

# **Lost Me Gained Regret**

## **Lost Me Gained Regret #Chapter 611 - Read Lost Me Gained Regret Chapter 611**

### **Chapter 611**

Because I was absolutely certain that this man, more than myself, couldn't bear to see me suffer.

And that was enough.

Christine paused for a moment, then chuckled, "You really are head over heels."

"But, Gregory is worth it."

As she spoke, she poured me another glass of juice, reminding, "But, we really should start thinking about the dress for the wedding. After all, it's such an important occasion, it deserves some thoughtful consideration."

"Alright, I'll go with your advice."

I gave in.

But to my surprise, her eager nature had us discussing dress designs right after dinner.

More anxious than the bride herself.

Afraid that I'd regret something on my wedding day.

Later that evening, my mom called, saying she had to attend a film festival these next few days and couldn't visit me.

"It's alright, mom. Christine's here, and you've got your things. Plus, Zoe's handling the cooking, and Gregory has someone assigned for my needs, I'm well taken care of."

Bella hung up, reassured.

After Christine and I had our showers, we hadn't even hit the bed before Gregory called.

"Jane, you asleep yet?"

"Not yet,"

My heart inexplicably soared at his late-night call, instinctively asking, "What's up? Something wrong?"

"Don't worry."

Gregory, ever so soothing, said, "It's just that Ramona woke up and wants to see you. If you're not asleep, maybe you could come by?"

"Of course!"

I was overjoyed at his words.

Gregory probably guessed my response, "Lucius is already on his way to pick you up, so maybe change and come downstairs."

Before he hung up, he couldn't help but add, "Take your time, no rushing, you hear?"

I smiled, "Heard you loud and clear."

When we got to the hospital, Lucius didn't take us to Ramona's room but straight to the ICU.

Ramona was outside the room, gazing in through the glass.

"Ramona?" I approached tentatively.

She turned, smiling at me, "Lily's here."

Despite Gregory's heads-up, my eyes welled up, "Ramona..."

"There, there, dear."

Holding my hand, she pointed inside and asked, "Would Lily blame Ramona?"

"I almost hurt you because of him, even though he was the one at fault."

I shook my

to quickly, "Please

don't

you

that. I understand, were sick. You didn't mean to

me

Ramona patted my hand, "My Lily is the best."

Seeing everything was under control, Christine didn't come closer, just sat waiting at a distance.

Lucius also sat down but kept his eyes glued to his phone, probably handling something urgent. Looking around, I didn't see Gregory and couldn't help asking, "Where's Gregory?"

Lucius replied honestly, "Gregory's gone to catch Josiah."

"Why didn't you go with him?"

In my mind, Gregory and Lucius were almost always together, especially for big matters.

Lucius pointed at his phone, "Got

things to monitor here, and

Gregory's got backup. Don't worry, Jane." Content

Hearing this, I knew Gregory had intentionally left him at the hospital.

Gregory was worried something might happen to me.

...

At the coastal docks of the suburban area.

At this hour, it was pitch black.

The only sound was the sea waves crashing against the shore.

Until a convoy of black SUVs arrived, their headlights piercing through the darkness, blinding.

Josiah, seeing the tall man stepping out from the first vehicle, cursed under his breath.

Unperturbed, the man smirked slightly, lifting his hand casually.

Behind him, a few guards escorted Pearl and Dorothy forward.

Leaning against the SUV, Gregory casually spoke, "What's the matter? Decided you don't want your wife and kids anymore?" Content

## **Chapter 612**

That night, kidnapping Ramona was a risky business.

Josiah's original plan was to poison Victor that very night, seize the Myers family's fortune, and then take off with Pearl and Dorothy.

With Hanson Ford buying them some time, their escape would have been smooth.

But then he found out Ramona had gone senile, which seemed like a stroke of luck.

So, he let his guard down a bit.

That was the opening Gregory needed.

Josiah's resolve hardened, and he declared coldly, "I have no wife and children."

They were on the brink of crossing the border, just a boat ride away from freedom.

To Josiah, Gregory was just a big fish in the small pond of Vista Town.

Josiah waved his hand, commanding, "Set sail."

The ship moved away from the shore.

"Greg..."

Gregory's men panicked!

Letting them get away would mean it'd be near impossible to track them down once they left Vista Town.

But Gregory just watched coldly, making no move.

He'd arrived a step too late; the targets were already on the boat. Trying to forcibly take them now would only lead to mutual destruction.

It wasn't necessary.

If Josiah wanted to play games, he was up for a round.

His gaze darkened as he turned to Pearl, saying, "Victor listens to you so well he'd even kidnap his own mother for you. You could've had an easy life with him, but you chose to run with this desperado, who's now abandoned you and his own daughter."

Pearl glared at Gregory, shouting, "What do you know! He'll come back for me and my daughter!"

Gregory nodded, "Alright, let's see if you can wait that long."

"What are you going to do!"

Pearl was scared of Gregory but refused to beg.

She believed Josiah wouldn't really leave them behind.

"I'm telling you, if you do anything to me, you'll pay for it!"

Retribution?

Gregory had never believed in that, besides, dealing with trash like Pearl could be considered a public service.

What retribution could he possibly face?

But then he thought of Jane, of his child, and he took those words to heart.

"Don't worry, you won't die just yet."

With a gesture, his men took Pearl and Dorothy and put them in the car.

Pearl was stunned; she had expected Gregory, with his reputation, to feed them to the sharks.

But then it dawned on her; Gregory wasn't after their lives, probably planning to use them as bait for a bigger catch.

After all, Josiah had taken the Myers family fortune with him.

And that was meant for Jane, which Gregory would undoubtedly want to reclaim.

But what Gregory didn't know was that Josiah had powerful backers abroad.

Ramona

any

ouldn't stay up late so after spending some et  
time with her in the ICU, I helped her  
back to her room to rest.

Once she was asleep, I whispered to Christine, "I'll have Lucius take you home. I'll stay with Ramona tonight."

"No need, I'll stay with you until Gregory shows up, then I'll make my exit."

Right after she finished, Lucius walked in.

"Jane, Gregory texted you but got no reply. I came to tell you, Gregory and I have to leave the country urgently. He's already at the airport; I'm heading there now." Content

"If you need anything and can't reach Gregory, call me. The people around you have a special way to get in touch with me." Content

I checked my phone while listening, indeed there was a message from Gregory. "Alright, you better hurry."

After Lucius left, I informed Christine and then stepped out to call Gregory, advising him to stay safe.

Returning to the room, I found Christine had already made herself comfortable on the sofa.

I sighed, "The sofa won't be comfortable. You should head home..."

"It's fine, I'm too lazy to move now."

She pulled me down to lie on the hospital bed beside her, "Don't stay up, get some sleep."

Seeing her insistence, I relented, "Maybe we can squeeze in together? There should be enough space."

"Nice try, but with that baby bump of yours, I'm not risking squishing my goddaughter."

## **Chapter 613**

I chuckled lightly, "Still don't know if it's a boy or a girl."

Christine replied with a smile, "That's just my wishful thinking. But of course, I'll love the kid to bits even if it's a godson."

"Alright, time to sleep." She tucked me in.

I was already exhausted, having stayed up just to keep my grandmother company.

I fell asleep almost as soon as I closed my eyes.

I slept well, dreamlessly.

The next morning, hunger woke me up, and in my half-awake state, I caught a hint of a delicious smell.

"Smells good, doesn't it?"

Focusing my eyes, I saw Christine waving a plate of shrimp and grits in front of me.

I couldn't help but laugh, "You're so childish."

She wore it as a badge of honor, "Proud to be."

She set up a small table and laid out breakfast.

"Where's Ramona?"

I got up to check on Ramona and freshen up, but found her bed empty.

"Ramona's been up for a while. She didn't want to wake you since you were sleeping so soundly. Let's have breakfast and then visit Victor."

I nodded and headed for the bathroom.

Following me, Christine mused, "I wonder if Victor will ever turn out to be a good son once he wakes up."

I nearly swallowed my toothpaste and quickly spit it out, asking, "Victor's awake?"

"No, no," she quickly corrected herself, "Just a hypothetical."

"Even though I'm not a fan of Victor, it's heartbreaking to see Ramona age so much over this. Losing a child at her age would be devastating." Despite Victor's wrongdoings, we never wished him harm.

Losing a child is one of life's greatest sorrows.

I couldn't bear the thought of Ramona going through that pain.

...

Across the ocean.

Gregory arrived at the hotel.

Lucius reported on their work progress. Seeing Gregory rubbing his temples, Lucius knew he was exhausted from the lack of sleep. "Gregory, you should rest."

Gregory simply hummed in agreement.

Lucius headed next door. The flight

last night was the first time he'd managed to get a full eight

sleep in days. Content belon

When he woke up, Gregory was already having breakfast.

to

of

"Gregory," he chuckled awkwardly, "you could've woken me up."

Gregory's voice was lazy, "Can't have you working to death. Finding a new assistant would be too much hassle."

Lucius felt a warm fuzziness inside. His Gregory was finally speaking kindly.

"I feel like ever since your wife got pregnant, you've softened a lot."

Gregory just smiled, neither confirming nor denying.

Victor woke up a week later.

Once it was clear he was out of danger, he was moved to a VIP room.

But when Ramona and I went to see him, something felt off.

He actually smiled at me and patted the bed for me to sit next to him.



That wasn't the most shocking part.

The real shock was when he clung to Ramona's hand, whining, "Mommy, I'm hungry. I want to eat."

I was stunned, and before I could react, my phone rang, forcing me to step out onto the balcony to take the call.

When I returned, Dr. Andrews was examining Victor.

Christine had finished her work and came by too.

Seeing my troubled expression, she asked, "What's wrong? Did Victor upset you again?"

I shook my head, pulling Christine close, at a loss for words.

"Why does he keep staring and smiling at you like that?" Christine whispered in my ear.

I clenched my hands, "He..."

"Ms. Webster, could you step outside with me for a moment?" Dr. Andrews interrupted.

I immediately followed him to the door, while Ramona, though wanting to listen, was held back by Victor's

t grip. Content bevisit

to

"It appears the poison has damaged his brainstem. Considering his condition, it's a miracle he survived. The intellectual impairment is unfortunate but expected." Content

It took me a few seconds to process, "You mean, he's injured his brain, and he'll be like this from now on?"

## **Chapter 614**

Dr. Andrews nodded. "That's one way to put it."

My heart sank.

"Jane."

Suddenly, I heard my mom's voice and turned to see her walking towards me, enveloping me in a warm hug. "I've missed you so much, honey."

"Mom!"

I let out a sigh of relief, feeling a bit more grounded, though I hadn't had the chance to explain the situation to her before the door behind us burst open.

And there, I watched, stunned, as Victor wrapped my mom in a tight embrace.

Grinning foolishly, he exclaimed, "Honey!"

Me: ?

Christine: ??

My mom: ???

After about two seconds of silence, my mom let out a shriek that nearly lifted the hospital's ceiling.

Luckily, Victor was weak, and she managed to break free with a little struggle.

"What the heck?"

My mom shivered, brushing herself off as if she'd been touched by something filthy.

Victor looked hurt, turning to my grandmother, "Mom, why?"

My mom was speechless.

My grandmother hadn't fully grasped the situation yet, but it was clear she was getting the picture.

"You've got the wrong person. She's not your wife."

"But she is. She's my wife."

Victor reached out for my mom's hand, but she quickly stepped back several paces, dodging him as if he were the plague. "Why?"

Victor grabbed me, standing beside him, desperate and turning to my grandmother, "Daughter, mom, look, this is mine and Bella's daughter, Bella is my wife."

Me: "..."

Christine quickly intervened, separating me and Victor.

Victor started to cry, his face turning red with urgency, asking my grandmother, "Mom, why won't they talk to me?"

We all looked at Dr. Andrews.

Dr. Andrews cleared his throat, "It's exactly as you see."

I was desperate, "There's really no cure?"

This was even more frightening than when he was lucid.

Dr. Andrews shook his head, "Being alive is already a miracle. The damage is irreversible."

"...Okay, thanks, Dr. Andrews."

Dr. Andrews replied with a "You're welcome" and went on his way.

My mom couldn't take it anymore and said, "Jane, I'll wait for you in the car."

With that, she made a quick exit.

I didn't really want to stay either, but my grandmother was still here.

Our eyes met. "Ramona..."

"You go ahead. I'll be fine here."

But how could I leave her, especially when she was still feeling under the weather?

Seeing

whispdilemma, Christine leave a few bodyguards here

whispered to me, "Why don't we

step out to clear our heads

Content

That sounded like a plan.

I was about to inform Gregory when I learned Dr. Andrews had already filled him in.

"Lost his marbles?"

Hearing this, Gregory stopped twirling his pen, "He's not faking it?"

el

Dr. Andrew's replied, "If it's not genuine madness, he couldn't fake this level of reality, especially considering he was once the head of the Myers family." Content

Gregory pondered for a few seconds, then said, "Alright, got it."

"And how's Ramona?"

Dr. Andrew's informed, "She's with

Victor for now, everything seet

normal I've checked her over, no issues. As long as Victor is okay, she should be too." Content

Gregory hummed in acknowledgment, then noticed an incoming call.

He glanced at the caller ID, telling Dr. Andrews, "I've got to take this. Talk later."

Holding my phone, I started speaking in a deflated tone once the call connected.

"Gregory..."

"Yeah, I'm here."

His voice was tender on the other end, "Why do you sound so down?"

I wasn't quite sure how to explain, so I just sighed.

Gregory chuckled, "Did you call me internationally just to let me hear you sigh?"

Taking a deep breath, I shared everything about Victor with him.

## **Chapter 615**

After I blurted it out, I realized, "You already knew, didn't you?"

Gregory just hummed in acknowledgment.

I couldn't help but mumble under my breath, "Then why play dumb?"

Gregory protested, "How was I supposed to know you wanted to talk about this? Thought you just missed me."

I huffed softly but honestly replied, "I did miss you, Gregory. It'd be nice to have you here."

I bit my lip slightly, "When are you coming back?"

"Soon, in the next day or two."

Gregory tried to soothe me, "Don't worry about Victor and Ramona. She won't let him bug you."

"What if Ramona brings him back with her to the Myers' place?"

"Then she does."

Gregory's response was straightforward, "It's out of your hands. With Victor's condition, Ramona can't just leave him."

"But she doesn't want to upset you or cause you any trouble. So, she'd probably choose to go back to the Myers' place and take care of Victor herself."

I pursed my lips, "Do you think there's a better neurologist out there?"

"You could check with Mr. Abdul. If he says it's hopeless, then it probably is. No need to look abroad."

That's when I remembered I had completely forgotten about Mr. Abdul. "Right, I'll ask Mr. Abdul right away. Bye!"

After hanging up, I realized I didn't have Mr. Abdul's contact details.

It was always Herbert and Gregory who talked to him.

Just as I was about to call Gregory again, he texted me a number.

I didn't even have to ask to know it was Mr. Abdul's.

I quickly sent a "Love you" emoji.

The next day, Abdul came to the hospital to examine Victor and spoke honestly.

"All we can try is acupuncture, but I can't guarantee it'll cure him."

The reason I wanted Victor to get better was so Ramona wouldn't have to keep working so hard.

With Pearl and Dorothy out of the picture and Victor having no one else, it would all fall on Ramona. Before I could respond, Ramona seemed more accepting, "Then let nature take its course."

Hearing her say that, I knew what she meant.

She was prepared to take care of Victor.

I couldn't help but speak up, "Ramona..."

She held my hand, tidied my clothes, and tucked a stray hair behind my ear, her gaze filled with tenderness.

I gripped her hand back, "Ramona, your health isn't great, and with your condition fluctuating, you're not in a position to take care of him."

Ramona replied, "I have someone trustworthy who's been with me for a long time. She can manage the day-to-day. She can watch over me while I watch over Victor."

I bit my lip, "Ramona, you can't take care of him forever..."

"While treating my condition, I'll take care of him. If I pass away and he's better, let him live his life. If not.

send him to a special care facility. You won't have to worry." Content

I disagreed, but Ramona was firm.

What more could I say?

Ramona added, "I know you're worried about me. How about I video call you every day? That way, you'll stay updated. I'll tell my

e

caregiver to inform you immediately if I can't call." Content

"You've got to take care of yourself too, especially now that you've decided to keep the baby. You're responsible for another life. I want to see your child born, so I'll take good care of myself." Content

I had no counter. "You don't have to avoid me because of him. He's already like this, and I'll visit you every week."

Knowing I was compromising, Ramona agreed, "Alright, then. I'll have someone prepare your favorite dishes when you come."

## **Chapter 616**

Christine and I had just dropped off Ramona and Victor at the Myers Estate.

Victor was mentally unstable now but was incredibly attached to Ramona. He'd occasionally glance my way, flashing me an innocent smile, but hardly spoke a word.

Every now and then, he'd call me "daughter."

Seeing my mom, he'd cheerfully shout "wife," which only my mom's years of mastering her poker face prevented her from rolling her eyes in response.

Yet, he hadn't sought out Pearl and Dorothy, nor mentioned their names at all.

"Ah, Mrs. Ferguson, welcome back."

As we helped Ramona into the Ferguson Estate, we were greeted by someone who seemed slightly younger than her, but clearly a peer.

Looking after Ramona alone wouldn't be an issue.

But then there was Victor...

I suggested, "Ramona, how about I find someone else to help out? Share the load a bit."

The Myers Estate used to have plenty of staff, each with their specific duties.

Now, thanks to whatever mess Pearl had stirred up, not a single servant was in sight.

"I'll call Zoe over."

"No need," Ramona insisted. "It's just cooking. Don't worry about it."

But how could I not worry? "If you won't agree, then come back with me to Elmwood Villas."

Knowing I had her best interests at heart, she didn't argue. "Alright, then find someone."

"Will do."

"Okay, head back now. Come over again on the weekend. Don't fret during the week. Worrying, especially while pregnant, is the last thing you need. It's not just bad for the baby; it mainly affects you."

"We've agreed, any issues, you must tell me immediately. No secrets."

"Of course, of course."

With that, Christine and I left.

In the car, Christine seemed hesitant, shaking her head and sighing.

I found it amusing. "What's up with you?"

"You'd think someone cast a spell on you."

Christine slapped the steering wheel. "This whole situation feels so bizarre. How did Victor end up like this?"

"Do you think he's faking it?"

I paused for a moment, then

dismissed the thought. "Victor's too

I.ne

proud. Even if he was scheming with Pearl, he couldn't fake this convincingly. Besides, Mr. Abdal checked him over, too. His diagnosis

was brain damage." Content belongs

Christine nodded in agreement. "You're right. We could doubt the doctors, but Mr. Abdul is trustworthy."

Back at Elmwood Villas, as I stepped off the elevator, my mom came to meet me.

She knew I had gone to drop off Ramona and Victor and had returned early, unable to stand Victor's "wife" act any longer.

"He didn't bother you again, did he?"



I shook my head, asking Christine if she wanted to stay for dinner. Christine declined, "I've done my part in bringing you here. Got a date to catch." She was always one for the social scene, something I couldn't join in on these days.

I smiled. "Take it easy on the roads."

"Don't worry, I'm off."

Once she entered the elevator, my mom and I walked in arm in arm.

Discussing Victor, I reassured her, "You won't have to see him again He won't be visiting Elmwood Villas, and Ramona won't let him wander far. It's highly unlikely you two will cross paths." Content

"Your concern for Ramona is evident," my mom noted after I mentioned arranging care for Ramona.

I nodded, "A bit, yes."

Even though they were just in Vista

Town and planned to have

someone look after Ramona, not

being there in person, especially with

Ramona's health and Victor to

consider, left me uneasy. Content

My mom smiled, "I knew you'd be worried. I've already asked Ivy to scout for a suitable caretaker. Once she finds someone good, we'll send them over to look after Ramona."

I hugged her. "Thanks, Mom."

She patted my head. "No need to thank me, sweetie."

## **Chapter 617**

Across the ocean.

Lucius got a call, immediately went to report to Gregory.

Gregory was just about to dial Jane's number when he saw Lucius approaching, his brows furrowed slightly.

"You'd better have something important."

"It's important."

Lucius was sweating, "Mark Larson's old factory blew up."

Gregory raised an eyebrow, "Blew up?"

Lucius didn't dare to wipe his sweat, speaking truthfully, "They used plenty of explosives, now it's just rubble, and it even affected the surroundings. I need to head back and deal with it."

Gregory leaned back in his chair, a shadow passing through his eyes, he tapped on the desk twice.

"Even if it's rubble, make sure if he's actually dead."

"Yes."

Lucius quickly turned to leave, but just as he reached the door, he heard that always casual yet chilling voice from behind.

"Find out, and then, you know what to do."

Lucius didn't dare to argue. He had once sworn that Mark's place would be secure.

He was just abroad for a few days, took his eyes off for a moment, and disaster struck.

Thinking about heading to a godforsaken place, he felt indescribable bitterness.

"Yes, Gregory."

The door closed behind him.

Gregory got up and walked to the floor-to-ceiling window, glancing at the blinding sun outside.

After a while, he opened his phone to send a message.

"Can't call today, got some stuff, go to sleep early, sweetheart."

His message hadn't even sent when the hotel room door was violently kicked open.

The news of the explosion in the outskirts was trending non-stop.

I scrolled through videos, nine out of ten were about it.

It was an abandoned chemical plant, left with plenty of potentially toxic products.

The explosion sent black smoke billowing, polluting the air for miles around.

Even though it was the outskirts, people lived there.

"Looks serious, if there was anyone inside, they definitely didn't make it."

My mom came over with some fruit, stuffing a piece of cantaloupe into my mouth, "Try to watch more uplifting stuff."

I nodded, "Okay, I know."

My mom, keeping her figure, just ate a cherry tomato, leaving me the rest of the fruit plate.

"Go to sleep after eating."

I looked up uncertainly, "Mom, am I gonna turn into a pig?"

Eating then sleeping, sleeping then eating.

Bella reassured me, "No, you're eating a

diet carefully put toget

by a nutritionist, you won't get fat, don't worry." Content

I was relieved, pushing my mom towards her room, "Go get your beauty sleep, or you'll be puffy in the morning, and it won't look good on camera."

My mom was joining a filming crew, couldn't take care of me anymore, asked me to check when Gregory would be back.

If he couldn't make it, to have Christine come stay with me.

"Don't stay up too late either."

"Got it."

I checked the time, Gregory hadn't called me today.

Thinking he might still be busy, considering the time difference, it's night here but day there.

I sent him a message to ask first.

After finishing the fruit, still no reply.

My right eyelid kept twitching, couldn't settle down, so I called him.

No answer.

After a few more tries, still the same.

Feeling increasingly uneasy, I tried calling Lucius, but his phone was turned off.

Remembering he mentioned before

leaving for the trip, the people hedeft by my side had a special way to contact him, I immediately asked someone to come in. Content

But they couldn't get in touch with Lucius either.

"Jane, don't worry, I'll look into it now."

"Okay, hurry."

After the bodyguard left, my heart was all over the place, unable to just wait, I decided to call Christine.

To see if she could check with Dailey Clarkson.

## **Chapter 618**

Christine was in the throes of a vibrant dance floor, lost in the beats and lights, when her wristwatch buzzed with an incoming call. As she reached to check it, an unseen force whisked her away from the dance and into the privacy of a lounge.

Stumbling through the doorway, she regained her footing only to lock eyes with a face both familiar and icily distant.

Before she could utter a word, her wristwatch vibrated once more. It was Jane on the line. "Have you been able to reach Dailey? I can't seem to get a hold of Gregory."

What a coincidence, Dailey was right there in front of her.

Christine extended her watch towards him. "Hear that, Mr. Clarkson?"

Dailey, catching the urgency, immediately dialed out on his phone.

Christine, still on the line with Jane, asked, "Did you try reaching Lucius?"

"No luck there."

This sobered Christine up. Lucius was always reachable, his phone a 24/7 lifeline. The possibility of not being able to contact him hinted at trouble, yet she couldn't voice her concerns to Jane, especially with her being pregnant. Instead, she offered reassurance, "Maybe he's on a flight back? A guy like Gregory? He's more likely to be the bully than the bullied. Pregnancy can make you overthink, Jane. Let's focus on the positives, alright?" Mid-conversation, Christine's high heels betrayed her on the plush carpet, sending her tumbling towards Dailey. He caught her with reflexes sharp as his gaze, steadying her with a look that commanded silence as he continued his call.

Once the call ended, Dailey spoke, "There's been a situation with Gregory. Can't get through to Jane right now. Just pacify her, tell her everything's connected and Gregory will call as soon as he's free."

Christine, regaining her composure, wondered aloud about Gregory's situation only to find Dailey had already left the scene.

Shortly after, Jane's call came through again. Christine reassured her, "Dailey got through to them Gregory's just tied up, but he'll call you back soon." Content

Despite Christine's words, Jane's worry was palpable, "Is it something serious? Is Gregory okay?"

"Trust me, he's fine. I'll check in with Dailey again if we don't hear back soon. Just stay calm," Christine advised.

Ending the call, Jane was left to wait, her concern only slightly eased by her friend's assurance.

Across the sea, Gregory finally settled on a couch, eyeing his shattered phone with a cold detachment that matched the icy silence in the room.

Lucius, having secured the intruders,

handed over his own phone, urging,

egory, your wife's been trying to

reach you. Better call now, or she won't sleep a wink." Content belongs

Dialing the familiar number, Gregory's façade of calm betrayed him as he flinched at an unseen pain.

The ring of the phone jolted Jane from a fitful sleep, her heart racing with dread from a nightmare where Gregory was hurt. "Gregory!" Her voice was frantic, laced with fear.

His tone was calm, typical, yet she caught the sharp intake of breath on his end. "Are you hurt?"

He tried to brush it off, joking about her pregnancy-induced worries, but Jane was not convinced. "Why does it feel like you're keeping things from me now?" Content

Their conversation, a mix of concern, reassurance, and unspoken fears, was a testament to the complexities of love and the shadows cast by distance and danger.

## **Chapter 619**

The line went dead silent.

I felt more certain of my suspicions and sniffled, "You keeping secrets from me, it's got me worried."

Gregory felt a headache coming on.

Telling her would cause worry.

Not telling her would cause even more worry.

Thinking this, his cold gaze, sharp as a blade, fixed on Lucius who had been clumsily tending to his wounds just moments ago.

Lucius felt wronged but bore it silently.

After dressing the wound, he quietly stepped back.

Gregory glanced at the wound on his abdomen, pinched the bridge of his nose, and finally spoke, "The negotiation didn't go smoothly, but you don't have to worry, I'm fine."

...

I had been waiting for him to speak, and during that agonizing minute-long wait, I was sure something had happened to him.

And here I was, unable to fly over and see him.

That would only distract and worry him more.

"Why don't you just tell me the truth? How can I not worry?"

Gregory let out a soft chuckle, "You don't have to make up excuses to want me back."

"I promise, I'll be back in a couple of days."

Lucius looked like he wanted to say something.

A gunshot wound, flying could tear it open.

And upon returning, wouldn't Jane demand a thorough check? How could he possibly hide it?

Better to find an excuse to stay and heal before going back.

"Don't cry now, I can't wipe your tears from this far away."

"You worry about me, and I worry about you too, give me a break, will you?"

I wiped my face and said, "Then tell me the truth."

"I'll be back the day after tomorrow, and then you can check thoroughly, okay?"

"I..."

"Be good, I still have a meeting to attend. Wait for me to return, okay?"

Gregory gave a signal, and Lucius quickly added, "Gregory, we're abroad, it's not good to keep Mr. John waiting too long." Gregory asked me, "You heard that?"

"I'll call you back once I'm done, okay?"

I guess I couldn't pry anything more out of him now, didn't want to hold up his work.

"Okay, go on."

"Go to sleep, good night."

"Good night."

After hanging up, my heart felt stuffed with cotton, struggling to breathe.

I had napped earlier, so I wasn't sleepy now. I got up and walked to the yard.

The weather was nice tonight, the moonlight clear and refreshing.

The moon was full, signifying the harvest festival was just around the corner.

Harvest festival, a time for reunion.

I just hoped...

He would return safely.

Lucius felt the temperature in the hotel room drop several degrees after the call ended.

He saw a fleeting murderous intent in Gregory's eyes, along with a trace of anger.

"Spill it, who sent you to kill me?"

Everyone on the floor remained silent.

Gregory scoffed coldly and approached.

"Rushing into my room earlier, what did you say? Oh, in English, it's called 'shutting the door to beat the dog'?"

Those kneeling kept their heads down, still not speaking.

Gregory picked up a taser handed to him by an underling.

"Not talking is fine, I'm in a bad mood today, but that won't stop me from teaching you a lesson."

Those kneeling, merely hired for a job, didn't know Gregory well and thought he was asking for a beating.

Their employer's choice of words, "shutting the door to beat the dog," had seemed apt at the time. "Creating an explosion back home to send my assistant away, attacking me alone in my hotel room." "This isn't 'shutting the door to beat the dog.' This is "

"Inviting the gentleman into the urn."

"And in this urn, I'm beating the dog."

Before those on the floor could grasp Gregory's metaphor, they were struck hard, wailing in pain.



Gregory motioned for Lucius to pull one of the intruders up.

Gregory tapped the taser on the camera in front of him, lifting his chin slightly, his demeanor wild and arrogant.

"This lesson cost you a lot, I'm sure you've understood it, right? Samuel Wallin."

...

On the other end of the camera was indeed Samuel.

-A boss of the local mafia, the Wallin family.

Initially, he had agreed with Josiah to take out Gregory.

But now, things were getting interesting.

Watching Gregory's defiant presence on the camera, Samuel thought, "I want to recruit him. If I can have him on my side, I could take over other territories and become the king here." Content

Josiah was already frustrated that

Gregory hadn't been taken out.

to his anger. Content only

Hearing Samuel's words

to

But he was there by a slim favor, trying to leverage it for more, nowhere near bold enough to confront Samuel.

"Gregory is dangerous, cunning, and

ruthless Recruiting him won't bene

easy and he'll surely seek revenge for this."

SWOO

"I like people like him," Samuel's eyes gleamed, "It's been a while since I've met someone this interesting."

Josiah was speechless.

What charm does Gregory possess to appeal to both men and women alike?

What Josiah loathed the most was Gregory's arrogance, as if no one in the world could touch him.

Wait.

There was one way.

"Boss Samuel, if you're looking to recruit Gregory, I have a good strategy."

...

My mom was on a business trip, attending the launch ceremony of a high-budget period drama.

With investments running into hundreds of millions, preparation for props and costumes alone had taken months.

## **Chapter 620**

In a bustling Hollywood scene where favors were as common as morning coffee, two veteran actors agreed to join my mom's latest project, purely out of respect for her.

The project's kickoff was an event no one wanted to miss, especially not my mom.

"Gregory mentioned he'd be back by Thanksgiving, right?" My mom asked, uncertainty clouding her voice.

I wasn't sure myself, but I nodded anyway, hoping to ease her worries.

As she slipped on her shoes, she added, "Why don't you have Chris come over for a chat? Don't just mope around the house. You know, all your troubles have packed up and left."

"Sure, anything you say," I agreed, just to see her off with a peace of mind.

Left alone in the sprawling house, I found no joy in exploring. Instead, I huddled over the coffee table, sketching away my frustrations.

But my mind was a mess, and satisfaction eluded me in every drawing.

Gregory had promised to call once he was free, but the phone remained silent.

I hesitated to disturb his rest, pondering how couples in long-distance relationships ever managed to survive the constant agony.

"Jane!"

Christine burst in, her presence as warm as the summer sun, waving a bag of pastries in the air.

"I got us some sweet treats. Come on, a little sugar might cheer you up."

I sighed, "How did you know I was feeling down?"

"Bella told me. She saw you on the balcony last night, looking all lonely. Then she called me up, worried. She had to rush off to set this morning but asked me to come keep you company."

My mom had noticed my foul mood over breakfast but I brushed it off, blaming it on morning sickness to avoid worrying her further.

"Has Dailey said anything?" Christine asked, a hint of irritation in her voice.

She ground her teeth, "Nope. I asked him nicely and he just walked away. Now he's ignoring my calls and texts."

"And Gregory hasn't called you back?"

"He did."

But my heart was still restless.

"He mentioned some complications with a deal, but I know something's wrong."

Christine pondered for a moment, then said, "Abroad isn't as safe as here, but it's not like the old days either. Gregory's smart; he'll be fine."

"Don't worry too much. Maybe he

e

just doesn't want to keep his business partners waiting. Abroad, he can't expect everyone to work around his schedule like they do here." Content

She pushed the pastries closer, trying to lighten the mood. "He said he'd be back by Thanksgiving. Hold on to that. And if he's not, I'll head over myself to check."

What else could I say? I forced a smile, "I couldn't send you into a possibly dangerous situation."

Christine's eyes twinkled with mischief, "What if I wasn't going alone?"

I was perplexed.

She chuckled, "Dailey's worried about Gregory too. Even if he isn't, he could still lend a hand, right?"

I couldn't help but laugh at her blatant matchmaking. "You're really something, you know."

Christine hugged me tight, "We all deserve a bit of happiness, don't we?"

I playfully shoved a piece of pastry into her mouth, "But flying across the globe on a whim sounds a bit too adventurous, don't you think? I can set you two up back here." Content

"No, no, no," she protested, wagging her finger with a mysterious grin. "Sometimes, a little adventure can spice things up."

I was skeptical, "So, it's all about romance, even if it's risky?"

She laughed, quoting, "Even a ghostly existence under the peonies is preferable to a dull life."

And so, amidst the chaos and

concern for Gregory, a plan began to

form, one that involved more than just waiting and worrying. It was a testament to the bonds formed in the face of adversity, and the lengths we go to for those we care about. Content