

# **Lost Me Gained Regret**

## **#Chapter 161 - Read Lost Me Gained Regret Chapter 161**

### Chapter 161

After hearing that question, my mind briefly wandered off into a daze. Aside from Christine, who once asked me a similar question, I realized I'd never asked myself that.

Would I? If another guy had saved me that day, and I had woken up to see a different face, would I have fallen for him instead? Or, if Bryant had never been there for me, could my feelings for him have reached so deep? What then? What was my love over the years?.

My thoughts were a mess, too frightened to continue down that path. I shook my head, "Bryant, I can't give you an answer."

Bryant, who's normally so laid-back, was clearly trying to hold it together. His jaw clenched as he let out a big breath. "Okay."

"Does the reason why I fell for you matter that much?" I couldn't figure out why, but he looked somewhat disappointed.

At the brink of our relationship's end, why bother chasing the reasons that started it all?

Avoiding my gaze, Bryant hastily snuffed his cigarette, changing the subject. "I'll take care of the thing you asked for."

"What?" I paused, and it clicked. "You mean about Margaret?"

He nodded. "Yeah."

"This time, I hope you keep your word for your grandfather's sake." I was so tired of his repeated broken promises because of Margaret.

His eyes briefly met mine, holding back something, before his voice turned hoarse and hurried. "You should get some sleep. I, I'll be going."

Before I could respond, he was already striding toward the entryway, slipping on his shoes.

Hesitating, I firmly said, 'Since we're getting a divorce, I'll delete your fingerprint and change the locks. Let's try not to cross paths unnecessarily.'

He paused, his hand on the doorknob turning pale. But all he said was, "Got it."

His compliance took me by surprise, but it also relieved me.

After he left, I dove into a long, relaxing bath. The house felt large and empty, yet I was in peace and relaxation for the first time in all the years. I took a hot bath, treated my skin with a facial mask, and cared for my skin diligently.

I read a book, turned off the lights, and slept. It felt like a new beginning.

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But that peace only stuck around for the night and to the next morning.

After breakfast, the doorbell rang while I lounged on the couch and scrolled recent fashion shows.

through Assuming it was the grocery delivery I had ordered, I shuffled to the door in my slippers, only to find an unwelcome quest on my doorstep, prompting me to try and close the door. Out of breath and in a rush, Margaret barged in, eyes wide. Jane, you bitch! Did you say something to Bry?"

I didn't want to argue, reaching for my phone to call building security. "Hi, I'm the resident of unit 2002.

"Got cold feet, huh?" Margaret sneered, her voice filled with bitterness, "You must have told Bry e something Why else would he suddenly be so protective of you, forcing me to vacate the hospital room for you..."

"Hold on." I interrupted her calmly, "Just to clarify, you didn't 'vacate' the hospital room for me. That property belongs to the Ferguson family, and I have more right to use it than you do. You should be grateful you were allowed to stay there."

Margaret retorted, "And what are you? Don't try to act all high and mighty with me..."

'And who do you think you are? Get out. Don't dirty my home." I fumed.

"Is this your home? Bry bought this house. With your salary, it will take forever to afford a place like this in this area?" Margaret spat out angrily.

"Oh, he gave it to me." I shrugged, smiling. "Why don't you go and talk to him about it?"

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"What are you gloating about?!" Her chest heaved with rage, her eyes sparking with a vicious light. "Jane, you forced my hand. You had Bry push me abroad, didn't you? Wait until I snag Mrs. Ferguson's position. I'll see you kicked out of RiverCity!"

"Push you abroad? That took me by surprise.

I thought, despite agreeing, Bryant would have a soft spot for Margaret, at most refusing to marry her, but I never imagined he'd cut ties so thoroughly.

"Stop playing dumb! Bry was so good to me. If not for you, how could he be so heartless!" Margaret shouted, "Listen up, I won't leave the country. Give up on that dream!"

"Go tell him that. It wasn't my idea to send you abroad." After saying that, I was about to pour myself a glass of water when Margaret's chilly voice rang out.

"I caused the loss of your child. You must hate me for that, right?" Margaret suddenly burst into laughter, her eyes filled with malice.

"Did Bryant to A sharp stab of pain hit me, and I turned to stare at her. you that?" "No, he didn't have to." Margaret strutted in high heels, smug as a peacock, venomously saying, "That car accident was no accident. I did it on purpose!"

Watching my expression crumble, she smirked, "Surprised? Well, I wasn't sure if you were pregnant. I just thought I'd take a shot. Anyway, everyone knew my child wasn't Bry's. I was planning to get rid of it, anyway!" Margaret added, "But seeing you at the mall that day suddenly inspired me. What if I could swap out your seed with this worthless one inside me? Talk about a good deal! I can't believe it worked! Interesting."

Her laughter grew more twisted. "Bry couldn't care less about you. Can you feel it? He probably doesn't even give a damn about that bastard in your womb."

Slap! Those harsh words sent my head spinning, my teeth clenched, and I swung my hand with all my might, landing a slap across her face!

I glared at her fiercely. "Get out! Just get out!"

"I won't go. I want to say it!" Margaret's excitement grew, her face turning more twisted, "When Bry lifted me into the car, I saw it! I saw the bastard in your womb turn into a pool of blood..."

Rage made my whole body tremble uncontrollably. "Margaret! Shut up!"

"I just wanted to cut off all possibilities between you two!" Margaret's voice was sharp, pushing me to the edge. "Jane, don't blame me You stole my man. I just killed a bastard..."

The tension in my brain snapped suddenly. I grabbed a steak knife from the dining table

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and lunged at Margaret, stopping just inches away as sanity held me back.

I thought, 'No! I can't become like her. Right, I can't.'

"Ha." Just as I was about to pull back, Margaret flashed a twisted smile, om suddenly, grabbing my hand and driving it into her abdomen, "Jane, no wonder he always says you're kind and gentle. Turns out it's true."

Warm blood seeped through her dress, staining my hands red. I'd never imagined she would go to such extremes. My voice trembled as I struggled to restrain it. "Are you insane?"

"What's going on?"

I turned to see Bryant, a chill emanating from him, standing in the doorway.

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a triumphant smirk.

Margaret's eyes gleamed with In an instant, I grasped her intent. Without panic, I slowly withdrew my hand, and under Bryant's astonished gaze, I calmly stated, "It is what it looks like."

After all, he had never taken my explanations to heart, especially when he had witnessed it himself. Any explanation from me would be futile. I used to worry about

being perceived as cold-hearted, but I couldn't care less. There was nothing more devastating than a heart turned cold. His opinion of me didn't matter anymore.

Clutching her wound, tears streaming down her face, Margaret whimpered, "Bry, help me... It hurts so much. Jane went crazy and stabbed me..."

Margaret was still acting.

I sneered, "Why the tears? Isn't this what you wanted? You should be happy."

She had provoked me, calculating Bryant's arrival to force my hand. Experience indeed came with age.

Margaret looked momentarily guilty and cried more pitifully, "What are you talking about? I just wanted to beg you not to let Bry send me abroad. If you disagree, that's fine, but why did you do this..."

I looked at Bryant sarcastically. "Do you believe her?"

Perhaps I was too accustomed to disappointment, so I dared not hope for anything from him.

Bryant's brows furrowed, his gaze fixed on me and want to hear your he softly said! side."

"It wasn't me. Disgusted, I cleaned the blood off my hand with some wet wipes, staring at him. "Do you believe me?"

He seemed to relax a bit, but before he could respond, Margaret, in agony, threw herself into his arms, her voice weak, "Bry, it hurts so much..."

Bryant glanced toward the door and commanded sternly, "Kevin, take her to the hospital!"

Immediately after Bryant finished speaking, Kevin stepped in to help Margaret, "Ms. Ferguson, I'll take you to the hospital."

"Ensure her wound is covered." I said coldly, throwing a pack of tissues their way. drip blood on my floor. It's filthy."

"Don't Margaret's blood was even filthier.

Kevin hesitated for a moment. Bryant's voice turned icy, "Didn't you hear?"

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"Yes!" Kevin complied.

Margaret looked bewilderedly at Bryant, her tears flowing. "Do you think... I might end up like Mom, saving you but never waking up again. I'm so scared, Bry.

Please come with me to the hospital! Please!"

Margaret and Albert often used this strategy: making Bryant feel guilty.

So, at that moment, I was sure she wasn't bringing it up by chance, but rather, it was a calculated move to a calcance, merally blackmail. But Bryant fell for it every time.

Unexpectedly, he grabbed my hand, dragging me toward the door.

I struggled, asking, "What are you doing?"

"Come with me," he said without looking back,

"Why should I?" I yanked my hand away, furious. "I'm not going, Bryant.

Even if Margaret dies today, she deserves it!"

How could it be possible that after she caused the death of my child and tried to frame me, I should accompany her to the hospital?

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I might as well curse her like hell every day!

Bryant had a helpless look in his eyes. "You don't have to keep her in your thoughts anymore. I've decided to send her abroad. She won't be in your way ever again..."

"But Margaret killed my baby!" My voice shattered the silence, a hysterical cry I had never let out. My eyes were aching. "Bryant, she knew I was pregnant! She did it on purpose. She killed my baby. How can you expect me to let it go like that?"

Bryant's pupils narrowed, his gaze turning as sharp as poisoned arrows at Margaret. His face darkened in an instant.

Margaret jumped, scared out of her wits. She shook her head frantically. "I didn't.. Bry! How could I have known? Even you didn't know! If Jane hadn't told you, how could she have told me?"

Margaret looked helpless, feeling as if the weight of a grave injustice was bearing down on her. Beyond reason, my hand flew across her face, delivering a resounding slap. I glared at her fiercely, "You won't admit it, huh?"

"I didn't! I truly didn't know! Why would you accuse me of such a thing? My baby is gone.

too..."

Snap! I was like a madwoman, giving her another slap and grabbing her hair like a shrew. My teeth clenched in anger. "I'm asking you one more time. Do you admit it?"

"I didn't know..." Her eyes nearly spilled with hatred, but before Bryant, she could only pretend to be pitiful. "Bry... she's gone mad. Save me, please!"

Snap!

Snap!

Snap!

I slapped her repeatedly, tasting the metallic tang of blood in my mouth, my eyes burning with rage. "Will you admit it or not?!"

"No! Stop!" It seemed Margaret was finally scared by my onslaught, her eyes filled with terror as she looked at Bryant. "Bry! Won't you do something?"

As I was about to slap her again, Bryant enveloped me in his arms, trembling all over. "Leave it to me. Leave it to me, Jane!"

"You care for her now?"

I glared at him, never having hated someone so much, and struggled desperately. "Let me

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go! She has to admit today that she killed my baby!"

Bryant held me tighter, not allowing me to move, his hand soothing my back, trying to calm me down, his voice hoarse. "I care for you. I do!"

Suddenly, I laughed uncontrollably, tasting the bitterness in my smile. "You care for me?"

I was overwhelmed with hatred. I hated Bryant and Margaret!

"I was wrong. I'm sorry." Bryant clung to me desperately, his chin resting on my head, repeatedly apologizing, "Sweetheart, it was my fault. I'm sorry."

"Bry..." With her face swollen like a balloon from my slaps, Margaret overves.

looked over in disbelief, jealousy N filling her eyes. "Bry, she hit me! She hit me. Why are you apologizing to her?"

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"Kevin?" Bryant's voice was chilly, "Are you stupid? Take her to the hospital, now!"

Margaret was a complete mess, barely able to utter a word, when Kevin, without a second thought, grabbed her and dashed for the elevator, all the while ensuring not a drop of blood stained the floor.

I stared in the direction they had left, wishing I could bore a hole with my gaze, my chest still heaving with anger.

"Jane, let's go wash your hands, okay?" Bryant's tone was so gentle that it was like he was coaxing a child, probably afraid of upsetting me further.

I looked at him, hesitantly asking, "Aren't you mad at me for hitting her?"

That wasn't like Bryant at all. He was supposed to stand up for Margaret and confront me with righteousness. That was the script.

He sighed, leading me to the restroom, tested the water to ensure it was just right, and pulled my hands under the faucet, applying soap and carefully washing them.

He asked in a low voice, "Didn't your hands hurt by hitting her like that?"

I was stunned, barely able to believe those words came from him.



I looked down, watching his long, elegant fingers intertwine with mine, and couldn't help but chuckle. There was a time when just a little sweetness from him would have made me happy for days. But it all just seemed so sad.

He didn't rush me for a response. Instead, he thoroughly washed my hands, then look at the s at the swelling in my palms with a frown.

After that, he gently pinched my cheeks, "Open your mouth."

"What for?" I instinctively opened up, only to catch the sight of blood on my teeth through the mirror. I had been so angry, clenching my teeth so hard, I'd drawn blood.

He looked at me with tenderness, getting a glass of water. Rinse your mouth."

"Thanks." I thanked Bryant, formally yet distantly, rinsed my mouth, and then he led me to sit on the living room couch. He fetched some anti-inflammatory medicine from the first aid kit and squatted before me, applying it with all the patience in the world.

For a moment, I was almost deluded into thinking things had always been good between us. Bryant had always been that caring, considerate husband. But eventually, reality bit.

I withdrew my hand, looking at the man soon to be my ex-husband, and asked flatly, "What do you plan to do about Margaret?"

He asked calmly, "What do you want me to do?"

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"Will you do whatever I want?" I stared into his eyes, unwavering. I didn't believe he could be so indifferent toward Margaret.

Bryant's brows twitched slightly. "As long as she's left alive, everything else is up to you. I was planning to send her to Bustker, but if you think that's not enough, sending her somewhere even farther is also fine."

"That's it?" I gave him a half-smile, scrutinizing, "Bryant, she tried to kill your child, and you're just...com indifferent? Sending her abroad, how much are you planning to give her? Five million or ten million a year? That's practically a trip!"

He pinched the bridge of his nose, somewhat exasperated. "Then what do you suggest?"

"I want her to go to jail." I said without hesitation, "She has intentionally tried to kill my child. She should pay with her life! know my child wasn't born yet, and legally, it might not count as a life taken. But jail time is still justified. It's attempted murder!"

"The accident had been days ago, and it would be difficult to convict."

"Oh." I nodded, my heart cooling considerably, and almost confrontationally, I added, "What about you? Don't you hold the reins to RiverCity? No matter how difficult a case, you can pull some strings, right? Especially since you were a witness, I'm not accusing her falsely!"

I knew it was a long shot but couldn't help trying.

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Bryant looked helpless, **his** voice gentle as he tried to explain, "Margaret lost a child, too. Even if you take this to court, it won't bring **you** the closure you want."

"Oh." I just nodded, feeling utterly drained. "So, my child's death is in vain, then?"

He seemed worried I might get upset, quickly trying to soothe me, "That's not it. There are still ways..."

"What ways?" I forced **a weak** smile, "Send her abroad, to any country I choose?"

"That's possible." He sighed in relief, nodding without hesitation.

I looked at his flawless features and chuckled. "Then, let's send Margaret to someplace challenging, like maybe a remote town. Oh, and

gets by without financial help from you."

Bryant hesitated, "Jane..."

"Is that a problem?" I saw the disbelief flash across his handsome face, but I insisted. I wanted Margaret to pay, even if just a little.

He frowned. "It's chaotic there. Since a kid, Margaret has never..."

was cut off as his phone rang from his pocket. Checking the caller ID, it was Kevin.

I sneered, "Go ahead. It might be too late. Maybe you need to identify the **body**."

“Hello,” Bryant answered, face set in a hard line.

Kevin’s voice was faint but audible. “Mr. Ferguson, we need **you** here. Ms. Ferguson is refusing any treatment and continues to bleed. She wants you here.”

“Tell her to give up treatment if she wants to die!” Bryant’s voice was icy **as** he hung up.

I was surprised at his decision. “Bryant, have you changed?”

I could hardly believe he could be so cold toward Margaret, not in this lifetime nor the next.

But before I could process it, his phone rang again, relentlessly. Despite rejecting the call, Kevin kept dialing. “Mr. Ferguson, Ms. Ferguson has passed out. It looks serious. We need a family member’s consent.”

“Got it!” When Bryant said those words, I knew he had softened again, even though he knew Margaret was responsible for the death of our unborn child.

As expected, he glanced at me. “I’ll check on Margaret, sign whatever is needed, and leave.”

“Fine. My ex–husband’s problems weren’t mine to fret over. I didn’t try to stop him but asked, “So, what about what I just said? Have **you** decided?”

Bryant was visibly conflicted. “Now?”

“Yes. Ideally, she’d be gone once out of the ER.” It was the first time I realized I wasn’t as kind–hearted **as** I thought. When pushed to my limits, I could be as relentless as when I considered wielding a knife against Margaret.

I had truly considered it. But, years of rationale had overshadowed the darkness within

Bryant composed himself, preoccupied with the thought of the person lying in the hospital, “I think about it!”

Then, without another glance my way, he left. His urgency was palpable.

The door slammed shut behind him, and his figure vanished from my sight. I watched the empty foyer, lips curled in a knowing smirk, already guessing his decision. He couldn’t. How could he bear to do that over this?

I lay on the couch, lost in thought, the malicious words Margaret had hurled at me fueling my hatred. It was astonishing how vile a person could be.

Later, my phone rang, startling me. It was Gary calling, and I hastily answered. “Gary, is it about the fingerprint analysis?”

“Yes,” Gary confirmed, and I immediately pressed, “And? Were Margaret’s prints on it?”

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When I posed the question, my heart hung in suspense. I had always suspected that Timothy’s death had something to do with Margaret, but I never had proof.

Luckily, Gary’s immediate response confirmed my fears. “Yes, the fingerprint area was small, but it belongs to her after comparison.”

“So, it was her.” Receiving the answer brought me no joy, only a deep sadness for Timothy. If only Timothy hadn’t met Margaret that day. Perhaps he’d still be alive, waving at me with a smile, calling me “my dear.”

Gary was furious, too. “Even though Mr. Timothy never really accepted her, he never mistreated her. I can’t believe she’d go this far.” “Indeed.” I was puzzled, “Gary, I can’t understand something. Timothy argued with Bryant that day but didn’t get sick from the stress. What on earth did Margaret say to make Timothy this upset?”

First, Margaret infuriated Timothy, preventing him from taking his lifesaving pills. And then, she tried to provoke and frame me the

same way.

Gary was just **as** baffled. “I have no idea what it could be...”

“Do you think...” I hesitated, “Could she possibly be Albert and Teresa’s biological daughter?”

That was the only reason I could think about that would upset Timothy so much.

Timothy was already displeased with Albert’s insistence on marrying Teresa. If Timothy had found out about an affair, it wouldn’t be surprising if that pushed him over the edge.

Gary denied it. “Impossible. Mr. Timothy had that investigated before Teresa even joined the Ferguson family. They did a paternity test, and Margaret is not a Ferguson.”

“That’s strange.” I frowned, and a thought briefly crossed my mind but slipped away before I could grasp it. Maybe the idea was too absurd.

Gary asked, "What's your plan now? Just having fingerprints on a pill might not be convincing enough. If you tell Bryant directly, he might not believe you..."

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"We have to try." I **cut** in, dead set on making sure Timothy's death wasn't for nothing. "Gary, please send someone to bring the fingerprint report to me. I'll handle the rest and give it to Bryant."

It was my responsibility to hand it over. If Bryant trusted me even a little, he'd investigate it himself. With his connections, he could reveal the truth more easily than Gary and I

"Okay." Gary probably checked the time, then said, "It should arrive at Riverview Estate in about twenty minutes. Do you want it delivered upstairs or..."

"I'll come down and get it." I cut him off.

After getting the report, I'd head straight to the hospital and give it to Bryant.

He had to believe it. Even if he were skeptical, his investigation would find some leads. With that thought, I took a deep breath.

About my child, Bryant might find a reason to forgive Margaret. But what about Timothy?

'Bryant, you won't let Timothy down this time, right? I thought and quickly changed into another outfit before heading downstairs, braving the early winter chill that seemed too eager this year.

Even in the underground parking lot, the cold seeped through my coat.

My phone rang in the pocket of my overcoat. Too cold to reach for it, I answered directly through my wireless earbuds.

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I heard Mark's gentle voice coming through my headphones. Jane, have you thought about that thing we talked about?"

I found myself smiling a little. "Not quite yet."

Then, a sleek black SUV rounded the corner, heading straight for me. Instinctively, I stepped back, but the vehicle suddenly sped up, stopping beside me.

Screech! The tires grated against the pavement in a jarring symphony.

Frowning, I was about to sidestep when a young man sporting a baseball cap swung the car door open and strode toward me. Before I knew it, he had clamped his hand over my mouth and nose.

"What are you..." It took no more than five seconds. I didn't even finish my words or have a moment to resist, let alone run.

The strong scent of chloroform overwhelmed me. In just a few seconds, darkness claimed me. My headphones dropped in their rough handling. When I came to, my mind was foggy, my limbs weak. I couldn't even lift my arms. Barely able to pry my eyes open, I surveyed my surroundings. I was still in the black SUV, tossed into a corner of the backseat with my hands and feet bound. My forehead rested against the window. It was dark outside, the streets barely visible.

But I could tell we were on the outskirts of the city. Four people were in the car, including the driver. And the guy with the baseball cap was among them.

He was the first to notice I was awake, and his voice sounded raspy, "Finally awake, huh? I told you, this girl looked frail. She didn't need that much, but you had to overdo it. Luckily, she woke up, or it'd be on you, the driver, a middle-aged man, commented.

"A hindsight expert!" snapped the raspy-voiced man.

Struggling to muster my energy, I spoke with caution, "What... what do you want?"

It was evident these guys were trouble, and I'd never had any dealings with them alone any conflict. Why would they kidnap me?

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"What do we want?" The raspy voice scoffed, "Go ask your dear uncle. Don't worry. We won't make it hard for you. Just have your husband clear your uncle's gambling debts, and we'll call it even!"

I was confused "My uncle?"

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The raspy-voiced man stared at me. "Stop playing dumb. Allen, you know him!"

"I don't know him," I tried to bluff my way through.

The man with the raspy voice eyed me, his tone dangerously warning, "Enough, don't play with me. We've done our homework since our boss sent me to grab you. Don't games make this harder unless you want trouble."

I scoffed, "His debts are his own. Why come after me? I don't have any money!"

"If he could pay, would we be coming for you?" He continued confidently, "No money, no problem. Your uncle mentioned your husband is the CEO of the Ferguson Group, Mr. Bryant Ferguson. You may not have money, but your husband sure does. Get him to transfer the funds, and you're free to go."

I was furious, unable to believe Allen could stop so low.

After a deep breath, I clarified coldly,

"Bryant and I have gotten a divorce. I e

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Don't believe a word Allen says!"

"True or not, we'll know once we make this call" He pushed a cellm phone toward me, displaying a number all too familiar. My heart skipped a beat.

"Do you have any idea who he is? He's Bryant Ferguson, not someone you with!"

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I couldn't bear the thought of owing Bryant favors, especially now that we were on the brink of divorce! And why should I? After all, Allen had racked up the debt, not me. I refused to pick up the tab for someone like him.

"I'm well aware of the kind of clout that guy has," the raspy-voiced man muttered, pressing the call button and switching on the speaker. "We're not looking to make an enemy of him. If you truly divorced him, I won't stir up trouble for myself."

Tension knotted my stomach as the phone rang with a persistent beep. Should I plead for Bryant's help or sever ties completely?

These thoughts bounced around in my head until the call connected, and an's answer came through, but not how I expected. It was Margaret's voice that greeted me. "Who's this? Why are you calling so late at night?"

into my My fingernails dug palm, the pain sharp. "It's me, Jane," I said, "Where's Bryant?"

Bryant was supposed to be signing some documents. But why was his phone in Margaret's possession?

Margaret paused, and then her voice oozed smugness as she cooed, "Oh, him? He forgot that it takes a month to get the period after a miscarriage. He thought I was about to start mine and ran out to buy me tampons, leaving his phone behind. What's up?"

Tampons? That word hit me like a ton of bricks. In three years of marriage, he'd never once remembered my cycle, let alone buy me such personal items.

Suddenly, a memory from our third anniversary flashed through my mind. Bryant asked was about to start my period and quickly dismissed it as a mistake.

But he hadn't made a mistake. He had always kept track of Margaret's period, not mine.

The irony stung. It felt like an invisible hand was squeezing my heart, the pain intense an prickling, "Oh, I just wanted to ask about finalizing our divorce next month. No issues, right?"

"Of course not!" Margaret's response was sharp. "Bryant can't wait to be rid of you!"

I glanced at the man with the raspy voice, speaking calmly, "You heard her?"

He frowned deeply, snapping his phone shut as Margaret continued to rant, "What did you hear, huh? Jane, hear me out and stop calling. Gosh, you even changed your number and pestered us!"

The man kicked the seat before him and dialed another number, briefly flashing the name of Lloyd.

The raspy-voiced man reported, "Boss, this woman's Bryant's ex-wife! We've been

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dragging her around for nothing. What now?"

Whatever Lloyd said had him hanging up immediately.

The driver asked, "What did he say?"



The raspy-voiced man said, "Lloyd says to bring her back, decide there. Since she's got no ties to Bryant, it'll be easier. It won't end up getting nothing."

My heart sank. My phone had died at some point, and I couldn't attempt den their m any covert moves watchfuleyes. All I could do was brace myself. It wasn't long before the car stopped at an abandoned building.

The man with the raspy voice into grabbed me by the collar and hauled me out of the car, shoving me in the building through a partially closed metal door and throwing me onto a pile of discarded sand,

Looking up, I saw Allen and a few heavily tattooed men lounging around, munching on hamburgers and fried chicken, swigging beer.

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The raspy-voiced man kicked Allen hard, grabbing a whiskey bottle and pressing it against his forehead. "You moron, you think you can fool Lloyd like that? Mrs. Ferguson? Bullshit! Mr. Ferguson is out there buying tampons for his new chick, and you expect him to cover your gambling debts for his ex-wife's uncle?"

Caught off guard, Allen fell on his butt, scrambling to get in front of the man in charge.. "Lloyd, Lloyd! I swear I'm not pulling your leg. She is Bryant's wife. Didn't you see my wife's hospital room when you guys went to the hospital that day? If Bryant wasn't looking out for her, could my wife have stayed in the BlessedCare Medical Facility?"

I glared at him furiously. "Allen! You ungrateful jerk, do you think I would've begged Bryant for that hospital room if not for my aunt? And how, you're using this to screw me over?"

Allen ignored me, clinging to Lloyd's legs. "Lloyd, even at its worst, an elephant is still bigger than a rabbit. Even if she's divorced Bryant, wouldn't he give her some money? Ten million is nothing to her!"

Ten million? This deadbeat had the nerve to run up such a gigantic gambling debt.

I was furious. "Have you no shame? I didn't get a dime from the divorce, not a dime!"

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"Jane..." Allen crawled back, his smile slimy. "Do me this favor, just ten million. I'll t good care of your aunt after."

"No way." I flatly refused.

After all, my aunt was about to divorce him, and here he was, shamelessly pleading Allen instantly burst into tears. "You heartless bitch, have you forgotten who took care of you when you were little? Without me, you'd be dead! Now that I'm in desperate straits, can't you help me?"

Lloyd put down his whiskey glass, lit a cigarette, and waved his hand, and the raspy-voiced man dragged Allen aside.

Lloyd walked over in crocodile leather shoes, stopping before me and looking down. "Mr. Webster, right? I won't make things hard for you. Pay up, and we'll call it even. Otherwise your uncle's hands won't stay attached to him much longer."

"Just chop them off, both of them, so he can never gamble again!" I spat out angrily.

Domestic violence, cheating, gambling, drug abuse, any of these alone would be more than enough to condemn someone, let alone cripple them.

"Tsk!" Lloyd clicked his tongue, stepped on my wrist, and ground it underfoot. "Didn't

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expect such a feisty spirit from a young lady like you."

"Anyway, I don't have the money, so forget about it!" I endured the pain of my wrist ground between the cement floor and his shoe, gritting my teeth.

"Fine, I want to see how long you, pampered and delicate Pain of my 1

by Bryant, can last." As he spoke viciously, he moved his foot to my face. It reminded me of my childhood, plunging me into a chilling fear.

As Lloyd's foot pressed down, a convoy of luxury cars sped up, the lead vehicle swerving to a halt at the entrance, dust flying everywhere.

In RiverCity, only a handful of families could afford such a fleet of sports cars.

Lloyd's face turned pale, glaring at the raspy-voiced man. "Didn't you say she was divorced from Bryant? Who the hell would make such a big fuss for an ex-wife!"

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