

Lost Me, Gained Regret (Jane and Bryant Ferguson)

Chapter 401

"Right, guess who it is?"

"The new it-girl everyone's talking about?"

"No, no, think bigger."

"Bigger?"

"Bella Taylor!"

I was taken aback for a moment. "Christine Jackson, you're connected with that crowd now?"

Bella, one of the industry's leading ladies, had become a sensation right out of the gate over two decades ago.

Rumor had it her background was impressive, but in all these years, no one had managed to dig up anything concrete. Either the rumors were false, or her family was untouchable by ordinary standards.

In recent years, she had stepped back from acting, becoming a powerhouse producer instead.

Every time she made a public appearance, she stirred as much buzz as the biggest names out there.

"This isn't about my connections."

Christine shook her head, barely containing her excitement. "She saw your design at the fashion show last month, loved it, and had her agent reach out to see if you could do a custom piece for her." She was worried I couldn't keep up, as I only released two custom slots a month.

But all that work was under my international alias in the design world.

Nobody knew that behind Janedream's designs was Jane Webster.

She poked me in the forehead. "You still think you're the Jane from two years ago? Now, we've got stars lining up for our custom designs, all hoping to make a splash on the red carpet."

I teased her. "And Bella?"

"Cough... she's not just any star, she's a legend. We need to stay on her good side."

Christine got cold feet but quickly changed the subject. "Anyway, what's your plan? I don't believe you came back just for this."

I leaned back on the couch, resting my head on my hand. "When I left two years ago, I was in a bad place. There were things I needed to sort out."

Back then, just getting through each day was a struggle, let alone anything else.

The feud with the Myers family.

The split of shares between Janedream and RF.

Christine asked, "So what's first on your agenda?"

"One thing at a time."

I pursed my lips. "You've got a meeting with Bella the day after tomorrow, right?"

"Yeah, she's coming to RiverCity to see her daughter," Christine said.

Bella, nearing fifty and still unmarried, had shocked everyone last year by announcing she had a daughter.

Many envied the child, saying even being born was an art form.

I got up to grab a bottle of water from the fridge. "Then I'll head to Vista Town now, check in on Ramona."

"Don't you want to get over your jet lag first?"

"I slept on the plane, I'm fine."

"Alright then."

Christine relaxed and handed me a set of keys. "Here, your car just got delivered from the dealership yesterday."

Stepping out of the building, I spotted a brand-new Audi RS7.

The summer heat in RiverCity was suffocating. Even the breeze felt hot.

Soon, I rolled up the windows and surrendered to the air conditioning.

Arriving in Vista Town, I drove straight to the nursing home.

Ramona woke up not long after I had left for France, thanks to traditional medicine, but she was left with some cognitive issues, similar to Alzheimer's. When I got to the nursing home, I rushed inside, brushing past a group of bodyguards pushing a wheelchair.

The man in sunglasses slouched in the chair seemed listless but exuded a cold, irritable aura.

Entering the room, the caregiver greeted me with surprise, "Ms. Webster, you're back?"

Mark had arranged for her. I couldn't rest easy without someone familiar by Ramona's side.

"Yeah, just got in today."

I smiled. "How's Grandma?"

"She's resting in her room. Mr. Ford visited this afternoon, talked with her for a while until she fell asleep. He just left; didn't you run into him?"

"Mr. Ford?!"

I glanced back at the door, asking, "The one with the bodyguards?"

"Yes, did you see him?"

Without waiting for an answer, I bolted outside!

By the time I made it out, a black Bentley was just closing its doors, with the remaining bodyguards getting into a car behind. "Gregory Ford!"

Chapter 402

As I reached out to knock on the car window, a bodyguard swiftly blocked my motion.

"Excuse me, ma'am! This is a private vehicle."

"I'm aware."

I pointed inside the car, "I know him."

The passenger window rolled down, and another bodyguard spoke up, "Sorry, but our boss doesn't know you."

I retorted, "He doesn't? How could that be!"

"That's correct. You must be mistaken!"

As those words were spoken, the driver, following orders, pressed the gas pedal, and the sleek black sedan slowly drove away.

The other cars quickly followed suit.

I stood there, dumbfounded, for a moment.

Gregory was refusing to meet me...

Or was he not Gregory at all?

Suppressing the doubts in my heart, I turned back to Ramona's hospital room to ask the nurse.

"Was that Mr. Ford visiting for the first time?"

"I don't think so, but it wasn't during my shift."

The nurse replied, "He seemed quite familiar with the hospital room and its setup when he came."

I inquired, "How did Grandma refer to him?"

"She just held his hand, wouldn't let go. His people kept me outside, but before I left, I heard her call him something... what was it? Something like 'Ford'?" the nurse recalled.

It was him.

He was alive! He hadn't died!

And he was right here in Vista Town.

I let out a deep sigh of relief, feeling relaxed for the first time in ages, my voice tinged with excitement, "Okay, I got it! Thank you!"

"Ms. Webster, you're friends, right?"

I chuckled and nodded, "Yes, he's a very important friend to me."

The psychologist had told me that my depression had built up over time.

But Gregory's death was the straw that broke the camel's back.

During those two years in France, I often wondered, if during the time when my relationship with Bryant Ferguson was falling apart, Gregory hadn't been there to catch those straws for me... Would I have been able to hang on?

The answer was probably no.

After waiting for my grandmother to wake up, I spent some time talking with her.

She recognized me.

But her memory was jumbled.

She kept insisting on giving me spending money.

Refusing her made her angry. After visiting the nursing home, my bank account had swelled by seven figures.

I crouched beside her, chuckling, "Grandma, why give me so much money? It's hard to tell if I'm visiting you or if you're taking care of me..."

"Silly girl, don't talk nonsense."

Ramona's hair had turned much whiter, she gently stroked my head with a laugh, "What's this money worth? When you grow up, the whole Myers family, it's all going to be yours."

I was surprised, laying my head on her lap, "But I'd rather have you healthy and well."

To really have a family that would love and cherish me...

It wasn't until Ramona fell asleep again that I finally got up to leave.

As I was leaving, I ran into Richard Myers, who was also visiting Ramona at the hospital.

I knew this man was my father.

But I just couldn't feel close to him.

He saw me and frowned, "Weren't you happily playing Mrs. Ferguson these past two years? What brings you to Vista Town all of a sudden?"

He made it sound like I was here to fight for an inheritance.

Well, in a way, I was.

The Myers family legacy belonged to me, down to the last penny, and it couldn't fall into Dorothy Myers' hands.

I stared at him, counter-questioning instead of answering, "Can I ask you something?"

"What?"

"Susan Myers isn't my biological mother, then who is?"

This question caught him completely off guard.

Richard's demeanor flickered for a moment, and he responded self-righteously, "What nonsense are you spouting now? Trying to stir up trouble in the family again?"

Chapter 403

It was as if I hadn't heard him, I mused to myself, "It's not just her who doesn't like me. You seem to have a pretty low opinion of me too, right? But then again, I know you're my biological father. Why would a father dislike his own child? Is it something to do with my mother... did she have some kind of grudge against you?"

"Enough!"

Richard's voice was low but fierce, his face turning red, "You've been back in River City for two years. How come you've turned back into that rebellious kid, always pushing boundaries?!"

"Oh."

I had my answer, "Seems like my mother really is someone else."

That's something a psychologist in France had once told me. The more people dodge your questions or get angry when you ask something, the more likely it is that you're onto something. I was only about seventy to eighty percent sure before, but now I was completely certain.

Richard was usually quite a refined man, but now when he looked at me, there was a hint of disgust in his eyes, "Get lost!"

"Sure thing."

I smiled slightly, turning on my heel before he could blow up at me.

"Wait!"

He suddenly called out, "Did you just speak with Grandma?"

I turned back, "Yeah."

"Did she mention anything about... a will?"

"A will? Did Grandma make a will?" I feigned confusion in response.

He seemed slightly relieved, then pressed on, "What about... how the estate's going to be divided?"

"You're a bit too eager, aren't you?"

I frowned, pretending to be upset, "Grandma's not in her right mind to discuss estate division or anything of that sort. I'd advise you not to bother her about it, lest you upset her and she ends up getting sick!" I paused, then added as if it were an afterthought, "After all, no one knows what's in the will. As long as Grandma's alive, everyone still has a chance to fight for what they want."

Back in River City, Christine had ordered some takeout, waiting for me to join her for a late-night snack. We sat on the patio, and as I recounted the afternoon's events, she took a sip of wine, thought for a moment, then asked, "But if it was Gregory, why would he say he doesn't know you?"

"Not sure yet."

I popped open a can of beer, taking a swig. The cold, bitter liquid rolled down my throat, easing the summer night's heat.

Christine was peeling crawfish when she suddenly frowned, "He couldn't have amnesia, could he?"

"No."

I shook my head, "He's been visiting Grandma, and it's not his first time."

She suggested, "Maybe it's selective amnesia, like, he remembers everything except you?"

"...Sis, do you think this is a soap opera?"

I tossed a peeled crawfish into her bowl, "I feel like he's changed from two years ago."

Christine remarked, "No kidding, he's in a wheelchair now. How could he be the same?"

That comment made me go silent. Before I left the hospital, I had confirmed with the nurse. From the moment he entered the room till he left, he had been in that wheelchair... Perhaps noticing my mood, Christine swiftly changed the subject, "But considering how severe the explosion was, being alive is already a miracle."

"You're right."

I was being too greedy.

Christine then asked, "But what if he really doesn't recognize you, what will you do?"

"If he doesn't recognize me, I'll just have to make him," I said.

Two years ago, when I hadn't regained my memory and didn't recognize him, he didn't give up on me. I needed to find out what was really going on with him now.

I chuckled, "You're getting along well with those high society ladies from Vista Town, right? Can you ask them to help me dig up some dirt?"

"Sure thing," Christine readily agreed, "And once you find him, what then?"

Chapter 404

"What's next then? Just making sure he's doing alright?"

I paused for a moment, then quickly realized what I meant. "I don't want to anticipate anything anymore."

My feelings towards Gregory were complex and difficult to describe. For the past two years, my only wish was to hear from him, hoping he was still alive and well.

The next day, Christine and I made our way to Janedream.

Jeff had already been promoted and was now the Deputy Director of the Design Department, with his own office.

Seeing me arrive at the company through the floor-to-ceiling windows, he couldn't contain his excitement and rushed to Christine's office. "Ms. Webster! You finally came to the office. I've been looking forward to your return every day."

"Did you miss her that much?"

Christine teased with a smile. "Without her, you're practically second in command here. Why would you want her back so badly?"

In two years, Janedream had expanded rapidly, taking over the office space on the floor below as well. Now, the Design Department had grown significantly, and Jeff held considerable power. Despite my absence, Christine insisted on keeping the position of Design Department Director open for me. So, for those two years, Jeff was effectively the head of the department. "Heh heh..."

Jeff scratched his head. "Well, it's not exactly like that. Working under Ms. Webster, there's just so much more to learn."

"It's the same even when I'm not around."

I smiled. "I've carefully reviewed every design draft, especially yours. I've been the strictest with them."

"What??"

Jeff was surprised. "So, you were the final reviewer all along?"

I nodded. "Yes."

After I went abroad, the final drafts were sent to Christine, who then forwarded them to me. Nobody knew who the hidden designer behind Janedream was. Moreover, after studying under my mentor, my design style had become bolder and more innovative, making it hard for anyone to guess it was me.

Jeff was both shocked and delighted. He joked with Christine, "Ms. Jackson, you sure know how to keep a secret."

"That's for sure."

Christine shrugged, jokingly adding, "If I weren't tight-lipped, knowing the reviewer is someone familiar might lead you to take things for granted."

Jeff was passionate about design. After laughing, he looked at me again. "So, the recent decrease in the number of times my work's been rejected means I've improved a lot, right?"

"Absolutely. Even my mentor approved of your designs."

"Really?"

Jeff couldn't help but ask further. "So, the designer handling the private commissions... don't tell me it's you... If that's the case, I'm just blown away. Those designs showcased this year left everyone in the Design Department in awe."

"Alright, alright," Christine promptly dismissed the conversation. "Enough with the questions. You'll find out in due time."

Then, she handed me a pile of resumes for the Design Department, treating me like a workhorse. "I need you to help filter these. The HR department has already checked their qualifications; you just need to review their portfolios."

The next day, I had arranged to meet Bella at four in the afternoon at a five-star hotel.

Christine had been staying at my place for the past few days, claiming she was warming up the house for me. We set off together for the hotel. Given Bella's status as a public figure, the hotel had strict security measures in place. We couldn't just call her; we had to be escorted inside. Bella was staying in the presidential suite on the top floor. Her assistant led us in and welcomed us in the living room.

As she served us tea, she said, "Ms. Jackson, Ms. Elena, please enjoy your tea. Bella will be with you shortly; she's currently with her daughter." "Thank you," we both replied, smiling and accepting the tea.

Despite being in a hotel, Bella spared no expense in making her suite feel like home, even the air was subtly scented with aromatherapy.

Read Chapter 405

Chapter 405

The air was refreshingly cool, a perfect antidote to the summer heat. It was evident that Bella had a keen eye for the finer things in life. Shortly, the bedroom door swung open, and there she was, Bella, gliding into the room in a simple silk slip dress. A timeless beauty of the entertainment industry. She appeared even more stunning in person than

in the countless photos and videos available online, showing no signs of aging. At around fifty, she was still a breathtakingly beautiful star that could leave anyone in awe.

"Ms. Taylor," I greeted, standing up with a smile. Christine also stood up, offering her praises, "Ms. Taylor, seeing is truly believing! The media doesn't do justice to your beauty!" Bella, without a hint of arrogance, playfully accepted Christine's compliment. With her assistant's introduction, she distinguished between me and Christine. She walked over in her slippers, her red lips curving into a smile, "Why are you standing? Please, have a seat. Let's talk comfortably."

She pulled me into a conversation, expressing her admiration, "That piece from your show last week, I absolutely loved it. I never imagined the designer behind it would be so young."

I blushed slightly, smiling, "If you really like it, I can arrange to have it shipped over from France."

"Really? My agent tried contacting your team, but was told it wasn't available for loan at the moment."

"It's true. That piece was something my mentor was particularly fond of, viewing it as my graduation piece of sorts, and hence was hesitant to lend it out. But I was willing to make an exception for you." "That won't do," Bella gently refused, "If it holds such special meaning, then it should be kept as a keepsake. It's already great that you can reserve a custom slot for me."

"Alright then. I hear you're looking to have a red carpet gown designed?" I inquired.

"Exactly." She chuckled, "You've made quite the name for yourself abroad, but back home, you're just a step away from breaking through. I love your designs, and this could be a win-win opportunity for both of us."

Our conversation flowed smoothly, and by the time it ended, I already had a draft design forming in my mind. Not because I was brimming with inspiration, but because Bella's beauty was so inspiring. Christine and I excused ourselves, and Bella, glancing at the time, stood up as well, "I have a dinner downstairs tonight, I can walk you out."

Sharing an elevator with a celebrity like Bella meant attracting curious glances, but she handled it with ease, nodding politely, smiling, and politely declining photo requests. Leading the way out of the elevator, Bella suddenly paused to greet someone familiarly, "Mr. Ferguson, you're always so punctual."

"The least I can do, given Ms. Taylor's busy schedule," came the humble reply. But the moment that cool voice spoke, I tensed up. Two years had passed, and Bryant looked almost unchanged, though his features had become sharper, his aura more commanding.

Before I could react, Bella turned to introduce us. "Oh, let me introduce you. Just in case there's a chance for collaboration in the future. This is the CEO of RF Group, Bryant."

I composed myself, lifting my gaze to meet his eyes, and extended my hand. "Mr. Ferguson, I've heard a lot about you."

Just as Bella was about to introduce me, Bryant's gaze fixed on me, his hand meeting mine. "Mrs. Ferguson, it's been a long time."

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Chapter 406

RiverCity isn't exactly a sprawling metropolis, so when I decided to return home, I was pretty sure I'd bump into him sooner or later. I just didn't expect it to happen so fast. As I jerked my hand away, I could hear Bella's surprised voice, "Mrs. Ferguson?"

"That's right."

"Ex-wife."

Bryant and I spoke up almost at the same time.

I calmed myself, turned to Bella with a small smile. "Ms. Taylor, you seem busy. We'll be on our way."

"Of course, Ms. Taylor, feel free to call anytime," Christine added politely.

As we were leaving, Bella's voice followed us, tinged with schadenfreude, "Mr. Ferguson, seems like your ex-wife isn't exactly thrilled to see you, huh?"

...

We were just about to exit the hotel when a sleek black Bentley pulled away from the valet stand. Without thinking, I dashed towards it, recognizing the familiar license plate. Christine caught up, "What's the rush? Did you see a ghost or something?"

"No." I pointed at the Bentley now merging into traffic, saying, "That's the car I saw that day at the rehab center, Gregory's car."

"Gregory's in RiverCity?"

"Looks like it."

I tossed the car keys to her, "You head back, I need to check something at River Villa."

Two years had passed, his death was public knowledge, it was unlikely he'd still be there. But I had to try my luck.

"I'm coming with you."

Christine insisted, refusing to let me take a cab alone.

Upon arriving at River Villa, she stayed in the car, "If he is indeed still living here, I think this reunion should be just between you two. Call me if you need anything." "Alright." I nodded.

Stepping into the elevator, I pressed the familiar floor button. As the numbers climbed, I surprisingly felt a bit nervous. Like Christine said, what if I saw him?

Then what?

What could I possibly say after all this time, after choosing to leave him behind?

"Ding"

The elevator reached the floor, and I stepped out, standing in front of the door he used to lean against so casually. I took a deep breath before ringing the doorbell, prepared for no one to answer. Surprisingly, the door opened quickly, revealing a woman with flowing curls and flawless makeup. She raised an eyebrow, "Can I help you?"

"I..."

Caught off guard, I offered an awkward smile, "Sorry, I must have the wrong apartment."

"No problem."

She seemed friendly, albeit a bit curious. It wasn't until I turned back to the elevator that she closed the door.

Inside, Gregory was lounging on the couch, a blanket over his legs, working on a tablet with a brooding look, "Had enough?"

"Not quite."

She sauntered over to an armchair, intrigued, "I think I need to get to know her better, see what kind of woman has you hung up for so long."

Gregory smirked coldly, "Leave her be."

"Even now, you're still defending her?" Her legs crossed elegantly as she said, "After all, she did betray you, didn't she? Even with you 'dead' for two years, she continued being Mrs. Ferguson. Even Molly Ford tried calling her, and Bryant picked up."

"Edith Ford, if you've got nothing nice to say, maybe don't say anything at all."

"Did I strike a nerve?"

Gregory shot her a look, "Right or wrong doesn't matter. It hurts, and I don't want to hear it."

She probed, "So what's your plan? Just gonna stay 'dead' forever?"

Chapter 407

Greg was absentmindedly flicking a lighter, his usually stoic face showing no emotion as he muttered, "I don't know."

Edith couldn't help but laugh. "Even the devil himself gets puzzled, huh?"

"I don't want to push her into anything."

"Oh, come off it."

Edith pierced through his facade, laughing, "Stop playing innocent with me. You knew she'd be at that hotel today, and yet you had to show up in your beat-up old car, just begging to be noticed. You wanted her to come after you, didn't you?"

"And when she finally shows up, you're here acting all coy, avoiding her."

"Greg..."

Suddenly standing up, Edith pointed at him, her laugh taking on a knowing tone, "You're not trying to play hard to get, are you?"

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With a swift motion, Greg brushed her hand aside, feigning indifference, "Your imagination's running wilder than hers ever did." Back then, when he had returned to Bryant's side, it was a clean break, cutting off all ties with him.

Even when Molly passed away, it was Bryant who received the call.

He never told anyone, but he had tried calling back, too.

In the dead of night, overcome with thoughts, he couldn't resist.

Bryant answered again.

I went back downstairs to the car, and Christine could tell something was off. "No one was there?"

"There was."

"Then why do I get the feeling you're disappointed?"

"It wasn't Greg."

I buckled up, "He must've sold the house. A woman answered the door." [SEARCH THE WEBSITE](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

After all, this place had memories of me, the one who left him. It would only bring back pain. Christine nodded, driving off.

On the road, she furrowed her brows, "Was the woman who answered young, pretty?"

"Pretty, and about our age, I guess?"

"Did you ever think she could be Greg's girlfriend or something like that?"

I paused for a moment at her suggestion, a possibility I hadn't considered.

But two years can change a lot.

Just like Bryant couldn't expect me to wait forever, I shouldn't have assumed Greg would still be waiting for me.

Yet, for some reason, I shook my head, "I don't think so."

"Probably."

Christine thought for a moment and agreed, "If he's living the high life again, with fancy cars and bodyguards, it means he's as powerful as he was back in the days with the Fords. He's probably too busy for relationships."

It made sense.

But as long as he's doing well, that's all that matters to me.

...

Back at work as the head designer at Janedream, I focused mostly on designing Bella's gown.

A successful design could propel both Janedream and myself to new heights. But failure was not an option, especially with a star of Bella's magnitude and her fanbase's purchasing power. Then, out of the blue, I got a call from Kevin.

"Ms. Webster... Mr. Ferguson would like to schedule a time with you, hoping you could personally tailor a few suits for him."

"I'm swamped right now."

It was a bittersweet moment.

I'd made many suits for him in the past, most of which he seldom wore.

Hanging in the closet, they were as neglected as their owner.

Kevin didn't seem surprised, "Mr. Ferguson... anticipated this. He mentioned maybe you'd be willing to meet at the courthouse first, to finalize the divorce, and then you could consider his request."

Chapter 408

Hearing the words, I was momentarily taken aback.

This wasn't a threat.

Instead, he was willing to first go with me to get the divorce certificate and then give me time to think it over.

It didn't seem like Bryant's usual style at all.

Opportunities like this don't come around twice, so I readily agreed, glancing at the clock. "Alright, how about tomorrow? Does he have time tomorrow afternoon?"

Kevin hesitated before answering, "Yes, he does."

"Then tell him, tomorrow at 2 PM at the city hall."

Surprisingly, there was no tumult in my heart, no sense of relief, nor any kind of emotion - I felt absolutely nothing.

It was as if I was just making a casual appointment to grab lunch with someone tomorrow.

I even found myself wondering why I had ever gotten so deeply entangled in this, time and again experiencing pain and disappointment.

After hanging up, Kevin entered the CEO's office.

He sneaked a glance at Bryant's expression and didn't dare to speak.

Bryant, sitting in his executive chair and looking up from his documents, swept his gaze over with eyes as cold as a deep lake, his voice chilly, "When did she say to get the divorce certificate?"

"...Tomorrow at 2 PM."

Kevin's heart skipped a beat. Although he had been with Bryant for many years, in the last two, he found his boss' temperament increasingly hard to gauge.

A shadow of self-mockery crossed Bryant's eyes, "Alright, I got it."

Kevin wisely made his exit, carefully closing the door behind him.

Bryant stood and walked to the floor-to-ceiling windows, his figure engulfed in the sunset's glow, almost overwhelmed by the surge of emotions within him. He didn't want to let her go so easily.

That night at the hotel, his instincts wouldn't allow her to break free from his grasp.

But over these two years, the things she said, he often pondered over them back and forth.

Perhaps, he had never truly respected her.

Nor had he ever properly communicated with her, caring for her thoughts.

Misunderstandings and estrangements grew between them, leaving her scarred.

He was willing to change.

He was changing.

The next day, to my surprise, I arrived ten minutes early, and Bryant was already waiting at the door.

The man's features were striking, dressed in a suit I had tailored for him three years ago. Its style still held up, making him look even more dashing. Even without the old fondness, looking at his face, I couldn't speak ill of him.

He watched me as I approached. "Let's go."

"Okay."

The divorce was finalized right there in the lobby.

I watched as the stamp was pressed onto the red booklet.

Five years of marriage ended in that moment.

I took the booklet from the clerk and handed Bryant his copy, "Thank you."

He looked at me, his voice soft, "For what?"

"I thought... getting this divorce certificate would be much harder."

He admitted frankly, "It would have been, before."

I looked at him, somewhat surprised, "You've... changed quite a bit."

His gaze softened, "Does that make me less disagreeable?" "Indeed, it does."

I smiled, waving the divorce certificate, "Bryant, happy divorce."

He gave a faint smile, but sadness lingered in his eyes, fleeting before he regained his composure, his voice cool, "Where... have you been these last two years?"

"France."

I didn't hide anything.

He didn't ask further, walking out of the city hall with me.

The summer heat hit us instantly.

I turned to him, "Your suit, it might take me a while before I have the time to tailor it, and, by the way, my rates have gone up."

He wouldn't miss the money, but it was better to make things clear.

Chapter 409

His eyes crinkled with a smirk, "Either way, I can afford it."

I was at a loss for words, because, well, he wasn't wrong. All I could do was nod in agreement, "Alright, then I... better get going. I'll have it delivered to the Ferguson Mansion once it's ready."

By the time I got back to Janedream, there was someone already waiting in the office.

Mark glanced at me, a look of resignation on his face, "How come you dashed off to the States without saying a word? If it weren't for my call with Dave, I'd have no clue you were back."

"I saw on your social media that you were traveling for work."

I chuckled, "Thought I'd wait for you to get back before catching up."

No sooner had the words left my mouth than Christine clicked in on her heels, eyebrows raised in a playful challenge, "So, did you manage to secure it this time?"

I nodded, "Got it."

"For real?"

She was skeptical, "Show me, then."

I had told her last night that I was meeting Bryant to get our divorce papers.

She doubted it would go smoothly, suspecting some sort of last-minute snag.

I handed her the divorce papers, "See for yourself. Genuine."

Last time, naivety got the better of me, allowing Bryant to trick me with a forged document.

Christine's face lit up with glee, "Finally, you're free from that mess of a marriage."

Mark seemed taken aback, "You and Bryant are officially divorced?"

"Yeah, just today."

"Well, let's celebrate. Dinner's on me tonight."

Mark chuckled, "First, to welcome you back, and second, to celebrate your divorce."

"Generous!"

Christine gave him a thumbs up, "Can we go all out?"

"Knock yourselves out."

I couldn't help but laugh, leaving the arrangements to them.

After Linda's debacle, I knew better than to leave crucial designs unattended in the office.

Before heading out, I packed up my drafting board and left with them.

Christine had chosen the spot for dinner.

RiverCity's most reputable private diner, known for its authentic local cuisine.

The ambiance was serene.

As Mark poured us some juice, he casually inquired, "Jane, how long do you plan on staying this time?"

"If all goes well, I might not leave again."

The thing is, F country was nice, but it always felt like I was just floating through, never quite settling down.

Mark paused, then smiled, "When did you decide?"

"I've always felt this way, never intended to settle down in F country..."

Our conversation paused as the waiter entered with our dishes. My gaze inadvertently drifted towards the door, where I spotted a black-clad bodyguard pushing a wheelchair past. This time, without the obstruction of other bodyguards.

It was clear at a glance, the man in the wheelchair was Gregory.

I excused myself and hurried in the direction he'd gone, only to find no trace of him.

Standing in the middle of the corridor, I was struck with a moment of confusion, as if the sighting had been a figment of my imagination.

Suddenly, a door behind me opened.

It was the woman who had answered the door at River Villa, leaning casually against it, "Looking for Gregory?"

Christine's speculation from the other day crossed my mind.

For a moment, I was unsure how to respond.

Yet, I yearned to know Gregory's current state.

Clutching my hands to avoid any misunderstanding, I tried to sound as neutral as possible, "Yes, I'm just an old friend of his. Is he inside?"

"Gregory,"

Unexpectedly, the woman swung the door wide open, throwing a look over her shoulder at the man seated at the head of the table, her voice laced with intrigue, "Your 'old friend' is here."

Chapter 410

The moment she spoke, the jovial banter filling the private room fell into sudden silence.

I followed her gaze and immediately spotted Gregory.

His slender fingers were casually holding a glass of wine, the sleeves of his dark shirt carelessly rolled up to reveal his lean forearms, a glint of cool light reflecting off his wristwatch.

Hearing the noise, he raised his eyebrows slightly, casting an indifferent glance our way. Our eyes locked mid-air.

He was, indeed, still alive.

A mix of surprise and joy surged through me, lifting my spirits as a smile unknowingly curved my lips. "Greg..."

Before I could finish, I noticed his gaze was cold, as if nothing moved him, he was as indifferent as a stranger. Gregory looked at me, seemingly waiting for me to speak first, yet also appearing slightly perplexed.

It felt as if a bucket of cold water had been dumped over me, cutting off any words I had.

The others in the room also looked at me with a hint of confusion.

Among them were two people I had met a couple of years ago at Dorothy's birthday party-Gregory's childhood friends.

The woman who had opened the door earlier asked, "Were you looking for him for something?"

I pursed my lips, managing a small smile, "No... nothing. Just didn't expect to see him here in RiverCity. Sorry for the interruption, I'll be going now!"

It was enough to know he was alive and well.

I hastily returned to our room, where Christine leaned in, "What happened? Did you run into someone you know?"

"No."

I shook my head, changing the subject, "Let's eat, I'm starving."

Mark then started talking about Bella again.

Throughout the meal, my mind kept drifting back to the earlier encounter.

However, I hadn't expected that wouldn't be the end of it.

When we were about to leave, Mark went ahead to settle the bill.

Christine and I had just stepped out when the door to another private room opened.

The woman from before came out pushing a wheelchair, stopping Gregory from removing the blanket on his legs with a gesture that was both affectionate and assertive, "Have you forgotten what the doctor said? Keep it on." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Gregory, who usually dismissed everyone's advice, didn't argue this time, merely pulling a face and responding in a lazy tone, "Got it, stop nagging."

Christine looked at him, then at me, puzzled.

I shook my head slightly, "Let's go."

As we were about to pass by them, the woman stopped me, her voice tinged with a smile.

"Gregory's... casual friend, he's changed his contact info, did you know? Want to exchange Instagram handles? It'd be easier to keep in touch."

Gregory glanced at her, his emotions unreadable.

Unsure of their relationship and not wanting to stir trouble, I glanced at Gregory's leg, suppressing the urge to ask, and replied with a mix of answer and explanation.

"No need, we're just casual friends, haven't been in touch for over two years now, don't misunderstand."

Yes.

It had been over two years.

In truth, during many a sleepless night abroad, I'd dialed that familiar number.

But I never got through.

Once, I even wondered if he had truly died.

Thankfully, he hadn't.

That was enough for me.

I turned to leave.

Gregory's voice suddenly carried a hint of mockery, "Maybe add me anyway, Mrs. Ferguson? Or does Mr. Ferguson keep a tight leash, no adding men on Instagram?" I paused, caught off guard.

Before I could respond, Christine grabbed my phone from me, turned back with a smile, and presented the QR code, "Mr. Ford, with a beauty by your side and not a worry, why should our Jane, a single lady, be concerned?"

Gregory scanned the code, his long lashes partially hiding his brown eyes, a smirk playing on his lips, "What's this, Mrs. Ferguson planning to make up after a bedtime argument?"

"Jane this time is..."

"That's enough, Chris."

