

# Regret Is Only the Beginning - Chapter 25

Once the wedding date was set, the next steps were choosing a dress, selecting the venue, and taking wedding photos.

Lydia took care of every detail, making sure everything was perfect. Meanwhile, my new company grew steadily. It even gained recognition in the industry.

At noon, Logan came to pick me up. Today, we were going to the hotel to sample the wedding menu. As I stepped out of the car, I suddenly felt unwell.

Logan handed the keys to the valet and turned to me, concerned. "Are you okay? You don't look well."

I patted my chest. "I'm fine. Just feeling a little nauseous."

Logan immediately asked the hotel staff for a glass of lemon water. After taking a few sips, I felt much better.

"If you're not feeling well, we can do this another day," he suggested.

"No need. Let's just get started."

Unfortunately, today's menu featured heavy dishes. The first course, a shrimp cocktail, was manageable, but when they brought out a rich beef Wellington, the heavy aroma nearly made me gag.

Logan turned to the waiter. "Forget the tasting. Get a doctor here now."

"Don't overreact." I just felt a bit uncomfortable in my chest. I thought it might be from all the late nights lately.

But Logan insisted. "When the doctor gets here, ask for a thorough check-up. And starting today, no more late nights. You need to take care of yourself."

"Alright, alright. I'll listen to you."

The doctor arrived quickly. Without any medical equipment, she simply took my pulse and switched between my wrists.

Logan watched her every move intently. The doctor then asked me a few questions.

Logan seemed to pick up on something but held back. He waited for confirmation.

"Doctor, how's my wife?"

The doctor smiled. “She’s pregnant. It’s still early. But for a definitive diagnosis, you should visit the hospital.”

After she left, Logan remained in stunned silence.

I placed a hand on my stomach, marveling at the thought. “There’s really a baby in here?”

Logan, always so composed, suddenly looked like a deer caught in headlights. “Wait. I need to make some calls. We have to baby-proof the house, get rid of anything sharp, and hire a nutritionist...”

When Lydia and Jackson found out about my pregnancy, they were thrilled. However, this meant the wedding had to be moved up. They took over all the preparations, not letting me worry about a thing.

Logan, on the other hand, refused to leave my side. Each time I gently suggested he didn’t have to follow me everywhere, he would give me a wounded look, as if I was rejecting him.

Sighing, I gave up and let him do as he pleased. Grandma’s case was quickly processed. One day, Archie called, asking to meet me.

Logan was worried and insisted on coming with me.

When we arrived, Archie lowered his head, looking ashamed. “I’m sorry. I never imagined Grandma had done so many terrible things.”

I said calmly, “In the end, this isn’t about you. But if you’re here to plead for her, don’t bother.”

“I’m not,” Archie hurried to clarify. “I’m leaving this place for good. I just wanted to see you one last time.”

His smile was bitter. “I finally understand now. You were looking out for me all along. The funny thing is, it took me this long to realize that Grandma has always been biased. I wanted to keep the peace, but in doing so, I enabled her.

“You were right. I’ve been the one benefiting in this family, so I never saw her actions as wrong. Even when I did, I never wanted to acknowledge it, let alone correct her.

“That day, when I asked you to bake the bread, I saw that Evie was deliberately provoking you, but I still...”

“It’s all in the past.” I had once genuinely cared for this little brother. But now, I felt too drained to discuss forgiveness.

Archie didn't push further. He slowly stood up. "Then, I'll be going."

"Alright."

I watched him walk away. His silhouette stretched long in the setting sun, just like the growing distance between us. Logan took my hand. "Let's go home."

THE END