

Lost Me Gained Regret #Chapter 51 - Read Lost Me Gained Regret Chapter 51

Chapter 51

Chapter 51

The air felt as if it had solidified, and my heart dangled in suspense.

I was still hoping, foolishly, for him to say something, anything, that might make sense of it all.

After a tense moment, the only thing that came my way was a cold, hard question, "You're in such a hurry to get a divorce?"

The weight of my emotions was suffocating, making it hard to breathe. I looked up at the glaring light in the living room, blinked away the tears, and despite the turmoil inside, my words came out cruel.

"Can't wait."

I needed it to be over before the pregnancy became obvious.

With my child's future on the line was a risk I couldn't afford.

Behind me, Bryant said nothing more. His answer was the sharp sound of the door closing.

I felt as if all my strength had been drained as I slid down against the shoe cabinet, staring blankly at the ceiling.

My heart felt empty, a dull ache spreading uncontrollably through it.

That night, unusually, I wasn't plagued by sickness and lay awake, tossing and turning.

The autumn wind howled all night, as if trying to penetrate my very being, leaving me soaked with a chill.

I guess I could accept that he didn't love me, and even that he married me because of his grandfather's arrangements..

But what I couldn't accept was that my cherished three-year marriage was nothing but a reluctant sacrifice he made for someone else.

How foolish I was, filled with joy, thinking I had landed myself a true gem.

The next day, I was barely awake when Christine called, asking how my foot was and if I needed to take a day off.

I got out of bed to test it, feeling mostly fine.

Although not completely back to normal, it wasn't really affecting my walking.

She said she would pick me up in twenty minutes, not giving me a chance to refuse.

1/2

Chapter 51

When I went downstairs, my Panamera was parked right at the building's entrance.

Christine rolled down the window, eyeing my foot suspiciously, "Sure you're alright?"

"Nothing serious, Mark got me some really effective medicine yesterday."

As I spoke, I got into the passenger seat.

Christine raised an eyebrow, intrigued, and started the car, clicking her tongue, "Imagine if the guy you had a crush on was Mark, how happy you'd be!

"As if me liking someone means they'd like me back," I replied, not knowing what to feel.

"You never know."

Suddenly, Christine seemed to hit on something deep, "What if, back then, the one who took you to the infirmary and brought you food was actually Mark? Would you have fallen for him just like you did for Bryant?"

I chuckled, "There are no 'what ifs' in life."

"But what if there was? Christine persisted. "Just tell me, would you?"

Looking out of the car window at the bustling crowd, I thought for a moment, then shook my head, "I don't know."

Whether it's liking or loving someone; it's all about a moment's feeling.

If Mark had been the one to take me that day to the infirmary that day, and had opened my eyes to see him bathed in sunlight.

Maybe, just maybe, I would have fallen for him, But there are no 'what ifs. I saw Bryant, and from then on, there was only Bryant for me.

"Fate, huh?" Christine, unusually philosophical, mused, "It really does like to play tricks on people."

"Enough about me, how are things going with you and Steven?"

"From a one-night stand," Christine played coy for a moment, then burst moment. into laughter, vadiant and stunning, E

'to several more nights of fun."

2/2

Chapter 52

Chapter 52

"Is that all?" I asked, pushing for more.

"Yeah, that's all."

Chapter 52

I raised an eyebrow, "You don't like him at all?"

"A little, I guess."

After Christine replied, she suddenly let out a sarcastic laugh, "But what's the use of liking someone? My mom used to say she married my dad because they were madly in love."

"But that didn't stop them from throwing dishes at each other when they fought. Is there anything like true and lasting love in the world?"

I knew, deep down, she didn't believe in love, not even familial love.

After her father's business went belly up, he turned to drinking, gambling, and started to lash out, hitting both his wife and Christine.

Her mom just disappeared one day, leaving her to grow up with that excuse of a father, taking beatings more times than she could count.

I wanted to lighten the mood, so I changed the subject with a grin, "But why have your so good to me all these years?"

been She rolled her eyes, "Who was it that was crying their eyes out on the rooftop in the dead of winter, snot and tears all over my hands, begging me not to jump?"

Bringing that up made me touch my nose in embarrassment.

She was just sitting on the rooftop catching some cold air when I saw her and panicked, rushing over to pull her back from what I thought was the edge.

She freaked out, thinking I was trying to kill her and started to struggle.

Eventually, she explained she was just trying to clear her head, not jump off, but I almost gave her a heart attack.

But that incident turned us from mere roommates into inseparable best friends.

Christine let out a small laugh and casually threw a bag into my lap, "Have breakfast. Got you some bagels and yogurt, take the rest to the office, snack on them if you get hungry."

"You really do love me the most."

"Bullshit," Christine cursed playfully, "I clearly only love you."

That day, Margaret didn't bother me, which was a rare occurrence.

1/2

Chapter 52

Working at Ferguson Group was actually pretty smooth when I could just focus on my job.

But when I left work that evening, I understood why.

Bryant really spent just one night to get her a new car, painted exactly like mine, and parked right next to my vehicle!

Some passing colleagues even commented on how close you have to be to someone to get matching cars in the same color.

It felt like a fishbone stuck in my throat.

He let his lover give me a hard time, then showed up at my doorstep, claiming he missed

1.

What a bunch of bullshit.

I took a deep breath, trying to ignore it all, and got into my car. Before I could lock the doors, the back door was pulled open.

Margaret slid in with a smile, "Jane, you're heading back to the Ferguson Mansion too, right?"

Today was the monthly family dinner, and Timothy had called at noon to remind me to come home.

I replied irritably, "What's it to you? Get out."

"Don't be mad, I just wanted a ride."

Margaret's eyes were curved in a gentle smile, Even though I have a on car, Bryant just bought it for me, and I'm not used to it yet. I'm afraid of scratching it, it would break my heart."

She was clearly aiming to hurt me with her words.

Her boasting tone was almost suffocating.

I quickly got out of the car, pulled the door open, and said coldly, "Your want a ride, did you get my permission? EΠ Get out, don't dirty my car

This car was bought with the Ferguson family's money, and I'm part of the Fergusph fachily. Do really need your permission to sit in it?" Margaret's tone was defiant, as if she owned the car herself.

Chapter 53

Chapter 53

I was on the verge of laughing out loud in frustration.

In the end, Bryant's the one to blame for spoiling her so much that she's got no shame.

I couldn't help but smirk, my voice icy as I spoke, "And what exactly makes you part of the Ferguson family? Last I checked, it took begging from your dad to even change your name, and Timothy didn't exactly welcome you with open arms into the family tree, did he?"

"By that logic, this car is more rightfully mine, since I'm Bryant's lawfully wedded wife."

every word, watching her facade crack bit by bit, a wave of satisfaction rising I enunciated every within me.

She gritted her teeth, "You're getting a divorce!"

"Well, it hasn't happened yet, has it? Until it does, I'm still more legitimate than you." I couldn't help but smirk.

"Shameless!" Fury blazed in her eyes as she glared at me, "If you're so set on divorcing, then hurry up and do it! What's the point in clinging to Bryant?"

"Who's clinging to whom, I wonder?"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

As if she heard something utterly unbelievable, her face twisted in scorn, "Don't tell me you're suggesting Bryant can't let go of you?"

I scoffed coldly, "Why don't you ask him who came looking for me after a few drinks last night..."

Slap!

Her hand moved faster than I anticipated, her slap landing sharply across my face.

I hadn't expected her to lash out like this, the sting of the slap sending my head turning to one side, burning with pain!

The employees of Ferguson Group who happened to witness the scene were shocked.

My anger spiked, and just as I was about to retaliate, a strong hand firmly caught my wrist.

Bryant's face was stormy as he scolded, "Jane since when did you enjoy resorting to violence?"

With that, he harshly let go of me!

My ankle, still not fully healed, wobbled under me, causing me to stagger back several

1/3

Chapter 53

steps until my back hit the car with a dull thud.

Thankfully, my stomach was spared.

Stunned, I looked up at him in disbelief, but his eyes were completely locked on Margaret.

"Are you alright?" he asked gently.

"Yeah, I'm fine, thanks for getting here in time." Margaret's eyes were red, brimming with tears, making her appear fragile and pitiful.

Hearing this, Bryant's tone went cold again, "I told you not to provoke her, didn't
1?"

"I didn't mean to provoke her, I just wanted to ride in her car on the way back to the Ferguson Mansion. You know, I'm a bit rusty behind the wheel, gets me nervous.

"Rusty but still buying cars?"

Bryant retorted coldly. Still he was indulgent, "Go wait in my car then."

"Okay, got it." Margaret responded in a soft voice, taking the car keys from him, "I'll wait for you in the car."

As she walked past me, the challenge in her eyes was unmistakable.

The bystanders, unable to resist gossiping, let a few comments slip loud enough for me to hear.

"Looks like the new lady from the Design Department really is our CEO's wife. "Yeah, she slapped Director Webster, and Mr. Ferguson still sided with her." "Well, between your wife and someone else, who would you side with?"

"That's true, but poor Director Webster, wonder what she did to upset the CEO's wife..."

I tried to ignore them, focusing instead on the indifferent Bryant.

Finally, he glanced over at me, his eyes cold, "She just wanted ande, was there any need to t violent?"

My heart sank, tears threatening to spill as I blinked them back and m stepped closer, standing tall despite the burning pain on my cheek.

No doubt, the slap had left its mark. If he had cared to take a closertook, he'd see was only defending myself. But he didn't.

His concern was all for Margaret.

The disappointment was overwhelming I could barely speak, "Bryant, look closely. She hit me first."

2/3

Chapter 54

Chapter 54

So now I was in the wrong for not telling him?

I wanted to laugh, tried to curve my lips into a smile, but my cheeks hurt too much. "Did you even give me a chance to speak?"

Whenever it's about Margaret, he's always in a rush.

"Jane..."

"Alright, your 'sister' is waiting for you in the car.

I didn't want to say anything more, cutting him off and getting back into my car.

As I went to close the door, his large hand stopped it, "Cover up the bruises on your face. Don't let Grandpa see, or he'll definitely..."

Each word felt like a knife twisting in my heart, tearing me apart, my soul included.

I couldn't bear to listen anymore. I slammed the car door shut, isolating him on the outside.

Tears welled up in my eyes as I quickly turned away, not wanting him to see my misery.

I was the one who got hit, yet all he worried about was Margaret getting scolded. Ignoring the fact he hadn't left, I floored the gas pedal and exited the parking lot.

Just as I stopped at a red light in front of the corporate building, Christine called. I cleared my throat before answering.

"Did Margaret hit you?!" she almost shouted.

"Our company's good for one thing, spreading gossip like wildfire."

"You're in the mood to joke?"

Christine was clearly upset, "So, she really did hit you?"

"Yeah, but it's nothing serious."

I didn't want her to worry.

But Christine has a fierce temper, and without anyone to stop her, there's no telling what she might do.

Christine didn't buy it, "Don't lie to me. I heard she hit you in the face! That bitch."

"Christine, I'm really okay. Please, don't be mad."

"You better be okay!"

1/3

Chapter 54

"I really am, truly."

I reassured her repeatedly, then added, "I'm heading back to the Ferguson Mansion for a bit. I'll come over to your place later so you can see for yourself I'm alright, okay?"

"Fine."

She agreed, surprisingly hanging up before I did.

Feeling a bit uneasy, I sent Christine a text to double-check.

Seeing her quick reply made me feel slightly better.

Upon reaching the mansion, I touched up my makeup in the car, covering the five distinct finger marks on my face.

It wasn't about avoiding Bryant's disapproval.

But Timothy's health hadn't been great. He had a health scare at Ferguson Group not long ago, which was enough to frighten me. I didn't want him to worry.

As soon as I had gathered my things and stepped out of the car, the butler, Gary, came out to greet me, all smiles.

"Mrs. Ferguson, you haven't come down in a while, and Mr. Ferguson was getting worried, asked me to check on you."

I smiled lightly, "You're back from your hometown? Is everything settled there? If you any help, please, let us know."

need

Gary had been with the Ferguson family for years, serving alongside since his youth.

He had recently returned to his hometown to take care of his father's care funeral, who passed away at nearly a hundred years old.

As Gary and I chatted, he led me into the hall.

The whole Ferguson family, including Bryant and Margaret, were there, seemingly enjoying a pleasant gathering.

Margaret didn't dare misbehave in front of Timothy, sitting quietly in the corner, trying to appear well-behaved.

"Jane's here!"

Seeing me enter, Timothy's stern. face broke into a warm smile m instructing the servantom

"Quick, serve Jane the tea that just arrived; she loves it."

Bryant's aunt, seeing Timothy in a good mood, feigned annoyance, "Timothy, you're playing favorites!"

"So what if I am?" He boasted proudly, "Why not? She's my grandson's wife. It's a

2/3

Chapter 54

Connection across different generations. You'll get it when you have grandkids!"

Everyone burst into laughter.

Except for Margaret, who sat gripping the folds of her dress, her eyes cold and unnerving.

3/3

Chapter 55

Chapter 55

I found myself a cozy spot at the family gathering, swirling the tea in my hands. The aroma was pleasant, and the first sip was a smooth blend of bitterness and sweetness, comforting to my nerves.

I couldn't help but smile, "Timothy always thinks of us when he comes across something special,"

"No wonder Timothy has a soft spot for you, always sweet-talking!" Bryant's aunt chuckled.

I offered a polite smile in return, saying nothing more.

After a bit more light-hearted conversation, Gary ushered us to the dining table for dinner.

The seating was meticulously pre-arranged. Timothy at the head of the table, with Bryant's uncle, aunt and cousin on his right. To his left were Bryant, who had recently taken over the Ferguson Group, myself, my father-in-law, and Margaret.

The hierarchy was clear at a glance, leaving Margaret no choice but to simmer in silence. She might challenge me anywhere else, but not here, not within the walls of the Ferguson Mansion. Even if Bryant and I were to divorce, she wouldn't dare overstep. Here, Timothy had my back.

As I savored my meal, Bryant's aunt eagerly suggested, "Jane, try the lobster bisque."

"I heard from Gary that it's your favorite. Timothy made a special request for it. Freshly caught and flown in just for you. We're all basking in your glow here."

Hearing this, I glanced towards Timothy, his hair now more salt than pepper, and felt an overwhelming sense of gratitude. For years, he filled the void of missing familial bonds in my life.

"Thank you, Timothy," I said with a genuine smile, preparing to enjoy the bisque when suddenly, a wave of nausea overcame me. I excused myself to the restroom, where I had a fit of retching, feeling slightly better afterward.

Upon my return, Timothy looked concerned, "Are you alright, dear? Should we call the doctor?"

Bryant's aunt, with a knowing smile, chimed in, "I think Jane might be expecting. It looks like our family is about to welcome a new member!"

The unexpected revelation of a pregnancy caught me off guard. My heart skipped a beat as I felt the piercing gaze of everyone at the table.

Timothy's face lit up with hope, "Is it true?"

Amidst the mix of anticipation, surprise, and envy, I felt incredibly uneasy.

1/2

Chapter 55

I scrambled for a convincing excuse.

Facing Timothy's eager eyes, I couldn't bear to deceive him, yet I couldn't reveal the truth either.

With a heavy heart, I responded, "Timothy, I'm not pregnant. It's just some stomach trouble lately that's been making me feel unwell."

To my surprise, Timothy's first reaction wasn't disappointment but concern, "Have you been to the R.

hospital? You've lost weight recently. I'll have Bryant take you for a thorough check-up."

I instinctively wanted to refuse, knowing a check-up would reveal the pregnancy.

Before I could object, a stern glance from Grandpa swept over Bryant, who then agreed, "Of course."

I remained quiet, planning to find an excuse later to avoid the hospital. Besides, it was unlikely Bryant would remember this conversation.

After dinner, while it was still early, Timothy unexpectedly asked to speak with me privately for the first time. Anxiety gnawed at me. Had he seen through the facade Bryant and I had.

been upholding?

In his study, Timothy took a seat in his chair and motioned for Gary to close the door before inviting me to sit, "Jane, sit."

2/2

Chapter 56

Chapter 56

"Okay." I took a seat beside him, trying to meet his piercing, clear gaze, and found myself growing more and more uncomfortable.

In the vast study, it was just Timothy and me, and Gary, who was making coffee on the side.

Sure enough, Timothy started, "So, you're still going for the divorce?"

My heart sank. He had seen right through me; hiding it was futile.

"Yeah... How did you know?"

He sighed but wasn't angry about being deceived. "You, always so independent and stubborn, never showed much on your face, but those eyes of yours, when have they ever looked away from him? But tods.

you haven't given him a single glance."

There was a note of regret in his words.

Hearing that, I felt a lump in my throat and couldn't say a word.

Indeed, loving someone is something you can't hide, even if you cover your mouth, it will shine through your eyes.

Even Timothy could see it clear as day, yet Bryant thought I had feelings for someone else.

Was he just clueless, or never caring enough?

I bowed my head, hiding my bitter emotions, my throat tight with words that eventually all condensed into, "I'm sorry."

"It's me who should apologize," Timothy gestured for Gary to serve me coffee. "If I hadn't meco pushed you to marry that boy, you wouldn't have fallen into this mess."

I took a sip of the hot coffee and shook my head. "No, it's not your fault... You just made a dream come true for me. Without you, I might have spent my whole life reaching for the stars. But now, I can move forward without regrets."

What you can't have, you'll always yearn for.

I had it, and now I can let go, which is much better than never having it at all.

This way, I wouldn't be forever longing, right?

All Timothy could do was look helpless. "Originally, I wanted to persuade you not to go through with the divorce, but hearing you talk like this, to say more would just show I'm too biased towards Bryant. You should know, in my eyes, you're no different from my own granddaughter. Even without the Mrs. Ferguson title, no one will dare to mess with you!"

1/26

Chapter 56

His last words were said with such conviction.

It was a promise, and it gave me peace.

My voice was choked with emotion, "Timothy.

"Jane," he called my name, his expression inscrutable. "Do you know why I never wanted Margaret or her mom to marry into the Ferguson family?"

"Why?"

"Gary." He signaled Gary with a glance.

Gary, understanding, walked over to the safe, pulled out a leather-bound folder, and handed it to me with Timothy's 'nod.

"Take a look," he said.

I felt an inexplicable nervousness, as if about to uncover some secret.

And indeed, inside the folder was a memory card and several photos e printed from surveillance footage.

In the photos were two women, one visibly pregnant, the other fit and attractive.

The former was Bryant's biological mother.

I had seen her in the Ferguson family's portraits; a beautiful Woman with an air of elegance.

The latter, Teresa, I had met when Bryant and I visited her in the hospital, his stepmother.

As I looked through the photos, my heart raced faster!

Finally, I looked up at Timothy in disbelief!

I wanted to say something, but my throat felt tight. Timothy, however! understood my question and gave me a precise answer.

2/2

Chapter 57

Chapter 57

"It's exactly as you see," he said, his voice tinged with a blend of sorrow and weariness. "We, the Ferguson family, failed Alice. It was my failure to discipline my own son!"

Yeah, Alice was my late mother-in-law. Hearing this, I was plunged into deep shock.

I had always thought she died from complications during childbirth.

But she didn't. She was pushed down the stairs when she was nine months pregnant.

And the person who did it? It was Teresa, the very woman who had been like a second mother to Bryant, making herself a martyr to save him, only to end up in a vegetative State My mind was a mess.

How could she show such kindness to Bryant, yet be the one who killed his birth mother? It defied all human logic...

Before I could sort through my thoughts, Timothy continued, "Can't figure out why she could be so kind to Bryant, huh?"

"Yes..."

He scoffed, "Nothing but self-interest and calculation."

"After the death of Bryant's mother, my bewildered son insisted on marrying Teresa into the family. Teresa had tampered with the surveillance before acting, thinking she had covered her tracks. She played all her cards -crying, making scenes, even threatening to hang herself-pressuring me to give in."

At this point, it dawned on me. "You managed to restore the surveillance footage?" I asked.

"Yes."

Timothy nodded, his disappointment palpable as he spoke through clenched teeth, "But my son was so bewitched, even with the evidence right before his eyes, he still wanted to marry Teresa!"

In a fit of rage, Timothy hurled his teacup across the room!

Seeing how angry he still could get made me realize just how furious he must have been at the time.

Worried that he might get too worked up, Gary quickly patted his back and took over the conversation.

"Mr. Ferguson was really cornered, that's why he finally agreed to let Teresa into the family. But there were conditions. One, a prenuptial agreement stating that the Ferguson

1/3

Chapter 57

family's wealth had nothing to do with her."

"The other was ensuring Bryant's safety and wellbeing. Otherwise, all the evidence would be handed over to the police."

Premeditated murder.

That would be enough to put Teresa away for good.

I felt a chill listening to all this.

I had never imagined the depth of animosity and rejection Timothy had for Teresa and her daughter, Margaret.

The "loving mother" Bryant remembered was merely a façade put up after being found out by Timothy.

Hesitantly, I asked, "Does Bryant know about any of this...?"

"Mr. Ferguson couldn't bear to tell him."

Gary seemed to hold back, offering only this explanation.

I felt there was more to it but didn't press further.

Not just Timothy, I too felt a pang of pity for Bryant.

To lose his mother so young, and to realize the stepmother he was so grateful to might have never truly cared for him...

And what about Margaret?

Did she know all this?

Thinking about it made my scalp tingle.

But then, I realized it wasn't my place to interfere.

At least, Bryant genuinely cared for Margaret.

"Margaret was raised solely by Teresa; her mind is definitely not simple," Timothy sighed, "That's why I NO was so against Bryant marrying her.

Now that Bryant marries a good girl like you, I'm even more hesitant..."

He paused, then continued pleadingly, "Jane, can we postpone the divorce talk?"

"Timothy..."

"Don't worry, just a postponement."

He continued, almost as if he was making birthday a promise, "After my eightieth birthday, if that boy still hasn't made you happy, you can think about divorce again, and I won't stop you."

"Okay, I'll listen to you."

2/3

Chapter 57

I didn't hesitate and agreed right away.

Ever since I joined the Ferguson family, Timothy had shown me nothing but love never making demands or allowing anyone to trouble me.

3/3

Chapter 58

Chapter 58

Now, with him making this simple request, I had no reason to refuse.

Bryant and I were already living separately anyway. A divorce paper was just a formality to make the separation clearer, nothing urgent.

Besides, Timothy's eightieth birthday was just a month away. It would be here before we knew it.

Gary walked me out of the study.

"Mr. Ferguson is just looking out for you and the young master, hoping you'd take some more time to think things over," he said gently.

I was about to respond when my phone buzzed with a call.

An unknown landline number.

"Hello, is this a family member of Christine Jackson?"

"Yes, speaking."

"We're calling from the RiverCity Police Department. Could you come down here as soon as possible?"

Panic set in before I could even ask for details, and the line went dead.

I rushed downstairs, only to be confronted by an irate Margaret the moment I stepped out of the elevator.

"You've crossed the line!"

As she attempted to slap me, I caught her wrist in time.

My mind was preoccupied with Christine's situation, Margaret's drama was the least of my worries. "Get lost!" I snapped.

I shrugged off her grip and strode away, my heart in turmoil over what could have happened to Christine.

And there it was, that familiar black Maybach trailing my car, adding to my irritation..

What was Bryant up to this time?

Did he really think I'd let Margaret slap me without consequence, and now he was coming to her defense?

At a red light, I dialed his number, asking, "Why are you following me?"

A woman's scoff came through the speaker.

"Jane, you flatter yourself."

1/2

Chapter 58

It was Margaret, her tone sugary sweet. "Bry is just worried about me. He wanted to accompany me to the police station. This has nothing to do with you."

I paused, feeling as though she'd slapped me hard across the face.

Right. She was correct.

It wasn't just now; I had been deluding myself for the past three years.

Arriving at the police station, I didn't even need to enter to know what Christine had done.

why And why Margaret had come to the police station in the dead of night.

The Panamera parked at the Ferguson Group earlier, still without a license plate, was now a wreck, almost reduced to scrap metal.

Inside a cop led me to Christine.

Usually so vibrant and lively, she now sat alone in a cornex resting her chin in her hands, her demeanor subdued.

Hearing footsteps, she looked up, a smile spreading across her lips upon seeing me.

My heart ached as I approached, gesturing outside, "You did that?"

"She already confessed." Before Christine could respond, the officer interjected.

I tapped her forehead lightly, "Impulse is the devil."

"But I had to take that hit for you."

Christine seemed unfazed, slowly standing up with a look of plea, "My legs are numb, help me up, will you?"

I couldn't help but laugh as I supported her, but before I could say more, Margaret stormed in, heels clicking loudly.

"How dare you touch my car?!" she demanded, looking down on Christine.

Christine, unfazed, clapped her hands dramatically, "Your Panamera, 'poof', gone!"

"Christine, is it? I'll make sure you regret this!"

Margaret stamped her foot in frustration, turning to find Bryant in dressed in a sleek black trench coat, stepping in, "Bry, aren't you going to do something?"

me!"

Chapter 59

Chapter 59

In public, Bryant always carried an air of aloofness.

His black trench coat only added to his aura of unapproachability.

As he moved closer, a knot of anxiety tightened in my stomach.

This could either go down easy or get real messy.

The least of it could mean coughing up some cash, but at its worst...

Given Bryant's clout in RiverCity, getting Christine thrown behind bars would be a piece of cake for him.

And it was a no-brainer that he'd stand up for Margaret.

Sure enough, he took his place by Margaret's side, gaze lowered, lips parting slightly to ask, "How do you want to handle this?"

My palms clenched at my sides. Before I could say anything, Christine pulled me behind her.

"I'll take the fall alone. This has nothing to do with Jane."

"Christine!"

Panic surged through me, but Christine turned to me, her tone mocking, "And what are you going to do? Beg your ex in front of everyone, or plead with the other woman who tried to muscle in on your marriage?"

Before her words could fully sink in, the tension escalated.

Margaret scoffed, "Who are you calling the other woman? Bryant and I have known each other since we were kids, so it's definitely not me. And I'm definitely not the unloved one either."

Her words cut deep.

By her logic, the marriage I thought was happy for three years was built on lies.

I forced a bitter smile, looking into Bryant's cold, deep eyes. "Is that how it is, Bryant?" I asked.

After loving him devotedly for seven years, to be labeled the "other woman"....

What others thought didn't matter to me; I only cared about his view.

Margaret, clinging to his arm and tilting her chin up, challenged, "Isn't it, Bry?" "Enough."

Bryant's brows furrowed slightly as he smoothly withdrew his arm, "It's just a car

1/3

DEN Chapter 59

pick up another one tomorrow."

I was taken aback. Was he not going to stand up for Margaret?

Her face fell at his attempt to calm the waters, "Is it that simple? They didn't just smash a car, they were slapping me in the face!"

Bryant glanced at her, his voice cool, "Didn't you slap Jane last night?"

That comment surprised not just me, but Christine as well.

We exchanged looks, both finding confusion in the other's eyes.

Was Bryant... taking my side?

Despite Margaret's guilt, she wasn't ready to let go, her eyes teary as she insisted, "That's not the same. You're clearly on her side."

"She's my wife. It's natural for me to be on her side," Bryant stated flatly.

I was stunned, feeling a flicker of hope reignite somewhere deep inside me.

"Jane, pull yourself together," I reminded myself.

Margaret's face soured for a moment before she regained her composure, "But you are going to divorce her for me."

Bryant's expression darkened, "Margaret, who told you I'm..."

"Aren't you?" Margaret interrupted, defiant.

Suppressing the bitterness inside, I couldn't stand to hear their bickering anymore. My gaze fixed on Bryant, "You're not going to pursue this matter, right?"

"It's my car, you should be asking me," Margaret interjected forcefully.

"But it's his money, right?" I shot back, standing tall, "Bryant and I are still married. Legally, any property

he buys you with marital assets can be reclaimed by me. My advice? Cut your losses."

"What do you mean?"-

"It means, this isn't up for your discussion."

I only needed Bryant to let this go.

Margaret wouldn't be able to press charge on her own.

Hearing this, Margaret glared at me, wishing she could tear me apart, then turned to Bryant, frowning, "Your dear En. wife sure is petty and domineering..."

I couldn't stand another moment of embarrassment, "Bryant, since you're not pursuing this, we'll be leaving."

2/3

3/3

Chapter 59

With that, Christine and I handled the formalities and left promptly. As we walked away, Margaret's nagging voice floated behind us. "Bry, living with her for three years must have been exhausting..."

Chapter 60

Chapter 60

"If it wasn't for your grandpa, you wouldn't have to deal with this crap."

Christine rolled her eyes so hard I thought they might get stuck. If I hadn't grabbed her arm, she'd have stormed back to argue some more.

Out of nowhere, it had started raining, the autumn wind chilling to the bone, making you want to hunker down.

Once we got into the car, Christine burst out, "Why did you pull me back? Did you not hear what she said? Damn, what a load of bullshit. She must've been hiding when brains were handed out!"

"I heard."

I sighed, starting the car and slowly merging onto the road, "Bryant is fickle. I just wanted to get out of there before he changes his mind."

Arguing with Margaret is pointless,

"Aren't you pissed?" she asked.

"I'm fine."

It wasn't so much about not being angry as much as being used to it.

At this hour, RiverCity's nightlife was just kicking off. The streets were bustling and particularly congested.

Suddenly, Christine flashed a grin, leaning in and winking at me, "Feels good, doesn't it?"

"What feels good?"

"Seeing her car smashed up like that, feels good, right?"

I thought about it, unable to deny the dark thoughts in my heart, "Yeah, it does."
Margaret's identical car parked next to mine had been an eyesore.

It wasn't just about the car. It felt like she was showing off her place in Bryant's heart.

Seeing that wreck parked outside the police station, I was worried about Christine and couldn't enjoy the moment.

But now, thinking back, it felt like a massive weight had been lifted off my chest.

"That's all I needed to hear."

I Christine looked thoroughly pleased with herself.

1/3

Chapter 50

I couldn't help but laugh. "But you can't handle it like this again."

"Okay, got it."

"Don't brush me off."

"I'm not. You know I always listen to you."

I was at a loss with her. When we reached her place, I softly said, "Christine, you really can't be this reckless. Today was Bryant letting things slide. But what if he had decided to take Margaret's side?"

"Do you think I'm an idiot?"

Christine smirked, "There's always Steven, right?"

That's when it hit me - I'd completely forgotten about her and Steven!

Suddenly, it all made sense. She had her bases covered.

I was nothing in Bryant's eyes, but Steven had been his buddy since childhood.

Even if not for me, he would've let go for Steven's sake.

"Alright, I guess I worried for nothing." I chuckled.

"Just focus on staying calm and taking care of yourself."

She pointed at my belly, lifting her chin, "I wouldn't risk going to jail. Then who'd be there for you and the little one if you got bullied, huh?"

Then, switching gears, she asked, "But why did Bryant stand up for you.

I paused for a moment, "Not sure."

you today?"

"Do you think he's realized he cares for you now that he's lost you? Suddenly found out You're the one he loves?" Christine threw a soap opera Sude

"That's impossible."

curveball.

I scoffed, dismissing the idea without a second thought, "He won't fall for me."

"If he didn't fall for you, how did you get pregnant?"

Christine was setting me up, and it took me a moment to catch up m before playfully glared at her, "Get out!"

On my way back to Riverview Estate, her question lingered in my mind, only to be denied time and again.

Bryant, he couldn't possibly love me.

After spending over a thousand days and nights together without a hint of affection, separation made it even less likely.

2/3

Chapter 60

Yet, this thought shattered the moment I stepped out of the elevator and saw him standing at my door."

Christine's question resurfaced.

"Why are you here?" I asked, only then noticing the black suitcase that m matched his clothes, placed by his side.

Under the bright lights, Bryant stood tall, his usually distant demeanor softened, his voice deep and gentle.

"I came for you."

I met his gaze, asking. "But why the suitcase?"

"Thought I'd move in," he said.