

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

## **Chapter 451**

I had just managed to slip away when...

Gregory glanced towards the bathroom before nonchalantly answering the call. With his extensive network of connections in the UK, finding out if Jane was really there wouldn't be a problem. Yet, all Ophelia could dig up was a mere trifle. Either Ophelia was slipping up, or it was Lucius.

On the phone was Lucius.

"Mr. Ford, there's something you need to know. I've just received some information. Ophelia's probably tied up and didn't answer her phone, so I'm ringing you directly." Gregory lit a cigarette, taking his time, his voice steady as ever, "Go on."

"The info I've just got shows Ms. Webster had been battling depression, on medication for two years. Last summer, she... she attempted suicide by slashing her wrists..." Gregory's pupils dilated, his voice trembling, "The exact date. Or, what... what happened before she did it?"

"It was August 23rd."

"Damn it-"

Gregory's hand shook, burning himself with the cigarette, drawing in a sharp breath-not from the burn, but from a pain deep within.

She had tried... On his birthday last year.

Gregory's heart clenched painfully. His eyes reddened, glossing over as he took a harsh drag from his cigarette, coughing violently. But it did nothing to soothe the ache inside. Hunched over, he was the picture of misery.

He dared not recall what he had been doing, what he had said since she returned to the country.

She had filed for divorce as soon as she got back, had come to him.

She had always kept her distance from Mark.

And what had he done? He had been moody, unable to let go of the past two years. He had nearly torn her apart.

Just ten minutes ago, what had he said to her? He accused her of acting. He had used the cruelest words to force her to admit she had not been unfaithful.

But she had never been!

Yet he had forced her to prove it.

After a while, there was silence on the other end of the phone. Lucius uncertainly called out, "Mr. Ford?"

Before he could finish, the door to his office was flung open.

Ophelia stormed in, furious, glaring daggers at him!

Lucius waited a moment, then, seeing Gregory remain silent, said, "Mr. Ford, I'll hang up now. Call me anytime if you need anything. I'll send the information to your email straight away."

"Click "

The moment Lucius hung up, a powerful slap landed on his face!

Lucius inhaled sharply, wiping the blood from his lip, chuckling, "Should've known you'd have a strong backhand."

"Lucius, you're despicable!!" Ophelia, eyes blazing behind her glasses, "What right did you have to tell Mr. Ford?!"

"Because it was my people who found out." Lucius said, "Because Mr. Ford has given me the life I have now. Ophelia, it's the same for you, for me, for everyone. None of us has the right to betray Mr. Ford." Lucius had never been one for principles.

Over the years, he had blood on his hands, but his loyalty never wavered.

What does liking someone matter?

If liking someone meant betrayal, then what separated him from a beast?

Ophelia glared at him, asking, "So, you never thought about hiding it for me??"

Lucius replied, "No."

Ophelia, shaking with rage, asked, "Then why the hell did you sleep with me yesterday??"

Yesterday, in the office, he had taken her several times! Like a virgin boy exploring for the first time.

She thought that meant he agreed to help her hide it.

But the moment she stepped into Lucius' office today, she sensed something was off.

Damn it.

A classic case of 'hit it and quit it'!

And more importantly, how could she face SZ Technology now??

Those who betray Gregory never end well.

Lucius grabbed her hand as she tried to hit him again, playing with it, "Ophelia, I didn't tell Mr. Ford it was you who deliberately hid the information. But just this once. Next time, no one can save you if you're looking for death!"

...

Sitting on the toilet, faced with an unexpected visit from Aunt Flo, I was at my wit's end.

After hesitating for a moment, I called out, "Gregory, Gregory?"

"What's wrong?!"

Outside, he seemed to snap out of a daze, quickly stepping to the bathroom door and knocking, "I'm here, what is it?"

"Could you... could you possibly go upstairs and get me some..."

Although I've been married before, we always kept things formal, so I hesitated, "Some sanitary pads?"

"...I've got some here."

"What?" I was taken aback.

No further response came from outside, but soon the door was knocked again, "Open up, please."

"Okay."

I carefully stood up and opened the door a crack. His hand, with its distinct wrist bones, reached in, handing me a large bag filled with sanitary products. Overnight pads, super absorbent ones, day pads, tampons...

It had everything.

After getting myself sorted, I saw him lost in thought again and couldn't help asking, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing."

He shook his head slightly, his eyes tinged with red, as he pulled me into a hug. "I was just thinking, those two years must have been hard on you."

"Not really." I tried to sound upbeat. "Dave and the others were really kind to me, Christine flew over to see me often, and Snowy was with me every day. Oh, and the old lady next door took great care of me too."

He seemed to force a smile. "Really?"

"Of course." I finished speaking and glared at him. "Why do you have so many sanitary products in your house?"

## Chapter 452

"Edith told me to get them."

Gregory's eyes were fixed on mine, his voice laden with meaning. "She said if I'm serious about pursuing you, I should always be ready to move in together, and have all these feminine products stocked up." My cheeks flushed. "Who said anything about moving in? Besides, we're just friends right now!"

"Alright, alright,"

He pulled me closer, his lips meeting mine in a brief, sparkling kiss. "Friends who can kiss and hug. Are you satisfied with that?"

"Stop it, you're being a rascal!"

I felt a mix of embarrassment and annoyance, quickly standing up to escape his hold.

Gregory grasped my wrist, looking up at me. "Then what are we, according to you?"

"I'm not telling."

I shot him a look. "Since when does the person being pursued have to make the first move?"

"What about my birthday present, then?"

I sensed a slight shift in his mood, planning to give him his gift later, but now I didn't want to wait any longer. "Your present... just give me a second!"

With that, I hurried upstairs, returning with the gift I had initially prepared for him.

"Happy Birthday!"

I handed him a rectangular gift box and a paper bag.

One was the gift I'd prepared beforehand.

The other was a last-minute purchase from the night before.

Gregory raised an eyebrow. "Two gifts?"

I teased, "You can only pick one if you want."

"I want both."

He stretched out his hands, taking both gifts from me.

The paper bag bore a luxury brand logo, but he opted to open the rectangular box first.

Inside, neatly folded, was a T-shirt with a rabbit emblem I had embroidered myself on the left chest.

"Did you design this yourself?"

"Yeah." I nodded lightly. "Do you like it?"

Before working on Bella's dress, I had completed this design.

It was simple to cut, but it held a different meaning for both of us. And... it was a matching set.

Though, I felt a bit shy to tell him that at the moment.

The matching piece hung in my wardrobe, still unworn.

Gregory didn't respond immediately, instead, he opened the other gift to reveal a Patek Philippe watch that caught my eye the previous night.

Its strap color perfectly complemented Gregory's bold and carefree demeanor.

He calmly removed his current watch, extending his wrist towards me. "Would you put it on for me?"

"Sure." I took the watch from its box, moving closer to help him put it on.

The strap fitted perfectly without any need for adjustments.

As I was about to step back, Gregory grabbed my waist, pulling me closer, his voice calm yet intense. "Jane... these gifts aren't enough for me." I chuckled. "Why are you so hard to please? What more do you want?"

"I want you."

His voice was deep and longing. He repeated, "I, want, you."

My body tensed up!

Maybe it was spending too many years around Christine, but my first thought was to say, "Take it easy, I'm on my period..."

But then Gregory's cool lips brushed against my ear, seductively coaxing, "Jane, dear Jane, from today, be Gregory's girlfriend, will you?" My heart raced uncontrollably.

Every word seemed to tap on my eardrum, sending a tingling sensation through my entire body.

His eyes held mine, intense and focused, earnestly waiting for my response.

It felt as though time had stopped.

I quickly looked away, afraid my racing heart would give me away.

Trying to sound composed and not like a smitten girl, but my lips betrayed me, curving up slightly, "Okay..."

"1

Before I could finish, he chuckled softly, leaning in to seal my lips with his.

Between breaths, I was enveloped in his scent - a refreshing mix of mint and a hint of tobacco, strangely harmonious and intoxicating.

## Chapter 453

Two years had passed since I last saw Gregory smoke. Not once had I smelled the faintest hint of tobacco on him. It must have been a particularly tough time for him.

Gregory kissed me with a tenderness and passion that felt like the first bloom of love, pouring all his fervor into me. My knees weakened, and only by his hands steadying me at my waist did I manage to stay upright.

Sensing my instability, he wrapped his arms around me and, while continuing to kiss me, walked backward until we sat down on the couch. His hands, with their distinctively defined wrists, grasped my calves and gently parted them, inviting me to straddle him. Then, he held me closer, kissing me with a wild abandon that left me breathless.

"Gregory..." I gasped for air.

"Hmm? Are you okay?" he asked, pausing to let me catch my breath, only to dive back in a moment later. His hand slid up under my dress, his calloused palm creating a tantalizing friction against my skin, eventually coming to rest on my chest. His touch was so gentle yet so intense that I found myself unable to speak a complete sentence.

Yet, all his kisses were through the fabric of my clothes.

Without stopping, Gregory kissed me again, his eyes burning with restrained desire. "Jane, Jane..." His voice was hoarse with longing. "You have the worst timing with your period."

My cheeks burned even hotter. "It's not like I can control it. It happens every month at this time."

"It's okay," he said, his voice deep and soothing. "I can wait. Jane, if there's one thing I've excelled at over the past twenty years, it's waiting."

I ran my fingers through his hair and gently kissed his forehead, using a nickname I had always avoided. "Thank you, Mr. Ford."

He froze, surprise and pleasure evident in his gaze. "What did you just call me?"

"Gregory, didn't you hear?"

"No, it's not that," he said, playfully pinching my waist. "The last part. Say it again."

"I thought you hated being called that?" I teased, trying to hold back laughter. I remembered when Dorothy used to call him by that nickname, and he always despised it.

Gregory knew exactly what I was referring to and chuckled. "You said it yourself. I don't like others calling me that. Are you 'others'? Jane, from the moment you were born, you were meant to be mine." "That does make sense," I mused. Our families had arranged our marriage when I was born.

Gregory raised an eyebrow. "So, say it again."

"I won't... Ah... Stop, that tickles!"

He flipped us over, pinning me down on the couch. One hand held mine above my head while the other tickled me mercilessly. "Will you say it or not?"

"I can't... Okay, okay... I'll say it! Just stop!" I laughed until tears streamed down my face.

He paused, waiting for me to speak, but was interrupted by his phone ringing. He glanced at the caller ID and answered. Before he could speak, a playful voice came through.

"Greg, where are you? We've been here for ages, and the birthday boy is MIA. Did you run off to find a chick?"

"You guessed right for once," Gregory replied, holding me close as he stood up. "We'll be there soon. Start without us; don't wait."

After hanging up, Clarence was utterly confounded. But then, seeing Christine, he couldn't help but tease her. "Are you sure Greg sent you and this little one ahead?"

Christine shot back, "It was my best friend's idea."

From the moment she walked in, she and Clarence had been at odds.

Clarence thought she was desperate to clinch a deal, following them here. No matter how much she explained, he wouldn't believe her.

Considering all the effort Gregory had put in over the last twenty years, only to be seemingly abandoned, Clarence was livid. "Your best friend? Jane, is it? You better go back and tell her not to think Gregory's still pining for her."

"While she's still young, she should move on. Gregory's already found someone else."



## Chapter 454

Just off the phone, Gregory's message was crystal clear to Clarence. Gregory was off the market! Clarence wondered which lucky lady had managed to snag Gregory, making him forget his old flame and fall for her instead. But, in the grand scheme of things, that detail was minor. Ever since that drama two years ago, their tight-knit group had been rooting for Gregory to move on and embrace a fresh start. And now, it seemed they had their wish. Whoever this new girl was, in their eyes, she must be something special to have won Gregory over!

Clarence was determined to clear any hurdles for Gregory and Jane, ensuring no misunderstandings cropped up between her and Gregory because of Jane. Christine was in disbelief, even more shocked than Clarence, "What did you say? He's got a girlfriend now??" Just half an hour ago, Jane had asked her to head over first with Ike, leaving her to have a one-on-one with Gregory at Elmwood Villas. And now, Clarence was telling her Gregory had a girlfriend. What was going on???

Her savvy-in-love bestie had been swept off her feet! Completely taken in by Gregory. Seeing her reaction, Clarence grew even more smug, "Surprised, huh? I'm just saying, you better take that little rascal with you and leave before it gets embarrassing..." "I can leave, fine," Christine looked at him as if he were nuts, pointing at Ike, "But him too?"

Dailey looked up from his phone, his tone indifferent. "Clarence, maybe wait till Gregory shows up before jumping to conclusions." "Once Gregory shows, it'll be too late!" After all, his girlfriend would be with him. Clarence glanced at Christine, nodding as if it were the most natural conclusion, "What else? Leave the kid here? How are we supposed to explain him to Jane? Pretend he's Gregory's nephew?" Christine felt a vengeful satisfaction, smiling, "Are you sure? What if he really is Gregory's nephew?" Little Ike sat on the couch, big eyes blinking, legs swinging, oblivious to the adult drama unfolding. This uncle was being horribly rude. He had to let his uncle know how he was being bullied!

Clarence scoffed, "Impossible, Gregory can't stand kids, never keeps them around. Make up a better lie." "Alright then." Seeing Clarence was beyond reasoning, Christine was pleased, continuing, "Anything else you want me to do? Like telling my friend not to come to this birthday party?"

Clarence's eyes widened, as if bracing for battle, "She's coming too???" He had seen this legendary old flame once at Dorothy's birthday party. Her features weren't striking individually, but together, they formed a perfectly balanced visage, her aura cool and detached. Any man with such an 'old flame' would find his life turned upside down. "Yeah." Christine nodded, her smile mischievous, "Maybe I should call her, tell her not to come."

Clarence didn't hesitate, "Do it, now."

Dailey caught Christine's eye, then glanced at his overly naive brother, casually adding, "Ever thought that Gregory's girlfriend might actually be Jane?" If Christine made that call, the naive one would be in for more than he bargained for.

Clarence was completely lost. His mind refused to entertain the possibility. The betrayal two years ago had seemingly severed all ties. He couldn't imagine them getting back together. Gregory, with his pride, wouldn't go back to someone who had betrayed him...

## Chapter 455

So, I hadn't heard a peep about Gregory getting back together with Jane when I dropped by his place yesterday. After mulling it over, Clarence was adamant, shaking his head. "No way, Dailey. You might not get Gregory as well as you think..."

Dailey fell silent, not bothering to argue. He knew all too well what was going on in Gregory's mind. A guy who could wait for someone for over two decades without a glimmer of hope wasn't about to switch lanes that easily. Especially considering Christine, Jane's best friend, had shown up in Vista Town. Chances were, Jane was here too.

But when the news of Christine being in town didn't even make Gregory bat an eyelid yesterday, that said it all. It meant he was already in the know. It meant he was still on the same doomed path. It meant trouble for Clarence.

Christine, finding Clarence's naivety amusing and never one to shy away from stirring the pot, chimed in, "How about we make a bet?"

Clarence was intrigued, "Bet on what?"

"On whether Gregory's girlfriend is our very own Jane."

"You're on..." Clarence's voice trailed off, suddenly pausing, "Wait a second, do you know something I don't? Gregory didn't really fall for your friend's trap, did he??"

"Trap? You better watch your words, or you'll be eating them..."

"It is what it is," Clarence shrugged. "To get Gregory to reconsider, your friend must've turned on the waterworks, begging him..."

...

Gregory and I reached the private room's door, and as he pushed it open, those were the words that greeted us. I paused, slightly taken aback.

Gregory, with a half-smile, introduced me, "Gentlemen, meet my wife, Jane."

The guy who was talking was dumbfounded. He scanned his eyes between me and Gregory several times, finally settling on our interlocked hands. He was thunderstruck.

"Jane! Jane, I'm Clarence. You can call me Larry, Lenny, Clarence, anything!"

In the next instant, he jumped up, grinning from ear to ear, "So you're Gregory's girlfriend! I knew it; only you could match up to Gregory! Gregory's lucky to have you; it's like his ancestors are looking out for him!"

I smiled gently, "Nice to meet you, I'm Jane."

Clarence was quick with his words, "Jane, no wonder Gregory's been hung up on you all these years. You two are a match made in heaven!"

Christine couldn't help but shake her head. "Larry, you were singing a different tune just a minute ago..."

"Hey, stop!" Clarence quickly turned to Christine. "You wanted that store, right? Pick any store you like tomorrow, if I have to pay a penalty to move the brand out, it's yours." "Really?"

"I swear."

Christine raised an eyebrow, "Alright, considering how sensible you're being, I'll let it slide this time."

Gregory pulled out a chair for me, and after I was seated, he took a spot by my side. Ike slid off the couch, toddling over, "Auntie! Can I call you auntie from now on?"

"Well..." I lifted him onto my lap, glanced at Gregory, and smiled softly, "That depends on how your uncle behaves."

Hearing this, the little tyke looked up at his uncle, all seriousness, "Uncle! You gotta step up, Ike doesn't wanna change aunties!"

"I'm on it." Gregory smiled, his arm draping over my shoulder, his grin infectious, "Never been this determined before."

## Chapter 456

After the dinner party wrapped up, a few more of Gregory's friends arrived for the second half of the evening.

And an uninvited guest.

It was my first time laying eyes on Palmer Ford, the notorious illegitimate son of the Ford family.

Dressed in a sleek black suit, he confidently pushed open the private room door, leaning against it with a sinister smile that somewhat resembled Gregory's. With a flick of his finger, he knocked on the door. Gregory, unaffected, casually played his cards.

Then he won several times.

Clarence exploded. "Damn, you're cheating, aren't you?!"

Silence fell.

The stakes were high, and by the end, Gregory had pocketed a seven-figure sum.

Dailey chuckled, "Seems like your wife brings you luck?"

"Somewhat."

Gregory's modesty was belied by the thick amusement in his gaze.

Christine, while resetting the automatic tile shuffler, complained, "Jane, your man not only snatched you away but now he's taking my money too."

"Fair game."

Gregory laughed, generously offering, "But hey, about the rent for your shop, Clarence could waive it for you."

Clarence retorted, "Greg, playing the generous host with someone else's money? Classic."

"Not cool?"

Gregory shot back.

Clarence glanced at Christine and generously declared, "Of course, it's cool. Nice to meet your lady today, consider it a welcome gift." "Thanks, Clarence!"

Christine beamed, "Clarence is so generous, a real big shot. Totally different from those spoiled rich kids."

Knock, knock-

The door sounded again, this time with more force.

Palmer smirked, "What's this? A party and I wasn't invited? Bro, how could you not include me in the birthday fun?"

Stepping in, his gaze landed on me beside Gregory, "And you must be Ms. Myers, right? Should I call you Jane then?"

Gregory scoffed, barely giving him a glance. "You think you're worthy? Know your place."

"Bro, that's harsh."

Palmer pulled up a chair and sat down, "We're all Ford family, we share the same blood. What's the difference between you and me?"

Gregory handed me a glass of room-temperature juice, completely ignoring Palmer, "Humans and dogs, there's a difference."

Palmer adjusted his glasses, "You don't have to be so hostile. Dad sent me to check if, since you're still around and all, you'll be attending the family dinner tomorrow night?" "Then do me a favor, ask him if he's ready to see you ruined."

"What do you mean?"

Gregory toyed with a mahjong tile, "The Ford Group's AI project tanked, billions gone. Think you'll still have a place there?"

Palmer's composure crumbled, "How... That's not public yet. How do you know?"

"Maybe because I orchestrated it?"

Gregory's smile was taunting, but his eyes were cold as ice.

Palmer's eyes darkened with fury. "You did this?"

Gregory, "Just settling a score, perfectly fair."

"What score? I have no clue what you're on about."

Palmer quickly masked his agitation, refusing to show weakness, "You don't need to worry about my position in the Ford Group. I'm here to tell you, be at the family dinner tomorrow night..."

## Chapter 457

"Bastard, dare you say the lab explosion had nothing to do with you?"

Clarence was always straightforward, laying it all out there without a filter. He added, "Don't think for a moment that The Ford Group is in the bag for you, a bastard child. What makes you think you can stand your ground in the Ford family?"

"At the very least, I'm the one in the Ford family right now, am I not?"

Palmer smiled, glancing at Gregory, "Alright, I've delivered the message dad asked me to. Whether you come back or not, that's on you."

As he turned to leave, he twisted the knife a bit, "Oh, and happy birthday. I'm surprised you're still around to celebrate it."

With that, he left.

Clarence was livid. "What's he implying? That he regrets Greg didn't die in that lab two years ago??"

"Enough, Clarence."

Dailey was the picture of calm, "What's the point of bickering like this? It's beneath you."

Seeing Dailey and Gregory unfazed, Clarence cooled down, turning to Gregory, "Greg, was that explosion two years ago just about ruining his project?"

Dailey leaned back, "You're underestimating the younger brother's thirst for revenge."

I tensed up at that.

Palmer was known for his ruthless methods.

Even now, thinking back to that explosion, I felt a shiver down my spine.

If we were to clash with him again...

Gregory, sensing my anxiety, took my hand and gently squeezed, "Don't worry, I won't let anything happen this time."

Dailey cut to the chase, "Are you going to the family dinner tomorrow night?"

"Of course." Gregory's lips curled up slightly. "Wouldn't miss it."

After everyone had left, Christine retreated to her room to dive into video games.

Ike took a bath and then crashed on the bed, his little belly sticking out, looking utterly peaceful in his sleep.

After tucking him in, I quietly closed the door behind me and headed out.

Gregory was still in the living room, waiting.

I was surprised, "You're still here?"

I had asked him to head home and rest while I helped Ike with his bath.

Gregory sat on the couch and pulled me down to sit on his lap, "I didn't want you to worry, thought I'd stay and comfort you a bit longer."

This kind of intimacy felt so natural with him.

If I didn't know him better, I'd suspect he was a seasoned heartbreaker.

I wrapped my arms around his waist, resting my head on his shoulder, murmuring, "I am worried, Gregory. I can't bear the thought of something happening to you again." Another incident like the explosion could break me.

I'd lose my mind.

Gregory's chin rested on my head as he chuckled lightly, "Do you like me that much?"

"It's not about liking or not liking."

I glared at him, but then, under the weight of his expectant gaze, I surrendered. "Okay, yes, I do like you. A lot. That's why I can't stand the thought of you getting hurt."

Thinking back, I couldn't pinpoint the exact moment I fell for him again.

Was it when he carried me out of that underground garage after I was kidnapped?

Or when he appeared with an umbrella as I was kneeling in the snow, freezing?

Or maybe when he kicked down the door to the room where I was tied up and being drained of my blood?

Reflecting on it, he had saved me, helped me, countless times.

But my feelings for him didn't solidify in any specific moment.

It was his unwavering, unconditional, definitive choice to always pick me.

I could feel his favoritism in a very real way.

Gregory's gaze deepened, and he kissed me, stirring a whirlwind of emotions, "With you wanting me, how could I ever think of leaving? Jane, I haven't even married you, haven't had kids with you, haven't grown old with you yet."

## Chapter 458

Suddenly, my heart softened.

I wrapped my arms around his waist, holding him tightly, letting him take what he wanted.

Probably because there were two other people in the bedroom, an adult and a child, Gregory didn't go too far, just a taste and no more. His eyes deepened as he asked, "Come over to my place?"

I felt my cheeks burn and glared at him. "Is Christine here to play matchmaker with your nephew?"

"Just this once."

He was thick-skinned.

But I still declined. "No way, we just made it official. Can't rush into things."

"Am I rushing?"

His gaze was teasing, his voice clear, "Besides, I just want to cuddle in bed. You're on your period, so it's not like we can go all in..."



"Gregory!"

So blunt! He just says whatever comes to mind.

I tried to cover his mouth, but it was too late to stop him from saying those words. My face felt even hotter, my ears burning.

He gently moved my hand away, holding it in his, raising an eyebrow, "Can't say that?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"...It's... It's too much."

"How is it too much?"

His eyes were mocking, "Even the ancients said, 'Appetite and desire are natural.'"

"...I can't argue with you."

Feeling embarrassed, I got up and started pushing him towards the door, "Alright, alright, it's late. You better go home and sleep."

"Oh."

Gregory responded dully, reluctantly following me to the door, waiting for the elevator.

One elevator per apartment, just like those fancy townhouses.

The elevator arrived quickly.

But Gregory made no move to enter.

I looked up at him, "What's..."

Before I could finish, he suddenly pulled me into a tight hug.

Gentle yet firm.

I was taken aback, not knowing where this was coming from, but I didn't push him away. Just as I was about to enjoy his embrace, his hand on my arm slowly moved down. From my elbow to my forearm.

Finally, resting on my wrist.

His warm, dry thumb slid under the bracelet of beads I was wearing, caressing the scars on my wrist.

I tensed up.

I had always kept it from him... How did he know?

Before I could think, I heard his low voice. "Baby, does it hurt?"

He didn't say much, but I could clearly hear the concern in his tone. The unfamiliar term of endearment caught me off guard.

But soon, I looked up at him, "It hurts, a lot. Gregory, if anything happens to you again, it might hurt all over."

Actually, this wound wasn't really his fault.

It just happened on his birthday.

That day, I received a highly prestigious award, amid applause.

Many people, familiar and unfamiliar, gave me their praise, all with good intentions.

I left with the trophy, but in the bustling street, I saw Gregory.

In a daze, he disappeared.

I searched every shop on that street and asked in every office building, but he was nowhere to be found.

The excitement and sense of achievement from the award contrasted sharply with the "Gregory is dead" scenario.

I even bought a bottle of wine on my way home, in a daze.

When I came to, I was in a hospital bed.

It dawned on me that I had attempted suicide.

Dave, not known for his patience, barely managed to keep his cool and refrained from scolding me.

He was terrified, "The award ceremony ended well, didn't it? How did you end up doing something so drastic when you got home?"

"I thought I saw him, but I couldn't find him."

"Him?" Dave immediately got it. "Your light?"

All these things, after he shared his love life with me without holding back and started gossiping about mine.

I told him everything.

After all, we always exchange secrets with each other.

Besides, I knew Dave was a good guy.

My light-That was Dave's summary of Gregory after hearing my story.

## Chapter 459

I was lying in the hospital bed, nodding slowly. "Yes, Gregory."

Initially, as I was searching for Gregory, I had slowly come to terms with the possibility that he might have died, this terrible piece of news.

But then, as I lay there on the hospital bed, clarity struck me. He couldn't be dead.

That day, our chance encounter on the street must have been a divine sign.

After that, my health improved rapidly, as if someone on their deathbed had suddenly found a reason to heal.

Now, Gregory was far from his usual carefree self, his expression grave. "You can't keep doing this, Jane," he said sternly.

"Then take care of yourself," I shot back.

His stern look didn't scare me one bit. "Gregory, if you dare get yourself hurt, I dare to die just to show you."

"Are you threatening me?"

"Yes, I'm threatening you. Are you scared?"

"Scared." He was at a loss with me, his eyes filled with fear and affection. "I'm not scared of anything, except for something happening to you."

"Then promise me, promise me you'll take care of yourself."

I was scared too.

I feared that facing Palmer again would bring back the horrors of the past.

It's easy to dodge an open attack, but a stab in the back is hard to foresee.

Gregory gently caressed my forehead, planting a kiss. "Alright, I promise you."

"Pinky promise."

Like a child, I extended my little finger. "You promise me, and I promise you. Gregory, for each other, let's both stay alive."

"Deal." He curved his lips into a slight smile, hooking his finger with mine, giving it a gentle shake. "Jane, from now on, no one can take my life, except for you." "Yuck, why would I want your life!"

I immediately felt uneasy with such talk. "I just want you to be here, that's all."

Then, suddenly remembering seeing him in France, I knew it was most likely a case of mistaken identity, or just my imagination, but I couldn't help asking. "By the way, where were you last year today?"

"France," Gregory paused, then gently touched my scar. "Just, I didn't run into you. Imagine, if we had met that day, would you have suffered less?" -Would you have not tried to hurt yourself.

I understood the subtext of his words.

My heart trembled slightly.

So, the person I saw that day, it was him.

I hadn't been mistaken. It wasn't just my imagination.

We didn't actually meet, but he saved me once again.

I smiled at him. "But I saw you that day, you were on the Champs-Élysées in the evening, right?"

"Right."

Gregory's pupils contracted, his breathing suddenly erratic. "Your suicide attempt, was it because..."

"No."

I cut off his wild assumptions with a definitive answer, grabbing his hand. "Gregory, were you sent by God to save me? It's since then that I've felt hopeful, and in a few months, I was able to stop the medication."

He looked skeptical, guilt still evident in his eyes. "Really?"

"Lying makes me a puppy."

I looked at him sincerely. "If you don't believe me, you can check the prescription records with my doctor. What you've brought to me has always been redemption."

He didn't speak, rubbing my hair silently for a while. "Alright, go back to sleep, no staying up late with your period."

"As you command."

I chuckled, knowing he wouldn't let this go so easily.

He would feel guilty, remorseful.

There was no need to rush explanations, just being by his side was enough.

Still, I had a lingering worry. "Remember our promise?"

"Remember."

Gregory chuckled. "Don't worry, I'm not as foolish as you."

That finally put my mind at ease. "About the family dinner tomorrow night, you're really going?"

"Yes."

"I'll accompany..."

"I'll go alone." Gregory pinched my cheek. "If I'm bringing you back to the Ford family, it's to have you as the lady of the house, not to have you deal with people's attitudes."

## Chapter 460

In the exclusive lounge of the RiverCity Clubhouse, the atmosphere was lively.

The man seated at the head of the table, dressed in a tailor-made suit, had an expression so neutral it was impossible to gauge his mood. Yet, even without uttering a single word, his aura of authority was enough to dominate the room.

Sitting to his right, a man raised his glass. "Mr. Ferguson, we're fully committed to this project. Whatever RF needs, consider it done."

Profit was a secondary concern. The primary goal was to forge a connection with the RF Group. In RiverCity, hitching your wagon to RF's star was a dream many shared. Starting with a collaborative project seemed like a good way to show sincerity, with the details to be figured out later. However, it appeared that such gestures of goodwill no longer impressed RF.

Bryant glanced at his watch, then stood up nonchalantly. "If there's nothing innovative on the table, we'll wait for the Marketing Department's feedback." Technically, Bryant didn't need to attend this low-level networking event. He was actually next door, catching up with his childhood friends, when York Carlson roped him into this.

Hearing this, Alaric shot a desperate look at York, seeking help. He was dating York's cousin, which was the only reason York, and by extension, Bryant, had even shown up. York was here as a favor to his cousin, who had sung Alaric's praises. York had expected something impressive, not the lackluster presentation that was laid out before them. Scanning the room, York realized that even an intern at RF could have done a better job than what was presented. It seemed Alaric was just another guy riding on his partner's coattails.

York's patience was thinning, but he kept his response mild. "It's up to Mr. Ferguson. We'll wait for the news." Bryant, disinterested in the proceedings, had already made his way out. Heading to the restroom, he ran into Kevin.

"Mr. Ferguson..."

Bryant, always cautious, had left people to keep an eye on Mrs. Ferguson in Vista Town. So any unusual activity there would immediately be reported back to him. Today, Kevin seemed hesitant to share the

news.

Bryant's expression darkened. "Is there trouble on her end?" The "her" in question was obvious.

"Not exactly..." Kevin hesitated, then corrected himself, "In a way, yes." From the perspective of their boss, it was certainly trouble. Bryant's face tensed up, and he

quickly headed towards the exit, asking, "What happened?" His voice betrayed a hint of anxiety.

Two years ago, when Jane had a car accident and ended up in the lake, Bryant was beside himself with worry, searching the waters day and night. Back then, no one could talk him down, not even his grandfather. With Jane gone, there was no one left to influence him. Now, the mere hint of her being in trouble was unbearable.

Kevin felt sympathy but had to relay the message. "Mrs. Ferguson..." He corrected himself quickly, "Ms. Webster, has been seen with Mr. Ford."

Apparently, they were spotted together, hand in hand, and looking very intimate. Mrs. Ferguson, now Ms. Webster, was even seen leaning into Mr. Ford's embrace, a level of affection she and Bryant had rarely shown publicly.

In the early days, Bryant was always distant. Eventually, it seemed Jane had grown cold too. Seeing the photos, Kevin couldn't help feeling happy for Jane, yet he pitied his boss. It was a tale of missed opportunities and unfortunate fate.

Bryant's tall frame froze momentarily, then he continued to the parking lot, his stride becoming steady again, as if nothing was amiss. He muttered two words that Kevin barely caught, "That's good." Kevin was at a loss for words.

As Bryant reached his car, a sudden summer downpour began, drenching his hair and soaking his shirt. The rain blurred around him, but he seemed not to notice, stepping into his car without betraying any emotion.