

Lost Me Gained Regret #Chapter 71 - Read Lost Me Gained Regret Chapter 71

Chapter 71

Chapter 71

In a daze, my mind wandered back to the past.

Back then, Bryant and I had just tied the knot six months earlier. My period was over ten days late. Despite him always being careful, a part of me couldn't help but wonder if I was pregnant.

Buying the pregnancy test, I was already bursting with thoughts on how to break the news to him.

Now, facing the reality of being pregnant, the thought of Bryant just beyond the door didn't bring any joy or excitement.

All I felt was fear, nervousness, and the unsettling feeling of uncertainty.

The worst-case scenario played in my mind: losing the baby. Just thinking about it sent a cold shiver down my spine.

In just two and a half years, everything had changed dramatically, as if worlds apart.

Feeling heavy as lead, I made my way to the door, only to find Bryant's figure nowhere in sight.

Where was he? Only my purse remained, left alone on the metallic bench by the door..

He... left?

Pulling out my phone from the purse, a new message caught my eye..

"Got caught up with something urgent. Kevin will drop off the medical report at home. later. I'll be back soon. Wait for me."

I sighed, stepping out of the medical center, my mind suddenly shifting gears. The ultrasound report was already in my hands. This might be an opportunity to tweak a little something.

I dialed Christine's number, and she picked up almost instantly, "I was just about to call at work, and why did your phone suddenly go off last you. Where are you? Why aren't you night? Didn't end up having a revenge fling with Bryant, did you?"

Her questions came firing out like a machine gun.

The last question made my face burn. What even was that?

I decided to answer the first question, "I'm at the BlessedCare Medical Facility." "Going for a prenatal checkup? You should've told me; I could've come with you."

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Chapter 71

Christine always got straight to the point, "Wait, isn't that part of the Ferguson Group's network? Why'd you go there?"

I gave her a brief rundown of the situation, "By the time I came out of the ultrasound room, Bryant was already gone."

"Dang, almost gave me a heart attack."

Christine summed up, "So, Bryant still doesn't know you're pregnant, right?"

"Yeah."

"Then it's all good."

I hailed a cab and leaned back in the seat once inside, "Chris, I'm feeling lost."

I had thought about altering the report. But seeing the tiny baby on the report, my heart softened unbelievably.

The doctor's words echoed in my mind, swirling incessantly.

Could this pregnancy make him reconsider...

Would that mean I could give our child a complete family and myself... a happy ending?

"Are you thinking whether he'll dump Margaret because of the baby' se Christine asked sharply after a En.

moment of thought.

I didn't hide my thoughts, "Yeah, am I being foolish?"

"Don't you dare talk about yourself like that."

I expected Christine to scold me upon hearing my plan, but instead, she said, "Jane, I know how much! you love him. Love isn't something that's born out of rationality. If everyone could cut their losses and weigh the pros and cons on time, love would become even more rare,"

"Besides, you've invested a third of your life in him. The slightest hope from him makes it hard for you to walk away. It's not you being foolish;

it's just that men are jerks."

Hearing her words, I fell into a long silence, finally speaking with a strained voice,

"I want to try one more time."

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To I wanted to try one more time for my baby, and for myself too.

Christine didn't try to talk me out of it, just asked me, "Have you thought about the consequences if this fails?"

"Yeah, I've thought it through."

If things went south, I'd vanish without a trace, avoiding any chance of losing my kid.

With that decision made, I didn't even feel like cooking when I got home. I grabbed a the couch.

burger from the food truck down the street instead and then slumped into. Waiting for Bryant to come home, I buried myself in work with my laptop.

But the afternoon waned, and there was still no sign of him at the door.

I couldn't help but text him, "Are you coming home soon?"

No reply came even after a long wait.

What kind of emergency has him this tied up? Christine didn't mention any crisis at the firm.

Autumn days are short, and by five, the sun was already setting.

The orange sunset light spilled in, and a chilly autumn breeze blew outside. Suddenly, I felt an intense loneliness.

Before I knew it, I had my phone in hand.

I hated this waiting, this feeling of being suspended in mid-air.

Just as I was about to call Bryant, Kevin's call came through, his voice awkward, "Mrs. Ferguson, I'm really sorry, but something personal came up. Can I have your medical report delivered to you by express courier?"

"Did you guys sort out the emergency at the firm?"

Kevin sounded confused, "What emergency?"

"You know..." It hit me then, the "emergency" that made Bryant leave me wasn't work-related at all.

Immediately, I changed the subject, "The medical reports are ready?"

"Yes, the hospital called me this afternoon."

"I'll just swing by and pick them up myself."

"Mrs. Ferguson," he hesitated, "maybe I should.."

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"It's fine. Kevin, I live nearby. You go take care of your things."

After hanging up, I drove to the hospital, and while waiting for the green light, I tried calling Bryant again. No answer.

As the light was about to turn green, a black sedan sped through a red light, rushing into the BlessedCare Medical Facility's driveway.

Only a man with his wife in labor could be in such a hurry, I thought.

Little did I realize, my casual thought would soon prove to be an uncanny prediction.

After parking at the hospital, as I passed the emergency room, I overheard people talking.

"If every woman had a husband that caring, who would be afraid of childbirth? That man was so anxious, his eyes were red."

"Exactly, and devastatingly handsome too. His concern just made him even more attractive!"

"But, why do I feel like I've seen him somewhere before?"

"Give it a rest, you think every handsome guy looks familiar."

It must have been the guy in that car.

I chuckled to myself and was about patient!

to head to the outpatient hall when I saw a tall man being ushered out of wat En.

ein the emergency room by a nurse.

"You better wait outside! The doctors can take better care of your wife if you're out here!" Seeing that familiar handsome face, my mind buzzed, and I froze on the spot.

His usually immaculate suit was wrinkled and stained with patches of blood on the cuff and trousers.

A distressing sight.

Whose blood it was and how it got there was obvious.

I wasn't far from him; a simple glance would have revealed my presence.

But he didn't see me.

He was too caught up waiting outside, his mind and eyes only for the woman in the emergency room. I seen him like this before, had Herman in like a caged animal.

"Margaret Ferguson."

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Chapter 73

Chapter 73

Time seemed to stretch into eternity before the ER nurse emerged, calling out a name.

Margaret Ferguson, is Margaret Ferguson's husband here?"

Bryant stepped forward with urgency, "Doctor! I'm here."

His words, so brief, felt like a dagger through my heart, bleeding me out, making it hard to breathe.

And there I was, after a day filled with anxious waiting and tough decisions, feeling like a complete fool.

It was as if I was standing there, dressed in a clown's outfit.

The divorce papers weren't even finalized...

And here was my husband, openly recognized as someone else's.

From a distance, I heard his anxious voice, "How is she? Is it serious?"

Lost a lot of blood, what do you think? But luckily, you got her here in time. She's stable now."

The surfer, perhaps sensing his worry, added, "The baby's fine too."

ab82by2rblargaret was pregnant? They were having a child?

orkforgot how to breathe for a moment, staring blankly at Bryant.

He finally relaxed, his face less strained as he said, "That's a relief."

Maybe as was my glaring stare, or perhaps he finally noticed me, but as he turned to look my direction quickly retreated into the stairwell.

He leaned against the wall, the scene replayed in my mind.

And he laughed uncontrollably, the kind of laugh that's on the verge of tears, tasting the bitterness of tears over foolish shame.

And he's having a child with someone else."

You probably blubbered because of his grandfather's pressure, he had to move in, and you lowered yourself to hope again."

You're so starved for love."

As these thoughts rushed through me, maybe wanted to crush that hope once and for

1. I reached for my phophonetesmessage him, but coincidentally, he called. Chapter 73

His voice was calm, "Hey, Jane, are you home?"

"Yeah." I sniffled, trying to sound casual despite the urge to cry, "What's up?"

"Really?"

"Why would I lie?"

I tried to keep the conversation light, "Did you see someone who looks a lot like me or something?"

This time, I wanted clarity.

"No," he chose to hide the truth.

But I pressed on, "Where are you? Haven't sorted things out yet?"

"L"

He hesitated, only answering the latter, "Not yet, I can't make it home tonight, get some rest early."

"Is it work-related?" I asked with a laugh.

There was a brief silence on his end, then he replied steadily, "I'll be back once I'm done."

He was still hiding it.

I took a deep breath silently, "When will that be? Are you still coming to the concert tomorrow night?"

"I'll be there." This time, he didn't dodge the question, giving a definite answer.

I looked up at the ceiling, letting the tears fall, "Okay, I'll wait for you."

One last time.

When I left the hospital, the night had fully settled in After several showers, the chilly wind felt like it was cutting to the bone.

Wearing only a light knit dress, I felt numb, perhaps because something inside me was colder than the air En outside.

"Ah-"Someone bumped into me head-on before quickly running into the hospital.

I gasped, stumbling backward, slipping on something and bracing for a fall when someone caught me steadily.

For a split second, I wished it was Bryant.

But looking up, it was both a letdown and a surprise, "Mark, what are you doing here?"

It was Mark, whom I hadn't seen in a while.

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Chapter 74

Chapter 74

He was dressed in a beige casual suit which made him look tall and graceful, with a demeanor that was both gentle and refined.

He flashed a gentle smile. "A friend of mine is in the hospital, just came to pay a visit."

"Okay," I responded.

"And you? Why are you here at the hospital by yourself?"

I lifted the medical report I was holding. "Came to pick up my check-up results."

Mark's expression turned serious. "Everything okay?"

"Yeah, everything's fine."

I had just had a company health check not too long ago, and just like last time, everything was within normal ranges. Except, now there was a baby growing inside me.

Mark nodded. "Haven't had dinner yet, have you? How about we grab something to eat together?"

"Steven and Christine will be joining as well," he added, perhaps to avoid any misunderstandings.

Feeling my stomach rumble, I agreed. "Sure."

I didn't know what I would have eaten if I had gone back alone anyway. And with more people around, it was easier not to overthink things.

Mark handed his car off to his assistant to drive back, and then joined me in my car to head to the restaurant they had picked out.

It was an old diner known for its lamb stew.

Tucked away in a cozy corner of an alley, the diner had a low-key facade but was incredibly popular.

Several cars were parked at the entrance of the alley, making it quite congested.

We had to park outside and walk in, where Christine and Steven had already arrived.

Seeing me, Christine's eyes lit up in surprise. "You made it! I thought you were busy tonight."

"Well, I ran into Mark," I said.

Christine, with her sharp gaze, whispered to me, "No luck?"

"I didn't even get a chance to tell him."

"What's up?"

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Chapter 74

"Margaret's pregnant."

"What? She's pregnant too?"

Christine's voice, initially low, spiked in volume drawing the attention of Steven and Mark.

Frustrated, Christine glared at Steven. "What are you looking at? Birds of a feather flock together."

"What's going on now?" Steven couldn't help but laugh.

Christine held my hand and turned to Steven to grill him, "Did you know about Margaret being pregnant?"

"Margaret? PREGNANT?!" Steven was genuinely shocked, then added, "I had no idea!"

"Didn't you invite Bryant to dinner today?" Christine pressed..

"I did."

"Where is he, then?"

Steven's gaze darted, avoiding both me and Christine, until finally relenting under Christine's piercing look. "Margaret tried to commit suicide because of some rumors at work, so..."

"She cut her wrists," I interjected.

I Christine's lips twitched. "The kind of cut that heals in three minutes if not taken to the hospital?"

Remembering Bryant covered in blood, I looked down. "It seemed pretty deep, she lost a lot of blood."

"Tsk."

Christine clicked her tongue. "She's really going all out. At this rate m Bryant's going to have a hard time shaking her off, especially now that there's a child involved..."

"Stop spouting nonsense," Steven cut in, still showing some loyalty. It can't be Bryant's child."

"What, were you there holding their hands, making sure they used m protection?" Christine's blunt words would have shocked anyone not accustomed to her way of speaking.

Steven was flustered. "No, they never slept together."

"So, all those nights Bryant wasn't home, he was with you?" Christine was skeptical.

A bittersweet feeling washed over me.

"I can't talk sense into you!"

In a rare show of defiance in front of Christine. Steven looked at me. "Don't listen

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nonsense! Bryant's innocence is clear as day!"

Chapter 75

Chapter 75

I knew I'd just end up eating this meal without really tasting a thing.

When I got home, I spent the whole night tossing and turning, halfway between sleep and wakefulness.

The next day, I didn't roll out of bed until noon, feeling like I was floating as I walked.

I rummaged around in the fridge and whipped up some garlic roasted brussels sprouts and shrimp. It wasn't until then that I felt somewhat alive.

The concert was tonight, and with time to spare, I decided to shake off the funk and boot up my computer to get some work done.

First things first, a quick dive into social media. Seeing the official announcement gave me a much-needed jolt of energy.

Just as I was about to zoom in, Christine's call popped up, "Hey, sweetie, you holding up okay?"

I didn't want to worry her, "Yeah, I'm good."

"Is Bryant back yet?"

I paused, "Nope."

"Then let's not talk about him, bad vibes."

Christine swiftly changed the subject, "I called to tell you, did you see the news about the collaboration project?"

"Just did."

Usually, these collaborations were straightforward - brands reach an agreement, sign the contract, and that's that.

But this Christmas collab was different; it was set up as a design competition.

Each brand had two slots for contestants, and the winning designer's brand would get the collaboration deal with the industry's leading luxury brand.

That announcement sparked a frenzy among the brands, everyone sharpening their elbows for a shot at the limelight.

Christine teased, "Tempted?"

"Of course. Who wouldn't be with such a great opportunity?"

To collaborate with the top brand was a dream come true.

"But there are so many talents out there, probably just wishful thinking on my part

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Chapter 75

Sched.

Christine chuckled mischievously, "Isn't Mark the regional director for them now? Why not have him pull some strings?"

"Oh, come on."

I laughed it off, "What would that make me, and how would that be fair to the others?"

"Ah, you're thinking too much. Isn't it all about who you know in our society? You think the other brands won't be cozying up to Mark behind the scenes? They don't care about fairness."

"That's their problem, not mine. I don't want to win that way," I stood my ground.

Christine, ever the pragmatist, "You're too stubborn. It's just a project, not like you're cheating in a major design competition."

"If it's labeled as a competition, I'm playing by the rules. Besides, do you think Mark would even go for it? He's not one to bend the rules."

"Fair point."

Christine pondered for a moment before her tone lightened, "But who knows, maybe he'd make an exception for you."

"Oh come on. Stop joking.."

I dismissed the idea without a second thought, Mark and I had been close in college, but we hadn't seen each other in three years; he wouldn't just bend the rules for me.

"Don't stress about it now. I might not even get picked to compete."

The department head, Margaret, had the final say, and with only two slots available, chances were slim they'd go to me.

Christine cursed softly, "Right, I almost forgot about that thom in your

I just laughed, "We'll see come Monday."

That was all I could do for now.

After hanging up, I glanced at the silent doorway.

A sinking feeling settled in, yet it wasn't unexpected.

side."

With Margaret in the picture, being stood up by him was par for the course.

Maybe the idea of going to the concert together, which he had m suggested had slipped his mind entirely.

Midway through work, my phone unexpectedly rang.

Seeing the caller ID, I was hit with a surreal feeling, hesitating for a m moment befo

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answering, "Hello?"

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Chapter 76

"Are you at home?"

His voice echoed as if he was in a vast, empty space, carrying a tone of exhaustion.

I got up and walked to the balcony, stretching my neck as I moved. Ignoring the ache, I casually asked, "Yeah, what about you? Still caught o with works, It was to be expected, after all, Margaret had lost so much blood.

How could he possibly be at ease?

"Almost done here."

Something seemed to lighten his mood, his voice gaining a hint of warmth, "The tickets. are on the hallway table, don't forget to grab them on your way out."

Even though I had anticipated it, hearing him confirm it still stung a bit, "You're not coming?"

"Where did that come from? I'll meet you at the stadium entrance..."

He chuckled, but his words were suddenly cut off by a fragile yet breaking question, "Bry, who are you talking to? Didn't you promise me..."

Her words ended abruptly, not because Bryant stopped her, but because the call had been disconnected.

This made it feel like we were having an affair, and I was the other woman.

Staring at the dark screen of my phone, a surge of bitterness overwhelmed me. It felt like an invisible hand was clutching my heart, making it hard to breathe.

I couldn't understand what Bryant was trying to achieve, what situation he wanted to create.

Insisting on moving in with me, showering me with attention, even making our relationship public at work so everyone knew who I was, as if he really cared about me.

And just when I was about to change my mind, he left me hanging, spending the night by Margaret's side.

And now... there was a child involved.

Bryant, what am I to you, really?

As this question surfaced in my mind, my phone lit up with a message.

"If I don't make it before the doors close, go ahead without me."

He had given me his answer. He chose Margaret again.

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I stayed on the chat screen, reading that message over and over until my eyes hurt.

Even breathing felt painful.

Bryant had let me experience being abandoned multiple times, each more profound than the last.

Looking at the message, I found myself laughing.

I was laughing at my own foolishness.

I've been hurt time after time, but at his faintest call, I'd still sprint back to him.

But I couldn't blame myself.

As Christine put it, a third of my life was spent on him.

From a cautious secret crush to an anxious love fulfilled, I had tasted the bittersweetness of loving someone.

Eight years, that's longer than some people keep their dogs.

I curled up on the couch, lost in thought for a while, until it was almost time to leave. Then, I got up and applied some subtle makeup.

I chose a light brown satin slip dress from the wardrobe.

After all, it was a concert of a singer I had adored for many years; I wanted to look my best.

Before heading out, I glanced at myself in the mirror and felt quite satisfied.

My hair was casually pinned up, showcasing my slender neck at first. My face wasn't stunning at first glance, but it had a lasting charm, with faint dimples softening the otherwise cool

aura.

I put on a coat of the same color scheme and left the house without rushing.

When I arrived at the stadium, the entrance was bustling, despite the drizzle that didn't seem to dampen the fans' spirits.

sticks.

Compared to them, I was barely a casual fan.

"Hey, you can go in now! Hurry!"

A girl in her twenties noticed me hesitating at the entrance and enthusiastically waved me over.

Snapping back to reality, I took another look around, "1..."

The person I was waiting for hadn't arrived yet.

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Maybe the person I'm waiting for will never show up.

The girl, sharp as a tack, approached with a smile, "Sweetie, are you waiting for someone?"

"Yeah."

"Your friend must be stuck in traffic. It's always a mess around the stadium at this time."

Seeing my disappointment, she smiled and came closer, tilting her head, "How about I keep you company while you wait?"

"Aren't you going in?"

"I couldn't snag a ticket."

She shrugged, her lips turning downwards in a mix of disappointment and resignation.

I chuckled, "Then, keep me company."

He's not coming, and I'm not really waiting for him.

I'm waiting to finally give up hope.

Another hour passed, the crowd in the square thinning out, my fingers almost numb from the cold.

An announcement over the PA system reminded everyone it was the last call for entry.

"Jane." Suddenly, a familiar, warm voice came from behind..

I turned around, surprised, and saw Mark in his brown trench coat. I paused for a moment, then smiled, "Mark, what a coincidence."

He raised an eyebrow, "Indeed, it is a coincidence. Fancy meeting you here again."

The girl, who had gone to a vending machine buy drinks, came back, saw Mark, and her eyes lit up. Handing me a bottle of water, she said, "Your boyfriend is so hot! He could be a pop star."

I was immediately embarrassed, not sure whether to explain or not.

Mark, in a way that didn't make me feel awkward, clarified our relationship, "Where's Bryant?"

"He's not coming."

"Then, shall we go in together?"

"Just you?" I was puzzled.

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"Yeah."

"Alright then."

Concerts are indeed less fun alone.

I looked up at Mark, "Wait for me a sec."

Then, I handed my extra ticket to the girl, "You should go in."

"Really?"

Her eyes widened with surprise and delight, her smile almost too big to contain, "Thank you so much! Should I transfer you the money?"

"No need, it's an extra ticket anyway."

Extra stuff, if not given away, is just a waste. Better to give it to someone who needs it.

Mark and I headed to the entrance, only to see the girl still in the square, apparently talking to a friend who also didn't have a ticket.

"Jane, hold on a sec." Mark said, striding over to them, and it seemed he gave them a ticket.

I saw the girls jumping up and down in excitement.

Youth is wonderful, being young is wonderful.

Problems seem clear and straightforward, and solutions easy and simple.

Once we got inside, I realized Mark had swapped tickets with them so our seats were together.

Sitting down, I asked, "Why did you buy two tickets if you were coming alone?"

Mark glanced at me with a faint smile, "Because I was hoping to come with someone."

"What?" I was confused. "Then why are you alone?"

Mark replied, "I don't quite have the right to invite her yet."

That's when it hit me. It was one-sided love.

And here I thought someone as outstanding as Mark would have no shortage of young, beautiful women around him. It turned out even he could face rejection.

Love, it seems, is fair, treating everyone the same.

No matter if you're successful or good-looking, you have to face the hardship's of love just like everyone else.

Looking at Mark again, I felt a sense of camaraderie, "No wonder Steven said you were hurt by a girl. I thought he was joking, but now looks

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His gaze deepened, still fixed on me, "It is true."

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"It's cool, I won't tease you about it."

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I patted him on the shoulder, steering the conversation elsewhere with a smile, "So, you're into Eason's music too? You never mentioned it before."

Mark glanced towards the stage, his voice tinged with melancholy, "Just a case of liking what she liked, I guess."

"She's a fan?"

"Yeah, back in college, she really was into his stuff."

"Small world, huh?"

I grinned, "I got into Eason around my college years too."

He returned a meaningful smile, "That is quite the coincidence."

We were seated with a perfect view of the stage, not a single bad angle in sight.

As the familiar intro played and the singer appeared, the whole venue came alive with screams and sing-alongs.

Mark and I, however, were more like two outliers, just quietly listening.

Memories from years past played in my mind like a movie, shifting scenes one after another.

"Ten years ago I didn't know you
You weren't mine
Yet here we are
Just two strangers
side by side
Walking down increasingly familiar streets
Ten years later
We're friends, till
able to say hello
But that kind of tenderness
No longer gives us a reason to embrace
Lovers eventually turn into friends"

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Hearing that last lyric, tears suddenly streamed down my face.

I silently cried for what felt like an eternity, reaching for tissues to clean my tears when a pack was handed to me.

Mark's eyes shimmered with restrained emotion, "Once you've cried it out, will you return to him?"

"Probably not."

After I dried my tears, looking at his barely held back sorrow, I couldn't help but encourage, "If you wanna cry, just let it out. Like me, maybe you'll get over this hurdle. I won't tell anyone."

He let out a wry laugh, "Who said I wanted to get over it?"

"What do you mean?"

I realized what he meant, and looked at him in surprise, "You're still chasing after that girl?"

He openly admitted, "Yeah."

"No wonder Christine always says you're one of the good guys, truly loyal. Then go for it, we're all waiting to celebrate your big day."

He's been carrying a torch for that college girl till now. It's almost akin to how I felt about. Bryant.

Only, he still had a chance with her.

While Bryant and I, if we divorced, might not even be able to remain friends.

Eight years of love, and now we're just strangers.

Quite the irony.

Mark's lips curved slightly, his amber eyes gleaming like a sky full of stars, "I can't chase her now."

"Why's that?"

"She's not divorced yet."

"Well." I nodded absentmindedly, then it suddenly hit me, and I blurted out in disbelief, "What?!"

I scrutinized Mark from head to toe.

It was hard to believe he was the type to seek thrills.

But then again, it made him seem all the more devoted. A rare kind of man indeed.

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He's attracted to a married woman, but he's keeping his respectful m distance. Though hoping for someone's divorce might seem a bit morally grey...

Who wouldn't commend such deep affection in a man?

I awkwardly shifted, "Does she know you feel this way?"

"No clue."

Mark seemed unashamed, casually adding, "She's not the bravest. She'd he's not the run if she knew.

"So, if she never gets divorced, you'll wait forever?"

My curiosity was piqued.

I usually stay out of gossip, but Mark's situation, being so contrary to his usual demeanor, genuinely intrigued me.

"I'll wait.

He didn't shy away from my probing question, affirming his stance before his expression softened with a hint of warmth, "But, it'll be soon."

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It'll be soon?

I felt like a squirrel darting through a pumpkin patch, eager to cling onto a pumpkin and dig deeper into the mysteries it held. Yet, I hesitated, fearing it might be impolite to probe further. It was best to quit while I was ahead.

Every song at the concert tonight was a gem from my personal playlist. I was left wanting. more even after the final note had been sung. As the artist exited the stage, a surreal feeling washed over me, like waking from an intense dream.

Sitting there, lost in thought, I noticed the crowd slowly making their exits, leaving behind a void that seemed to engulf me.

Throughout this, my phone; which I had been clutching all evening, remained silent. No message or call from Bryant. Mark, respecting my need for space, didn't rush me. He waited patiently until I snapped back to reality, and we joined the flow of people heading out.

Despite the security's efforts to maintain order the crowd was restless. Caught off guard by a sudden shove from behind, I stumbled into Mark.

He quickly steadied me, asking, "You alright?"

"Yeah, just lost my balance when someone pushed me," I mumbled, slightly embarrassed, Mark let go and didn't press further. Thankfully the rest of our walk was uneventful.

Our cars were parked in opposite directions, so we parted ways at the entrance.

"Jane," Mark called out suddenly, "are you entering the collaborative design competition?"

I was surprised he brought it up. "It's not really up to me. It depends on if I'm selected."

He smiled softly, "Well, I hope to see you compete."

"Thanks, Mark. Take care."

The rain had stopped, leaving behind a refreshing scent in the air, tempting me to take a leisurely walk home despite the chill..

As I approached my car, Kevin appeared.

"Mrs. Ferguson, Mr. Ferguson has been waiting for you."

I was puzzled. Hadn't he stood me up?

"Why is he waiting now? He was the one who invited me to the concert, and it's over. Tell him he can leave," I said, irritation creeping into my voice as I headed to my car, adding, "And tell him to stay away from Riverview Estate."

"Mrs. Ferguson..." Kevin hesitated, clearly aware of Bryant's recent actions. "Maybe you should talk to Mr. Ferguson yourself."

I paused, realizing it wasn't right to let Kevin take the heat for Bryant's deeds.

Reluctantly, I turned toward the parked black Bentley, Kevin playing his part well by saying, "Mr. Ferguson hasn't slept in two days. He dozed off only after arriving here."

"Was I keeping him awake?" My tone was half-mocking.

Kevin coughed awkwardly, "Mr. Ferguson wanted to sort things out to as soon as possible to come and see you."

"Did Margaret die?"

"No, no...."

"So, what urgent matter kept him busy for two days and nights? Was it an affair?"

Kevin fell silent, eventually admitting, "You already know..."

Approaching the Bentley, Kevin opened the door for me. Inside, Bryant looked worn out his hair a mess, and even in sleep, his o'm expression was troubled, hinting at unrest.

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Chapter 80

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As the car lights flicked on, Bryant jerked awake almost instantly, his expression tinged with the irritation of being disturbed. The next second, his gaze collided with mine..

His face relaxed, "Is the concert over?"

Just like nothing had happened.

As if him deceiving me, spending days and nights with Margaret was all in my head.

I was too tired to keep up the act, "The person you saw at the hospital yesterday was me. Bryant, I was probably standing about ten feet away from you, no, maybe even closer. I saw with my own eyes how distracted my husband was over another woman. And I heard you admit to the nurse that you were her husband. So, when you called me yesterday, I already knew you were lying to me"

I forced a smile, staring at having a baby, aren't you?"

him as I spoke deliberately, "Oh, right, she's pregnant. You're With every word I said, his expression turned uglier, more complicated!

But the more I spoke, the better I felt.

Seeing his face darken, I couldn't help but laugh, "Congratulations, you're going to be a dad."

Suddenly, he leaned in, stretching his arm to pull me into the car!

I was just processing what happened when Kevin gave me an apologetic look and smoothly closed the car door..

These two were incredibly in sync!

Bryant pinned my hands above my head, we were so close that if I stretched my neck a little, I could brush against his nose.

But I felt no trace of romance, only annoyance.

"Get lost!"

"No." Bryant uttered, his large frame blocking my view, imposing, "First, I wasn't distracted over her."

"Second, it was an emergency, and I couldn't be bothered to explain to the nurse."

"Third, I didn't intend to deceive or hide anything from you."

He pressed his forehead against mine, his deco eyes as if trying to peer into my soul, his voice slightly muffled, "I was just afraid that if you knew, you wouldn't want me anymore."

My heart felt as if it was being tightly squeezed, causing a sharp pain.

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He seemed quite adept at playing with emotions, making it seem like he was the victim even when he was in the wrong.

Perhaps in this relationship, I was the ultimate loser.

How does that saying go?

Whoever falls in love first, loses.

Trapped in the confined space of the car, his dominance was suffocating. Even though he was the one explaining.

raconate next to m His voice continued to ear "Fourth, yes, she is pregnant, but the child isn't mine."

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I hadn't even had the chance to breathe a sigh of relief.

His gaze was fixed on me, those shining eyes like vortexes, as if trying to pull me in, "Fifth, this is the most EΠ important part, remember this.

I frowned in confusion, but he planted a firm kiss on my forehead, his words leaving room for argument, each one sending shivers down my spine.

"Take back that congratulations. I'll only be a dad to your child."

My nails dug sharply into my palms, painful, yet it brought clarity.

Had he said this before today, I might have been overjoyed, slamming that bring ultrasound report on his forehead, telling him, "Bryant, you're really going to be a dad."

Life has its ways of playing tricks on us.

A twist of fate, a play of destiny.

When the timing is wrong, everything is wrong. No matter how hard you try, no matter how deep your love, it's futile.

I hid my bitterness, glancing at his serious face, deliberately provoking, "What about my child with another man?"