

# **Lost Me Gained Regret #Chapter 641 - Read Lost Me Gained Regret Chapter 641**

## **Chapter 641**

"Don't fight it," he whispered softly, his gaze locked on mine. "Trust me. I'm here, don't be scared, okay?"

I wasn't scared, not really. But never before had I so desperately wanted to be in his arms.

"Okay, you've seen the person. Can we go back now?" I asked, hoping to end this madness.

Samuel's smile faded a bit at that. The woman had a way of softening Gregory, making it clear he couldn't stay.

Perfect for Mark to take him away.

Their goals were aligned, after all.

"Mark and his mercenaries aren't like me," Samuel continued, a hint of warning in his tone. "They follow the money. Pay them enough, and they'll do whatever you ask."

But before Samuel could elaborate, one of his guys rushed in, panic written all over his face. "Boss, it's bad! Garry's gang is making a move on us." "Garry?" Samuel's face darkened as he turned to Gregory, the joviality gone. "After all my sincerity, this is how you repay me?"

"Take him," he ordered coldly. "Luke, get your men and get this lady out of here."

Mark wasn't interested in wasting more time here.

If Gregory had indeed struck a deal with Garry, he might escape Samuel's grasp. But dealing with Garry was no less dangerous.

"Let go! I won't go with you," I protested, clinging to the helicopter's edge, but my strength was no match for theirs.

"If you keep struggling, my men won't hesitate to turn Gregory into a sieve," Mark threatened, a grim promise in his tone.

I hesitated for a moment before finally letting go.

Gregory stepped forward, even as the mercenaries aimed their guns at him, his determination unwavering.

"Gregory!" I yelled out in fear.

"Greg!"

Suddenly, Lucius appeared with a team, Christine Jackson by his side. Relief washed over me, knowing Gregory had a plan.

Garry arrived, locking in a standoff with Samuel. He had even borrowed some men to deal with Gregory's side.

Soon, Mark watched as his men fell one by one, while Gregory remained unharmed, steadily advancing.

Mark, however, didn't panic. Instead, he pulled out a gun and pressed it against my temple.

"Gregory, if can't have her, neither can you," Mark declared, a twisted resolve in his voice. "We might as well journey to the afterlife together. In the next life, she's bound to fall for me first." Content

Gregory stopped in his tracks, then said, "Take her then."

Mark hesitated, then aimed the gun at Gregory. "Don't play tricks. You'd never let me take her."

"It was never an option," Gregory

admitted his eyes never leaving me. "But I can't bear the thought of her getting hurt. If taking her means she'll be safe from harm, then do it. I won't stop you." Content

Mark didn't buy it, convinced it was a bluff.

His eyes flashed dangerously. "Since you love her so much, why don't you die for her? Then you can watch from above, as I make her happier than you ever could." Content

As he squeezed the trigger, I acted on instinct, ramming into him with my shoulder. The bullet grazed Gregory's cheek, leaving a shallow cut. My heart nearly stopped.

"Gregory!"

"I'm here," he reassured, touching the wound lightly and smiling at me. "I'm okay, don't worry."

Mark fired again, this time holding me tightly to prevent any escape.

Desperate, I tried to stomp on his foot, but it was futile.

The gunshot echoed, and my heart threatened to burst from my chest.

But then I heard Mark grunt in pain.

## **Chapter 642**

As he loosened his grip, I managed to slip out of his embrace.

I was stunned to see his hand hanging limply, the gun dropped to the ground.

Completely dazed, I took a couple of steps back, but relief was far from what I felt.

"Jane."

Gregory strode toward me, wrapping me in a tight embrace.

It took a moment, but finally, I found my voice, "Gregory..."

The day's tension, all the swirling negative emotions, seemed to vanish in that moment.

I felt a profound sense of safety, a kind that nobody else could give me.

Christine had intended to step forward, but seeing how tightly we were holding each other, she waited to the side.

Suddenly, another group burst onto the scene.

The leader, still in uniform, shouted, "Nobody move!"

Samuel hadn't brought many men to the island, confident in his belief that nobody could breach his stronghold.

Yet today, Gregory had managed to infiltrate with Garry.

Garry, thoroughly prepared, was utterly defeated.

"Let..."

His last words hung in the air, unacknowledged, as he closed his eyes for the final time.

At this moment, Gregory saw nobody else; his gaze was fixed solely on me, and mine on him.

"Garry, you've got no excuses this time. I saw everything," Gregory stated coolly.

"Mr. Rock?"

Garry's glance shifted to the couple in embrace, realization dawning on him in a flash. With lightning speed, he fired his gun. "Greg, watch out!"

"Greg, watch out!"

Lucius and Dailey Clarkson shouted in unison, both moving forward.

Gregory quickly pulled me to safety, shielding me behind him as he faced the bearded gunman.

"Garry, what's the meaning of this?"

Garry's eyes, cold and grey, bore into us with chilling malice, reminiscent of a death-bringing demon.

"What do you mean?" Garry retorted, weighing the gun in his hand, "God will tell you."

"Garry! Put down the gun!"

Mr. Rock fired a warning shot near his feet, his voice thunderous.

But Garry was unafraid of the lawman, signaling his men to advance. Today, he was determined to end Gregory.

To think Gregory would play him, tricking him into eliminating only to bring Mr. Rock, his to capture him in the actu

Such treachery was unforgivable; Garry must die.

The clash between Mr. Rock's men and Garry's resumed.

In the chaos, Lucius covered our retreat while Gregory led me away.

Out of nowhere, Mark grabbed my

arm, his

frightand still bleeding yet

strong. I couldn't Break

swnol

free.

Gregory's eyes flashed dangerously as he forcefully severed Mark's grip, not before Mark could draw a knife. "Gregory, watch out!"

To protect me, Gregory dragged

Mark aside, my entire being focuset on Gregory's safety, oblivious 1.8

danger approaching me. Content

"Jane, watch out!"

Christine, protected by Dailey, yelled from the other side.

the

Instinctively, I turned around to see Pearl aiming a gun straight at me.

Before I could react, she fired.

"Jane, you're dead!"

The bullet raced toward me, surrounded by shouts of my name.

"Jane "

"Jane!!"

"Jane-"

Yet, inexplicably, I was mute, unable to respond, my feet rooted to the spot.

Suddenly, a shadow fell over me.

A warm liquid splattered across my face...

**Chapter 643**

My head buzzed, a loud, ringing echo that seemed to fill the world as I watched Mark collapse right in front of me.

Blood spilled from his mouth, yet he managed to flash me a grin, bloodied but unbowed.

Gregory, tripped by Josiah a moment before, was a step too late.

He saw Mark take the bullet meant for me, froze for a split second, then hurried over, covering my eyes with his hand. "Jane, don't look..."

Instinctively, I shook my head, dazedly running over, "Mark..."

All the good things Mark had ever done for me rushed back in an instant.

Tears streamed down my face as I reached out, trying to stop the blood pouring from the gunshot wound, unable to form a coherent sentence.

Lucius, alongside Mr. Rock, managed to apprehend Garry, rushing over to take control of Josiah and Pearl.

With Gregory's assistance, Mr. Rock dealt with Josiah and Pearl.

Lucius thanked them and saw them off.

Christine came over, taking my hand, "Jane..."

Mark's face gradually turned paler, but he weakly smiled at me, "I'm okay, Jane... don't be afraid, I'm really okay." Back on the ship, I regretted ever trusting him, but seeing him hurt because of me stirred something deep within. "Mark..."

I wiped away tears, "How can you be okay!"

Gregory had already sent Lucius to contact the hospital, just waiting for the medical team to arrive.

Mark managed a smile, his gaze on me filled with deep affection and tenderness.

"I was wrong, Jane, you were right. I said I loved you, but I kept hurting you..."

"Taking this bullet for you was my choice, the one thing I've done that didn't hurt you."

"Jane..."

He slowly raised his hand, wiping away my tears, "Don't cry, not anymore, do you hear me... even if I die, this life, I owe it to you. The real Mark died many, many years ago, it was you who gave me these extra years."

"You won't die..."

"Listen to me..."

Blood trickled from his mouth, his strength fading, his gaze drifting to my still-flat belly, "I know, the loss of our first child hurt you deeply, so... it can't be you this time."

"Jane... let this make up for my wrongs, okay?"

"Mark!"

Tears

my throat choked up, all I could

C Seaded down my cheeks,

I

d forcefully, "Okay... oka

Content

swno

Mark smiled contentedly, and in the next second the hand resting on me

lost

HS strength, slipping away??

unexpectedly. Content

His hand fell, palm open, revealing a bracelet.

The doctor arrived at that moment, and soon after, declared him gone.

My head buzzed, my body swayed sharply.

Gregory steadied me, "Jane, he... would want you to be okay."

"Yeah..."

I mustered all the strength I had to hold back the tears, nodding, "Let's... bury him here."

"As you wish."

Gregory instructed Lucius to make arrangements.

He led me back to the ship first.

Entering the room, I clung to him, refusing to let go.

He lifted me, lying down on the bed with me.

"I'm so tired."

It felt like I had slept last night, yet also as if I hadn't.

"Then sleep."

el

I closed my eyes, suddenly remembering something, "My mom and grandma are okay, right? remember hearing an explosion."

Gregory's gaze flickered, but I couldn't see it, resting against his chest.

"Sleep first."

I thought it must be nothing; if there was something wrong, Gregory wouldn't hide it from me.

With Gregory by my side, I felt incredibly secure, drifting off to sleep quickly.

I wondered if it was the ordeal I had just been through.

Or because I had watched Mark die right before my eyes.

## **Chapter 644**

I had a nightmare.

Actually, a series of them.

But the last dream was different. I dreamed of Grandma, her face radiating kindness as she spoke to me.

But her words were gibberish to me.

It felt like she was saying goodbye.



Why would she be saying goodbye?

"Grandma, don't go!"

I saw her leaving in my dream, shouting for her in my sleep, chasing her through the mists of my subconscious.

But although she seemed to move at a snail's pace, I couldn't catch up.

Suddenly, the scene shifted, and I woke up with a start, my foot stepping into thin air.

"Don't move."

I was drenched in sweat, feeling an iron grip on my calf.

The pain was sharp, drawing a wince and a gasp from me.

As the pain eased, I saw Gregory massaging my leg.

"You've got a cramp."

Indeed, it was a cramp, but his reaction was quicker than mine.

"Greg, how long till we get back to Vista Town?"

Gregory glanced at his watch, "Around eight or nine tonight."

"I want to go see Grandma straight away."

"

Gregory paused, then quietly agreed.

Something felt off. "You're keeping something from me, aren't you?"

Gregory continued to massage, bending and straightening my leg, "Does it feel better now?"

I moved my leg a little, nodding, "Yeah, better."

Gregory stood up, "Dr. Andrews is on board. Let's have him check you over."

"I'm sorry."

Gregory looked puzzled by my sudden apology. "What for?"

I explained, "I just fell asleep without asking how you were."

Gregory seemed amused, patting my cheek, "Even if you had asked, these wounds wouldn't heal instantly. Besides, after what you and the kid have been through, I'm just relieved you could sleep was worried you wouldn't be able to rest, or eat properly."  
Content

I got up to inspect his injuries.

Gregory said, "They're just scrapes, and the cuts aren't deep. I've had them treated and bandaged."

"It's not those I'm worried about."

I had him sit at the edge of the bed and gently opened his shirt to look inside.

"After you were rushed to the ER, I woke up here on Mark's boat, clueless about your condition."

Gregory took my hand, guiding me to sit on his lap.

I resisted, but he pinched my cheek, "Don't worry, you won't crush me."

"The scars on my back are nothing serious, but..."

I grew anxious as he tensed, "But what?"

Gregory leaned his head on my  
shoulder, sighing, "But they'll leave  
se don't hold it against me,  
or think of leaving me." Content

I couldn't help but feel resigned.

If he hadn't shielded me, I might have been severely injured. How could I resent him for scars?

"As long as you're okay, that's all that matters."

"Trust me, I'd never leave you."

Gregory hid his complex emotions well, but when he looked up again, his expression was back to normal.

"I'll go get Dr. Andrews, and bring you something to eat."

"You were even talking in your sleep about being hungry."

No wonder, considering I'd thrown up everything I had eaten earlier.

I tugged at his hand, "Can you ask Christine to come too? I'd like to talk to her."

Gregory nodded and left the room.

As the door clicked shut, I felt a heaviness in my chest, as if it was filled with cotton.

"Jane."

Christine arrived before Dr. Andrews, probably waiting just outside or in the next room.

"That was terrifying."

She hugged me briefly, then said,

et

you

"When Summer Taylor came at you like a madman, I tried to pull you away, but Gregory was faster. Then Dailey pulled me back." Content

"If only I'd reacted quicker, Gregory wouldn't have gotten burned so badly."

## **Chapter 645**

I squeezed her hand gently, "It all happened so fast, don't feel guilty. And with those explosions, chaos everywhere, I'm just relieved you're not hurt." "You have no idea how intense the blast was. Dailey pulled me away just as the chandelier was falling. Then, when you and Gregory went to the hospital, there were several more explosions. Bella..."

Christine suddenly stopped talking.

I instantly sensed something was off, "What's wrong with my mom?"

It was clear Christine was hiding something from me.

Before I could press further, there was a knock at the door.

Christine quickly went to open it.

"Dr. Andrews, please come in."

Dr. Andrews felt like Christine was inviting him into a lion's den.

But he didn't give it much thought, assuming Christine was just worried about her best friend.

Dr. Andrews' arrival didn't stop me.

Seeing Christine trying to slip away, I called out, "If you walk out that door, we're no longer friends."

""

Christine had no choice but to come back, looking dejected.

"Chris, tell me the truth."

Christine admitted, "Bella's okay, just some injuries, resting in the hospital. I've already told her you're fine. Grandma..."

"Let Gregory tell you about grandma."

Just as I was about to ask more, Dr. Andrews asked, "Do you feel unwell in any way?"

"I was busy treating Mr. Ford at the time. After attending to Mr. Ford's injuries, I heard about your miscarriage symptoms and that you were rushed to the emergency room, but I didn't see you there."

"Later, I was told you were moved without needing emergency care, so have you experienced any issues during this time?"

Dr. Andrews couldn't rely on Mr. Abdul's methods of diagnosis; he needed the medical reports.

I shook my head, "When I woke up, I felt like I had been treated, the baby seemed fine, and I didn't have any issues except for throwing up everything I ate. Now, I just feel a bit nauseous, no pain in the stomach."

"But I'm not sure about the baby's condition."

Dr. Andrews reassured me, "If you've

been treated and you're already three months along, it's unlikely there were any serious complications in these few hours."

"Once we're back in Vista Town, we'll have Mr. Abdul take a look."

My mind was still on other matters, but after speaking with Dr. Andrews, I turned to Christine standing by.

"Why can't you tell me about grandma?"

Dr. Andrews knew the reason but couldn't disclose it.

This was something only Gregory should explain.

"Based on the tests, there shouldn't be any issues, but pregnant women should avoid stress and significant upheavals. Whatever happens, you need to stay calm." Content

I sensed an underlying message in Dr. Andrews' words.

Before I could inquire further, Gregory came in with a tray of food, discussing my condition with Dr. Andrews.

"Everything seems mostly fine, but

given the shock you've experienced, even at three months, it's not entirely safe to avoid any further stress." Content

Gregory paused for a moment, "Right."

Dr. Andrews left, and Christine quickly excused herself.

Gregory set the food down, then started to feed me some soup to "warm your stomach, then you can have some solid food."

I turned my head away.

Gregory had his suspicions.

Christine was always a bit loose-lipped.

"Eat first, and then I'll tell you whatever you want to know."

My stomach betrayed me by growling twice at that moment.

Left with no choice, I had to feed the little one inside me first.

I took the bowl of soup and finished it off myself.

Then, I helped myself to some meat and vegetables.

After making sure I was full, I took a sip of warm water to settle my stomach and looked at Gregory.

Gregory got up from the bedside, pulled a chair closer, and sat in front of me.

He took my hands in his, "I was actually planning on waiting till we got back to Vista Town and have Mr. Abdul check on you."

## **Chapter 646**

I'd seldom seen Gregory display such a raw, unfiltered emotion.

He seemed on the verge of breaking.

"What if Mr. Abdul and Dr. Andrews both said I should avoid any shocks, would you still tell me the truth?" he asked.

Gregory hated lying, but sometimes, he felt he had no choice.

His grandmother meant the world to him.

And the explosion, caused by Mark, was undeniably a result of their own actions, when you got down to it.

His grandmother was innocent in all this.

From the Myers family feud to Mark's vendetta, she had endured so much.

Never before had Gregory been so... cautious.

"I want to be honest with you, but you... I know, emotions can be uncontrollable at times, but you can't let yourself get too worked up," he said, his voice tender yet firm.

Hearing Gregory's words, my heart started sinking.

Considering the nightmare I had just woken from, a dreadful premonition washed over me.

It was an outcome I dared not even consider, one I couldn't possibly accept.

"No, don't tell me she's..."

Impossible.

I denied it internally.

Grandma was so good, so resilient. She deserved to live a peaceful life after all she'd been through.

But my tears betrayed me, streaming down uncontrollably.

"Jane..."

Gregory reached out to wipe my tears, but I grabbed his hand, desperate for some reassurance. "Tell me she's just injured, that she's recovering in the hospital, waiting for me to visit, right?"

Gregory felt as if his heart had been hollowed out.

Each breath he took seemed to fill the void with pain.

"Jane, some things... accidents happen that are beyond our control."

"It can be okay..."

I choked on my tears, "It has to be, Gregory. You've always managed things before, right?"

Gregory wished he could control everything.

If it were within his power, he would never let his grandmother be taken by such a tragedy. "Jane, just cry... let it all out."

"Once you're tired, go to sleep. When you wake up, I'll take you to see Grandma."

To say our final goodbyes.

I collapsed at that moment.

Gregory hadn't spelled it out, but I understood.

Nothing else could make Gregory feel so helpless, so hesitant, except for the consideration of my

vel

pregnancy, not wanting except

me. Content

shock

UMS

But how could I not be shocked?

Because Grandma was...

"Why..."

I couldn't accept it, couldn't comprehend it.

I wanted to be calm, for the little one growing inside me.

I couldn't afford to lose another family member, someone else tied to me by blood.

But I couldn't control it.

Just the thought of Grandma leaving me forever made it hard to breathe. "Jane."

Gregory let my tears fall, not wiping them away this time, but helping me breathe.

"Tell me why this had to happen..."

Christine stood at the door, her heart wrenching with the sound of

el.ne

inconsolable grief, tears silently streaming down her face as well. Content

UMS

Suddenly, a hand with distinct knuckles appeared in front of her, holding a tissue.

She didn't take it, turning away instead.

Dailey knew he had been too harsh at the airport.

He had hoped to make amends, to explain himself at a later time, but she hadn't shown up.

Their



party where Jane and Bella Tavloret

W z4nter was at the

were reunited, a celebration that

into a disaster. Content

Christine slapped away his hand, "I just want to let my tears fall. I don't want to wipe them away."

Dailey knew how close she was to Jane and didn't press further.

He simply placed the tissue in her hand.

Instead, Christine threw it away and went back into the adjacent room, leaving Dailey in silent contemplation.

## **Chapter 647**

Greg noticed the quiet figure in his arms had finally succumbed to sleep.

After confirming she was indeed asleep, he gently placed her on the bed with the utmost care.

He then went to prepare a warm towel, using it to gently wipe away the tear stains on her face. Afterward, he swiftly showered, slid under the covers, and pulled her back into his embrace.

I had a lengthy dream.

It began with meeting my grandmother, recounting the days we spent together.

Followed by kidnappings, explosions...

And then, my grandmother's passing, without me having the chance for a final goodbye.

Whom should I blame?

Blame Mark?

But in the end, I should blame myself.

It was my own lack of ability to protect them.

My grandmother, the children.

The children...

"Jane..."

I heard Greg calling me, standing not far from me, his gaze filled with sorrow as he looked at my belly.

His tone was one of humility, unlike anything I had heard from him before.

"Do you really not want our baby?"

I quickly placed my hand over my belly, "What are you talking about? Our baby is still here..."

But it seemed as if Greg couldn't hear me at all.

"Never mind, if you don't want it, that's okay. I just want you to be happy."

I wanted to explain, but darkness enveloped me.

The scene before me spun chaotically.

Then, I saw a little girl.

She called me mom, asking why I didn't want her.

I opened my mouth to explain, but no sound came out.

She cried, drifting further and further away from me.

Just like the way my grandmother left me in my dreams.

I chased after her, shouting not to go.

But no sound emerged; I could only watch as she drifted further and further away until she disappeared.

"Don't go "

I woke up abruptly, "My baby! My baby!"

The next second, my hand was gently held.

Greg brushed my sweat-damp hair behind my ear, soothingly stroking my head.

"It's okay, Jane, the baby is fine."

My vision gradually cleared, and I noticed the room was filled with people.

Dr. Andrews stood at the front, his hands covered in blood.

My pupils dilated in shock, and I instinctively reached for my belly.

Greg gently patted my back, "You lost a lot of blood, but the baby is fine, don't worry."

After allowing the medical staff to

clean up, Dr. Andrews turned to me, "Ms. Webster, although the baby is okay this time, it can't endure much more, know losing Ramona has been hard to accept, but for the sake of the baby, I hope you can find peace." Content

"If it happens again, I might not be able to save your baby."

Even though I already knew about my grandmother's death, hearing it out loud tore me apart.

I slowly clenched my hand, gripping the fabric over my belly.

I wanted to do something, but nothing could bring back my grandmother, and it might even cost me the baby.

My grip tightened, the fabric crumpling in my hand.

Nails digging into my palm, I suddenly started trembling uncontrollably.

Greg pulled me into his arms, kissing my forehead and soothing me with a voice of utter tenderness, "Jane, you don't have to torment yourself like this. If this child isn't meant to be with us, so be it. We can have children later." Content

"And if not, it's okay."

"To me, you are the most important. I just want you to be well."

I thought back to the dream I had.

Greg was supposed to be fierce and carefree, always casual on the surface but tough at the core.

Even in

to love and compliance

Pse it shouldn't be out

, breaking his own bet

just

to see me happy. Content

Nor should he always be the one to compromise.

And I knew how much he longed for this child, connected to us by blood.

## **Chapter 648**

I had promised him, if I ever got pregnant, I would definitely keep the baby.

"I'm okay, I'll protect this baby, won't let anything happen to her again. Plus, I just had a dream, the baby in my belly, it's a girl, a very cute girl."

Seeing me smile, Gregory mirrored the gesture.

But I knew, neither of us was happy.

There wasn't a way to be, only to try and ease our minds.

Especially me.

"Could you help me clean up? I feel awful."

Gregory nodded, standing up to heat some water.

Dr. Andrews and Dailey left the room.

Christine approached, eyes red, "I'm sorry, Jane."

I took her hand, "Why apologize to me? It's not your fault, you were only trying to protect me."

...

After Gregory helped me clean up, I felt sleepy again.

Soon, I drifted off.

Once I had regained some energy, it was time to eat.

Gregory handed me a fork, his gaze not leaving my face.

I pushed some food towards him, "You need to eat too. My health is important, but so is yours."

Gregory pressed his lips together, a silent acknowledgment.

At nine in the evening, the boat docked, and under Gregory's arrangements, we headed straight for the hospital.

Standing in front of the morgue, my steps faltered.

On the boat, I was anxious, almost wishing to fly back.

But facing the moment, I hesitated.

I thought, if I don't see my grandmother's body, does it mean she's not really gone?

Yet, I was painfully aware of the impossibility.

Gregory placed a hand on my shoulder, leaning in to whisper, "Let's come back tomorrow, you need to rest for a night."

I shook my head, pushing the door open.

Gregory stayed by my side, with Christine and others waiting outside.

Approaching the cold storage, Gregory didn't move. I asked, "Which one is it?"

Squeezing my hand, Gregory said, "Jane, I know losing your grandmother is a huge blow. Ifanét

too much, you can tell me, don't force yourself." Content

I tried to sound casual, "I'm really okay, I've accepted it."

"I know, even death won't bring her

back.

want understand, she

e to be upset. She couldn't

to

me in a dream." Content

The sorrow in Gregory's eyes was deep.

But pretending everything was okay wasn't convincing.

Yet he knew, facing a grandmother's death, how could one be truly fine?

After a moment's hesitation, he opened the cold storage.

As I reached to pull the zipper, Gregory stopped me.

He gently pulled it down, revealing my grandmother's face, pale and cold.

Those eyes that always looked at me with love were tightly shut, never to open again.

But for some reason, I couldn't shed a tear.

I traced my grandmother's brows and tidied her hair, telling Gregory, "I want to organize a proper funeral for her." Gregory instructed Lucius to make arrangements, but Lucius was too overwhelmed and had to step away. Dailey took over the task.

Christine hesitated but followed him.

Gregory and I were preparing to take my grandmother to the crematorium when someone called out at the door. "Jane, you're back?"

It was my mom.

The image I had of her, beautiful, elegant, and always smiling, like a living painting.

Every moment with her was art.

But today.

Her complexion was pale, wearing

hospital clothes that fit well enough,

as she reached out to me, I saw Content

hers on her forearm.

## Chapter 649

She looked like a flower wilting in the fierce storm.

"Mom!"

I hurried over, taking her hands in mine.

Mom patted my head, taking a long while before she spoke, "I'm sorry, darling. I'm sorry for what happened to your grandma."

"Mom, this isn't your fault."

I frowned at the injuries on her body, "But what happened to you? How did you get hurt this badly?"

"Compared to your grandma passing away, these are just scratches."

Mom brushed it off but sighed, feeling guilty, "I keep thinking, if I hadn't thrown that party, maybe they wouldn't have had the chance, and you and your grandma wouldn't have..."

"Mom!"

I cut her off, seriously, wiping away her tears, "Whether you threw that party or not, we were out in the open, and they were hiding in the shadows. It's impossible to guard against that all the time. So, it really isn't your fault. You can't think like that!"

Mom looked at me with such tenderness. I squeezed her hand and walked her back to her hospital room.

"Mom, you're hurt too. You need to rest. I have to take grandma to the crematorium now, let her rest in peace."

Mom looked worried, "What about you? How are you holding up?"

"Don't worry about me, I'm fine..."

At that, she seemed to finally relax and fainted.

Uncle Mike came just in time, catching Mom, "Your mom, in the middle of that chaos, got hurt pretty bad. She might never wear an evening gown again. But, I mean no harm by saying that, just stating the facts."

"And your mom, knowing about your disappearance and your grandma's death, hasn't slept a wink, and she's been running a fever."

I had felt Mom's hand burning up earlier. I thought it was just emotional distress, the excitement of it all.

"She needs to rest. Once she wakes up, I'll bring her to the funeral."

After Uncle Mike left with Mom, he paused at the door to tell Gregory, "Don't forget to mention that other thing."

After he left, I turned to Gregory, "What thing?"

Without a word, Gregory led me back to the morgue, opening the neighboring cold storage drawer.

As the zipper revealed the face inside, my body stiffened.

"Victor..."

Gregory said, "He was trying to protect grandma. Got hit by a falling beam, but..."

He paused, "Grandma didn't make it either."

I pursed my lips, taking a moment to gather myself.

Truth be told, Victor and I never had much of a bond.

Despite what he did to grandma, saving her with his life was undeniable.

t,

I thought, Victor

aybe grandma v

three be with her down t

three of them reunited. Content

the

belongs to en.kikistori

I looked down, "Let's bury him in the Myers family plot."

After arranging everything with Gregory, we headed to the crematorium.

After the cremation, everything was set up by Dailey.



We returned to the Myers family estate.

I placed grandma's urn on the table, with her black and white photo in front.

The Myers family, once among the top three prominent families, had a lot of people come to pay their respects even late into the night, thanks to Gregory and Dailey's arrangements. Content

After a three-day vigil.

The next morning, I carried grandma's urn to the Myers family plot under a gloomy sky. Content

s to en.kikistories m

It started to rain as we arrived.

Gregory held the umbrella for me, the wet ground slippery under our feet.

Despite my careful steps, I couldn't avoid slipping.

Gregory was always there to catch me promptly.

He was completely drenched, raindrops gathering on his determined jawline.

I nudged his hand, "You should cover up too."

## **Chapter 650**

"It's okay."

Greg helped me over to the spot where we laid Grandma next to Grandpa, and then it was Victor's turn.

After the burial, I knelt in front of Grandma's tombstone.

The ground was covered with pebbles, and after the rain, it was mixed with mud.

Greg's eyes showed concern.

Even though I was wearing long pants, they were thin.

But he bore it all silently, kneeling down beside me, and we both bowed our heads three times in respect.

Behind us, Christine and the others bowed deeply three times as well.

"Grandma, in a little while, I'll bring the kids to visit you. When she starts talking, I'll teach her to call you 'Great-Grandma.'"

"Hope you're doing well over there, if you need anything, just send me a dream."

"Grandma, I'll live well just like you told me to, don't worry about me..."

"Grandma, this is where I say goodbye."

After saying that, I bowed my head three more times.

Greg stayed with me, helping me up, then took a moment to bow deeply to Grandma once more.

"Don't worry, Grandma, I'll take care of her with everything I've got."

I looked up at Greg, trying to offer him a smile.

But I saw panic in his eyes.

Before I lost consciousness, the last thing I heard was his hoarse shout. "Jane "

...

Mr. Abdul also came to say goodbye to Ramona.

Mainly because Greg said something was wrong with Jane, and he was there just in case.

So, hearing Greg's voice, he immediately stepped forward.

Dr. Andrews was there too.

But this wasn't exactly the place for treatment.

Mr. Abdul performed first aid quickly and rushed to the hospital.

It hadn't been many days.

But it felt like we'd been in and out of the ER too many times.

Greg was dressed in black today, so the blood on his pale, slender hands was starkly visible.

He was never like this before.

Whether to console or not, he felt helpless.

"Clean your hands first."

Dailey handed over a wet wipe, "I know a psychiatrist, I'll call her over to take a look."

Before Greg could reply, Bella, crying, said, "It's all my fault."

"Bella."

Greg went over, "Your health is

what's

your roomtant right now, go 1

t some rest." Content beet

and treat those

"Jane's already lost her grandma, she can't lose you too."

Bella nodded, "Call me when she's out."

Greg agreed.

After Bella left, he told Dailey, "Call them, but for Bella."

The explosion had made the news.

The Taylor family was deeply with so many lives

to

s and relatives de ostet

SW

Bella had a lot to bear.

"Uncle!"

Edith Ford, with her children, couldn't make it to the funeral.

But Ike had been worried about Jane, and as soon as he heard she was back, he insisted on coming over.

"How is she?"

Greg shook his head.

Edith sighed, "This year has been filled with too much sorrow."

"Leave Ike here for a bit, can you watch him? I've got some things to handle."

Greg, swamped, handed Ike over to Christine.

After a few words with Ike, Edith left the hospital.

She headed to the chapel known for blessings of peace.

As she got out of her car, another familiar car parked next to hers.

The driver's door opened, and a familiar face emerged.

Edith glanced once and headed for the chapel entrance.

Herbert Taylor caught up in a few steps.

Edith frowned, "You're here at the chapel to discuss business?"

Herbert, calm as ever, replied, "With

such a bi

incident happening to the Taylor family, shouldn't I, perhaps, seek some blessings?"  
Content

Edith: "..."

W

If she remembered correctly, he wasn't one to believe in divine powers.