

Lost Me, Gained Regret (Jane and Bryant Ferguson)

Chapter 211

Before heading out to the city hall, Christine grabbed me by the shoulders, giving my lips a coat of bold red lipstick. "Big celebrations call for bright and fiery vibes. There you go!" After applying it, she looked satisfied, waving me off with a smile. I couldn't help but laugh, feeling a sudden lift in my spirits. Indeed, wasn't this what I had been longing for? I perked up and went out, arriving at the town hall at 2 PM.

After waiting for him countless times over three years, I wasn't keen on doing it again. Yet, as I stepped out of the car, there was no sign of Bryant. It seemed I was waiting for him once more. Thankfully, he didn't keep me waiting for too long. A few minutes later, a tall figure stepped out of a sleek black Maybach. His presence was imposing, and his gaze icy, clearly in a foul mood.

Since we headed toward divorce, he'd stopped hiding his true self. Gone was the gentle and reserved facade he used to put up.

However, he wasn't alone. Two more figures emerged from the car. Arm in arm with Teresa, Margaret followed behind Bryant, oblivious that he was aware of their petty schemes.

Ignoring them, Bryant walked straight up to me without pause. "You were so eager for a divorce, weren't you? Let's get on with it then."

"Oh." I glanced at Teresa and Margaret behind him and smirked, "What's this? Planning on swapping your divorce papers for a marriage license today, are you? You're going out of your way to prevent your da from being charged with bigamy."

His eyes narrowed, his voice flat, "Were you so sarcastic before?"

"I used to love you, remember?"

How deeply I loved him, to the point where I lost myself. How could I bear to utter harsh words to him?

He paused, his emotions unreadable in the dim light of the town hall. "And now? You don't love me at all?"

His tone was so indifferent as if he was asking if I wasn't the slightest bit hungry.

Caught off guard by his question, I looked away to hide my feelings. I pointed to the ticket machine as we reached the town hall's entrance. "I'll go get a number."

"No need." His voice barely faded when a middle-aged man in a sharp suit approached us from the office area. "Mr. Ferguson, right this way, please."

"Right." With a slight nod, Bryant glanced at me, his words cutting, "Aren't you in a hurry? Let's save you some time in the queue then."

I couldn't help but smile. "I never realized how considerate you could be."

Unlike the sarcasm he'd thrown earlier, my praise was genuine.

His past displays of tenderness never seemed sincere, just superficial acts. He'd never truly cared for what I needed. It was somewhat ironic that I got to experience his thoughtfulness during our divorce.

The middle-aged man led us into an office, gathered our documents, and brought in the papers for us to sign. In no time, we were about to get our fresh divorce certificates.

Everything was smooth until Bryant received a phone call just after we'd signed the papers. His phone rang insistently. "Speak."

Whatever he heard on the other end made him stand up abruptly after just a few seconds, his voice icy cold as he addressed the middle-aged official, "We're not going through with this today!"

His tone was so chilling that it sent shivers down my spine. He then made to leave swiftly. Something urgent must have come up.

I stood up, too, a strong sense of foreboding washing over me. "Why? We're almost done. Are you going back on your word again?"

"Why?" He turned to face me, his gaze piercing as if laced with venom. With each word strained, he pushed out, "Don't you know why, Jane? You say I'm going back on my word, but how are you any better?" His anger felt like it was about to engulf me.

Chapter 212

I was totally confused and shot back, "What do you mean?"

His expression was icy, cutting through the air like a knife. "Cut the act."

Confused and increasingly irritated, I shot back, "Excuse me? What are you talking about? I haven't done anything wrong!"

"Denying it till the bitter end, huh?" Bryant's lips curved in a smirk, his demeanor turning even more intimidating. He flicked his phone several times and aimed it at me, "Take a look. Your masterpiece, isn't it?"

I was momentarily stunned and turned my gaze to his phone screen. It was a trending topic that had exploded online just minutes ago. And there it was, a scandal involving Albert and Margaret. There was even a video. The thumbnail showed last night's scene in the Larson family's backyard.

I recognized it instantly, a chill running down my spine. I clicked on it, wondering if it was the video I had taken, but it was already offline. It got blocked.

And to add to the fire, images were floating around of Bryant and Margaret looking too close for comfort. The online backlash was ugly. Bryant sneered, "Nothing to say now?"

My mind was a mess, but I denied it. "I didn't do this. Bryant, I'm not that stupid. Even if I were to spill the beans, it wouldn't be now."

In reality, I was indeed plotting to spill the beans, but not before those divorce papers were firmly in my grasp.

"Then how did the video end up online?" Bryant pressed, his gaze piercing. "Or maybe you had a little viewing party last night?"

That was when it clicked.

Gregory!

But I wasn't sure if it was him.

And I knew, no matter what I said, Bryant wouldn't believe me. "It doesn't matter if you believe me or not. We're here now. Just get the papers, and let's end this."

"You think I'd let you off that easy?" His voice was cold, his smirk mocking. "Jane, keep dreaming."

With that, he turned and walked away.

I took a deep breath, watching his retreating figure, my frustration boiling. "Fine, it doesn't matter if you don't cooperate. The law says I can divorce you unilaterally after two years of separation. We'll wait it out then."

I had all the time in the world. Bryant was the one in a hurry to remarry, not me.

He paused, his voice cold as ice, "Remember your words!"

Fuming, I reached for my phone to confront Gregory but realized I had forgotten I didn't have his contact.

As Bryant walked out, Margaret and Teresa, eagerly waiting outside, ran to him with bright smiles. Whatever they said, Bryant didn't even spare them a glance and left swiftly.

Timothy had passed away not long ago, and the Ferguson Group was stabilizing. The scandal was the last thing they needed.

Ignoring Margaret and Teresa, they didn't chase after Bryant but came to gloat before me.

Blocked at the office door, Margaret lifted her chin, a smug smile on her face. "What did you say to Bry? He seemed furious about getting those divorce papers."

They were so eager to see us separated that they hadn't even checked their phones to see their reputations crumbling.

Teresa was even more delusional, oblivious that her daughter had disgraced them, a shame known to all. Putting on airs, she reached out, "Bry left in such a hurry. He didn't show me the divorce papers. Show me yours to put our minds at rest."

Read Chapter 213

Chapter 213

I would just be pissed off if it were any other day.

But right then, their antics were just hilariously pathetic, and it made all the irritation I was feeling evaporate.

I chuckled and tossed two words back at them. "Not divorced."

Their smug smiles froze instantly. Ever the skeptic, Margaret scoffed, "How is that possible? Bry went out of his way to alert the town hall, insisting on getting the divorce certificate with you as soon as possible Cut the act, Jane. A divorce is nothing to be ashamed of."

I just shrugged, playing it cool. "Guess Bryant had a change of heart. You know, 'til death do us part and all that jazz. Not everyone can live up to those vows."

"Jane, how can you be so..." Margaret glared at me, wishing to claw my eyes out, but Teresa cut her off, "For heaven's sake, Margaret, you're thirty. Why do you let her get under your skin like this?" Then, Teresa turned to me with a curious look, "Is that true?"

I shrugged. "Why don't you check?"

And she did. Striding into the office with all the entitlement in the world, she announced, "I'm Bryant's mother."

I wondered if she could be any more shameless.

Having seen her trailing Bryant earlier, the clerk took her word for it, "Mrs. Ferguson, how can I help?"

"Did those two just divorce?"

"No, ma'am."

"What?"

"Mr. Ferguson had to leave unexpectedly." The clerk was just being honest.

Outside, Margaret and I overheard everything. She exploded, "Jane, you're nothing but a bitch, playing your tricks again?"

She tried to take a swing at me, but I was ready. Not only did I dodge, but I also gave her a good slap, laughing. "That was for pushing me, Margaret. Bitch? Oh please, you take the prize for being the biggest one."

Margaret was stunned, her hand flying to her cheek, her expression twisted, "How dare you hit me?"

"Why not? You're asking for it, aren't you?" I casually replied, pulling a wet wipe from my purse to clean my hands, "Margaret, touching you makes me feel dirty."

With that, I turned to leave, eager to escape the drama.

It wouldn't be long before Teresa saw the news online, and I couldn't wait to get as far away from this mess as possible.

But Teresa wasn't about to let me go without a word. She stepped out, heard me calling Margaret out, and grabbed her daughter to prevent any further catfight, speaking up with a misguided sense of logic. "Ms. Webster, that's a bit rich coming from you. You know, Margaret knew Bry first. Your actions, coming in between them, are what people call a homewrecker. And yet, you have the nerve to call her names?"

I suddenly understood why Margaret could be so shameless. Like mother, like daughter. It was in their genes, unchangeable, etched into their very bones.

I turned back, looking at Teresa's mother-hen act, and couldn't help feeling malicious, "Teresa, no matter what your daughter does, you always have her back, don't you?"

Margaret even dared to sleep with Teresa's husband, a behavior undoubtedly encouraged by Teresa. Margaret was completely unscrupulous, lacking the slightest bit of decency or shame.

Unfazed, Teresa retorted, "And why not? She's my daughter, born after a tough journey that nearly took me to the grave. Should I defend you instead?"

Chapter 214

"Okay." I nodded thoughtfully, a sly smile on my face as I posed a wicked question, "And what if she, say, decided to swipe something of yours?"

When the words left my mouth, I saw Teresa was still in the dark, but Margaret's guilt was palpable.

Her face went pale, panic hidden beneath a veneer of anger. "Jane, what are you playing at? Are you trying to drive a wedge between me and my mom on top of eyeing Bry?"

"Mom, let's go!" She said, hastily grabbing Teresa's arm, desperate to leave before I could spill more.

Teresa wouldn't have it, shielding Margaret behind her, standing tall with disdain and contempt in her eyes. "Margaret's right. Don't ever try to sour the bond between my daughter and me. I get it. You grew up without parents. Even though Albert and I remarried, he didn't love Margaret any less. She's always had a warm, loving home. Deep down, you must be envious of Margaret, being an orphan and all."

"Hmm, perhaps." I nodded, noncommittal, my voice laden with meaning. "Albert indeed adores Margaret."

As I spoke, my gaze leisurely turned to Margaret, a small smile on my lips, "Wouldn't you agree?"

Her pupils shrunk, her hands trembling as she clung to Teresa, and she blurted out, "Mom, I haven't even had lunch yet, having a bit of hypoglycemia. Let's not waste more

time here with her. Let's go." "Alright." Hearing Margaret feeling unwell, Teresa relented, but not without a stern warning to me, "Ms. Webster, I advise you to get the divorce finalized soon. Stop standing in the way of Bry and Margaret's happiness! Otherwise, Albert and I won't let you off easily!"

How terrifying.

As they turned to leave, Margaret breathing a sigh of relief, I casually called out, "Hold on."

Teresa turned back, irritation visible, "What now? Didn't you hear my daughter is hungry?"

"Is your husband always this affectionate with Margaret?" I calmly opened up a trending topic, showing her a snapshot from a video before it got taken down and handing it to her for a glance. "Truly an eye-opener!"

A husband she acquired through nefarious means and the daughter she bore herself, and it only took one look for her to recognize them.

Fury flashed in her eyes as she reached for my phone, but I quickly pulled back, stepping away with a smile. "Look up the trending topic yourself."

I certainly didn't want my phone to end up in pieces.

On the other hand, Margaret hadn't caught a glimpse of what was on my phone. Seeing Teresa in a frenzy looking for her phone, she glared at me, gritting her teeth. "Jane, what did you show my mom?" "Something interesting." I grinned, gesturing toward her, "You might want to take a look, too, given you're one of the main characters."

Watching Teresa's expression turning cold bit by bit and her hands trembling, I felt a twisted satisfaction.

Words and photos couldn't quite hit the nerve like a video.

So, I flipped my phone, sending her the video in all its glory. "Here's the video version for you. No need to thank me."

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Chapter 215

Teresa had lost it. Without a second thought, she played the video, not caring about the passionate, suggestive sounds blaring from her phone. In a panic, Margaret had already watched the trending news. Then, hearing these sounds, she was flustered, her voice trembling, "Mom..."

Snap!

Teresa delivered a fierce slap across Margaret's face, her eyes bloodshot, venomously spitting out, "You still have the nerve to call me Mom? Albert is my husband, your stepfather, do you understand? Have you no shame, flaunting yourself in front of your stepfather?"

The more Teresa had once doted on and cherished Margaret, the deeper her hatred was.

The feeling of being betrayed by someone so close must be more painful and profound than when I got betrayed by Linda.

Ignoring the pain, Margaret fell to her knees, "Mom, it wasn't me. It wasn't!"

"Are you saying that this video and all the stuff online are all made up?" Teresa was furious, her eyes nearly popping out, spittle flying as she spoke.

The ordeal caught Margaret off guard, and it took her a moment to muster a defense through her tears. "He forced me. Yes, it was all his doing. He forced on me!"

Whack! Another harsh slap tousled Margaret's hair and left a red, swollen mark on her face. Through tears of anger, Teresa spat, "Do you think I'm as foolish as you? The slutty display of yours in the video was his doing, too?"

"I... I..." Margaret had no more excuses, only clinging to Teresa, pleading desperately, "Mom, I was wrong! I was just confused. Please don't be mad at me, I was bewitched! I'm your daughter. Please forgive me this once..."

Margaret's final plea stung Teresa, driven to madness. Teresa grabbed Margaret's hair and slapped her relentlessly, "You still remember you're my daughter? Slut, do you realize who you've been with? You've been fucking my husband!"

Teresa screamed hysterically, yanking Margaret's hair fiercely, "He's my husband. You hear me? Albert is my husband!"

"He's your husband?" No longer holding back, Margaret stood up fiercely and broke free, losing clumps of her hair in the process but seemingly unfazed by the pain, sneered back, "What right do you have to judge me when he is someone you schemed to snatch from another woman?"

Teresa froze, staring at Margaret in disbelief, "What are you saying? Do you even know what you're talking about?"

Her voice rose again in a shout.

Margaret struck where it hurt. "I'm saying your precious husband is someone you stole as a mistress, calling me a slut, but aren't you one as well? In that regard, you're my teacher."

I expected a fallout, but I never imagined they would lash out at each other to this extent. They didn't seem like mother and daughter, more like sworn enemies. Their words were as acidic and cutting as they could be. Handing them a knife at that moment, they probably wouldn't have hesitated to stab each other.

Teresa collapsed, lunging at Margaret in a frenzy. "I should never have had you! How could I give birth to some slut like you? Get away!"

Equally crazed, Margaret pushed Teresa to the ground, sneering, "Some slut like me? What else would a whore produce but a slut like me, right?"

Chapter 216

Teresa found herself suddenly tumbling to the floor, landing in an ungraceful heap, pain flashing across her face. Disbelief clouded her gaze as she looked up at Margaret.

"Margaret, did you just push me? After all these years, providing you with the best of everything, clothes, gadgets, you name it, and this is how you repay me?"

"We wouldn't be in this mess now if you truly cared!" Margaret glared down at Teresa with fury etched on her face. She grabbed Teresa's hair, and her voice sounded icy with resentment. "You always said, 'If you want something, go get it yourself. No one's going to hand it to you.' Didn't you? So, why the hell are you blaming me for doing just that? Mom, am I not just following your advice?"

"No." Teresa was flustered, a mix of anger and regret swirling within her. "I never taught you to be like this. Never!"

"I... It isn't what I meant. It's not!" Teresa's protests grew more frantic, and suddenly, she scrambled to her feet, her words tumbling out as she dashed outside, her eyes wide and unfocused.

Margaret watched her go and suddenly burst into tears, her gaze turning to me, bitter and accusing. "Happy now? Seeing my mom and I turn against each other like this makes you proud, huh?" "Somewhat." My response was cold, detached.

It wasn't a moment of victory, it was just karma doing its thing.

When Teresa once treated Bryant's mother with such disdain, she couldn't have imagined this day would come. It turned out that the fiercest karma wasn't from a stranger but her daughter. Margaret clenched her teeth. "Don't think you've won! Jane..."

"Enough with the threats." I gestured toward the onlookers in the hall with a faint smile. "You'd be better off moving quickly before the online vigilantes find your address and start throwing eggs and painting your door."

"You!" At that moment, Margaret realized she was being filmed, her expression immediately shifting as she whispered fiercely, "Jane, you've got nerve!"

With that, she covered her face with her purse and fled.

At last, the drama had come to an end.

I sighed and made my way home.

Christine's life had been in turmoil, avoiding places where she might run into Steven, instead choosing to stay in, playing video games and binge-watching shows.

When I walked in, she rushed over with her tablet, barely containing her excitement. "Did you have a hand in what's online? I wouldn't have pegged you for the type to hold nothing back. Have you seen? Margaret and Albert are getting roasted online. It's hilarious."

I chuckled, kicking off my shoes. "Wasn't me."

No wonder Bryant thought it was my doing. Even Christine had suspected me. But unlike Bryant, Christine believed me without question when I explained.

She was puzzled. "Then who was it? But whoever did it has done a great service. I owe them a big dinner!"

"It's both good and bad." I flopped onto the couch, looking at Christine. "They've messed up my plans."

Curious, Christine picked up a cup of iced tea from the coffee table and offered it to me. "What do you mean?"

"I didn't get the divorce papers." Just mentioning it irritated me. I took a long sip of the tea. "I was so close. I would've had finalized the divorce if they had interfered a minute later."

Chapter 217

Christine was shocked. "No way?"

I sighed. "Yup, that's the scoop."

Wondering when I'd finally get that jerk to sign the divorce papers was like guessing when it would rain in a drought.

Christine tried to cheer me up when she saw I was down in the dumps. "Don't sweat it. You know, when it comes to divorce, if one person's dead set on it, it's inevitable. And hey, you've sorted everything out, just missing that piece of paper. You might as well consider yourself free."

I smiled, chit-chatting before changing the subject, "What about you? Hasn't Steven popped over here looking for you?"

I still owed Steven a dinner for helping me move. He remembered where I lived. A quick chat with Bryant would clear that up, even if he didn't.

Christine's mood dipped, her voice soft, "No, he wouldn't dare show up here."

I asked, "Why not?"

Christine looked at me. "He's terrified of Bryant."

Later on, neither of us felt like cooking. Christine's culinary skills were a disaster, so we just ordered takeout. As we were eating and talking, Christine kept glancing at her phone.

Suddenly, she looked shocked. "Oh my God, Teresa and Margaret made quite the scene at the town hall!"

"What?" I was puzzled, but Christine handed me her phone.

Footage from the town hall taken by bystanders had gone viral online. Behind today's drama, it seemed like some significant power was stirring the pot. The Ferguson Group

was trying to keep things cool and to no avail. It was blowing up on social media. Like mushrooms after the rain, you pulled one out, and another popped up.

No one had dared to butt heads with the Ferguson Group in RiverCity before.

The internet was a wildfire of comments.

[Wow, elite drama! So, the stepdaughter was a whore?]

[Talk about messy. Margaret hooks up with her stepfather and his son, and Albert screws with his wife and her daughter. What an eye-opener!]

[Seriously, what's wrong with her? Having a national heartthrob like Bryant, and she goes for his dad? Gross.]

[Bryant is married, remember? Maybe Bryant wasn't into her? She might just be looking for anyone to scratch that itch.]

[This mother and daughter, taught by the best, huh? From one homewrecker to another.]

[Man, I felt sorry for Margaret's mom, and now this? It's hard to know who to side with.]

Christine was astonished. "You've got guts, watching all this unfold and not worrying about getting dragged into it."

"It's too good to miss." I took a bite of the soggy fries., "You have no idea how long I've waited for this day."

With Christine, I never felt the need to hide my true feelings.

She smirked, "If they dare lay a finger on you, they'll have me to deal with."

"Don't worry, I'm untouched." I even managed to slap Margaret and came out on top.

Just then, my phone rang, flashing Steven's name.

I didn't pick up, sliding the phone toward Christine. "He's looking for you."

"This guy, seriously," Christine sounded annoyed, "I block him, and he just uses another number to call, now even calling you."

I suggested, "Answer it. Some things need to be settled once and for all."

Even though Steven came off like a spoiled rich kid, he wasn't malicious. But he could be as stubborn as a child, never giving up until he got what he wanted without

considering how it affected others. "Yeah." Christine nodded, taking the phone to the balcony. Her voice came in bits and pieces.

It seemed Steven couldn't grasp why Christine wouldn't give them another chance, insisting on a face-to-face talk to clear the air.

Not long after, Christine returned, handing me the phone and giving me those puppy dog eyes. "Hey Jane, mind stepping out with me?"

Chapter 218

I had just finished a hearty meal, setting aside my fork. "So, you agreed to meet Steven?"

Christine said, "Yeah, I did."

Christine and I were clearing up the pizza boxes together. "He acted like a child the other day and refused to listen to a word I said. And there's stuff that just doesn't come across right over the phone, so we might as well meet one last time to end it."

I nodded in agreement. "I've got your back."

Christine asked, "Will you come with me then?"

"Yeah, of course," I chuckled, teasing her, "What if I don't go, and he decides to take you away to the middle of nowhere?"

The place they'd chosen was that same exclusive club.

Christine led the way leisurely, and when we reached the private room, I paused, "Go ahead. It'll be hard for you guys to talk if I'm there. Just text me if you need me, and I'll come running."

"Okay." With a nod, Christine pushed the door open and went in.

I stayed outside, watching the staff bustling by with trays of snacks and drinks, feeling out of place. I decided to wander off to the rooftop garden nearby.

Winter had set in, making the nights in RiverCity damp and cold.

Yet, the club had spared no expense in their rooftop garden, creating a luxurious and beautiful escape. Amidst the artificial mountains and lakes, rare plants thrived, creating an oasis of spring amid autumn and winter.

As I neared the faux mountain, a familiar voice overwhelmed the sound of flowing water.

It was muffled, but curiosity drew me closer, and then I heard Bryant's voice, sharp and cold, "You set up the thing with Dorothy, didn't you?"

I froze. Who was Bryant talking to? Were they talking about Dorothy wanting to marry Bryant?

And soon, another voice provided the answer.

It held a cold smoothness, replying lightly, "Mr. Ferguson, accusations without proof."

"It was you." Bryant scoffed, "Only Jane would be naive enough to be manipulated by you. Mark, I'm warning you. Stay away from Jane. She's too pure-hearted for your games." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"I'm not interested in your concerns." Mark's laugh was chilly but stern, "My intentions toward her have always been genuine. Unlike you, hurting her time and again."

"Pity." Bryant's voice was calm, his smile evident, "No matter how genuine you claim to be, she's still my wife, Bryant's wife."

Mark scoffed, "Think that'll hold her forever?"

"Getting desperate?" Bryant's laughter was light.

Mark's retort was indifferent, "What's there to be desperate about? It's you who should be worrying about Dorothy. She's not Margaret. Offending the Myers family would look bad for you." Bryant remained unbothered, "Dorothy's just an adopted daughter..."

I was engrossed in their conversation when suddenly, a hand landed on my shoulder.

Already feeling guilty for eavesdropping, I gasped in shock, turning to find a pair of amused eyes staring back at me! This guy was everywhere! It felt like ever since he showed up, every time I tried to sneak a listen or a peek, I'd get caught red-handed. I wanted to ask something but stopped. Instead, I grabbed his shirt, ready to move away.

However, Gregory spoke up, and his voice was teasing, "And where do you plan on taking me?"

His voice was loud enough for the two men behind us to hear. I was sure that Gregory did it on purpose.

Behind the faux mountain, the previously engaged men ceased their standoff, and the next moment, footsteps approached.

I shot a glare at Gregory, who returned my look with a smug smirk, murmuring, "Beg me?"

Chapter 219

I thought, 'Beg you? Are you serious? Are you out of your mind?'

I yanked my hand away from his grasp, not caring if Bryant and Mark could see us. At this point, it was like throwing caution to the wind. I turned and headed for the exit.

Suddenly, everything went dark as a men's trench coat was thrown over my head. With a clever twist, he pulled me back, pressing me against the railing and out of the other two's line of sight. My nose was filled with the fresh smell of mint. That matched with Gregory.

I could tell Bryant hesitated before Gregory's rebellious voice filled the air, "Mr. Ferguson, you seem interested in the private affairs of young couples?"

Slowly scrutinizing, Bryant said, "Your girlfriend's shoes, my wife seems to have a pair just like them."

My heart skipped a beat. These were limited editions from a boutique in RiverCity. You could count on one hand how many pairs there were.

It was not like I overheard any secrets. Walking away guilt-free was an option, but Gregory's antics made me feel I was in the wrong. Frozen, I didn't dare move.

"Seems?" Gregory smirked, the kind that was asking for trouble, "Mr. Ferguson, it seems you're not too attached to your current wife if you're unsure about her personal belongings. Maybe you should get a divorce and make Dorothy's day."

Bryant's voice turned chilly, barely concealing his annoyance, "So concerned about Dorothy, why don't you marry her?"

"I'm afraid I can't afford that luxury." Gregory immediately declined, teasing, "Nah, my girlfriend's all I need."

Then, still under the trench coat, he patted my head. "Right, babe?"

He was really pushing his luck.

I suddenly lifted my leg and stomped on his foot hard!

Bryant sneered, "It seems your girlfriend doesn't love you that much."

Gregory casually responded, "Not really. She's just a bit temperamental. At least we're not on the verge of divorce."

That was a direct hit at Bryant without regard for his feelings. It felt like Gregory was moments away from spilling Bryant and my names. Surprisingly, Bryant didn't explode. He stated, "Mr. Ford, I wouldn't need to consider divorce if you could keep Dorothy in check."

With that, Bryant walked away, and Mark, lingering a few seconds longer, also took his leave.

After their footsteps had faded, I ripped the trench coat off my head, realizing how close Gregory and I were. My back was against the railing, his one hand placed in a compromising spot behind me, giving the illusion of an embrace, the other propped next to me, effectively caging me in.

Meeting my gaze, Gregory seemed unfazed, even going as far as to critique, "Bryant is not the right guy for a girl like you."

His calm demeanor made me guess that the online drama was his doing.

I tossed his coat back at him, irritated. "You've met me a few times, and you think you know me?"

He raised an eyebrow. "You're the kind of person who's easy to read. Do I need to see you more?"

I scoffed, "So, what kind of guy is my type then?"

"Hmm..." Gregory dragged the moment before teasing, "That would be like fortune-telling. You need to pay for that."

"The bank is just downstairs. Why don't you go and rob it? It'll be faster." After my retort, I got straight to the point, "The mess online from last night, were you behind it?"

Unexpectedly, he was utterly upfront, nodding without hesitation, "Yes."

And the expression on his face didn't show even a hint of feeling bad about it.

Chapter 220

It felt like the person who had readily agreed to my request the day before wasn't him.

I was annoyed and speechless. "Didn't you promise not to let anyone else know for now?"

Gregory frowned. "I promised not to let others know you were spying and even recorded a video."

So, by that logic, he was faultless. Was it me who didn't make my point clear?

"Do you have a beef with the Ferguson family?"

"No." Gregory looked at me, puzzled, "Don't you get how ruthless the business world can be? Hanging around with Bryant for three years, didn't he teach you any of this?"

I was stunned by his terrifying honesty and second question.

I clenched my palm and responded truthfully, "No."

What had Bryant taught me in three years? Independence, tolerance, patience, and giving.

Apart from treating each other with respect, we had no other interaction. Bryant never involved me in the gritty details of his business world.

It was Gregory's turn to pause. He raised an eyebrow, intrigued. "You're an interesting person."

"Aren't you interesting, too?" I smiled wryly, "On the one hand, playing corporate games with Bryant and telling his wife on the other, what's your angle?"

Gregory straightened his coat and draped it over his arm. "If I'm not mistaken, our goals are the same here, aren't they?"

"How's that?" I was amused, "Do you know you've messed up my plans?"

Gregory was surprised. "I messed up your plans?"

"I would have smoothly gotten my divorce papers if you had just waited a few minutes before spilling the beans."

He frowned, "Aren't you divorcing Bryant because of that woman with the Ferguson surname? Didn't I help you?"

I was speechless again. "I want a divorce, man. I don't need your help. Just the divorce is fine."

He leaned against the railing, arms crossed, a hint of surprise in his eyes. "You want a divorce?" "Yes, very much so," I answered without hesitation.

From the moment we lost our child, Bryant and I were over. There were no strings attached.

The help and care he provided during college were offset by the debts he owed me over these three years. We were at a dead end, with divorce being the only way forward. But I wasn't surprised that others might not believe I genuinely wanted a divorce.

After all, a person like me, without parents or background, marrying into the Ferguson family was like striking the jackpot. How could I willingly divorce and give up such a fortune?

Hearing that, Gregory replied lazily, "Then you'll have your wish."

I was puzzled. "What?"

He glanced at me, saying, "With Dorothy setting her sights on Bryant, you becoming the ex-wife was just a matter of time."

That was straight to the point.

"Thanks," I said..

When thinking back on Bryant's wariness toward Gregory, I grew curious, "And you? Who are you?"

From Gregory's words, all I could deduce was that Dorothy wasn't a local from RiverCity.

Combining that with Bryant and Mark's conversation, it was clear the Myers family was no small fry, perhaps even more influential than the Ferguson family. And Gregory, acquainted with Dorothy, likely came from a comparable background.

"Are you curious about me?" He stood up straight, one hand in his pocket, the playful tilt in his eyes carrying a hint of audacity, "Information like that comes at a price."

