

## Regret Is Only the Beginning

### Chapter 5 Enough Is Enough

I shot Logan a glare before swiftly paying the bill.

Logan took the bags from the store assistant with a "thank you".

"Want to head upstairs and take a look?" he asked.

I was about to decline. But before I could, Logan wrapped his arm around my waist. "Come on. It's rare we're out together. Let's just relax a bit."

We wandered around the mall for a while and bought a lot of things.

Most of the time, Logan chose the items while I paid. It was like he was addicted to it. "Babe, do you think my wife would like this dress?"

I rolled my eyes at him. His casual closeness was throwing my mind into a whirlwind. Still, I actually managed to forget about Archie's issues.

The salesperson had been earnestly describing the dress, showering me with compliments about how great it would look on me. But as soon as Logan spoke, it made the young lady's face turn red, leaving her hesitating and unsure.

I smiled helplessly. Just as I was about to ask her to leave us, Logan grabbed my hand. He held it gently, his fingers tracing over it.

"That's enough."

"Don't be mad. Help me pick out a few more outfits for my wife, and tonight, I'll be yours for the whole evening."

Fortunately, a phone call interrupted the moment.

I sighed in relief. "Who is it?" I asked curiously.

"Can you wait until I leave before you show your smirk?" Logan messed up my hair playfully before answering the call.

"Hey, Dad. What's up?"

I handed the clothes Logan had picked to the salesperson to have them packed.

"You haven't been to the office all day! What's so important that you skipped work?" came the voice from the other end of the line.

Logan replied lazily, "Does spending time with my wife count?"

"Spending time with her doesn't—" The voice quieted for a second, then calmed down. "Alright, have fun. When are you bringing her home so your mom and I can meet her?"

"We'll see. I'll hang up now." Logan spun his phone in his hand. "Did you hear that? When's your head going to nod yes?"

My face flushed, and I shoved him. "You should head back soon."

"You're so cold-hearted." Logan stood up. "I'll take you home first."

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It seemed like Evie had sparked something in Archie. This time, he was determined to get the house at Meadowlark Heights. He sent me message after message, acting as if it was his right.

Grandma also started coming by more frequently, pushing me to give in. All the peace I had found from spending a day with Logan vanished.

Grandma tried to reason with me. "It's just a house. If you give it to him, it'll be over. He's the last man of the Houghton family. Aren't you going to rely on him in the future anyway? Why make things hard for him now?"

"You're wrong, Grandma." I laughed bitterly.

But Grandma seemed to ignore the underlying meaning of my words.

"One day, you'll have to get married. Archie is the only one left in the family," she said.

She still clung to the belief that once a woman got married, she was no longer part of the family and that it was a disgrace for a woman to handle the family business.

I thought for a moment and realized some things needed to be said now, no matter how difficult.

"But it's my house. Whether I get married or not, it's my personal property."

It seemed like I had touched on an unpleasant topic, as Grandma's lips curled downward in disapproval.

"Jillian, you're a woman. How can you have the whole company in your hands? Don't you fear what people will say? How can a woman run a company? Archie is a man, and he's naturally good at this.

"Sure, when he was younger, he didn't understand. But now he's grown up, and he's getting married. It's time for you to hand over the company to him. Only then can he take it to greater heights.

"Don't worry. Both Archie and I have seen how much effort you've put into running the company these years. You'll get everything you deserve."