

Lost Me, Gained Regret (Jane and Bryant Ferguson)

Chapter 551

Gregory didn't move, just gazed at me, his face a mask of seriousness. "Jane, are you trying to give me a heart attack?" "...I'm sorry." I murmured

I knew he was also referring to the incident earlier in the day. I reached out and hooked his pinky finger, gently shaking it. "I was wrong, Gregory. Thinking about it now, I still feel terrified." "Scared now, are you?"

"Yeah... scared." I looked up at him. "The moment I heard that gunshot, all I could think about was what you would do if I died..."

Before I could finish, he suddenly pulled me into a tight embrace, his chin resting on top of my head. "You've got some conscience, at least. Knowing this, you can't be so reckless again." "Okay."

I gently rubbed against his chest, suddenly curious. "But if I really had died, what would you have..."

He abruptly pinched my face, cutting me off with a stern look.

"Don't talk about such unlucky things. You shouldn't ask."

His eyes locked onto mine, serious. "I sent you Lucius' number. If you can't reach me again, call him immediately."

"Alright."

Just as I finished speaking, Lucius called.

"Greg, it's just like you thought. Those guys went back to the abandoned factory near the Sky Island Mansion, but for some reason, they switched locations. When I got there, the cigarette butts in the ashtray were still warm."

Gregory's expression darkened slightly. "Seems like there's someone else behind today's incident."

"Someone else?"

"Yes." Gregory nodded. "Check immediately when those guys arrived in Vista Town and where they came from."

Lucius agreed, then added, "By the way, PL Group dropped the lawsuit. They even proposed that as long as we pay the appropriate patent and compensation fees, we can continue selling the chips." Hearing this, Gregory was silent for a moment, a hint of sarcasm crossing his lips. "Isn't that convenient?"

After putting down the phone, Dorothy eagerly approached Pearl.

"Mom, Jane is willing to give up the inheritance?!"

"Yes."

A flicker of confusion crossed Pearl's eyes. "She and Ramona haven't known each other for long. Why would she willingly give up such a large inheritance for her?"

Even if she wasn't going to get all of the wealth, as Ramona's biological granddaughter, she would still get a considerable amount. Enough for many families to live comfortably for generations. And yet, Jane was willing to just walk away from it?

Dorothy wasn't in the mood to

ponder too deeply. She urged, "Why overthink it? It's just family ties. Let's quickly find a lawyer to draft the agreement and take the antidote to her at the hospital before she changes her mind."

The prospect of owning real assets of her own made her somewhat impatient.

During her years with the Myers

family, the old lady had never given her anything significant. The true power of the Myers family was.

always in the old lady's hands

leaving Pearl with very little to offer

her

QUMS

Her words seemed to touch a nerve in Pearl, who then made a decision. "Go upstairs and change your clothes. We're going out."

"To the hospital?"

"First to get the antidote, and also to meet someone."

Dorothy frowned, "That gangster?"

Even though she had agreed in the morning, the idea of actually meeting him was still repellent.

In her view, those people were like rats that couldn't stand the light, unworthy of any connection to her!

Pearl asked, "Changed your mind?"

"A bit." Dorothy reluctantly conceded,

"You said this morning that this was

a sure thing. But even though we agreed to use this opportunity against Jane, from the sound of her on the phone just now, she seemed completely fine, probably not even hurt."

"Why should I meet him if he botched the job so badly?"

Seeing the disapproval in Pearl's expression, she finally capitulated, "Okay, fine. I'll listen to you."

Chapter 552

Pearl, with Dorothy in tow, made her way to the address Kane had provided.

It was an old suburban neighborhood, with a high occupancy rate. If Lucius decided to come snooping around with his men, they'd stick out like a sore thumb.

As they got out of the car, Dorothy wrinkled her nose in disdain, "He lives here?"

To these kids, born with a silver spoon and raised in the luxury of the Myers Estate, such a neighborhood was hardly impressive.

Pearl felt a pang of disappointment at first, but hearing Dorothy's comment, she sighed, "We're in a tight spot. It's for your safety. With Gregory hot on our trail, this is the safest bet we have."

"Oh." Dorothy simply nodded, unimpressed, and followed Pearl inside.

Kane had his men briefed, and after confirming their identities, they were let in.

The house, having been uninhabited for a long time, smelled musty. Dorothy covered her nose, but then her gaze landed on a middle-aged man who stood up from the couch, excitement visible in his eyes. "Pearl! This... this must be Dorothy, right?"

Seeing him, tears unexpectedly welled up in Pearl's eyes. She turned away to wipe them off, then looked at Kane and nodded, her voice filled with emotion. "Yes, this is Dorothy."

Then she hesitated, as if wanting to say more, she turned to Dorothy and said, "Dorothy, this is the person I've mentioned before, he... he is..."

"Mom!" Dorothy interrupted impatiently, "Let's just get to the point, no need for lengthy introductions."

She had no interest in these people. To her, they were just means to an end.

Kane's expression froze for a moment, then with an uncharacteristically good temper, he said, "Right, right, Dorothy is correct. We can skip the introductions." "My name is Dorothy, but you might as well call me Ms. Myers."

Dorothy spoke coldly.

Pearl reached out to gently tug at her arm, about to say something but Kane, controlling his emotions, changed the subject, "Ms. Myers is right. Let's focus on the matter at hand."

Seeing this, Pearl gave up on her original intention and said, "I'm here for the antidote. Jane called me, agreeing to sign the waiver for the inheritance." Kane was surprised. "So soon?"

Such a decision wasn't easy for most people.

After all, what was being given up was an inheritance worth billions.

Pearl nodded, "Yes, I didn't expect her to agree so easily. You have the antidote, right?"

"It was with me, but now..."

Kane had never considered that

Jane would give up her inheritance so easily, and therefore, hadn't anticipated that he could easily exchange the antidote for the Myers

family fortune.

If he had known, he wouldn't have given the antidote to Mark. With his current influence, securing the Myers fortune would mean he wouldn't have to bow to Mark anymore! Pearl knew about his collaboration with Mark, and her expression turned grave upon hearing this, "Did Mark take it?"

Kane nodded, "Yes."

Seeing that the crucial element of

their plan was now in jeopardy

because of Kane, Dorothy's patience snapped You botched the operation against Jane during the day, and now, to top it all off, you've handed the most crucial thing over to Mark! Are you incompetent?!"

"Slap-"

Pearl's hand flew out, striking Dorothy across the face, something she had never done before. "How dare you speak like that?!"

Chapter 553

Pearl immediately regretted spoiling Dorothy to the point where she had become so entitled!

Yet when it came time to discipline her, Pearl couldn't bring herself to really lay into her.

Dorothy was left utterly speechless from the rebuke, "What the heck are you doing?! Are you hitting me over some shady guy? Who is he to you, huh? Your ex-flame?!" Pearl snapped, "Shut up!"

"I won't! I'm telling Dad!" Fuming, Dorothy's eyes blazed with anger as she turned to storm out. After all, compared to Jane inheriting the Myers estate, Victor would rather pass it on to her. She didn't need to rely on Pearl for anything!

But just as she turned, someone knocked her out from behind.

Pearl caught her limp body in time and gently laid her on the couch, sighing deeply before turning to Kane, "Kane... don't take to heart what Dorothy said. I've spoiled her rotten since she was little, that's why..."

"Why bother explaining?" Kane took her hand, comforting her, "When I got into trouble and vanished so suddenly, it was you who looked after her, managed to bring her into the Myers household, and took care of her personally. I owe you for being so good to her."

"But it all happened because of me..."

Pearl's affection for Dorothy was half because she was Kane's daughter, and half out of guilt and self-reproach.

Kane chuckled, dismissing the past. "Let's not dwell on that. What's done is done. What about Jane now?"

"Is there only one antidote?"

"Yes." Kane confirmed, his eyes narrowing shrewdly, "Should I try to get it back from Mark?"

If they could secure the Myers estate, falling out with Mark wouldn't matter.

"No!"

Pearl was wary of Mark and didn't want to antagonize him unless absolutely necessary.

After a moment of silence, she suddenly smiled, "Remember you said the initial symptoms of the poisoning can't be detected by medical equipment?"

"That means I could use a fake poison

d trick them into handi-

agreement, and Jane

couldn't realize it for a while

right?"

Kane raised an eyebrow, "Exactly."

After all, without symptoms, it would be impossible to immediately tell if the antidote had worked.

Determined, Pearl stood up, "Then I've got a plan."

She glanced at the unconscious Dorothy, "I'll leave Dorothy in your care. Just send her away when she wakes up."

"Should I arrange for someone to accompany you to the hospital?"

"No need."

Pearl shook her head, "That would make it too easy to track you down. Gregory is extremely sharp."

At the mention of being tracked, Kane tensed and made for the door, only to hear a commotion coming from outside!

Pearl heard it too and looked at Kane, both anxious and furious, "Kane... did I just walk into that bitch's trap?"

"Mrs. Myers," Before she could react further, Gregory, followed by Lucius and several of his men, walked in with an air of arrogance, toying with a lighter and smirking as if amused.

"Calling my fiancée like the

think I'm too easygoing?"

Chapter 554

Pearl's face went white as a sheet, her hands and feet moving in a frantic scramble.

It was crystal clear now. That snake, Jane, had called her, pretending to agree to give up her inheritance in exchange for the antidote.

But in reality! She knew Pearl had someone backing her up. This move was just a ploy to lure out the snake from its hole!

Pearl clenched her teeth in anger. She should've known better; who in the world would pass up a chance to hit the jackpot like that?

And to think she was naïve enough to question if blood ties were that influential.

Turns out, the woman never intended to give up anything; it was all a trap!

Gregory's thin lips curved into a mocking smile. "Mrs. Myers, your brain isn't cut out for overthinking, and certainly not for judging others by your own standards. Jane called you, indeed for Ramona's sake, willing to give up everything. But you must know, I'm not as kind-hearted as her."

Gregory glanced around the room with an indifferent look, his expression cold but his tone carried an almost imperceptible doting nuance, "So, what are you planning?" Pearl's gaze sharpened. "What are you up to?"

"Nothing much." Gregory laughed, and just when Pearl thought she could relax, he suddenly gave Kane a sharp look. "I'm just thinking of making a simple call to the police." "Josiah, right? A fugitive from over twenty years ago, daring to return under a new identity, kidnapping, poisoning... seems like someone's taking the law too lightly."

With that, he gave Lucius a look. Lucius immediately prepared to call the police.

Kane's eyes widened in denial. "I don't know what you're talking about. Who's Josiah?"

Gregory responded coolly, "No worries. The police will clarify everything once they arrive."

"Wait!"

Kane tried to stop Lucius from

making the call, well aware that

Gregory's men surrounded the place,

leaving no chance for escape. A

fierce look crossed his eyes, "Mr.

Ford, aren't you interested in the

antidote anymore?"

Gregory leaned against a living room column, smirking coldly. "You'd give it to me? Or rather, would the person behind you agree to it?"

He saw right through him in an instant.

"You..." Kane barely concealed his shock.

Mark was cunning enough, but here was someone even more formidable.

Kane forced himself to remain calm, not losing his composure, and chuckled. "The person behind me? Mr. Ford, that's quite interesting. How could someone who's been abroad for years be in cahoots with anyone in Vista Town?"

Gregory raised an eyebrow, nonchalantly stating, "Running from the law for so many years, you're looking at a life sentence at the least. So, what'll it be? Prisonfood, or banding over the antidote?"

Pearl couldn't bear it, "Jane promised me herself, to exchange the antidote for giving up the inheritance....."

Gregory's patience wore thin, his brows knitted in annoyance as he looked down at her with a chilling voice, "Mrs. Myers, still thinking about messing with my people right in front of me?"

"Gregory..." Pearl took a deep breath. "Stop acting like you're above the law! The Ford family isn't yours to command yet, right? Would your father approve of this?!"

"My father?" Gregory's lips barely moved, "Do you want to visit him in the hospital? He just got admitted this morning after coughing up blood."

He knew about Hanson's collapse on his way to the abandoned factory.

Lucius had called the hospital; the doctor said it wasn't fatal.

So, Gregory felt justified in putting it aside for the time being.

Pearl had been too preoccupied with the old lady's matter today and hadn't checked the news. Hearing this, she was taken aback, "Coughing up blood?"

Chapter 555

Gregory raised an eyebrow, his tone aggressive, "You planning on joining him?"

Pearl, always a bit intimidated by Gregory's domineering demeanor, instinctively took a step back. "Since you know the antidote isn't something he can just hand over, why make things harder for us?" Gregory dismissed her concern with a wave of his hand. "That's not for me to worry about on your behalf."

"Lucius, take her away."

At Gregory's command, Kane grabbed his weapon, ready to resist, only to see Lucius wasn't coming for him.

Instead, Lucius walked straight to the couch and threw an unconscious Dorothy over his shoulder.

Kane raised his handgun, yelling, "What the hell do you think you're doing to her?!"

"Gregory!"

Pearl, increasingly panicked, tried to reclaim Dorothy, only to be pushed aside by Lucius's firm kick, "What the hell do you want?!"

Gregory straightened up, brushing off his suit as if ridding it of dust, "When you've got the antidote, come find me."

"You..." Knowing Gregory was a man of his word, Pearl could only grit her teeth and warn, "You better not lay a finger on her!"

Gregory smirked, "Now, that I can't promise. I'm not exactly known for my steady hand; accidents happen."

With that, he left with his entourage, the sleek Bentley and several black sedans speeding away as crisply as they had arrived.

Pearl, tears welling up, clutched at Kane's arm. "Kane, what do we do now... what do we do?"

"Don't be scared." Kane was equally unsettled but tried to comfort her, "He's after the antidote. He won't dare harm Dorothy before he gets his hands on it."

"You don't know him!"

Pearl, cleaning her tears furiously, retorted, "He's always been reckless, a real loose cannon! Who knows what he might do to Dorothy, especially since she's got bad blood with Jane... He might just harm her to get back at Jane."

"Kane, you've got to think of something!"

Feeling the urgency, Kane immediately responded, "I'll call Mark!"

The black Bentley raced through the night.

Lucius, behind the wheel, voiced his confusion, "Gregory, there's something I can't figure out."

Gregory, who had been resting his eyes, lazily opened them, "You're wondering how I knew Josiah wasn't acting alone?"

Lucius nodded, "Exactly."

"He managed to pull off such a big stunt in Vista Town without us catching wind. That's not something a lone fugitive can achieve."

Gregory gazed out into the night,

"Plus, the patent infringement case predates his return to the country, pointing to a connection between the two."

"But these two cases..."

"Seem unrelated at first glance, right?"

Gregory took over the conversation, ready to delve deeper into the analysis when a diner caught his

eye, sparking a moment of

tenderness, "Pull over here."

Lucius glanced in the rearview mirror, easing the car to a stop, "What's up?"

"That diner, Jane loves their pancakes."

Dropping this bombshell, the man who usually preferred the path of least resistance got out of the car, heading straight for the diner.

Lucius rolled down the window, muttering to himself about the pitfalls of love.

After Gregory returned with a

takeout box of pancakes, Lucius

hurried over, urgency in his steps,

"Greg, Josiah just sneaked out right after we left!"

Chapter 556

Hearing that, Gregory didn't even bat an eyelid, as if everything was going exactly as he had expected. He just nodded slightly, an acknowledgment of "Hmm," and then strode

off towards the sidewalk. Lucius hurried to keep up, methodically planning their next move, "Should I have the guys follow him?"

"Let it be."

"Let it be?"

Lucius usually kept pace with Gregory's thinking, but this time, he was genuinely struggling to keep up. "He's definitely off to meet the big boss behind the scenes, right? Aren't we going to miss a golden opportunity if we don't tail him?"

While saying this, he sprinted ahead of Gregory, pulled open the rear car door, and then, after walking around to the driver's side, got into the car and started it, only to hear Gregory speak in a calm voice: "Josiah might fall into the same trap twice in a moment of desperation, but the person behind him isn't that foolish."

In fact, they might be even more cunning than we anticipated.

Lucius merged into the traffic, pondering for a moment before carefully saying, "You mean, following them this time would be all risk and no reward for us?"

Gregory nodded slightly, his gaze cool, "Pretty much."

Not only would they fail to uncover the mastermind, but they might also end up worse off.

He never engaged in a losing deal.

Lucius caught on, scratching his nose and solemnly admitting his mistake, "I was too slow on the uptake, almost put our guys in harm's way."

Josiah had just been outwitted by them; how could the mastermind behind him let them trace the connection so easily?

But Josiah had left the house.

The only explanation was a trap waiting for them. Even without a trap, they wouldn't be able to find the person.

Gregory glanced at him through the rearview mirror, his voice tinged with laziness. "No worries, you've been by my side for years not for your brains." Lucius paused, confused. "Was that an insult?"

Unsure, he pondered over it.

When Gregory walked into the hospital room carrying some chicken noodle soup, Ramona was still asleep.

ë

I made sure Ramona was tucked in

before trying to take the soup from him, "You could've just ordered delivery, no need to go all the way

wn

there."

He must be exhausted, having likely not slept last night and then running around all day today.

He didn't hand it over, placing it

the coffee table instead, "The delivery option is from a franchise; it's not as good as the original place."

That was true.

I opened the chicken noodle soup and started eating with him.

But I couldn't shake off a feeling of unease, as if the food was tasteless.

Gregory looked at me, "Worried Pearl won't show?"

"Yeah..."

I was a bit anxious, "Given Pearl's personality, she'd want me to sign the agreement as soon as possible, but it's already late, and she hasn't shown up."

"She won't come."

"What did you say?"

I paused, putting down my utensil, and looked at him puzzled, "She won't come? Why not? Isn't she after the inheritance?"

"Just eat, and I'll explain."

He placed the spoon back in my hand, and after I resumed eating, he began, "Of course, she wants to come, but the antidote isn't with her."

"What do you mean?" I frowned, asking, "Isn't that Kane guy working with her?"

Gregory poured me a glass of water, "He is, but the real puppet master isn't her."

"Not her? Then who else..."

Gregory's voice was chilling, "What they're after might not even be the Myers family's fortune."

I felt a shiver run down my spine, my heart sinking, "What about Ramona then?"

Chapter 557

"I had Josiah, or Kane as we sometimes call him, go out to find a way to get an antidote," I said, still somewhat surprised by his willingness to help. "He agreed?" I asked, my voice tinged with disbelief.

"Yeah, but we shouldn't get our hopes too high. We've got to plan for every possibility," Gregory replied, his thumb gently smoothing out the worry lines on my forehead.

"Besides that, Herbert has asked Mr. Abdul to look into ways to delay the poison's effects. Also, your mom and I have arranged to send Ramona's blood samples to top research labs abroad. With enough time, they're sure to come up with something."

"Jane, trust me, Ramona will be alright."

Looking into his deep eyes, a sense of calm washed over me. Just like when we were kids, I reached out and ruffled his hair, whispering, "Thank you, Gregory."

The next morning, I was up and ready before the doctor came for his rounds.

I had insisted Gregory go home to get some proper rest, but he refused, choosing instead to spend the night cramped on the couch beside me.

After the doctor left, Gregory was called out to discuss Ramona's condition further. Just as I was about to follow, Christine burst in, breakfast in hand. "Did you and Gregory spend the night at the hospital?" she asked as she handed over the breakfast.

"Yeah," I replied, setting the breakfast aside to look at her. "What's got you up and about so early? This isn't like your usual routine."

"I wanted to come by yesterday, you know? But I figured you'd be up to your neck in worries, and there wasn't much I could do to help. Thought it better to let you focus on finding a solution."

Christine placed a cup of to-go coffee in front of me, noting, "Your period is coming up, so I didn't get it iced. How's Ramona doing? Did you get the antidote?"

"No, not yet," I sighed, taking a sip of the coffee and briefly explained the situation to her. "We still don't know who's behind all this."

"Does the Myers family have any enemies?" Christine frowned, puzzled. "Who else would get involved in another family's inheritance disputes?"

I shook my head, equally confused. "I don't know. We can only take it one step at a time."

"As long as they have a motive, it'll come to light eventually," Christine said, tapping my forehead before opening up the breakfast. "For now, eat."

"I'll wait."

"Wait for what?"

"Gregory."

"Ugh, you two and your lovey-dovey stuff. Good thing I bought enough for both," Christine remarked with a sigh. "But seriously, we owe a lot to him and Mark this time."

I nodded in agreement. "Yeah, when we get a chance, let's take our classmate out for a meal."

Christine glanced towards the door, asking, "Is Gregory not coming?"

"Of course, he is."

If I didn't invite him, he'd probably start a vinegar factory out of jealousy.

That's exactly why we needed Christine there, to lighten the mood. Gregory and Mark never really got along.

Just then, Christine seemed to remember something troubling. "You haven't seen what's happening online, have you?"

Curious, I asked, "What's going on?"

I had been too worried about Ramona to check my phone and had no idea about any online developments.

With a grim tone, Christine

explained, "It started with Gregory's

dad fainting and being

Rumors say it's over a woman meaning you. A lot

people who don't know the full story are attacking you two, especially targeting you."

"He fainted?"

"Don't worry about his dad; if something serious had happened, it would've blown up even more by now. They're likely using the situation to try and tarnish Gregory's reputation." Frowning, I picked up my phone to check the news.

"You won't find much," Christine said, not stopping me. "Your family and Gregory must have stepped in. The situation erupted last night but was quickly suppressed by several powerful parties. The account that leaked the audio got banned."

"Damn, who has the power to just ban accounts like that?"

"Gregory stepped up. The Ford family has the means; banning a few accounts is nothing to them."

"Talk about a real man, protecting his wife like that."

"Relying on a man, typical... Gregory's seen his fair share of

twice, will just be another fling before he tosses you aside. Then

women. Someone like young not

you'll be left high and dry, not a tear left to cry."

Chapter 558

"Oh, come on. You're just being jealous. Word on the street is that some big players teamed up to pressure the platform into cooling off the buzz... Even the ex-husband

threw his hat in the ring, and from what I've heard, she's not just any girl; she comes from a family with some serious clout."

"Come off it. Just being remotely connected to Gregory is like hitting the jackpot. How impressive can her ex or her family possibly be?"

"If she's got a powerful family or ex, I'll eat my hat."

I skimmed through the online chatter without much interest.

Ever since the Margaret Ferguson scandal, I've learned not to take such gossip to heart.

Seeing that I wasn't upset, Christine relaxed. "I wasn't sure if I should tell you, but now that I see you're not bothered, I feel better." "Don't worry about it."

I flashed a smile. "I've got a pretty thick skin now."

Let them talk. It's not worth my energy getting worked up over gossip.

Just then, Gregory walked in, catching my smile. "Seems like your bestie is the only one who can cheer you up."

Christine raised an eyebrow, boasting, "Of course. The power of a best friend is unmatched, something a boyfriend wouldn't understand."

Gregory corrected her with a serious tone, "Fiancé."

Christine retorted, "You're not a fiancé until you've proposed."

Their banter left me shaking my head, amused. I pulled Gregory to sit down for breakfast, changing the subject, "I heard Mr. Ford passed out. How is he?"

Gregory, focusing on his oatmeal, replied without looking up, "He'll live."

"That's good, then."

Knowing the bad blood between Gregory and Mr. Ford, I was relieved to hear it wasn't serious and decided to let it go.

Christine, with her mouth wide open, looked back and forth between us. "That's it? Maybe you should at least pretend to visit him in the hospital, to avoid giving people something to gossip about." Gregory, tossing a pancake onto his plate, seemed unbothered. "Let them write essays about it for all I care."

Christine was speechless, but before she could respond, Gregory turned to her, "How are things going with Dailey?"

Caught off guard, Christine sputtered, "Don't bring up sore subjects. Since when did you become such a gossip?"

"It's not gossip."

Gregory put his arm around me, "Dailey and I have a bet."

"A bet on what?"

"Who gets married first."

I spent several days in the hospital, with my mom visiting whenever she could. During this time, Mr. Abdul, accompanied by Herbert, came to administer some treatments to my grandmother, which helped stabilize

her condition and slow the progression of her illness.

After sending off Herbert and Mr. Abdul, Christine and I were about to head to the subsidiary office.

I had arranged for HR to recruit in advance, so setting up the

subsidiary went smoothly. As net

boss, I had to attend the first

the

executive meeting in the afternoon.

While walking out of the hospital, Christine noticed me rubbing my stomach. "What's wrong? Feeling okay?"

I frowned. "Yeah, just a bit of pain. I think my period is on its way."

"That doesn't sound right," Christine

observed, glancing at my abdomen. "Isn't your cycle usually like clockwork? It's been delayed for a few days now. Any other

discomfort?"

I thought for a moment, "No, just the usual anxiety. Probably hormonal imbalance. It should start in a couple of days..."

Before I could finish, a familiar hand patted my shoulder from behind. "Jane, Christine."

I turned around, smiling, "Hey, Mark, what brings you to the hospital?"

"Just getting a dressing changed."

He chuckled, gesturing to his arm, then asked with concern, "I overheard you guys. Are you not feeling well?"

Chapter 559

Suddenly, it hit me. "Oh right, how's your wound healing? I've been so caught up with Ramona's illness that I haven't had a chance to check on you." I felt a bit guilty about it. He got hurt because of me, and I hadn't even visited him.

"It's just a scratch, no big deal."

Mark, perhaps worried I'd blame myself, played it down. "Should be almost healed soon. Ramona's condition is what really matters. How is she doing?"

I looked a bit down as I replied, "We've managed to delay the poisoning for now, but I'm not sure if we can find the antidote in time."

"Antidote?" Mark seemed surprised. "Wasn't the antidote with Kane last time? With Gregory's skills, he should be able to handle him, right?"

"Hey, did you come to the hospital for a bandage change, or did you specifically come to check on Jane?"

Christine, with a laugh, changed the subject, teasing, "Speaking of which, Jane's really lucky. Despite everything that's happened, she's got Gregory, such a great fiancé, and two amazing friends like us. I'm almost jealous!"

I could read between the lines.

Not to mention someone as thoughtful as Mark, who was just trying to smooth things over, got his arm gently tugged by Christine.

I knew she wasn't just looking out for me, but for Mark too, so I stayed quiet.

Mark chuckled and openly said, "Both. Changing the bandage is doctor's orders, and caring for Jane is a friend's duty."

"Thanks, Mark."

I was about to tell him to take care of his injury when his phone rang. I quickly smiled, "You go ahead. Chris and I were planning to head to the office. When you're free, let me treat you to dinner as a thank you for saving my life."

He smiled warmly, "Well, then I'll have to take you up on that offer."

Once we were in the elevator, Christine finally let out a sigh.

"Without Gregory, Mark really would have been a great guy."

I sighed, "And yet you just had to tease him?"

"I'm doing it for his own good,"

Christine defended, a bit worried et

hurting everyone involved

"It's okay to have obsessions, but if they're too deep, it might end up

I chuckled, "Mark's not the type to dwell on things."

Whether it was when I told Mark I had a boyfriend, or the other day when he saw Gregory, or just now when Christine made that comment, he always took it in stride.

Christine raised an eyebrow, "Well, that's for the best. At least you can still be friends."

"By the way, how's your stomach? Still hurting?" she asked with concern.

"It's still a bit sore."

I glanced at the date. "I'll wait a few more days, and if Aunt Flo still hasn't visited, I'll make an appointment."

Since there was no one else in the

elevator, she suddenly asked with a

meaningful tone, "Did you and

Gregory remember to take

precautions?"

I paused, my mind going blank for a moment as I realized what she meant!

Last time... we were planning to use protection, but Ramona's situation became so critical that I forgot all about it amidst the chaos!

Christine, who knows me well, just needed to see my reaction to understand, "No protection?!"

"I forgot amidst everything..."

Suddenly remembering this amid my delayed period made me panic for a moment.

Both the Myers and the Ford families were deep in murky waters, and getting pregnant now might not be the best for us or the baby.

But soon enough, I calmed down, "I'll buy a pregnancy test in a few days. It's probably nothing."

Chapter 560

The arrow hit the bullseye, though it wasn't exactly planned that way.

By the time the meeting wrapped up at the office, dusk was already creeping in. I had hitched a ride with Christine earlier in the day.

I was just about to call an Uber back to the hospital.

Christine offered to drop me off, and I shot her a sidelong glance, teasing, "I saw you texting Dailey during the meeting. Don't let me hold you back from... whatever's brewing there."

Christine's laughter was bright and beautiful. "Oh, what now? You've become a screen peeker?"

"Just happened to catch a glimpse."

I chuckled awkwardly, feeling a bit embarrassed.

During the meeting, she was seated diagonally to my left, leaning over the table to text. It was impossible not to see.

Just then, my phone rang. It was Gregory.

"All done with the meeting?"

His voice, relaxed and casual, flowed from the other end of the line, making me smile.

"Yeah, just finished. I'm heading back to the hospital to check on Ramona, then home."

After several attempts by Dr. Thompson, Ramona's condition seemed stable, identical to anyone her age. If I kept up my constant vigil at the hospital, she'd start suspecting she had some incurable disease. She had already asked me a few times if that was the case.

Gregory said, "Then come on down. I'm waiting in the parking garage."

"You're here?"

He replied, his voice cheerful, "Picking up Ms. Webster from work is all in a day's duty for me."

"I'll be right there."

My spirits lifted. Turning to Christine, I saw her gesturing hurriedly, "Go on, go on. Look at you, all lovesick the moment you know it's your Gregory."

"Rubbing it in our faces every day, it's criminal."

"You..."

I touched my nose, "You go get him, girl. Lock down Dailey!"

With that, I grabbed my bag from my office and made a beeline for the exit.

Leaving the building, the parking garage still held the warmth of late summer turning into fall.

There he was, lazily leaning against his car, tall and long-legged.

His hands, bones well-defined, were fiddling with his phone, his casually drooping eyelids giving off a cool detachment. He had the look of someone who doesn't take much seriously.

He seemed utterly carefree about the world.

I tiptoed over, aiming to surprise him, but before I could say a word, he suddenly stretched out an arm without even looking up, pulling me into his embrace with a chuckle, "Trying to scare me?"

His preemptive move startled me instead, "You didn't even look. Weren't you afraid of grabbing the wrong person?"

"Not afraid."

He smirked, his hand caressing the small of my back, "A one-of-a-kind person can't be mistaken."

I countered, "Isn't everyone one-of-a-kind?"

He seemed amused by my argument, pinching my cheek and looking deep into my eyes, "In my world, you're the only one-of-a-kind."

My cheeks warmed, and I wriggled free to slip into the passenger seat.

I had to admit, the guy had a way with words.

He walked around to the driver's side and started the car. Suddenly, something dawned on me, and I hesitated before turning to him. "I... might have done something silly."

He raised an eyebrow, encouraging me to continue, "What?"

I felt slightly embarrassed. "That night... after, I forgot to take my pill."

"Which night?"

His amused look made me glare at him. "Stop joking around. Aren't you worried?"

"Worried about what?" Gregory took

my hand, gently massaging it, his

gaze soft and persuasive. "Jane,

how about we have a child? Another

unique person, just like you."

