

# Lost Me, Gained Regret (Jane and Bryant Ferguson)

## Chapter 391

[Mrs. Adah Ford was on the verge of a breakdown.] [Johnny Ford joins the Ford Group.]

[Mr. Johnny and Mr. Gregory in the Ford Group]

[Mr. Johnny, a threat to Mr. Gregory's position.]

[Mr. Johnny is in secret talks with the RF Group.]

By evening, the whispers had become a roar. Upon seeing the last piece of gossip, I couldn't help but call Bryant. "Did you have a hand in this?"

There was a pause on the other end, followed by a sarcastic laugh. "Which part are you referring to? The Myers family's so-called heiress or the Ford family's mess?"

I said firmly, "You know what I'm talking about."

"If you say so, yes, all of it." His voice was cold, the flick of his lighter echoing through the phone. "Jane, come back to being Mrs. Ferguson. I can handle it for you, whether the Myers or the Ford families' mess."

I paused, unsure. "The Ford family's mess?"

"Gregory's mess," he clarified, his voice rough with the drag of a cigarette. "You think Klein just wanted you to leave Gregory? He's also eyeing a partnership with the RF Group to elevate the Ford family's status."

I forced myself to stay calm. "You know about Johnny, the Ford family's illegitimate son?"

Bryant replied, "In passing. He was a high school classmate of York."

Suddenly, it all made sense. What made Klein willing to give up Gregory? It wasn't about me. It was about benefits.

With Gregory and me together, Bryant would relentlessly target the Ford Group. But with Johnny, there might be a chance for a win-win collaboration with the RF Group. It wouldn't necessarily change the situation, even if Gregory and I went our separate

ways. The only way to shift the balance was for Bryant to step in, making York cut off contact with Johnny.

Without that leverage, Johnny's path to power would crumble.

The setting sun's light made me dizzy, and I sank onto the couch. "Bryant, what's the point? I don't love you anymore. Being Mrs. Ferguson like this..."

"It's not about what makes sense to you. It's my call." Bryant's tone was unyielding, almost pathological. "Jane, love can happen twice."

I sighed. "I'm not foolish enough to fall into the same trap again."

"A month. Give it a month," his voice strained, emotion cracking through, "and if you still feel the same, I'll let you go."

But I didn't feel relieved. A month could change everything. "I can't give you an answer now."

"I'm almost at Vista Town." He dropped that bombshell coldly. "You don't have much time to decide."

In frustration, I threw my phone. I grabbed a mug from the coffee table, wanting to smash it, but then, I remembered its pair was on the dining table. Gregory bought those mugs.

I managed to hold back. But tears fell, staining my shirt.

I thought, 'I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I've always been too cautious. Maybe I don't deserve to be loved wholeheartedly. I don't want to be a stumbling block in someone's life. I don't want them to lose everything for me.'

In a way, Bryant and I were the same. We were equally presumptuous!

Barefoot, I walked to the window, pushing it open and leaning out.

Clang! The mug slipped from my grip but landed on the carpet, unbroken, snapping me back to reality.

I quickly withdrew, sliding down the wall to sit on the floor, knees hugged to my chest, unable to stop the tears.

After what felt like an eternity, my emotions had ebbed, and the room dimmed. Someone lazily spoke up. "I've been trying to call. I thought something happened when you didn't answer. Turns out you were just here, sulking?"

## Chapter 392

I suddenly sprung to my feet, tiptoeing and plunging headfirst into his embrace. My arms wrapped tightly around his waist, clinging to him as if my life depended on it.

"Feeling affectionate, huh?" He seemed to enjoy it, his hands gently kneading the back of my head. "Have you decided about what we discussed?"

"I have," I replied, my voice barely above a whisper.

But before I could say something more, my gaze caught Bryant standing at the doorway, his expression stormy.

Without waiting for me to speak, Bryant softly knocked on the door frame. "Honey, it's time to come home."

"I'll handle this." Gregory patted my head and gently released me, ready to turn around.

"Gregory." I called out to him, and he stiffened momentarily but responded, "Yes? What is it?"

I couldn't meet his eyes, mustering all my strength to speak casually, "Bryant's here to take me home."

Gregory's lips twitched, not with a smile, but with a trace of confusion. "What did you say?"

"I've had my fun. It's time to return to my role as Mrs. Ferguson." I tried to shrug it off, "Let's go our separate ways, Gregory."

I left him behind cruelly, just as Bryant had once left me in that basement.

Bryant wrapped his arm around my shoulder as we walked away, looking every bit the loving couple.

As the elevator doors closed, I broke free from Bryant's grasp and stepped back. "Bryant, this one-month arrangement doesn't include... sleeping together, right?"

What a distasteful topic. Yet, I discussed it with the calmness of a business negotiation.

"Of course not," he replied, wiping my fingers with a sanitizing wipe, "It doesn't include that."

I met his gaze and continued, "I won't move into the Ferguson Mansion, nor will I live with you."

"Keeping faithful for Gregory?" His tone was with sarcasm. "As Mrs. Ferguson, what duties do you plan to fulfill?"

"Like helping your mistress through her pregnancy?" I spoke softly.

Bryant's expression turned cold instantly. As the elevator doors opened, he grabbed my wrist and led me swiftly to the car, shoving me inside. "Jane, doesn't being my wife mean anything to you anymore?" I moved away. "It still does."

His expression softened a bit, as he was about to speak, I quietly added, "Shackles."

The dreams I used to cherish, the person I longed to hold on to, and the identity that once filled me with joy, at the moment, all felt like shackles, binding me so tightly that I struggled to breathe. Blown away, Bryant froze before instructing the driver calmly. "Let's go home."

I insisted, "I told you, I'm not going to the Ferguson Mansion."

His voice turned icy. "You don't have a choice."

I retorted, "Using Gregory as a threat?"

Bryant said, "If that's how you see it."

"Fine." I knew how to provoke Bryant, staring straight at him. "As long as you let Gregory alone, anything is fine by me!"

Veins bulged in his temples, and his teeth clenched in anger, "Even sleeping together?"

"Bryant," I smiled faintly, saying, "If you want to kill me, that's also an option."

His eyes reddened instantly, his hand reaching to touch my head but stopped midway when I instinctively moved away. I turned my gaze to the window, ignoring him. The night was ominously deep. My mind replayed the scenes from the upstairs, Gregory's chill touch.

Gregory asked me, "Is someone threatening you? Jane, go ahead and do your thing, just don't do anything stupid"

Gregory refused to let go. "Jane, Jane..."

I felt a bit out of it as if hearing a sobbing voice.

I said, "You're overthinking it, Gregory. I was always Mrs. Ferguson. You know, the typical marital spat, but we'll make up by bedtime. You'll understand once you're married."

Gregory's eyes darkened with a desire to devour me, yet he forced a mocking smile, "What? You're hoping I get married?"

I pretended to be calm. "Yeah, you're even three years older than me. It's time. Bryant and I will give you a generous wedding gift!"

True to his word, Bryant didn't make me wait long. Within days, that illegitimate son of the Ford family was out of the Ford Group headquarters.

Paul was still in the hospital. And Gregory's life seemed to return to normal gradually. He clinched several big projects one after another, his moves swift and ruthless.

## Chapter 393

Gregory returned to his usual flamboyant and unpredictable self, leaving everyone around him guessing his next move.

Meanwhile, in the Myers family, Bryant had pulled some strings to find a reclusive medical guru to help Ramona. The expert came out of hiding to examine her, attempting to detoxify her from the roots. The reason Ramona had been in a coma was due to toxins affecting her heart, something the hospital's emergency treatments hadn't addressed at the core.

After a company dinner one evening, Molly lagged behind the rest of the employees, walking beside me, and asked tentatively, "Do you ever think you never loved my brother?"

I knew she was asking for Gregory. But just the day before, Klein had called to warn me.

I just smiled and said, "Never."

"Never what?" Bryant came striding over, confidently stopping before me, "Honey, I'm here to pick you up."

These days, he was the picture of a doting husband, always there to drop me off and pick me up from work, no matter the weather.

But once we returned to the Ferguson Mansion, I'd head straight to my room and lock the door behind me.

He tried every trick in the book to please me, thinking of ways to make me smile. But for some reason, it all felt wrong. In some things, once the moment passed, no gesture seemed to matter anymore. I saw a reflection of my old self in him.

"Jane, please open the door. I got some milk for you. It might help you sleep."

Bryant stood outside, knocking. "The staff told me you didn't sleep again last night."

If I didn't open, he'd keep knocking. Just like at the dinner table, he wouldn't let me leave if I didn't eat. He thought I was acting stubborn, but I couldn't stomach any food. The smell made me nauseous. I opened the door, took the glass, forced myself to drink it all, and handed him back the empty glass. "Happy now?"

Then I closed the door again, relocked it, and ran to the bathroom to throw up everything.

Afterward, I took a pen and crossed off the day's date on the calendar on my desk.

Only seven days were left. In seven days, no one could control me anymore.

With days to go, I improved my work efficiency, staying late with Jeff to finalize the summer designs.

One afternoon, as I made myself a coffee for a caffeine boost, the cup slipped from my hand, shattering and splashing hot coffee over my foot. My heart started racing. A wave of unease spread over me. Later, Christine rushed into my office, looking panicked. "Jane, are you okay?"

"Huh? What do you mean?" I looked up from my designs, confused.

Christine took a deep breath, trying to look casual as she grabbed my phone. "My phone's dead. Can I play some games on yours?"

"Don't you have a charger? I can lend you one," I said.

I reached to unplug mine, but Christine shook her head, "No need. It's charging. It gets too hot when I play games while it's plugged in."

Knowing she was a gaming enthusiast, I didn't think much of it and returned to work. "Okay then."

Christine tiptoed to sit on my desk, playing games, and asked, "Did you go for a follow-up at the hospital these past few days? Did the medication help?"

I didn't look up. "Much better."

Christine said, "With all these orders, you've hardly looked away from your sketchpad. Try to rest your eyes on something green once in a while. Cut down on phone time, or you'll need a guide dog." "Hmm." I sensed she was hinting at something, so I looked up, "Chris, are you hiding something from me?"

She shook her head frantically. "No."

I reached for my phone, saying, "Give it here."

Christine refused. "I'm in the middle of a game!"

"Who plays games in portrait mode?" I snatched the phone back but found nothing suspicious, looking at Christine skeptically. "Did you delete something?"

"No," she insisted.

At that moment, someone in the open office area yelled, "Molly, slow down!"

I sprang up so suddenly that I almost twisted my ankle. But I barely felt the pain and rushed out. "What happened to Molly?"

"No clue. Molly just mumbled something and bolted."

"It seems something happened to her brother."

## **Chapter 394**

My head buzzed, and for a moment, everything went blank.

Gregory might look disorganized, but in real life, he was always meticulous and strategic in his undertakings. If Molly was this frantic, it must be something serious.

I spun around to face Christine, who had rushed out after me, her expression tense. "Chris, what's going on? You know, don't you?"

She had been acting off since she entered my office. Putting two and two together, she was to keep me in the dark about Gregory.

"Jane..." Christine licked her lips, hesitating before she spoke.

Her hesitation only made me more anxious.

I grabbed her arm. "Tell me, Chris, please."

She still hesitated. I knew she was afraid of how I might react.

"If you don't tell me, I'll find out myself." I grabbed my phone and headed for the exit. "If no one will tell me, I'll head down to Vista Town myself."

Molly didn't pick up. I tried calling Farley next but got no answer.

I frantically pressed the elevator button, but as the doors opened, I saw Bryant, calm and collected.

He quickly closed the distance between us, his voice gentle, "Where are you off to in such a hurry?"

"Bryant," I pocketed my phone, fixing my gaze on him, "What happened to Gregory?"

He chuckled softly, the frustration in his voice barely hidden. "What could happen to him? Did you hear some baseless rumor?"

"Let me see your phone." I reached out my hand.

Probably tampered with by Christine, my phone had nothing. But Bryant would know if something had happened to Gregory.

Ever the indulgent partner, Bryant handed over his phone with a smile. "Why so paranoid?"

He talked as if he was the archetype of a husband willingly handing over his phone for inspection.

I looked at him. "The password."

He answered, "Our anniversary."

I lowered my gaze, entered the date, and after a thorough search, found no news of any incident involving Gregory. Instead, I saw a live video of a press conference by the Ford Group's pharmaceutical division announcing a breakthrough.

Gregory appeared in the video, oddly casual in his attire amidst the formal setting, answering reporters' questions with a laid-back yet untouchable air. His voice was low and confident, challenging anyone to doubt his words.

Unusually devoid of sarcasm, Bryant asked softly, "Feeling better?"



"Yeah." I returned his phone. Having sorted out the company affairs, Christine hurried out, glancing at Bryant before turning to me helplessly. "See, I told you it was nothing. Gregory's got too much luck to be in any real trouble."

Bryant's gaze was warm. "So, are you going back to work or heading home?"

The wealthy ladies were thrilled after wrapping up those private orders for Vista Town last week. Some immediately placed new orders. They even referred their friends to us. Whether online sales or custom orders, Janedream was growing faster than expected. We were lucky.

Bryant wrapped an arm around my shoulder as we walked back to my office, casually sitting on the couch. "You get back to work. I'll wait here till you finish."

I felt uneasy, replying coldly, "Aren't RF and the Ferguson Group keeping you busy?"

"With them handling things, there won't be any problems." Bryant wasn't bothered by my coldness, earnestly explaining.

## Chapter 395

Over at RF Group, besides York, there was another person named Shaw. I'd never met him.

But I'd heard Bryant on the phone with him a few times. They seemed to share a bond as tight as brothers in arms. Bryant trusted him and York implicitly.

"Okay, have it your way." I nodded pensively. "We're supposed to pick up our divorce papers the day after tomorrow. Remember to clear some time for that." His sharp eyes flickered, and a self-deprecating smile touched his lips, tinged with bitterness. "Counting the days till you're rid of me, huh?"

"You could say that," I answered without hesitation.

Bryant's long lashes cast a shadow as his lips pressed into a thin line. "Fine, it's all up to you."

"It's not about what I want." I corrected him. "Bryant, it was a mutual decision from the start. It's not about one of us giving in to the other."

He watched me quietly and sighed after a moment. "Is this how I've seemed to you?"

"What, distant, dismissive, or just plain fake?" I sipped my coffee. "Don't worry. I've never had to put on an act with you."

From the dignified ending I had expected at the start to the mess we were in, the word "dignified" couldn't be further from our reality.

Bryant's expression froze, and he hesitated before asking, "When did you stop loving me?"

I was stunned. Memories rushed by in a whirlwind.

It was a mess, just too much to handle. I shook my head. "I don't know. Maybe a long time ago? Probably from the day of our anniversary when you lied to me, I didn't want to love you anymore." But amidst the noise, my stubbornness struggled.

Thinking about it, I couldn't even tell if I was clinging to him or to the version of myself that had fought so hard for what we had. It took me over six months to claw my way out of the mire I'd been stuck in for seven or eight years.

Leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, Bryant didn't look at me as he spoke hoarsely, "This past month, have you ever thought about looking back..."

"No." I cut him off before he could finish.

I had invested half my life into us, with no regrets. That was enough.

Bryant fell silent for a long time, so long that I thought he wouldn't say anything else when he finally breathed. "The day after tomorrow morning, we'll go to the city hall."

I nodded. "This time, it won't be a sham paper, right?"

"No." His voice was low as he looked at me, his gaze tender, "Get back to work, Mrs. Ferguson. You'll be free soon."

He said, "I no longer have a reason or the right to come pick you up."

At his words, I paused as if I hadn't heard. My pencil didn't stop, tracing smooth lines.

Returning to the Ferguson Mansion that evening, I accidentally broke a cup.

Oddly enough, I was usually not so careless. Something flashed through my mind, and after calling a maid to clean up the shards, I hurried upstairs, grabbing my phone to search for a live stream I'd seen on Bryant's phone that afternoon. It was gone. The entire web seemed scrubbed of it. Various possibilities raced through my mind, sending shivers down my spine.

As I was about to call Molly, I realized my phone had no signal, not a single bar. And the Wi-Fi was out, too.

I rushed downstairs to find Gary. "Why is there no internet or signal in the house?"

Gary avoided my gaze. "Mrs. Ferguson, we got notified that the local cell tower is down. They're working on fixing it."

## Chapter 396

No way.

I refuse to believe in such coincidences.

I had my car keys and was almost out the door when Bryant suddenly grabbed my wrist and said, "Where are you headed? Let me drive you."

"I need to find a place with a signal."

Before leaving, I fixed my gaze on him. "What was the deal with that livestream this afternoon? Why can't I find any playback online?"

His eyes flickered for a moment before he replied, "A lot of livestreams don't offer replays."

"That's bull."

I remembered when Gregory made an appearance at an event, and videos of him were all over the internet, with fans editing and replaying clips non-stop. But this livestream? Not a single clip to be found online. As if it never happened.

Suddenly, I was sure of something. My fingers trembled. "Bryant, that livestream was fake, wasn't it? Something's happened to Gregory, hasn't it?"

"Jane..."

"Don't 'Jane' me, answer me!" I stepped back, unable to control my rising voice. "Why lie to me? If something happened to him, why not tell me? Why create a non-existent livestream to deceive me?" "I didn't mean to deceive you."

Bryant was desperately trying to calm me down. "Jane, we need to wait a bit longer. Give me some time, and I'll tell you the truth as soon as I can."

"I just want to know what happened!"

I wanted to stay calm, but I couldn't. Almost pleading, I looked at him. "Bryant, I'm begging you, tell me what's going on!"

His face showed a hurt expression, incredulously looking at me. "You would beg me for him?"

"Yes, I'm begging you! Are you happy now?"

"Not happy!"

His face as cold as ice, he pushed me back into the room. "Before we go to get the divorce papers the day after tomorrow, you're not going anywhere." With that, he shut the door forcefully.

"Bryant!" I banged on the door. "Let me out!"

But there was no response.

I ran to the window, noticing extra security guards in the yard. I stretched my phone out, trying to catch a signal.

"Ding." A message actually came through.

I quickly glanced at it and felt a thunderbolt strike me, my vision darkening.

-Jane, the Ford Group's laboratory exploded.

It was a message from Mark.

I tried to remain calm and immediately called him back.

He picked up. "Jane, did you get my message? I was worried it didn't go through. I tried calling earlier but couldn't get through. I thought something might've gone wrong." Clutching my phone, my voice hoarse, I asked, "Mark, are you telling the truth? Were there any casualties?"

I knew the answer even before he replied. Otherwise, Christine wouldn't have reacted the way she did that afternoon. Bryant wouldn't have gone through all this trouble. "Yes, it happened last night. But the news only started spreading online before it was quickly suppressed by RF."

Mark gave a definitive answer, hesitating. "There were casualties."

I asked, "How many?" Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

He replied, "At the time... it was nighttime, only Gregory and his team were in the lab."

My fingertips trembled severely. My lips quivered, and my throat felt blocked as if stuffed with a sponge soaked in water.

It took me a while to speak. "And... what about Gregory? How is he?"

"He..."

Mark seemed to struggle. "After the explosion, the police arrived quickly. Gregory has not been found since, and the police... might declare him dead." "Dead... dead?" I murmured in disbelief.

Gregory dead...

That's impossible...

How could he just die like that?

Mark tried to console me. "Jane, stay calm, I'm now..."

## Chapter 397

Before he could finish his sentence, my phone slipped from my trembling fingers.

I was standing by the window, my fingers trembling non-stop, until Bryant left. His Rolls Royce slipped out of Ferguson Mansion into the darkness of the night. Until its taillights vanished from my sight.

Twenty minutes passed before I could bring myself to open the drawer of my bedside table and pull out a paring knife, pressing it against my wrist.

Blood flowed, warm and glaring.

But the cut wasn't deep. Not enough to kill.

Barefoot, I twisted the doorknob and stepped out, heading downstairs, where Gary met me. "Mrs. Ferguson, Bryant asked me to..."

He stopped mid-sentence, startled by the blood trailing down my arm.

"Gary, I don't mean to be a burden."

"1

Pain seemed foreign to me as I grabbed my car keys. "Let the bodyguards know to let me out, or else Bryant will only find my body upon his return." Gary, eyes filled with pity, followed me to the car, hastily opening the door for me. "Why do this... Bryant only wants what's best for you..." "For my best?"

I laughed as I climbed into the driver's seat. "It seems you've forgotten how we got to this point."

If you haven't felt the pain yourself, then you don't really get it.

The car sped along the road.

I pulled over to wrap my wrist with the gauze I had been clutching, tightly binding the wound.

On my way to Vista Town, I kept my eyes glued to the road, one thought consuming my mind: Gregory wasn't dead.

He had an accident at the research facility. That's where I'd find him.

Lazily leaning somewhere, he'd raise an eyebrow and say, "Jane, got a bit of conscience, coming to find me?"

Yes... It had to be.

"Beep, beep-"

Crossing a bridge over the lake, a speeding truck appeared out of nowhere, heading straight for me.

I had the chance to swerve right, maybe to safety, but for some odd reason, I ended up yanking the wheel left and drove right into the lake.

The icy waters of early spring rushed in.

The cold was piercing.

Breathing became more and more difficult.

When I woke up, I was in a hospital.

Somehow, I hadn't died. The wound on my wrist had been neatly redressed.

Mark suddenly stood up, releasing a heavy sigh of relief. "Jane, you're awake?"

"Mark..."

It felt like my throat had been cut open, talking was pure torture, my voice was all rough and harsh. "Why are you here?" "I've been following your car."

Mark's brow was furrowed with concern. "Don't worry, you're safe here. No one can find you unless you want them to." "Thank you..."

"I didn't understand at first. In that situation, most people would instinctively swerve right. Why did you go left?" He picked up a pack of pills from the bedside table.

-Sertraline.

His voice choked with emotion. "I found these pills in your clothes... When did this start?"

"It's Christine's medication."

I brushed it off, swallowing hard. "What about Gregory? Did the police find him?"

"No." Mark spoke softly. "Jane, you need to prepare yourself..."

"Why should I grieve when the police haven't declared him dead?"

"You... look at this."

Reluctantly, he handed me his phone.

I had been unconscious for two days and a night.

And the police, just this morning, had announced Gregory's death.

## Chapter 398

I held my phone, and my thoughts were suddenly dragged back to the distant past. Fragments, both unfamiliar and familiar, surged into my memory.

"Gregory Ford! You promised to come over for breakfast today, and you overslept again!!"

"Gregory, it hurts...ugh! Give me a piggyback ride, now!"

"Gregory, everyone says we're engaged. What's an engagement?"

"Gregory, pick that one, the big apple!"

"Gregory Ford..."

"How is being punctual considered late?"

"Why did you run so fast? Hop on."

"I'll marry you, that's what."

"Alright, alright, little girl."

"Lilliana, have some manners!"

...

I burst into tears, saying, "Gregory, I don't have Grandpa anymore. Grandma says everyone leaves, no one can stay with me forever."

He soothed me patiently, "I will, Lily. I'll always be with you."

Blinking away tears, I said, "Gregory, today you're like a good person."

He lifted his chin proudly, replying, "I always have been."

Childhood memories, recent events, and the devastating news of Gregory's death intertwined in my mind. I pressed my hand against my chest, but my face remained dry. "Jane..." Mark froze, then quickly comforted me, "The departed are gone. Dwelling on it will only harm your health."

I was silent for a long time before murmuring, "I remembered..."

But remembering only made accepting his death harder.

Mark asked, "What?"

"I remembered a lot of things..."



Hearing this, Mark urgently summoned the doctor, who, after an examination, preliminarily concluded that the accident had stimulated my nervous system, causing my memory to return.

It was then I realized. "We're not in our home country?"

"Right, we're in Country F."

Mark explained, "Bryant's network is too extensive back home. After getting you to the hospital and ensuring your condition was stable, I brought you to Country F. I thought we'd wait until you woke up so you could decide for yourself."

"Thank you..."

I was grateful for his thorough care. The last place I wanted to be was anywhere near Bryant. The painful memories would continuously haunt me.

Soon after, the Ford family held a grand funeral for Gregory. Mark asked if I wanted to return for the funeral. I refused.

Gregory couldn't be dead. He never broke a promise to me.

As my health improved, the doctor said I could be discharged anytime.

When Mark came back after handling the discharge procedures, I hesitated before speaking, "I might... not plan to return home for now."

I was done with people controlling my life. They could believe I'm dead for all I care.

"Really?"

Surprisingly, Mark didn't object. He sat beside my bed, "I have some information I hesitated to share with you."

"Go on."

"There might be more to Gregory's death. The night of the lab explosion, a shadowy group booked a flight from Vista Town to Country F."

"You mean," I looked at him, asking, "Gregory might be in Country F?"

"If he's still alive, it's a possibility."

"That's perfect..."

I pressed my lips together, "I can look for clues about him in Country F." "Yes, you can."

Mark handed me the warm water, "Jane, I respect all your choices."

## Chapter 399

"Besides, I actually support your decision to stay in the States," he said.

I pursed my lips slightly. "Why?"

"I've got a friend here, a top-notch psychologist. Jane, she can definitely help you with your depression."

"Mark, like I said, that Sertraline belongs to Christine..."

I didn't want to admit it.

Mark reached out, gently touching the newly healed scar on my wrist, "First the cutting, then jumping into the lake, it's clear you're not valuing your life, lacking the desire to keep going. You still trying to hide it from me?"

"I..." I turned my head towards the window. "I don't even know what's happening..."

My mind was racing with uncontrollable thoughts, and it felt like even my own body was no longer under my control.

The signs had been there for a while.

But it became more obvious in the month after I returned from Vista Town to RiverCity.

It was Christine who noticed something was wrong, dragging me to the hospital where I was diagnosed with severe depression.

The day I cut myself, if it weren't for needing to check on Gregory's situation in Vista Town, I might not have even bothered to bandage my wounds.

"It's okay." Mark leaned in, looking me in the eyes. "You're just sick, that's all. Jane, who doesn't get sick living in this world? Some have physical illnesses, others have mental illnesses. After you're discharged, I'll take you to see my friend. I've already talked to her about you, and she's confident."

"Alright..."

"And do you remember, back in college, how our professor wanted you to study abroad with me?"

"Yeah, I remember."

Back then, the professor really believed in my talent, but I had no money.

Studying abroad, even with a full scholarship, the daily expenses were still a fortune for me at the time.

I chuckled. "You're not suggesting I go back to college with those students at my age, are you?"

"Not at all," He replied, "There's a genius designer who wants to take you on as an apprentice. He saw your work and said if you weren't tied down by the market, you'd likely create even more astonishing pieces."

Mark had everything sorted out for me, from my treatment to my career, he had left nothing neglected.

I looked at him gratefully, smiling. "Mark, you've thought of everything. I don't know how I can ever repay you..."

"This is enough."

He pointed to the red string bracelet with a jade bead he was wearing on his hand.

I was too embarrassed to tell him that in a rush to find a birthday gift for him, I had taken the jade bead from my cat's collar.

Then I had my mom restring it with the red cord as a birthday gift.

I confessed, "That... it's not worth much."

Mark chuckled, "Do you think I'm short on money?"

"Right."

Something came to me, "Mark, after you saved me the other day, did you happen to see a rabbit jade pendant?"

The rabbit jade pendant was missing.

"A rabbit jade pendant?" Mark paused, then answered gently, "I don't recall seeing it. Could it be at the Ferguson Mansion?" "Unlikely."

Knowing it was something my mother left for me, I've always worn it close to me and never taken it off.

Mark frowned. "Then it might have fallen into the lake. I'll get in touch with the RiverCity police department, see if they've found it?" "Okay." I nodded.

But I also knew it was highly unlikely it would be found.

The only things the police could retrieve were cars.

Even if the pendant had fallen into the car, during the retrieval process, it could have ended up anywhere.

Finding it was as impossible as finding a needle in a haystack.

## Chapter 400

Two years later, at RiverCity International Airport.

Stepping out in my flats, dragging my suitcase behind me, I was immediately engulfed in a massive bear hug from Christine.

"Designer Jane, you finally decided to grace us with your presence?"

"Are you trying to suffocate me or what?"

I couldn't help but laugh. "I missed you, that's why I'm back."

Truth be told, Christine would visit me in France whenever she had the chance.

Our last meetup was just two weeks ago.

Driving home, she filled the air, "You know, when you first disappeared, Bryant went mad. He couldn't accept that you were just gone. He nearly turned RiverCity upside down, draining lakes if he had to." I smiled faintly. "You've told me this story a thousand times."

"Well, it's still unbelievable to me," Christine sighed. "But Bryant and Mark kept a tight lid on the situation. Not many people knew you were gone."

To the world, I was still Mrs. Ferguson, living a life of luxury by Bryant's side.

Molly returned to the Ford Group shortly after Gregory's incident, fighting tooth and nail with the bastard son to protect what belonged to her, Mrs. Ford, and Gregory.

Looking out the car window, I saw the bustling streets of RiverCity, lively as ever.

RiverCity hadn't changed much.

The RF Group continued to expand, halting its vendetta against the Myers family but strictly forbidding Dorothy from meddling in business matters, threatening further crackdowns.

In Vista Town, a new force had rapidly emerged, backed by unknown powers, growing into a business legend that even the RF Group wouldn't dare to provoke lightly.

And me? I had died and come back to life in these two years.

Noticing my distant look, Christine tried to lighten the mood. "How come you only have one suitcase? I bet it can't fit all your awards and trophies."

I let out a chuckle, "Yeah, I was too lazy. Just brought the bare essentials and had my aunt ship the rest."

Christine was curious. "How did Dave let you go this time?"

Dave was a renowned genius designer in the fashion world, a mentor to many including Mark during his studies in France.

He only took me as his private student.

I grinned. "He said there's nothing left he could teach me. The rest is up to me."

These past two years, I had focused on honing my design skills, sweeping almost every prestigious award in the fashion industry.

With Dave as my mentor, I had made a name for myself in the international fashion scene.

At Janedream, I left the online sales designs to Jeff and his team, focusing only on final approvals.

Janedream had grown into an increasingly popular fashion brand.

The new apartment, purchased last year with Christine's help, was decorated in French style, exactly how I wanted.

It was close to Janedream, in a prime location. The penthouse was serene, with a large terrace.

Entering the apartment, Christine flashed a smile. "So, what do you think? Satisfied?"

"I trust your judgment."

After a long flight and dealing with jet lag, I collapsed onto the sofa. "This sofa is so comfy."

"Of course, it is. You're rich now. I wouldn't dare buy you anything but the best."

Christine teased before her tone turned tentative. "Still no word from Gregory?"

I shook my head, softly saying, "Nothing."

Staying in France was a choice driven by the need for a change and the hope of finding Gregory.

At first, there were no clues. But as my network grew, despite asking countless friends, no one knew of his whereabouts.

It was as if he never set foot in France.

Feeling my resignation, Christine gently suggested, "Maybe it's time to stop looking. If he was alive, don't you think he'd have found you?"

I forced a smile. "Let's see."

He had been looking for me for over twenty years, and I had barely started.

"Stubborn as ever," Christine chided, changing the subject. "So, what's your plan now that you're back?"

"Didn't you say you landed me a big project in the entertainment industry?"