

# Lost Me Gained Regret

## #Chapter 111 - Read Lost Me Gained Regret Chapter 111

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I half expected Timothy to say, "Don't die.

Bryant." But he didn't.

I could feel Timothy's life slipping away. His voice was barely a whisper. "No matter what... don't let Margaret marry into the Ferguson family. Promise me you'll protect the Ferguson family."

"I promise..." I was on the verge of breaking down, tears rolling down my face as I nodded. vigorously. "Timothy, did Margaret say something to you? Why else would you suddenly fall ill?"

"She..." A flicker of disgust and anger passed through Timothy's eyes before he sighed. "Just remember what I told you."

"I will... I'll remember every word," I managed to choke out, afraid to ask anymore, worried it might upset him further.

But doubt had already planted its seeds in my mind. Margaret must have said something to Timothy.

"My dear, don't be sad. Take care of the baby," Timothy mustered his last bit of strength, looking at me kindly with a smile. "That way, I can rest in peace..."

The monitor let out a sharp, prolonged beep!

Seeing Timothy with his eyes closed but a smile on his lips, I completely broke down. He knew it. He had known about my pregnancy all along! But he never asked me about it.

Kneeling by the bed, my tears wouldn't stop. Timothy, I will... I'll do everything you said!"

I hoped he could still hear me. I hoped it would bring him peace.

"Grandpa!" A familiar, uncertain voice came from behind me.

I teased in my heart. 'Margaret's finally willing to let him meet his grandpa?'

Sounding as if he had taken a big blow, Bryant hesitantly asked, "Jane, what happened to Grandpa...

"He's gone," I replied quietly, feeling utterly drained, letting the tears silently fall.

Losing a loved one after so many years felt this way, even more profound. It was like being slowly tortured with a blunt knife, wanting to scream but unable to make a sound, forced to suppress it all inside.

The chill of autumn was getting stronger. As I walked out of the hospital, I felt as cold as if I had fallen into an ice pit. Just as I numbly reached out to hail a cab, Bryant suddenly appeared, pulling me toward the parking lot.

Too exhausted to speak, I let him lead me until he pushed me into his car, then I finally

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asked in a daze, "Where are you taking me?"

"Home," He said gently, leaning in to fasten my seatbelt as usual.

He said home, not taking me home.

Snapping back to reality, I prepared to get off, saying softly, "I'm going to Christine's place." Bryant didn't give me a chance, pressing the gas pedal when I spoke. The car sped out of the hospital parking lot and merged into the traffic.

"Bryant!" I suddenly came to my senses, gripping the handle above me. "Slow down!"

He seemed not to hear me. His lips were a tight line, his hands gripping the steering wheel so hard that the veins stood out as if venting some pent-up emotion.

Luckily, he was driving toward the Ferguson Mansion, and after bypassing the downtown area, the traffic thin the e

traffic thinned out, making it somewhat safer. Unable to stop him, I eventually slumped back into the seat.

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Each time I thought of Timothy's words, it felt different. It wasn't that he disapproved of Bryant's relationship with Margaret because he found her too cunning, but it felt utterly

different today. What on earth had Margaret said to Timothus As the car pulled into the Ferguson Mansion, I got off and went to the door when Bryant caught up, wrapping me in his arms.

I froze, his head buried in my shoulder, his voice vulnerable. "Jane, stay with me tonight, please. Just one night. Please!"

The memory of the medical report I stumbled upon in the study earlier that day flashed through my mind, and I couldn't help but feel a pang of empathy. "Okay."

The atmosphere in the Ferguson Mansion was heavy, missing only Timothy, but his absence made the house feel eerily empty that night.

After a hot shower, I returned to the bedroom to find Bryant missing. Later, as I was drifting off, someone snuggled up behind me, and without turning around, I knew it him. For some reason, every move Bryant made tonight seemed laced with sadness.

"Are you asleep?" his forehead pressed lightly against my head, his voice low.

I didn't respond, staying still, and then I heard his voice, filled with defeat. "Jane, I must have disappointed Grandpa by not being there for him at the end."

I didn't know what to say as Margaret's terrible lies and acting came to mind, and Bryant believed them.

His voice was hoarse, "Did Grandpa blame me?"

Looking at the moonlight filtering through the curtain gaps, I spoke, "I never told grandpa, that while he was fighting for his life, you were with Margaret who was pretending to have stomach pains."

It was the first time I realized how cruel I could be. My words meant to comfort and cut deep.

"I'm sorry." Bryant's voice was all regret. "I just thought to calm her down before rushing to Grandpa."

"It doesn't matter now." I didn't want to speak harshly anymore, stating, "You shouldn't be apologizing to me. You owe Timothy, not me."

After some silence, he said, "I owe you and Grandpa an apology."

Feeling a surge of bitterness, I pulled away from him, lying back and staring at the ceiling. "Bryant, she will be the reason you lose even more."

We both knew who "she" was without naming her.

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Caught off guard, Bryant took a long moment before deciding. "Jane, let's start over."

I abruptly sat up, turning on the light, ready to lash out, but then saw his eyes red tears welling up. At that moment, all my anger crumbled.

Taking a deep breath, I tried to remain calm. "If you're doing this because of Timothy, it's unnecessary. He never mentioned this before he passed."

He insisted, "Grandpa told me earlier today that the Mrs. Ferguson of the Ferguson family can only be you."

"And what if," I stood by the bed, looking down at him, "Timothy hadn't passed away today Would you still remember his words? Or would you do it if Timothy wanted you to end it with Margaret?"

Bryant looked away, not answering, firm in his decision, "Regardless, we can't divorce."

"Are you informing me?" I was stunned and surprised by his statement.

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The next day, when a servant stopped me at the gate of the Ferguson Mansion, preventing me from stepping outside, I realized the truth. Last night was merely a notification.

I knew it was Bryant's doing, not the servant's. So, I patiently asked, "Where's Bryant?"

"Mr. Ferguson left before dawn."

"Has Gary returned?"

"Not yet, Gary's handling Mr. Timothy's funeral arrangements."

I spoke softly, "What if I need to leave now?"

"Mrs. Ferguson, you can't leave." The servant gestured toward the floor-to-ceiling windows, where several men in black suits stood guard.

I was shocked. In three years, Bryant's deceit hadn't changed. He told me I only had to stay for one night, and then he wouldn't let me step out the door.

There was a moment when I wondered if he was at all the same person who, years ago, had kindly taken me to the infirmary, carefully respecting my pride, trying every means to invite me out for a meal. Could eight years change someone so completely?

By morning, I'd received tons of messages on my phone, mainly condolences for Timothy's passing.

Christine and Mark were the most contrasting Christine sent a barrage of messages while Mark typed, [Jane, my c Take care of yourself.]

Yet, about concern, I couldn't weigh which was more significant. Aside from Christine, only Mark reminded me to take care of myself. Most were trying to get closer to the Ferguson family.

I only replied to the two of them before calling Bryant. But it wasn't him who answered.

Kevin respectfully said, "Mrs. Ferguson, there's been an issue at our overseas branch, and Mr. Ferguson is in an emergency meeting. I'll inform him as soon as it's over."

"Forget it." I closed my eyes, "Let it be."

With Timothy's death, the corporation would be unstable. Bryant was overwhelmed, unable to spare me any attention.

I made another call. "Hello, RiverCity Police Station? I'm being held against my will."

When the police arrived, Bryant's car also pulled up. He stepped out with a dark expression, quickly dismissed the officers, and strode toward me. His eyes, red from a

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sleepless night, bore an even stronger sense of oppression. "So, you can't wait to get away from me, huh?"

I nodded without hesitation. "Yes."

I didn't want to remain in a marriage on the verge of breaking. Nor could I accept a husband who was waiting on someone else.

His lips curled into a cold sneer. "Well, I don't want that."

"Does it matter," I was exhausted. "This will only make me despise you."

"I don't care!" His voice suddenly rose, his body radiating a fierce obsession "As long as you are still Mrs. Ferguson, Grandpa will rest in peace!"

I stepped back in fear. "Bryant..."

Hearing the tremble in my voice, a moment of clarity seemed to pass through his eyes. His hand rested gently on my head, and his voice was so soft. "Jane, we can start over. Believe me."

"I told you last night, it's impossible." I looked at him in despair, making the most unlikely request, Bryant, can you break it off with Margaret? I might consider it if you can promise never to see her again."

I bet he surely couldn't do it.

Unexpectedly, he agreed without hesitation, "Okay."

I didn't know what to say. Bryant seemed almost crazed.

Perhaps Timothy's death had hit him harder than expected, and he might come to his senses after a while.

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He was so worried I'd call the cops again, so he didn't even bother going to the office anymore. Instead, he set up shop in the study for video conferences. I felt uneasy, zoning out in the backyard the entire afternoon.

The next day came the solemnity of Timothy's funeral, a gloomy atmosphere enveloping everything. A drizzle fell, sending shivers straight to the soul.

I finally left the confines of the Ferguson Mansion, clinging to Bryant's side, his grip on me firm as we greeted the mourners like puppets on strings.

His temper had been hot these past few days. It wasn't so much a change as his true colors showed. I had no room to argue. I tried felling Bryant again the night before that Timothy didn't demand we stay married on his deathbed and that Timothy only forbade Margaret from marrying into the Ferguson family. But he didn't believe me and said I was lying. And I was too tired to argue.

As the funeral began, I stood silently to the side in a black wool coat, listening to eulogies summarizing an eighty-year life that seemed to end all too easily.

The man who was laughing with me two days ago was then just a memory under the earth.

"Grandpa!" Margaret appeared from nowhere, her face streaked with tears, kneeling at the gravestone. "Grandpa... Why did you have to leave so suddenly?"

Before Bryant could react, I turned to Gary. "Get her out of here."

The last person Timothy would've wanted to see was Margaret.

After hearing that, Margaret stood up and challenged, "What right do you have to send me away?"

"It's your call." I left the decision to Bryant and walked toward Christine and the others. At my words, Margaret immediately softened, clinging to Bryant's arm. "Bry, I rushed here as soon as I got discharged. I'm freezing!",

"Your stomach doesn't hurt anymore?" Bryant coldly pulled his arm away, his expression as still as a deep lake, chilling to the bone.

"No, it stopped hurting..." Margaret's face froze, and she quickly complained, "I specifically came for Timothy's funeral. What's wrong with your ex-wife, telling me to leave?"

Bryant's voice was icy. "She is Mrs. Ferguson and has every right to decide on matters concerning the Ferguson family."

Margaret wasn't convinced. "You guys are getting a divorce, though..."

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"Gary." Bryant gave Gary a look, and Gary immediately directed two security guards to escort Margaret away.

My father-in-law, Albert, exploded, "What are you two doing? I'm still here, and you're bullying Margaret?"

"Dad!" Margaret broke free and ran to Albert, crying as if wronged.

I pressed my lips together, staying silent, missing Timothy even more. Neither Margaret nor Albert would dare to make such a scene if Timothy were there. I also felt sorry for

Timothy. He always treated me so kindly, and yet I couldn't even ensure he had a peaceful, dignified funeral.

Bryant's gaze was frosty. "Then leave with her."

"What did you say?" Both Albert and Margaret were stunned.

Bryant straightened his sleeve that Margaret had messed up. messed up, his expression cold. "I said, get lost."

"Don't disturb Grandpa's peace!"

"I'm not leaving," Margaret used to Bryant's indulgence, threw a tantrum even in such a setting, pointing at me. "She's about to be ousted from the Ferguson family. If anyone should leave, it's her!"

Bryant's gaze darkened. His voice was resolute "She will always be Mrs. Ferguson, my wife."

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Hearing that, I was momentarily speechless but quickly pieced together the reason..

Christine furrowed her brows in confusion, looking at me, and whispered, "Bryant suddenly changed his ways?"

"No." I watched Margaret escorted away by the security, slightly pursing my lips. "He's just feeling guilty, wanting to make amends."

Timothy's passing hit Bryant hard. Despite being Timothy's favorite grandkid, he wasn't there in his last moments. Moreover, he pissed Timothy off on the very day Timothy passed. How could he not feel guilty, regretful, and self-blaming?

And his way of showing it was to honor Timothy's wish, making me a lifelong Mrs. Ferguson.

It had nothing to do with me.

After the funeral, I returned to the Ferguson Mansion, joining Gary in sorting through Timothy's belongings.



The servants had gone through them once, leaving behind the clothes and items Timothy frequently used. Each piece I held gave me the illusion that Timothy hadn't left us.

While sorting, I pondered and asked, "Gary, are you sure Timothy had his medication in his pocket the other day?"

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"You had me make sure, especially with the weather turning colder, I'd check every morning to ensure Timothy had his medicine." After answering, Gary looked at me seriously, "You... still suspect Margaret?"

"I can't quite put my finger on it." I shook my head.

When I confronted Margaret, her reasoning made sense. In that day's chaos, something could have fallen out.

But my intuition told me it wasn't that simple. Yet, without evidence, relying solely on intuition felt insufficient. And I wasn't sure if my suspicions stemmed from an existing hostility toward Margaret.

Thoughtfully, I added, "These past days, have any of the servants come across a dropped medicine bottle while cleaning?"

Gary thought it over before confirming, "No, anything belonging to Timothy, they would've informed me."

Gary paused and then continued, "I'll keep an eye out. The bottle is small. We could have missed it if it fell in the yard."

"Okay." I carefully handled Timothy's possessions, afraid of breaking or damaging

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anything.

What was left by those who'd passed, once gone, was gone forever.

Toward the end, I held up a bracelet. "Gary, may I take this? I want to keep it in memory of Timothy."

The bracelet was something Timothy often fiddled with, so I wanted to keep it close to remember him.

I remember a line from a show about those who've passed. [I am with you when you talk about and remember me.]

"Of course, you can. If Timothy knew how much you cared, he'd be happy, even in heaven. Gary wiped the tears from his eyes. Those past few days wore him out significantly.

Suddenly remembering something, he said, "Oh! Wait here a moment."

He opened Timothy's bedroom safe, pulled out two velvet boxes, and choked up before speaking, "When he found out you were pregnant, Mr. EP Timothy was over the moon. Seeing you didn't want to tell Mr. Bryant, he made me swear not to breathe a word. He said you

were sensitive and thoughtful, that we should wait until you were ready to not to pressure you or to bind you to the Ferguson family just because of this child."

"This is... Timothy's gift for the baby. You have no idea. Timothy never took such care in choosing @gift before, asking me daily, "Do you think Jane's carrying a boy or a girl? What kind of gift should I grab?"

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Tears streamed down my face like a sudden downpour as my fingers trembled, taking the velvet box.

Upon opening it, I found two locket pendants, both crafted from the most exquisite gems, one adorned with a delicate flower pattern and the other plain.

Such precious gem was hard to come by, a testament to how much Timothy had cared.

I carefully closed the lid, sniffled, and asked, "When did Timothy find out about my pregnancy?"

He had known it all along yet chose to spare my feelings by never questioning me. Timothy was gone, yet I still felt his loving embrace.

Gary said, "Mr. Timothy had someone check your medical records after the last family dinner. Please don't be mad at him. He was worried about your health and feared you might hide it from him."

"How could I be mad at him?" My sobs grew louder, "I only blame myself."

Had I told Timothy sooner, he could have enjoyed his happiness for a little longer. He wouldn't have had to tread so carefully, afraid even to ask me.

"Bringing a new member into the Ferguson family is a blessing. Mr. Timothy would be overjoyed, even from the heaven."

Gary comforted me and remembered something Timothy had said, "Right, Mr. Timothy mentioned before, if one day you can't stay with Mr. Bryant, the child will be yours, and the Ferguson family will provide financially."

I was shocked into silence. So, it was that I had been too defensive. Timothy had never intended to take the child away.

"It's just..." Gary hesitated, "At the end of the day, Timothy still hoped you and Mr. Bryant could live happily together."

"Fine, I understand." I took a deep breath, letting the tears freely flow. "Please keep the child a secret for now."

Gary nodded solemnly, "Rest assured."

Leaving Timothy's room, I felt a sense of confusion engulf me. Suddenly, I understood Bryant's sense of guilt toward Timothy.

Returning to the bedroom, just out of the shower with damp hair, Bryant looked at me with a slight frown. "Why are you crying again?"

"Bryant," I closed my eyes, fighting to hold my tears. "Does the promise you made the day before yesterday still stand?"

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He seemed more sober after the shower, his gaze intense, "It stands."

"You won't vanish because of her call again?" asked.

His voice was deep and steady, "I won't."

"If you can keep this up until the end of our cooling-off period, we'll continue our marriage."

I raised my head to look at him, "If not, we'll get the divorce papers as soon as the cooling-off period ends."

He suddenly pulled me into his embrace, his cheek gently rubbing against my hair treating me like a treasured possession, which momentarily dazed me. "We can start over."

I didn't respond. With Bryant, I dared not easily utter the word trust again.

I tried to stay rational, not to fall too easily, and softly said, "Before that, we... shouldn't sleep in the same room. Will you move, or shall I? I need to let Emma know in advance."

He stiffened, caressing my hair. "We won't go back to LunarLakeBay Villas. We'll stay at the Ferguson Mansion. Are you sure you want Timothy to see us living apart under the same roof?"

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I was momentarily stunned. I had almost forgotten about that.

With Timothy gone, as the new head of the Ferguson family, Bryant was naturally moving.

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I pulled away from him, relenting, "Fine, forget it."

Later in the evening, the housekeeper had dinner ready, and Gary came to call us down. The vast Ferguson Mansion seemed to continue its orderly pace. Yet, everyone looked heavy.

After dinner, I returned to my room to freshen up and fell into a deep sleep.

I had hardly slept for two days, wanting to sleep but unable to. Now that everything was settling down, I slept soundly, not waking until the following morning.

Bryant was already gone. The company was swamped these days, with rival firms looking to kick us while we were down.

Arriving at the office, I received many curious glances. Even though Bryant had promised to stop seeing Margaret, the office didn't know, and they were all still caught up in the drama of Margaret becoming the CEO's secretary. Their looks made me feel like the other woman.

But I stood tall, knowing I had done nothing wrong, and threw myself into work upon returning to my office. The design drafts flowed much more smoothly with inspiration, showing promise by the end of the day.

In the evening, Christine invited me out for dinner and wanting to clear my head, I accepted immediately.

Leaving the office, I saw Linda still at her desk. I smiled. "Still not

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off?"

off guard while on her phone, She jumped, flipping it face down on the desk Caught o quickly, flustered, "Jane, I... I'm leaving soon."

"Okay, I'm heading out then." I locked my office door out of habit and left.

Christine was waiting for me at an Italian restaurant in the mall, waving me over as I entered.

She looked me up and down. "You've lost weight in just two days."

"You're overhyping it." I laughed it off and reached out my hand, "Show me.that gossip group chat about the office."

Christine asked, "Why?"

"Just want to see what they're saying about me."

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"It's gone." Christine prepared to order.

I was puzzled, "Why?"

"I disbanded it," answered Christine.

I was baffled. "You were the admin?"

No wonder Christine seemed so guilty when I told her not to get involved in trashing Margaret. She wasn't just involved, she was leading the whole thing.

Christine touched her nose, saying, "Yeah, but you can't be mad at me."

"Why would I be mad?" I poured some lemonade. "Bryant's got too much to worry about. And he promised me he'd stop seeing Margaret."

Her interest piqued, and she incredulously asked, "For real? You're not getting a divorce?"

"It's true, but who knows if it'll last." I felt almost indifferent, cradling the lemonade. If we can make it work, maybe we won't divorce."

Christine was shocked. "Are you sure?"

I said firmly, "Yeah."

That way, Timothy could rest more peacefully. As for anything deeper, I couldn't care less, taking one step at a time.

Seeing my resolve, Christine dropped the subject.

After ordering, Christine casually checked her phone and suddenly looked up, giving me a knowing wink. "Were you at the concert with Mark that day?"

"How did you know?" I was surprised.

She showed me her phone. "Someone posted it on the company forum. With all the drama about Margaret, everyone's been criticizing you. Then someone posted several photos in your defense, saying you have a handsome boyfriend, clearly not the type to interfere in someone else's marriage."

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I squinted for a clearer view. One photo captured Mark and me at a concert caught from the side. Another showed us leaving, his arm seemingly resting on my shoulder from behind.

Seeing the second picture, I got why I didn't get jostled by the crowd again after nearly being knocked over that day. Mark had been guarding me from behind all along.

I found it funny and annoying. "This guy's got quite the imagination and logical reasoning skills.

"Mark's so attentive to you. No wonder people get the wrong idea," Christine said, "I think he's more reliable than Bryant."

"Don't be ridiculous." I sipped my lemonade. "Mark's got someone he likes, and he's been into her for years."

Christine wondered, "Who is it? How come we've never seen her?"

"I don't know. Probably when Mark finally wins her over, he'll bring her around." I kept silent about Mark's crush on some married girl. It was his private matter and somewhat immoral. It was better kept to as few people as possible.

Christine pouted. "And here I was thinking you two were perfect for each other. Turns out was the only one excited about it."

"Come on. I'm still married. If you want to play a matchmaker, at least wait till I'm divorced," I chuckled.

"Okay." Christine buried her head in her meal, and after we finished eating, she dragged out for a walk to help digest our food.

While on the escalator, we noticed a crowd gathered around a store.

Ever curious, Christine pulled me over, casually asking a bystander, "Hey handsome, what's everyone looking at?"

Momentarily dazzled by Christine's looks, the guy eagerly responded, "There's this customer, seeming like she's pregnant, insisting on getting a bag reserved by someone else."

"Really? That's bizarre." After thanking him, Christine peeked into the store, and soon, a familiar voice reached us. "You don't know who I am. Fine, but don't you hear about the Ferguson family? Tell me who reserved this bag, and I'll contact them."

The woman's voice was clear, her tone gentle yet laced with an assertive sense of superiority.

"Not her again," Christine muttered, visibly annoyed. "Let's

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when she's around."

"Yeah." I had no desire to get involved with Margaret again.

As we turned to leave, Margaret happened to look in our direction. "Jane?"

She abandoned the bag instantly and ran toward us, grabbing my arm. "Why are you running? What did you tell Bry? He's not answering my calls now."

I massaged my temples, tiredly replying, "We've talked a lot. Which part are you referring to?"

"You know what I'm talking about." Margaret was being unreasonable. "If you're not guilty, why run?"

Christine rolled her eyes. "Oh come on, we just don't want to see you."

ding tone.

"Now, call Bry for me. I need to speak to him," Margaret demanded in an commanding

I was baffled. "Contact Bryant yourself if you want to talk to him."

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As I tried to break free from her grip, Margaret suddenly acted as if om possessed, dragging me toward the road outside with all her might. Call him now, or we might end it all together!"

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Margaret clenched her manicured nails into my skin with all her might, sending a fiery pain through my arm.

Hearing Margaret's words, Christine's face turned pale with fear, wanting to rush over and pull me away, but Margaret held onto my wrist tightly, refusing to let go.

Her eyes were almost crazed, cold, and chilling. "Didn't you get me? I'm asking you to call Bry."

"Fine." Considering I was pregnant, Christine hesitated to pull too hard, finally caving in. "I'll call him right now. Just let go of Jane."

"No way!" After dragging me out of the mall, Margaret walked a bit further. Ahead was the busy street, bustling with cars.

Memories of Bryant covered in blood last time sent chills down my spine. Margaret might be capable of taking us both down with her.



White as a sheet, Christine had dialed the phone. "Don't be rash. Don't hurt Jane."

"Put it on speaker." Margaret raised her chin, and not daring to disobey, Christine switched to speaker.

Soon, Bryant picked up. "Hello?"

Christine spoke, "Bryant! Jane and I are across from the office, at the shopping center. You need to come quick!"

"What's wrong?" Bryant's voice instantly grew tense, his footsteps audible in the background.

Not wanting to provoke Margaret, Christine said, "You'll see when you get here. Just come to entrance number 8."

"Five minutes." Bryant was quick, "I'm getting in the elevator now. I'm hanging up. Wait for me there."

After the call ended, Margaret squinted her eyes at me, a mocking smile spreading across her face. "Hearing how worried he is about you? Are you happy now?"

I had never seen someone so unreasonable. I tried to pull my wrist away, but Margaret's expression grew more ferocious, leaving me no choice but to give up. "Margaret, you're pregnant. Please calm down..."

"Calm down with what?" Margaret shrieked back at me. "Now that you've secured your spot as Mrs. Ferguson, you can afford to tell me to calm down. If you were in my shoes, could you stay calm?"

I lowered my gaze.

"I'm not..."

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"Not what?" Margaret dropped all pretense, pressing me aggressively, "You guys were supposed to be getting a divorce. Why aren't you?! Jane, I thought there would be no turning back for you two after Timothy died and I could finally marry Bry. But why? Why has it come to this?"

"Bry!" Margaret suddenly looked across the street. Unable to turn back, Bryant had parked on the other side and was striding toward us, his face dark and stormy.

But, with thirty seconds left on the red light, he couldn't get across.

Through her tears, Margaret cried, "Have you decided to abandon me? You promised. you'd always take care of me!"

Then, turning to me with a twisted smile, she whispered, "Jane, tell me, between my death and yours, who do you think Bry would choose?"

Without giving me a chance to react, she suddenly pulled with all her might, dragging me into the oncoming traffic like crazy!

The sound of car horns blared suddenly! My mind buzzed, the before me opened a blue of chaos. A car braked in time but still hit my thigh, and I was thrown toward the ground!

Thankfully, Bryant rushed through the traffic, recklessly running toward me.

Instinctively, I reached out for him, but my fingertips only grazed his shirt sleeve, missing the chance to grab hold of him.

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The moment I hit the ground, pain shot through me like a freight train. My head spun, my knees screamed, my arms ached, and my stomach...oh, the agony.

I tried to call out to him, lips trembling, but instead, I saw him panicking, clutching Margaret who had also been caught in the car's path. His voice was a mixture of anger and fear, "Are you out of your mind?!"

Even in his anger, his eyes betrayed his fear.

Quickly, he fished out his phone, fingers shaking. "Kevin, get the car here, now!"

"Jane!!"

It all happened in a flash. Christine was probably more shocked than I was, but as soon as she snapped back to reality, she dashed through the traffic, losing one of her high heels in the process.

Tears streamed down her face as she knelt beside me, hesitant to touch me, "Jane...it's okay, don't be scared..."

I felt something warm trickling out of me, and with the last bit of strength, I grabbed Christine's hand, "It hurts... Chris, it hurts so much...save my baby..."

"I'm here."

She fumbled with her phone to dial emergency services, stuttering to comfort me, here, Jane, don't worry, everything's going to be okay, you will be fine!"

I wasn't sure if she was comforting me or herself.

As she called 911, a Bentley pulled up.

"I'm Kevin jumped out to open the door, and Bryant carefully carried Margaret into the car, gently placing her in the backseat.

All the while, he didn't spare me a glance. It felt like I was a stranger to him.

"Bry...oh my baby, I'm so scared, will you stay with me?" Margaret cried out.

"Of course. Let's get to the hospital." Bryant comforted her.

Christine couldn't hold back her tears any longer. Cleaning her tears fiercely, she reminded him, "Bryant! Your wife got hit too!"

"Bry, it hurts so much..." Margaret pleaded.

He stiffened for a moment at my cry, then closed the car door as if he heard nothing.

The Bentley drove away, leaving the world feeling even colder.

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My heart felt as if it had been hollowed out, a space once filled Bryant.

Cars were haphazardly parked all over, and although some drivers looked ready to explode with rage, the scene before them left them speechless.

Then, a young guy got out of his car, offering a helping hand, "Let me take you and your friend to the hospital... Ambulance might get stuck in traffic at this hour, and we can't waste time."

Christine quickly agreed, nodding in gratitude.

Carefully, he lifted me off the ground and into His backseat while Christine hurried into the passenger side.

Curled up in pain, I couldn't tell which part of me hurt the most.

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"Doctor, doctor! My friend's pregnant and she's been hit by a car she's bleeding a lot.

Upon reaching the hospital, the young man carried me as Christine led the way into the emergency room.

Hearing our situation, the staff sprung into action, though seemed surprised "What's the emergency going on today? Another pregnant woman in a car accident just before you."

Christine asked, "Came in a Bentley?"

"Yeah, that couple seemed really close, Suddenly, I got a real taste of what it means to feel absolutely heartbroken.

As the nurse pushed me towards the emergency room, she glanced at the young man

who had helped, obviously younger and unmarried, and asked, "And where's the husband? In situations like this, family should be notified immediately."

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