

Lost Me, Gained Regret (Jane and Bryant Ferguson)

Chapter 571

Gregory had no patience for Mark's nonsense. If it weren't for wanting to rack up some good karma for his kid, he'd rather not get his hands dirty again.

But now, he had the antidote in his possession.

He never imagined a day would come when he, Gregory, would put his faith in higher powers.

All for his kid, and for Jane to live a life of peace and joy.

Her life had been too hard in the first half.

"Even without your antidote, I wouldn't let anything happen to Ramona," Gregory said, his voice firm with resolve.

"Keep your dirty games to yourself. Make another move on my wife, and I'll make sure you regret being born a man," he warned Mark, his tone leaving no room for argument. Mark was well aware of Gregory's reputation. No one could tame the lion, except for Jane.

But Mark was no coward.

Covered in mud from life's battles, Jane was his only ray of light, and he wasn't about to let go.

Not without a fight.

"You won't figure it out. Even if you bring in a specialist to whip up an antidote, Ramona doesn't have that much time," Mark taunted. "The antidote I've got is her only shot." Gregory's fists clenched tighter.

Mark glanced at Gregory's ready fists, a sinister look crossing his face. "No matter how low you stoop, your tactics are useless against me."

Gregory smirked, maintaining his icy composure even in a relaxed stance. "I'll cure you of your delusions," he said mockingly. "No need to thank me."

Sitting in the car, I was a bundle of nerves. Although I trusted Gregory's judgment, I couldn't help but worry about the what-ifs.

Lucius, standing watch outside, tried to reassure me. "Jane, don't worry. Greg's always got everything under control."

"I know, but..."

But it's different when you're in the thick of it.

After what felt like an eternity with no sign of Gregory, I couldn't stand it any longer and tried to step out, only to be pushed back into the car.

Then, enveloped in a familiar and comforting scent, I found myself in Gregory's arms.

"Missed me already?" he whispered, his voice both soothing and unsettling.

I hugged him back, seeking comfort in his embrace.

Gregory, however, pulled away slightly. "If it's not sorted, don't get cozy with me."

I glared at him. "Show some decency."

He took it as a compliment.

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"Don't badmouth me in front of our kid. I don't want them growing up thinking less of me."

"If that happens, we'll have words," I shot back, unable to win the argument.

Returning to the matter at hand, I asked, "What did Mark say? Is he willing to give us the antidote?"

Gregory placed his hand on my stomach, hesitating for a moment.

"What's wrong?" I asked, puzzled by his unusual reticence.

He was always decisive, doing as he pleased without caring for others' opinions.

"This... Why does he have the antidote?" Gregory finally broke the silence.

"Do you mean..."

The thought had crossed my mind in the calm of the car ride, but I couldn't bring myself to believe it.

"That Mark is behind Ramona's poisoning?"

"I suspect he's the mastermind."

"What?"

I was shocked.

Mark had always been so kind to me, it was hard to associate with the cold, ruthless orchestrating these

figure

Prostrating these events

Even after witnessing his harsh side, it was difficult to connect him to the mastermind.

After a moment of silence, I sought confirmation, "Are you analyzing this logically? Without letting personal feelings cloud your judgment?"

Gregory pinched my cheek. "Who's being emotional now?"

I had to admit my bias and quickly conceded, "I trust you. I believe what you say."

Gregory chuckled. "Alright, since you came to your senses quickly, I'll let it slide."

"But are you sure? If you're right, then the only antidote is in his hands?"

Chapter 572

"No dice yet."

Gregory was all calm and collected, "I've sent someone to dig into it. Should have something by tonight."

When I got back to Elmwood Villas, I bumped into Mr. Abdul, who had come over to do acupuncture for Ramona.

Before I could even say hi, I saw Zoe running out, looking all panicky.

"Ramona's fainted."

I rushed to the room, collapsing next to Ramona, noticing her lips turning blue, tears instantly falling, "Ramona!"

Gregory followed swiftly, realizing he couldn't comfort me, he simply said, "Jane, let Mr. Abdul check on Ramona."

I calmed down a bit, making room for Mr. Abdul.

At moments like this, I hated not being a doctor; feeling utterly helpless.

Especially since Ramona had collapsed, I feared she might've hit her head. If I accidentally moved her wrong, who knows what danger I could cause.

Seeing me just kneeling there, Gregory couldn't stand it, "Zoe, grab a cushion for me."

Zoe hurriedly brought one over.

"Ramona is important, but so is the little life inside you. If you have to kneel, do it on this cushion."

Hearing Gregory's words, my hand instinctively went to my belly.

Ramona was over the moon when she found out I was pregnant; I couldn't risk anything happening to the baby.

So, I followed Gregory's gesture and sat on the cushion.

Gregory finally breathed a sigh of relief and turned to Abdul, "Mr. Abdul, what's going on? I thought we had the toxins under control?"

Mr. Abdul checked her over, "Let's move the lady to the bed first."

Since moving her was an option, Gregory carefully lifted Ramona onto the bed.

"Sit here by the bed, and just wait."

Gregory made me sit down, his tone serious, "You need to take care of yourself too if you're worried about Ramona."

I nodded repeatedly, "I know. I don't want Ramona waking up to find me in trouble, worrying about me too."

"Boss." Lucius stood at the door, calling out to Gregory with no further words, not stepping in.

Gregory patted my face, "I'll be right back."

"Okay." I reassured him, "I'll be right here, waiting for you and for Ramona to wake."

That's when Gregory felt at ease to leave with Lucius.

"Spill it."

Lucius lowered his voice. "Mark's definitely the mastermind."

Gregory wasn't surprised; he never liked Mark.

Anyone who laid eyes on his wife was no good in his books.

But he glanced at his watch, not skimping on praise, "Your efficiency has indeed improved."

"Old sayings do hold truth."

Lucius wasn't expecting any compliments.

"The simpler the mind, the stronger the limbs."

Lucius felt numb.

After all these years, it was the same.

He cut straight to the point, "It's

that I

quick, it's Mark. He

practically threw the

en.

What else could it be?

Gregory's temper flared up.

at us."

His wife was indeed a catch, but that didn't give Mark any right to covet.

"Find out every place he frequents, see where he's hiding the antidote."

Lucius, puzzled, "Why not just drag him to the basement and interrogate

I have everything by el

morning."

Gregory stared at him in silence.

Lucius felt the stare, a chill running from the top of his head down to his heels, his back sweating cold.

"Did... Did I say something wrong?"

Gregory, hands in pockets, leaned

lazily against the wall, speaking at a

ely pace, "I guess I've rea

you in a tough spot."

put

Lucius was confused. Sensing he was in for it, Lucius quickly said, "I'll get on it right now."

"Hold up."

Lucius reluctantly turned back. "Anything else you need, boss?"

"Not really."

Gregory straightened up, patting Lucius on the bicep.

"Maybe ease up on the muscle training; could do your brain some good."

Lucius sighed internally.

Gregory was always unpredictable, and guessing even a bit of his intentions was a win.

But sitting in his car, Lucius had an epiphany.

Was this the tempering effect of fatherhood making Gregory's methods a tad gentler?