

Lost Me Gained Regret

#Chapter 121 - Read Lost Me Gained Regret Chapter 121

Chapter 121

My heart felt like it had been torn open.

Tears wouldn't come anymore, and in a frail voice, I said, "I have no husband, no family... Please, you must save my child."

"Well.." The nurse glanced between my legs, her expression troubled, but finally, she simply said, "We'll do everything we can."

Hearing these words from the medical staff, I let out a small sigh of relief.

However, as soon as I was hoisted onto the operating table and after the doctor asked about my condition, he immediately said, "Call the anesthetist, be ready for a D&C."

I stared at the blinding operating lights, my eyes both dry and pained.

My ankle-length dress was lifted by the doctor, and though it seemed he asked me something, my mind was buzzing, leaving me with no other choice.

A slight sting on the back of my hand, and then I lost all consciousness, plunging into darkness.

"Mommy. Mommy. I'm leaving, Mommy, you don't want me anymore..."

Watching a tiny figure drift further away from me, I cried out, "No! Don't leave me, baby!"

When I opened my eyes, all I saw were the stark white walls.

The room was so quiet, only the sound of the IV drip remained. Christine, sitting by my side, suddenly stood up, concern in her voice, "How are you feeling?"

"Chris, my baby, where is my baby?"

"...I'm so sorry..." Christine's eyes instantly filled with tears.

"I..." I touched my belly, feeling utterly numb, "My baby... I dreamt he said I didn't want him..."

"Jane..." Christine's eyes teared up and she turned away to wipe them before reassuring me, "It's not on you, it's not your fault. The baby must have known how much you loved him."

"But, I still couldn't protect him."

It's all my fault.

My heart felt like an empty shell, with the chill seeping in, turning my blood ice cold.

Christine shook her head insistently, "This isn't on you, silly, why would you think that? If it hurts too much, just cry it out, okay?"

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"Bry, I want a cheesecake!" From outside the door, a feeble voice called out for Bryant's cool response, "The doctor said you can't have anything for now."

"Well, okay. Can you carry me back to my room, please?"

"...Margaret, when will you ever grow up?"

by Christine instantly got heated, turning around like a firecracker, but I held her back.

I looked at her numbly, "Chris, I don't want to stay here anymore."

She spoke with empathy, "The doctor said you just had... surgery, and you're also injured, It's best to stay in the hospital for observation for a couple of days."

"I want to leave now."

I got up, seemingly immune to the nearly fatal pain in my abdomen, and under Christine's shocked gaze, I pulled out the IV needle and got off the bed to leave.

"Jane..."

Christine hurriedly grabbed a bag of medicine from the bedside table and followed me. "Okay, we'll do as you wish."

Besides the pain in my stomach, several other places on my body throbbed with pain, but with Christine's support, I managed to walk, albeit slowly.

Unfortunately, we had to pass by Margaret's room to get to the elevator.

"Jane?"

Margaret caught sight of me, suddenly calling out, then nudged Bryant, "I think I saw Jane, if can you check if it's her?"

Instantly, Bryant's eyes shot my way and he started striding towards me.

Christine found her moment to explode, "Bryant, do you even care about your wife..."

"Why didn't you stop her?" Bryant stood in front of me, his face, m

terrifyingly cold cutting Christine off sharply, his words stabbing me in the heart.

"Jane, you're always so smart and rational, how could you coldly watch her be so reckless? Didn't you know she was pregnant?"

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The barrage of accusations came flying, leaving me totally dazed.

Clutching my aching belly, I managed a faint reply, "What did you say?"

"She miscarried!"

Bryant pointed towards the hospital room, his eyes dark and stormy, "She lost her baby! The doctor said it's going to be really hard for her to conceive again! Jane, are you happy now?!"

His question shook me to the core, my throat felt like it was clogged with a waterlogged sponge, and a bitter smile tugged at my lips. It took me a moment to find my voice, "She miscarried, huh?"

But... so did I.

The blood that flowed from me... it was our child, the one I had been sincerely looking forward to for so long.

always thought, even if one day this terrible marriage was over, I'd still have a child by my side.

But now, there was nothing left.

It felt like... there was nothing to look forward to anymore.

What he referred to as Margaret's "tantrum" took everything from me.

But in the end, I was the one to be blamed.

Bryant stared at me intensely, his jaw clenched, "Seeing her miscarry makes you happy?"

I laughed even more wildly, "Yes, she deserves it!"

Her child for mine, and still, it didn't quench my hatred.

Smack!

His expression turned icy, a slap landed firmly on my face, "Jane, how can you be so heartless!"

I stared at him in disbelief, unable to tell if the slap was meant for my face or my heart.

All I knew was he didn't love me, but I never imagined he would call me heartless, or even hit me, over Margaret.

Years of feelings turned into a joke in an instant.

As I laughed, holding back tears that threatened to spill, I suddenly raised my hand and slapped him back without hesitation!

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"Bryant, it's over between us!"

Completely over.

He winced, a mocking smile on his lips, "Over? You've wanted it to be over for a long time, haven't you?"

Christine, frustrated, burst out, "Bryant, what are you even saying? Isn't Jane's life valuable too? You're supposed to be her husband, why are you treating her like this over someone else? She just..."

"Her husband?" Bryant's voice rose sharply, looking down on me with disdain, cutting me off, "Does she even want me to be her husband, or does she want someone else to be?"

This was absurd. The pain in my body intensified, and I could barely stand up straight without Christine's support, Bryant... what are you talking about?"

"Drop your act." Bryant scoffed, "Did you go to that concert by yourself?"

I realized what he was getting at but didn't get a chance to respond. He sneered, "You're always blaming me, but you went to a concert with Mark behind my back. Isn't that a bit hypocritical, Jane?"

I couldn't help but burst into laughter, my body shaking with it.

"You're right, Bryant, I'm exactly that kind of hypocrite, happy now? Since we both think so lowly of each other, let's just end this. I'll see you at City Hall, on the 5th of next month. I'll resign tomorrow, and I'll send the design competition entries directly to them. Let's end

this.

"Jane..."

As I uttered my last word, he suddenly seemed panicked.

With Christine's support, I left without looking back, and he seemed to get even more infuriated.

Behind me, his voice, cold and harsh, echoed, Jane, you're so eager to leave me for Mark? Don't be naive!"

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| paused, a wave of indescribable sorrow washing over me.

The whole world knew how much | loved Bryant, to the point where | couldn't bear the thought of anyone else in my heart. Yet, he always felt like my heart belonged to someone else,

There was a time when | would have gladly ripped my heart out just to show him, "Look, Bryant, it's all about you." But now, that was something | couldn't do anymore.

| even doubted if his name would still be found within it, when all that remained were scars.

On the way back to Christine's place, she looked at me with such pity, biting her lip before finally asking, "Why didn't you tell him you had a miscarriage too?"

"It wouldn't make a difference."

I leaned on her shoulder, my voice weak and lifeless, "So he might feel sorry and come back to me for a while. Then what?" I had gone through this too many times. Trying over and over to make things right, only to end up more broken each time. And the price I paid this time was even more devastating.

"True."

Christine let out a long sigh, trying to hold back her sobs, "Let him be with the one who killed his own child. When he finds out one day, let's see how much he regrets it."

"He might never regret it."

Thinking of how he had coldly interrogated me earlier for the sake of Margaret, I felt both pitiful and pathetic.

What difference would it make if he knew?

He would always choose Margaret over me.

The scene on the street today had taught me a painful lesson.

He ran towards me from afar, but at the moment when I needed him the most, he turned to someone else.

He held her, trembling, and roared with anger...

Suddenly, I felt like my eight years of feelings were worthless.

He didn't love me. Even if I had died right in front of him, he probably would have stepped over my body to rush to Margaret. 1/3

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Such a profound love, indeed.

Christine grew angrier the more she thought about it, "Jane, should we call the cops?"

I gently shook my head, looking out at the motley city lights, "Tell me, in today's RiverCity, who can stand against Bryant?". With Timothy around, this situation might have been handled differently, but he was gone

now.

What was the point of going to the police? Even if Margaret's crimes could be proven, with Bryant's influence, he could easily turn the tables on me.

All | wanted now was peace, to be far away from them.

Moreover, the words Margaret spewed in her madness today made me more convinced that Timothy's death was likely linked to her.

| wouldn't be the only one to meet a bad end.

There was still a long way to go.

That night, | slept in a daze, the day's events flashing through my mind like a movie. Waking up in the middle of the night, drenched in cold sweat, my thoughts were incredibly clear.

My baby....

Did it hurt when he left?

It must have. So tiny, so very small, he couldn't even cry out in pain.

My heart felt as if it was being tightly squeezed, sour and painful, swelling to the point where | couldn't breathe. Only by curling up into a ball on my bed could | find a slight relief.

The next day, | mustered up the energy to go to the office for the last time.

Before getting out of the meet Christine grabbed Wa on advising, "NoxtoachiHg ie d n'toverexert oie ok the wind and getting cold, got it?"

She had spent the whole night looking up post miscarriage care and originally disagreed with me going to vretcahp lr ac 't want to drag this out any longer. The sooner | could completely separate from Bryant, the better.

"| hear you, don't worry." | replied, resigned.

Entering the office, | found the door unlocked, which puzzled me as | turned to Linda, "Did you go in?" 2/3

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| remembered locking the door the night before.

Whenever there was a project or competition, and she'd locked the door for

to prevent any leak of the design plans.

Apart from the CEO, only Linda had access.

She was initially focused on her work but seemed startled at my question, quickly.

covering with a smile, "Ah, yes, the weather was nice today, so I opened the window for some fresh air." "Thanks, I appreciate it."

She had always been a considerate assistant.

The morning was spent handing off tasks and getting everything organized as needed.

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After years with the Ferguson Group, I realized that my tangible takeaways couldn't even fill a single storage box. It was a lot like my marriage with Bryant; three years of intimate cohabitation, sharing

every moment, only to have it end so abruptly that a few suitcases could carry my entire existence away from his. 'Jane.'

Around noon, Linda knocked and entered with her phone still lit up, wearing a mixed expression, hesitating before speaking. "So... you know my idol?"

She meant Mark, and I couldn't help but smile, Yeah, didn't I tell you? We went to college together."

"When did he come back?"

"Just a little while ago." As I packed my things, I mentioned, "I was thinking of introducing you two once I'm a bit less swamped." "Weren't you two at a concert together? Why didn't you invite me?"

I laughed off her assumption, "I got stood up that day, and just happened to bump into him at the venue, so we ended up going together."

"Really?"

Seeing the skepticism in her eyes, I pressed, "Yeah, what's up?"

“Nothing, just saw some forum posts and thought you two were close.”

She quickly plastered on a smile, “So, when are you free to introduce us?”

“Give it some time, he just started a new job, probably swamped.” And I was just exhausted. “Okay.”

Her disappointment was palpable. Noticing my packing, she paused, “You’re...”

“I’m resigning.”

I paused, looking at her, “But, Margaret probably won’t be around the office for a while, and if she is, she’ll be over at the CEO’s office. You’ll be fine, don’t worry.”

“Aren’t you taking me with you?”

“I need to rest for a bit.”

Hiding my discomfort, I softly added, “Once I get a new job...”

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“Sure, Director Webster,” she cut me off abruptly and left.

What got into her today?

Before I could ponder any longer, my phone rang.

It was Allen Brown, my aunt’s husband.

Seeing the caller ID, I was taken aback, “Hello, uncle.”

During the years I lived with my aunt and uncle, they fought a lot. After starting college, I never went back to stay. To avoid bothering him, I’d send gifts when he wasn’t home or just order online.

I never expected a call from him.

“Your aunt’s sick.”

From the other end, Allen dropped this bombshell, then added, “We’re at BlessedCare Medical Facility. Hurry up.” my way.”

Stunned, I replied, “Okay, I’m on my

Upon reaching the hospital, I found Allen and my cousin Leroy there, with my aunt lying in the hospital bed.

Seeing me, my aunt was surprised and glared at Allen, "Didn't I tell you not to bother Jane? She has her own life!" "That's not how it works."

Allen, lounging in his chair, retorted, "We took her in for a test. It's only

right when she comes to see you now that you're sick."

"She was sleeping out on the cold balcony, afraid to get

at night, so I told you have the nerve to say you raised her?

"I kept her from dying out there; she owes us!" Allen's agitation was evident as his keys jingled loudly. I bit my lip, then replied, "Auntie, uncle's right. I should've come." "He's right about nothing."

My aunt's usual meekness was gone, replaced by fiery sarcasm, "Giving out his balcony for a million dollars and monthly allowances? And he still wants more, acting as if that balcony was made of gold!"

"Cheryl Webster, don't be ungrateful. I called her here for you. Without her, the hospital will kick you out tomorrow!" Allen, too, was getting annoyed, standing up as if he had no stake in this, "Stomach

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cancer. The doctor mentioned treatments costing either \$300,000 or \$500,000, leaving us

to choose."

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Chapter 125 Stomach cancer? My heart skipped a beat, my gaze shifting in disbelief towards my aunt. "How... how did you...?"

Before she could even utter a word, Allen chimed in, "Look, you can skimp on anything else, but when it's about health, you gotta opt for the best."

Glancing at Cheryl, I nodded in agreement. "That makes sense. I've got around \$200,000 saved up. Give it all to Auntie for her treatment."

I can

After all, I was on my own...

There wasn't much else I needed the money for

Money can be earned back, but once a person is gone... they're gone for good. Allen, however, frowned in disapproval. "Only \$200,000?"

I was honest. "That's all I have."

"Do you think I'm a fool?" Allen's voice rose in anger. "Don't think I don't know who you married. I figured it out when that old guy from the Ferguson family in River City showed up with a hefty amount of money. \$500,000 is just a drop in the bucket for you. Jane, I never realized you could be so cold-hearted!"

I felt a bitter taste in my throat, overwhelmed with a sense of helplessness. "I'm getting at divorce, Uncle. I'll soon have no ties with the Ferguson family."

Allen and Leroy were both shocked. "A divorce?!" I nodded. "Yes."

Allen seemed surprised for a moment, then shrugged it off. "So you're getting a divorce. It doesn't mean it's final. He wants the divorce, right? Ah, men always get tempted by the world out there. Just turn a blind eye, and it'll pass."

"We've already applied for a divorce. It pretty much feels like we're divorced already." Allen was quick to respond, "But I heard that an application can be canceled, right?" Frustrated, I replied, "Uncle, this is my personal matter."

Alright, alright."

He brushed it off and went straight to the point. "As long as you continue to support us and give all the money needed for your aunt's treatment, I don't care what happens to you."

I tried to keep my patience. "What about the money I've given you before?" 1/2

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Over the years, including the wedding money, I must have given them at least And it had only been three years.

"Where's that money?"

\$1,500,000.

Allen immediately got defensive, his temper flaring. "What do you mean? Your cousin is about to get married, doesn't he need a house and a car? The money you gave is barely enough for a down payment! How could there be anything left for your aunt..."

"Enough!"

Aunt Cheryl couldn't take it anymore. Struggling to sit up, she pointed at Allen and Leroy, "Both of you, out!" Allen and his son, two peas in a pod, acted as if they hadn't heard a thing.

Aunt Cheryl made a move to get out of bed. "Fine, if you want to leave V Will | won't bother with this illness!"

"Such a temper, even when sick!"

Allen huffed and dragged Leroy out with him.

Finally, some peace.

| helped her lay back down and sighed. "When did you get sick? What did the doctors say? Is it serious?"

"The doctors said it was caught early. There's a good chance of survival for ten years." Aunt Cheryl held her hand, her gaze fixed on | "So, don't worry about me. And as for the money, you don't have to listen to him. | have enough for my treatment."

"Where did you get the money...?"

"You've been transferring me \$10,000 every month, right? | only gave him \$3000 and kept the rest without him knowing. Bids, I've saved up a bit on my own over the years. It should be enough."

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As | thought about her marriage life, it was clear she didn't have it easy, which made me feel quite melancholic. "Auntie..." She gently patted my head, her comforting touch familiar. "Oh, sweetie, talk to me. Why are you getting a divorce?"

alone

Aunt Cheryl and my dad actually looked quite alike around their eyes and brows. Every time | looked at her, | felt this warm sense of familiarity.

Her question broke the dam holding back my tears, and I found myself sobbing uncontrollably in her embrace. "I... I lost my baby, Auntie. He was already forming hands and feet... but I couldn't protect him. I failed him!"

She soothingly rubbed my back, comforting me with her gentle pats. "Oh, honey, life and children, it's all about timing and fate. It's not your fault. It was just not meant to be this

time." "I was so... so looking forward to his arrival." I yearned for a true family member of my own,

Laying in her arms, I cried for what felt like an eternity until my sobs finally began to subside. She wiped away my tears, "If you've thought it through and want a divorce, then do it. I support you."

"Okay..." After a long heart-to-heart with Aunt Cheryl, I wouldn't let her say no to the \$200,000 before finally getting up to leave.

She assured me that her money should be enough, but I suspected she was just trying not to worry me. If it hadn't been for her taking me in back then, I would have been left to fend for myself against the cold, hunger, and debt collectors.

Some debts of gratitude are just impossible to repay.

Exiting the room, I found Allen, who had been lounging on a hallway chair, suddenly perk 'ib

"And, you know, BlessedCare Medical

JUS

Facility has rooms, right? Auntie's illness isn't going to improve overnight, and I heard those hospital beds are pretty comfy. It'd give me a chance to rest properly. Can you sort one out for us?"

I was momentarily speechless. Not wanting him to stir up another argument with Aunt Cheryl, I reluctantly agreed, "Alright." After all, Bryant and I weren't divorced yet, and hadn't really used my Mrs. Ferguson

title

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for much. Requesting a hospital room before the divorce didn't seem too unreasonable.

However, as soon as I reached the inpatient floor, the sound of commotion hit my ears.

“Stop! Ah! Why aren’t you guys stopping them!”

It was Margaret’s voice.

Bryant sure did treasure her. After her miscarriage last night, she was as precious as a diamond to

Bledde Care Medical Facility, and now, a private room.

The entrance was crowded with nurses. I intended to ignore it, but a glance inside the room as I passed left me stunned. Bryant and Mark were in the midst of a heated brawl! It was a full-on fight, punches landing with thuds, a far cry from their days of close friendship.

What shocked me more was Mark’s transformation. Known for his gentle demeanor, he now yanked Bryant to the ground, his voice cold as ice, “Bryant, how could you treat her this way? What kind of man does that make you?”

His voice, usually so soft, now carried a bone-chilling coldness.

Both men were visibly injured, but Bryant, wiping blood from his lip-with a thumb, responded with a taunting humb, “It doesn’t matter what kind of man I am, she’s still my wife. Can you offer her everything that I can?”

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Hearing that, I was totally blindsided.

Did I cause this fight?

Mark’s eyes suddenly dimmed, as if he was lost in thought, and Bryant took the opportunity to flip over and strike back!

He pinned Mark against the wall, his eyes brewing a storm, his expression icy, “Mark, only Jane would be naive enough to think you’re some kind of knight in shining armor!”

“And what about you? What do you think you are?” Mark lifted his head, his eyes flickering with a mocking laughter, “Do you think you deserve her? Sh 100...”

At that, a shiver ran through me, and just as Bryant's fist was about to make contact, I rushed forward to shield Mark, "Mark! Stop talking!"

Bryant's fist narrowly missed my face, slamming into the wall instead, his expression turning frosty in an instant!

His eyes were locked tight, filled with a tempestuous rage as he sneered, "Jane, you care about him this much?" I instinctively wanted to explain, but then, why should I?

He never offered me an explanation. He would drop everything at Margaret's call, always taking her side unconditionally. Compared to what he'd done, my actions were nothing.

I

I met his gaze firmly, no longer bothering to deny, "Just following your lead."

Mark glanced at me, the hostility in his eyes fading away as he spoke softly, "Why are you at the hospital? Did you..." He paused, perhaps knowing I wouldn't want Bryant to know my miscarriage, and changed his inquiry, "Are you feeling alright?" "Mark, I'm fine, I came to see my aunt."

My heart warmed at his concern, making the disappointment in Bryant feel even more profound.

My friends would always ask about my well-being first.

But Bryant didn't care at all.

Seeing the tension between me and Bryant, Margaret couldn't resist adding fuel to the fire, her voice soft and gentle, "Seems like the rumors on the company forum weren't false

after all. Your relationship with the out of favor Mr. Larson has developed to an 1/2

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interesting stage."

make a scandal out of me and Mark.

She was eager to m

I didn't want to explain, but that didn't mean she could twist the story as she pleased, "Margaret, maybe you should figure out who the father of the child you just lost was! Moving on so quickly after such an ordeal, and having someone else's husband take care of you, couldn't do that if it were me."

A direct hit. Slander. Insults.

Who couldn't play that game?

Watching Margaret's face turn, I realized that indulging in this low-brow satisfaction felt surprisingly good. After all, I wasn't making things up out of thin air like she was, was merely stating the facts.

The medical staff outside hadn't dispersed yet, and their gaze on Margaret turned our jog. Margaret suddenly tightened her stomach and slumped into the sofa, pulling Bryant's hand with a pitiful look, "Bry, I feel so terrible..."

Not this act again.

I had no interest in staying to watch their melodrama. After Bryant poured her alags of warm water cut to the base, "I need a room, could you arrange that for me?"

I had planned to go to the nursing station and request one as Mrs. Ferguson.

But with Bryant here, it was just a matter of him giving the order which would help her vent her trying to prove my identity myself.

Bryant straightened up, looking down on me with a thin smile, "Jane, is that how you ask for a favor?" My heart felt like it was being squeezed, bitter and pained, as I looked at him in disbelief.

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Chapter 128 I knew about his cold-hearted decisiveness, but never did I imagine he'd turn that same sharpness on me.

The sourness surged right up to my nose. I turned away, fighting hard to swallow down the lump of injustice in my throat. Thinking of Aunt Cheryl's condition, I swallowed my pride and started again, each word tasting of bitterness.

"Mr. Ferguson, my aunt's really sick, she needs a hospital room. Could you arrange that for us?"

His face froze, his fingers trembling slightly, his voice hoars What did you call me?" | clenched my fist, "Mr. Ferguson, could you?"

That title seemed to irritate him further. His jaw tightened, and he coldly spat out, "No."

"Jane..." Margaret took a sip of her water, wearing an innocent apologetic expression as she explained, "I'm sorry, dear. The BlessedCare Medical Facility only has three VIP rooms. My mom's been in one all year, and now that I'm not feeling well, Bry insists | stay here for my confinement. The last room's been promised to a friend coming in tomorrow...Don't be mad. If you'd asked just a bit sooner, it would've been yours. After all, you're Mrs. Ferguson. These resources should go to you."

It was like a reminder. Jane, so what if you're Mrs. Ferguson? You've got no say.

Before | could respond, she gently tugged at Bryant's sleeve, "Bry, maybe | should move out... It's just confinement, | can manage the complications. Jane's need is greater."

"You're right." | said coldly.

In Bryant's eyes, | was already the villain. Might as well own it, "My aunt has stomach cancer. It's a matter of life and death, far more urgent than your situation."

She didn't expect me to stand my ground, her eyes welling up as she got up to pack, sobbing, "I'll move now!" "Jane!"

Of course, Bryant felt for her, his face darkening, "Is this how you show your true colors. now?"

| sniffed, "Oh, you're finally seeing the real me?"

First time I've heard that post-miscarriage rest needed a hospital stay, with all the bells and whistles of medical care! To anyone else, it'd sound like a critical condition!

Pushing Margaret for a room made me the aggressor in his eyes.

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All three rooms, monopolized by Margaret, and he didn't call her out for being selfish.

Bryant frowned at Margaret, "What's your friend's illness again? Let her stay in a regular room."

"Bry!"

Margaret's tears fell instantly, her voice indignant, "I already promised her. Doi dhig makés é look bad. Pkoble will laugh at me, unable to secure even a single room!"

I watched Bryant calmly, seeing him glance at me with a cold voice.

"Wait a bit longer. Her friend will only stay a few days. After that, your aunt can move in." "I can't wait." I refused.

Faced with a choice between me and Margaret, he didn't hesitate, as always.

It wasn't that Aunt Cheryl needed to move in anal ately aneebe unwav ng.sunpartd argaret and h&r tubbing itin my face made me unwilling to bend to their will.

I was curious to see if, after Timothy's passing th erguspin\ I f ily xesourdes ise d indeed revolve solely around Margaret.

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the first time I'd ever stood my ground so firmly in front of Bryant

That was the fi

er me, and his reply was even more

His eyes

res widened in surprise, a glance swept over dismissively cold, "You'll have to wait, regardless!"

"Fine." I nodded slightly, my voice calm yet loaded, "Then I'll make sure everyone knows that the Ferguson family is rotten from the inside out, rotten to the point where a mistress can step over the legal wife! How are you going to face your grandpa who just passed away?"

Mentioning his grandpa took him aback. It seemed to dawn on him after a moment; that Timothy had othing but despise for his ambiguous relationship with Margaret!

| wasn't sure if he was thinking about Timothy or worried about Margaret's reputation, but finally, Bryant swallowed hard, suppressing his emotions, glared at Margaret, and said coldly, "Your friend can stay in a regular room; that's final!"

Margaret was still unhappy, "Bry..."

Bryant, rubbing his temples in frustration, snapped, "Enough, stop messing around!" Oh.

So, he knew Margaret was the one messing around.

| didn't want to dwell on it. Thinking too much would only hurt me. | spoke softly, "Thank you, Mr. Ferguson. I'll arrange for my aunt to be moved up here."

Hearing me call him that made him frown, but he kept his face cold and said no more. | kept my emotions in check and turned to Mark, "Mark, let's go."

"Okay," Mark nodded and followed me out.

Downstairs, | made my way to my aunt's room, where Allen was smoking outside. "She can move to the room now, on the 16th floor."

| approached him and stated the outcome succinctly.

Honestly, | couldn't bring myself to like Allen; the less | said to him, the better.

Allen immediately showed a satisfied smile, the smell of smoke clinging to him, and cheerfully said, "Well, Mrs. Ferguson's status sure does wonders. She just fell asleep, but I'll wake her up to switch rooms."

| frowned, "...Let's wait until Auntie wakes up." 1/2

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"That works too."

He crushed his cigarette on the ground, opened the door, and called out to Leroy, "Jane's come back. Aren't you coming out?"

Wondering why he was calling out to Leroy, | then heard him casually say, slapping Leroy on the shoulder, "Your cousin just graduated right? His Irishness at that small company was a dead end, no future. Get him into the Ferguson Group, maybe land him a spot as the head of the Design Department."

My headache intensified. “I’ve already resigned from the Ferguson Group. Plus, it’s not mine to command, | can’t just let him in and put him wherever | want.”

“Come on, Jane.” Leroy, much like Allen, casually said, “You’s worked at the Ferguson Group for years, even if you’ve resigned, you’ve got connectics, Hooking me up with a position shouldn’t be too hard, right?”

“Exactly. Jane, he went into fashion design because of you. You’ve got to help him out. Besides, we’re all family here. If he does well, it reflects well on you too.”

Allen echoed enthusiastically, once again leveraging gratitude to make demands, “Besides, jf (Cwetent ¥} opr fant king you in all those years, you wouldn’t be where you are now. We played a major role in your rise to high society!”

| almost laughed out of sheer frustration. Truth be told, the things my aunt had yelled at him today were spot on.

The things I’d endured all those years staying with them: sleeping on the balcony, studying ths, parko mM benphenbesaiel was the only quiet place | could find, being scolded for showering too early or too late, every trip to the bathroom being a nerve-wracking ordeal.

into

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And house cleaning and laundry duties on weekends after my part-time job to keep Allen from yelling at me. If Aunt Cheryl hadn’t stood her ground, | would have been kicked out by the dynamic duo

ago. of father and son a long time

Looking back, | could honestly say | don’t owe the Browns anything.

It was just Aunt Cheryl | couldn’t leave behind.

And now, to add insult to injury, Allen had the audacity to claim that | should thank them for my marriage to Bryant, saying they played a significant ro in it.

| turned to Leroy, forcing a smile. “So, you got into design bec use of me?”

Leroy responded, “Yeah, the way you splurged on gifts during the holidays, and always managed to send money home made me think there was big money in design. Otherwise, | would never have picked this dead-end major”

“And where did you graduate from?” “RiverCity Vocational Technical College,” he said, as if it was the most prestigious institution out there.

| couldn't help but compare Leroy's attitude to that of his father, Allen, and eventually had to break it to him, “You're not getting into the Ferguson Group with that. They only hire from top-tier universities.”

“If | could get in on my own, | wouldn't be asking you...” Leroy retorted, his youthful pride getting the best of him. Allen quickly pulled him back, “Isn't this why we're asking for your help? Just do us a favor before the divorce is final, will you?”

Seeing my silence, Allen's gaze shifted cunningly towards Mark, “Are you Jane's friend or her boss? With that demeanor, you must be doing well for yourself. This girl is stubborn; can you help my son out?”

felt my cheeks burning with embarrassment, wishing the ground would swallow me whole. Mark, without hesitation, spoke up with a clear and smooth voice, “Sorry, sir. She's my boss, and | follow her lead.”

| looked at Mark, surprised and somewhat relieved. | had worried he might agree to help, but | had no intention of catering endlessly to Allen's greed. It's best to make it clear from the get-go that there's no hope.

Aside from matters involving Aunt Cheryl, | wanted nothing to do with the two of them.

Allen, caught off guard by the refusal, turned back to me, “Jane, for your auntie's sake..”

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10:03

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“| can't help!”

Losing my patience and fearing more outrageous requests, | cut him off, “Just take good care of Aunt Cheryl. I'm leaving!” With that, Mark and I made our way out.

“You don't want to help, fine! We'll figure it out ourselves!” Leroy yelled as we approached the elevator. | looked up at Mark, apologetically, “Sorry you had to see that.”

Mark just shrugged it off with a smile, “Don't worry about it. Some of my relatives are even worse.” “Really?” | replied, more out of politeness than curiosity.

Though Mark and | were close, he seldom discussed his family.

He nodded slightly, without elaborating, and I didn't press further.

Reaching the ground floor, despite the air conditioning (at rotidly ogolar thafitie
Sther floors.

Suddenly, Mark stopped me, and then, gallantly, he took off Kiscadat and draped it over
my shoulders.

"It's chilly outside. Try not to catch a cold these days."

Only then did I realize, in my rush to leave the office, I'd forgotten my)

bag. Gratefully accepting his kindness, I said, "Thanks."

With a soft smile, he added, "Let's go, I'll drive you home."

"I can drive my wife home. No need to trouble yourself!"

Not far away, a confident figure approached us, his voice deep and icy. 10:03