okay? Sorry, I got held up trying to hail a cab near the Ferguson Mansion. It took forever."

I cut her off. "Why did Timothy suddenly faint?"

A flicker of panic crossed Margaret's face before she replied, "I... I don't know. He couldn't breathe all of a sudden and passed out."

*Just like that? You didn't say or do anything?" couldn't believe it.

Timothy had been in good health these past few years, always keeping up with his check-ups. Nothing happened when he was furious enough to lash out at Bryant. It just didn't add up that he would suddenly fall ill.

"What are you implying? Jane, are you suggesting I stressed Timothy into getting sick?" Margaret looked utterly bewildered and suddenly clutched her stomach, turning to Bryant in agony. "Bry, my stomach hurts so much...."

Bryant's expression hardened, "Your stomach hurts?"

Margaret replied weakly, "Yes!"

Convinced, Bryant scooped her up and made for the door. "Doctor! She's pregnant and in pain."

I couldn't help but sneer, leaning against the wall and trying to steady my breathing. Knowing how much Bryant cared about Margaret was one thing, but witnessing it was another.

Seeing how upset I was, Gary gently suggested, "Mrs. Ferguson, why don't you take a seat? Mr. Timothy might not... be out for a while. Besides, whatever happens, Mr. Timothy would want you both to be okay."

"Okay." Tears streamed down my face as I nodded, sinking into a nearby chair, feeling utterly drained. But I couldn't help feeling more lost than ever, my gaze barely leaving the emergency room door. I had never felt so anxious before.

When my parents passed, I was too young to understand, only remembering the blur of medical staff rushing around me. Afraid of being in the way, I'd huddle in a corner, just like now, staring at the emergency room door, naively believing they'd come out and embrace me just like before. But they never did.

At the moment, I understood all too well what this situation could mean. It could mean

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losing someone who had just affectionately called me "my dear" an hour ago. As the evening sky darkened, the emergency room doors finally swung open again. I leaped to my feet, nearly stumbling as my legs had gone numb from sitting too long.

"Careful." Bryant, who had returned at some point, caught my arm, his voice gentle.

I shrugged off his touch coldly as the doctor approached us, removing his mask with a somber expression "Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson MF. Timothy's old issue has come back and it's not looking too good. Though we've managed to keep him stable for now, he needs to be in the ICU for observation for a few days. You should prepare yourselves."

Bryant's eyes narrowed. "Is it that serious?"

"Yes, and the call for the ambulance could've been made sooner," the doctor sighed, "According to them medics in the ambulance, Timothy's condition was already critical on the way. Did you not realize he had fainted immediately?"

Puzzled, Gary replied, "I rushed over as soon as I heard something was wrong and called right away."

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"This doesn't make sense..." Something felt off to me and always did.

Bryant pressed. "What do you mean?"

I pondered, "Timothy always takes his meds when he feels off. He usually gets by just fine. Why did he faint all of a sudden?"

"Exactly. I remember that. When Timothy came in for his check-ups, I noticed he always had his medication on him. With today's episode, it wouldn't have escalated to this if he had taken his meds on time." The director commented.

I shot Bryant a cold look. "Where's Margaret?"

"She's resting in the ward." After Bryant finished, his expression darkened, and he asserted, "You suspect her? That's impossible. She might be a spoiled girl but not malicious, especially around Grandpa."

Hearing that, I couldn't suppress my anger for the first time.

Would such a 'not malicious' person tirelessly chase after someone else's husband? But then again, no one could wake a person pretending to sleep. I was well aware of that.. Not wanting to argue further, I turned to the director. "The clothes Timothy wore when he was brought in, are they still around? Could you check his pockets for his medication?" "Right away." The director immediately instructed a doctor to handle it.

Soon after, the doctor returned. "No, Mr. Timothy's pockets were empty."

"The maid usually places the medicine in the pocket of the jacket Mr. Timothy usually wears after laundry, hanging it back in the cloakroom. I always double-check." Gary explained with utmost seriousness.

Timothy's well-being was a big deal for the Ferguson family. No one would be negligent.

A possibility crossed my mind, sending shivers down my spine. I headed straight for the ward! I knew which ward Margaret would be in BlessedCare Medical Facility had three reserved wards, and Margaret's mother had long occupied one. Margaret must be there.

"Jane!" Bryant hurriedly followed. "Where are you going?"

"Get off me!" I felt a tidal wave of emotion, almost hitting my limit, and I forcefully shook him off.

I had never shown such temper before Bryant, and he was shocked. Seizing the moment, I headed straight for the elevator.

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Bursting into the ward, Margaret looked far from troubled, lounging on the sofa, her legs propped up on the coffee table, enjoying the fruit. To those in the know, she was at the hospital. To those not, it appeared she was vacationing at a five-star hotel.

Her shock at my abrupt entrance was evident as she hastily lowered her legs. "What's the matter? What if you scared my baby?"

"Did you take Timothy's pills?" I walked straight in, cutting to the chase.

I She stiffened for a moment, looking at me in disbelief. "You think I want to harm Timothy?"

"Just answer me. Where are Timothy's meds?"

"Well, how would I know? Maybe Timothy took them out and placed them somewhere, or perhaps they fell out on the way to the hospital!"

At her words, I paused. Indeed, the entire process of getting Timothy to OM

the hospital was chaotic and crowded.

too rash.

I sighed softly. "For Timothy's sake, I hope this has nothing to do with you."

"And if it does, what's next? You gonna play Sherlock?" Margaret m

retorted with a sneer Suddenly, her O

expression changed, and, she clutched her belly, collapsing onto the sofa as, if feeling painfully unwell.

Startled, I was about to call for a doctor when Bryant pushed past me, rushing to Margaret. "Are you okay? I'll get a doctor."

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"No need..." Margaret tugged at Bryant's sleeve. "I st want you to stay with me for a little while, okay? If not, you might as well let me die in pain!"

"Well, guess you'll have to die in pain then." Despite his words, Bryant pulled a long face and got her a glass of water, his tone chilly. "Drink more water."

Margaret snorted. "Water doesn't cure anything."

I stumbled, nearly falling over, and when I looked up, it was their natural interaction unfolding before me, one pretending, the other willing to believe.

After Timothy was rushed to the ICU, considering his health, the doctors advised against visiting him.

I could only stand at the door, watching through the glass. The usually kind and gentle Timothy had to breathe through an oxygen mask then, making me unbearably upset.

Suddenly, I noticed Timothy's fingers seemed to move.

excitedly turned to Gary. "Gary, did Timothy just move?"

"Yes, yes! You're right. He's still moving." Gary was just as hyped up.

We hadn't expected Timothy to wake up so soon, and the surprise and joy rushed me to find a doctor. Halfway there, the alarm of the heart monitor screeched. "ICU Room 1, prepare for resuscitation!"

There was no need for me to call out. The chief of medicine was personally on duty tonight. Hearing the noise, the chief immediately led the doctors and nurses running toward the ICU, their faces grim as they entered.

I stood frozen in the hallway, and my mind went blank. I couldn't help but think, 'What's happening? Timothy moved, didn't he? In TV dramas, if the patient moves, isn't it a sign of improvement, a sign they will wake up?'

In an instant, the world spun around me. I steadied myself on a nearby chair, barely managing to stay upright.

Doctors and nurses rushed to fetch medication and perform resuscitation.

It seemed even the emergency room was too far away. Though the hospital was heated, I felt chilled to the bone.

Soon enough, the chief of medicine came out in less than five minutes or perhaps three. Before the chief could speak, I asked, full of hope, "Timothy's okay now, right? He must be, right?"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Ferguson. We did everything we could." He spoke with regret, "Timothy is now awake. He's asked for you."

I

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Chapter 110

Tears cascaded down my cheeks. I couldn't wait another second, wiping my eyes as I ran into the ICU room,

Seeing Timothy lying on the bed, looking at me as kindly as he didn't during the day, forced a smile, holding Timothy's hand. "Timothy, you're awake."

"Hmm." Timothy's voice was incredibly weak, barely audible. "Jane, joining the Ferguson family must have been hard on you."

"Not at all, not in the slightest." I shook my head vigorously, tears uncontrollable. "Marrying into the Ferguson family, having you as my family, is my blessing. I had no parents, but you gave me loving elders."

"Silly girl, why cry? Everyone will go through birth, aging, sickness, and death." Timothy tried to pat my hand but lacked the strength, glancing behind me. "Where's Bryant?"

"He..." I immediately reached for my phone, intending to call Bryant.

Timothy said, "Never mind. It's too late. There are some things that are better off being shared only with you."

"Please tell me," I urged, stopping and listening intently to Timothy's words, afraid to miss one.