

Lost Me, Gained Regret (Jane and Bryant Ferguson)

Chapter 351

I didn't spare him another glance.

Standing before me, Lilliana seemed even more formidable than Margaret ever was. I certainly didn't want to bump heads with her. "Maybe you should get a DNA test too."

"Jane, answer me."

"Playing hooky again?"

The atmosphere in the hall maintained a superficial lightness as my phone kept buzzing with one message after another.

I frowned, setting Gregory Ford's chat to Do Not Disturb.

With the very much alive Lilliana standing right here, he still thought maybe I was the one.

"Ms. Webster, fresh off your divorce and your phone's buzzing non-stop."

Susan, ever observant of my situation, chimed in with a snide remark, "You're quick to jump back in the dating pool, aren't you?"

Gregory clicked his tongue, ready to blow up on the spot.

I didn't want to get entangled with him at this crucial moment, so I replied first, "Average at best, can't top Dorothy Myers. I've just gotten a divorce, and she's already been engaged and broken it off with my ex!"

Susan glared at me fiercely. She did it on purpose, intending to embarrass me in front of all these people.

But again, who doesn't know how to hit a nerve?

Adah seemed to catch the underlying tension and frowned, "Jane, was your ex-husband Bryant Ferguson from the Ferguson family of RiverCity?"

"Yes, that's him." I admitted openly.

Having loved someone and been married isn't something to be ashamed of.

Adah looked disapprovingly at Ramona, "Your family's handling of this matter seems rather underhanded!"

It was clear the two elder ladies were close. Ramona didn't take offense but glanced at Susan. "Don't lump me in with them; that was all their doing!"

"Mom..."

Susan was displeased, but given the company of either elders or those she couldn't afford to provoke, she could only vent her frustration at me. [SEARCH THE WEBSITE](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"You think your ex-husband is some kind of treasure? Now that RF has bought him out, all he's probably got left is some share sale money!" I just smiled.

Susan scoffed, "And to think he wanted to marry our Dorothy, dream on! And just so you don't get too jealous, do you know who Dorothy's seeing now? The CEO of RF Group!"

I was speechless.

So, was Dorothy trying her old tricks again, aiming to marry into the Carlson family?

As we spoke, Susan's phone suddenly rang, and she answered with joy all over her face, "What? Mr. Carlson said their big BOSS is also coming? Great, great, don't worry, I'll make sure everything is perfect. Okay, message me when you pick him up, and I'll go to the entrance with your dad personally!"

She was all smiles.

After hanging up, she looked at me as if to gloat, "Jane, you're the only one who treasures your ex-husband like he's some kind of gem. Our Dorothy might just become the lady of RF Group, or at the very least, a CEO's wife."

York probably never thought he'd go from being Bryant's underling to his backup plan.

Couldn't marry Bryant? Marry him instead?

I couldn't help but laugh, looking at Susan, "Well then... congratulations to Ms. Myers in advance, once again."

"Stop being so sarcastic."

Susan and I never got along, she scoffed, "You're just jealous of Dorothy. After all, it's her first marriage - she's leagues ahead of you!"

"Susan," Gregory suddenly spoke up with a smirk, "Only the worthless compare first marriages to second ones. Besides being her first marriage, what else does Dorothy have to brag about?"

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"Cough..."

Christine eyed me, not wanting to stir up trouble on my behalf, and had kept quiet until now.

But with that remark from Gregory, she couldn't help it and ended up choking on her own saliva.

Susan could be sharp-tongued towards me.

But with Gregory, she was like a cat that got her tongue - especially with Adah around, she couldn't play the elder card and was visibly holding back her anger.

"You little rascal!"

Even Adah, who usually indulged Gregory, had to maintain some semblance of authority and glared at him, "Who taught you to speak like that?"

"Grandma, you did."

Gregory shrugged it off, "Standing up for what's right."

Adah glared at him, rendered speechless.

Anyone present could tell Susan was picking a fight, her words laced with unnecessary venom.

Just as the subject was about to be dropped, shy and quiet Lilliana, with all her innocence, chimed in softly.

"But Greg, my mom isn't wrong. Girls should respect themselves, be faithful..."

Christine instantly got heated, but her tone remained calm, "Ms. Myers, relationship or marital failures aren't something to nail someone to the wall of shame for. Just because you stayed dry doesn't mean you have the right to ruin someone else's shelter."

"Lilliana!"

Ramona frowned as well, "Who fed you that line? If you ever find yourself unhappy in marriage, I would be the first to bring you back home, understand? Divorce has nothing to do with one's purity or self-respect. Don't just listen to nonsense."

"Mom!"

Susan couldn't stand it anymore, "You're blatantly favoring her, what Lilliana said isn't wrong..."

"Not wrong?"

"

Ramona questioned calmly, then dropped a bombshell, "Have you forgotten the circumstances under which you entered the Myers family?"

The atmosphere turned icy in an instant.

Susan's face went from red to white, clearly caught off guard by Ramona's direct hit.

Even Gregory looked puzzled.

It seemed like...Susan herself was a second-time bride.

Ramona's expression darkened. "It's been twenty or thirty years, and I've never brought this up because, just like what Greg said, it's not worth mentioning. But why do you insist on using this to belittle others time and time again?"

Susan clutched her hands, trembling as if deeply humiliated, and stormed out.

Seeing Ramona upset, Adah tried to console her, "Let it go, she's always been like that. Why bother with her?"

Ramona gave her a look, then turned to me, saying, "Dear, don't take their words to heart. Marriage doesn't define you. Besides, you have an exceptional talent for design. Once the guests arrive and see the dress I'm wearing, you'll be flooded with inquiries. Keep your spirits up and make a killing."

Today, Ramona was wearing a lavender dress I designed, with a perfect waistline that flattered her figure, adorned with elegant patterns that elevated its sophistication.

As people age, comfort in clothing becomes paramount.

If it can be stylish too, even better.

In designing for the two elder women, I considered not only their personal preferences but also the comfort and texture of the materials.

But I knew Ramona's support wasn't just about my skills. It was more about the dream she had had about me.

As dusk settled, guests started to arrive.

Ramona got up, leading today's star, Lilliana, to greet the guests.

The butler guided us to the banquet hall.

Christine and I walked ahead, with Gregory kicking stones behind us, like a pesky tagalong, "Why didn't you reply to my messages?"

I stopped and turned to face him, saying, "You know why."

He probably had my marriage with Bryant investigated inside out.

He should well understand that I had no interest in getting entangled in anyone's feelings.

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He frowned, glancing at the butler who had already walked away, and said, "She's not Lilliana."

"The paternity test came out positive."

I felt somewhat helpless.

He asserted, "There must be something wrong with the paternity test. Jane, I might mistake someone else for her." [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

By "someone else," I knew he meant me.

He spoke again, in a quiet voice, "But I would never fail to recognize her."

I pursed my lips before saying, "That's between you and the Myers family, Gregory. It's best we keep our distance."

I really didn't want to fan the flames any further.

Without looking at his expression, I pulled Christine into the banquet hall.

Despite being arranged last minute, the welcome party was anything but half-hearted.

The lights shone brightly, the hall was luxurious, clearly a gala for the elite.

After grabbing a drink from a tray held by a servant, Christine turned to me, surprised, "When did you become so tough?"

"Oh please," I smiled wryly, "Even the dumbest learn from their mistakes. Besides, things are different now."

"How so?"

"Before, I was already deep in it, and pulling myself out was painful and hard."

I couldn't forget those restless nights, "Now, I'm still at the edge of the pit, with no sunk costs, so it's easier to stay rational."

A person who's just been burned once is not so easily swayed again.

Christine sighed, then we saw Adah waving us over, introducing us to some high-society ladies around her.

"You ladies were asking if I switched dressmakers recently, well, here she is. Don't be fooled by her youth; her design talent is immense, and her craftsmanship rivals that of the seasoned masters. The stitching and tailoring look too advanced for someone her age."

"Adah."

Christine and I greeted her with a smile, with Christine being the more social butterfly, half truthfully and half exaggeratingly praising my and Janedream's work to the noble ladies.

For them, it wasn't just about getting a new dress; it was an opportunity to get closer to the Ford and Myers families.

As the conversation flowed, one of the ladies laughingly said, "I heard the big boss of RF Group is coming tonight. No idea how old he is, but my daughter is still single."

"Don't get your hopes up."

A familiar lady chimed in, "RF is on a roll, having acquired several companies aside from Ferguson Group. That boss has quite the knack. Setting aside whether you can catch his eye, the fear is, even if you do, he's the type to devour without leaving bones."

The Ferguson Group once dominated half of RiverCity.

And with the current maneuvers, Bryant's net worth has skyrocketed, the gap in connections and influence with the old families now overshadowed by sheer wealth.

In a short span of time, for the Myers family to attempt any manipulation was now laughable.

Otherwise, Susan wouldn't be so eager to curry favor.

"Speaking of which,"

Susan, regaining her usual demeanor upon hearing this, joined with a smile, "It's not as scary as you all make it sound. Plus, if you're thinking of making a move, you're too late!"

The first lady to speak asked, "Are you planning for your Dorothy?"

"Let's not spell it out!"

Susan, basking in the glory as if she had already become the matriarch of RF Group, said, "Initially, they were only sending a CEO tonight, but once this big boss heard Dorothy was picking him up personally, he changed his mind about coming. Now, if that doesn't scream 'sure thing,' what does?"

We quietly moved away, Christine gleefully whispering, "Can you imagine Mrs. Myers' face when she finds out RF's big boss is actually Bryant?"

"Ma'am, Miss Dorothy has returned with the guest!"

Before I could reply, a servant rushed in, reporting to Susan.

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When Susan caught wind of the conversation, her eyes quickly scanned the room and zeroed in on Richard. She promptly dragged him outside to greet the incoming guests.

Soon after, a buzz of excitement filled the banquet hall entrance. Bryant, York, and the Myers family trio made their grand entrance.

Bryant was in a sleek black coat, his demeanor exuding an air of aristocratic coldness and authority with each measured step. York trailed half a step behind Bryant, much like the last time they visited Janedream, yet it showed they shared a close bond. Given what Susan had said before greeting the guests, the attendees, savvy as they were, needed no further hints.

Bryant was the elusive big boss of RF Group.

None other than Bryant himself, previously disengaged by the Myers family, came as an esteemed guest, a situation they dare not take lightly, even if it meant swallowing their pride.

The atmosphere turned subtly tense, with nobody daring to approach casually. The Myers family presented a mix of emotions. Dorothy appeared excited, Susan visibly thrilled, while Richard was notably uncomfortable, though he remained silent amidst the crowd.

Some couldn't help but whisper to Susan, speculating, "This Mr. Ferguson must be here for Dorothy, right? After the engagement cancellation, he still hasn't given up on her..."

"Oh, please," Susan couldn't hide her delight. "Let's not dwell on the past. I was too hasty back then, almost costing Dorothy a splendid match..."

"Enough!" Eager to end the embarrassment, Richard lowered his voice and turned to Bryant, "Mr. Ferguson, I had no idea RF Group was yours. It's truly a case of the young outpacing the old. I hope you might show mercy to the Myers Group in business."

Richard's words were a mix of admiration and wariness, indicating the Myers Group was struggling under RF Group's relentless pressure.

Bryant raised an eyebrow but remained silent while York chuckled, "Mr. Myers, why talk of mercy now? Ms. Myers showed no mercy while relentlessly pursuing her goals."

Richard glanced at his wife and daughter, forcing a smile., "Dorothy is young and impulsive. Rest assured. We won't bring up such proposals again."

Christine sneered softly from a distance, "Damn, the Myers family does know how to play the game. Dorothy bullied you the most, yet no one's apologizing to you. They're just good at sucking up." "An apology won't change anything for me," I muttered.

But Bryant's relentless targeting of the Myers Group, scooping up a project vital to them, indeed left them in a dire state.

Richard had no choice but to plead with Bryant to spare the Myers family.

Yet, Susan seemed unwilling to let go, glaring at Richard. "Richard, what are you talking about? Why drop the marriage talk..."

"Will you just stop!" Even the usually genteel Richard snapped.

"

"What did I say wrong?" Susan pulled Dorothy toward Bryant, smiling eagerly, "Bryant, about the disengagement, it had nothing to do with Dorothy. It was all me and Richard. Considering your situation then, we thought you weren't up for marriage. But Dorothy has been thinking about you, even wanted to visit you several times. We had to stop her, fearing she'd bother you!"

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"Susan," Bryant's brow furrowed just a bit, and he spoke with a chilly, distant voice, "There's no need to explain the disengagement to me." After all, it had been part of his plan.

Whether truly confused or feigning ignorance, Susan protested, "But of course, I must explain everything to you. When you heard Dorothy was picking you up today, you made a point of coming over with Mr. Carlson. I understand..."

York's lips twitched in annoyance, interrupting, "Your confidence is admirable, but I must interject. Mr. Ferguson's visit today has nothing to do with Ms. Myers. Not a dime."

"How can it not be about Dorothy? If Mr. Ferguson's visit to the Myers family isn't for Dorothy, why..." [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Susan stopped mid-sentence, realization dawning, her face darkening as she suddenly turned to look in my direction!

Bryant glanced down to adjust his cuff, his voice cold, "Just so you know, Susan, I'm here today to win back my wife."

His tone wasn't loud, but each word was loud and clear, making everyone around him hear it. His statement was like a slap across the faces of the Myers women.

Dorothy burst into tears as if she had faced the ultimate humiliation. She could only vent her anger on Susan, tugging at her arm. "Mom, why are you deluding yourself? Why put me through this embarrassment?"

"I didn't hear you objecting when I first mentioned it..." Susan's words trailed off as Dorothy, overcome with shame and anger, couldn't stand it any longer and ran out, crying.

Susan had no choice but to follow and console her.

It was supposed to be the Myers family's home turf, yet they ended up being the butt of the joke. Richard felt utterly humiliated, but fortunately, Ramona arrived with Lilliana, having likely been informed of the situation by the butler.

Ramona didn't gloss over the incident but approached Bryant and beckoned me over, saying sternly, "Jane, when they bullied you, it was indeed the Myers family at fault. The current predicament of the Myers Group is also our own doing."

I felt unexpectedly sympathetic, "Ramona..."

Ramona wasn't close to Dorothy and Susan and was unaware of their actions, living far away in Vista Town. It wasn't her place to apologize.

"My child, hear me out." Ramona patted my hand, looking at Bryant gently, "Mr. Ferguson, Jane is a good girl. Though you're in a position of power now, the men who adore her are also outstanding. Winning her back might not be as easy as you think."

Bryant was cold to Dorothy and Susan but respected Ramona, "You're right."

He paused, his gaze intense as he looked at me, "This time, I won't let her down."

I pretended not to hear. Ramona only smiled, not saying much, and introduced Lilliana to everyone. For a moment, it was as if stars surrounded the moon.

I had achieved my main goal for the day, but it wasn't the right time to leave with the main character just making her entrance. I wanted to find a corner to sit for a while, but someone was persistently following

me.

Running out of patience, I turned sharply, looking directly into Bryant's eyes, "Bryant, we're divorced."

"I was wondering what you were to say." Bryant's lips curved into a slight smile, "Being divorced doesn't mean we can't remarry. The town hall is still there, not going anywhere."

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I paused, then couldn't help but throw in a bit of sarcasm. "You know, I never realized how tolerant you were."

That night, in front of everyone, I kissed Gregory. I might've had one too many drinks, but it happened. Given Bryant's 'my way or the highway' attitude, I figured that'd be the last time he'd ever want to see me. When I finished speaking, though, it wasn't Bryant's voice that answered but a commotion from the center of the banquet hall.

Lilliana slipped into an eye-catching white designer dress and stood at the center with a microphone, appearing a little shy. Yet, her eyes were fiercely searching for someone.

She was looking for Gregory.

Lilliana started, "Since I left my grandparents and parents, I've, um, I've been through a lot and faced many judgments. But, clinging to just a few happy memories, I've managed to keep going," she said, her voice cracking slightly, tears welling up.

"I've also been lucky. My family and Greg never stopped looking for me. This morning, my grandmother asked me what I wished for, and I couldn't think of anything because being back with the Myers family was already more than I could ask for. But now, I know what I want."

"I wish to be worthy of Greg's years of waiting, to marry him and become his wife." Her voice trailed off, shy and quiet.

Who would not love a story where the lovers finally got together?

The whole room erupted in cheers, and some guys started clapping loudly.

Ramona's eyes welled up with tears, seeming to accept the reality and feeling a surge of affection for Lilliana. Gregory's gaze was hard to read, sharp and inscrutable.

Bryant stood beside me, and his voice was icy cold. "So, you'd rather be blindly stubborn than get back with me?"

His mocking tone was unmistakable. But then again, neither he nor Gregory was ever the dilemma I faced. Nor, as he suggested, would I choose Gregory to avoid him.

I couldn't help but smirk. "Don't worry, Mr. Ferguson. I've learned to spot a bad deal. I won't be tripping over the same stone twice."

His eyes darkened, almost laughing in disbelief. "You're calling me a bad deal?"

"Aren't you?" I asked, my voice calm.

Bryant's lips curved into a mocking smile. "Not long divorced and already so bold."

"Bryant," I straightened up with my voice soft but firm. "I always hoped we could part ways gracefully. Even now, after the divorce, it'd be nice not to see each other awkwardly."

I never knew I could be so rational before him without a hint of bitterness.

"You can hope for anything from me." He regained his bossy demeanor. "Except for that. That's impossible."

I offered, "What if I trade my 10% stake in Ferguson Group for it?"

The Ferguson Group's stock had been rising, not yet reaching the astronomical growth York predicted but clearly on an upward trajectory. To anyone paying attention, the Ferguson Group was on a different level. My 10% was worth a fortune.

Bryant paused, his gaze darkening. "You're threatening me?"

I sneered. "You could say that!"

I would give up those shares for cutting ties with the past. If Bryant disagreed, I'd sell the shares to someone else. With the 10% stake, anyone could sway big decisions at the Ferguson Group's shareholder meetings. Bryant wouldn't let those shares fall into someone else's hands.

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His face hardened, voice roughened as though sandpapered, "I gave you the shares so you could have a better life, not for you to use them as a bargaining chip against me."

I pressed, "So, Mr. Ferguson, is that a yes or no?"

He let out a cold laugh, his tone icy, "Then go ahead and try. Whoever you sell to, I'll ensure they regret it. If you're out to hurt someone, by all means, proceed."

He was as obsessive as ever, almost to a pathological degree. Threatening was all about who could stoop lower. I couldn't beat him at his own game. It was pointless to argue further. Gritting my teeth, I went straight to find Christine.

Christine and York were chatting about trivial matters.

Seeing me approach, Christine turned to York with a smile. "Mr. Carlson, when you're back in RiverCity after Christmas, dinner's on me."

"Sure." York nodded slightly.

After exchanging greetings, I was about to leave with Christine.

"Ms. Webster!" York suddenly called out to me, hesitating before speaking, "Your divorce from Bryant, does it have anything to do with that kidnapping incident and his engagement to Dorothy?"

I replied truthfully, "Somewhat, but not entirely."

"Actually, during that kidnapping, Bryant knew the gun had no bullets. The model of that handgun wouldn't feel or weigh the same load," York said with a hint of pity, "He came back that night and smoked the whole time, admitting that you must be really disappointed in him again."

I blinked, replying, "I know. Bryant was trying to protect me."

I hadn't known it at the time. But later, I understood after Bryant brilliantly escaped and called off the engagement, using the RF Group's influence to deal with the Myers family.

York heaved a sigh of relief, confused. "Then why did it have to come to this..."

"Because that was just the last straw." I smiled faintly, "So, whether it's a straw or a rose wrapped in straw, it makes no difference."

The banquet hall was beaming with laughter and chatter.

We grabbed some pastries from the buffet to tide us over until we could leave as the party wound down. Shortly after eating, I started to feel itchy all over.

Christine saw me scratching my arm under my sleeve and asked with concern, "What's wrong?"

I answered uncomfortably, "I don't know. I'm just suddenly feeling itchy."

It started with my chest, but soon, my whole body was unbearably itchy. I frowned, "Might be an allergic reaction."

Christine lifted my sleeve to take a look and panicked, "It's an allergy, just like that time in college. Weird, we didn't eat any peanuts. How do you feel?"

"Maybe one of the pastries had peanuts in it." I got up, grabbing my bag, "Let's just tell Ramona we have to go."

Christine agreed, "Okay, let's hurry to the hospital while it's still early. I'll come with you."

"Alright." I nodded.

Ramona was resting in a separate parlor, the door wide open. It was just her and Gregory inside, chatting.

Seeing me knock, Gregory stopped talking, seemingly taking my earlier words to heart, idly fiddling with his phone, not sparing me an extra glance. Ramona playfully smacked his head and looked at me kindly, "Jane, come sit."

"Ramona, I'll just stand." I smiled.

In front of our hosts, I couldn't mention my allergic reaction. It would seem rude as if blaming their hospitality. So, I said, "Something came up. I have to leave." "Fine, I'll have the driver..." Her gaze suddenly fell on my wrist, the rash not covered by my sleeve, and her voice trailed off, "What happened to your hand?"

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I tugged at my sleeve, embarrassed and about to spill the beans when the banquet hall erupted into chaos.

"Oh my God!" Someone yelled, "Ms. Myers has fainted. Call 911!"

In the next second, the man, hanging his head low, suddenly stood up and dashed out like a shot, as fast as lightning.

Caught off guard, Ramona stood up hastily, not bothering about anything else, and hurried out with the help of a servant, leaving only me and Christine in the living room.

"Let's go. You don't need to worry about this mess." Christine pulled me away. "They have their family and a devoted fiancé. You need to take care of yourself. Hurry to the hospital and have it checked out so it doesn't turn as bad as last time."

The banquet hall was in total disarray. Some genuinely cared, others just wanted to put on a show for the Myers family.

After getting to the hospital and having some blood samples taken, I sat in the infusion room waiting for Christine. But the itch was still unbearable.

Taking advantage of Christine paying the bill, I scratched my neck raw. It didn't help at all. I felt like dying from the itch.

"Goodness!" Christine returned from paying the bill and saw me scratching everywhere, even attacking my face. She rushed over to hold down my hands. "Do you even want your face anymore? Are you still under twenty, with a fast metabolism that scars would disappear? If you scar, you'll look hideous."

"I guess I'm already hideous." I was on the verge of tears.

On the way to the hospital, I took a small mirror from my bag and saw that my face was all in rashes. It looked shocking.

Feeling my despair, Christine tried to console me, "It's just temporary ugliness. The doctor said that once the IV is in and you take some medicine for a few days, these rashes will disappear with no trace. Let me hang the IV, and I'll go and get you some ice cream to cool it down. It might relieve some of the itching."

Feeling relieved, I took the medicine from her hands like a lifeline. "I'll go and get the IV set up."

"Okay." Christine accompanied me.

Even though it was late, the infusion area was busy, with patients everywhere, so we had to wait our turn. Just as it was my turn, a commotion erupted outside the infusion room. Susan burst in, frantic, with her bodyguards looking around in panic. Soon, her gaze fixed on me! Without hesitation, she made a beeline for us.

On high alert, Christine stepped before me. "What do you want now?"

"Ms. Webster!" Susan surprisingly softened her tone, "My daughter has fainted. She has aplastic anemia and a rare blood type. We can't find a donor at this hour. Please, help her!" Christine coldly responded, "Your daughter? Which one? The one who kidnapped Jane or the one you just found?"

Susan murmured, "Lilliana."

"Sorry, but no!" Christine pushed me before a nurse, "Jane is feeling unwell. She needs an IV. You should know that if you're on medication, you can't donate blood for the coming few days."

I was so itchy that I could barely stand it, eagerly stretching out my arm, riddled with rashes, for the nurse to set up the IV. Yet, the sight of the sharp needle made me instinctively flinch and shut my eyes. Surprisingly, the anticipated pain never followed.

Susan had her bodyguard stop the nurse's action!

Feeling like millions of tiny bugs crawling on my skin, I nearly lost it, biting my teeth hard. "Is Ms. Myers' life the only one that matters, not mine?"

"Ms. Webster..." Seeing the hatred in my eyes, Susan seemed shocked and burst into tears, pleading, "When I found out about your blood type, the doctor said you have allergies. Allergies are not life-threatening, are they? But without a blood source, my daughter could die."

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When one was feeling utterly miserable, self-preservation kicked in hard. I couldn't care less about anything else. I felt so unwell that I could scratch my skin off. "What's it to me??" Was I supposed to play the saint and save others when I was in such pain?

Thump! Susan dropped to her knees, tears streaming down her face, "Please, this sickness of yours is nothing serious. Save my daughter first, will you?"

Everyone in the infusion room turned to look, startled.

At that moment, she was a desperate mother, consumed with worry for her daughter's life and out of options.

And me? Just a person with a "minor illness," selfishly refusing to save a life.

"No." I looked at her coldly, turning to Christine, "Chris, call the cops. Susan is maliciously preventing me from getting medical help. It's practically attempted murder."

I cared more about my life than what others thought of me. Who did Lilliana think she was?

She was the favored Ms. Myers. Besides Susan begging me, the Myers and the Ford families must be exhausting all their connections in search of a blood donor.

Lilliana wouldn't be in danger even if I didn't go. Even if she were in danger by some slim chance, I wouldn't trade my life for hers. Giving blood while having an allergic reaction could lead to shock or something even worse. I wasn't brave enough for that.

"Mom! Why waste your breath with them?" Clicking in high heels, Dorothy saw her chance to avenge the embarrassment at the dinner party. She ordered the bodyguards, "What are you waiting for? Take her for the blood draw now!"

"Let go of me!" Already feeling awful, I couldn't struggle.

Christine's eyes were red with urgency as she tried to stop them, but she couldn't. "Dorothy! It is against the law. If something happens to Jane, can you bear the consequences?"

"Law? Maybe you should see who rules Vista Town!" Full of arrogance, Dorothy ordered the remaining bodyguards, "Check these people's phones in the infusion room. If anyone recorded a video, delete it." She pointed at Christine. "And keep her out of the way."

The abuse of power was extreme. Soon, the guards took me to where they would draw blood. To prevent resistance or calls for help, they even tied me to a chair and gagged me.

With a sinister smile, Dorothy came closer, hinting, "Jane, you're so lucky. Unfortunately, God is fair, letting people like me, born with nothing, control your fate."

"Get on with it!" She squinted at the medical staff, "If you don't start now and my 'sister' suffers, none of you will live well in Vista Town!"

Outside, hurried footsteps approached.

It was Ramona's voice, "You've found a willing donor for Lilliana so quickly?"

Susan smiled. "Yes, you don't have to worry for now. Lilliana's suffering is over. God is looking out for her."

As they inserted the needle into my vein, I managed to loosen the ropes tying my legs to the chair, and I kicked the medical trolley. The noise caught the attention of those outside.

"Is the person inside not donating of their own free will?"

That was Gregory.

Christine somehow broke free from the bodyguard watching her, appearing suddenly, her voice growing louder, "Mr. Ford, they've tied up Jane! She's having an allergic reaction. Donating blood could kill her!"

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'Seriously? Asking Gregory for help?' I can't help but wonder if I was too pessimistic. Given his obsession with Lilliana, I'd put my faith in Ramona rather than him. Despite his constant complaints about Lilliana being all wrong for him, he'd never stand by and watch her die, not even if there was just a one-in-a-thousand chance.

Gregory was not one to waffle. Sacrificing me was something I saw coming a mile away.

Bang! Surprisingly, without any prior argument heard from outside, there was a sudden loud bang. With the door kicked open wide, Gregory stormed in with a chilling aura.

To my utter astonishment, he strode in, untied me in seconds, and ripped off the duct tape from my mouth with trembling hands. "Jane, how could you be so foolish again!" I tried to say something. "I..."

"Enough, don't speak. You look terrible." After ensuring they didn't drain my blood, his expression softened, though still with disdain. "I'm taking you to a doctor."

"Greg!" Dorothy was momentarily frightened by his presence, but she quickly regained her composure and bit back, "You can't take her with you today, no matter what!" Gregory ignored Dorothy. He bent down to pick me up and leave.

"Greg!" Susan directly commanded the bodyguards to block the door. "This time, I can't let you have your way, boy."

Gregory's gaze turned stormy, and he gently stroked my hands to soothe the irritation from the rashes. His usually indifferent face was cold, and he mocked, "Did you all forget it is the Ford family's hospital? Tell your men to back off."

"You can leave, but Jane can't," Susan insisted.

"Then tell your people to kill me. If they can't, I must take her away." Gregory's eyes lit up with fierce intensity, and he sneered, "If you're going to fight, make it quick. Don't delay me taking her to see a doctor." The Myers family wouldn't dare. Having already offended the RF, it wouldn't be long before the Myers family vanished from Vista Town if they were to clash with the Ford family.

Anxious and angry, Ramona hesitated before saying, "Let Gregory and Jane go!"

"Grandma!" Seeing that, Dorothy rushed to the door. "You could care less about me, but can you be so indifferent to Lilliana?"

Ramona had been worried about Lilliana's bloodline and was visibly exhausted. "Haven't you seen what condition Jane is in? Continuing to take her blood might kill her."

Dorothy scoffed. "It's just the life of an outsider. Is that more important than Lilliana's?"

"I know Lilliana," Ramona said, leaning on her servant for support. "She's always been kind-hearted. If her life comes at the expense of someone else's, she will live in guilt for the rest of her life."

"But Ramona, that was when she was a child!" Susan was frantic. "Do you know what Lilliana thinks now? Have you asked her if she wants to die?" [SEARCH THE website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"And have you asked Jane that? Just because she wasn't born into the Myers family, does she deserve to die?" Ramona stood her ground.

But I could see the hesitation on her face.

Indeed, it's natural to hesitate when you have to choose between family and a stranger.

The black market for organ trading wouldn't exist if everyone had principles and reason.

Suddenly, Dorothy glared at Gregory. "What about you, Greg? Lilliana is the person you've been waiting for over twenty years. Are you willing to watch her die for Jane? Ah!"

Gregory abruptly choked Dorothy! While looking down at her, Gregory's lips curled into a wicked smile. "I remember your blood type also matches, doesn't it?"

Suddenly, fear flashed in Dorothy's eyes. "I can't. I'm way too thin. I don't meet the weight requirement for donating blood..."

Gregory glanced at the medical staff, asking coldly, "Will she die?"

"Mr. Ford, she won't die if we control the amount of blood."