

# Lost Me Gained Regret #Chapter 21 - Read Lost Me Gained Regret Chapter 21

Chapter 21

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Holding the phone, I was unable to speak for a long while. I wanted to ask something, but it seemed utterly pointless.

Where he had gone was obvious without saying. I had made it clear to him there wouldn't be a next time. So, that was his choice, right?

After all, adults understand the art of choice, weighing the pros and cons.

After his deliberation, I was the one left behind Subconsciously, my hand drifted to my stomach, and suddenly, I wondered if I should keep this child.

Once decided, cutting ties with him would become nearly impossible, even if I wanted to. The custody of the child would be a huge issue.

On the other end, he called out, "Jane?"

"Yeah." I didn't say much more. Or rather, I didn't want to exchange another unnecessary word with him at that moment.

After breakfast, I drove to the hospital & had wanted Bryant to accompany me, thinking it would be a happy surprise.

I didn't bother Emma. It was not like I was already heavily pregnant and couldn't move. Maybe it was the turmoil in my thoughts, but I didn't react in time when a car unexpectedly cut in front of me. There was a loud crash.

After I regained my senses, I felt the world spinning, and I dialed Bryant's number with the remaining strength.

After we got married, the first thing I did was set him as my emergency o contact.

"Bryant was my husband now.' The thought alone was enough to keep me overjoyed for a long time, eager to do something to manifest dur relationship.

But after much thought, all I could come up with was setting the emergency contact. And Bryant didn't even know about it. It was a celebration for me only.

Just like now, the phone rang for what seemed like an eternity, but I got no answer.

The pain started to radiate from my stomach, and when thinking of the child, panic seized

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'Bryant, please pick up the phone!' I prayed in my heart.

ally, the call went through.

Finally,

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## Chapter 21

But instead of Bryant's, Margaret's soft and sweet voice came from the other end. "Jane what's the matter? Didn't Bryant tell you he's too busy to bother with you today?"

Her voice, sharp and swift like a knife, plunged deep into my chest, leaving me bleeding out.

I couldn't breathe. Tears streamed down my face, and my fingers trembled uncontrollably. I never imagined that years of love could, in a moment, be tainted with hate:...

Feeling drained by my loathing, darkness enveloped me, pulling me into an abyss.

When I woke up, my eyes met a sea of white.

The IV drip-fed medicine into my veins, leaving a cool sensation on the back of my hand.

Memories of before I lost consciousness flooded back, and I instinctively touched my stomach, still feeling a dull ache.

'My child... With each passing second, the agony intensified. I abruptly sat up, intending to find a doctor.

"Jane!" The door to the room burst open, and upon seeing me trying to get up, Christine rushed in, pressing me back down, panic-stricken. "Don't move. You're still on the IV. Do you not want your hand anymore?"

I was never one to cry easily, but I

thinking of my child, I couldn't help myself. I looked up into Christine's worried eyes, and tears rolled down my cheeks uncontrollably.

"Christine, my baby..."

I regretted it all. Thinking back to before I left the house, I had been contemplating whether to keep the child, and I was overwhelmed with guilt.

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It was my child. He must have searched the heavens far and wide before choosing me to be his mom. And here I was, wrestling with the decision to keep him.

Christine gently cleaned my tears, embracing me with a warmth she seldom showed in public. "Why the tears? Your baby's doing just fine, very well-behaved and tough."

"Really?" I asked in surprise.

"Of course, it's true. Don't you believe me? Ask the nurse," Christine said.

The nurse, who had come in with her, chuckled helplessly. "Don't just worry about the baby. You hit your head, and though we've bandaged the cut on your forehead, we haven't done a CT scan because of the pregnancy. How do you feel now? Any severe dizziness?"

"I'm okay." I nodded, feeling only slightly woozy.

"That's good. Once you finish with the IV, you can go home to rest. Just come back to the hospital if you feel unwell." While patting my shoulder reassuringly, the nurse added, "Just take care of yourself. That's the best way to look after your baby."

With that, she left.

When hearing that, my tense nerves finally relaxed, and I hugged Christine, my whimpers low, crying out all my grievances and frustrations.

Eventually, as my emotions steadied, Christine let go of me, pulled a chair, and sat beside me.

She looked visibly shaken. "You scared the hell out of me, you know? Weren't you supposed to take Bryant to the cemetery today? Why were you alone in the car? Where's Bryant?"

If the hospital hadn't called your emergency contact while I was on the phone with you, you'd be here all alone, and nobody would have known if something happened!

I saw the dashcam footage. You could've easily avoided that car with your reflexes, but you didn't. What were you thinking? You could've killed yourself."

Christine's voice rose with each word, her eyes reddening, turning away to clean her tears, clearly frightened by the ordeal.

I wanted to calm her down, to assure her I was okay. But all I could muster was a faint, "Chris, I've made up my mind."

Christine looked at me, puzzled. "What?"

"I want a divorce." I exhaled deeply, feeling a sense of relief I hadn't felt in weeks, "It's over between me and Bryant."

Christine stared at me in disbelief before finally speaking, "Are you sure about this?"

I replied affirmatively, "Yeah."

It had been seven years. Seven years of genuine affection wasted on someone who never showed the slightest concern, not even once. It was laughable how I envied Margaret every time Bryant lost his temper with her.

It was just too pitiful.

And I know, deep down, he would get stirred by Margaret all the time. If I didn't come to my senses today, he would eventually. So, why demean myself any further?

Christine suddenly raised an eyebrow. "Talk about a silver lining. A car accident knocked some sense into you. I should've gotten you into one sooner."

"What about the baby? Does he know about the baby?" Christine began to ponder the logistics of the divorce.

"He doesn't know." A bitter smile played on my lips as I replied, "I was planning to tell him today."

It was my third try, three times I'd attempted to tell Bryant about my pregnancy, and each time I got the cold shoulder.

Maybe it just wasn't meant to be.

And I was relieved that I never got the chance to tell him, which would make our divorce cleaner and smoother.

The odds of running into him post-divorce were slim to none in a city as vast as RiverCity. He might go his whole life without knowing about the child we could've shared.

Hearing my thoughts, Christine agreed, "No kid wants a deadbeat dad. Keeping it from him is the right call."

Leaving the hospital around 2:30 PM, Christine linked arms with me, steering us toward the parking lot. "Your car's at Dave's Garage, getting fixed after that nasty crash. It'll take about a week. I'll go with you to pick it up. Until then, just hit me up wherever you need to go, and your driver, Christine, is at your service."

I couldn't help but laugh and cry at the same time. "You'll hover around me all day, not working? Don't worry. I've got another car."

Bryant might not have given me much in the way of love, but he never skimmed on the material things like a house, a car, and much money. But all I ever wanted was love.

"The doc said you need to rest and keep an eye on things for a couple more days, and here you are, talking about driving. In your dreams," Christine playfully scolded, stopping herself just in time from poking my forehead, mindful of the bandage there.

As we drove off, Christine almost lit a cigarette but then remembered I was pregnant and put it back. "I was thinking we could visit the cemetery, but with the shock you've had, plus being pregnant, better not. Focus on settling things with Bryant for now. Once everything's settled, we can pay respects to your folks."

"Sounds good." I agreed.

The drive home felt different this time. Soon, it wouldn't be my home anymore. Someone else would live there, erasing every trace of me. Soon enough, Bryant would probably forget about me, the person once in his life.

...

Back home, I realized my phone was dead. Charging it, I saw many missed calls. They were all from Bryant. It was the first time he'd called so much, especially after I'd decided on divorce.

There was also a photo from an unknown number, the same one that sent me a video half a month ago.

In the photo, Bryant, CEO of Ferguson Group, was holding popcorn and an ice cream cone, standing close to Margaret. The timestamp showed the photo was taken right before I woke up in the hospital. So, they were on a date. Bryant left his hospital-bound wife behind to go on a date with his old flame.

How touching. A bitter smile spread across my lips as I sat by the window, phone in hand, lost in thought.

He didn't come home.

In the evening, Emma invited me for dinner. The meal tasted like cardboard.

Thinking of the child, I forced myself to take some pasta and shrimp and wiped my mouth with a napkin before heading upstairs.

After calling Christine, I began to pack my belongings.

Three years wasn't long, but I'd accumulated quite a bit. I didn't want anyone else handling my stuff, nor did I want to leave anything behind to bother them. So, I packed everything into suitcases.

"Mrs. Ferguson..." While passing by my room, Emma spotted the large suitcases and asked, "Are you going on a trip abroad?"

"No." I shook my head softly, "I'm moving out. If I leave anything behind, could you please keep it for me? I'll arrange for a courier to pick it up."

Emma was stunned. "Why move out all of a sudden? Did you and Mr. Bryant fight? I'll call Mr. Timothy right now. He'll talk some sense into Mr. Bryant!"

"Emma, Timothy's blood pressure hasn't been stable. He can't be stressed. Besides, we didn't fight. It's just that I don't want to be with him anymore."

'How would he fight with me? I am not even worth the effort.' I mocked myself inwardly.

After hearing that, Emma could only watch me anxiously, wanting to say something. But she knew better since she had seen firsthand the state of my marriage with Bryant over the past three years.

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I had fooled myself into thinking that was what Bryant was, but deep down, I knew Emma was aware of the history between Bryant and Margaret. Emma couldn't find the words.

persuade me otherwise.

When I zipped up the last of my suitcases, a car engine finally broke the silence in the yard.

Bryant was back. Perhaps Emma had said something to him as he stormed up the stairs, his gaze landing on the line of suitcases before settling on my forehead, his voice surprisingly hoarse. "What happened to your forehead?"

I let out a self-deprecating laugh. "Nothing. Just had an accident while you were out on your date."

His usually impassive eyes flickered with surprise.

Standing by the bed, I clenched my hands. "Bryant, we need to..."

"We need to get a divorce, I said silently.

I had made up my mind, knowing there was no turning back. But seeing the man I'd loved- for seven years, my throat closed up, making it hard to utter those words.

Was it him I was clinging to, or just the passionate version of myself when I was in love with him?

"Jane!" Bryant's sharp call cut through my words. He closed the distance in a few strides and wrapped his arms around me. "This is your home. Where do you think you're going with all these suitcases?"

"Don't touch me!" I was hit by a mix of woodsy cologne and women's perfume, making my stomach churn, "Let me go, Bryant!"

"I won't." His grip was firm, rendering my struggles futile.

A sense of helplessness washed over me. I took a deep breath. "Why bother? I'm willing to step aside for you two. Just let me go, will you?"

He buried his head in the crook of my neck, his voice tight with tension. "Jane, I never thought about divorcing you."



"Really?" I wanted to laugh but couldn't. My emotions surged, and I shouted hysterically, "But I've had enough. I'm tired of living like this I don't want a marriage that's always being interfered with by another person!"

"It won't happen again, I promise." He held me so tightly yet seemed afraid of hurting me, loosening his grip just a bit.

"It won't?" I seized the moment to push him away, looking at him with rage, "Remember?"

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Chapter 24

You said the same thing a week ago. And I told you there wouldn't be a next time."

He probably thought I was speaking in the heat of the moment. He didn't realize that more than anything, I was telling myself. If there was a next time, I couldn't continue to fall deeper.

He closed his eyes briefly. "Margaret attempted suicide this morning and ended up in the hospital. I just wanted to check on her."

wall

"I know." I shrugged, trying to sound casual. "I know all about it. Her mother saved you and after her attempt of course, you had to see her. You must have been a bit but couldn't help but give in when she continued to make a scene. She told you to spend

upset the day with her, and she wouldn't bother you again."

I continued under Bryant's inscrutable gaze, "You probably didn't believe her, but you indulged her anyway Bryant, only you know why. I can't guess. Whatever the reason, I'm tired of being caught in the middle. Bryant, let's get a divorce." As those words fell, the air seemed to freeze.

Bryant's towering frame stiffened, his eyes fixed on me like a hawk.

After a moment, a mocking tone replaced the warmth in his voice. "Is it because he's back?"

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"What? You're kidding, right?" I was utterly stunned.

Bryant just shrugged casually. "I mean, Mark."

"That night, wasn't it him who dropped you off? He had just flown back from abroad, and you couldn't wait to see him." His tone was a mix of sarcasm and self-mockery.

I furrowed my brows, looking at him in disbelief and asked, "Are you saying I have a crush on Mark?"

"Isn't it obvious?" Bryant's lips twisted into a bitter smile, cold and mocking. It felt like a slap in the face.

A wave of anger, nothing I'd ever felt before, surged through me, and I slapped Bryant hard across the face. "Bryant, you bastard!"

Despite trying to hold it back, tears streamed down my face. I found myself crying, then, absurdly, starting to laugh. It was all just so ridiculous.

To think, after all these years of being hopelessly devoted to him, it all came down to him insinuating I wanted a divorce because of another man.

How pathetic it was.

Christine appeared out of nowhere, followed by Steven.

"Come on, let's get out of here," Christine said, pulling me along. She shot Steven, who looked utterly shocked, a look of annoyance. "What are you waiting for? Grab the luggage. Did you think you were here to watch a soap opera?"

Steven glanced at the suitcases, then at me, then at Bryant, then back at Christine. He looked lost.

Turning back to Bryant, his voice barely above whisper, he stammered, "Bry, Bryant?"

I felt like I was on pins and needles until Bryant finally said with an inscrutable expression, "Just do it."

After seven years of having a crush on him and three years of being married never thought it would end in such an embarrassing way

It seemed when people felt guilty, they lashed out first. Bryant was no exception.

While driving us away, Steven hesitated before saying, "Are you "Are you going to divorce Bryant?" "What's it to you? Just auve Christine rolled her eyes at him, then explained, "You called

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I had scripted the scene in my mind. I would propose divorce, and Bryant would readily agree. It would be dignified yet simple.

"Did he say something?" Christine asked.

"He said..." Just thinking about his words choked me up. "He said I was into Mark." "Wait, what?" Christine was flabbergasted and burst into laughter out of sheer frustration. "How does his brain even work? Back in college, Steven and the guys could tell you were into Bryant and even asked me about it. And now he thinks you're into Mark?"

"That's why I couldn't hold back. I hit Bryant." I looked down, feeling a bit wrong as if all my efforts over the past seven never years had been futile. Or perhaps his thoughts ha lingered on me, so he couldn't even discern who I had feelings for.

Soon after, our food delivery arrived.

Christine brought in two huge bags of groceries, meticulously placing them in the empty fridge.

I moved to help, but she pushed my hand away. "Did you forget you're pregnant? Just sit down."

"I never knew you had a homemaker side to you, I joked.

"Taking care of pregnant women starts with me," she quipped back, finishing up tidily before grabbing a couple of beers and leaning on my shoulder, slowly sipping.

The lights outside shone brilliantly. We fell into a long silence.

Eventually, Christine burped softly and asked, Jane, do you think there are any good men in this world?"

"There are," I assured her, recalling how wonderful my father was and how often I saw happiness on my mother's face. People say you can tell how good a husband is by looking at his wife.

Christine squinted her eyes, smiling mischievously. "Then I'll pray day and night that the next guy you fall for is good."

"What about you?" I asked.

She smirked, shaking her head mysteriously don't care because... I'm not exactly a good woman myself!" Laughing at her declaration.

\*Jane,

"Who says..." Before I could finish, she drunkenly hugged my shoulder, continuing, don't be sad. What's the big deal about divorce? The world keeps spinning without anyone. You'll be better off without Bryant. Don't worry. Just focus on your pregnancy. Once the baby is born, we'll raise her together. The love I can give might surpass what

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Chapter 26

Bryant, that bastard, could offer..."

Her words were comforting and empowering, even as tears rolled down my cheeks.

Christine didn't leave the next day, helping me pack up my belongings and bringing warmth back to the cold, empty house.

On Monday, we went to the Ferguson Group together. She went to work, and I went to resign.

She didn't quite agree with my resignation at first. "Why should you resign?"

"Out of sight, out of mind," I replied.

She nodded, understanding my point, especially considering my pregnancy.

Somehow getting wind of the news, Margaret waited in my office, com assuming the posture of a victor.

"Heard Bryant wants a divorce, huh?"

Jane, you weren't all that, after all."

"I left him." Clutching my hands and stepping forward in my comfortable flats, I said calmly, "Trash should stay with trash."

"You..." Margaret fumed, but then, as if a new thought struck her, she changed her tune. "Whatever. Since you're divorcing, shouldn't you return the shares Bryant gave you?"

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We were still technically married, yet she was eager to move on.

The shares were just too hot to handle, their value skyrocketing. And I never wanted to keep them.

But the thought of making Margaret happy too soon was something I couldn't stomach.

I frowned slightly. "And who are you to ask?"

Margaret laughed lightly, her posture oozing superiority. "You're not planning on hoarding the shares, are you? Those were a gift from Bryant to his wife. Once you two are divorced, they're no longer yours!"

"Have you not seen a doctor yet?" I asked, feigning confusion, then added, "It's best to treat illnesses early. Otherwise, when it gets to the point where drugs aren't working, the only choice left might end up being a loony bin!"

She narrowed her eyes. "Jane, are you calling me a psycho?"

I couldn't be bothered to argue further and asked, "You got my resignation letter, right? Please expedite its approval."

"As if I needed your reminder. I submitted it to HR last night," she was itching for me to be out of the picture as soon as possible.

I didn't respond further and sat at my desk, sorting through things that needed handing over.

Bryant probably wanted me gone as soon as possible, too. Resigning seemed to be just a matter of days away.

Seeing her words did not affect me, Margaret became agitated. "Even if it means breaking the sky, you must return those shares. Don't be shameless!"

Just then, Linda came in with a coffee for me. Without looking up, I instructed, "Please take this to Mr. Ferguson's office."

In the presence of others, Margaret couldn't lash out, even though she was fuming. But it wasn't long before I heard a commotion from her office. Surprisingly, I still didn't get my resignation approved after the lawyer drafted the divorce agreement I had just printed the divorce agreement, preparing to have Bryant sign it when Linda burst in "Jane, this is juicy gossip!" She closed the door mystically I heard Mr. Timothy is here! He gave Mr. Bryant a real talking to in the CEO's office. To think that even someone like Mr. Bryant could get a scolding! But if Bryant's doing such a great job and the

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## Chapter 27

business is rolling along, why would he..."

I felt a heavy weight on my chest, thinking Timothy most likely knew about our impending divorce. I had planned to finalize the divorce and find the right moment to have a heart-to-heart with him. But it seems I couldn't keep it hidden.

I didn't want to get involved. But, considering Timothy's health, I took the elevator with the divorce agreement.

The elevator went straight to the executive floor, where I could faintly hear shouts from the CEO's office.

Everyone knew about Bryant's temper, and with Kevin guarding the door, they all kept to themselves, t\t\t working diligently to avoid getting in the crossfire.

"Director Webster!" Seeing me approach, Kevin whispered as if he had seen a lifeline) "You're finally here. Please, go in and talk some sense into Mr. Timothy."

"Okay." I nodded, about to push the door open, when I heard Bryant's cold, frustrated voice.

"Grandpa, what more do you want from me? You asked me to marry her, and I did. You asked me to treat her well. And now, the whole world knows I've done so. You wanted me to transfer Mom's shares to her, and I didn't hesitate. Haven't I always followed your wishes?"

Timothy snapped. "Is it all just about following my wishes? Is it all my fault? Ask yourself. Do you not have any feelings for Jane?"

\*Yes! It's all about following your wishes. When will you stop meddling in my life?"

Bryant shouted.

After hearing that unequivocal response, my head spun, my body swaying slightly.

So, the harmonious facade of our three-year marriage was just him complying with his grandfather's requests.

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So, he didn't want to hand over that share to me.

Jane, you mean nothing in his heart.' I mocked myself in my heart.

"Grandpa!" Suddenly, Bryant's voice, raised in alarm, filled the office.

Snapping back to reality, I didn't hesitate. I burst through the door and saw Timothy clutching his chest, struggling for breath. His old condition was acting up again.

"Help him sit down." I rushed in, alongside Bryant, to support Timothy into a seat, then expertly fished out his medication from the inner pocket of his jacket. "Water."

While instructing Bryant, I popped two pills into Timothy's mouth.

Bryant looked surprised. "How did you know where Grandpa's medicine was?"

"There's a lot you don't know," I said, thinking to myself, 'Like the person I love is you.'

Soon enough, Timothy's color started to get better.

"Timothy, are you okay? Do you want us to call a doctor?" I asked softly.

Timothy waved off the idea, gently patting my hand. Once he felt better, he turned a cold gaze toward Bryant. "Don't even think about divorce. I chose Jane for you. No mistakes there!"

Bryant glanced at me. "I wasn't the one who brought up divorce. Why are you getting mad at me?"

"Jane mentioned it?" Timothy asked.

"Yeah, it was me." I chimed in.

Timothy raised his hand and landed a firm smack on Bryant's shoulder, angrily saying, "What have you done? With her sweet nature and her devotion to you, you still drove her to want a divorce. You better do some serious self-reflection. I tell you, my granddaughter-in-law, I only acknowledge Jane. Don't even think about bringing any random flings into our home!"

Bryant was speechless, his eyes wide as he looked at me. "What kind of spell have you cast on Grandpa?"

"Thoughtless fool." Grandpa was fuming, "When you two just got married, and you were busy with the corporation matters, do you know who was running back and forth in the hospital taking care of me when I fell ill?"

Bryant answered, "Wasn't my dad..."

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"Humph, whether your dad is a good son, you know best. Relying on him is worse

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## Chapter 28

hiring a few more servants. But servants are far less attentive than Jane. Timothy's voice was stern. "The doctor said I could only have liquid food. Back then, even though Jane wasn't good at cooking she constantly gave the kitchen new recipes to try, and even the nutritionist was impressed by her dedication. The doctor wanted me to sunbathe daily. Knowing I wouldn't listen to the servants, she would visit the hospital regularly to ensure I got my sunshine! After I got discharged, she would visit The Ferguson Mansion now and then to see me. Do you think she knows where my medication is by chance? She instructed the servants to always have it ready in my pocket."

Bryant's lips tightened, his gaze landing on me. "Why didn't you tell me about this?"

How could I? Back when we first got married, we were practically strangers. I had no clue about his daily whereabouts, and he showed no interest in mine. We barely saw each other once a week. Besides, looking after Timothy is just because he's always been good to me, not about sucking up to anyone.

After having some water, Timothy patiently asked, "Jane, are you set on divorcing him?"

"Timothy..." I hesitated, fearing that it might upset Timothy again.

Timothy just looked at me gently. "Just tell me. Do you still love him in your heart?"

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## Chapter 29

## Chapter 29



Hearing that, I realized another person was fixing his piercing gaze on me besides Timothy.

The question made it suddenly hard for me to speak. I didn't want to lie to Timothy, but he would never let us go through with the divorce if I told the truth.

After hesitating for what felt like ages and before I could even open my mouth, Timothy seemed to understand, saying, "Fine, I tit. Consider this doing me a favor. Growing up without his mom around, this kid ended up with a bit of a rough edge. Don't hold it against him too much."

Then, Timothy grabbed Bryant by the ear. "If you think I'm living too long and getting in way, you might as well just annoy me to death already. Once I'm gone, you can divorce without me interfering!"

"Are you resorting to threats of dying now?" Bryant said with a half-smile.

"How dare you talk to me like that?!" Flaring up, Timothy attempted to swat him again, but Bryant dodged, capitulating, I get your point. I don't mind. Ask her."

He had that same carefree attitude. After saying that, he glanced at his watch, "I've got a meeting."

And just like that, he left as if it was the most natural thing, leaving me alone with Timothy. After a moment, Timothy spoke earnestly, "Sweetie, I'm not trying to force you into anything. But I don't want to see you regret it. You've got a place for him in your heart Then, pointing at his own heart. "I can see it clear as day. That Margaret is too complicated, not right for Bryant."

"But Bryant likes Margaret," I said.

"He can't even see his own heart." Timothy slowly got up. "But you, one day, you'll clearly. Promise me. Give it another try with him, will you?"

At that point, I couldn't say much, so I just agreed for the moment.

After Timothy left, I placed the divorce agreement on the table, staring blankly at the words, Divorce Agreement.

"Didn't see you had it in you to play hard to get his usually casual voice broke the silence. Bryant had returned from his meeting.

I frowned, asking. "What do you mean?"

His tone was mocking. "If you wanted a divorce, why bring i up to Grandpa so fast?"

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## Chapter 20

I was surprised. "You think I told Timothy?"

"Who else would it be?" Bryant sneered.

Holding back the bitterness, I pushed the divorce agreement toward him, emphasizing every word, "Please sign this so we can wrap up the divorce."

A flicker of surprise crossed his calm face. "Didn't you promise Grandpa you weren't going to divorce?"

"I did." I spoke softly, "But that doesn't change our decision to divorce now. We only have to keep it from Timothy."

Just the thought of everything I heard made it impossible for me to consider continuing to be with Bryant. Pleading wasn't my style.

Bryant seemed almost amused by my impatience. "Can't wait, huh? Your lover pressuring you?"

I looked at him hopelessly. "Bryant, not everyone can cheat within their marriage and remain guilt-free like you."

Bryant looked stunned. "I cheated?"

"Didn't you?" I spelled it out for him,

"Claiming it's all to repay a debt, but in reality? You left your newlywed wife for her coming home late night after night, breaking promises for her! Covering up cheating with a facade of gratitude doesn't make it any less wrong!"

He paused, slightly shocked. "So, you can't stand Margaret? Or is it jealousy?"

That just made no sense.

I forced myself to calm down and handed Bryant the pen. "It doesn't matter any Bryant, sign."

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## Chapter 30

## Chapter 30

His face was dark with displeasure as he picked up the document and gave it a cursory glance, his voice laced with scrutiny. "So, all you want is that house?"

"Yes, I replied.

Though a gift from Bryant, that house had seen much of my heart and effort in its decoration. Beyond that, I wanted nothing else, The house would provide a place for my baby and me to live. Everything else, while not extravagant, was enough to ensure a decent life for my child.

That way, even if the truth about my baby's lineage came out one day, I could firmly establish a boundary between him and the Ferguson family. After all, the Ferguson family hadn't spent a dime on raising him.

"Fine, I'll sign it when I get a chance," Bryant said, tossing the document into a drawer.

I frowned. "Aren't you free right now?"

It would only take a moment to sign.

Bryant's face remained impassive. "I need to have my lawyer look it over first."

I lowered my gaze. "Okay, just make it quick."

With those words, I headed straight back to my office.

The divorce was settled. And all that was left was to resign.

I dialed the HR department. "Hello, sir, this is Jane. I was wondering why I hadn't got resignation approval yet?"

The director said, "Ah, about that. Mr. Ferguson said it was not to be approved. Sorry, I must've been too busy the past few days and forgot to reply to your email."

Bryant refused?

He should be, like Margaret, eager to see me go.

I had no choice but to call Bryant. "The director of the HR department said you rejected my resignation?"

"If you want to keep things from Grandpa, continuing to work at Ferguson Group is the least you can do. Otherwise, Grandpa might get suspicious." His reasoning was sound.

After hanging up, I pondered, "Wasn't it rejected days ago? B But Timothy othy only visited today." Thinking it over, I felt increasingly agitated. I couldn't figure out what

Bryant was thinking. The slight turmoil in my heart settled by evening, especially after seeing Bryant and

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Chapter 30

Margaret leaving the office together.

He hadn't signed the divorce agreement yet, and there they were, seemingly in harmony.

I went to the supermarket, did some grocery shopping, and returned to my new place, determined to cook a hearty meal for myself and the baby.

I used the culinary skills I acquired for Bryant to look after myself. Not bad at all.

A spicy fish fillet dish and a pitcher of corn juice were perfect to soothe the heat. It felt good to cook to my taste.

For the past three years, I'd learned to cook but always tailored to Bryant's preferences. He had a sensitive stomach and preferred bland food, but I've always loved spicy food.

After dinner, I took a walk downstairs to help digest the meal.

"My baby, Mommy is trying my best to live a good life. I thought, 'So, it's okay if we don't have a daddy, right?'"

That night, after a bath, my phone rang while I was half asleep in bed. It was Steven.

I answered groggily, "Hello, what's up?"

Steven said on the other end, "Jarie, Bryant's drunk and refusing to leave with anyone else, Can you come and help?"

I sobered up a bit. "You know we're getting divorced. Call Margaret."

Margaret would surely make him listen.

"But you're not divorced yet, so you're still Bryant's wife. How can I ask another wo to pick him up? Please, Jane, I'm begging you."

"Steven..." Before I could say more, the call ended.

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