

# Lost Me Gained Regret #Chapter 81 - Read Lost Me Gained Regret Chapter 81

Chapter 81

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Bryant's eyes narrowed slightly, an air of nonchalance in his gaze as he looked at me, a smirk playing on his lips. "Why don't you give it a try?"

It was his usual smile, yet I felt a shiver run down my spine, as if daring me would result in my neck being snapped in the next moment.

"Give it a try? Fine, I'll take your dare," I said, driven by a stubborn refusal to be seen as weak.

His expression turned icy, a scornful laugh about to escape his lips when suddenly, his phone rang.

Margaret's name popped into my head instantly. You've got to hand it to women's intuition.

And indeed, it was Margaret.

Pinching the bridge of his nose, Bryant didn't answer, allowing the ringtone to blare incessantly. He could ignore it in a hundred different ways if he wanted to, so clearly, he chose not to.

"Bry, where have you wandered off to? I'm craving strawberry shortcake, and the baby wants it too. Hurry up and bring some home!"

The car's confined space, coupled with its soundproof interior, made Margaret's sweet voice all too clear to my ears.

I swear, I wasn't eavesdropping on purpose.

Bryant, noticing this, stepped out of the car nonchalantly and stood by the roadside, leaving me with just a profile view of his face, which seemed tinged with irony.

I averted my gaze, unwilling to concern myself with their drama, and started fiddling with my phone.

What was it to me, anyway?

Their relationship had always been a roller coaster, a constant push and pull that seemed hostile but oddly codependent. From the outside, they couldn't stand each other, but in reality, they were inseparable, each indulging the other's whims.

But it wasn't long, maybe just a couple of minutes, before he opened the passenger door on my side.

His expression was conflicted, but his eyes conveyed a sense of guilt.

"Leaving already?"

I couldn't help but smirk cynically, realizing I had indeed become the other woman, the

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mistress in their relationship.

Just a call from Margaret, and my husband couldn't wait to rush to her side.

She was much more the wife than I ever was.

Finally, he spoke, "I'll have Kevin drive you home.

"No need. I can get back on my own."

Perhaps I had been through enough sadness these past days because now, I felt nothing. Calmly, I got out of the car. "Your clothes and personal items will be couriered back to Lunar Lake Bay Villas. Make sure Emma signs for them."

With that, I turned and walked away briskly.

"Jane." Bryant called out.

I didn't stop or even slow down, in fact, I quickened my pace.

He caught up with me in a few long strides, grabbing my wrist without a word, "Jane!"

"What now?" I tried to keep my voice as calm as possible.

Bryant's lips were a thin line of determination. Give me some time. I'll sort things out with her."

"Sort things out with her?" I almost laughed. "As if her issues can ever be sorted. She's constantly threatening to harm herself, and you're always there to 'sort it out.'"

The chill of the night air made me shiver, Bryant, I don't care what you do with her. I just leave me out of it!"

at you to His demeanor turned icy, his eyes dark with a cold fury as he enunciated each word, "Say that again."

"I said I don't care what you do with her... Ugh!"

Mid-sentence, he gripped my chin fiercely, the man who was always gentle and reserved around me suddenly became aggressive. He ground his teeth as he spat out,

"Jane, don't you have a heart?"

That was my line, wasn't it? He was stealing my words right out of my mouth.

The pain from his grip brought tears to my eyes, but I met his gaze m I met head-on defiantly responding, "No."

"Still, you're going to have to deal with this!"

He shoved me back into the car, his voice as cold as the depths of winter, "Before Grandpa's birthday banquet, the boundaries between us aren't yours to draw!"

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"Kevin, hit the gas! Drive Mrs. Ferguson home," he tossed the words over his shoulder before slamming the car door shut.

Kevin didn't hesitate, sliding into the driver's seat, "My apologies, Mrs. Ferguson."

With a click, the doors locked.

All I could do was watch helplessly as Bryant walked away, slipping into his bodyguard's sleek car.

The engines roared to life, and as the traffic light flicked colors, our cars veered off in completely different directions.

Just like Bryant and I, perhaps never meant to walk the same path.

I slumped into the seat, drained and disheveled, my mind a whirlwind of chaos.

Why bother?

I've given him and Margaret Bryant, what do you really want?

, asking for nothing in return. Isn't that enough Kevin drove on, stealing glances at me, and ventured cautiously, "You know, Mrs. Ferguson, there's no need to go to war with Mr. Ferguson. After all, you are Mrs. Ferguson. Margaret shouldn't weigh so heavily on your mind."

"Kevin."

I rolled down the window, letting the cold air rush in, and pursed my lips, "Do you also think that having the title of Mrs. Ferguson should be enough for me?"

"L... That's not what I meant, Mrs. Ferguson, please don't get me wrong. It's just that Mr. Ferguson tends to respond better to a softer touch... The more you push, the more you lose..."

"It's okay, you're his right-hand man; it's natural you'd take his side."

I averted my gaze, "I'm not looking to fight with him. Kevin, you might not understand, but being Mrs. Ferguson in name only isn't what I want."

I craved Bryant's love, and wanted to truly be his wife - not just in name, but without any third party interference.

"You mean... You want Mr. Ferguson's heart?"

I silently stared out at the bustling streets, perhaps afraid of pity, I offered no reply.

Kevin sighed softly, murmuring, "But hasn't Mr. Ferguson's heart been long gone?"

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"What did you say?"

The noise outside muffled his words, "Gone where?"

Kevin startled, as if he'd spoken out of turn, and quickly denied, "Nothing, nothing at all."

I was puzzled.

But I didn't press further.

Kevin, Gary's nephew, raised under Gary's wing and working alongside Bryant for years, seldom misspoke.

Trying to get more out of him would be an uphill battle.

After dropping me off and ensuring I was safely inside, Kevin reported back to Bryant.

I closed the door behind me, chuckling bitterly at myself.

My marriage in shambles was one thing, but now, even coming home felt like I was under surveillance.

The next day, I got up early, prepared myself a hearty breakfast, filling up before heading to work.

Given my relationship with Bryant was common knowledge within the company, I drew many eyes as I passed the lobby.

Looks of curiosity, envy, jealousy... all kinds of stares were coming my way.

After all, many female colleagues had harbored a sliver of hope, wishing the rumors of Bryant's secret marriage were false, dreaming of claiming the title of Mrs. Ferguson for themselves.

Now, with their hopes dashed, their glares were to be expected.

"Jane!"

Just as I was about to enter my office, Margaret called out from behind, tinged with amusement, "You've heard, haven't you?"

No need to guess what she was referring to..

About the phone call that could whisk Bryant away.

About Bryant spending days and nights with her.

And about her pregnancy.

Not wanting to become the center of attention, I pretended not to hear and continued into

my office.

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She followed, taking a seat on my office chair, legs crossed beneath her skirt, and casually stated, "Bry said he'd take responsibility."

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I couldn't help but laugh.

Bryant was going to take responsibility?

Why was she here bothering me? She should be chasing after Bryant.

Margaret caressed her belly, saying proudly, "You better speed up the divorce proceedings.

I don't want any delays in getting my baby registered."

"Well, you might want to hurry Bryant along then."

The corporate tower's aircon system kept the air warm all year round. I took off my coat, hung it up, and picked up the watering can to tend to the row of plants by the floor-to-ceiling window.

Since Bryant wasn't keen on drawing clear lines, I wasn't in any rush either.

Margaret can keep pestering him.

Margaret scoffed, "Don't play this game with me, acting all indifferent on one hand and yet clinging to Bryant on the other."

"I get it, Jane. You're an orphan, latching onto the Ferguson family tree for security and comfort. It's human nature."

"But as a woman, you should have some dignity."

She crossed her arms and chuckled lightly, "Don't make a fool of yourself over a man. It's embarrassing."

I frowned, "... We've met several times before. Why are you still introducing yourself?"

Caught off guard, Margaret huffed and stood up to approach me.

"Don't think you're untouchable just because you have that old man backing you. You're just waiting for his grand eightieth birthday to pass, but I wonder what excuse you'll have then for not letting go."

"Are you done?"

"What?"

"If you're done, please leave."

I pointed towards the office door.

She gritted her teeth. "Don't be so eager to see me out. What about the design competition? Don't you want to participate?"

There are only two spots available. You're that generous?"

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"Of course."

She lifted her chin in a gesture of benevolence. "One for me, one for you. How about it?"

I thought she was just stringing me along until she gestured for her assistant to bring in a document.

She handed it over, "Here, the requirements for the competition. Take a look. The submission deadline is next Friday. Send your design to my email by Wednesday."

to the I flipped through it, "But it says here that entries should be submitted directly to competition's email under the company's name."

For some reason, handing my entry over to her felt unsettling.

Maybe it was because we were on opposing sides, naturally making me wary. Margaret's expression briefly faltered before she scoffed, "You don't seriously think I'd copy your design, do you? That's hilarious. Have you ever heard of a director copying from an assistant director? You've got some imagination!" "Fine, send it directly if you want, she said dismissively.

"Then off you go."

I gave her a dismissive smile.

Margaret remained still, her gaze probing, "Aren't you curious about who the father of my baby is?"

"Is it mine?" I replied with a mock smile.

"Stop spouting nonsense!"

"If it's not mine, why should I be curious?"

"It's Bryant's. I'm carrying his child, the fruit of our decade-long love."

She seemed proud, her slender fingers occasionally brushing her flat belly.

"Good to know."

"And that's your reaction?"

"What reaction should I have towards a bastard child?"

I tossed the document on the desk, puzzled, "Which affluent family doesn't have a few illegitimate children? It's quite normal, you're making a mountain out of a molehill."

Her eyes blazed with fury, "A bastard child?! You dare call Bryant's and my baby a bastard? Jane, I'm carrying the Ferguson family's first grandchild. Watch your words. Once I'm officially part of the Ferguson family, taking you down would be a piece of cake."

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I was just trying to help when I pointed out the obvious, "If you don't want your kid to be born out of wedlock, go find Bryant and make him speed up our divorce, got it? Don't make a scene here. You wouldn't want to miscarry and lose another bargaining chip for marrying into the Ferguson family."

Then I told her assistant, "Show your boss out Margaret was fuming but seemed to think I had a point because she left without further fuss."

And the direction I pointed her in? Spot on.

How did I know? Well, that afternoon, Bryant gave me a call.



"What did you say to upset her?" The call opened with an accusation.

I paused my work, "I didn't say much, just told her to talk to you about the divorce."

His tone dipped, "You didn't tell her to go jump off a bridge?"

So, he was looking for something to pin on me.

I wasn't surprised Margaret would spin it like this, my voice softened, "I was cornered, okay? She called me a home-wrecker, said I was cursed, claimed I clung to any man I could find, and even threatened to have someone beat me up.

Iving, was I?

Reflecting on Margaret's previous words, well, wasn't exactly lying, I was simply jazzing up the truth a bit, which is more than I could say for her outright lies.

Bryant paused, his voice turning icy, "She said that to you?"

I responded, "You know her, don't you?"

After a moment of silence, he sighed, "She's been spoiled by my dad. Try not to stoop to her level."

I smirked, "Sure."

Men, the epitome of double standards.

One moment he's questioning me because of Margaret, and the next, he's nobly asking me not to retaliate.

Why doesn't he say that to Margaret?

When Christine heard about this, she was so enraged she could barely stay in bed.

"These two are beyond salvation, can't find another pair like that in a million years!"

"Easy there, you're going to wear yourself out. Still got the energy to rant, huh?"

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I handed her a glass of water, urging her to drink up.

After work, I got a call from her, nothing serious, just a bout of food poisoning that landed her in the hospital.

When I arrived, she was lying in bed on an IV drip, looking pitiful if you ignored the milk and fruit her fellow patients had gifted her.

Beauty has its perks, no matter where you are.

Christine glared at me with her stunning eyes, "Heartless, aren't you? I'm just standing up for you."

"I'm not even mad, really."

I'd grown used to it over time.

Christine peeled an orange, about to eat it, but snatched it away, "Doctor's orders, no raw or cold food."

She watched me eat the orange, huffing, "Who's the father of Margaret's baby, then?"

"Not Bryant."

Bryant had cornered me in his car the previous night to talk, and it didn't seem like he was lying.

And Margaret, if she were really carrying a Ferguson heir, she wouldn't have just caused a scene with me.

She'd have caused an uproar in the Ferguson family, at the very least with my

father-in-law. Given his fondness for her, even if it angered Timothy to death, he'd fight for her recognition.

From what I've heard, my father-in-law only had eyes for his stepdaughter.

Compared to Margaret, Bryant was practically forgotten. He got no fatherly love, no maternal care.

"That settles it then."

Christine, clutching her stomach, lay back down, "Yeah, Bryant wouldn't be e foolish enough to eagerly play dad."

However, she didn't expect her words to come back to bite her so soon..

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By the time I walked her home, the night had already cloaked the sky in its inky embrace.

Worried that she might not take good care of herself these next few days, I decided to stay over at her place.

The next morning, over breakfast, Christine kept sneaking glances at me.

I couldn't help but laugh. "What's up?"

She hemmed and hawed, then straightened up, "Uh, about that night Bryant got, um, drugged, your phone suddenly died, and I never got the chance to ask you."

Confused, I asked, "Ask what?"

Leaning in, she flashed a mischievous smile, "Did you guys, you know, do it? With that kind of drug, it must have been quite the experience, huh?"

I was halfway through my pancakes when her question caught me off-guard, causing me to choke. I knew of her tendency to drop bombshells, but it still took me by surprise every time.

Coughing, I tried to regain my composure, "No, we didn't have sex."

She handed me a napkin, looking skeptical, "Really?"

"Of course, not. I'm in the first trimester of my pregnancy, how could we?"

I cleaned my mouth, tossing the question back at her nonchalantly.

Still, the memory of that night made my cheeks warm.

Christine grinned suggestively, "Well, if you really wanted to, there are plenty of ways."

I felt an inexplicable guilt.

"And how did he get over it? Don't tell me a cold shower actually works?"

Christine muttered to herself, then her gaze dropped to my hand, teasing, "Or did you, you know, lend him a... hand?"

Even though it was just the two of us, she lowered her voice, imbuing her words with a hint of scandal.

"Christine!"

I blushed furiously, lunging to cover her mouth "What are you even saying? Have you no shame?"

She burst into laughter, looking at me as if she'd figured it all out, "Come on, is it true?"

"Just eat your breakfast!"

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"That's a yes, then!"

"Good lord, can't you keep quiet even when eating?"

I stuffed a piece of toast into her mouth, and she managed to suppress her laughter, "Okay, okay, my bad."

After swallowing, she suddenly said, "You know, now that I think of it, Bryant does have his redeeming qualities."

"What?"

"Rather than hooking up with some random woman, he came back home to you for... assistance. That means the baby can't be his. He wouldn't even touch Margaret, so how could she be pregnant with his child?"

The first part of her statement was too much for me, but the latter caught my attention.

Still, these were not my concerns anymore.

I reminded myself to view him as my soon-to-be ex, and not to get emotionally entangled again.

"You might not know this, but Margaret's been dragged through the mud."

Christine leaned in, showing me the office gossip group chat, "Everyone knows about her pregnancy now, and they're not holding back. Look."

"Gosh, and to think I once wondered if she was our CEO's wife. Now she's not only the other woman but also pregnant."

"Poor Jane, her husband slept with another woman, and now there's an illegitimate child to inherit the wealth..."

"I knew it from the moment she joined the company, with that trashy vibe, how could she ever marry into a wealthy family?"

"Disgusting, I've always hated home wreckers the most!"

"To knowingly be the other woman, how!

can you get?"

The group chat, with its five hundred members was a unanimous chorus of disdain.

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I was bewildered, "How did everyone find out she's pregnant?"

Logically, only a few people should have known about it.

"Who knows." Christine sat cross-legged, "There's plenty of people itching to deal with a homewrecker. Probably she slipped up somewhere and word got out."

\*Just watch from the sidelines, don't get involved."

I was no saint. What Margaret and Bryant got themselves into, this affair mess, whoever would get the short end of the stick had it coming.

But Bryant, he had a nasty temper.

If he decided to play the knight for Margaret, I was worried Christine might get dragged into it.

Surviving in RiverCity by herself was already a full-time job for her. She wouldn't stand a chance against Bryant's wrath.

Christine awkwardly touched her ear, quickly saying, "Got it."

She spoke so fast I could barely catch it.

After filling up on some homemade mac and cheese, I watched her swallow her pills before she curled up on the couch to play video games.

Meanwhile, I sprawled over the coffee table, trying to hash out my designs for the competition.

The deadline was tight, and my ideas were still a jumbled mess in my head. I needed to focus.

In the afternoon, my phone, which was lying on the dining table, suddenly rang.

Christine glanced at the caller ID, "Why's he calling you?"

"No idea."

I answered, puzzled, to hear Bryant's voice, mixed with emotions, "You're not at the office?"

"No."

I was surprised he even noticed my absence, "I've got some personal matters, working from home."

I had already informed Linda last night that I'd be working remotely. Anything urgent, she could just call me.

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LIBUT DO Besides, my current projects could be done with just a laptop.

And as for meetings, Margaret probably preferred me out of the overshadow her.

"What's the matter?"

cture, fearing I'd Just as he finished, another voice burst through, "Bry, at a time like this, you're still worried about her? If you're not asking her, then I will!"

The phone was snatched away, and Margaret's voice came through, full of fury, "Jane, you playing at, spreading my pregnancy news like wildfire? Are you trying to ruin what?

me?"

are I pursed my lips, staying silent.

Here came the interrogation.

Just yesterday it was him, now today both of them.

A duet of blame?

I was clear of conscience, "This has nothing to do with me."

"If not you, then who? In the whole company, only you have a bone to pick with me. I've done nothing wrong; why are you after me?"

Margaret wouldn't listen to reason,

"Do you know how nasty the CO on name-calling is? Just because you can't have kids, doesn't mean you should envy me!"

What? I was at a loss for words.

"Yes, Jane, I admit Bry and I were childhood sweethearts, and you might be a bit uncomfortable with that. But you didn't have to stab me in the back... I never planned on getting back with Bryant, but now with the baby, I have to provide a home for it. At most, this is just reclaiming what's mine. Besides, you've played the role of the rich wife for three years, you're not losing out."

Finally, Margaret said, "You're a woman too; you must understand my situation.

I'm begging you, please stop it..."

"Are you sick?" Bryant's sharp voice cut in, "Jane said it's not her, and she doesn't lie. Stop making baseless accusations."

"What do you mean, are you saying I'm framing her on purpose?"

"No."

Margaret sounded displeased, "Then you go ahead and divorce her m morrow! Once post our marriage certificate, everyone will know who the real homewrecker is."

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Christine, despite being under the weather, snatched the phone right out of my hands with surprising vigor.

"Margaret, take a good look in the mirror, won't you? Your face is screaming 'mistress' so loudly, it's impossible to hide. Are you blind? And Bryant, what the hell do you think you're doing..."

A shiver ran down my spine at her words, and before things could escalate further on the other end, I lunged forward and ended the call.

Christine, not yet done venting, fumed, "Why'd you hang up? I was about to give those two a piece of my mind!"

\*Just cool down, will you?\*"

Feeling suffocated by the whole situation just moments ago, I now found a moment of calm. I got Christine a cup of tea and persuaded her, "Honestly, if Bryant really listens to her, it might be for the best. Getting a divorce would set us all free."

Considering the current state between Bryant and me, letting go seemed like the healthiest option.

"Are you okay with this?"

Christine took a big gulp of her tea, her anger reigniting with every sip, "I support you getting a divorce, but not like this. How dare that homewrecker step all over you! What nerve!"

"What's there to be okay or not okay about?"

Leaning against the couch, I placed a hand on my belly, drawing strength, "As long as my child is okay, everything else is worth it. There's still hope for the future."

Getting a divorce and stepping away from the Ferguson Group sooner rather than later was the plan.

RiverCity was big enough that, without deliberately trying, Bryant and I could probably avoid running into each other altogether.

Then, I could focus on taking care of my child, offering each other mutual comfort.

Soon, the baby would start babbling, softly calling me 'mommy.'

The very thought made my heart tender.

Being a bit meek now didn't really matter. As long as they didn't harm my child, anything goes.



Christine's anger seemed to dissipate, "You're right, only those of us with nothing to lose

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have nothing to fear. You're pregnant now; the child comes first."

"Will Bryant really listen to her?"

"Not for now."

I shook my head, "At least, not until Timothy's birthday celebration is over."

Both he and Margaret were wary of him.

And I was worried about Timothy's health not being able to take the shock.

"It's coming up soon."

Christine nodded, "Do you think Bryant actually likes her, or is it just because of the debt of gratitude he owes to her mother?"

"Who knows."

I wasn't interested in guessing.

The cause didn't matter. What mattered was the outcome.

He chose Margaret every time.

Christine pondered, "With Margaret's personality, Bryant must be blind to like her... It has to be the debt of gratitude."

"You know," curiosity suddenly struck me, "What would you do if you found out someone you trusted actually harmed someone dear to to you?"

"I don't have anyone dear."

Christine didn't hesitate, but a trace of sadness flickered in her eyes. Just as I was about to comfort her, her eyes curved into a smile, "But if someone tried to hurt you, I'd fight them to the end."

I was touched and amused, "If you were a guy, I'd marry you right after my divorce."

y now?" Christine raised an eyebrow.

"Really Knock, knock!

Just as I was about to respond, someone knocked on the door, followed by the doorbell ringing.

Christine was in pain, so I didn't let her move and got up to answer the door myself.

"Come on, give me a kiss!"

As I opened the door, there stood Steven, the eternal playboy, leaning casually against the doorframe, eyes closed, lips puckered, thinking he looked irresistible.

I almost burst out laughing when Christine's pillow flew hitting Steve Pastore m squarely.

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Chapter 88

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"Don't embarrass yourself!"

"Huh?"

When Steven opened his eyes, he was startled "Jane? What are you doing here? Uh..."

Then, scratching his head awkwardly, "Well, you're here too."

"Yeah, just t came to hang out with Christine. Make yourself at home." I teased, pointing at the shoe rack.

Judging by his reaction, this wasn't his first time here. No need for me to fetch him slippers.

Turning back, I shot Christine an inquisitive look.

Christine just shrugged. "It's not what you think. Still flying solo here."

"Jane, just wait for the good news from me!"

Steven had bounced back from his awkwardness, slipping into some slippers, all grins and banter.

Christine rolled her eyes. "Get lost. Why are you even here?"

"You said you were feeling under the weather. Came to check on you."

"Who visits the sick without bringing anything?"

"Well, you caught me off guard. I rushed over. Hold on, I'll order something right now."

Sensing it was my cue to leave, I grabbed my sketchpad and settled by the bedroom window, immersing myself back into work.

It was the time when kids were let out from school, and their laughter and play from the street below were distracting.

I couldn't help but wonder about my future kid.

If I had a boy, I'd want him to look like Bryant, with his one-in-a-million handsome face and long legs. But definitely not his personality. But his personality? Absolutely not. No deception, moodiness, or wishy-washiness.

And if it was a girl, let her be like me, but with more love to keep her forever basking in the sunshine.

Not treasuring the faintest glimmer of light like I did.

After who knows how long, Christine barged in. "Jane, wanna get some fresh air?"

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"Where to?"

"You'll see."

She tugged at me. "Come on, let's have some fun. If you don't come along, I might end up drinking again..."

"Alright, alright."

I gave in, hoping to keep her from drinking her woes away.

Steven drove, with Christine and me in the back.

"Alright, they're waiting for us at the usual spot Steven glanced at his phone, then, multitasking, texted back in the group chat. "Bryant and Mark are MIA though."

Looks like he was rounding up the crew.

After a few traffic lights, I knew exactly where we were headed.

Indeed, the "usual spot" was the same private club where I had to fetch Bryant in the dead of night last time.

Christine fiddled with her earring.

"Give Mark another shout, would you?"

Jane's entering that design competition, might be good to network a bit."

Before I could object, she quickly added, "Not like last time. Just m thinking ahead, you know? If you win, you'll have to collaborate with their team, better to get on good terms.

now."

I smiled. "So sure I'll win, huh?"

"Absolutely."

Her words had barely left her mouth when Steven cursed in surprise. "What the... silent as the grave, and suddenly they're both in?"

"Who?" Christine chimed in, both of us having ignored the group chat.

Steven, "Bryant and Mark. You told me to nudge Mark, so I mentioned Jane was joining thinking he'd want to liven things up. And boom, both replied in seconds, saying they're in."

Christine wore a puzzled look. "What's up with Bryant?"

After a moment's thought, she turned to me. "Must be because of you, right?"

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I paused for a moment before saying, "Maybe so."

We were both adults, and at this place in our relationship, we understood each other's actions all too well.

But I didn't want to put up with his blowing hot and cold. I got no time for that.

If we couldn't click, then it was best we each went our own way. That was the best choice. Tonight, we didn't gather for drinks, but for a poker night.

As we reached the private room's door, I suddenly needed to use the restroom. I told Christine and the others, and headed off.

After taking care of business, just as I rounded the corner from the restroom, I bumped into Mark.

He had just seen me too, raising his eyebrows with a smile, "I saw your name Ferguson Group's competition list. Looking forward to working together."

on the Feeling a bit sheepish, I smiled back, "Mark, it's just an opportunity to compete, whether I can..."

I was cut off mid-sentence when suddenly a hand clamped down on my shoulder from behind, pulling me close with force.

Bryant glared at Mark with a smirk that didn't reach his eyes.

"Got a habit of picking other guys' wives for collaborations?"

"What are you talking about?" I shot him a glare, then looked apologetically at Mark. "He's joking, Mark Don't take it to heart."

"He'll know if it's a joke or not."

Bryant dropped this line, his hand sliding from my shoulder to my arm, pulling me in the opposite direction.

I snapped, "Bryant, what are you doing?"

Bryant, decked out in a tailored black suit, flaunted a broad-shouldered figure as he took long strides. His presence was intimidating, almost menacing.

Hearing my protest, he didn't slow down or hesitate, but gripped me even tighter, leaving wiggle free. no room for me to I could only stumble after him, turning back in hopes Mark would relay a message to Christine, but I met Mark's cold, deep gaze instead. Then, in a blink, he was looking at me softly again.

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## Chapter 89

It happened so fast, it seemed like my imagination.

But before I could say anything, I was whisked around a corner, Mark disappearing from my sight.

"Bryant! What in the world are you doing..."

He pushed open a private room door, dragging me in with him.

In the next moment, I found myself pinned against the ornate wooden door.

Looking up, I met his mocking gaze, his lips curled in derision, "Missing him already?"

I felt suffocated, and helpless, "You're insecure, so you assume everyone else has issues.

too."

He scoffed, "Insecure about what?"

"You know exactly."

I threw his words right back at him.

Regardless, Mark shouldn't have been dragged into our mess.

Bryant, gritting his teeth, leaned in closer, his breath hot, "So eager to defend your darling?"

"Crazy."

I truly thought he and Margaret were a match made in heaven.

Both of them spoke without any logic, yet somehow managed to infuriate people beyond, belief.

I wanted to leave, but he blocked my path, his eyes scrutinizing, his voice as cold as thin ice) "so, you specifically invited him to join you, huh?"

I couldn't bother to explain anymore.

Those willing to believe you don't even need you to speak, And for those who don't any amount of words is futile.

Rather than draining myself, better to drive someone else mad.

I met his gaze head-on, "Even if I did invite Mark, with so many people around, what inappropriate thing could we possibly do? What about you? How many days have you spent with Margaret, just the two of you, what did you two... ugh!"

2/2

Chapter 90

Chapter 90

Here we went again.

His classic move-shutting me up with a kiss when the argument heated up.

Bryant gripped my chin, kissing me fiercely, urgently, his hands finding their way around. my waist, sending shivers down my spine.

I know if he kept this up, by the time I walked out that door, I'd look like I'd been through a windstorm.

But what could I do?

He was domineering, overpowering in these moments, and the physical disparity between men and women is as wide as the Grand Canyon.

Unable to resist, I was aware Bryant preferred being yielded to. So, I tilted my head back and pleaded softly, "Bryant, please, not like this... I can't show my face later..."

"Who are you showing it to? Mark?"

His voice was a husky whisper against my lips, oddly alluring even now.

At this point, arguing would only make things worse. So, while reluctantly reciprocating his kiss, I seized the opportunity to clarify, "It's... it's nothing like that with him... It's just for the design competition... mm..."

"So, you're using him?"

He jumped to conclusions in the most peculiar ways, yet I sensed his anger subsiding.

I needed to get out of here, pronto. So I played along. "If that's how you see it..." Bryant slightly loosened his P, allowing me to breathe. His gaze was dangerously flirtatious as his thumb traced my lips, then wandered down my chest, waist, and thighs, his voice deep, "When did you stop liking him?"

Honestly, I didn't recall ever having feelings for Mark. We hadn't even laid eyes on each other for three years while he was overseas. Why on earth did Bryant think I was into Mark?

I frowned, replying, "Mark and I have nothing going on."

Considering the last time Bryant got Mark drunk at a bar, I needed to set things straight.

Otherwise, Mark would get dragged back into this mess.

Bryant looked down, "Really?"

"Or else? You think everyone's messy like you and Margaret?" I couldn't help but retaliate.

1/2

Chapter 90

He fixed me with a serious look, "There's nothing between her and me."

"Bry! Bry!"

Just as he finished, a familiar voice, one both of us knew all too well, echoed from outside, getting closer, accompanied by persistent knocking.

It was like she was on a mission to catch him in the act.

I looked at Bryant with a mix of sarcasm and bitterness, "She seems to know your every move. How is that nothing?"

I vaguely recalled how Margaret declared her territory right after our third anniversary.

Bryant had the audacity to look me in the eye and claim he only gave her that necklace as a comforting gift after her divorce.

Just like now, utterly unbelievable.

"Bry! Come out!" Margaret's voice grew louder.

Bryant pinched the bridge of his nose in irritation, his expression darkening.



"I never told her."

"Then go out there and make her leave."

I tested him, half-hoping.

Sometimes, we women can't help but push, even when we know there's no hope.

Bryant's lips pressed into a thin line, no movement. I refused to be the secret mistress shrouded in shadows. I pushed him away, ready to open the door myself!

"Jane!" He caught me in a swift motion, stopping me, "I'll go out."

"And what about me?"

His expression slightly darkened, he hesitated, "Wait a while then come out."

Hearing this, I froze, disbelief painting my face,

A sourness hit me, and I let out something of a laugh, a bitter laugh, and "What did you say?"

2/2