

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

## Chapter 561

His voice, clear and unusually solemn, combined with the depth of emotion drowning in his eyes, made me forget to breathe.

My heart skipped a beat, yearning to nod in agreement, unable to muster any objection. But I wasn't in my early twenties anymore. After a few breaths, reason took over.

I pursed my lips lightly, "I think I want to wait... until all these things settle down."

Seeing the flicker of disappointment in his eyes, worried he might misunderstand, I couldn't help but explain, "These issues are like ticking time bombs. Whether it's Palmer, Dorothy Pearl, Kane, or the mastermind behind it all, having a child now would only give them and our worries more leverage. Gregory, I too wish for us to start a family soon, I believe we'll strive to be great parents."

"But not now."

"Jane,"

Gregory's lips curled into a smile, "Do you ever feel like you're talking like a player? Like I'm the young stud you're keeping."

I choked, unable to find a rebuttal.

In those clichéd affair stories, it seemed the men always promised the women: Don't worry, we'll have kids, but not now.

I wanted to defend myself, but then he started the car, gently saying, "I promise you."

I watched him closely, afraid of missing any sign of unhappiness, "Really?"

"Really."

He chuckled, steering with one hand while ruffling my hair, probing, "But this time, if it happens, can we..."

"We can."

He raised an eyebrow, "I haven't finished my sentence."

"I know what you're going to say."

I held his handsome, slender hand, and, "Though the chances

softly

are slim, I promise you, if it happens, I'll do everything to protect her."

Truthfully, my anticipation for a child was as strong as his.

But compared to him, I was more pessimistic, preferring to wait for a sure thing before considering a child.

Arriving at the hospital, my grandmother was awake, stretching her limbs in the living room with the help of a nurse.

I entered, saying, "Ramona, how are you feeling? Better after the acupuncture?"

Even though Mr. Abdul's treatment

could slow the poison's spread, it couldn't entirely prevent its effects. Before this session, Ramona had felt numbness in her limbs again.

"Jane, you're here again," Ramona scolded lightly, "Didn't I tell you to go straight home after work? Why worry about me so much, look, I'm fine everywhere. If it weren't for you insisting on hospitalization, I could've been home by now."

We hadn't told Ramona about the poisoning, so she was eager to leave the hospital days ago if not for my persuasion.

I went over and took her hand, "I just want to spend more time with you, that's all."

"Then let me go home with you?"

Ramona asked like a child, looking to Gregory for support, "Greg, what do you say?"

"Ramona!" I sighed, "You should still..."

"Jane, maybe we should just take Ramona home?"

## Chapter 562

Gregory had always been Ramona's little enabler, but this time, he had changed his tune and started persuading me with logic and reason. "Ramona's all by herself in the hospital, and you're out of your mind with worry. Besides, we're not far from Elmwood Villas. If anything happens, we can get her to the hospital in no time, or have the home care team swing by."

"Ramona, just give us a moment, okay?"

I pulled Gregory out of the hospital room, shut the door behind us, and frowned. "Do you really think Ramona's ready to be discharged?"

He looked down, his voice low. "Are you upset?"

"Not at all."

I explained, "I'm just not sure if you're indulging her to keep her happy, or if it's genuinely okay for her to leave."

"It's a bit of both."

Gregory nodded slightly. "Dr. Andrews came by a couple of days ago for Ramona's final treatment. Staying in the hospital now isn't really helping. Mr. Abdul can continue her acupuncture sessions at home." Hearing this, I realized he truly believed it was feasible, making me waver in my decision.

Ever since I returned from abroad, I noticed Ramona had aged quite a bit, and this recent scare made me even more anxious to be by her side constantly.

After a moment of hesitation, I agreed. "Alright, then. Let's let you play the hero. You go tell Ramona."

"Okay." He went back into the room without any fuss.

Soon after, he emerged, supporting a gleeful old lady whose face screamed, "Freedom at last!"

I couldn't help but chuckle. "Starting to think Gregory is your real grandchild?"

"That's not possible."

Ramona was unfazed, shaking her head. "He, well, he's only fit to be my grandson-in-law."

This sparked a playful banter, and on

the way home, she caught a glimpse of Gregory driving through the rearview mirror, then patted my hand, hinting at something beyond her words.

"You know, you don't have to worry too much about my health. I'm old and have lived a fulfilled life. My only wishes to see you and Gregory tie the knot and start a family

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Normally, I would've called her out on her matchmaking schemes, but now, uncertain about the antidote's development...

Her words brought tears to my eyes, which I quickly wiped away. "Ramona, I've only just returned to your side, and you're already ready to send me off?" "Oh, dear, why the tears?"

Ramona was taken aback, quickly comforting me. "Of course, I'm not ready to see you married off. But Gregory isn't just anyone. I trust that marrying him will only make your life happier, far from the clutches of the Myers family... Better stay away from that den of wolves!"

"Don't worry, Ramona."

Gregory suddenly spoke up, his voice as soothing as ever. "Married or not, Jane is already my wife in my heart."

"No matter what happens, I'll protect her."

Ramona gave him an approving look, still a bit worried. "Even if someone tries to bully her?"

"Yes. As long as I'm around, no one can bully her."

His words were clear and deliberate, a promise as much as a vow. But having experienced too much loss, my first reaction was anxiety.

I quickly said, "What do you mean 'as long as you're around'? You have to be around."

## Chapter 563

Zoe had just finished preparing a hearty dinner as we walked through the door. It was a feast for the senses, the kind of meal that makes your mouth water the moment you lay eyes on it. Knowing that Ramona was joining us, Zoe went the extra mile and whipped

up a special chicken noodle soup, renowned for its restorative powers. It was a delightful meal that we all enjoyed immensely.

However, I couldn't shake off the feeling that Ramona was burdened with worries. She kept serving me more food, as if she was trying to shower me with all the love she could muster.

Later in the evening, Ramona urged my brother, Gregory, to take his shower first, sensing that she wanted a private moment with me. Gregory, perceptive as always, complied without a fuss. "Jane, come with me," Ramona said, as Zoe busied herself with tidying up the dining area.

I followed Ramona into her room, my heart pounding with anticipation. I was sure she had something significant to share. "Ramona, you..." I began, but was cut short.

"Keep this safe," she said, handing me an old leather pouch that she pulled out from her bag.

Panic surged through me. "Ramona, I can't accept this!"

But she just smiled, a look of relief washing over her face. "Guess what it is?"

I hesitated, my lips pressed together. "Pearl and the others asked me if I knew anything about... your will."

"Do you want to know?"

"All I want is for you to be well," I said sincerely.

To me, being a part of the Myers family didn't hold much allure. My connection to them was tenuous at best, except for Ramona. I had no interest in the Myers' wealth; my own career was on a promising trajectory.

Hearing my unwavering response, Ramona looked both relieved and melancholic. "You take after your mother. The Myers family didn't deserve her. Your father was a fool."

I lowered my gaze. "He still is."

Ramona didn't defend him. Instead, she nodded emphatically. "Right, you are. That's why I want to make things right for you and your mother."

She pressed the leather pouch into

my hands, her eyes, heavy with years, shimmered with moisture. "Don't let outsiders take advantage. The Myers' legacy was built by your ancestors, safeguarded by your grandfather. If it falls into the wrong hands, how will I face them in the afterlife?"

Tears pricked my eyes as I clutched the pouch tightly. "I'll keep it... I'll keep it..."

"This isn't a will, it's a deed of gift. It becomes effective the moment you sign it," Ramona explained.

"Ramona..."

"No refusing me," she said, cutting off my protest.

She sighed, revealing her worries. "You know how frail I've been these past years. If your father continues to lead, the Myers legacy will crumble before I'm gone. You need to take over, so I can rest easy."

I was startled. "You knew...?"

"How did I figure out I was poisoned?" Ramona chuckled, pulling me down to sit beside her on the bed. "I'm not senile, dear. I could see you and Greg tiptoeing around me. You've gone to great lengths, even bringing Mr. Abdul to treat me. If it's not poisoning, what else could it be?"

I touched my nose, feeling a bit sheepish. "So, you knew all along?"

"Yes."

"It's my fault for not being more open with you. Greg said we should tell you, but I was afraid..."

## Chapter 564

"I get it." Before I could finish, Ramona cut in, "My dear Lily's all grown up now, trying to be the rock for me, right?"

I pursed my lips, "But I still haven't been able to do anything for you. Not even the antidote, we have no clue when we can get it."

"What's there to fear?"

Ramona seemed far more accepting than I was, sighing, "Ah, I've been longing to join your Grandpa for a while now. If it weren't for the Myers family, I'd have wished to be with him sooner."

"It's just tough on you, having to struggle to keep the Myers family legacy from crumbling. Ramona didn't want you involved, but there was just... no other way."

"I know, I know..."

Hearing Ramona talk as if she was planning for what comes after her departure made tears stream down my face as I hugged her, choking on my sobs, "I always envied other kids for having loving grandparents, and now that I finally have you, I don't want to lose you. I don't."

But in that moment, I realized the heavy burden that Gregory bore on his shoulders.

-The honor and downfall of an entire family.

"Oh, dear..."

Ramona cried too, but still managed to comfort me with a smile, "Silly child, I'm still here, aren't I? No more tears, or Greg will tease you for being a crybaby just like when you were little."

I blinked hard, holding back my tears, "He wouldn't dare!"

"What wouldn't I dare?"

The partially closed door was gently knocked twice, and there stood the man who never held back, in his casual home clothes at the doorway. He explained to Ramona, "I didn't mean to interrupt your moment with Jane, but I couldn't help myself when I heard her crying."

"You're just in time!"

Ramona quickly said, "Your wife, you take her and make sure she's cheered up."

I couldn't help but feel helpless.

Gregory chuckled, coming in without a word, and wiped away my tears before lifting me in his arms, "Then we're off to our room, you should rest, and call us if you need anything."

I whispered lowly, "What are you talking about? Who's going to the same room with you?"

Come on, cohabiting before marriage shouldn't be so blatantly justified.

Yet Ramona, with her sharp hearing, didn't wait for Gregory to reply and took the lead, "Don't worry, I'm not some old-fashioned fogey. Besides, Greg's been under my watch since he was a boy, I trust him."

My ears burnt up.

Gregory laughed. "Thanks, Ramona!"

Back in our room, I clutched the brown paper bag, feeling a heavy weight on my chest.

Gregory set me down and wrapped his arms around my waist, looking down, "Are you upset?"

"It's not that..." I shook the brown paper bag. "Guess what this is?"

"A prenup?"

"How did you know?"

"Ramona must've known about her

Gregory ruffled my

ng." Gregory ruffled my b "At dinner, she kept put  
on your plate."

He didn't say more, but I understood.

As if knowing her days were numbered, she wished to pass on every meal's blessing to me.

And that was precisely why I felt so miserable.

Gregory pressed his forehead against mine, "Jane, trust me, Ramona will be okay, alright?"

I sniffled, "Yeah!"

He hugged me tighter, perfectly aligning with me, "That's my girl."

I pushed him slightly, "...I haven't showered yet, and you're all clean. Don't hug me so tight." Especially since we just came back from the hospital.

Gregory didn't loosen his grip but



erson Fed me deeply, his voice  
together?"

"How about we shower together?"

## **Read Chapter 565**

### **Chapter 565**

"You've already showered though..."

I caught the hidden meaning in Gregory's voice and decided to play dumb, teasing him a bit, "Put me down."

"No."

Gregory lowered his gaze, his lips curled into a slightly roguish smile as he kicked open the bathroom door and stepped inside.

The hot water and his kisses came at me all at once, stealing away my breath.

After a while, I was so overwhelmed by his antics that I could barely stand.

He just lifted me up, securing his arms under my thighs, and held me against his waist.

I thought this shower would be like all the others, stretching into the wee hours of the night.

But unexpectedly, right after, I was wrapped in a towel and carried off to bed.

Feeling a bit embarrassed, I grabbed the blanket, covering myself up, leaving only my eyes peering out at Gregory.

Meeting my gaze, Gregory chuckled, "You better not say those two words."

I huffed playfully, "How would you know what I'm about to say?"

"I just do."

Gregory leaned in close, his nose gently brushing against mine, his voice drawling, "Because I am your husband-"

He dragged out the last word, making my cheeks burn with embarrassment as I snuggled deeper under the blanket, "We're not married. What kind of husband are you?" Gregory laid down beside me, pulling the blanket over us both and wrapping his legs around me.

I was completely trapped.

The atmosphere was charged with an intimate tension.

The man paused his movements, his eyes fixed on me. I tried to move, but it was futile, and I couldn't help but tentatively ask, "You're not upset about what I said earlier, are you?" Gregory's gaze remained steady, unfathomable in the dim light, deeper than usual.

Impossible to read.

"I..."

"If I were upset," Gregory suddenly cut me off, his face inches from mine, his voice low and enticing, "How would you make it up to me?"

I knew he was just teasing, rolling my eyes at him.

Gregory laughed softly, planting a

kiss

my forehead, his tone

playfully

y serious, "Since we're not

t as well propose, right

Completely immobilized, I glared at him.

Who proposes in bed?

That was way too casual.

Gregory burst into laughter, pinching my cheek, "What's with that reaction?"

"You mean you won't say yes?"

"What, scared of getting into the marriage graveyard again after one failed attempt?"

I knew all too well how sharp his tongue could be.

And despite the Bryant Ferguson

issue

e seeming like a thing of theft

him, I knew he was

Sinet

Pwing over it, the king of jealousy.

"You're calling it a graveyard. Why would I go there? You can go by yourself."

"Tsk."

Gregory's thumb pressed against my lips, prying them apart, "Let's see how sharp that tongue can be."

His kiss landed predictably, and I,

partly

Soothe him after our earlier , responded. But the suddenly pulled away.

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he

Gregory let go completely, tapping my forehead twice with his index finger, a light laugh teasing, "Want more?"

Rascal!

I turned away, refusing to engage further.

I could hear Gregory moving, and sneaking a glance, I saw him enter the bathroom.

He came back with a hairdryer, his gaze sweeping over the trash bin as if suddenly remembering something.

His footsteps approached again, and I quickly turned my back.

Gregory didn't call me out, instead sitting at the edge of the bed to dry my hair.

His long fingers worked patiently through my locks, taking their time.

After drying, he casually blew dry his own hair for a moment before sliding under the blanket and pulling me into his embrace.

Suddenly, his large hand rested on my lower abdomen, his voice low and husky, "Haven't you missed your period this month?"

No wonder he was so cautious.

He had his concerns.

## Chapter 566

I turned and nestled into his arms, nodding slightly as I looked up at him and muttered, "You're not great at keeping promises... but soon you'll get what you wish for."

His eyes crinkled with amusement. "If I can't make it happen, I'll find a way to make it happen."

"...Creep."

I couldn't help but laugh as I teased him.

He became more serious, gently patting my back with a comforting presence, "Tomorrow, I'll take you for a check-up."

"I was thinking of getting a pregnancy test in a few days first..."

He whispered, "But I can't wait."

I could feel how much Gregory was looking forward to this child, and truth be told, so was I.

The idea of having a child connected by blood with the person I love was thrilling.

If it weren't for all these troubling issues right now...

But since life has handed us this gift, I decided to embrace it.

"Okay."

The next morning, the first thing I did after getting up and freshening up was to check on Ramona.

To my surprise, Gregory had already taken Ramona for a walk and returned.

"You're up early?"

I couldn't tell if he was praising me or teasing me for being a heavy sleeper. I shot him a glare, went over to support Ramona, and playfully scolded, "Why didn't you wake me up?" Gregory tidied my hair, which I hadn't managed to comb properly, his voice indulgent, "You were snoring so peacefully; how could I disturb your dreams?" "You're the one who snores."

I complained to Ramona, "Ramona, he's picking on me. You have to take my side!"

"Hmm?"

Ramona chuckled, pretending to be confused, "Who's picking on you? Greg? It looks more to me like you're the one picking on him." "Ramona!" I shook Ramona's arm, feigning sadness, "Are you even my real Grandma?"

"Of course, I am."

Ramona pinched my cheek, "Alright, you young lovebirds stop showing off in front of this lonely old lady. Go do what you need to do."

I had agreed to go for a check-up with Gregory today, but seeing Ramona trying to look spirited. despite her frail appearance, not wanting me to worry, made me lose all desire to go anywhere.

I just wanted to stay by Ramona's side.

Gregory read my thoughts but didn't concede, coaxing me, "Ramona has Zoe here with her. We'll be back before you know it, okay?"

I knew he was also concerned about my health, or else he wouldn't have been so insistent last night.

Since that's the case, it's better to go and get it over with for peace of mind.

instructamona, softly

I turned

rest

"Then you make sure to

I after breakfast, Grand

I'll be back as soon as I can

"Oh, dear, I'm fine. You go on with your errands. Don't keep fussing over me; it makes my head spin."

Ramona was trying to ease my worries. I didn't say more, just went to get dressed.

Gregory drove.

With one hand on the steering wheel and the other holding mine, his thumb gently caressed the back of my hand.

The autumn sun streamed through the glass softly, casting a serene glow over us.

This moment felt peacefully timeless, despite the myriad of issues waiting for us.

But selfishly, I wanted to bask in this brief tranquility.

Upon reaching the hospital and waiting for the blood test results, my heart couldn't help but flutter with anxiety.

Gregory, sensing my nerves, held my hand tighter.

But I noticed his palms were slightly sweaty, revealing he was just as anxious as I was, even if he was better at hiding it.

"Mr. Ford."

Soon after, the hospital director personally delivered the test results to us.

When Mark came to the hospital for a dressing change, the nurse at the desk was a bit surprised.

"Mr. Larson, didn't you just have your dressing changed yesterday? You're not due for another change until tomorrow."

"Sorry."

Mark offered an apologetic smile,

explaining, "I accidentally got it wet

this morning while showering was worried about infection."

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"Oh, I see."

The nurse nodded in understanding, "Then follow me, please."

With that, she led Mark into the dressing room.

## Chapter 567

The bandage was soaked through, and not just with a bit of water. It was drenched.

Such a serious injury, and still so careless!

The nurse, her face set in a stern expression, intended to give a serious admonition, but upon seeing Mark's charming smile, she couldn't help but let out a resigned chuckle.

"Mr. Lucas, you really need to take better care of this wound. You absolutely must avoid getting it wet again. An infection could complicate matters."

"Thanks, I'll remember that," Mark said, smiling. Then, as if something suddenly came to him, he casually asked, "Oh, and when I was walking past the second floor, I saw a bunch of security guards by the maternity ward. What's up with that?"

He had caught a glimpse of Jane Webster and was considering approaching her, but Gregory's men had blocked his way.

"Nothing much," the nurse replied, her eyes gleaming with curiosity. "Rumor has it that Mr. Ford brought his fiancée for a check-up. He really treasures her, so those guards are likely there to deter any unwelcome attention. That girl is truly blessed."

Hearing this, a shadow passed over Mark's eyes.

-A check-up.

Coupled with the conversation he overheard between Jane and Christine the day before, he couldn't help but speculate.

Noticing Mark's silence, the nurse continued to dress his wound, asking, "Something on your mind?"

"Oh, no, just thinking Mr. Ford is as devoted as the rumors say," Mark deflected, quickly changing the subject. Once his wound was taken care of, he strode to the end of the hallway and made a call.

After the doctor finished speaking, there was a long silence.

Gregory and I exchanged glances, holding the test results in our hands.

After a few moments, my heart racing, I managed to ask, "So... does this mean we're having a baby?"

Gregory's grip on the edge of the paper tightened.

He had been able to joke when I first mentioned the possibility of being pregnant, but now that it was confirmed, he was at a loss for words.

I had never seen Gregory like this, and found it amusing, playfully poking his cheek.

Gregory looked at me, his usually expressive face now serious and a bit intimidating.

"Anything you want to say?" I asked.

Gregory shook his head, then nodded.

Trying to contain my excitement, I stood up. "I should go home to Ramona. Do you need a moment here to process?"

Gregory immediately stood to follow.

He wouldn't let me go anywhere alone at a time like this.

Lucius drove us back.

Clearly, the soon-to-be dad was still adjusting to the idea.

Meanwhile, in a hospital bathroom, a loud noise echoed.

Mark's fist had smashed through a stall door.

His phone fell to the floor, its screen shattered, reflecting the rage in his eyes.

A black Bentley pulled into the Elmwood Villas parking garage.

As soon as we parked, I hurried out, only to be stopped by Gregory.

"What's up?"



He gestured toward my belly, and as I looked down, he lifted me into his arms.

"Don't forget, you're a mom now."

I hadn't quite adjusted to the idea, more worried about telling Ramona the good news.

Yet, seeing his overprot

couldn't help but laugh.

but laugh.

even walk now?"

He raised an eyebrow. "I'm still getting used to this. For now, you can't."

I played along. "Alright, then carry me upstairs quickly..."

My phone rang before I could finish. Gregory handed it to me, his smile chilling.

I was puzzled until I saw the caller ID.

"Hey, old friend." As I answered, I watched Gregory's expression, "Ah, meet up?"

"...When?"

"Got it, see you in a bit."

After hanging up, I looked up at

Gregory, who was silently starin.net

at

me with a look of mock accusation.

I laughed at his expression, earning a cold chuckle in response. "What's wrong?"

Wrapping my arms around his neck, I teased, "I'm not alone now, I have backup. If I don't see a happy face from daddy here, I won't be happy. And neither will the little one in my belly."

Gregory remained silent.

I continued, "My grandma used to say, unhappy babies come out all wrinkled and grumpy."

## Chapter 568

"If it's a girl, would you..."

"Ha."

Gregory chuckled briefly, the corners of his mouth curling up in a familiar smile. But his eyes weren't smiling. "I think you're getting a bit too cocky with all the attention." Hearing his laid-back tone, I knew he wasn't mad.

I nuzzled his chin, sharing the details of my chat with my colleague with him.

Gregory struggled to keep his smile, "What do you mean? You want me to let my wife go meet, someone who's got designs on her?"

"Pleeease?"

I pulled out all the stops, pouting at him, "You've got to protect me and the baby, right?"

Gregory snorted through his nose before putting me back in the car.

"Wait... wait a second."

I hastily spoke up, "I want to tell Ramona first."

She would be over the moon about the pregnancy.

Gregory picked me up again and strode upstairs.

His swift actions seemed to hint that I shouldn't meet Mark.

But Mark had mentioned it was about Ramona's health. I couldn't just ignore it.

Right now, Ramona's health was the most important thing.

Besides, Mark had always been nice to me. He wouldn't do anything to hurt me.

Lucius waited by the car, lighting a cigarette.

His eyes wandering.

Gregory was all talk. When it came to protecting his wife, he was as fierce as a guard dog.

...

"Getting more delicate by the day, can't even walk on your own?"

As soon as Gregory and I entered, we were greeted by Ramona's playful scolding.

I wiggled my legs, hinting for Gregory to put me down.

But he walked further in, carefully setting me on the couch.

Ramona frowned, chuckling, "I know you love her, but you can't spoil her like this."

"She's precious cargo right now."

Gregory poured me a hot tea, settling next to me with his usual casual tone, yet filled with sincerity. Ramona wanted to add more but I quickly interjected, "Grandma, you're... going to be a great-grandma!"

Ramona was stunned, taking a while to process.

Looking at my belly then back at my face, "What did you say?"

I took Ramona's hand to my belly, "Right here, your great-grandchild. Are you happy?"

Ramona's hand started to shake uncontrollably, worried about harming the baby, she quickly withdrew it. "Oh my!"

Ramona exclaimed joyfully, standing up to pace back and forth.

I knew she always felt she owed me, having been born a Myers but living a life of hardship until now.

Finally back by her side, I had to deal with the family mess and worry about her health.

She even worried she might not live to see me marry and have children, which would be a huge regret. That's why I wanted to share this joy with her first thing.

"Good, good, good."

It took a

while for Ramona to and when she did, it was just series of "goods," without

While for Ramona to

else.

en.swhen

I pulled Ramona to sit, "You're

getting on in years, can't get too

excited. Come,

me."

Ramona playfully tapped my head, "Still not acting your age, even as a mom."

"I'm a product of my environment, no helping it."

"Tsk." Gregory's hand ruffled my hair, chuckling. "If I'm not mistaken, that was a dig at me." "What do you think?"

I shot him a look, his laughter joining mine, "Mind the baby, don't want them thinking their dad's a guy."

"You're already bad."

"Oh?" Gregory leaned in close, his voice a gravelly whisper. "Bad where?"

I pushed him away, immediately complaining to Ramona, "See? Who's the one not acting their age?"

Ramona, trying to look away, waved her hand dismissively, "I just remembered, I haven't fed the fish."

I called her bluff, "We don't even have fish."

Ramona wasn't fazed. "I'll go water the plants."

Without waiting for a response, she briskly moved to the balcony.

My eyes welled up.

Gregory turned my face towards him, his fingertips gently wiping away my tears.

"Ramona's gonna be fine," he said in a deep, calming voice, "Trust me, alright?"

At that, I suddenly stood up, "Right, I need to see Mark, and quickly."

## Chapter 569

The meeting place Mark texted me about was a quaint, cozy little coffee shop.

Gregory and I walked in together, "Hey, Mark."

Mark turned around, and for a moment, something flickered in his eyes at the sight of Gregory, almost betraying his emotions.

His gaze briefly swept over my belly before he returned to his usual, gentle smile. "Jane, didn't I say you should come alone?"

For some reason, something felt off, but my subconscious trust in him pushed that feeling aside. I smiled, explaining, "Hey, Mark, Gregory was just worried about me going out alone..."

Gregory wrapped an arm around me, his eyes suddenly turning icy as he cut in, "Looks like you might have damaged your base neural circuits there."

The room went silent for a beat as I processed his meaning.

The fundamental neural circuits play a key role in regulating the flow and rhythm of speech.

Gregory was basically saying Mark had lost his ability to speak sensibly.

Mark, however, didn't seem to mind the jab. He looked squarely at Gregory, "Mr. Ford, could I have a moment alone with Jane, please?"

Hearing this, I tugged at Gregory's sleeve, worried he might get the wrong idea.

Gregory clicked his tongue, swallowing his pride, "Don't worry, I'm not that petty."

After all, we both knew why we were here today.

"Just call if something feels off," he whispered to me before turning to leave.

He wouldn't have let me stay alone if it wasn't for Granny. But he knew my choice would always be to stay, so he didn't make it hard for me.

I calmed myself, turning to Mark, "Mark, what did you mean on the phone? Do you know where to get an antidote?"

"Let's sit first."

Mark gestured for me to take a seat, pouring me a cup of coffee before fixing his gaze on me, a mix of complex emotions flickering across his face. Finally, he let out a bitter smile.

"Jane, are you here for me today, or just for Granny?"

I paused, biting my lip, "What's going on with you?"

That unsettling feeling grew stronger.

Mark took a sip of his coffee, his voice still gentle but his words sending my mind reeling.

"Just for Granny, right? Jane, I can give you the antidote, but I have one condition."

"What condition?"

"Break up with Gregory."

He glanced outside where Gregory

stood under the shadow of the trees, a figure blurred and distant, a near-pathological obsession apparent in his eyes, "And then, be with me."

"Mark..."

I couldn't believe it, my hand trembling so much that the cup of coffee I'd just lifted nearly slipped from my grasp, scalding my hand with its hot contents, a sharp reminder that this was no illusion.

Seeing my reaction, Mark reached out to grab my arm, "How could you..."

"Mark!"

I jumped back in shock, standing up so fast that the heavy chair I was sitting on tipped over and crashed loudly to the floor.

Mark stopped, his hand hanging in mid-air, a hint of hurt crossing his face, "You... think I'd hurt you?"

"I..." I clenched my hand, finding myself at a loss for words. Luckily, Gregory, hearing the commotion, barged in, grabbing Mark's arm and twisting it sharply. He pulled me behind him, then kicked out fiercely.

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In one swift move, Gregory had proven his mettle.

Mark was sent flying, crashing into a table and scattering cups of coffee everywhere.

The waiter rushed over, but Lucius was already on his feet, handling the payment through his phone app.

"You think you can lay hands on my people?" Gregory's voice was laced with an unspoken threat, the air around him charged with tension.

Cradled in Gregory's arms, I was still reeling from the shock, my heart pounding against my chest. It was clear Gregory had no love lost for Mark, and now, with Mark's true colors showing, his anger was palpable.

"What do you want?" Gregory challenged, his stance defensive yet ready for another round if necessary.

Mark slowly got to his feet, wiping the blood from his lip. A self-mocking smile played on his lips, and though the atmosphere turned heavy, he offered no answer to Gregory's question, his gaze fixed on me instead.

"Jane, think over what I said, alright?"

"Greg..."

The rapid shift in dynamics left me unsettled, my heart still racing. Taking a deep breath, I turned to Gregory and said, "I want to go home."

"Alright."

As Gregory and I turned to leave, Mark's words halted us.

"Jane, don't you want the antidote? If you don't get it, your grandma will die. Didn't you say how important your grandma is to you, how well she treated you, entrusting the Myers family legacy to you? Can you bear to watch her die without having enjoyed her life properly?"

My grip on Gregory's hand tightened, my breath slowing.

Gregory gently pried my clenched hand open, massaging it soothingly as he asked, "Do you trust me?"

"Of course."

I didn't hesitate. My trust in Gregory was solid. In this world, he was the one person I absolutely couldn't afford to doubt.

Believing he had a plan, I decided it was best to stay back and let him handle things, especially considering my current condition and the fear of endangering our child.

"Then I'll wait for you in the car," I concluded, sensing his intent.

My trust in Mark, once steadfast and grateful, was now shaken.

As for Gregory's actions, I wouldn't interfere.

Lucius hurried to escort me to the car.

The café had been reserved by Mark, ensuring privacy for what was to come.

Lucius managed the situation with a mix of threats and persuasion, ensuring the staff stayed out of the way. After all, when titans clash, it's

After

the bystanders who suffer, though compensation was duly provided.

Gregory had long harbored the desire to confront Mark, restrained only by his concern for me. Now, with no need for restraint, he was unleashed, though not without consideration. "Antidote."

Mark, clutching his abdomen and spitting out blood, sneered mockingly.

"You could kill me, but that wouldn't save Ramona."

Gregory's fists clenched, his knuckles cracking with the tension.



His usual laid-back demeanor was gone, replaced by a cold, deadly calm. "I'm trying to be reasonable with you, out of respect for the bullet you took for Jane. But don't mistake my patience for weakness. I can make you hand over that antidote."

Mark remained defiant. "I only deal with Jane. The antidote is for her."

Gregory's smile was chilling, his eyes void of warmth. "Mark, I know what you're playing at, but as long as I'm alive, forget it."

"And what if you're dead?"

Gregory laughed, as if hearing the world's biggest joke. "My life hasn't been smooth sailing. If I could've died easily, I wouldn't be standing here, living the life I do. Death isn't part of my plan."

Mark stood his ground. "Some things are uncertain."