

Lost Me, Gained Regret (Jane and Bryant Ferguson)

Chapter 491

But Ophelia wasn't one to be physically outmatched easily. With a swift movement, she broke free from his grasp, her eyes locking with Gregory's. "Greg, I've been by your side for years. If not for merit, at least for hard work, right? Just because of a few words, you're willing to null everything?"

Tears welled up in her eyes, unbidden.

Unfortunately for her, Gregory wasn't known for his soft heart towards women. His lips curled into a cold, daunting smile. "If I truly wanted to erase everything, would you still be standing here, talking to me?" Lucius, witnessing the exchange, sensed a dangerous undercurrent in Gregory's demeanor.

But before he could react, Ophelia, on the verge of breaking down, spoke again: "So, it's really just because of those few words I talked to Ms. Webster?"

"Think you said too little?"

Gregory's laugh, though brief, sent shivers down the spine.

Ophelia got the message loud and clear.

Regret washed over her.

She couldn't bear to meet Gregory's icy gaze any longer. With trembling fingers, she earnestly agreed, "I'll follow your instructions, head to Scandinavia." She had overestimated her importance.

Believing her long service at Gregory's side set her apart from other women, she even dared to vie with Jane for attention.

A grave mistake.

Merely withholding information and speaking ill of Jane was enough for Gregory to unleash his wrath...

Lucius begged for forgiveness on his knees, while she was sent off to Scandinavia.

It was a harsh truth to swallow - Jane's place in Gregory's heart was unshakable.

Gregory could endure personal slander, but not against Jane.

After Ophelia left the office, Lucius remained on his knees, "Greg, thank you!"

"Thanking me?"

Gregory smirked, "You're not resenting me for sending your beloved to Scandinavia?"

Lucius's greatest virtue was his ability to see the bigger picture. He shook his head, "I know... you've actually spared her dignity..."

He had braced himself for Ophelia's outright dismissal.

Being sent to Scandinavia but still being considered part of SZ Technology, one of Gregory's people, was a mercy.

Gregory didn't deny it. "Aren't you leaving?"

"Leaving?"

Lucius was confused. Gregory had punished Ophelia, not him.

Gregory fixed him with a stare, "Let this be the last time, or don't wait for me to speak, just leave."

"Yes, thank you, Greg!"

Lucius scrambled up, his eyes filled with gratitude, "You have my word, I won't betray your trust again." Gregory waved him off, "Get out."

Lucius hurried after Ophelia.

Catching up to her just as she was about to drive off, Lucius stopped her, "Ophelia, I need to speak with you." Ophelia turned away, wiping her tears, "If you're here to say 'I told you so', save it."

"It's not that."

Lucius leaned in, looking through the car window, "Ophelia, I won't be with anyone else. I'll wait for your return."

Returning to Gregory's side was now

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from afar, without further

could facilitate a return.net

Ophelia scoffed, "Wait for me to return? If you truly cared, you'd come to Scandinavia."

Lucius frowned, "Greg needs me here."

Christine had a dinner meeting with clients and dropped me off at my apartment.

Alone, I headed upstairs, only to find a lady waiting by my door, bags full of groceries in her arms.

She hurried forward, "You must be Ms. Webster?"

"Yes, that's me."

I was puzzled, "And you are?"

"I'm Zoe, sent by Mr. Ford to take care of you."

Zoe seemed cheerful and friendly, perhaps sensing my hesitation, she added, "Don't worry, I won't be a bother. Just here to prepare meals and clean up."

Zoe smiled and said, "Greg cares about you. When he called me, his voice didn't sound normal."

It could be heard that Zoe had been in the Ford family for many years and was very familiar with Gregory's relationship.

Realizing Gregory had sent her, I let her in, "Please, come inside. I'll get your fingerprint set up for easy access." Zoe wasted no time, efficiently taking over the kitchen.

After a shower to rid the summer heat, I called Gregory, who answered promptly with a hint of warmth, "Hello?" His tone alone lifted my spirits, "Mr. Ford, thank you."

"For what?"

"For Zoe."

"Really thankful?"

I laughed, "Do I seem insincere?"

He teased, "Show your gratitude by opening the door for me."

"Huh?"

Surprised, I dropped my skincare routine to find him leaning casually against the hallway wall.

He quirked an eyebrow, "All cleaned up?"

"Yes."

I took his hand, "Why the sudden need to have Zoe look after me?"

He glanced at me, "I can't stand it."

"Can't stand what?"

Gregory sighed, pulling me close, "Can't stand seeing you so considerate. It pains me."

I looked up at him, "Pains you?"

"This pains me."

He placed my hand over his heart,

his voice deepening, "Jane, I don't

need

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t love me, that's let

"The rest is on me."

Chapter 492

Every word he said was like electricity, coursing from my ears straight to the very tip of my heart.

I let out a long sigh of relief, finally understanding the root of his mood swing at lunch.

Gregory noticed my sigh, a mix of relief and confusion dancing in his eyes. "Why the heavy sigh?" "Really? You have to ask?"

I pinched his waist, a playful grunt escaping me. "You were there, sipping on your soup, and suddenly, the atmosphere around you just shifted. Scared me half to death."

Gregory paused for a moment, his voice dropping to a whisper, "Why didn't you ask me about it then?"

"I was scared," I admitted, fidgeting with my hands. Under the weight of his love, I felt myself piecing back together, no longer worried about appearances or awkwardness, but simply looking up at him. "I guess I've gone so long without truly having anything that I get scared of losing it before it's even mine."

No sooner had the words left my mouth than his hand found its way to my head, ruffling my hair affectionately. He leaned down, his eyes, bright and undeniable, locked onto mine with a mix of exasperation and fondness. "Take it slow, Jane. I'm only thirty. Even if I don't live to be a hundred, I've still got a good four or five decades in me."

"I have all that time to make up for what I missed in my first twenty-something years."

"And plenty of time to make you believe that you've truly got me."

"Me, Gregory, heart and soul, and every part of me, all belong to you."

His words, meant to be tender and moving, somehow carried an extra layer of flirtation coming from him.

He drew closer, his breath enveloping me, igniting a warmth that spread across my cheeks, ears, and neck.

If we kept locking eyes, my racing heart was sure to give me away.

Blushing and embarrassed, I wriggled out of his grip on my waist. "Who said I wanted your body, you rogue!"

"And how am I a rogue?" he teased, his laughter pushing me back until I had no more room to retreat. Then, in a swift motion, he scooped me up by the thighs and placed me gently on the entryway cabinet.

Stepping forward, he parted my legs with his, looking down at me. "Jane, let me show you what being a rogue really means."

Before I could protest, his lips claimed mine with an assertive passion.

I jolted in surprise, pushing him away. "What are you doing? Zoe might..."

"Zoe's already left."

His voice was raspy, as if grinded down by sandpaper, and with that, his fervent kiss descended once more.

As the twilight settled around us, leaving only the dim light of the entryway to illuminate our space, I felt a sense of fullness, of being cherished uniquely by the man before me.

In that drowsy, half-aware moment, I realized something profound: in everyone's life, there's a

be

, cherished net

Surely, there must be someone destined to come into my life, just for me.

Chapter 493

He pieced me back together, light as a breeze after a summer storm, soothing the aches of my past into quiet reconciliation.

Suddenly, his cool, large hand slid my skirt up to my thighs, his whisper grazing my ear, "Jane, where did your mind wander off to? Am I not doing this right?"

I was nearly speechless, lifting my gaze to meet his bold face, feeling a soft warmth spreading within me. Leaning into his shoulders, I murmured, "I was thinking, Gregory, I think I've truly fallen for you." This wasn't just a crush.

Nor was it mere affection.

It wasn't even a lingering sentiment from childhood memories.

It was me, here and now, genuinely falling for him.

Hearing this, Gregory pinched my face, his tone fierce, "What do you mean? You mean to say you hadn't fallen for me when you agreed to be my girlfriend?"

"Of course not!"

His grip contorted my face, but he was gentle enough not to cause pain, so I didn't push him away. "I just misspoke, okay? Gregory, what I meant to say is, I've fallen for you even more."

He gave me a sideways glance, "Even more?"

"Are you not satisfied?"

"That's not it."

Gregory smiled, "I just wonder, when will you hit the peak?"

I curved my lips into a smile, "That depends on your performance. Keep it up."

"Keep it up? I'm about to show you just how much I can 'keep it up.'"

Gregory, ever the charmer, let his hand wander further down my thigh, pausing as he bit down on his lip, "Why hasn't your menstrual period ended yet?"

My cheeks burned, and I swatted his hand away, "Seven days! It can't just end up like that, otherwise, I'd be in the hospital by now!"

Gregory closed his eyes in

resignation, scooped me up,

me

wards the dining dded

" ov

Zoe had already prepared dinner, three dishes and a soup.

My eyes lit up at the sight, turning to Gregory, "All my favorites?"

In the summer heat, my appetite usually wanes.

Emma never catered to my tastes when she cooked, making me eat even less.

Thus, summer was always an unintentional diet season for me.

Gregory chuckled, "Am I doing enough now?"

"You are!"

I happily took my seat, serving myself two bowls of mushroom soup, devouring it eagerly.

This was favoritism in its purest form.

He always put my feelings, my experiences, my mood, and my needs first.

The doorbell suddenly rang.

As I got up to answer it, Gregory placed a hand on my shoulder, "Enjoy your meal, I'll get it."

Upon opening the door, Ike rushed in.

"Uncle Gregory!!"

Though he called for Gregory, he

zoomed past him, launching his arms, "Auntie Jane! Iks

into

missed you!" Content belk

Gregory's lips twitched at the sight of the

the

at the door, "Did you "

bet

my

"No."

Herbert's voice was calm, then he added, "Could you give me Edith's current hotel room number?"

Chapter 494

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Greg frowned, "You'd better ask her yourself."

The usually stoic finance news figure now seemed somewhat helpless, "You know she won't tell me anything."

Leaning against the hall table, Greg's voice was indifferent, "Instead of chasing after her, maybe you should clean up your act with those tabloid rumors first."

"Which rumors?"

"Mr. Taylor has so many tabloid stories?"

Greg couldn't hide his sarcasm, defending his sister's honor.

I had seen some of Herbert's tabloid tales, but they always seemed like wild goose chases.

Yet, Herbert never really made any effort to clear the air.

Herbert frowned, "She cares about that stuff?"

Greg was at a loss for words, "Ask her, not me."

With those words, he reached for the door.

Herbert stopped the door from closing, rubbing his temple in frustration, "If I could get anything out of her, I wouldn't be asking you."

"Mr. Taylor, that's rather amusing," Greg said, barely hiding a smirk. "You and she are divorced. Apart from some necessary business collaborations, we have nothing to do with each other. If you really care, go grovel to her directly. Why involve me?"

Greg didn't mince words.

After shutting the door, Greg returned to the dining table. I was a bit worried, "Is this really okay? After all, he is Ike's dad."

"Their issues can't be solved by a third party," Greg seemed to understand the dynamics of their relationship well. "A little provocation might be the only way for Edith to finally confront him."

I was puzzled, "Confront? But they're divorced."

Ike, propped up at the table, blinked his big eyes and sighed like an old soul, "Mom loves to get worked up with Dad."

Greg flicked Ike's forehead gently, "Little rascal."

Ike puffed up in defense, "I am not a little rascal!"

Barcelona, 3 a.m.

Herbert had been awake for two straight days and nights due to.

last-minute trip, barely sleepinnet

the plane while buried in work.

Pon

Upon landing, he took a cab straight to the hotel where Edith was staying.

He dropped his luggage in the room next door, planning to catch up on some sleep before dawn.

Yet, restlessness kept him wide awake. Deciding against sleep, he got up and knocked on the neighboring door.

The knock echoed in the quiet hallway.

Edith, not a morning person and startled in a foreign land by a late-night visit, asked through the door, "Who is it?" Herbert's voice was deep, "It's me."

Then the door opened, and a groggy

Edith, rubbing her eyes in t

peered out, "Herbert? What a

doing here?"

Her usually sultry face looked

confused, one spaghetti strap of her fallen down her arm of her

top

g sleep, hanging loose

Herbert reached out, adjusting the strap back onto her shoulder, "Why are you always in spaghetti straps?"

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Edith's eyes snapped open, irritation flaring as she glared at him. "What's wrong with you, Herbert? You came all the way from Vista Town just to check if I'm wearing a tank top?" "We're divorced! You don't get a say anymore!"

Edith was fuming.

Really, where did Herbert pop out from, some ancient tomb?

"No, that's not it."

Herbert withdrew his hand. "I came to explain about that model."

Edith laughed, "Model? Which one?"

He'd been linked with models left and right - if not ten, then at least eight.

The latest rumor involved a supermodel.

Herbert glanced into her room, "Can I come in?"

Without a word, Edith stepped aside to let him in, deliberately adding, "Keep it down, my boyfriend's still sleeping."

Herbert stiffened, casting a glance at the empty bed, a rare flicker of emotion crossing his face. "Edith, if you're trying to make me jealous, at least pick someone believable."

"Believable?"

Talking to Herbert always felt like they were speaking different languages, and once again, she exploded. "Herbert, stop being so self-righteous. Just because you're six or seven years older doesn't mean you can dictate my life!"

Thinking of Herbert's past actions, her anger grew. "What's wrong with wearing a tank top, or dating younger guys? And you talk about being believable. I'll have you know, tomorrow, I'm going to wear lingerie and find a younger man..."

"Tomorrow?"

Herbert suddenly wrapped his arms around her waist and pressed her down onto the soft bed. "Tomorrow, you won't be able to get out of bed!"

Already sleep-deprived, Edith's

could muster was cursing. "Herbert!

Edith couldn't help but wonder if she really wouldn't be able to get out of bed tomorrow.

"Shh..."

Herbert's brow furrowed, picking up on something. "Seems like those young guys aren't up to the mark?"

Nothing had changed since they parted ways!

They were both adults; how could

Edith not understand his

insinuation? Despite feeling almost broken, she retorted, "Herbert, I seriously doubt your manhood. Can't you just get on with it without all this nonsense?"

He tightened his grip on Edith's waist. "You're questioning whether I'm a man?"

Edith truly woke up while showering.

Half-dreaming, half-awake, she had ended up with her ex-husband.

Her mind was a mess. After changing out of her muddy nightgown, she hurried out the door.

Herbert grabbed her hand. "Where are you off to so early?"

"Buying medicine."

"What medicine?"

"What else?"

over

Edith gritted her teeth, aching all a night of unfamiliar glaring at Herbert.

"Contraceptives!" Content bovel.net

elongs to

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Edith's words seemed to tighten the grip of Herbert holding her hand, his palm burning against her wrist with an intensity that was almost unbearable.

Already dressed in his suit, the grey stripes lent Herbert an air of solidity and formality, a stark contrast to the passion they shared in bed. With an earnest tone, he explained, "Edith, taking the morning-after pill can mess with your hormones. It's not good for you."

Edith couldn't help but laugh, "You do realize that getting an abortion is even worse for your health, don't you?"

"Then keep the baby."

"Excuse me?" She gave him a disbelieving look. "Herbert, you can't possibly think you're being responsible here? We're divorced, and you still want me to have your child? Sure, in exchange for thirty percent of the Taylor Group's shares."

She knew Herbert held sixty percent of the Taylor Group's shares. Having a child and taking half of his shares seemed like a bold move, but Edith stood her ground confidently.

Herbert frowned slightly, "Edith, I can offer you real estate equivalent to the value of the shares, but the shares themselves involve too many complications."

Giving away thirty percent of the shares of a conglomerate was unimaginable; even one percent was a decision to be made with extreme caution. Since taking over the Taylor family business, Herbert had always put family interests first, relegating everything and everyone else to a secondary position. He bore not just his own destiny, but that of his entire family. Every decision had to be

made flawlessly.

Edith laughed, a hint of disappointment in her voice, "Herbert, don't forget, I'm a Ford through and through. Do you really think I'm blinded by greed?"

Born into the Ford family, Edith was used to having influence and held idealistic views about love. This was the main reason why she agreed to an arranged marriage and then decided to divorce. She yearned for a love that was whole-hearted and unconditional, which Herbert could not provide. Beyond himself, Herbert trusted no one. His inherent mistrust was his nature, but it was a

deal-breaker for Edith.

Herbert was puzzled. "Then what do you want? Are the shares that important to you?"

"It's not about the shares," Edith

thought, knowing it was futile to explain further. She withdrew her wrist, her tone indifferent, "Yes, it's only the shares I want. If you can't provide them, then don't bother coming back."

"I'll consider it," Herbert said, stepping beyond his usual boundaries, not forgetting his original intent for the visit, "About that model..." "Hold on." Edith interrupted, her curiosity piqued, "First off, what's gotten into you to suddenly show up and sort out all your messes for me?" During their marriage, she had asked him once, not long after they had gotten married.

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Herbert's response still lingered in Edith's mind.

"Don't worry about it." he said.

It was almost as if he had said, "It's none of your business."

From that moment on, Edith couldn't be bothered to ask another question.

Hearing this, Herbert realized she genuinely cared and decided to elaborate, "Gregory mentioned it to me. Edith, that mode is the new face of our latest product line. I bumped into her once in the parking garage when she came to sign the endorsement contract."

Edith asked, "That's it?"

Herbert replied, "That's it."

Edith knew he wasn't lying, but she couldn't help marveling at the paparazzi's ability to make mountains out of molehills.

A single encounter in the parking garage was twisted into a sensational story about Herbert being seen with a supermodel, hinting at a looming announcement of good news.

Edith nodded, "Okay, got it."

Herbert asked, "That's it?"

Edith replied, "That's it."

Herbert looked at her, asking, "...And what about your new boyfriend?"

Edith's social media featured a young, handsome mixed-race guy. He was different from the one half a month ago.

Edith said, "How can he show up if you don't leave?"

Herbert casually asked, "Where did you find this actor?"

Edith was surprised. "Actor?"

"Not an actor? Don't tell me you really change boyfriends every two weeks, Edith, you're not that reckless." "Knock, knock-"

A vibrant young man opened the door from outside, uncertainly knocked upon seeing the scene, and looked at Edith with a cheeky grin, his English smooth as silk, "Edith, are we playing a threesome today?"

Herbert's face went dark! His mood changed faster than a scene in a sitcom.

Edith glanced at Herbert, asking, "What do you think, Mr. Taylor?"

"Nonsense!"

Herbert's expression darkened, he opened her suitcase, and started to haphazardly stuff clothes and personal items inside.

Edith was astonished. "Herbert, what are you doing?!"

"This trip has been fun enough, it's time to go home!"

Herbert snapped the suitcase shut, grabbed it with one hand, and Edith with the other, and started dragging her out.

Edith was furious. "You lunatic! Asshole! Fossil! You think you're still my husband? You can't control me! Let go of me!"

The mixed race guy stood at the

door, clicking his tongue in disapproval, adding fuel to the fire, "Edith, why is this old guy so violent? Isn't he afraid of hurting you I would never treat you like that..."

For the first time, Edith saw a flash of anger on Herbert's face!

The moment Herbert suddenly let go of her
again wrist, she quickly grabbed it
"Herbert! I'll listen to you, let's go to "

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Herbert lowered his gaze, his face still clouded with anger. "No more games for three?"

Edith was somewhat puzzled. "So what if we play? Are you mad about that?"

Herbert struggled to suppress his rising temper, just as the mixed-race guy spoke up,
"Come on, man, is it because people your age don't like to play board games
anymore?"

Herbert's brows twitched at the comment, turning to Edith, "When you said 'game,' you
meant board games?"

"What else?"

Edith rolled her eyes, finishing her sentence before it dawned on her. She stared at
Herbert in disbelief. "Herbert, you always look so serious, and here I thought you were
thinking of something filthy?" She was still teasing when Herbert had already moved on.

Herbert cleared his throat awkwardly, keeping his cool, and quickly changed the topic.
"Didn't you promise to return home with me? Let's go, the car is waiting downstairs."

He didn't have much time this trip.

The plan was only to see her and then catch the early flight back home the next day.
There were several project meetings waiting for him.

Bringing her back with him would be ideal.

Edith began to have second thoughts, "I wanted to have a few more days of fun..."

Herbert, "Ike misses you."

"That's impossible."

Edith knew her son too well, "Ever since he was little, he's always been looking for ways to stick with Gregory. It's just that Gregory wasn't fond of kids back then and wouldn't bother with him. Now that Gregory needs him, he couldn't be happier."

"Needs him for what?"

As Herbert led her downstairs to check out, he was puzzled, "What could a kid possibly help Gregory with?"

"You wouldn't understand."

"Try me."

"Chasing after his crush."

Edith glanced at him, murmuring in a teasing tone, "You've never really
stone, "You've never r
love with anyone net
understand?"

Herbert's expression darkened momentarily, as if lost in thought for a second. "Who told you I've never been in love?"

"Who, me?" Edith laughed, her voice seductive and enticing.

That morning, I woke up groggy Ike and took him to the bathroom to freshen up.

Zoe was already in the kitchen, preparing breakfast. The air was filled with the sweet aroma of eight-treasure porridge.

"Jane!" Christine suddenly burst out of her room, phone in hand, searching for me.

She stopped at the bathroom door, hopping excitedly, "We're completely viral again!"

Looking at her with dark circles

last night's hangover, I handed Ike

his toothbrush with

"What went viral this

time?

Chapter 499

"Jane, darling!"

Christine handed me her phone, excitement bubbling in her voice. "You've got to see this! Last night, Bella hit the red carpet in your design, and she totally stole the show. Not only did she mention you and Janedream during her interview, but her team also tweeted about us, tagging our studio."

"Bella's like a walking, talking headline magnet. Whoever gets linked to her hits the jackpot. Now, your name's all over the trending topics."

"Orders on Janedream's online store have skyrocketed, and we're booked solid for custom designs through next year. If you hadn't capped advance orders to a year, we'd be swamped for ages..."

"What time is it even? I've already got managers of A-list celebs sliding into my DMs. The moment I accept them, they're all clamoring for your personal touch on their outfits! They're even willing to pay double!" I was momentarily stunned. "She mentioned me and Janedream?"

Just yesterday, Ike spent the day at the Taylor estate, returning utterly spent. He clung to me for a bedtime story and, before I knew it, I had drifted off to sleep alongside him, completely forgetting about the film festival.

Now, checking my own social feed, notifications were off the charts.

Bella's team posted: In gratitude to renowned designer @Jane, @Janedream for their work.

Accompanying the post were stunning shots of Bella, arranged in a grid.

Despite our previous fallout, I had yet to see her in the gown. Opening the photos, the impact was undeniable.

The comments were unanimously adoring, with heaps of praise for the designer.

"Exactly." Christine was over the moon. "A single statement from her, one post, and it's done more for us than two years of marketing efforts. You should give her a call, say thanks."

"...Maybe later." I hesitated.

Given Bella's attitude last time, it was clear she wasn't keen on further interactions.

It was likely something the Myers family or perhaps Victor had done to deeply offend her.

Yet, as distant as my relationship

with kin, and

astor might be, we were stikket

it felt wrong to impose on a's goodwill.

Christine saw right through me. "Worried about last time?"

I nodded. "Yeah."

"But if Bella made the gesture last night, doesn't it mean she's moved on?"

"Who knows?" I couldn't help but laugh at the situation. "I can't just take her generosity as a stepping stone, can I?"

Just then, my phone began to ring, cutting our conversation short.

The caller

taking

me

displayed Bella's name, by surprise. Without

answered with a smile,

another moment's hes

with a smile, "Ms. Taylor!"

Chapter 500

On the other end of the line, Bella's voice, tinged with laughter, came through, "Jane, thank you so much. That dress you designed was totally stunning! Right after the

awards ceremony last night, top luxury brands started reaching out to Ivy for global endorsements."

Hearing this, my spirits soared, "Really? That's fantastic!"

For celebrities, especially ones at Bella's level, ordinary endorsements were hardly worth considering. If they were to take on endorsements, it had to be from the crème de la crème of luxury brands.

But for local artists, getting noticed by such brands was rare, and becoming an ambassador for one could have fans talking for ages, let alone a global spokesperson.

Though, for Bella, this was just the icing on the cake.

"Truly." Bella's voice softened as she chuckled, then she asked, "Once everything is signed and sealed, would you come to the celebration party?"

I detected a hint of caution in her voice, as if she was worried about saying something that might upset me.

Unsure whether to accept, I decided to address the elephant in the room, "Ms. Taylor, you seemed a bit uneasy when I mentioned Victor last time. If there's any issue between you two, I need to know."

There was a brief silence on the line.

I said, "Ms. Taylor, while I'd rather not, he is my father. If his relationship with me bothers you, we can have Christine handle our work communications..."

"Don't get me wrong." Bella quickly interjected, her laugh returning, "My past with your father... you might find out eventually, but it won't affect our relationship. I apologize for any rudeness before. Jane, my invitation is sincere."

Feeling reassured, I smiled warmly, "Then I shall graciously accept!"

After all, if I wanted to rise to the top of the custom design world, mingling in the entertainment industry was a fast track. It was an opportunity I couldn't turn down.

After hanging up, Bella felt a wave of melancholy, holding onto her phone for a long while.

Ivy placed a freshly brewed cup of herbal tea before her, "Why not just tell her the whole story?"

"...How can I?"

Bella took a sip of her tea, "Tell her that she might actually be my biological daughter? We're still waiting for the DNA test results. If it turns out Summer really is my daughter, things will only get more awkward between Jane and me."

"Maybe it's best to wait until everything settles."

Bella rubbed her temples. Ever since she started having doubts about Summer's real identity, she hadn't had a single peaceful night. Her heart was torn.

She blamed herself for not being more cautious, allowing someone to exploit the situation.

Recently, Ivy had delved into Jane's past, discovering she had been kidnapped and lost, then raised by foster parents until the age of eight.

After her foster parents passed away, she lived under her aunt's roof, taking up part-time jobs from middle school to support herself.

Ivy learned from her former

neighbors that no matter the season she was relegated to sleeping on the balcony, and had to prepare breakfast for her uncle and cousin before heading to school.

Her marriage was unhappy, she had suffered greatly, and had even lost a child, without the luxury of a proper recovery.

If Jane was indeed her own daughter, Bella's heart ached as if cut by a knife!

Even if she offered everything she owned, Bella felt it wouldn't be enough to make up for everything.

The guilt nearly consumed her.

Seeing Bella's expression, Ivy knew she was overthinking again. Bella had always been resilient, except when it came to her only bloodline, where she often couldn't forgive herself.

Ivy knew better than to argue, simply saying, "I'll push the agency for a quicker result."

This time, to avoid alerting anyone, they had sent the samples by private jet to two different agencies abroad, which took an extra two or three days. Though slower, it was more discreet.

If someone tampered with it again, Ivy would be baffled, wondering if they were dealing with a human or a ghost!

Bella nodded, urging, "Hurry, please. I won't have peace of mind until we know for sure."

All that was left was to confirm Summer's identity.