

Lost Me, Gained Regret (Jane and Bryant Ferguson)

Chapter 361

"Looks like death isn't an option." He smirked, "Then let's push it to the limit."

Ignoring Dorothy's struggles, he swiftly tied her to another chair. "It's clear the Myers family didn't waste their time on you, showing such sisterly love for Lily. Let's see that love in action, not just words." Gregory secured the knot and gestured to the medical staff. "What are you waiting for? Get on with it."

"Mom! Mom!!" Dorothy's pleas for help were heart-wrenching!

Susan was desperate to intervene but got blocked by Gregory's associates at the door.

There was no way in, no way out.

It was a showdown of who was crazier and who was more ruthless.

Her voice trembling with fear, Susan grabbed Ramona's arm, "Please... talk some sense into Gregory. He listens to you! It will end badly for Dorothy..."

"Didn't you hear the doctor?" Ramona sat down calmly, "She won't die from this. It's far less severe than what Jane went through."

"Mom! Help!" As the nurse cleaned the skin with iodine, Dorothy's screams echoed through the room.

Gregory looked away, pulling me aside to leave.

Seeing the nurse ready the blood draw kit, Susan lost it, lunging at me, only to be kicked to the ground by Gregory!

"Don't play the hypocrite with me." Gregory's tone was cold and measured, "Susan, I've warned you not to test my patience. Since talking won't help, you need to learn the hard way. What's the rush? Is a foster daughter more important to you than your own?"

"You scoundrel!" Suddenly, a middle-aged man appeared, clearly having rushed from afar. He bore a resemblance to Gregory but had an air of worldly wisdom. "Who taught you to be so lawless?"

He helped Susan stand up, turning his anger toward Gregory, "Apologies to Susan! I've heard all about it on my way here. Are you willing to sever centuries of friendship between the Ford and the Myers families over this outsider?"

Gregory's expression turned colder. "She's not an outsider. She has a name, Jane Webster."

"I don't care what her name is," Klein's authority was palpable. "You've been spoiled by your grandparents, thinking you're above everyone else! Choose this girl, and you can forget ever being part of the Ford family again."

Gregory chuckled. "Did your mistress have another son?"

Klein raised his hand to slap him, but Gregory dodged.

Unable to vent his frustration, Klein snapped, "What are you thinking? The family has been pushing you to marry for years, and you wait for Lilliana to return. Now that she's back, what's your plan? Marry this woman?"

"What if I said yes?" Usually indifferent, Gregory was visibly agitated, yet his face remained expressionless.

His defiance only fueled Klein's anger. "You should know I have a hundred ways to make her disappear! Drop this nonsense. Let the doctor take her blood and save Lilliana."

"The big guns are out in Vista Town, Mr. Ford!" With York by his side, Bryant approached with an icy demeanor. "Since when can you threaten my wife's life so freely? Has this town lost all its laws? And who is the precious gem that requires my wife's life for their salvation?"

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The VIP lounge was buzzing with tension the moment Bryant stepped in, transforming the air into something palpable. Everyone's expression shifted dramatically, except for Gregory, practically radiating

hostility.

Klein's fury seemed to dissipate, leaving behind a veneer of a businessman's composure and shrewdness. "Mr. Ferguson, your wife... is Ms. Webster?" he inquired, his gaze finally acknowledging my presence granting me an identity.

Bryant's voice was chilly as he retorted, "What do you think?"

"Mr. Ferguson, it would be smart to tell the difference between your wife and your ex-wife," Gregory suggested coldly, though his firm stance was unmistakable.

"Don't worry. I'll be sure to send you an invitation when we remarry," Bryant quipped, attempting to pull me away from Gregory.

But Gregory stood firm, causing the tension to rise even further.

The fear of an impending blood draw had momentarily distracted me from the discomfort in my body, but Bryant's arrival comforted me. And yet, the itch was unbearable.

Struggling against Gregory's grip, I said, "You should... take care of Lilliana's situation first."

Given the circumstances, if Gregory left with me and something happened to Lilliana, he'd never forgive himself.

"Are you sure you want to go with him?" Gregory seemed to misunderstand, his gaze darkening as if he were looking at a traitor.

"What's wrong with you? Let Mrs. Ferguson go!" Klein intervened, annoyed.

"I said, ex-wife!" Gregory countered firmly.

"Greg..." Looking pale and fragile in her wheelchair, wheeled by a servant, Lilliana seemed on the verge of collapse.

Seizing the moment Gregory's attention shifted, I pulled away and said to Christine, "Let's go."

Christine supported me toward the treatment room, where Klein had arranged a VIP suite for my infusion. Bryant didn't object, and I wasn't in a place to refuse, feeling as terrible as I did. Comfort was my priority. Soon, I was on an IV.

York was at the door, speaking with Klein.

Klein apologized, "Mr. Carlson, it's like a family feud washing up at our doorstep. If I had known Ms. Webster was Mrs. Ferguson, no one would've laid a finger on her."

"So, is this how you judge people by appearances?" York responded with a chuckle.

Klein shared a laugh before adding a few more words, and ever diplomatic, York would likely keep the conversation light.

Despite its size, RF Group was new to the domestic market and couldn't afford to make too many enemies, especially not the Ford family, a powerhouse in its own right. Pushed too far, a united front from Vista Town's leading families could pose a significant challenge to RF, potentially leading to its downfall.

I looked at Bryant, asking, "Why are you here?"

"To find you." Noticing my discomfort with the IV, he adjusted the flow rate. "At the Myers family gathering, you disappeared in the blink of an eye. York found out you were at the hospital."

I was curious. "Why were you looking for me?"

It wasn't like him to be so attached. He felt my forehead with his hand, gently massaging my wrist. "What happened to you? Breaking out like this, did you have an allergic reaction to peanuts again?" I was surprised. "How did you know about my allergy?"

Bryant said lightly, "Weren't you allergic back in college?"

I replied, stunned. "I thought you weren't there."

I was with Christine, Mark, and several other classmates then. It was a mistake.

Bryant's gaze hardened. "Mark didn't return until the next day, making a racket. He said you had an allergic reaction, and he took care of you. You were quite close to him even in our first year in college." "No way." Puzzled, Christine tried to recall the event. "That happened in the afternoon. We left the hospital by evening and went for dinner before returning to campus."

I gave it a thought, and it sounded right.

Bryant paused, his expression darkening momentarily, but he remained silent.

He suggested Christine return to the hotel, but she was wary of Bryant. "What are you planning? They might be afraid of you, but I'm not. If you mess with me, you can forget about getting back together with Jane forever!"

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Bryant glared at her, his tone heavy with implication, "Don't you feel like a fifth wheel here?"

Christine dabbed ointment on my skin, concentrating. "No, I don't think so."

"Bryant," I turned to him, "You should leave."

"I leave?" Bryant glanced outside, his eyes darkening, "Are you off to be someone's personal blood bank again?"

I knew what he meant. Though the Ford family was reasonable, the Myers mother-daughter duo was a whole different story, utterly unhinged. They saw me as a thorn in their side, missing no chance to skin me alive if they could.

Bryant relaxed, pulling a chair to sit by the bed, his long legs crossed. "Want some water?"

"Sitting there with your legs crossed like that, who'd dare ask for water?" Still harboring resentments from past events, Christine seized the moment to vent.

Bryant chuckled. "Well, there's always you, isn't there?" [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"No wonder you're divorced." Christine smiled, handing me a glass of water.

After the IV, it wasn't too late. The itching had subsided. When leaving the hospital, I intended to part ways with Bryant and catch a cab back to the hotel.

But he grabbed me assertively, "I'll take you back."

"No need for..."

Before I could finish, Bryant took off his coat and draped it over me, then scooped me up over his shoulder with my head down toward the ground. "You're running a fever. And the night air will make it worse." Christine watched, dumbfounded, whispering to York, "What kind of billionaire romance is Mr. Ferguson acting out?"

Bryant shoved me into the car.

Christine took the passenger seat naturally, and York drove.

I was getting annoyed, thinking people just don't change. Especially him-once that fake calmness wore off, his usual arrogance and need to control everything started showing up again. Maybe I'd never seen his true face, even to this day.

The next day, Christine was busy on the phone with a notebook, calling and jotting down notes. Last night's clients from the high society were all for custom orders. We had to schedule fittings and inquire about preferences and styles. Even though they came for the sake of the Ford and the Myers families, we had to uphold our reputation.

I poured some water to take my medicine when the doorbell rang.

It was Molly. "Hey, I heard about your severe allergy last night. How are you now?"

"I'm okay." I opened the door wider, about to let her in, when I paused, surprised, "Mark, what brings you here?"

"And you're asking me?" Mark feigned annoyance, "You had such a severe allergy and didn't even tell me. How are you feeling now?"

"Much better." I smiled, letting them in.

It was an executive suite with a living room outside the bedroom.

"What caused the allergy?" Molly asked with concern.

I knew what I was allergic to, so I didn't discuss it with the doctor at the hospital and just mentioned it was accidental ingestion of something I was previously allergic to.

I touched the nearly subsided rash. "Food allergy. I must've accidentally eaten something with peanuts in it."

"Peanuts? You're allergic to peanuts?" Molly's eyes widened as if she'd stumbled upon a significant revelation.

I nodded. "Yeah, what's up?"

Molly shook her head. "Nothing."

"Haven't taken your medicine yet?" Mark noticed the medicine I hadn't yet taken on the table, urging me gently, "Take your medicine first."

"Okay." Just as I swallowed the pills and was about to drink some water, Mark suddenly demanded, "Who are you messaging?"

"My brother, just updating him about Jane's situation." Not thinking much of it, Molly kept typing on her phone, "He and my dad had a huge fight last night. Now he's at home, grounded by my grandfather." "You told your brother Jane had a peanut allergy?"

"Yeah." Molly looked puzzled, "Is that not okay to say?"

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I was in a cloud of doubt, standing there with Molly, our gazes turning toward Mark in unison.

He looked composed and polished as ever, refilling my glass with water and cracking a light-hearted smile. "What's the big secret? It's just that revealing too much might bring trouble his way." "Why is that?" Molly inquired.

"Didn't you mention he and your dad fought?" Mark lowered his gaze, keeping his voice even. "The more details you spill, the more worried he'll get about Jane. Imagine the chaos it would stir at home. Isn't that just inviting trouble?"

"You have a point..." Molly conceded, nodding. "But I've spilled the beans, and even though he hasn't seen it yet, there's no taking it back."

Mark's smile didn't waver. "No worries. We'll cross that bridge when we get to it."

Christine emerged from the bedroom, surprised to find Mark and Molly. She greeted us with a smile.

Mark glanced at her with regret. "Steven was waiting for you on his wedding day."

"Wait for me? Why?" Christine popped open a soda, sipping it leisurely.

The mention affected her mood. The wedding invitation had found its way to her and me.

She, of course, would never attend. And as her friend, I found no reason to go, either.

Mark sighed. "Probably, he couldn't let go."

"Mark," Christine chuckled carelessly. "People who try to have it all deserve whatever comes their way. I don't want to hear about him ever again."

Christine always knew how to let go. That subject was closed.

After some small talk, I glanced at the time and suggested we head downstairs for lunch. However, I wasn't quite myself yet, too embarrassed to show my face, hence the mask. So, while the other three indulged in all the good stuff, I quietly sipped the soup.

After lunch, as Molly and Christine led the way out, Mark walked beside me, his gaze lingering on me. "Jane, you and Gregory are worlds apart."

"I'm aware," I responded with a tight-lipped smile.

The gap between Gregory and me didn't require anyone else's reminder, especially now that Lilliana had returned. Everything was falling back into place. Mark chuckled softly. "For some reason, I always felt you treated him differently, and it seems I was right."

"Why do they stand a better chance than me?" he pondered.

I offered a helpless smile. "Mark, you're a great guy. And as you've seen, it's impossible between Gregory and me. He's engaged."

Any relationship involving a third party was of no interest to me. I would rather avoid it altogether.

His eyebrows raised, and his curiosity piqued. "But what if you were Lilliana? Would you have no hesitation in being with him? Fulfilling a childhood marriage pact?"

I paused, turning to him with resignation. "How could I ever be so lucky?"

Setting aside the choices I might have made as Lilliana, just that Lilliana was Ms. Myers was beyond my wildest dreams.

Yet, Mark persisted, "But what if? Would you?"

"I don't know." I shook my head. "Besides, what I think has never really mattered."

I've always been at the mercy of fate.

"Fair enough." Mark's lips pressed together firmly. "Anyway, you're not her."

As we reached the elevator, I pressed the button. "Exactly, and you just helped me uncover my origins not too long ago."

After escorting them out of the hotel, Mark stopped, his voice filled with concern, "Stay away from the Myers and the Ford families, okay? You'd better not get dragged into their mess again. If anything happens, you'll be the one to suffer. Got it?"

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"Absolutely!" I nodded earnestly. "Heading back to RiverCity now?"

Mark smiled. "Yeah, I just wanted to check that you're doing alright."

I tried to say something. "Mark, you didn't have to..."

He brushed it off with a light tone. "Since when do friends not care for each other?"

I breathed a sigh of relief, smiled gratefully, and chose not to say more.

"Call me anytime you need something." After Mark said that, he turned to Molly, "Miss Ford, did you drive here? Need a lift?"

"I..." Molly quickly shook her head with a coy smile, "I didn't drive. My driver dropped me off and left. Thanks, Mr. Larson!"

On my way back to the room, Christine couldn't wait to gossip. "Do you think Molly has a thing for Mark?"

"Probably," I answered with a smile.

Molly was sweet and lively, and Mark was gentle and considerate. They together would indeed make a perfect match, especially since Molly came from a good family, and with a brother like Gregory, the Larson family wouldn't dare cross her.

However, Christine was skeptical. "I don't see it happening. Mark is great but too stubborn."

I asked in confusion. "What do you mean?"

"Even though you said you've cleared the air with him to be friends only," Christine frowned, "I feel like he hasn't let go. Molly chasing after him is setting herself up for disappointment."

Seeing my concern, she added, "But Molly's no fool. She's from the Ford family and won't fall into big traps."

It would be the reopening day for Janedream after Christmas two days later, and I didn't want to linger in Vista Town for too long.

Christine had arranged to meet with three affluent ladies in the afternoon for fittings. Everything went smoothly with the introductions from the Ford and the Myers families.

But when I finally checked my phone after the last appointment, I saw several missed calls. The caller ID showed it was Gregory.

I realized I had forgotten to turn off the silent mode from the night before. I was so focused on the clients in the afternoon that I hadn't checked my phone.

The urgency wasn't typical for him. Something urgent must have happened. I called him back as I got into the car, and he picked up almost instantly.

Gregory's voice was frantic. "Jane, where did you hop off to instead of resting in your hotel room with that allergy?"

"What happened?" I immediately sensed trouble and said, "I was doing fittings for a client introduced by Adah yesterday. Just finished."

"Send me your location. Don't go anywhere else. Just wait there for me."

"Okay." Without questioning, I sent him my location and told Christine, "Chris, back to the hotel. Gregory needs me for something urgent." "What's going on?" Christine asked.

I unbuckled my seatbelt, replying, "Gregory's tone doesn't sound like it's bad news. Don't worry."

As the evening lights glowed, I stood by the roadside, wrapping my coat tighter against the chill wind. Turning around, a flashy Pagani screeched to a halt beside me.

As the car door opened and I got in, I couldn't help but tease, "Trying to run me over..."

"Jane, was it peanuts you were allergic to last night?"

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Gregory grabbed my arm with the passion I had never seen in him. An intensity and a barely contained excitement had overshadowed his usually disheveled appearance. His brown eyes locked onto mine, unblinking.

I forgot to breathe. It was as if my response was of utmost importance to Gregory. "Yeah."

I was perplexed. "What's..."

Before I knew it, he pulled me into his embrace. His whole body trembled with emotion! The hug was nothing like the measured, restrained ones I had received from him before. He held me like a long-lost treasure, his feelings overflowing. It was as if he had finally broken free from the chains bounding him.

After a moment, he reluctantly let go, his face glowing with a joy I had never seen, reminiscent of the guy with an unexpected windfall, "I knew it was you. It had to be you."

He cupped my face. "See, I told you I'd recognize you."

"Who am I?" His actions had me baffled, "Lilliana?"

"I'll take you to meet Grandma." Almost immediately after saying that, he leaned over to buckle my seatbelt, shifted gears, and stepped on the gas in one fluid motion. The engine roared to life. At the moment, his usual carefree demeanor was tenfold.

I was still confused, "Why are you suddenly so sure I'm Lilliana?"

He had always thought I might be her. But there was always a hint of uncertainty. After all, the Myers family already had a Lilliana, and the DNA reports were crystal clear.

He paused at a red light, turning to me with a sparkle in his eyes, his Adam's apple bobbing, "Lily has been allergic to peanuts since she was a child. Like you, she'd break out in rashes."

"But..." I hesitated to burst his bubble, saying, "A lot of people are allergic to peanuts. It can't be that every one of them is Lilliana, right? Lilliana must have eaten the same thing at last night's dinner..."

As I spoke, I realized something was off. When I saw Lilliana at the hospital last night, she didn't seem to have any allergic reactions.

"She wasn't allergic." Gregory had pinpointed the crucial detail, his voice turning cold, "The butler had yesterday's menu pre-approved, but two of the desserts had their ingredients accidentally spilled and were substituted with peanuts at the last minute."

I fell silent, not because I believed I was Lilliana, but because who would go through the trouble of setting up a fake Lilliana?

They hadn't anticipated a welcoming dinner would lead to such a slip-up. While it put Lilliana in the spotlight, it also exposed a flaw. I couldn't guess. All I knew was that I might have made different choices if I could have foreseen how everything would unfold.

We arrived at the Myers Mansion, where Ramona had just finished dinner.

Seeing us, Ramona was surprised. "Greg, why did you bring Jane here? Isn't she still sick?"

Then, she examined me more closely with concern, "Still not fully recovered, huh? I'll call the doctor to have another look at you."

Gregory kept it under wraps because he didn't want to freak anyone out, so he hadn't told anyone at all. He hadn't even given Ramona a heads-up.

I smiled politely, "Ramona, I'm fine. It'll clear up in a few days. There's no need to trouble the doctor again."

"Ramona," Gregory helped Ramona to the couch, shedding his usual indifference for a rare seriousness, "There's something I need to tell you, but please, try to stay calm for your health." "What is it?" Ramona sensed something was amiss. "Just say it."

Gregory gestured for me to sit before he began, "About the desserts at last night's dinner, two contained peanuts."

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"Peanuts? Farley had checked the menu in advance. No way." Ramona was sure of it.

After all, Lilliana was allergic to peanuts, and the Myers family would have taken note of that.

Gregory poured a cup of coffee for Ramona. "Don't worry. I checked with the chef who prepared the dinner, and they did use peanut butter."

"Then Jane..." Ramona still remembered my allergy to peanuts, "Did you break out in rashes yesterday because you ate peanuts?"

"Yeah, I wasn't paying attention when I ate." I nodded.

Then Gregory reminded, "Ramona, it's not just Jane who's allergic to peanuts."

"You mean..." Ramona caught on, her expression turning grave. "Indeed, Lilliana didn't show any allergic reactions, but is it possible she didn't eat those two pastries?"

"She did." Gregory was very sure in his response.

Ramona was puzzled. "How do you know?"

Gregory hesitated for a sec, looking kinda sheepish. "I hacked into the Myers family's surveillance system and watched the entire reception from yesterday."

What?

Ramona choked a bit, not dwelling on it, but her expression darkened. "You mean..."

"Let's not discuss whether Jane is Lily or not," Gregory didn't put me on the spot, just said coldly, "But the Lilliana we have now seems like someone deliberately sent her to us." "Grandma..." As soon as Gregory finished speaking, Lilliana walked in from the yard, her face as pale and doll-like as ever, without a hint of color.

Beside her stood Susan.

Seeing us as well, Susan wasn't surprised, directly accusing, "Jane, you just stood by during Lilliana's emergency yesterday. How dare you show your face at our house?" As she spoke, she moved to kick me out.

"Stop!" Ramona shouted in anger, "She's in my house. I'm not in my grave yet, and you're making decisions for me?"

"Ramona, you saw how she was yesterday, not a bit of compassion. We're better off with less contact with such people."

"When it was time to draw Dorothy's blood, I didn't see you showing compassion, either. Lilliana is your daughter, after all." Ramona's tone was neither light nor heavy. Surprisingly, Susan wasn't mad. She tried to contain her temper and defended herself, "It's hard since I love them both..."

"Enough, what's the matter?" Ramona didn't want to hear anymore, cutting straight to the point.

Susan pushed Lilliana forward, rolling her sleeve. "Ramona, I wanted to ask if there was anything with peanuts at last night's dinner. Lilliana suddenly had an allergic reaction." "Lilliana had an allergic reaction, too?" Ramona paused.

Susan pretended to be puzzled. "Besides Lilliana, who else is allergic to peanuts?"

"Susan, didn't you see how Jane reacted last night?" Gregory asked calmly.

Susan coughed lightly, "She's no kin or relation of mine. Why would I bother about her?"

"Lilliana, come here." Ramona beckoned Lilliana over. "You were fine last night. How come you're having an allergic reaction now?"

"I just had the doctor come over. Susan was logical, "The doctor mentioned it might just be individual differences. Some folks react fast to allergies, while others react more slowly."

"Is that so? Lily started reacting within minutes of eating them when she was little." Gregory suddenly spoke up, and the depth of investigation in his eyes was profound.

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I started to second-guess myself. After all, my knowledge of Lilliana was scant at best. So, I kept quiet and didn't make a peep. Lilliana inched closer to Gregory, squatting beside him like a startled bunny. "Greg, what's wrong? You're so cold all of a sudden..." "Lilliana?" Gregory eyed her, "Do you know when I started suspecting you?"

"Uh, what do you mean?" Confusion swam in her eyes.

Gregory offered a wry smile. "Lily never calls me Greg, not even once. You gave yourself away the first time we met."

No wonder. It was no wonder Gregory had been so sure. Yet, that DNA report had made him ponder over and over.

"I..." Her gaze flickered, hands twisting nervously, tears seemingly on the brink, "Then, what did I call you when we were kids?"

"You claim to remember so much about our childhood," Gregory scrutinized her, "How come you forgot how to call me?"

Gregory Ford! Under his questioning, the first response that popped into my head was his full name. It wasn't even intentional, just instinctual.

Susan seemed protective of the long-lost daughter, helping her up from the ground, "Greg, do you realize how hard we've worked to find Lilliana? Why can't you let this go?"

"She insists on marrying me, doesn't she?" Gregory chuckled, his gaze sharp, "I need to ensure who my future wife is, a faithful girl or a liar."

He exchanged a look with Ramona, getting her silent consent, then called for the butler, Farley. In a calm tone, he instructed, "Farley, could you please contact the doctor for an allergy test? Let's see if it's truly peanuts she's allergic to or if something else caused the rash as a diversion."

"Gregory, what are you suggesting?" Susan's face fell. "Can't I recognize my daughter?"

"We don't have to test, then. We can call off the engagement." Gregory's response was calm and collected. "You have the right to recognize your daughter, and I have the right to disown my fiancée." Fuming, Susan clenched her teeth. "Would your father approve of this?"

"Stop using my dad as a bargaining chip." Gregory's voice was cold, mocking, "To an outsider, it might seem as if he's the one getting married." Susan's resistance made Ramona's position crystal clear. Slamming her cup on the table, she declared, "Let's do another paternity test!"

"Grandma..." Lilliana cried uncontrollably, her body quivering with each sob. "You, you don't want me, either?"

Ramona cried, unable to bear looking at her. And she told Farley to collect a hair sample.

The long-lost granddaughter might be a fraud, a truth no one could easily accept. But if she were genuine, redoing the test would only hurt their relationship. Under the watchful eyes of four or five people, plus Farley being the most trusted person by the elderly lady, the entire process left no room for mistakes. Farley placed the hair into a clear plastic bag, intending to hand it to Ramona, but she waved him off. "Give it to Greg."

Ramona didn't trust the Myers family's hospital.

Lilliana fainted from crying. Fortunately, she was discharged thanks to the Myers family arranging a professional medical team to care for her at home.

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The medical team gave the first aid on the spot. And just like that, she came around.

Before the drama could fully unfold, Gregory lost his patience. After bidding Ramona goodbye, he grabbed me by the shirt collar and said, "We're leaving."

"Why do you always have to be so uncouth?" My neck got squeezed as he dragged me along, and once we were out of the yard, I glared at him.

He glanced at me sideways. "Hungry?"

"What do you think?"

It was nearing eight o'clock.

Just when I thought he'd act like a gentleman for once, Gregory jerked his chin up and said, "Come on, don't you owe me a few meals? Let's go eat."

Gosh. I was at a loss for words.

But I had promised, after all. After getting into the car, I asked, "What do you want to eat?"

Gregory blurted out, "Sandwiches."

I thought he was joking. But sure enough, when we got to the convenience store, he made me go in and get two sandwiches.

Seeing the sandwich I picked, the look in his eyes deepened. "Jane, if the birthday, blood type, allergies, tastes, and my gut feeling are all coincidences, I'll concede." "Lilliana liked bacon sandwich, too?" I asked, unsure.

I've always been lazy, sticking to the same food despite the endless new varieties. I was just too lazy to try new things.

Gregory raised an eyebrow lightly. "Yes."

I lowered my gaze, suddenly feeling uncertain. One or two things could be a coincidence. But all these? Could they really all just be weird coincidences?

But Mark had looked into my background for me, and Mark wouldn't lie to me, nor would those documents.

Gregory dropped me off at the hotel room door.

Clutching my palm, I voiced a question that had been bothering me since the previous night, "Gregory, why did you save me last night when they were going to draw my blood?"

Before today, even though he felt I might be Lilliana, he wasn't sure. I was the unknown Jane, while the one waiting for a blood donor was the DNA-certified Lilliana. And I was used to it, used to being the one left behind when it was about choosing. So, I never thought he would go for me, not for a second or an instant.

Gregory's brow furrowed slightly. "Did you think I would choose her over you?"

The silence was as good as a confirmation.

He suddenly reached out and pinched my face. "I trust my instincts more than a DNA report that anyone could tamper with."

"Besides, the Myers and the Ford families were all looking for a donor for her. You hadn't been gone for two minutes yesterday before a donor appeared."

He was frank about it, not trying to move me or anything.

I looked at him steadily. "Thank you."

I thanked him for not giving up on me. My fate would be hanging by a thread if he had hesitated even for a moment the day before.

Gregory cracked a smile. "Jane, you've lost all the cuteness you had as a kid."

It sounded like a tease, yet there was a hint of pity.

"Huh?" I blinked in confusion as he suddenly reached out and yanked my hair!

I hissed in pain, catching on to his intention, and purposely said, "Didn't you say a DNA report means less to you than your instincts?"

"The Myers family needs it." He let go of my face with a smile on his lips. "If we're lucky, we'll have the results in two days. Then, I'll come to take you home."

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"I'll take you home."

Hearing those words made my eyes unexpectedly well up with tears. After all these years, it felt like no one had ever said that to me. Gregory was the first.

I tried my best to keep my eyes wide open, holding back the tears, and looked at him, "Gregory, if I'm not Lily, can we still be friends?"

I couldn't believe I was entertaining such a ridiculous thought, clinging to the bit of warmth, even if it was just being friends, only friends.

After hearing my words, Gregory raised an eyebrow, smiled at me, and casually uttered two words, "No way."

I somehow made my way back to my room, lost in thought. It wasn't until I sat on the couch for a while that I realized I hadn't even figured out whether his response was to the first or the second part of my question. Was it impossible for me not to be Lilliana? Or was it impossible for us to remain friends?

"Hey, just got back?" Christine had just finished showering and asked while drying her hair.

Snapping back to reality, I nodded, "Yeah."

She applied a face mask and plopped beside me, smoothing it out with her fingers, curiously asking, "What was the rush with Gregory looking for you? What happened?"

"He thinks I'm Lilliana." I unscrewed a bottle of water, ready to take an allergy pill.

Christine grabbed my arm. "Have you eaten anything? You're just going to take medicine?"

"I did." I smiled.

I was still allergic, so Gregory didn't let me have sandwiches. But before he took me upstairs, we had dinner in the restaurant nearby. I picked up the tab. Yes, I did.

"Then go ahead. Take it." Christine finally let go, handing me a pill, her words muffled, "But why on earth would he think you're Lilliana? The Myers family already has a Lilliana, and you've asked Mark to check your background, right?"

"Because at the Myers family's banquet the other day, I had an allergic reaction to peanuts, but the Myers family's Lilliana didn't."

As I explained the situation to Christine, she ripped off her face mask in shock. "So, you're the real heiress of the Myers family? A real blue-blooded lady?"

I said, "I doubt it's very likely."

So, I asked Gregory that question before entering because it seemed so implausible. I might dare to speculate if I were someone with unknown parents. But it seemed impossible.

"No way." Christine raised her index finger thoughtfully, "Let's speculate wildly for a moment! Have you ever considered that the information Mark got for you might belong to someone else?"

I asked, puzzled, "Who?"

"Jane."

"The real Jane." Christine paused, becoming more convinced as she thought about it. "That may be the case."

"You mean..." My heartbeat quickened, and my head buzzed. "I'm not the real Jane. And the biological daughter of my parents might have been gone a long time ago, right? Did they adopt me later?" "We'll have to see the results of the DNA test." Christine seemed hesitant to continue speculating, saying, "If the DNA test shows you are Lilliana, it's very likely, as I've said."

So, my whole life has been a lie? I'm not really Jane?

Seeing my distress, Christine patted my head. "Maybe you should ask your aunt?"

"My aunt..." I shook my head, "Let's wait for the DNA test results and decide."