

Lost Me Gained Regret #Chapter 41 - Read Lost Me Gained Regret Chapter 41

Chapter 41

Chapter 41

The thought struck me as both absurd and hilarious.

I had been left alone on my wedding night, celebrated birthdays without my husband by my side, watched as the gifts I yearned for were given to someone else. And on the day of our baby's check-up, he chose to accompany another. Now, as we neared the end of our marriage, he couldn't stand me having a housewarming party with friends?

I couldn't help but smirk, lowering my eyes to meet his. "If you won't leave, I'm calling Margaret."

I knew once Margaret showed up, he'd be swamped.

Suddenly, Bryant pulled me close, resting his forehead against my chest, his voice raspy. 'Jane, I really never wanted things to end up like this.'

His words almost made me waver.

But then, as if on cue, his phone rang on the dining table, flashing 'Margaret' on the screen.

It was like a bucket of cold water had been dumped over me, snapping me back to reality and pushing him away, "Your phone's ringing."

Just then, Mark emerged from the kitchen.

Jane, everything's pretty much cleaned up. I'll take Steven home now."

I walk you out."

I glanced at the tall figure answering the phone on the balcony, fighting the irritation bubbling inside me.

After tucking Christine into bed, I went to help Mark with the task of getting an unconscious Steven downstairs.

Mark didn't let me exert myself.

His expression was tinged with concern. "Jane, are you alright?"

mokkment, but then i realized he was referring to my mood. I nodded, replying.

ritteleva, r. A vervmbered Mark had drunk a bit too.

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Cont worry #equet covered Chapter 41

He smiled, and after a brief silence, just before the elevator doors opened, he softly asked, "So, you and Bryant are getting a divorce?"

I looked down, nodding, "Yeah, we are."

"Think it over carefully, don't make a decision you'll regret."

"I won't regret it."

I was sincere in my answer.

Throughout the time following our decision to divorce, I'd often asked myself if I would regret it.

The answer was always no.

Mark seemed thoughtful, then nodded, "That's good then."

"Mark," as the elevator doors opened and we walked towards the parking lot, I pondered before asking, "How did you know what kind of food I like?"

Although we were close in the past, I didn't recall us ever eating out together privately.

"I brought you dinner a few times in college, remember?" He chuckled lightly. "Oh?"

I paused, then remembered, "Are you talking about the time I fainted from low blood sugar, and Bryant asked E you guys to buy me food?"

If this had been brought up during our college days, I might have felt a bit sensitive and inferior.

e But with time, I've gained my footing, able to speak of those days with a' mix of ope and gratitude.

"Bryant?" he blurted, then smiled broadly, "Yeah, it was that time."

"It's so thoughtful of you," I smiled.

Now that I recalled it, the meals Mark brought over were always the tastiest.

Few men were as attentive as he was.

I looked at him with gratitude, "Mark, thank you so much."

buy the cheapest foods,

I had no choice back then. Even with money. I only dared to buy without caring for my own preferences.

But because of Mark's

's kindness and thoughtfulness, I got to eat the food I enjoyed when I was most strapped.

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"Looking to thank me?"

As we reached the car, Mark gently nudged Steven into the back seat, leaning against the car, his gaze softening with a chuckle as he looked at me.

I nodded, replying, "Of course."

"Well, just promise me, you'll stop saying 'thank you' all the time."

His words hinted at something more, but before I could ponder, he added with a smile, "It's too formal."

I laughed lightly, "Alright, got it."

Just then, his designated driver arrived, and he handed the keys over, his eyes warm as h said, "Gotta go. You better head up."

Once I got upstairs, the living room was deserted.

Bryant was gone.

There was a momentary emptiness in my heart. But it was just that a moment.

Leaving without a word was his style, after all.

Probably another 'emergency' at Margaret's end, I guessed.

Back in my room, I gently nudged Christine, "Chris, wake up. let me get you into your pajamas so you're more comfortable."

"Mhm." Christine squinted her eyes open, and upon seeing me, she wrapped her arms around me in a clingy manner, letting me help her out of her top while murmuring, "Dear Jane, my dear Jane, nobody's allowed to hurt you..."

"Silly, aren't you?" I couldn't help but laugh.

The next morning, Christine was already out of bed.

There was a faint rustling from the living room. Bleary-eyed, I peeked out to see Christine doing yoga..

Noticing I was awake, she kept her pose but tilted her chin up proudly, "I look good, don't

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"Gorgeous, you're the most beautiful,"

I couldn't help but smile.

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she truly was the most stunning girl i'd ever met hetkeltirichthat takes your breath away at rst glance.

now in her yoga outfit she looked even more sakiniaing atisfied, Christine nodded. "Only my Jane hes such ootd taste."

uniting, theaded to freshen up hde (was applying makeup. Christine finishest peryoga and cdicame in eyeing my bare ass. Where did you put the earrings from last night??"

the drawer sewwith my eyebrows, i pointed her to the spotl techedinem sapping them onto my ears while confidently standinghetesarusies 2ave suyout De hintthee is that?! I asked casually.

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snow Lusiondupprimentin, une eaute company, only. Margaret earned herself in such
grace Dobry at your place last night?"

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Wasn't she the one who called him away?

"Cut the act, Jane. You've got no plans of actually divorcing him."

Margaret closed the door, her demeanor still gentle, but her eyes

"Don't you were poisoned with intent, know why Bry married you in the first place? Do
you really think he obeys his grandfather that much?"

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Chapter 43 If she had approached me with this question a while back, it might have
stirred something in my heart.

But now, having come to terms with the harsh truth that Bryant never had any feelings
for me, | found myself devoid of any desire to press her for answers.

| simply looked at her, cool and detached, "If you're so sure of yourself, why keep
hounding me like a madwoman?" Crazy she was, storming into my office first thing in
the morning, acting like the wronged wife confronting her husband's mistress.

Seeing my unflustered demeanor, Margaret seemed to panic, not waiting for my inquiry. before triumphantly declaring, "It's because of me."

She leaned over my desk, hands bracing the surface, looking down at me like a victor, "Jane, if it weren't for me, he would never have married you! You wouldn't even stepped one foot in the Ferguson Mansion!"

Her words tightened my grip, a strange, choking sensation spreading around my heart.

Her lips curled in satisfaction, her arms crossed, "It was Timothy who threatened him using me. If Bryant didn't marry you, Timothy would have used his influence to have me exiled..."

| already knew he didn't love me, but hearing this still cut deep. So, marrying me was just an act of desperation for someone else's sake?

Awave of sadness hit me, but | quickly shoved it aside and glared at her with conter "Is that so? Well, it seems you should be thanking me for agreeing to marry Bryant. Otherwise, where would you be now?"

Exiled, no doubt! Her expression froze, then turned to rage, her teeth clenched, "Where do you get off being SO... SO..."

"Cut the attitude." | frowned, brushing my hair behind an ear, "You could at least show some gratitude instead of snapping at me. It only shows how ungrateful and heartless you are."

"Jane!" She looked like she wanted to kill me, but fell silent, her gaze fixated on my e breathing turning rapid, her fists clenched tight

my ear, her

"So, you were after these earrings all along?"

"They were his gift to me." | cut in, deliberately provoking her. 1/2

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As expected, Margaret grew even more infuriated, her voice harsh, "Impossible! Besides, you're about to divorce. How could you shamelessly accept such expensive gifts?"

"You said it yourself, we're only about to divorce. Which means we haven't yet. What's wrong with accepting a gift from my husband?"

"Jane, how can you be so shameless? They were meant for me! He promised them to

me!”

“Then go and ask him for them.”

I had no intention of getting entangled with her any longer, intending to head to the restroom.

The pregnancy was taking its toll, with nausea, drowsiness, and frequent urination-I was experiencing it all.

Suddenly, she lunged forward, grabbing my arm, her other hand reaching for my ear, “They’re mine, give them back!”

Sing

I didn’t expect her to lash out so violently, the pull on my ear a

sharp pain. Not wanting to escalate the situation, I tried to placate her, “Let go, I’ll take them off for you!” !

But, of course, I had no intention of handing over jewelry worth millions so easily.

The moment she loosened her grip, I pushed her away. She wasn’t expecting me and ended up falling to the floor with a loud, startled scream.

Concerned she might continue and harm my baby, I turned to run. with

But as I did, the door burst open, and I found myself locked in a struggle with a pair of employees, starkly different to the confrontational demeanor of the normal Margaret.

Behind me, Margaret sat on the floor, a picture of misery, crying as if her heart break.

“Bry, it hurts...” Her voice was suddenly tender, almost making me doubt whether she was the same person who had just violently tugged at my ear.

Bryant, with an icy aura, strode past me to scoop Margaret into his arms. “Where did you hurt yourself?”

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"My back is killing me..."

Tears brimmed in her eyes as she snuggled into Bryant's embrace, lamenting, "I just asked her about the progress of the project, and she pushed me... Bry, maybe we should just promote her to director. Everyone else seems to be on her side anyway, and I just can't stand this toxic workplace anymore."

I listened, my eyebrows knitting together in disbelief at her talent for spinning tales. I almost laughed out of sheer frustration but was met with Bryant's scrutinizing gaze.

"Is that so?"

so?" His voice was as cold as ice, sending shivers down my spine.

I replied with a self-deprecating tone, "Would you believe me if I said it wasn't true?"

"Bry..." Margaret's voice quivered, her delicate fingers clutching at the collar of his shirt—the very shirt I had designed and tailored for him, a gift for Valentine's Day.

He didn't respond to me, only lowering his gaze to the woman in his arms, his brows furrowed in a mix of impatience and concern, "You're not a child; why cry over a small fall? Let's get you checked out at the hospital.

With that, he strode away, as if fearing any harm might come to the apple of his eye, leaving behind a chilling silhouette.

I took a deep breath, trying hard to blink back the tears.

"Jane, why are you so disappointed? He's about to become your ex-husband any thought.

As soon as they were out of sight, Linda rushed in, frantic with worry, "Jane, okay?"

are you

"Yeah, of course." I managed a bitter smile.

Bryant wouldn't dare do anything to me.

Otherwise, he'd have to answer to Timothy, Linda made a face in the direction they had left, "Mr. Ferguson just walked out holding Margaret like that. Everyone's guessing about their relationship. Could she really be our future Mrs. Ferguson?"

At this thought, she looked towards me with a face about to burst into tears, concern lacing her voice, "What if it's true? You two can't stand each other. She's totally gonna make your life hell!"

My heart clenched, almost numb by now.

I had been married to him for three years, yet only Christine and Kevin in the entire Chapter 44

company knew about our relationship.

And here we were, not even divorced yet, and he was already making no effort to hide his relationship with Margaret.

Why then, did he bother holding me last night, claiming he never wanted things to turn out this way? Talk about being two-faced.

I pursed my lips lightly, "It's okay, when the day comes, I'll leave."

"Then take me with you, okay? Wherever you go, I'm with you!" "Alright."

Seeing her eager face, I couldn't help but let out a laugh.

Margaret was nothing but a figurehead with a title, not doing any real work. The responsibilities of a director or deputy director mostly fell on my shoulders.

By noon, I was too busy to grab lunch.

Linda brought me a pack of beef stew, but as soon as she lifted the lid, a wave of nausea hit me hard, stirring from deep within my stomach.

"Don't you want this? I can go get you something else," she offered.

"No, this is fine."

I suppressed the urge to vomit, forcing myself to eat.

It must be the morning sickness getting worse. The food I craved wasn't available nearby, so it wasn't worth the hassle anyway.

Halfway through, however, I found myself leaning over the trash can vomiting until I was empty, tears and snot running down my face, completely bereft of any dignity.

Thankfully, I kept my retching low enough that no one likely heard.

In the evening, just before leaving work, Christine knocked on my door..

"I forgot to tell you yesterday, but the garage called about your car being ready. Want me to come with you to pick it up?"

Without looking up, I mumbled, "Yeah, just give me a minute to finish up here."

"The busy bee." Christine chuckled, plopping herself down on the chair in front of my desk and started idly flipping through her phone.

Suddenly, she stood up with a gasp, "Your ear, it's bleeding!"

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I nearly jumped out of my skin when she caught me off guard.

It was only after that I touched my earlobe, finding the blood had already dried up, leaving behind some crusty red scabs..

Fiddling with it made my ear throb with pain again.

To think I'd bled without even realizing.

Christine slapped my hand away, "Seriously, who digs at themselves like that without feeling any pain?"

After saying that, she rummaged through her bag, pulled out an antiseptic swab, tied my hair up, and carefully disinfected the area, "How did you manage this?" "Margaret did it."

I briefly explained what had happened between Margaret and me.

Christine was livid, cursing under her breath, "What the heck, that woman's nuts. Gotta crack up her brain to see what's inside. Snatching whatever she fancies like a true bandit."

"How come your disses are always so funny?"

Her rant somehow lifted the gloom that had settled on me for the day.

Christine glared at me, "With a friend like you, I've had to learn how to curse." "Oh."

I let her take care of my ear. The iodine felt cold but not too painful.

After she was done, Christine grumbled, "What the hell is Bryant doing? Just yeste was gifting earrings, and today, he's cozying up to Miss Goody Two- Shoes."

on this one, don't trip over She then warned me with a glance, "You better turn the page on t the same stone twice."

"I've moved on."

"Make sure it's not just lip service," she e hit th the nail on the head.

"Alright, alright," I shut down the computer, grabbed my bag, and nudged her towards the door, "Let's call it a day. Aren't you supposed to drive me to pick up my wanna eat? It's on me."

car? Where do you Our previous director was a hard driver during work hours, but rarely asked for overtime.

This good practice had continued, leaving the office mostly empty by now.

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Clad in her high heels, Christine easily draped an arm around my shoulder, nonchalantly saying, "You decide, I respect all cravings of a pregnant lady."

"I'm craving that fish stew we used to have back in college."

"Can you handle it?"

"Yes!"

I'd been craving it since noon and didn't want her to refuse, so I played up my pity card," "I've been drooling over it all day. Had some beef stew for lunch and threw it all up. I'm starving."

"Alright, let's go for that stew."

Christine quickly agreed, then playfully threatened my belly, "When this little rascal comes out, just you watch how I'll deal with him."

"What if it's a girl?"

"Then, she'll be spoiled rotten!"

On our way to the restaurant, we chatted nonstop, mostly about the baby in my belly.

I was looking forward to it, but Christine seemed even more excited than I was. However, the good mood didn't last long after we arrived at the dealership.

While settling the bill, Christine's sharp eyes spotted two familiarm figures, Look who are we running into here?"

It took me a moment to realize she meant Bryant and Margaret.

Yes, it was them.

Bryant looked indifferent, hands in his pockets, exuding an innate aura of author

From where I stood, his gaze seemed fixated on Margaret.

What a beautifully matched couple.

The salesperson was practically beaming, "Mr. Foon, this model is perfect for a lady. Easy to drive and comfortable. Mrs. Ferguson will surely love it..."

Hearing this, Christine was ready to explode, storming over there.

Feeling a lump in my throat, I quickly held her back, "Chris, let it go."

With Bryant there to back Margaret up, we wouldn't stand a chance anyway.

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So why bother?

Christine pressed down her anger, "Fine, let's just pay up and get out of here. Out of sight, out of mind."

After settling the bill, the customer service rep led us to the front of the shop to see the car.

After days of repairs, there were no signs of the accident left. It looked as good as new.

"Wait for me a sec, I gotta hit the restroom," Christine said in a rush, heading for the bathroom.

I chuckled and decided to wait inside the car.

The moment I got in, I heard a clear voice demanding, "I want that one!"

Which car she liked was none of my business, I closed the car door, just thinking about leaving as soon as Christine returned. But before Christine came back, a sales consultant knocked on my window.

I cracked the window slightly, impatiently asking. "What's up?"

"Hello, there's a customer who would like to see your car, if that's cool with you...."

"It's not just to see, I want to buy it." Margaret spoke softly, yet with an undeniable insistence, "We have money. Just name your price, any price."

The salesman looked at me awkwardly, "What do you think...?"

"No way." I spat out the two words and immediately rolled up the window.

Christine had the car fitted with tinted windows a few days after purchase; you couldn't see inside from the outside.

But Margaret was relentless. She walked up to my car in her high heels, not caring whether I could hear her or not, and began to speak as if she was bestowing a favor.

"Miss, this is a golden opportunity for you. Why not take the money and buy yourself a brand new car? It's a win-win How could you not seize such a chance?"

This car, it's not like the dealership doesn't have others. It's just this color I need. I could Customize one myself, but I'm in a hurry. I assume you're a reasonable person and will agree to sell it to me"

She tapped on the window again, her voice still gentle but laced with condescension, "Do you know who came with me to buy this car? He's the CEO of the Ferguson Group! In the future, the entire Ferguson Group will be hus. You're not just selling a car to me, you're Chapter 46

gaining his favor..."

"Ms. Ferguson," Christine emerged from behind her suddenly, cutting in sharply, "why can't you drop this habit of grabbing everything? First her husband, then her earrings, and now cars? If a garbage truck passed by, would you fob it too?"

"You! What's your name again?" Margaret was furious, but couldn't recall Christine's name at the moment.

"Christine, best friend of Mrs. Ferguson."

Christine smiled, raising her voice deliberately, fixing her gaze on her and the man not far behind her.

The salesman was momentarily stunned, visibly thrilled by the juicy gossip of high society.

Bryant, who had been indifferent, finally showed a flicker of emotion, a slight furrow in his brow, "Where's Jane?"

"How amusing," Christine scoffed, tapping on the car, "Jane's trapped in her car by your sister here, being coerced into selling it. And you're asking me where she is?"

I exhaled a sigh of relief and rolled down the window again) "Christine, get in. Let's get out of here."

Seeing it was me, Margaret didn't seem embarrassed at all and quickly turned to Bryant "Bry, this is one of our family cars, right? I don't want a new one anymore, just give this one to me."

Christine was nearly livid with anger, rolling her eyes so hard, about to curse h Bryant stepped forward.

He pulled Margaret aside, his voice cold, "Are you out of your mind? This is Jane's car.

"Isn't it bought with your money?"

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On the way to dinner, my mind was still a whirlwind, replaying the scene from earlier and feeling utterly baffled by my own naivety.

When Margaret threw that question out, a part of me actually hoped Bryant would stand up for me, saying something like, "Of course she can spend my money," or, "Since when does she need your approval to use my money?"

But what did Bryant say? He said, "The car was a gift from Grandpa."

That shut Margaret up alright.

a:

I When Margaret made a scene, he didn't recognize my car, let alone remember I got the car. Or maybe, he did remember, but he didn't want Margaret to know he was actually nice to me.

Here I was, Mrs. Ferguson, feeling like I didn't even have the right to use what was supposedly ours. Did I really need to hide and tiptoe around his ex?

And yet, he could give Margaret a car right in front of me, coldly pacifying her with, "Come on, you're not a child. What's the big deal? Buy the same model in a different color. It won't take long."

Looking out at the city lights beginning to twinkle in the evening, a sour feeling twisted in my stomach.

To think he could just give away something identical to what was supposed to be a gift for me.

Christine, who was driving, asked, "Still thinking about what happened?"

"Yeah."

Just knowing the divorce was coming didn't really ease the sting of disappointment for

1.

Christine squinted her eyes, not cursing as she usually would, but instead said, "If she really ends up driving the same car as you, I'll teach her a lesson."

"What are you planning?" I sensed something was off.

"Don't worry, I've got it under control. You just focus on staying healthy for the baby!"

The restaurant wasn't far, and as Christine finished speaking, she smoothly parked at the front.

This place had been around for decades. Tucked away as it was, it boasted an incredible menu that attracted locals especially during the autumn and winter, making it bustling with business.

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Getting out of the car, I warned her, "Don't do anything rash, okay? All I want is a smooth divorce, nothing else matters."

"Got it, got it," Christine replied nonchalantly, heading to the entrance to check our wait time.

The waitlist was daunting-forty to fifty tables ahead of us. How long would that take?

Just as we were fretting, someone yelled from an upstairs window, showcasing a handsome face, "Hey, Chris, come on up! We've saved you a spot!"

It was Steven.

I hadn't expected this playboy to frequent a place so lively and grounded.

Christine, initially annoyed, lit up at the prospect of skipping the wait, and we quickly headed upstairs.

In a semi-private dining area, Steven and Mark were waiting. Steven, ever the wealthy heir, contrasted Mark's casual, refined demeanor.

I greeted them with a smile.

"Tagalong." After greeting them, Christine sat down, grumbling, "I should've never told you we were coming here."

"Hey, if I hadn't come, how long en's would you have waited?" Steven's thick skin was evident. Of it wasn't for was Jane wanting to eat here, I wouldn't bother owing you a favor," Christine shot back without mincing words.

Unfazed, Steven grinned at me, "Then I guess I owe this to you, Jane."

The restaurant was buzzing, the air filled with the seductive aroma of food.

Steven poured us drinks, suddenly serious, "Let's raise a glass to Mark, the new CE the Asia-Pacific division."

I turned to Mark in surprise, asking, "You got the position?"

And a high-ranking one at that.

Linda always told me how much she int admired Mark, but it was only in this his moment that I realized capabilities for exceeded the accolades he had received.

Though the Ferguson Group was a behemoth, fashion was just a small division Its main focuses were real estate, AI, and semiconductors.

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a hint of a smile in his eyes, casually replied, "Yeah, just got it confirmed."

"It was him finally giving in."

Steven wouldn't let him be modest, "He's been in touch before he even came back, just couldn't make up his mind till now."

Not just Linda, I couldn't help but admire him too, chuckling, "Looks like it won't be long you, pride of our alma before RiverCity University comes knocking for an exclusive with mater."

Speaking of which, Bryant, despite having graduated years ago, had a dedicated column. in the RiverCity University newsletter that still attracted a legion of fans among the students.

Maybe he was meant to be a star in the sky, far beyond my reach.

"So, are you here specifically to celebrate Mark's new title?" Christine asked between bites. "Exactly."

Steven nodded, "Eat up, we still have the second half to go."

He said nonchalantly, throwing a sidelong glance, "Too bad Bryant couldn't make it, otherwise you guys..."

I could tell he didn't want me and Bryant to split up.

"Your mouth runs even when you're eating.

Christine swiftly stuffed a piece of brownie into his mouth.

I forced a smile, "It's not a big deal."

He had someone he wanted to be with.

Since we were going through a divorce, leading separate lives is only normal. Right, it was normal.

As we were leaving the diner, perhaps distracted, I missed a step and nearly tumbled down the stairs, saved only by a strong hand steadying me.

"Careful, are you alright?" Mark's voice was gentle with concern.

"I'm fine." I just twisted my ankle a bit.

Except, it turned out to be more serious than I thought, every step sending a sharp pain through my foot.

Does it hurt much? Mark frowned.

"It's okay. I can handle it."

I laughed it off, limping down the stairs with the help of Christine and Steven who were waiting for me. "I twisted my ankle. You guys go ahead to the house."

"Is it bad, need to go to the hospital?" Christine asked with concern.

"It's nothing just a minor issue."

I handed her my car keys, "Just can't drive is all. You take care."

"How do you want to get back. cab? Or should I drop you off first and then come home?"

Christine, then checking the time, added, "I've got a video conference tonight, but I'll be home for the second half anyway."

"I'll be home directly then."

Christine, grabbed Christine and headed out, "We'll leave her in your capable hands."

Christine, signaled the car with a call if anything. "I'll be home for the second half anyway."

Christine supported me to the car, insisting "We should all get checked at the hospital. It can be serious."

"I'm not that bad, it should do the trick."

"I'll be back in a few minutes."

That, he said; soon limping with a bad leg. Stepping into the driver's seat he handed me the keys. "You don't want to go to hospital, but at least get it checked."

That, he said with a light-hearted chuckle. "I'm not recalling, I stopped for a few minutes."

1. he laughed, shaking his head as driving off.

The surroundings began to blur as we merged whetherly night natiushing anywhere. The classic rock tunes filled the car pulihasconadeon withoughts in different directions

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"Jane, are you feeling alright?" His voice, smooth as marble, broke the silence.

I blinked, taken aback, and asked, "What makes you ask that?"

"You seemed a bit uncomfortable during dinner."

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Hearing that, I paused, slightly taken aback.

Mark was more attentive than I had remembered.

During dinner, some of the raw meats we had for our fondue had a bit of a gamey smell, which made me feel a bit queasy, but I forced myself to keep it down.

I hadn't expected him to notice.

I offered a faint smile, "A little, but it's nothing."

"That's good. Health comes first."

There was a certain depth to Mark's words, as if imparting a life lesson, "Whatever happens, you've got to look after yourself first."

"Will do."

My heart warmed at his concern.

But it was only later that I truly understood the weight of his words.

As the car slowly made its way into the underground parking of Riverview Estate, Mark helped me out, and I couldn't shake off a feeling of unease, although a quick look around didn't reveal anything out of the ordinary.

Just as we were about to enter the building, a Maybach zoomed past, its driver seemingly engulfed in a towering rage.

I jumped, instinctively covering my belly and stepping back. If Mark hadn't steadied me, I might have fallen.

After making sure I was okay, Mark's gaze followed the car, a hint of ice creeping into his usually warm gaze. "Completely insane."

"Must be some emergency," I guessed, trying to calm my racing heart. Thankfully, I hadn't fallen.

Ever since I found out I was pregnant, my first thought in any situation long as the baby was okay, nothing else seemed to matter much.

n was of the baby. As After making sure I was settled in, Mark went down to the supermarket and came back with some popsicles, reminding me to apply cold compresses to my swollen ankles and to avoid walking too much before he left, seemingly reluctant to say more.

I slowly made my way to the balcony's lounge chair, noticing my ankles had swollen up. I immediately started with the cold compress.

Today is just not my day. I'm hurt from head to toe.

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I chuckled wryly at the irony as I looked out at the river below, wondering if I'd be able to make it to work tomorrow. Holding a popsicle in one hand and scrolling through social media on my phone with the other, I eventually drifted off to sleep under a blanket.

In my drowsy state, I vaguely heard knocking at the door.

It was soft and infrequent.

As I came to, considering whether to check who it was, the knocking stopped.

The intermittent sound, in the dead of night, sent chills down my spine.

Gathering courage, I was about to get up and peek through the peephole when a familiar, albeit slightly slurred, voice came through the door.

"Jane, Jane." It was Bryant's voice.

My anxiety eased, replaced by a mix of irritation and resignation. Thankfully, after icing my ankle and resting it for a few hours, I could manage to stand.

But the person outside was losing patience.

Limping to the door, I heard the sound of the keypad beeping in error filling the air.

"Password incorrect."

"Password incorrect."

"Password incorrect."

Bryant was clearly getting frustrated.

As I opened the door, I saw him leaning lazily against the frame, his long fingers still attempting to press the keypad.

Seeing the door open, a moment of sobriety flashed across his drunken face.

Without a word, just staring, as if trying to see into my soul.

The smell of alcohol wafted in, making me step back, puzzled, "What are you doing here?" In any typical drama, he should have been woding Margaret, spending the evening in a romantic dinner, not showing up at my doorstep, drunk.

He glanced around the entryway, his voice cool. "Where is he?"

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Chapter 50

Chapter 50

"Who?" I was puzzled.

He scoffed, "Mark."

I frowned at him, genuinely clueless about what was on his mind, "Bryant, are you here to catch me cheating red-handed?"

So funny!

His gaze dimmed, lips barely parted, he murmured, "No."

"So, what do you want?"

Bryant didn't respond, his long eyelashes casting shadows on his cheeks, of defeat.

And a sense The night breeze brushed past, giving me goosebumps, "Speak up, or I'm closing the door."

After a long silence, he suddenly spoke in a muffled voice, "I just missed you."

My heart skipped a beat.

I was stunned.

He had flirted with me countless times before, but it was always playful, never heartfelt.

I had always hoped for some genuine affection, him whispering "I love you, I miss you" the heat of the moment. But all I got was silence or a teasing chuckle.

I was used to being let down.

Yet, when he blurted out those words so unexpectedly, they I

emotions.

still managed to stir my I took a deep breath, trying to stay composed, "You're drunk."

"I'm not."

"Bryant, look at me closely, I'm Jane..."

"I know you're Jane."

He interrupted, his hand gripping the back of my head, and a torrent of kisses fell upon me, along with a certainty, "I'm thinking of Jane, only Jane, nobody else."

My name spilled from his lips repeatedly, tickling my heartstrings.

Each time, it made me tremble.

He was like a lion marking his territory, fiercely stealing my breath away.

1/2

Chapter 50

Caught off guard, my mind went blank, allowing him to take what he wanted, "Mmm..."

Perhaps, in his eyes, this was consent, his broad hand started to wander over my body through the thin layer of my clothes.

I The air grew thinner, and suddenly regaining my senses, I pushed him away, collapsing to the ground, clutching a trash can, retching.

The more I vomited, the more the taste of alcohol churned in my stomach.

I couldn't tell if I was feeling humiliated or just stifled, but my chest was exploding with discomfort.

What was this all about?

What was I, just someone to turn to after he was done pampering Margaret, to satisfy his needs?

After a moment, I looked up, only to meet his icy gaze, a surge of hostility emanating from him. When he touched you, you didn't seem so disgusted. Weren't you all smiles with him?"

"And what about you? Do you really miss the Jane you had to marry just to protect Margaret Anger clouded my thoughts, leaving no room for explanations, I shot back.

Clutching at my last hope, I stared intently at his face.

I wanted to see surprise, disbelief, anything.

After all, I didn't want to believe everything Margaret said.

But there was no reaction I had hoped for. He just froze, unable to utter a word in his defense.

"Bryant, good job."

I laughed mockingly, looking down, "Let's just sign the divorce papers soon, okay?"

I had given him those papers days ago.

Even if the lawyer reviewed every clause three times over, it should've been done by now. With that, I turned to close the door, but a force stopped it, without any further action.

