

Lost Me, Gained Regret (Jane and Bryant Ferguson)

Chapter 309

"Jane, Allen just received the divorce papers we filed," Thomas said, unable to hold back a warning. "But I ran into him when leaving the hospital. He looked pretty rough and might cause trouble for your aunt." "I see, thanks. I'll head over right away to check on things."

Cheryl was in the critical phase of her treatment, and considering how stress could affect the stomach, the last thing she needed was a family feud.

I ended the call and returned to the private room, whispering to Christine, "Chris, can you take over here? Something's come up with Aunt Cheryl. I need to check on her."

Her expression shifted to concern. "What happened? I'll go with you."

"It's probably no big deal," I reassured her with a pat on the shoulder, "Just keep everyone entertained here, okay? No need to spoil the mood."

After saying that, I grabbed my bag, said my goodbyes, and headed out.

Mark quickly got up. "You've been drinking. Let me drive you."

"Sure." I knew he was there for the dinner because of me, so it made sense he'd leave if I did.

While walking to the car, I asked, "Are you sure you can drive?"

"Haven't even had a chance to start my drink," he said with a light laugh.

Reassured, I climbed into his car. When we arrived at the hospital, the ground-level parking was packed, so Mark had to search for a spot in the underground lot.

Worried about Cheryl, I hurried ahead. "I'll go up first."

Mark nodded. "I'll be right there after I park."

Exiting the elevator, I immediately heard shouting.

Allen was at the hospital room door, ranting, "Cheryl, if you have the nerves, open this door and face me! Do you think you can file for divorce? And using that two-bit lawyer your niece found to scare me..." The door swung open.

I hurried over, finding Cheryl looking better, "Aunt Cheryl..."

When she saw me, her tense face relaxed slightly, "Jane, what brings you here?"

"I... I came to check on you," I said.

Allen was fuming when I showed up and started blustering, "Jane, don't you know it's a sin to destroy one marriage? After decades with your aunt, you want to push her to divorce me, huh?" Cheryl immediately made it clear that it had nothing to do with me. "Jane's not involved. I want the divorce myself!"

"And who found you that lawyer? Who's paying for your treatment now, if not her? I'll repeat it. If you want a divorce, fine, but remember, I'm entitled to half of everything!" Allen shamelessly declared. I looked at him with disgust. "We haven't settled last time's score yet."

He was involved with Margaret in drugging me, which was utterly despicable.

"What are you talking about?" He shifted uncomfortably, "I don't know what you're talking about. Last time, you came to me. That was on you."

"Fine, then let me make myself clear. My finances are none of your business," I said, visibly frustrated. "And stop bothering Aunt Cheryl. Let her recover in peace!"

"Huh, I'd like to see how you will make me leave. I'm not going anywhere today," Allen postured, playing the perfect scoundrel.

"Then enjoy your vigil," I said, attempting to bypass his goons to enter the room. Suddenly, he blurted out in desperation, "Didn't you want to ask me if it's true that you're not a Webster?"

Chapter 310

I whipped my head around, ready to press for answers, when I saw Mark striding over with an unfriendly expression. "Jane."

I nodded. "Mark."

When seeing Mark, Allen's face went pale, and he stammered, "Mr. Larson, Mr. Larson, what brings you here?"

Allen was terrified of Mark.

Mark's gaze swept over me, checking I was okay before it landed on Allen. "So soon you've forgotten what I told you?"

"Of course not!" Allen denied it strongly, with a smile that was both suck-up and careful. "I, I was just checking on my wife, and it just so happened this young lady came along."

Seeing his fear of Mark, I saw an opening and pressed, "What you just mentioned, what's that all about? Don't tell me it was just off the cuff."

Mark had heard that, too.

Allen flinched, avoiding Cheryl's gaze, and finally blurted out, "I just... I don't want a divorce! It was all made up!"

"Impossible!" I couldn't believe it!

Among the random fabrications, he chose this particular story. And he had mentioned it not just once but multiple times.

Cheryl glared at Allen and soothingly said, "Jane, don't take his nonsense to heart. He's just trying to push me into a corner and make me not divorce him..."

"Exactly," Allen eagerly agreed.

On the way back, I was still distracted. I couldn't figure out what the truth was. Cheryl had always been good to me and had no reason to lie. And Allen, so scared of Mark, seemed unlikely to continue lying. Suddenly, Mark asked, "What are you thinking about?"

I pursed my lips. "Trying to figure out how to get to the bottom of this."

Whether it was a lie or the truth, I needed clarity. Otherwise, I'd feel unsettled.

Mark gently tousled my hair. "How could you possibly find out? Leave this to me. I've got friends over in Southaven."

My eyes lit up. "Really?" I didn't have the connections for that kind of thing.

He smiled slightly, replying, "Sure."

"Then... if you figure it out, I'll treat you to a big dinner!"

"I'll hold you to that."

"Deal!" Yet, I couldn't fully relax.

If it turned out Allen was lying, all's well that ends.

But if it were the truth, I'd be the orphan the Myers family spoke of, without a clue where I came from.

After Mark dropped me off, I glanced at the clock and saw it was still early. Politeness made me offer, "Do you want to come up for coffee?"

After all, I was asking a favor.

"You know what it means to invite a man to your place for coffee at night, right?"

Mark gave me a meaningful look.

Feeling my ears heat up, I quickly unbuckled my seatbelt. "I... I just meant coffee."

"Alright, I won't tease you." He smiled, declining, "Got some emergency work at the office. Need to head back."

"Okay, drive safe." Relieved, I made my way home.

I went straight to the shower and back to working on Dorothy's gift. The design demanded precise tailoring, and to avoid Dorothy nitpicking, I had to finish the design and sew it myself. Then my phone rang. It was my aunt.

Puzzled, I answered, "Aunt Cheryl..."

Her voice came through, filled with concern, "Jane, haven't you left yet? Are you not feeling well?"

I was confused. "What?"

"I was on the balcony and thought I saw Mr. Larson. Weren't you with him?" she asked, confused. "No, you must've seen someone else."