

Lost Me, Gained Regret (Jane and Bryant Ferguson)

Chapter 311

I couldn't help but chuckle. "We've been walking for quite a while. I've got home and had a shower."

"That's good to hear."

"Allen hasn't been causing any more trouble for you, has he?" I asked.

Before Mark and I left, Mark had given Allen a stern warning. Allen was nodding so vigorously that he was practically on the verge of kneeling.

Cheryl nodded. "No more trouble, don't worry. He's signed the divorce papers and left a while ago."

I was a bit surprised. "Allen agreed that quickly?"

It seemed he was honestly scared of Mark. Just the night before, he was still swearing he'd get a piece of my fortune.

Cheryl also breathed a sigh of relief, "Yes, you should thank Mr. Larson. He's a good man."

I agreed, "Don't worry. I'll find a chance to thank him."

Cheryl's getting a smooth divorce was a huge relief for me. From then on, I only needed to take care of her. There was no need to deal with that scoundrel anymore.

Being a new brand, Janedream naturally saw moderate business. But that didn't stop me from being incredibly busy.

After nearly half a month of hard work, I finally finished Dorothy's engagement dress with diamonds, white pearls, and rubies. Nothing was missing.

The white pearls were styled into a strap design, with the silver-white fabric sparkling beautifully. It was perfectly tailored at the waist to highlight the figure, and large diamond patches were embedded into the hem, shining brightly even as it hung there.

I also designed a matching necklace, centered with a beautifully colored oval ruby that would gently sway with movement. Everything Dorothy wanted was there without looking overly complicated.

When Christine came in, she called Dorothy to inform her the dress was ready for a fitting. However, Dorothy dragged her feet until the evening. Then, everyone else had left, leaving only me, Christine, and Molly in the office.

As Dorothy was arriving, Christine came in to give me a heads-up. "Brace yourself. She's here to pick a fight and not eager to make the final payment."

"No worries." I stood up and stretched by the window. "After all, she's paid half. Dorothy will only delay her engagement party and waste her money if she wants to nitpick. Worst comes to worst, and we'll wait it out. Whatever changes she wants, we'll make. But the money she has already paid? She's not getting that back."

"Look at you, getting the hang of this," Christine said, surprised.

"What choice do we have?" I shrugged, "We can't all end up out of pocket because of her, can we?"

As I finished speaking, there was a knock on the office door, and Molly came in, saying politely, "Ms. Myers and her mom are here, Jane."

Dorothy and Susan stood at the doorway, surveying my office before Dorothy asked, "Jane, where's the dress?"

"In the fitting room." I led them to the fitting area. The dress was hanging right in the center. Dorothy's eyes lit up, but she quickly suppressed her excitement, feigning dissatisfaction.

Molly stepped forward, carefully took the dress down, and offered, "Ms. Myers, please go ahead and change. If you need anything, let me know."

Most dresses are complicated to wear alone. But this one had a simple design for putting on and taking off.

It wasn't two minutes before Dorothy started complaining, "Are you people stupid? Don't you know to come in and help me?"

Her words were harsh, making Molly frown. Susan saw it and lashed at me, "Jane, your employees are just like you. None of you have any sense of manners!"

"Insult me all you want, but don't drag Ms. Webster into this!" Usually cheerful and polite, Molly suddenly turned cold, looking like a cornered bunny ready to bite.

Susan retorted coldly, "I was talking to Jane. And who are you to interrupt? Let me tell you, if Dorothy isn't satisfied today, we'll reject this dress and make your company shut down!" "Ma'am, you and your daughter are more bothersome than the rumors suggest..."

Chapter 312

Brimming with the fearless vigor of youth, Molly left Christine and me wide-eyed in disbelief.

Snapping back to reality, worried about dragging her into trouble with Susan, I quickly pulled her behind me.

"Come at me if you want someone," I declared. .

"Jane!" However, Molly didn't show a hint of fear. She turned to Susan, "Didn't you say you didn't want the dress? Let Dorothy stop trying it on and come out."

"Hah!" Susan scoffed, her disdain palpable, "That's rich coming from you, a mere employee. Does your boss agree with you? Do you have any idea how much this dress costs..."

"I can buy it!" Molly puffed up her cheeks, throwing out the words with bold defiance.

I pretended not to hear Molly's boast.

Susan turned a furious shade of blue. "Jane, you agree with this?"

"If you're not happy with it, then yes. That's an option." I smiled lightly, speaking calmly.

Susan gritted her teeth, glaring at Molly. "You think you can afford it? This dress is over five million dollars!"

"Only five million dollars? Ma'am, are you broke or something?" Molly looked at Susan, genuinely puzzled. "Otherwise, why keep harping on about something that's only five million dollars?" "You..." Susan was livid, her hand raised to strike Molly's face.

I moved to intervene, but someone was quicker.

Gregory approached from behind us, firmly grabbing Susan's arm, his gaze stern. "Susan, how did my little sister upset you? Tell me, and I'll have Grandma talk to her personally."

My jaw dropped as I looked between him and Molly. Gregory was Molly's brother?

Susan's face twisted. "She... she's your sister? Don't try to fool me. I've never seen her with the Ford family."

Gregory didn't reply, pulling out his phone to make a video call.

The call was answered instantly, revealing Adah's face. "Humph, finally decided to call your grandma?"

Gregory raised an eyebrow unapologetically. "Not me, Grandma. Molly and Susan had a bit of a disagreement. Susan was about to hit..."

"Adah!" Susan's shoulders slumped as she clutched Gregory's phone, quickly and soothingly explaining things to Adah, "It's a misunderstanding, a big misunderstanding. Don't listen to Greg..." She moved aside as she spoke.

Molly turned to Gregory. "What are you doing here?"

Annoyed, Gregory retorted, "What do you think? You wanted a ride, and I've been waiting downstairs for ages."

Typical siblings.

It dawned on me then. The person Gregory had asked me to pick up from RiverCity University was Molly. And those lady's slippers at his place? They must belong to Molly, too.

I looked at Gregory, puzzled. "How come I've never seen your sister at River Villa?"

"She hasn't been home much." Gregory glanced at Molly, saying casually.

Molly beamed. "I've moved back now, Jane. You'll be seeing a lot more of me!"

Amidst the commotion outside, Christine heard everything in the dressing room.

Deciding to step in, Christine knocked on the door. "Ms. Myers, do you need any help?"

"No need!" Dorothy snapped, pushing the door open to emerge.

And she looked stunning. Not her. It was the dress that looked fabulous. On her, it moved with a captivating grace.

Mindful of Gregory's presence, Dorothy restrained her anger, only glaring at him. "What's your deal with Jane? Why do you always stand up for her?"

"Enough, Dorothy!" Having finished her call, Susan came over, swallowing her pride to pull Dorothy away. "Change out of the dress. We're leaving."

Chapter 313

"Mom... Why should I? I'm the customer here!"

"Just do as told!" Susan bit her tongue and returned the phone to Gregory, shooting me a forced smile. "Ms. Webster, since you designed the dress, we'd love for you to come to the engagement party next week. Just in case there are any last-minute fixes needed with the dress."

"The door is right there." I made a shooing gesture. "You can transfer the final payment to the same account. Thank you."

After the drama wrapped up, it was nearing seven o'clock. I spontaneously suggested grabbing some dinner together.

We had just reached the parking garage when Christine got a call about a bar crawl and decided to ditch me, leaving just me, Gregory, and Molly.

Gregory nodded at me. "Hop in my car. I'll give you and Molly a ride to work tomorrow."

"Sure." As I moved to open the backseat door, Molly nudged me toward the passenger seat. "Sit in the front, Jane. The back's a bit cramped."

Sports cars, they're all show no room.

I was browsing through a food delivery app, thinking about where to order the food from, when Gregory yawned. "I'm beaten. Let's head back and order something to my place."

That wasn't a bad idea. I was feeling pretty worn out myself. When we got home, the delivery was already at the door.

Gregory grabbed the food and headed toward his place with a mischievous smirk. "Let's eat at mine. I'd hate for your place to become a scene of scandal."

I was stunned. "Scandal? What scandal?"

Gregory lazily walked in, handing me a pair of new slippers. "Between Bryant and Mark, I wouldn't stand a chance."

I pretended not to hear, but he coldly added, "Neither is good for you. Not Bryant, and Mark's no better."

"And you would know?" I couldn't help but retort, taking the delivery bags from him and setting everything up on the table.

"Try them and see." Gregory snorted with a cocky glance as if mocking my naivety.

Before I could respond, he headed to the kitchen and plugged in an electric grill. Soon, the delicious aroma filled the air.

Gregory usually was a chatterbox, but at dinner, he was silent, focusing only on his meal. Meanwhile, Molly and I kept the conversation going non-stop.

After we finished eating, I started to clean up, but Gregory stopped me with a casual, "Go relax. No women do housework in this house. If Grandma saw it, she'd chew my ear off."

At first, it didn't seem odd, but then it struck me with a slightly flirty undertone.

However, the person who said it showed no awareness and calmly continued tidying up.

Molly grabbed my hand. "Come on, let's give you the grand tour!"

I smiled. "Sure."

Her enthusiasm was irresistible, leaving me no room to decline.

After a quick tour of the living room and her room, she led me into Gregory's study. "You wouldn't believe the cool stuff my brother has. He's got art and artifacts that you can't find just anywhere..."

A ceramic piggy bank shaped like a rabbit drew my eyes. It was ugly yet oddly familiar. Instead of repulsion, I felt a strange affection and impulsively picked it up. It was heavy, and when I shook it, I could hear the coins inside.

I chuckled. "I wouldn't have pegged your brother for..."

"Who said you could touch that?" A fierce rebuke came from behind, startling me into dropping the piggy bank.

Crash! The piggy bank shattered, coins scattering everywhere.

Gregory rushed over, and as I looked up, I saw a storm brewing on his face, anger mounting!

Chapter 314

I instinctively took a step back. "Gregory..." I murmured.

He glanced at me, his emotions brewing under the surface, and muttered tersely. "Get out."

Then, he knelt to pick up the shattered pieces with his bare hands carefully and deliberately.

Feeling sorry, I quickly knelt to help him. "I'm sorry. I..."

Without lifting his head, he repeated coldly, "I told you to get out."

"Jane, let's just go." Molly took my hand, and we left, softly closing the door behind us. Once outside, she explained, "That piggy bank was his treasure. He took it everywhere and never let anyone touch it." "He..." I felt a pang of guilt, wanting to make it right. "Do you know where I can buy another one? I'll replace it."

"You can't." Molly shook her head. "It was a birthday gift from Lilliana. She pleaded with Ramona to bring in a potter to specifically create it for him. She said the rabbit represented herself, wanting to always be with him."

I fell silent, understanding Gregory's attachment. "No wonder he cherished it so much."

"Yeah." Molly sighed regretfully. "I wasn't even born then, but my family and my brother adored Lilliana. They probably would have been married if it weren't for that accident."

She lowered her voice, adding a hint of mystery, "Jane, do you know when he would add coins to it?"

Curious, I asked, "When?"

I was surprised to hear someone still kept the habit of saving coins.

"One time..." Molly glanced timidly toward the study to ensure Gregory hadn't come out before she leaned in closer. "I once caught him, eyes all red, sniffing as he dropped a coin inside! When I asked him about it, he denied it. But that's just like him. I've never seen him cry over anything, even when he was all bruised up. So, I guess he must save a coin whenever he misses Lilliana a lot."

My fingers unconsciously traced the palm of my hand. "Do you have a photo of that piggy bank?"

Hearing Molly's story and recalling the scattered coins, I could hardly imagine how Gregory had coped all these years. After breaking something that meant too much to him, I had to find a way to make amends.

Molly nodded. "Yeah, I do."

I asked eagerly, "Could you send it to me?"

Molly said, "Just check my brother's social media. He posted it there once."

I nodded. "Okay."

As soon as I finished speaking, Gregory came out, unfazed, though his eyes betrayed a faint, fractured light.

When noticing me still there, his eyelashes fluttered momentarily before his gaze returned to its usual casual indifference. "Still here?"

I bit my lip. "Yeah... I wanted to apologize."

He grabbed a soda from the fridge, twisted the cap off, and took a swig, his Adam's apple bobbing slightly. Finally, with his inherently cold demeanor, he quipped, "So, you know how to apologize, huh?" Knowing I was at fault, I let Gregory have his moment. "Yes, it's my fault. Mr. Ford, can you please forgive me?"

He smirked noncommittally. "Depends on my mood."

I murmured, "Okay then, I'll let you get back to your mood. I'm heading home, okay?"

"Hmm." He responded faintly.

After saying goodbye to Molly, I turned to leave.

As I stepped out of Gregory's place and closed the door behind me, I saw Mark standing at my door. He turned at the sound, surprise evident in his gaze upon seeing me emerge from Gregory's place. "What were you doing at Mr. Ford's place? I thought you weren't back yet."

"Oh, just had them over for pizza," I said with a smile, unlocking my door. "Dorothy was causing trouble at the office again, and his sister helped me out."

Mark raised an eyebrow. "His sister? Which one?"

I smiled. "Molly. Do you know her?"

He pondered for a moment before replying, "That doesn't ring a bell."

I asked, "By the way, what brings you here so late?"

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I stepped aside to let him in, kicking off my shoes. I couldn't help but blurt out, "Did you find something about my origins?"

He paused and chuckled, "How did you guess right away?"

"What's up?" I was dying to know. Even though my parents had passed away years ago, it mattered a lot to me whether I was their child.

He sat on the couch, handing me a file as he sighed. "It turns out Allen was just spinning tales. You can stop worrying about it. It would only make your folks sad, wherever they are."

When hearing that, my anxious heart finally settled, and I began flipping through the files, like my birth certificate, medical records from throughout my life, blood type, and date of birth. Everything matched. With each detail I had confirmed, my heart settled a bit more.

I was utterly at ease then. There was no mistake. I was the child of my parents, and their love for me was always genuine.

"Thanks, Mark." I said gratefully, "Have you eaten yet? There's food in the fridge. I could whip something up for you..."

"I've had a work dinner. That's why I'm here so late," Mark declined and playfully scolded, "But didn't you promise not to be so formal with me?"

"Huh?" I was stunned.

He smiled. "You promised not to be so distant, remember?"

"Sorry..." It seemed like a habit.

Mark looked earnestly at me. "No need to apologize. Just take your time. Whether we're just friends or whatever, I don't want you to feel like you need to be polite."

"Okay." I smiled, accepting his words, and felt a sudden warmth at the affection in his gaze, quickly looking away.

Luckily, he didn't push further. "It's getting late. I should head out."

I got up. "Let me walk you out."

"How are you with Gregory?" he asked as we headed to the foyer.

"With him?" I was puzzled.

He gave me a look. "I feel you're different around him."

"No, not really," I felt strangely defensive. "Just acquaintances."

Or maybe not even that. Being a friend to someone like Gregory meant I was one of many, and I was well aware of that.

After Mark left, I flopped onto my bed, scrolling through Gregory's social media until I found that photo of the bunny piggy bank from three years ago. He rarely posted, so it was easy to find.

It was a photo with no caption. The pink, slightly ugly bunny piggy bank was by the pillow, bathed in sunlight, exuding a sense of peace and cherished memories.

Just looking at the photo made me feel his fondness for it. The guilt in my heart deepened.

Too embarrassed to ask for a ride again, I texted Gregory the next day and took a cab to work. He didn't reply.

Life suddenly became unusually calm. I focused on designing outfits for Ramona and Adah, blending modern styles with their unique personalities and preferences.

I slept better than expected the night before Bryant and Dorothy's engagement party.

Getting ready the following morning felt like any other workday. Dressed in a casual white turtleneck, light blue jeans, and flat boots, I grabbed my bag and slipped into Christine's car.

It wasn't until we pulled up at the hotel that the reality of the situation hit me. I was there to attend my ex-husband's engagement party. I was attending the celebration of a man I had, by some twist of fate, loved for years.

No matter how much I wanted to be indifferent, seeing "Bryant & Dorothy" displayed together at the banquet hall entrance stirred a wave of melancholy in me.

Christine glanced at the fairy-tale-like, dreamy decorations inside the hall and snarked, "Money sure makes a difference. A second wedding is even more lavish than the first."

Chapter 316

I must admit it hit me hard.

When I married Bryant, we skipped the fancy engagement party. Even the wedding was something Timothy threw together. Bryant just showed up grudgingly. It was nothing grand because Bryant said he wanted to keep it low-key. The only ones at the wedding were the Ferguson family and a few close friends from both sides. It was as casual as a dinner party.

From the day we got married to when we divorced, outsiders only saw how Bryant spoiled his wife, but hardly anyone knew who his wife was. I tried to keep my emotions in check and looked away, only to glimpse Bryant in a custom tuxedo, stepping in with aloof elegance. Dorothy, dressed in a gown I designed, was clasping his arm. They looked like a perfect couple, dazzling the guests as soon as they appeared. Many people were eager to cozy up to them.

But Dorothy made her way toward me with the poise of a hostess. "Ms. Webster, we only invited you today in case any last-minute issues with the dress happened. I hope it doesn't upset you." Christine warned in a low voice, "Dorothy, I'd advise you not to spoil your big day."

Christine was savvy at work but had never been someone people could push around in her personal life. Tit for tat was a fair game. Anyone daring to mess with her wouldn't end well. Dorothy snapped, "Did I even speak to you?"

"I'm perfectly fine," I reassured Christine, fixing my gaze on Dorothy. "I wish you a happy marriage."

I wished they could stop paying attention to an insignificant ex-wife like me. I just wanted to get out of this mess. The engagement party marked the end of it all. Throughout, I didn't let my eyes wander to Bryant once. I couldn't bear to, nor did I dare to.

Dorothy paused, surprised, "Well, Ms. Webster, I see you can let go." Then, she turned to Bryant, teasingly shaking his arm. "Bry, were you two only in a contract marriage before? No feelings involved? Maybe Ms. Webster's heart belongs to someone else?"

Bryant looked down at her, a cold glint in his eyes. "Aren't we the same? A marriage of convenience, nothing more."

Dorothy tried to embarrass me but ended up humiliating herself with her words. She pouted at Bryant. "So what? You're divorced from her now. But once you marry me, we're together for life!"

I was unsure if Dorothy meant that for Bryant or me.

I wasn't about to stick around and make a fool of myself. Seizing the moment while Dorothy and Bryant were bantering, I pulled Christine to a quieter corner.

Dorothy had no chance to bother me further. Probably, she just wanted to rub it in my face, showing off her place by Bryant's side.

During the ceremony, they even played a song I used to love. As the music was on, my thoughts drifted far away. So many times, I had imagined a future with Bryant while listening to that song. But right then, he was with another woman.

Suddenly, a gasp from the stage jolted everyone, followed by a murmur among the guests. Given the status of both families involved, no one dared to speak, though their expressions varied. Snapping back to reality, I saw Dorothy's dress slipping from her shoulders, barely caught at her waist, exposing more than intended. The strap had snapped, causing the fabric to fall apart.

My head buzzed as Christine exclaimed, "Oh my god... Jane, how could this happen?"

I clenched my hand. "I have no idea..."

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It just didn't make sense.

Every stitch I made was even and tight, and I had the entire dress tailored to her body so perfectly that even if the strap broke, it would catch on her chest instead of falling off immediately. Unless the zipper at the back also gave way at the same time.

But that couldn't be. The fabric and zipper were from suppliers I'd worked with since my days at the Ferguson Group. Quality was never a question. After all, I made the dress with my own hands.

Grabbing my coat, I rushed onstage to cover her up, but she slapped me across the face as if possessed! "Did you do this on purpose to humiliate me today?"

Without thinking, I slapped her back. "Dorothy, I'm not foolish enough to ruin my own reputation!"

Dorothy glared at me, lunging again, but Bryant, calm as ever, stepped in from nowhere, pulling her behind him and draping his jacket over her shoulders. What a perfect picture of a knight in shining armor. Susan approached with two bodyguards, visibly shaking with anger. "Lock her up!"

Seeing Bryant's furrowed brow, Susan scoffed, "Mr. Ferguson, you're not defending her today, are you?"

"Of course not." Bryant didn't glance my way, his voice as cold as midwinter frost, "She's just an ex-wife."

"Good!" At Susan's command, the bodyguards moved in.

I knew I was on the Myers family's territory, flanked by bodyguards who were just the tip of the iceberg. Lowering my gaze, too tired to resist, I said, "No need for force. I'll go quietly."

Seeing my compliance, the bodyguards led me away. One guided me in the front, and the other watched from behind. Christine tried to reach me, but other bodyguards blocked her.

They took me down to the underground parking lot and drove me to a mansion in an exclusive neighborhood, pushing me into a storage room. "Just stay here until Mrs. Myers decides to let you out." "Can't... Can't we pick another place?" I pleaded as the door was about to close. Small, dark, enclosed spaces have terrified me since that incident at home.

The bodyguard said, "That's Mrs. Myers' order. We can't change it."

The door clicked shut, plunging me into darkness. My first instinct was to find my phone, but I left it in my purse at the hotel. I groped for the light switch in vain.

The repeated clicking of the switch was a fruitless effort. The guard mocked from outside, "Don't bother. The power's cut in the storage."

Hopelessness washed over me. Memories flooded back as I sank against the wall, trembling from head to toe.

Not again, please.

As a child, I cried and begged to no avail. When grown, I became mute. Because with age, I understood the value of power. Like at today's engagement party, whether I attended, they always had a reason to confine me. Despite my efforts to steer clear of them and live my own life.

But powerless as I was, my thoughts never mattered. After what seemed like forever, the lock clicked and light flooded into the room.

Regal in her evening gown, Susan looked down at me with a smirk. "Jane, you are proud, aren't you? You even dared to slap my daughter on stage. Today, I'll break your pride piece by piece."

Chapter 318

In the cozy living room of the Myers family, snowflakes danced outside the floor-to-ceiling windows, quietly laying a thin blanket of white on the ground. Despite the warmth from the heating inside, a chill ran down my spine under Susan's icy gaze.

They had dug into my past, even uncovering the life I had led before moving to RiverCity. They went as far as locking me in a storage room and cutting off the power, all to deal with me, the ex-wife, with such elaborate schemes.

Sipping her coffee disdainfully, Susan looked at me, suggesting, "Perhaps it's time you reconsider leaving RiverCity?"

I stood tall. "And your reason this time?"

Last time, it was a mix of threats and temptations. What would it be this time?

"The first dress your startup released was a total disaster," Susan sneered, "Do you think your company can survive this? Why not go abroad and take a few years to further your studies? I'll cover the expenses."

Clenching my fist, I recalled Bryant's words in the Myers Mansion, echoing the similar sentiment of sending me abroad. Everyone seemed to want me gone.

Susan continued, "But before you go, you must issue a public apology on social media, admitting you intentionally caused Dorothy to have a wardrobe malfunction in public!"

"And if I refuse?" I forced a bitter smile, locking eyes with Susan, my voice steady yet defiant, "Moreover, is it automatically my fault if the dress had issues?"

Her face twisted in rage, her cup clattering loudly on the marble coffee table. "What are you implying? That Dorothy would expose herself to frame you?"

"It's possible," I replied. Indeed, it seemed the only plausible explanation.

Susan approached me, her high heels clicking on the floor. Suddenly, she grabbed my chin, her manicured nails digging into my skin. "Evidence? Jane, what evidence do you have?" Trapped by two bodyguards, I was immobilized.

"That's right!" Having changed her clothes, Dorothy stormed down the stairs, seething, "It was you, making me the laughing stock and tarnishing the Myers family's reputation."

I endured the pain. "I have evidence."

Unfolding my hand, I revealed a piece of scrap fabric from Dorothy's dress.

Susan glanced at it dismissively. "And what's this supposed to be?"

"Ms. Myers, you should recognize it." I raised the fabric toward Dorothy. "After all, you cut it yourself. The cut is too clean."

Being part of a high society like the Myers family usually meant others could only aspire to reach their level. Despite Dorothy's notorious temperament, no one dared to embarrass the Myers family in such a

manner.

Most importantly, not many would have handled this dress, making it easier to trace back. It was unlikely for anyone to risk implicating the entire family in such a foolish act. After much thought, it could only have been Dorothy herself.

Dorothy demanded furiously, "How did that end up with you?"

I answered, "It got torn off during our scuffle."

The chaos that ensued was intense. But I was sure it wasn't a quality issue. The strap broke first, and I wanted to know why. So, when I slapped Dorothy back, I took the chance to pull the strap off. She was too caught up in her fury, thinking she had destroyed my career, to notice.

Chapter 319

Dorothy's face stiffened, and with a snort, she declared, "So what if I cut it myself?"

Hearing that, I lost interest in arguing further and turned to Susan, "Susan, can I leave now?"

I thought she was defending her daughter. But with everything laid bare, it was clear it had nothing to do with me.

Unexpectedly, Susan affectionately pinched Dorothy's cheek. "Have you lost your mind? Sacrificing your reputation to slander her?"

Dorothy pouted, whining, "Mom, I'm sorry. She's as stubborn as they come. I had no other choice but to resort to this."

"It's okay." Susan spoke lovingly, "Go upstairs, honey. I will handle it."

Her tone was gentle, devoid of any blame. Probably, she was the most indulgent mother in the world.

Dorothy beamed with joy. "Mom, thank you, you're the best!"

With that, she bounded up the stairs while Susan watched her go with a tender smile.

Once Dorothy was out of sight, Susan slowly turned her gaze to me, looking at me as if I was something filthy. "Jane, I offered you a way out, but you refused."

Then, she turned to the bodyguards and ordered, "Make her kneel outside! Bring her back to me when she's ready to leave the country."

Stunned, I faced her. "What right do you have to do this?"

"Right?" Susan scoffed, "Maybe you should ask yourself what 'right' means."

My face went pale. Indeed, it was a foolish question.

I let the bodyguards drag me outside, where snowflakes landed on me and quickly melted into water. But I refused to kneel! I clenched my teeth, struggling desperately.

Susan watched me through the patio door, looking amused. Eventually, she grew irritated, draped herself in a fur coat, and came out with an umbrella. "Useless. You can't even handle one woman!"

The next second, she took advantage of the bodyguards restraining me and kicked the back of my knee with her high heel. Pain and reflex forced me to my knees!

The cold snow instantly soaked through to my kneecaps. It was cold and painful.

Looking up at Susan, I, who hadn't cried even during my divorce, found my face wet with tears, bewildered, "Susan, where did I go wrong?"

I never fought with Dorothy. She pressed me hard, and knowing I had no one to rely on, unable to fight back, I always endured.

"If you have to ask, then you didn't do anything wrong," Susan looked down at me like I was an ant. "Your only mistake was being Bryant's ex-wife. Dorothy sees you as a threat. I know, and I can tell you're not interested in competing with her."

I asked, "So why..."

"Why would I treat you this way? Force you to leave?" Mentioning Dorothy, her eyes softened with motherly warmth, but her gaze remained cold toward me, "Because I'm her mother, the only person who will protect her unconditionally."

What touching words. Yet my tears flowed even more fiercely.

She turned to the bodyguards, her voice cold, "Keep her here. If she gets up, you're all fired."

The snow fell heavier. It was so heavy that my knees froze, unable to rise even if I wanted to.

Lifting my head, I saw Dorothy standing at the second-floor window, her face alight with triumph. "Looks like you've lost."

Chapter 320

I couldn't hear a thing. But Susan spoke so slowly, and I could read her lips. Before I could look away, a figure hurried past me. It was Richard.

Soon after, the sound of things tossed around echoed from the living room, followed by a muffled argument. I heard my name and Bryant's. It was about a scandal online.

Finally, a clear shout of anger burst from Richard, "She's spoiled and stubborn, and you just have to join in the folly? Let her keep kneeling in the snow, and what will people say...!"

Suddenly, the snow stopped. It took me a moment to realize a shadow loomed over me.

Looking up, I saw a pure black umbrella. Beneath it was Gregory's deep eyes.

His face was expressionless as he handed me the umbrella. "Can you hold this?"

I rubbed my frozen hands together. "Yeah, I think so..."

Before I finished, he thrust the handle into my hand. The next moment, the man in a black leather jacket knelt, silently scooped me into his arms, and quickly stood up. His steps were big and fast. Richard and Susan rushed out.

Susan opened her mouth first. "Greg, weren't you supposed to visit Adah in Vista Town? How come..."

Without stopping, Gregory replied, "Instead of worrying about me, you should figure out how to clean up Dorothy's mess!"

Susan choked on her anger, "So now, taking someone away from the Myers family doesn't require a word to me or Richard?"

Gregory smirked, "I've never been one to announce my moves."

Sensing the moment, the driver stepped out to open the rear door before Gregory reached the car.

"Wait here." Gregory bent down to place me inside, and as he closed the door, Susan grabbed the edge, her voice harsh, "I have a question for Ms. Webster."

The car's interior was warm, contrasting the outside world.

After a moment, I looked at Susan, detached. "I'm not interested in answering your question."

If the outcome were the same, I might as well follow my heart.

"Hear me out!" Susan tugged at Richard's arm. "Jane's behind this! She's so sneaky-acting all innocent, handling her divorce, even making Dorothy's dress, while plotting behind everyone's back!" She turned to Gregory, "Greg, you can't take her away today, no matter what!"

"Susan, I was giving you the courtesy. Your hand was lucky just now." Gregory glanced at her hand still on the door, a careless smile on his lips. "But you know I'm not known for my patience. Three, two... Bang!"

Susan withdrew her hand in panic at the last second as Gregory slammed the door.

Furious, she clung to Richard, refusing to let Gregory go. "Call his dad! I want to see if his dad also condones his nonsense!"

"Enough! If we don't let them go now, do you want to embarrass the Myers family..." Richard's patience wore thin, but his remaining words were cut off as Gregory closed the car door from the other side. The black car slowly drove away from the mansion.

Gregory glanced at my knee, his brow furrowing, "Jane, you are something, always getting yourself into such a mess."

I looked down, silent.

He tossed a towel he had taken from the trunk into my lap. "Are your knees okay?"