

Lost Me Gained Regret #Chapter 91 - Read Lost Me Gained Regret Chapter 91

Chapter 91

I Chapter 91

It wasn't just in my head, nor was it a misunderstanding.

My husband had relegated me to the shadows of our relationship, the part that couldn't see the light of day.

He interrogated me endlessly about my relationship with Mark while insisting I hide behind the door, out of sight.

Ridiculous, to say the least.

"It's not what you think."

Bryant reached out to touch my shoulder, and instinctively stepped back, stuttering as I looked at him. Tears, which I had been fighting back, began to roll down my cheeks.

"Don't touch me."

"Don't touch me," my mind was foggy, overwhelmed by that single thought.

"Jane, you're overthinking it. I just didn't want..."

His words were cut short by another predictable knock on the door.

Margaret, no doubt, had caused a scene in every room, determined to find Bryant and confront me. Otherwise, she wouldn't have taken so long.

"Go home and wait for me. I'll explain everything." Bryant said in a deep voice before he opened the door and left.

By the time I collected myself, the drama outside had escalated, with the door firmly shut, trapping me inside.

I was wanting to get out; while someone outside was even more eager to get in.

"Why are you stopping me, huh? I wouldn't do anything drastic! Bry, have you fallen for her? How could you do this to me..."

"Margaret!" Bryant's voice was sharp and fierce, cutting her off, "I'm asking you one last time, are you leaving or not?"

"Fine, I'm leaving! What's with the attitude? petulance.

Soon, the noise outside dissipated.

Margaret's voice was a mix of whine and After calming myself down, I slowly opened the door and stepped out.

The main act might have left, but the audience lingered, all curious about the "other woman."

I wanted to reassure myself that having a clear conscience was enough, but the scorn.

1/2

Chapter 91

and disdain in their eyes felt like knives, cutting deep into my chest.

It was almost unbearable.

But the more it hurt, the straighter I stood, walking out with my head held high, reminding myself this was nothing.

When my parents passed away and we faced bankruptcy, creditors cornered me at my doorstep, demanding payment. Their disdain was palpable, even physical, as if I could feel the hardness of their shoes against my face.

They didn't believe me when I said my parents were gone, locking me in a dark room for days until the police arrived.

Compared to those days, this was nothing.

Still, I just couldn't stop myself from hating Bryant, hating his cold heart, his unfairness, and the fact that he married me without any love.

The door to Christine and the others' room suddenly swung open, and Mark appeared, looking anxious. He spotted me immediately and hurried over.

"You didn't leave with Bryant?"

"No," I replied, my voice flat.

Mark seemed to sense the tension, aware of the earlier chose not to it. "Want to join ention motion but us inside? It's lively."

I could hear the laughter and banter from within, probably Steven Stirring trouble again for Christine's amusement, but I wasn't in the mood.

Shaking my head, I declined, "You guys have fun. Can you let Christine know I'll be heading back first?"

"I was about to leave too," he said, checking his watch, "I'll give you a lift."

"Thanks."

I felt drained, eager to retreat to a place where I could be alone with my thoughts.

Once in Mark's car, I texted Christine.

"Chris, can I stay at your place a bit longer?"

I didn't want to go back to Riverview Estate until Bryant moved out.

I didn't forget what Bryant had said before he left, "Go home and wait for me."

2/2

Chapter 92

Chapter 92

Just why should I always be the one waiting, reaching for the unreachable?

"I heard you just left with Bryant. What happened? Did he mess with you again?"

She sent an angry emoji.

Before I could reply, a call came through. I promptly hung up. "I'm fine, in the car. We'll talk when you're back."

Throughout the ride, Mark could sense my mood was down. He let me be, not trying to force any conversation.

He gave me the space to zone out.

Before getting out of the car, I unbuckled my seatbelt. "Mark, about what he said today, don't take it to heart."

He slowly pressed the brake to a halt, chuckling lightly. "It's okay. I'm actually happy."

"Why?" I was puzzled.

Mark turned to me, teasingly, "Didn't you notice? You haven't thanked me today."

I pursed my lips, "But I really should have said..."

"I'm not reminding you to thank me."

He interrupted me with a smile, then softly added, "Between friends, we don't need such formalities, right?"

I smiled faintly, "Then, if you ever need help, remember to reach out to me. I'm heading up." "Sure," he nodded.

As I entered the building, I heard the sound of his car driving away.

Arriving back at Christine's, I didn't even want to turn on the lights. Using the dim moonlight, I navigated to the bathroom for a shower before heading to bed.

My body was exhausted, but my mind was more awake than ever.

I used to just think my marriage was a failure.

After tonight, I felt it was a misfortune.

Unexpectedly, Christine didn't mention Bryant's name for two days straight.

Totally unlike her usual gossipy nature.

1/3

Chapter 92

This morning, seeing she was almost fully recovered, I finished breakfast and was ready to head to the office."

she suddenly became anxious, "Jane, where are you going? To be

"Yeah, just call me if you need anything."

"Can you not go? Stay with me for a couple more days."

"What's wrong?"

I instinctively felt g was off.

the office?"

Christine, who usually knew how to play it cool, had a fleeting look in her eyes, "Oh, nothing. I just don't want you to leave."

Ding ding!

Her phone abruptly pinged. She looked at it and instantly became furious, as if ready to commit murder.

I paused while changing my shoes, "What's wrong? Someone pissed you off? Or is it something at work?"

Even though she had been on sick leave, her phone was constantly ringing, and her messages never stopped.

Sick leave or not, the work didn't decrease.

"It's nothing. Don't worry about it. Just don't go to the office, stay here and keep me company."

She pushed me into the room, make a call."

"Go work on your designs. I need t Christine gently closed the door behind her, but within half a minute, restrained roars came from the balcony.

It was muffled and unclear.

But Christine, ever the scatterbrain, didn't realize that if you just opened If the window of her master bedroom, you could hear everything from the balcony crystal clear.

"What kind of man are you? Damn it, you're giving me advice now? Shouldn't you be yelling at your idiot friend?"

Who does things like him? With all the gossip swirling around the company, oh, a few bad words about Margaret and he's all protective, moves her to work as his secretary in the executive office? Is he out of his mind? Where does that leave his wife?

He's clearly favoring Margaret and totally undermining Jane. Didn't he consider the consequences? Now people are saying, Mr. Ferguson's made his stance clear, implying Margaret is the real deal! Jane's been with him in a secret marriage for three years, only

2/3

3/3

Chapter 92

to be replaced by another woman? Does he even care about their marriage and Jane's feelings? Is it all worth nothing to him?!"

Chapter 93

Chapter 93

I had a hunch that Christine was on the phone with Steven, and man, she was far from cooling down.

"Yeah, yeah, Margaret's pregnant! Jane's like Iron Man, immune to all poisons, already been shot through the heart a thousand times, and you're still trying to stab her in the back. Ha, fine then, just hope Bryant doesn't live to regret it. Filling his house with other men's children, serves him right!

Get lost, don't expect me to help him talk to Jane. If Jane divorces him, I'd stand by her a hundred percent, no, two hundred percent!"

I took a deep breath, leaning against the wall as I settled on the window seat.

Pulling out my phone, I shot a message to Linda.

Linda replied almost instantly, "Jane, you found out, huh... Yeah, it happened the afternoon before yesterday. Mr. Ferguson's father came personally to escort Ms. Ferguson to the CEO's office."

"I'm so sorry, I've been trying to figure out how to tell you. How are things between you and Mr. Ferguson...?"

I swallowed the bitterness in my heart, preparing to reply when Christine suddenly burst through the door, putting on a carefree smile, "Jane, what are you up to? You've been cooped up here for days. Wanna go out for a walk?"

I immediately turned off my phone screen, "No, I want to get these competition drawings done as soon as possible."

"Alright then."

She flopped onto the bed, propping her head up with one hand as she watched me, "Well, you get to it then, I won't disturb you."

"Yeah, okay."

I didn't want her to sense anything was amiss, to spare her the worry.

As I stood to grab my drawing pad, a sudden sharp pain in my lower abdomen made me reach out instinctively, feeling something warm trickling down.

My face turned pale, and I rushed into the bathroom, only to see a smear of bright red on nearly made me lose my balance.. my underwear tha

"Jare, what's wrong?"

Christine, sensing something off, stood at the bathroom door asking.

1/2

Chapter 93

I opened the door, pale-faced and distraught, "I'm bleeding..."

"I'll take you to the hospital!"

na to the Christine made a swift decision, supporting me, "Don't be scared, we're going hospital now. Walk slowly, don't rush."

In a panic, we headed to the nearest medical facility, BlessedCare Medical Facility.

Upon arrival, the doctor immediately ordered an ultrasound.

Lying on the examination bed, I felt a surreal sense of losing grip on everything.

"Spread your legs a bit."

"Put your hands in fists under your lower back.

Throughout the procedure, I complied like a puppet, setting aside all embarrassment.

"Please, my baby... Don't leave me. You're the only family I've got left. I'm begging you." I cried inside my heart..

Suddenly, it dawned on me that it wasn't just me giving life to the child in my womb, but its arrival had given me hope to keep living.

And now, that hope was at risk of being snatched away.

As the doctor removed the ultrasound probe, my heart nearly leapt out of my throat, Struggling to find my voice. After what felt like an eternity, I finally managed to ask, "Doctor, my baby, is it still...?"

"It's there, but the situation isn't great. Take this report to the doctor."

Hearing that, I felt an immense relief, though my heart couldn't quite settle down.

My lips dry, I whispered, "Okay, okay."

As soon as I exited the examination room, Christine immediately came up to inquire about the situation.

As we prepared to see the doctor, the office was empty. A nurse informed us that the doctor was attending to an emergency case with a pregnant woman, so we had to register for an outpatient visit instead.

BlessedCare Medical Facility, despite m

being a private hospital, boasted some of the world's top experts and state-of-the-art equipment. Its services and environment were unparalleled by public hospitals.

Chapter 94

Chapter 94

So, the cost of seeing a doctor here was way more than what you'
hospital.

pay at a public Which is probably why the clinic wasn't exactly bustling with patients.

While waiting for my turn, I felt that familiar, uncomfortable sensation again. "Chris, could you run to the store and grab me a pack of pads?"

"Are you bleeding again?"

Christine's face tensed up, and she jumped from her chair. "I'll go. If anything urgent.

comes up, call me, alright? If I'm not back by the time you're done, just wait here for me. Don't go wandering off."

"Okay." I nodded, feeling weak.

Before all this discomfort kicked in, I thought being pregnant was just about morning sickness and not much different from my usual self.

But now? I was drained, not an ounce of energy to spare.

"Number 36, Jane Webster, please proceed to examination room 3."

I got up and headed inside, handing over my reports to the doctor. "Doctor, could you please check this out? I started bleeding today"

"Bleeding?"

The doctor glanced at the reports, her expression turning grave before she began clicking away on her computer. "Your tests from a few days ago were fine. What happened today? Have you been overexerting yourself, or maybe you ate something that could induce bleeding? Or could it be stress-related?"

I clenched my palm and admitted, "I... might have been a bit emotional today."

The doctor, probably used to hearing such things, responded, "Being emotional for a day shouldn't cause this. Where's your family?"

"My friend went to buy me some stuff..."

"I meant your family, your husband?" The doctor frowned, "You're pregnant, and he's letting you get stressed? Bring him in. I need to talk to him about how to keep a pregnant woman happy. That's the least he can do! Otherwise, he's not fit to be a father!"

"Bry, help me out here! I'm pregnant, for heaven's sake! Do you think the baby's okay? It's been days since I last got checked, I'm worried about how it's developing."

"Margaret, can you please calm down?"

1/2

Chapter 94

"What's with your tone? Getting angry at me is like getting angry at the baby inside me, you realize?"

"Is it some kind of monster? It's not like it can hear us yet."

Margaret and Bryant's voices carried from behind a slightly ajar door.

Those two, always around.

"Why aren't you saying anything?" The doctor, with a knowing look, advised, "You should really involve your husband in the pregnancy, like the woman outside. It's important to build up his sense of responsibility."

I forced a smile, "That's not her husband."

He's mine.

The doctor looked shocked, "What?"

Il "Never mind." I tried to keep my voice down, "So, what about my condition? Do/I need to be hospitalized, or what should I do?"

"For now, no hospital stay is needed. I'll prescribe some supplements for you. Just go home, rest, and keep an eye on your condition. If anything feels off, come straight to the hospital."

"Okay, thank you."

After I took the prescription she handed me, the next patient was called.

I was about to leave when Margaret's voice stopped me in my tracks. I hesitated, thinking of waiting for them to leave before making my exit. But then the next patient pushed the door wide open, and Margaret, with her keen eyes, spotted me immediately, her face turning dark.

And there stood Bryant, tall and imposing, right by her side.

Bumping into them in this department literally made my blood freeze.

Margaret didn't give me a chance to escape, raising her voice, "What are you doing here? Don't tell me you're pregnant too?"

2/2

Chapter 95

Chapter 95

Initially indifferent and engrossed in his phone, Bryant suddenly looked up. I had nowhere to hide and reluctantly stepped forward.

Bryant's expression softened, and he asked gently, "What brings you to the hospital?"

That starkly contrasted with his cold tone with Margaret just moments ago. I might have interpreted it as a sign of favoritism in the past, but it only felt like a mockery at the moment.

Before I could respond, Margaret glanced at the doctor's information on the screen by the office door and laughed mockingly. "Why are you seeing a doctor from this department? Don't tell me you've caught std. Those usually come from a sketchy love life."

She raised her voice deliberately, drawing disdainful looks from many around us.

I felt relieved, realizing due to a shift change or something, the displayed specialist wasn't the one I had an appointment with.

And then, it dawned on me that although I was there for a pregnancy check-up, I was still in the early stages, not yet three months along, so I had to see a gynecologist instead of an obstetrician.

If it had been for obstetrics, I wouldn't have been able to explain myself, and Bryant might have used his influence to dig into my medical records.

I sighed softly, adjusting my mood, and said calmly, "Yes, the worst fear for a woman is her husband bringing home some dirty disease from his affairs."

Margaret clenched her teeth, not daring to argue further. "Then tell me. Why are you here?" I smiled and answered softly, "Didn't you already say it? I'm here to get treated for the 'std' my husband gave me."

Margaret glared at me. "Jane, do you believe...

you talk so much?" Bryant's face turned icy, cutting Margaret off with a frosty

"Why do you tone.

Margaret's eyes reddened with anger. "What do you mean? Didn't you hear how she insulted you? Are you defending her now?"

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"Do he is my husband?" I tried to remain calm, not wanting to lose my temper, and said leisurely, "Publicly clinging to someone else's husband, aren't you afraid of being a laughing stock? Oh, what were you here for again? I thought I heard you mention a child inside. Do you already have one?"

At that, the bystanders' attention shifted from me to Margaret and Bryant. Among the

1/2

Chapter 95

crowd, mostly women, who wouldn't scorn such a situation?

People all despised the mistress and the illegitimate child, a moral outrage. An unfaithful man was even more reprehensible. The mistress lacked moral conscience, and the unfaithful husband lacked moral conscience, responsibility, and commitment.

"What are you all looking at?" Margaret asserted defiantly, "He and I grew up together. We were on the verge of becoming something more years ago."

Pointing at me, Margaret continued to distort the truth. "It was this m woman. She drove wedge between us causing us to break up and miss out on so many years. I'm merely reclaiming what was mine!"

"Margaret." Running out of patience, Bryant showed signs of irritation. "Didn't you say you had. Com stomachache? How come you're so loud when picking on others? Since you're fine, I'll have someone take you home."

Margaret teetered between crying and not, clinging to his arm. "The pain is killing me..."

I couldn't bear to watch anymore and turned to Bryant. "When you have a moment, please. give me a call."

Some matters shouldn't be dragged out any longer. Considering Timothy, there were other ways to handle things.

"Margaret, how are you feeling now? What did the doctor say?"

2/2

Chapter 6

Chapter 96

Chapter 96

From a short distance away, a voice I recognized all too well drifted over to me, My father-in-law, Albert, appeared with his rainbow-colored sunglasses and a Hawaiian shirt, looking like he'd just returned from another one of his escapades on some tropical island.

Albert was a classic playboy who never grew out of his wild, youthful ways. And at the time, he was just an older version of that carefree spirit.

Upon seeing him, Margaret burst into tears. "Oh, Albert, I'm so glad you're back. It's been so hard for me these days."

"Did Bryant mistreat you?" Albert slid his sunglasses up to rest on his head, fixing his gaze on Bryant. "I've told you a hundred times that you must take good care of Margaret. I leave for just two days, and she ends up in the hospital?"

I couldn't help but feel a storm of annoyance brewing inside me, looking for a chance to escape the drama.

too.

But then, Albert suddenly noticed me and flashed a satisfied grin. "Jane? You're here, I greeted him out of politeness, even though I didn't see him as much of a father figure to Bryant.

Albert nodded. "That's how it should be. You should take better care of Margaret."

I could stand up to Margaret, but standing up to him was another story-he was, after all, my elder. All I could say was, "I have to go now,"

Hearing that, Bryant practically shoved Margaret into Albert's arms, his voice cold. "Since you're back, she's your responsibility now."

With that, Bryant made to leave with me.

"Bry!" Margaret called out in anger and frustration, but Bryant ignored her, following me to the elevator.

Considering the baby, I walked more slowly than usual, and he matched my pace patiently.

It wasn't until we reached the elevator that I turned to face him. "Are you free this afternoon?"

Perhaps a clean break was what we both needed.

1/2

Chapter 96

He might have thought I was asking him out, his eyes briefly lighting up. "Yes, where do you want to go?"

"We need to visit the town hall." I invited him out to finalize our divorce proceedings.

With a month-long cooling-off period, when it was over, Timothy's eightieth birthday celebration would have long passed. By then, we could cleanly get our divorce papers. and finish it.

Bryant's expression stiffened, the light in his eyes dimming as he changed the subject. "You just had a check-up the other day. Why are you back at the hospital? Dean Burton said your test results were all normal. Are you feeling unwell?"

Yes. I went to pick up my medical report the other day, which was handed to me personally by Dean Burton's assistant. Except for the ultrasound, all the reports had gone through their hands.

I sighed. "'Bry, sometimes I don't get you. On the one hand, you hook up with Margaret: Only her, you act like you care about me. But I don't want to understand anymore."

My voice softened as I kept my gaze fixed on him. "I just want a divorce. The faster, the better."

I was tired of dealing with the gossip and rumors at Ferguson Group. Once I get the divorce done, I could use working from home as an excuse to focus on my pregnancy in peace.

Whatever happened between him and Margaret was no longer my concern.

"Mrs. Ferguson?" A familiar figure approached us from a distance. It was the doctor who had conducted my ultrasound that day.

I felt a sudden tension, unsure of how to act, especially with Bryant at my side. The doctor looked relieved to see us together. "It seems you've told Mr. Ferguson. That's good.

"Told me what?" Bryant's eyebrows furrowed, his gaze sharpening as he looked at me. The atmosphere suddenly charged with tension. "What did you tell me?"

2/2

Chapter 97

Chapter 97

My heart sank. I could barely bring myself to look at Bryant, terrified of what the doctor might say next. That would be the end of it all.

I took the initiative. "Doctor, he's not here with me today. He's here for another woman's prenatal appointment."

Bryant's voice was low and warm. "I wasn't here for Margaret on purpose."

"But you're here, aren't you?" I didn't feel like getting into the details.

It was like catching a cheater. No one cared why their partner was with someone else, just that their partner had betrayed them. Whether it was a drunken mistake or a plan didn't make a difference. It was dirty either way. No matter how noble the excuse, it couldn't change the fact that it was a dick used by other women.

Bryant had nothing to say, his gaze intense. "You haven't told me what you are doing at the hospital today?"

I said, "Didn't I say..."

dodge the question." Bryant's voice was cold, cutting me off as if he had to know real reason.

The doctor hadn't left yet. "Mrs. Ferguson, are you feeling okay?"

Getting nothing from me, Bryant turned to ask the doctor, "Doctor, was there a problem with my wife's check-up the other day?"

"Doctor..." My nails dug into my palms out of nervousness, a chill running down my spine. Yet, under Bryant's scrutinizing look, I dared not say more. My heart was pounding. I could only look at the doctor almost pleadingly, hoping she wouldn't tell.

I just wished to get far away from Bryant after the divorce, to have the baby on my own and be a good mother. I didn't want endless trouble. Nor did I want to lose my child. Even if I could safely have the baby, a family like the Ferguson family wouldn't let their bloodline fall into someone else's hands. Even if Timothy was kind to me, it was conditional. He'd want his great-grandchild to acknowledge their heritage.

Unexpectedly, the doctor, advising me to swallow my pride for the child, said, "Yeah, there's a bit of an issue. Mrs. Ferguson has multiple uterine polyps. If they're still there next check-up, she might need surgery."

I My eyes widened in surprise, but at the same time, I silently sighed in relief, grateful to the doctor.

The doctor smiled, continuing, "Mrs. Ferguson, you should take care of yourself. I've got to go now."

Chapter 97

After the doctor left with the assistant, Bryant frowned, "You have health issues. Why didn't you mention it after the check-up?"

I questioned him. "Bryant, how many times have I seen you these days? When did you give me a chance to tell you?"

That was ironic. What right did Bryant have to ask me that? We met only twice." Once, Margaret called, and he was gone. The other time, I was the secret mistress.

He sighed. "I texted you, but you didn't reply."

"Yes, you're 24/7 with Margaret, and you expect me to be grateful for a text message?" I forgot when, but he asked me once about the check-up results.

Why did it feel like sending me a text was doing me a favor, and I had to be thankful for it?

Bryant pinched the bridge of his nose. "Who told you I'm with her 24/7?"

"So, what should I say? On call 24/7? That's accurate, right?" I retorted.

Bryant tried to explain, "Jane..."

"Look, Bryant, we don't need to make this so awkward." I sighed, "can't we just break up without any drama?"

At that, Bryant fell into a rare silence, his expression dark darky Do we have to get a divorce?"

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I looked at him, offering a faint smile. It's also fine that we don't divorce, I would post our marriage certificate on the company forum, and your N

dear Margaret will become a public. enemy again."

2/2

Chapter 98

Chapter 98

He hesitated, "You heard about what happened in the company?"

"Yeah, just found out today." I tried to shrug it off casually but realized I didn't have the strength to do that. "So, you're not going to change your decision, are you?"

How could he bear to put Margaret back in the line of fire?

As expected, his expression turned cold. "Margaret's pregnancy is fragile. She can't handle stress. But don't worry. Once she's better, I won't let you get wronged again."

Hearing that felt like getting my heart frozen over. I fought back the urge to cry, disappointed. "What if I was pregnant, too? What if my situation was even worse?"

Every second I stood there, I could feel the dull pain in my lower abdomen, the dampness below. But my husband told me his love couldn't handle stress, so I had to suffer.

Did it mean I was born to be wronged, huh?

Bryant stiffened, then let out a bitter laugh. "Why are you acting just as childish as she is? I was stunned. "What?"

Bryant said, "Except for your safe periods, when did we not use protection? You can't be pregnant."

Suddenly, a chill swept over me, making my bones feel icy. My heart trembled, and my voice was hoarse. "You never thought about us having a child?"

He frowned, "Did you want children..."

"Stop." I suddenly couldn't control my emotions, cutting him off coldly. "You said you were free. Let's get the paperwork done this afternoon."

Bryant's face darkened instantly. "I don't have time."

"Not today, then tomorrow." I pressed my lips together, speaking deliberately, "Tomorrow afternoon, I'll wait for you at the town hall's entrance."

"Then let's make it noon. If we're parting, at least let's have a breakup lunch," Bryant said, looking down.

I was on the verge of tears, shaking my head. "People who are separating shouldn't leave too many memories."

With that, the elevator doors opened. I dared not look at Bryant again and stepped into the elevator.

Chapter 98

The next afternoon, Christine saw me getting ready to leave. "You're going out? Didn't the doctor say you need rest?"

"I'm going to get a divorce." The temperature dropped sharply. I wore a white cashmere coat, but my lips still looked bloodless. "The sooner I get this done, the less I'll be affected emotionally. The doctor said being happy is important."

Besides, it was just a short drive there and back, hardly two miles. It was not much different from resting.

She was worried. "Do you want me to come with you?"

"No, thanks." I wanted to go alone.

Sadly, when we got married, Bryant didn't show up. It was Timothy who arranged for someone to handle it. This time, going through the divorce process, we could finally enter the town hall together for once. There was no happy gathering, but there should be a good parting.

Bryant was already waiting at the entrance when I arrived at the town hall. The weather was terrible, an uncommon heavy, rain for autumn.

He walked over to my car with an umbrella, helping me out and reminding me carefully warning me, "Take it slow. Watch out for puddles."

"Okay." The air was damp and cold. When I got off, I shivered and looked up at him, "Let's go in."

The ground was slippery and maybe he was afraid I would fall. His arm firmly around my shoulder, just like he'd done for our whole three years of marriage.

As still as I felt a bit melancholy. We each other as husband and wife, but once we stepped out of this door, we'd be strangers.

As we walked in, a cheerful staff member approached us. "Here to pick up the marriage certificate? You two must love each other, coming

out in this heavy rain to get married."

Chapter 99

Chapter 99

I froze for a second, glancing instinctively at Bryant.

He looked as calm as ever, his eyes soft and warm, holding me close in a way that screamed anything but 'we're here to get divorced.'

The hall floor was dry, contrasting sharply with the storm outside. I gently pulled away from his embrace, my lips pressing together. "No, we're here to file for divorce."

"Oh..." The staff member looked genuinely disappointed, "It's not easy for two people to come together, and you seem on good terms. Why decide on a divorce? It's a big decision. Don't act hastily. Once there's a crack, it's hard to mend."

I looked down, feeling helpless. "You might have it backward. Cracks don't appear because of divorce. We're here because we couldn't mend those cracks." Few couples would head down this path if they weren't at their wits' end.

Seeing no point in persuading further, the clerk sighed. "Fine then. The rain has kept most folks at home. We're all at your service."

"Thanks," I said, heading to the nearest available employee. "Hi, we'd like to process a divorce."

"Got all the necessary documente

"Yes, here they are." I handed over my documents and looked at Bryant, still standing. "Yours?"

He seemed lost in thought. His perfect face clouded with mixed emotions, and he said in a rough voice. "Yeah, got them."

"Hand them over, please." The clerk reached out, but Bryant didn't move, his hand gripping the document envelope tightly, veins standing out on his hand.

"Bryant?" I urged.

"Hmm." He finally responded, a flicker of pain in his eyes, but under my insistent gaze, he handed over the documents.

The clerk frowned. "Are you both sure about this? If there's any doubt, you might take some time to think it over."

"He's sure." I spoke calmly, "Our marriage could hurt his darling at any moment. He's thought it through."

Bryant closed his eyes briefly as if to concede. Yet, only I could see his clenched fists, the emotional turmoil beneath his calm exterior.

But my resolve didn't waver. Hadn't Bryant made his choice as well? Why did he playing

1/2

Chapter 99

Mr. Romeo in front of me?

"Any children? And have you agreed on how to split your assets?" the clerk asked as he flipped through our documents.

"No children," I said, the words tasting bitter. "The assets are divided as per the agreement. I only want the house."

"Ah, but you haven't signed the gave divorce agreement," the clerk gave it to me. "And what's written here doesn't match what you've said. Go over it and come back once it's signed."

"Okay." Taking the agreement to the side, I was puzzled. I had signed it before handing it to Bryant.

Frowning, I glanced at him, then back at the document. It wasn't the agreement I had prepared. He had change it. In addition to the Riverview Estate house, there was also that ten percent share in his company.

Licking my lips, I looked at him. "I said I only wanted the house. I don't need the shares."

Having a place to live was enough for me and my child. I could take care of us. The point, of the divorce was to make a clean break, not to be tied down by shares that would require us to see each other frequently.

Bryant's jaw was tight, but his voice was firm, almost gentle. "It's rightfully yours."

"The shares belonged to your mother, didn't they? She probably meant them for your future wife."

Chapter 100

Bryant paused a bit. "How did you know?"

There was no point in beating around the bush when a marriage ended. I confessed, "That day, I overheard you talking with your granddad in the office. I also heard you admit that you had no feelings for me anymore. Maybe this marriage was a mistake from the very beginning."

"It wasn't." He denied it desperately, knitting his brows as he reminisced, and then clarified, "I wasn't admitting to what you think. You misunderstood it..."

I wasn't in a hurry to argue. I watched Bryant quietly, smiling, "Did you ever love me?"

Bryant was stunned for a moment. The question was perhaps too difficult for him. "Jane..."

"Don't explain. It'll just make me look pitiful." I laughed as if I cared about nothing, "Just have Kevin send over the agreement you prepared for me. Someday, you'll marry someone else. It wouldn't be right for me to hold onto these shares..."

He cut me off with conviction, every word sincere, "I won't remarry."

My eyelashes fluttered. "That's your choice. It's not right for me to hold onto these shares." I wasn't that big-hearted. After all, I'd been in love with him for many years, and it seemed wrong to see him again after our divorce. Time should erase all traces of the past, not keep reopening old wounds.

And if Margaret found out about the shares, she'd likely give me no peace. It would be better to leave no strings attached if it was over.

"So, are you really that afraid of having ties with me?" Bryant's face fell, glancing at his watch, his lips pressed thin. "I only have five minutes left. We can do it next time if you're not ready to sign now."

"Let's do it now." I clenched my teeth and quickly signed my name in the blank space.

No matter how hot the potato was, there was always a way to handle it. The priority was to get the paperwork done.

When we returned to the counter, the clerk had finished checking the other documents and took the divorce agreement back for another look.

After verifying everything was correct, she handed us a divorce application form. "Sign this, and return for the divorce certificate in thirty days."

After going through the motions, the clerk added, "I see you both still have feelings for each other. Most couples fight over assets until they're red in the face, calculating every

1/2

Chapter 100

little thing. But you two are different. One person keeps giving, while the other keeps refusing."

"You're mistaken. Bryant doesn't have feelings for me." I smiled, still somewhat lucid. "He just has too much money."

"I've seen many marriages and divorces, and I'm not mistaken. If you both hold each other in your hearts, take this cooling-off period to think things over. If you regret it, you can come back here to cancel."

Bryant, standing by my side, who had been silent, suddenly spoke up, "Can it be canceled anytime within those thirty days?"

The clerk said, "Yes, just come in on a workday"

After that, we pushed the signed application form back.

Stepping out of the town hall, I felt like I was awakening from a long dream. It felt like these three years were just a lengthy dream.

The rain continued to pour down relentlessly. Bryant opened the umbrella he had the door, his voice as damp as the air. "Let me walk you to your car."

ft at

"Sure, thank you," I spoke politely yet distantly, dodging his attempt to e drape an alarm over

ny shoulder, trying to act like a proper ex-wife.

He didn't insist further. The umbrella wasn't huge, but not a single strand of my hair got wet.

Bryant suddenly called out to me as he walked me to the car. I instinctively hummed in.com acknowledgment, and the next second, I was pulled into a tight embrace. He held me so tightly as if trying to merge me into his body.

Thinking back to his last question at the counter, I couldn't help bu m confirm Bryant, you're go

going through with the divorce, right? You won't have any second thoughts?"

2/2