

Lost Me, Gained Regret (Jane and Bryant Ferguson)

Chapter 541

"Yeah."

Lucius stood just outside the boardroom, glancing towards the doorway with a troubled expression, "They're in the middle of a shareholders' meeting. The whole debacle with the M398 chip has blown out of proportion. Gregory initially wanted to halt production immediately, but several major shareholders disagreed. There's probably someone pulling strings from behind at PL Group too, refusing to negotiate and pushing for a lawsuit instead. This led to our stocks plummeting eight points as soon as the market opened today. Mr. Ford and his faction are using this as an opportunity to try and oust Gregory from Ford Enterprises again."

The situation was a classic case of being stuck between a rock and a hard place.

"Damn, talk about a stab in the back."

Clarence cursed, a sentiment anyone could understand. With such a headache-inducing situation, it was no wonder he missed a call from Jane.

But Clarence hadn't forgotten what was important, "Anyway, you need to barge into that meeting right now and tell him his wife's in trouble. It's an emergency."

"Jane's in trouble?!" Lucius knew all too well how much Gregory valued his wife. His expression tightened, "I'm on it. Gotta hang up now!"

Pushing open the boardroom door, the immediate shift of everyone's gaze towards him made his legs go weak for a moment.

Not because he was afraid of interrupting the meeting.

But because if anything happened to Gregory's wife, he didn't even want to think about where Gregory might send him as punishment.

Gregory sensed something was off, his aura turning frosty as he fixed his eyes on Lucius. "What happened?"

"Boss..." Lucius leaned in, whispering in his ear, "It's about your wife... something's happened..."

Before he could even finish, Gregory was already on his feet, striding towards the door!

Lucius, startled, quickly followed him.

"What's the meaning of this, Mr. Gregory? The shareholder's meeting isn't over yet! With the company facing such a crisis, don't you think you owe us an explanation?"

"Ha! Since when did he ever consider us?"

"Gregory! Just try walking out now!"

Hanson, seizing the moment, stood up in a fury, slamming his hand on the table. "Do you even care about us anymore?! Do you think you own Ford Enterprises?! Is it that Jane who's in trouble? Always so caught up your personal life, you're unfit to lead this company! If you don't care about Ford Enterprises, then get lost!"

Hearing this, Gregory's expression turned venomous, his gaze as lethal as poison. After whispering something to Lucius, who hurried out immediately, Gregory turned back to face his father. His eyes were icy, devoid of any warmth as

he looked at his own father like an enemy, scoffing, "Hanson, if I find out you had anything to do with her trouble, you better pick out a coffin for yourself."

"Otherwise, this unfilial son might just leave your body unburied."

With that, he turned, his tall figure moving swiftly down the stairs, leaving the boardroom in a stunned silence.

What had Gregory just said?

Was he really threatening his own father over a woman?

The room buzzed with whispers and murmurs as everyone tried to wrap their heads around Gregory's bold declaration.

There was a mix of fear and respect for his ruthless stance.

Some began to rethink their earlier comments, wary of crossing someone with seemingly no moral boundaries. The consensus was clear: it was time to tread carefully around Gregory, a man who wouldn't even spare his own father.

There was a mix of pity and schadenfreude in the glances cast towards Hanson, but some couldn't help but think he had it coming. The old scandal involving Gregory's paternity had caused the man much grief.

It was a case of the sins of the father visited upon the son, but in this instance, the son was not one to be trifed with.

"Ugh-"

Hanson, humiliated in front of his peers, felt a burning rage that brought a bitter taste to his throat, and with a gush, he spat out blood right there and then!

...Could he have been angered to death?

Chapter 542

Hanson gripped the edge of the conference table, his body swaying slightly. In the next second, he fell straight to the floor, unconscious. The meeting room erupted into chaos!

Ever since Paul fell ill two years ago and Gregory was presumed dead in an explosion, Hanson had taken the reins of the Ford Group.

Although Gregory had recently made a dramatic return to the Ford Group, the media's spotlight remained fixated on Hanson.

And now, with the Ford Group's stock experiencing turbulent times, Hanson's sudden collapse - right into a hospital bed, no less - was quickly seized upon by the media. Investors were panicking, many who had been on the fence about selling off their shares decided to bail.

If Hanson was out of the picture, the Ford Group looked like it was on the verge of chaos, teetering dangerously close to bankruptcy.

Then came the anonymous leak, claiming Hanson's collapse was triggered by his own son over a woman - and not just any woman, but one who had been married before. But that wasn't all. The leaker even provided recordings.

"Hanson, if anything happens to her, you better have your coffin ready! Otherwise, I might just dump your body somewhere."

"Dude, that voice sounds like that wild Mr. Ford, doesn't it? But seriously, what a voice!"

"It's gotta be him... The Ford family only has that one son out in the open. That illegitimate child from before wouldn't dare pull something like this."

"Damn, that's so cool! If I had a husband who stood up for me like that, I wouldn't have to put up with half the stuff I do."

"Right?! Which way do I need to pray to snag a man like that?"

"Can you guys not? Planning to kill his own dad over a woman, and you're all cheering?!"

"Exactly, you can remarry but you only get one dad."

"Instead of arguing about this, I'm
more curious about who this
woman is Everyone knows Mr. Ford
usually keeps his distance from
women. What's her deal? Did
she
bewitch him or comes from some
powerful family?"

"If she was really from a big-shot family, we'd definitely know about it. She wouldn't be keeping it so low-key."

"Who knows what kind of siren she
is, and
ady on her second Probably turned
s house upside down."

"You're right, her ex-husband must've jumped through hoops to get rid of her. Bad news!"

"Poor Mr. Ford..."

"Wow, internet judges quick to condemn based on a rumor, aren't we?"

"What, can't we even talk now?"

Online debates raged, but with some people stirring the pot, the voices condemning Jane grew louder and louder.

Sitting back, Dorothy's lips curled in satisfaction!

She was determined to see this woman's downfall!

Outside the abandoned factory, four or five men stood guard.

All of them were tall foreigners, clearly skilled in combat.

As we got out of the car, two men approached us with metal bars, eyeing Mark before fixing a hostile gaze on me. "You're here

rKane?"

they asked.

The Kane they're talking about was probably the person on the phone.

I nodded. "Yes, where's Ramona?"

"Come on in. Kane's been waiting for you."

Chapter 543

As soon as we entered, one of the men led us up a staircase without any railings. Looking up, I saw a middle-aged man with a fierce face, sitting with his leg crossed on a chair, and next to him, Ramona, still

unconscious and tied up!

"Ramona!" I hurried towards her.

Her frail body couldn't withstand such rough handling!

But before I could get close, a gun was pressed against my temple as a warning.

"Jack!"

The middle-aged man, who previously seemed uninterested, now looked somewhat apprehensive. He slowly uncrossed his legs and smiled, "What are you doing? Ms. Webster is just worried about her grandma. No need to draw guns."

"Understood."

The gun was withdrawn from my head.

But looking at Kane, I felt a chill run down my spine. Despite his smile, his gaze was venomous, instilling fear.

He lit a cigar. "Ms. Webster, are you afraid of me?"

"I came because you asked me to."

I didn't want to engage in unnecessary talk and got straight to the point, "How can we make sure Ramona is released?"

"Well, that's a good question." Kane seemed genuinely entertained. "How about... we exchange her for you?"

Click-

As soon as he finished speaking, I heard the distinct sound of a gun being cocked. Mark aimed his handgun squarely at Kane, his expression determined and stern, "Then you'll have to ask my gun if it agrees! "Do you think you can leave this place alive if you shoot me?"

Kane wasn't fazed, but then he changed his tone, flicked the ash off his cigar, and looked at me. "Ms. Webster, no need to be on edge. I'm not here to rob or kill today, just need to know one thing."

I pressed down Mark's gun-bearing hand, asking, "What is it?"

"The will of Ramona."

"So, what's your relation with Dorothy and Pearl?"

If it was someone else, they wouldn't need to inquire about the will to get their hands on the Myers family's fortune.

But Kane, mentioning the will right off the bat, if it wasn't for those two, then what?

Kane sneered, snuffing out his cigar, and stood up, clapping his hands as he walked towards me, his warning cold and menacing, "Ms. Webster, don't ask questions you shouldn't.

Just answer mine, and we're good."

I instinctively stepped back, "I don't know the contents of Ramona's will. I only heard about it from Pearl."

"You're her granddaughter, and she never told you?" he squinted, suspicious.

I retorted coldly, "If you know so much, then you should also be aware that Ramona's health only recently improved. Before that, she often mistook people for others, let alone remember such matters."

"Is that so?" Suddenly, he grabbed my throat fiercely. "You're not playing tricks on me, are you?"

Before I could respond, Mark swung his fist at him, gritting his teeth. "I told you not to touch her!"

"Ugh..." Kane staggered from the blow, releasing me as pain flashed across his face. Just when I thought he would retaliate, he suddenly laughed!

"Mr. Larson, such a temper?"

"You know each other?" I asked.

Chapter 544

I caught myself glancing at Mark, the question slipping out before I could think better of it.

This Kane, a new player in the game, clearly wasn't aligned with Jarrod's crew, judging by his henchmen.

Mark's brows furrowed slightly, just as he was about to reply, Kane's smirk deepened, sending a shiver down my spine. "The famous Mr. Larson, who hasn't heard of you? Besides, if I'm going after you, I'd naturally need to know who's in your circle."

Mark, usually the picture of calm, now looked menacing, his voice ice cold, "Let her go."

"Let her go?" Kane wiped his bloody lip, casually sauntering back to his seat with an eyebrow cocked at Mark. "Mr. Larson, how about a deal instead?"

Mark's voice was steady, "What kind of deal?"

"Let's join forces. You help me take down the Myers family."

Kane glanced at me, his tone loaded with implication. "I can deliver Ms. Webster to your doorstep right now, erase all traces so seamlessly that neither the Fords nor the Fergusons would find her. How about it?"

"As far as I know, you've had a thing for her for years, haven't you?"

"Guarding someone in silence only ends up moving yourself."

Kane's smirk turned sinister. "Why not claim her sooner rather than later, what do you say?"

A jolt of fear struck me.

If Mark agreed, I had no doubt Kane could make it happen.

My grandmother's mysterious disappearance from the hospital, with not even the surveillance footage left behind...

I masked my panic, turning to see Mark shielding me further behind him, his expression icy as he refused without a second thought, "I'm not about to collaborate with someone like you. Now, are you going to let her go or not?"

Relief washed over me. How sensitive I had become.

Time and again, it was Mark who stood by me, yet here I was, doubting him.

"Let her go? Of course," Kane said with a bizarre smile, suddenly grabbing a syringe filled with a clear liquid from one of his men. "But, Ms. Webster, I do expect a prompt response regarding that will." I stared at the syringe, eyes wide, "What are you planning?!"

"Simply..."

Kane drew out the moment before suddenly jabbing the needle towards my grandmother's arm.

I knew instinctively it wasn't any ordinary medication and dashed forward, "Stop!"

"Bang-"

The foreigner who had led us here suddenly fired at me, but in the nick of time, a strong hand pulled me back, shielding me.

The sound of a bullet entering flesh echoed.

My mind went blank, "Mark..."

"I'm okay." Mark scanned me quickly, ensuring I was unharmed before offering a reassuring smile. "Don't be afraid."

But blood was already seeping through his white shirt from his arm.

I gasped. "You've been shot!"

"It's nothing."

Mark shook his head gently,

comforti

me before quickly

seizing the moment to coldly annet

preloaded gun at the shooter and

his

pull the trigger.

]His gun was fitted with a silencer.

Louder than the shot was the thud of Kane's man hitting the floor.

The next second, Mark's aim was steady and precise on a new target-Kane.

The gun pointed right between Kane's brows, ready to end it with a single pull.

Kane, fearless, watched Mark with amusement. "Do you think Ramona would fare well if I died? Or that you could leave here alive? My men are all over the place!"

His words barely finished when familiar, urgent footsteps

approached. Gregory burst in,.

storm of fury, and pulled me into his embrace, "Jane!"

My heart raced, my voice trembled.

Before I could say anything, he stepped back, checking me over for any injuries. Finding none, he finally managed to steady his shaking fingers.

Chapter 545

"Gregory..."

The moment I saw him, a wave of relief washed over me, and I calmly said, "They injected Ramona with something, I have no clue what it was."

"Wow,"

Kane feigned surprise, "Mr. Ford really goes all out for love, huh? Coming here all by himself?"

As he said, it was clear he had done his homework on everyone close to me.

Gregory ignored his comments, let go of me, and began pacing towards him, step by step, his voice seemingly casual but laced with barely concealed fury, "I came because I knew I could leave in one piece. You should be more worried about yourself."

"I..." Kane was about to retort when he realized the gravity of the situation, his expression darkening. "What about my men downstairs?"

"They might be injured or worse." Gregory smirked. "Either way, no one's coming to your rescue."

Kane was speechless. "Impossible!"

Gregory simply said, "See for yourself."

Kane didn't need to because Gregory's unannounced appearance on the second floor said it all.

Yet, there had been no noise from downstairs.

How Gregory managed it was a mystery!

After all, those guarding the entrance were top-tier international mercenaries.

Gregory glanced at Ramona, unconscious on the side, his eyes narrowing dangerously, "The antidote."

Kane, far from being rattled, smirked. "How can you tell it's poison and not just some harmless glucose solution?" "Stop stalling for time waiting for backup."

Mark, clutching his wound, said, "Without the antidote, do you think you can leave once the cops arrive?!"

"That remains to be seen."

Kane glanced at me, and just as Gregory was about to make a move, he knocked over Ramona's chair. Gregory lunged to catch her, and in that moment, Kane vaulted over the windowsill. A smoke bomb exploded below.

Mark ran to the window, but the escape route was obscured by smoke.

Lucius was heard ordering his men, "Spread out and pursue!"

"Greg..." Ramona murmured Gregory's name in a daze before losing consciousness again.

I hurried over as Gregory picked up Ramona, reassuring me, "Don't panic, let's get Ramona to the hospital first."

"Okay."

I looked at Mark, noticing his arm was seriously wounded, "You should come too, Mark. Gunshot wounds can't be ignored."

Upon reaching the hospital, Ramona and Mark were rushed into the emergency room.

Ramona's condition was complicated, requiring immediate attention from various specialists.

Mark had a gunshot wound but being at the Ford family's hospital, and arriving with Gregory, the doctors didn't ask too many questions and quickly attended to his wound. Seeing Mark emerge, I stepped forward, "How are you feeling? All good?"

"Take a look."

Mark showed me the neatly bandaged wound on his arm, his lips a shade paler but he still managed a smile, "Told you it was nothing, didn't I?" "It's not exactly 'nothing'."

The doctor, noticing Mark's casual attitude, couldn't help but turn to me with a warning, "You must be a family member? Though it's just an arm wound and not life-threatening, it can be serious if not properly cared for. If neglected, it might affect..."

"Affect what?"

Gregory, with his arm around my shoulders, raised an eyebrow at the doctor, his tone teasing, "You think he, a grown man, can't take care of a little wound by himself? That my fiancée needs to nurse him?"

"My fiancée," he emphasized heavily.

The doctor immediately swallowed, hastily changing his tune, "Of course, Mr. Ford, that wasn't what I meant. just meant to say, who doesn't get a scratch or two? No need to worry too much. Just make sure to come in for a check-up if anything feels off and keep up with the dressing changes, and that should do it."

Chapter 546

I sighed, turning to Mark. "Mark, thanks for everything today. And this injury... you got it because of me. If there's anything I can do to help, please don't hesitate to call."

"Sure."

Mark offered a light smile, glancing towards the direction of the emergency room. "Since Mr. Ford is with you, I'll head off. I'll be around Vista Town for a while, so feel free to reach out if you need anything." "Take care and get well soon, Mr. Larson."

Gregory, with his casual charm, slung his arm around my shoulders. "If she needs anything, I'm here. Chances are she won't be needing to trouble Mr. Larson."

Mark arched an eyebrow, "We'll see about that."

After a brief farewell, Mark left.

His departure left my thoughts entangled with worries for my grandmother, unsure of her condition inside the emergency room. Kane said the medication given to her wasn't immediately deadly. But if it was poison, the antidote wouldn't be easily obtained... My thoughts were a tangled mess.

The comforting hand on my shoulder gave a gentle squeeze. "Worried about Ramona?"

"Yeah." I nodded, voicing my concern. "Just when she was on the mend, this happens. I'm not sure if she can withstand this..."

"Let's wait for the doctor's word," Gregory suggested, hugging me and smoothing out my disheveled hair. "Don't worry, your grandma has always been a fighter. Plus, whatever comes our way, we'll face it together."

Looking up into his eyes, I found a sliver of comfort and let out a sigh, "Okay."

Before Ramona could emerge, Lucius arrived instead.

Gregory cut straight to the chase. "Didn't catch him?" "No."

Lucius hung his head. "There's a river behind the factory. The guy's a strong swimmer, jumped right in. We searched up and down the river, and scoured the nearby areas too. Nothing." "Greg, I'm sorry for not being thorough enough. I'll take whatever comes."

"No rush," Gregory said, checking his watch. "Take your team and search the area again later."

Lucius was puzzled. "Search again?"

"The most dangerous place is often the safest," Gregory succinctly explained, then pressed, "Did you get anything out of his cronies?"

"Not a word."

ét

Lucius shook his head, frustration evident, "Whoever this guy is, his men are tight-lipped. But I noticed they all have the same tattoo on the inside of their arm."

Mark stepped out of the hospital, his assistant waiting in the car.

Once inside, his gentle demeanor vanished as he made a call, his tone icy. "Where?"

After receiving a brief reply, he hung up without another word, instructing his assistant, "To the Cove Mansion."

Not located in the city center, the mansion was near the abandoned factory, just a few minutes' drive away.

The car sped off, the assistant catching glimpses of Mark's barely contained anger through the rearview mirror.

Not wanting to provoke him but needing to ask, the assistant ventured, "Mr. Larson, PL Group is asking what their next step should be?"

"Pull back."

"Pull back? Now?"

"Do I need to repeat myself?"

There was no longer any point for PL to continue clashing with the Ford Group.

Hanson had squandered a perfect opportunity to keep Gregory busy, failing miserably.

It was time for PL to step back. Otherwise, with Gregory's capabilities, it would only serve as an opportunity for him to solidify his standing within the Ford Group and possibly even trace things back to Mark. .

After all, it was a deeply rooted

family;

Tin minor scuffle wasn't

them down. Patience t

haste wouldn't bring success.

Chapter 547

The assistant hurriedly said, "Yes, I'll convey your message to them right away."

When the car stopped at the Sky Isle Mansion, the mansion's owner was quite flamboyant, keeping even the front door wide open.

However, several men in black were patrolling the yard.

Mark's fury could no longer be contained, nor did it need to be.

"Mr. M!"

Seeing Mark get out of the car, the men in black greeted him respectfully.

Kane was lounging on the couch, legs crossed on the coffee table, body still shaking slightly, when he saw Mark stride in!

Before he could sit up straight, a fist smashed hard into his temple!

It was a punch meant to be lethal.

Kane, not one to take things lying down, was about to retaliate, but he hesitated, merely holding his forehead and glaring at Mark, cursing, "Are you insane??" "Me, insane?"

Mark pressed the barrel of a gun against his forehead, his gaze venomous, and growled, "I think you're the one with a death wish! Who gave you permission to shoot at her?! I said, don't touch her!!"

His words were filled with rage, as if his deepest anger had been provoked!

He wished he could strangle Kane right there and then.

Kane knew Mark cared for Jane, but he hadn't expected him to go this mad for her.

Having seen what Mark was capable of, Kane didn't doubt that Mark could shoot him dead. Kane's teeth chattered as he explained, "You were there, you know it wasn't intentional. She was rushing at me like mad, and my men probably panicked and fired the shot."

"Bang-"

As soon as Kane finished speaking, a silenced-muted gunshot sounded!

He shuddered, taking a moment to realize the bullet hadn't hit him but a photo frame in the living room.

The frame, showcasing a little girl's picture, was hit right between the eyes and fell to the ground.

Mark's lips curled into a smile,

though his eyes remained cold. He

tapped Kane's face with the gun,

"Dare to target her again, and next time, it won't be a photo I'm shooting at."

"You..." Kane let out a long sigh of relief, a mix of wariness and a forced

smile on his face, "I suddenly don't know whether meeting you in Country Y was a blessing or a

curse."

Mark scoffed, "All you need to know is that without me, you'd still be begging on the streets of Country Y, a wanted fugitive with no power or men under your command."
"Josiah, don't bite the hand that feeds you."

"Wouldn't dare."

Kane rubbed his sore temple,

tossing a cigar to Mark, his gaze falling on Mark's arm. "Looking like that, Ms. Webster didn't take good care of you? She's rather

cold-hearted..."

"Is it your place to comment on her?" Mark, displeased, clenched the cigar between his teeth, waiting for Kane to light it before he spoke coldly, "Where's the antidote?"

"What antidote?" Mark frowned.

"Don't play dumb with me."

Realizing what Mark meant, Kane quickly responded, "We had an agreement, the Myers family matter, I'd handle..."

"We also agreed not to harm her in the slightest."

Mark interrupted darkly, toying with the black handgun, "One breach of contract each, that's not too much, right? Or do you prefer I treat you with your own medicine?"

"...Fine!"

Kane, knowing he was being threatened, could only grit his teeth and comply, ordering his men to fetch a black glass vial from upstairs.

Mark reached out, and the vial was handed to him.

Kane squinted, his eyes revealing his cunning, "Mr. Larson, are you planning to use this antidote to curry favor with Ms. Webster?"

Mark took a puff of his cigar. "What do you think?"

"It can't be that simple, can it?"

Chapter 548

Kane had been Mark's right-hand man for years, but being more than two decades his senior, he could often read between the lines of what Mark was really thinking.

Kane was well aware of the fact that he was dealing with a man who didn't shy away from getting his hands dirty. The only question that remained unanswered was how far Mark's obsession with Ms. Webster would go.

When would his patience run out, prompting him to take a more direct approach rather than weaving this intricate web of plans and schemes?

Stuffing a vial into his suit pocket under Kane's inquisitive gaze, Mark stood up. "Let's get moving."

Kane paused. "And what comes next..."

"Your immediate priority..." Mark glanced toward the yard, his voice cold, "is to get your men and move to a new location."

"Move?" Kane frowned. "The Ford family has already turned this place inside out. It's safer here now than anywhere else."

Mark nonchalantly tossed the remains of his cigar into the ashtray, clearly annoyed. "You think Gregory is playing games? If you've thought of it, don't you think he has too?" Glancing at his watch, he warned, "You've got less than ten minutes. Vista Town is Ford territory. Until all your assets are back home, you'd do well to keep a low profile."

After Mark took off, Kane wasn't totally convinced but figured it was better to play it safe and start planning a move.

Before leaving for home, Kane had secured several properties.

On the road, he still felt Mark might be overreacting.

Just as he began to scoff at the idea, one of his men reported, "Boss Kane, our guys at the Bayview Villa got word. Gregory's men did make another sweep." Stunned, Kane checked the time-exactly ten minutes had passed, not a second more or less.

Mark was indeed a man of deep calculations.

As the evening approached, the doors of the emergency room finally swung open.

The serious look on the doctor's face said it all.

"Mr. Ford..."

My heart sank. Gregory squeezed my shoulder reassuringly, turning to the doctor, "No need to beat around the bush. Just tell us how Ramona is doing."

"She's...awake."

The doctor seemed troubled as he spoke, "But there's definitely poison in her system, and so far, nobody can identify it."

I clenched my fists, "How serious is the poison? What effects could it have?"

Seeing my concern, the doctor's face softened slightly, "It appears to be a slow-acting poison. So far, it hasn't affected Ramona's health."

I quickly asked, "Is there any way to counteract the poison?"

Given Kane's ominous intentions,

even if there were no immediate effects, future complications were inevitable. The only solution was to find an antidote quickly.

"At the moment..."

The doctor shook his head, "There's no known cure."

Gregory's brows furrowed, "All the experts are stumped?"

The doctor hurriedly replied, "Gaye has taken a team to the lab, hoping to identify the poison first. That's the only way we might find a cure." Hearing this, my unease grew.

Suddenly, Gregory checked his phone, "Don't worry. Have you heard of Dr. Abdul? Herbert has reached out to him, and he's on his way here." I was surprised, "Herbert knows?"

As for Dr. Abdul, I had indeed heard of him—a renowned figure in alternative medicine, though he had been out of the public eye for years. His involvement was a beacon of hope.

"Not just Herbert. Bella is also on her way to the hospital."

In that moment, Gregory's usual flamboyant demeanor was replaced by a calm resolve, "So, don't worry. We're all in this together. Jane, you're not alone."

Chapter 549

"...Okay."

Later that evening, Ramona was transferred from the emergency room to a VIP ward. Her face was pale, but she was fully conscious.

Before I could even get close, Bella, Herbert, and Abdul had all arrived.

"Jane!" The moment Bella heard the news, she rushed over, her eyes brimming with urgency and redness. Upon seeing me, she enveloped me in a hug. "You scared me to death! Why didn't you contact me directly when something happened? Taking risks on your own, what would I do if something happened to you?"

"Mom..." I clenched my hand, unused to asking for help after dealing with everything myself before. "I'm sorry, I panicked and didn't think things through."

"Silly girl!"

Bella released me, gently cleaning her tears, and earnestly warned, "From now on, you can't handle things like this on your own, do you hear me?!"

My eyes welled up, and I nodded vigorously, "Yes!"

Then, feeling a bit guilty, I looked towards Herbert, "Herbert..."

"Why the guilty look? I'm going to scold you."

After introducing me to Abdul, Herbert didn't waste any time and respectfully said, "Mr. Abdul, the patient in need of your expertise is my niece's grandmother, Ramona. Could you please examine her?"

"Of course."

Abdul seemed to have a deep connection with the Taylor family and didn't hesitate. He sat down beside the hospital bed and placed his hand on Ramona's wrist.

As soon as he felt her pulse, his kind expression turned grave, and his white eyebrows furrowed.

However, since Herbert had briefed him earlier, Abdul didn't immediately reveal anything after withdrawing his hand. He only asked Ramona, "Ma'am, have you been feeling any dizziness or numbness in your fingertips?"

"There's a little, but it's not severe. I should be fine, right?"

Ramona had heard of Abdul and smiled, looking at me, "I just took a fall. I guess my granddaughter was worried, that's why she called you."

Abdul's expression remained calm as he said, "It's nothing serious. I'll administer a few acupuncture treatments, and the symptoms will disappear." Ramona looked at me uncertainly but, seeing my nod, she agreed.

Abdul took out his acupuncture needles and with swift and precise movements, despite his age, began the treatment.

When the last needle was inserted, Ramona drifted into a deep sleep.

My heart instantly seized with worry, but Abdul spoke at the right moment, "The lady will be alright for now."

Herbert asked, "Mr. Abdul, how is Ramona's condition, really?"

"It's not good."

Abdul's tone was more serious than the previous doctors, his demeanor grave, "She's been poisoned, hasn't she? This poison is dangerous. In

the early stages of poisoning, all

organ function tests won't show abnormalities, which is deceiving. In reality, the poison will spread to the organs and even the nervous

system within a few days. By then... it'll be too late."

I pressed, "What do we do?"

"We need to identify the poison before an antidote can be formulated."

Abdul sighed softly, "I'm certain I've never encountered this poison before. All we can do now is use acupuncture to delay the spread of the poison."

Gregory furrowed his brow, "How long can we delay it?" "Two weeks, at most."

Hearing this, my legs gave way, and it was only Gregory's quick reflexes that steadied me by wrapping his arm around my waist. I turned my head, and tears started to roll down my cheeks.

Just then, a message popped up on my phone. I opened it hurriedly.

"Ms. Webster, you don't have much time left."

Chapter 550

Undoubtedly, the message was from Kane.

Gregory snatched the phone from my hands and dialed back immediately.

-No answer.

I took my phone back and stepped out to the balcony to call Pearl.

Hearing my voice, Pearl seemed rather upset, even surprised, "Jane, you're still alive..."

Her voice trailed off, "What do you want calling me?"

Pretending ignorance.

I didn't have the patience for beating around the bush, so I got straight to the point: "Pearl, I know you want to fight for Dorothy's share of the Myers family estate. Fine, I agree. Everything that Ramona left me in her will, I'm willing to give to Dorothy. Is that satisfactory?"

"Hmm?"

Upon hearing this, Pearl sounded pleased, leisurely saying, "Are you negotiating with me, or... begging me?"

I glanced through the sliding glass door at my grandmother, sleeping peacefully, and suppressed my anger, "Take it as you will. Right now, I just need the antidote. If something really happens to Ramona, it won't be good for you either, right?"

They were always afraid that if Ramona regained her sanity, she would bring me back into the Myers fold. But actually harming Ramona and risking her life was a step they dared not take.

After all, they were afraid of the possibility that the Myers estate would end up in my hands as per Ramona's will.

Indeed, they could use the antidote to blackmail me, but if Ramona were to suffer because we couldn't administer the antidote in time, they should be more afraid than I am.

It's just that I can't afford to gamble.

In the end, it's about who's more ruthless.

Pearl chuckled lightly, "Have you thought this through? The Myers estate might not be what it was a few years ago, but to the vast majority, it's still an unreachable status. Are you really okay with giving up your inheritance and your place in the Myers family?"

I replied coldly, "Whether I'm okay with it doesn't matter, does it? Cut the crap. If you're worried I'll change my mind, I can sign a contract, in black and white. The condition is the antidote in exchange." Truth be told, if it weren't for Ramona, whether or not I returned to the Myers family didn't matter much to me.

"Are you sure?" She sounded incredulous.

I barely hesitated, checking the time. "It's seven now. Bring the antidote and the contract to the hospital by ten, and I'll be waiting. Is that okay?"

Pearl readily agreed, confidently saying, "Of course, no problem."

After hanging up and returning to the hospital room, Gregory looked at me, already guessing what I had done.

"She agreed?" he asked.

"Yes, she did." I nodded.

Of course, she would agree. After all their elaborate schemes, this was exactly what they wanted.

While I had been on the phone, Herbert and Abdul had already left.

Bella pulled a wet wipe from her bag to clean my arm, which had somehow gotten dirty in the abandoned factory, and suggested with

cern, "Let me handle this,

okay?"

"No need."

Having come to an agreement with Pearl, I felt relieved and smiled at Bella, "She and Victor must be the last people you want to see, right? It's better for you to stay out of sight, out of mind."

I couldn't completely detach myself from this situation, since Ramona was my grandmother.

But Bella could stay out of it. If it was possible, why drag her back into this nauseating relationship with Pearl and Victor, forcing her to relive past betrayals? Bella was worried. "But you..."

bet

"I'll be okay." I glanced at Gregory, saying, "Gregory is here to help me, and besides, I've already made arrangements with Pearl. She'll be bringing the antidote over later."

s.net

Seeing my resolve, Bella didn't push further, only insisting that I not overexert myself.

After Ivy brought dinner and we had eaten together, Bella finally left.

In the vast hospital room, only my grandmother, Gregory, and I remained.

With a solution to our problems in sight, I relaxed and opened my arms to Gregory, "Gregory, hug?"