

Lost Me, Gained Regret (Jane and Bryant Ferguson)

Chapter 331

"Bryant, in your envisioned grand plan, am I supposed to be grateful and teary-eyed by now?" I asked sarcastically.

"No."

Avoiding my gaze, Bryant loosened his tie with one hand, "I just hoped life could be a bit easier for you."

"Sure."

I didn't rush to disagree, speaking softly, "So, name your price. Pull your shares out of Janedream, get rid of that 51% stake, and I'll breathe easier."

From the start, it seemed we never truly understood each other.

He once saw me as a weed in the desert, barely sparing me a glance. And now, he treated me like a rose in a greenhouse, too delicate to handle anything rough.

As for me? I'd lost all trust in him.

Why insist on staying together then?

He suddenly looked at me, his lips a tight line, "Jane..."

I smiled, "Didn't you say you wanted me to have it easy?"

"With RF backing you up, you'll have it easy."

I looked down at the bustling traffic below the skyscraper, and after a moment of silence, I felt a wave of melancholy, "Bryant, you've never understood what I truly want. You haven't even given me the basic respect I deserve."

"I know..."

"What do you know?"

As I spoke, my feelings were a tangled mess. "Before you decided to invest, did you ever respect my wishes? Did you even let me know that you were the one investing in Janedream?!" "What are your wishes then?"

Bryant, unusually humble, his noble features softened with emotion, "Alright, I promise, from now on, I'll respect your wishes as much as possible..."

I couldn't help but interrupt him, "My wish is that I have nothing to do with you!"

He dismissed the idea without a second thought, "That's impossible."

I gave a knowing smile. "See? All that respect and good intention come from what you want, not what's right."

The person he wanted to satisfy was never me; it'd always been himself.

Bryant frowned deeply, his expression turning cold, "Have you always thought this way?"

"When you were putting up with Margaret making a fuss daily, you said it was just to repay a favor."

Bringing these up, I was surprisingly calm, "When Dorothy showed up, you dropped a few words to make me trust you and then pushed me away." "Even now, your eagerness to reconcile is just because you're not used to being alone."

"Did you ever ask me, through everything, did you ever ask me what I think?"

"My thoughts never mattered."

"You only care about how you feel. As for me, as long as I don't die or leave you, satisfying your occasional possessiveness is all I'm needed for."

As I spoke, Bryant's initially cold expression revealed a hint of remorse, "Jane, it's not like you think. I might not know how to love someone, I've disappointed you a lot, but it wasn't for the reasons you think." "Bryant."

Under his puzzled but earnest gaze, I slowly said, "I won't reconcile with you."

Being his wife was too difficult, too exhausting.

Even now, thinking back on everything, it all still tasted bitter.

Bryant seemed to have a lot he wanted to say, his voice tight, "No matter what, you won't forgive me?"

A bitter smile tugged at my lips. "Whether I forgive you or not isn't important. You should ask our child if she forgives you."

Chapter 332

Bryant's body stiffened sharply, the light in his eyes dimming by the second. He knew better than anyone the tragedy that had befallen our child. What stood between us wasn't just Margaret or anyone else, but the life of a child that had been lost. If he and I reconciled, what would that make of our child's death?

Knock, knock!

Outside, York knocked on the glass door. Bryant's voice was cold, "Come in."

York entered, his expression anxious. "Mr. Ferguson, there's suspicion from the Myers Group. Dorothy and her people stormed into Ferguson Group, and they might head here next."

"No rush." Bryant always had a strategic mind in business, his tone now laced with danger, "Tell Ryan to speed things up. Swallow up the project in three days. By then, it'll be too late for the Myers family to react."

Clearly, the merger between RF and Ferguson Groups had made him a formidable opponent against the Myers family, perhaps even stronger.

"Understood."

"Leave me for a minute."

After accepting the orders, York quickly exited. As the door closed behind him, Bryant turned to me, his voice a mix of compromise and authority: "You might as well think I'm selfish. But remember, you're to be Mrs. Ferguson."

With that, he didn't wait for my response and strode out the door, confident as ever!

I felt like all my words had been wasted on him, worse than brick wall. It was impossible to change what he had already decided.

Seeing me fuming, Christine barged in, "What's the deal with Bryant and RF?"

I bluntly said, "He's the ultimate boss." Christine might not look it, but she was tight-lipped, never spilling secrets even when drunk.

Christine was dumbfounded by my reply.

I sighed, "Surprised? Shocked?"

She stomped her foot in frustration, slamming the door behind her, whispering fiercely, "So we left Ferguson Group, toiled day and night to start our own venture, only to end up working for him again??" Her reaction somewhat eased my irritation, and I nodded, "You've summed it up perfectly."

"...Damn, he's cunning." Christine hadn't expected Bryant to pull such a move. It took her a while to come to terms with it, "So what do we do? Keep working for him?"

"Not really." I calmed myself, "We hold nearly half the shares between us, and they don't interfere with company decisions. It's better than working for someone else. As for the shares... I'll look for an opportunity to discuss it with him later."

According to York, the 10% of Ferguson Group shares I held could double. I would have the leverage to negotiate with Bryant.

Later that evening, I ran into Gregory in the underground parking lot.

Out of nowhere, that old idea I'd tossed aside popped back into my head, and I found myself giving Gregory a knowing look.

"What's with that look?" Gregory eyed me warily. "Spit it out, don't look at me like a dog eyeing a hamburger." He was a decent guy, handsome too. Just a shame he wasn't mute. Focusing on the main issue, I managed my first sycophantic smile in a lifetime, "Was what you said the other day for real?"

He sauntered towards the elevator, glancing at me sideways, "Which part?"

"Helping me deal with Bryant." Aside from Gregory's suggestion, I couldn't think of any other way. In a world where power prevails, defiance without support usually ends in tragedy. Our circle was no stranger to such misfortunes. But if I could align myself with the Ford family, then perhaps... Respect goes a long way.

Gregory stepped into the elevator, his voice nonchalant, "I'll think about it."

What goes around comes around. His words echoed mine, and without a second thought, I urged, "Don't think too long."

Chapter 333

He chuckled, "So, vacation starts the day after tomorrow?"

"Yeah."

Out of the blue, he said, "Then, 7 AM sharp, we're heading back to Vista Town."

I looked at him, puzzled. "Aren't you supposed to deal with Bryant first?"

His eyes twinkled with mischief, as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. "Right now, you're the one asking for my help, aren't you? Shouldn't you show me some sincerity first?" Bryant was made for the cunning business world, and so was he.

Thinking ahead, I gave him a heads-up, "I can play along, help you out with your folks. But I've been divorced. They're definitely not going to welcome me with open arms..."

Gregory didn't seem to care one bit. "That's my problem to handle."

As the elevator reached our floor, I took a deep breath, "Alright, I'm in."

Just as I said that, the doors opened. We went our separate ways, but just as I stepped out, I was surprised to see Mark standing at my doorstep.

Surprised that the Larsons still let him come around to see me.

Gregory cast a glance our way, his steps unhesitating as he unlocked his door, stepped inside, and closed it behind him, all in one fluid motion.

Outside, the silence was broken only by the howling winter wind.

With Kathy's warning in mind, I felt a bit uneasy, "Mark, what... what brings you here?"

Mark glanced at Gregory's door and, rather than answering, asked, "Why are you hanging around with him again?"

"Just ran into him downstairs." It didn't seem like a big deal to me, so I answered casually.

He seemed to relax a bit, smiling gently. "I thought I heard you agree to something with him?"

He was close with Steven, who in turn was tight with Bryant. I didn't want Bryant getting wind of this, so I opted to tell a half-truth.

"Just some personal stuff I agreed to help him with."

Hearing this, Mark's expression tightened imperceptibly, then casually he asked, "Are you settling in alright here, or do you want to move somewhere else?" "I'm getting used to it, yeah..."

I started to respond automatically, then caught myself, shifting gears, "Or, is my being here causing you trouble? If that's the case, I can move out right away." I could always crash at Christine's for a few days if need be.

"Trouble?"

Mark seemed surprised by my reaction, then it dawned on him, his expression darkening, "Did someone from the Larson family talk to you?" "Yeah," I nodded honestly, "But they didn't say anything too harsh."

As I spoke, I let my gaze drop, using the opportunity to make my stance clear, "Mark, let's just stay friends, okay? Now and in the future." Just like Kathy said, if I couldn't get Mark to back off now, it would only bring him more trouble.

Mark's voice sharpened, "Exactly what did they say to you?"

"Really, it was nothing serious."

"Is it because of him, or because of Bryant?"

When he said "him," his gaze shifted towards Gregory's door.

I couldn't understand why he seemed more suspicious of me and Gregory than of Bryant.

But at this moment, I really didn't have the energy for these kinds of entanglements.

I couldn't go back to Bryant, and I never even considered climbing the social ladder with Gregory.

I just wanted to peacefully run Janedream, left to me by my parents.

I shook my head. "Neither."

"Jane..." Mark's eyes were a storm of emotions as he looked at me. "Can we really only be friends?"

I looked down, "Yeah, I'm sorry."

"No worries, silly. I've always said, as long as you're happy, that's all what matters."

Suddenly, he reached out, gently patting my head, "Then, let's be friends!"

"Ouch-" As his words settled, a sudden pain shot through my scalp, making me look up at him sharply.

A fleeting emotion crossed his face, but his eyes were as kind as ever. He asked softly, "Did I hurt you? Sorry, my cufflink must've caught in your hair."

Chapter 334

Gratitude and guilt swirled within me, keeping any sharp retorts at bay. I forced a smile, "No worries, it hardly hurts."

He withdrew his hand, letting out a silent sigh before saying, "You should head back home. I just wanted to see if you were alright. Now that I know you are, I can rest easy."

"Alright."

The chill made me sniffle as I waved goodbye to him and headed towards my doorstep.

Thinking back to his asking about the place, I turned around, "Oh, and Mark, I'll make sure to move out as soon as I can..."

Originally, I thought ours was merely a friendship.

But knowing what I know now, I preferred it stayed that way, with no extra complications.

"No need!" Mark cut me off. After a brief struggle, he seemingly conceded, "Just stay put, alright? Gregory lives across from you... not many would dare to stir trouble here. It's relatively safe for you." "Thank you..."

"Jane, we're still friends."

Seeing my discomfort, he decided to lay it all out, "Don't feel pressured just because I have feelings for you. Besides, you haven't held me back in any way. Now that everything's out in the open, let's just continue being friends. Good friends. You're still the same junior I befriended, and I'm still your senior."

"Deal!"

Gratefully, I looked at him, sincerely adding before he left, "Having a friend like you, Mark, is something I consider incredibly lucky."

Being treated with genuine kindness by him, by Christine, was more than enough.

Mark pressed his lips together, glancing at the dark night outside, and muttered something I couldn't catch over the noise of a passing car. "What was that?" I asked, trying to catch his gaze.

"Nothing." His eyes, deep and thoughtful, looked at me as he slightly chuckled. "I said, we'll always be friends."

Ding! The elevator arrived.

Just before the doors opened, Mark softly said, "You better head back."

"Okay!" I nodded vigorously, feeling an indescribable emotion, as if something would change after this goodbye.

But there was nothing I could do about it.

As he was about to step into the elevator, Molly emerged from inside, surprised to see Mark, "Oh, Mr. Larson, were you looking for Jane?"

Mark nodded slightly, "Yeah. You're... Gregory's sister?"

"That's me," Molly nodded. "Leaving already? Thanks for the other day, by the way. That ibuprofen really helped."

"No problem."

Once Mark entered the elevator and the doors had closed behind him, Molly turned to me, a bit anxiously, "Jane, are you and Mr. Larson... like, in a relationship?"

I laughed lightly, "Friends, we've always just been friends."

Her eyes searched mine for confirmation, "You don't like him?"

"I do."

Seeing her anxiety spike again, I chuckled, "But just as a friend. It's different from romantic love."

"Oh, oh, okay." Molly seemed relieved, nodding fervently.

Understanding a bit of her concern but not wanting to embarrass the young girl, I didn't pry further.

Instead, I worried about her health, asking, "You mentioned medicine. Are you feeling alright?"

"I'm fine." Molly, usually so outgoing, now seemed embarrassed, almost wishing she could disappear, "It was just that... the other night when I went out, my period started unexpectedly, and I was in pain and made a mess... Mr. Larson happened to be there and bought me what I needed and some ibuprofen."

On the morning of December 24th, before Gregory could come knocking, I was already up.

After getting ready, I wheeled out my luggage, one big and one small.

As the door across opened, Molly saw me, her excitement palpable. "Jane, are you really going back to Vista Town with my brother?"

Chapter 335

I nodded, a grin spreading across my face. "Yeah, that's right. What about you? Christmas is here; when are you heading back?"

Even if the deal with Gregory didn't go through, I still had to make the trip. The custom-made dresses for Ramona and Adah needed to be delivered. After all, it wasn't just about the items, but the service too. Besides, Janedream was counting on these two ladies to help boost its reputation. This was a trip I had to make personally.

"I'll go back with you guys! Wait up for me!" Molly threw the door open and dashed back inside, cramming stuff into a backpack before reappearing.

"Molly, what are you, practicing parkour at home this early? Keep it down, or move out. It's not like you don't have another place!" From the living room, Gregory's annoyed roar filled the air.

And he said I had morning temper? Clearly, his temper was clearly worse.

Molly shushed him, "Why so grumpy? Jane's waiting at the door for us, get up!"

"Just three more minutes." After that, silence resumed.

I glanced at my watch. Perfect, only five minutes left until the time Gregory and I had agreed upon. Surprisingly, at 7:00 AM sharp, he lazily walked out the door. Apparently, three minutes for sleeping, two for brushing and washing up.

Which rich kid treats his own image with such disregard? His bangs were a messy tumble over his forehead, fluffy like a bird's nest, his eyes half-closed in a do-not-disturb manner. Still, with his good looks and natural charm, even this disheveled appearance seemed irresistibly alluring.

Catching a glimpse of me, he lifted his gaze, "Did you put a spell on her?"

I blinked, confused. "Huh?"

"She never wanted to go back before, even spent Christmas alone outside." Gregory's voice was lazy and husky with sleep. "But suddenly she changed her mind when she heard you were going?" "Maybe she just felt like going back for Christmas this year?"

"Impossible."

"Why?" I couldn't help but ask.

He didn't hide anything. "She doesn't like my dad, barely went home since she was little. Why do you think the Myers mom-and-daughter duo don't know her?"

"Is she on bad terms with your dad?"

"He's not my dad!" Molly had come out, backpack in tow, and declared firmly.

Gregory's voice was cold. "Either don't go back, or if you do, be smart about it."

"You're all the same." Molly, undeterred, looked at me. "Jane, it's better you remarry Mr. Ferguson than being with someone like him."

Gregory grabbed her ear. "Don't you ruin my reputation."

"What are you so worried about?" Molly stood her ground, still provoking. "Weren't you only interested in Lilliana? Why do you care so much lately about what I tell Jane, could it be... you've fallen for her..." "Get lost!" Gregory let go of her, without a word in his defense, but the atmosphere around him had noticeably darkened.

The drive to Vista Town was eerily silent. Gregory, sitting in the passenger seat, fell asleep almost immediately, slumping against the seat, aloof and quiet. Molly, after trying and failing to start a conversation a few times, mindful of having just irritated him, didn't dare make a sound.

Finally, unable to hold back any longer, she dug out a pair of earplugs from her bag and handed them to me, signaling for me to offer them to Gregory.

I didn't dare accept them, mouthing instead, "You do it."

"He'll yell at me..." Molly looked like she was about to cry. "Don't worry, he probably won't yell at you..."

With that, the earplugs ended up in my hands. Feeling a headache coming on under Molly's hopeful gaze, I braced myself and spoke up, "Greg..." "Shut up, give them here."

Chapter 336

The Devil had the lightest sleep you could imagine. Not even bothering to take off his sleep mask, with a familiar stretch of his long arm towards the backseat, he opened his palm.

I felt like I'd been pardoned, quickly placing the earbuds in his hand.

He fitted the earbuds with practiced ease and drifted back to sleep.

Molly let out a long sigh of relief, snuggled closer, and after a moment of silence, she began to whisper.

"Jane, I was just trying to get under my brother's skin on purpose, but honestly, he's a really good guy."

"Really?"

I was puzzled why she was suddenly opening up about this.

Molly rested her head on my shoulder. "I'm not on great terms with my dad because of his affair. I hate him for betraying my mom."

I was slightly taken aback.

"As a kid, I was frail and barely left the house." Molly continued, "After that, I moved out of the Ford Residence. I even blamed my brother for not leaving with me."

I nodded. "Guess he grew up fast, huh?"

"Yeah."

Molly sighed, a tinge of guilt in her voice. "Later, I realized he was smarter and more rational than me. Only someone like him could make the right decisions."

"Otherwise, we would have just handed over everything that belonged to my mom and us."

"I was just too immature and reckless."

Hearing this, I tried to comfort her, "You didn't do anything wrong. As long as you're not hurting anyone, any choice you make is okay."

She must have been very young at the time.

Very few can be thoughtful and considerate in their youth.

"No, I was wrong. I moved out of the Ford family but still enjoyed the privileges that came with the Ford name." Molly shook her head, "And all because my brother took on the responsibilities that were mine." I patted her head gently, "But he probably never blamed you."

Gregory seemed like nothing bothered him. But it was clear he cared deeply for Molly, his little sister.

After a brief silence, Molly suddenly called out to me, "Jane?"

"Yes?"

She paused before asking, "Does Mr. Larson... only go for girls like you?"

I was surprised by her candor, but responded openly, "I'm not sure, but what I can tell you is that he and I have made things clear. There won't be any entanglements beyond friendship."

"And his hobbies..."

"Molly!"

Gregory suddenly interjected with a bite in his voice, "Whatever you're thinking, forget it. Before he sells you out and you end up counting the cash for him, I'll break your legs first."

His tone was cold and unyielding.

Molly jumped, both anxious and annoyed, "Why are you eavesdropping on our conversation?"

"Who's eavesdropping?"

Gregory pulled out the earbuds and tossed them at her, "Go ahead and leave a bad review. What kind of earbuds are these? Might as well have stuffed air in my ears. At least air wouldn't make my ears hurt." Molly stomped her feet in frustration!

Gregory warned, "You better take my words to heart."

"Got it!"

Molly replied sullenly, then added, "I just thought he seemed kind and considerate. A marriage alliance could be beneficial."

Gregory casually asked, "Am I doing so badly that you need to sacrifice your own life?"

"Said I got it."

Molly's response was simple, but her tone softened.

However, a woman's intuition told me she hadn't given up.

She just didn't want to make Gregory angry.

Upon reaching Vista Town, Gregory dropped Molly off at the Ford Residence before taking me straight to Myers Mansion. Ramona was overjoyed to see us.

Chapter 337

As she was chatting with Gregory, I hung up the pieces of clothing I had designed for her, meticulously ironing them out.

"Jane!" Ramona feigned discontent, pulling me down onto the couch with a huff, "The servants can handle that, dear. Why don't you sit down, have some coffee with me, and we can chat? Must you always do everything yourself?"

I couldn't help but laugh. "It's really no bother at all."

"You, young lady."

She held my hand, turning to Gregory, "So, you were saying you're roping Jane into playing pretend in front of your parents?"

Gregory and her were close, no secrets between them, "Yes."

She looked at me with concern, "He's not pressuring you, is he?" "Ramona, what do you take me for?" Gregory couldn't help but laugh.

I smiled too, "No, I actually need his help with something as well."

Ramona didn't pry into what that was, but was unhappy about something else.

"I'm scared that Lilliana might not come back."

She held back tears, looking at Gregory with the authority only an elder could, "Whether you and Jane are serious or just playing around, I'm totally cool with it. Just one thing, even if it's an act, there's no reason to have her stay over at the Ford Residence on the first visit."

"She can stay with me. Make sure she's back by ten every night."

"Ramona..." I felt a warmth in my heart.

The old lady patted my hand, looking earnestly at me, "It's tough being a young woman on your own. I'm here to support you, no matter what. Would you like that?"

Not just me, but even Gregory seemed taken aback by her words.

His expression suddenly turned cold for a moment.

I knew he felt it was unfair to Lilliana.

Dorothy had replaced Lilliana in the Myers family, and now Ramona was considering me as a substitute after all these years...

So, almost instinctively, I was about to refuse, when Gregory softened his stance, "Just do as she says."

I wasn't sure what he meant by that.

After lunch at the Myers Mansion, I found a moment alone to explain, "I didn't expect Ramona to suddenly bring that up..."

Gregory looked at me, puzzled. "Jane, why do you always rush to explain yourself in every situation? When it comes to who's to blame, it could be either me or her, but you're totally not at fault. Why do you feel the need to explain?"

"I..." I didn't have an answer.

Maybe it was because the Myers name loomed so large, one wrong move and people might suspect ulterior motives.

I had lived too cautiously.

Suddenly, Gregory stood up, walked halfway out of the dining room, then turned back, grabbed my hand, and pulled me out, all the way to that room we visited last time. Lilliana's room!

He let go of my hand, pushed open the gate, and looked around at the familiar setting, his lips moving after a long pause:

"I don't blame Ramona, because even I keep feeling like you're her. If it weren't for her health, I might have even dragged you both off for a DNA test."

I bit my lip, "But you've checked already..."

Last time, when Allen had me doubting my own identity, Mark had helped me check too.

I had always been Jane, not Lilliana.

Gregory looked at me with a self-deprecating smile, "Ironic, isn't it? Reality tells me you're not her, but my subconscious keeps pulling me towards you." [SEARCH THE WEBSITE](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

He closed his eyes, a pained expression crossing his face, torn and conflicted, "Sometimes I feel like I'm betraying her."

Chapter 338

My heart felt like it was being squeezed.

Just like Gregory had said, it was something subconscious, an inexplicable feeling from nowhere.

Seeing the sadness in his eyes, I found myself impulsively tiptoeing, reaching up to ruffle his hair.

But halfway through, I snapped back to reality, my hand frozen mid-air as I met his deep eyes, whispering soothingly, "Gregory, she wouldn't blame you."

There was a brief spark in his eyes, which faded as I hesitated. "You're not her. How would you know what she's thinking?"

"I've been through something similar," I admitted with a bitter taste in my voice. "I had a good life, then suddenly lost my parents and had to fend for myself, striving and struggling to survive."

I looked back at him, offering a gentle smile. "If I were her, I wouldn't blame you. And... I believe she wouldn't either."

People who've had it tough tend to empathize more with others.

His years of waiting were proof enough of his dedication.

He seemed touched, his usual sharp edges blunted. "Have these years been hard for you?"

"When I was younger, yes."

I took a deep breath, glancing around the room filled with a strangely familiar ambiance, and chuckled, "But over time, I got used to it. These past few years, living lavishly with the Ferguson family, I can hardly say I've had it tough."

Gregory eyed me. "So, are you happy every day?"

I let out a wry laugh, stepping into the room. "Please, most people are just trying their best to live. How can one be happy every day?"

"Is that so?"

"And you? Are you happy?"

Gregory followed me out of the room, closing the door behind him and shooting me a glance. "You know the answer."

He wasn't happy. Probably hadn't been since Lilliana disappeared.

"Oh," I shrugged, not pushing the conversation further.

He led me towards Ramona's room. "Ramona wants you to stay here. But if you'd rather stay at a hotel, I can talk to her."

"No need," I shook my head. "I'd like to stay and keep her company."

Maybe I enjoyed being with Ramona because I never knew my grandparents' love.

It didn't feel awkward; it felt warm and comforting.

Life for Gregory was busier back in Vista Town than in RiverCity.

He left in the afternoon after receiving a phone call.

Once he was out of sight, Ramona turned to me with a meaningful look. "Child, do you have certain feelings for Greg?"

Her question caught me off guard, and I hurriedly denied, "No."

Ramona was perceptive. "Is it that you don't think about it, or you're afraid to?"

I looked down at the neatly laid wooden tiles on the ground, at a loss for words.

I hadn't thought about it.

After my divorce, all I wanted was a peaceful life. Thoughts of love and affection hadn't crossed my mind.

Maybe... there were moments when Gregory had stirred something in me, but I always quashed those feelings instantly.

Ramona patted my shoulder, urging me to be honest. "Tell me the truth. Don't hold back just because I'm Lilliana's grandmother. Greg has been faithful to Lilliana and the Myers family for over twenty years. Now, I want him to be true to himself."

After a moment of silence, I replied, "I haven't thought about it, and I'm afraid to. Besides, he's in love with Lilliana. We're better off as friends." "Afraid to..." She paused, then choosing to ignore my latter words, focused on my hesitancy. "Is it because you've been through a divorce?" Surprised, I looked up. "You knew?"

Chapter 339

"Silly girl," she chuckled. "If I didn't know everything about you, why would I have brought you into our home? I also know about your ex-husband, Bryant."

"That means..."

Something dawned on me, and I couldn't help but ask, "When Dorothy brought Bryant over that time... you already knew?"

"I did it on purpose to give him a hard time!"

She raised her eyebrows, "If he can't even protect his own wife, he deserves it."

"Exactly, he deserves it."

"Listen to me, dear, Bryant might be a good man, but he's too complicated. Life with him would be too exhausting, too bitter."

"We're already divorced," I said with a smile.

She probed further, "Have you truly given up on him?"

"I have." I looked down at my abdomen, my voice tinged with bitterness. "We almost had a child, but he chose to save someone else over me, and we lost the baby."

It was a complete letting go, at that moment.

Everything that followed only made me think that it was better not to have started anything in the first place.

No matter how hard you try to fix a broken mirror, it's still broken. The cracks are always there as a reminder of the real pain it suffered.

Only those who haven't truly let go can piece a broken mirror back together.

Ramona became excited, "That's all the more reason to consider Greg! I guarantee you, he's genuinely a great guy. He might seem indifferent at times, but once he cares about someone or something, it's for life."

"Ramona," I sighed with a smile, "I'm not ready to think about these things..."

Being betrayed and abandoned once was enough.

And yet...

She hit the nail on the head, "Do you feel like you're not worthy of him because you're divorced?"

"Yes."

It's widely thought that a woman who's divorced is considered less valuable.

Even the Larsons, hearing that Mark was interested in me, tried everything to stop it.

Let alone a prestigious family like the Fords.

"You're young. How are you more old-fashioned than this old lady?"

Ramona scolded me gently, her voice calm and steady, "Let me tell you, how a man or a family treats you is never about whether you've been married before, how beautiful you are, and so on. It's all about their character. Only problematic families need these baseless things to prove themselves."

"The Ford family, rest assured, they wouldn't mind these things."

Her words hit me like a pebble in a lake, stirring my heart, but soon everything settled down again.

Gregory...

Perhaps knowing I could only ever be a stand-in, I never even considered it.

And now... it was probably better not to think about it.

Even if the Fords didn't object, I'd only be asking for trouble.

The next day, I went to the Ford Residence to deliver the clothes to Adah.

Gregory wasn't home.

Molly was there, though, and she invited me to stay for lunch, making Adah laugh out loud throughout. [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

After lunch, she dragged me to her room, cautiously probing me about Mark's likes and dislikes.

I raised an eyebrow, "Didn't you promise Gregory yesterday?"

"Well, promises can be broken," she winked.

"Alright then..."

But I didn't know much about Mark's preferences, so I shared only a little.

She took notes diligently on her notebook, and after we finished talking, she put her pen away and suddenly said, "Jane, I'm sure my brother would like you."

Chapter 340

I was taken aback.

"Believe me."

Molly was sitting cross-legged on the couch, looking all serious. "He's just having an internal battle right now. He likes you, but he's scared of liking you."

I couldn't help but chuckle, "You're just guessing. He likes Lilliana, not me... It's just because I kinda look like her..."

"No, that's not it!"

Molly objected immediately, "My brother's not like that. Over the years, there have been many who resembled Lilliana more than you do, but he never gave them the time of day. I'm not bad-mouthing him, but he's always been a no-nonsense guy. If it wasn't for liking you, why would he go out of his way to help you, time and time again?"

"But that was just..." I tried to argue back, but halfway through, I couldn't find a solid reason.

Like that time with Jarrod, or when Mrs. Myers forced me to kneel in the snow... those weren't coincidental rescues.

And after, he never asked for anything in return.

Leaving, my mind was elsewhere.

Ramona tried playing matchmaker yesterday, and now Molly had joined in too.

Even the most determined would waver a bit..

But I never expected that upon leaving the Ford Residence, I'd see a familiar Rolls Royce parked outside.

I sped up, heading towards the Rolls Royce Ramona had arranged for me.

Just as I was about to get in, a hand suddenly grabbed my wrist, pulling me in a different direction!

I was annoyed, "Bryant, what the heck are you doing?!"

"Taking you home for Christmas!"

Bryant's voice was muffled, hinting at exhaustion, but his grip was firm.

I found it absurd, "What home? We're nothing to each other now!"

The man who spent our anniversary with someone else, now talking about spending Christmas together.

"In that case, let's start over."

He was terrifyingly stubborn.

I struggled fiercely, "But I don't want to..."

He suddenly spun around, pinning me against the car, his eyes bloodshot and veins on his forehead bulging, "Then who do you want to be with, Gregory?! What are you doing in Vista Town over Christmas, huh? Want to spend it with him?"

I scoffed, "None of your business. We're divorced, I'm free to do as I please."

"Jane, I can give you freedom."

His gaze deepened as he sighed, seemingly softening, "But only if you keep your distance from other men..."

"That's hilarious." A voice, half-sneering, suddenly sounded from not too far. "Since when did you get to decide my girlfriend's freedom?"

Bryant's pupils constricted, his tall frame freezing in place!

Gregory's eyes narrowed, beckoning me, "Are you coming, or waiting for me to beat him up?"

"Jane!"

As I tried to slip away while Bryant was distracted, he suddenly called out desperately, his voice trembling, "You... are you really with him?"

I turned away, "Yes."

He demanded, "Look at me and say it!"

"Yes!"

I lost my temper, staring straight into his eyes, emphatically stating, "I'm with him! Are you satisfied now? Can you let me go?"

The grip on my wrist vanished instantly.

I couldn't tell if he chose to let go or simply lacked the strength...

Soon, the black Rolls Royce sped away.

But this time, I didn't feel abandoned as before. It felt more like a rebirth.

Gregory chuckled mockingly. "You want me to run after him for you?"

"Gregory," I looked at the carefree man not far from me, trying to keep my tone light, "Did you step in because of our deal, or did you genuinely want to help me?"

Not many can resist a charming man who repeatedly comes to their rescue.

So, it was better to clear the air.

He frowned slightly, "Does it matter?"